

# VE DAY EXTRAY!

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION FOR EDDY COUNTY

## Artesia Advocate

REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR AND BATAAN

VOLUME FORTY-TWO

ARTESIA, NEW MEXICO, TUESDAY, MAY 8, 1945

NUMBER 18A

\*\*\*  
Now If  
We Only  
Win  
The Peace!  
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**Japan Is Next—  
Buy More Bonds in  
Seventh War Loan**

# Master Race Whipped

## Mayor Proclamation by Mayor

Whereas, V-Day is here, a glorious day in the history of the United States, the United Nations and the world, and, whereas, this, the day of victory in Europe, marking the end of Hitlerism and Nazism, should be one of happiness and thanksgiving,

Therefore, I, Emery Carper, mayor of Artesia, proclaim V-Day in Europe a holiday in the city of Artesia, in which the several places of business should be closed, so that the citizens of the community may go to their homes to give thanks, to gather themselves in their several homes for thanksgiving and rejoicing, and to observe in some unified manner the end of the European phase of the war.

The city administration warns the people of the community that celebrating the event must be kept in hand, and that mob hysteria, over-indulgence of intoxicants, and dissipation are to be avoided.

We have no desire to curtail merry-making or deprive the people of the community of their wishes to "let off steam," but we wish it made clear that they must not lose their heads. At the conclusion of V-Day, we must all return to our homes, remembering that there still remains a big job to be done in Asia and the Pacific and that we should put our backs to the wheel even more than heretofore, buy more war bonds, and exert every effort to the task, that the days of the final shot, when peace again comes to the world, will not be so far away.

EMERY CARPER,  
Mayor of Artesia.

## Schools Closed Tuesday

All public schools jointly closed here Tuesday in observance of VE-Day. Schools to be closed all day. E. Kerr announced the confirmation of the official announcement of the surrender of Germany.

came through by 7 o'clock Tuesday morning, the students would be given a full holiday.

Transfer and bus drivers were so advised and any students, who were brought to Artesia, were to be placed back on the buses and returned to their homes safely. Schools operated as usual here Monday pending the official announcement of the war's end.

## Germans Unconditionally Surrender

President Harry S. Truman in a radio message at 7 o'clock this morning (MWT) over all radio chains told the nation that General Eisenhower, supreme Allied commander in the European theater, had told him the Germans had surrendered, setting the signal for observation of VE-Day.

The fire siren in Artesia was blown at 7:07 o'clock and soon the refinery sirens, switch engine whistle, and other noise makers joined in, indicating the long-awaited day of liberation for the

peoples of Europe and the cessation of hostilities had arrived.

In his message to the nation, President Truman said that the people of Europe had been liberated, but that the battle has been only half won, that the people of the Eastern half of the world have yet to be freed.

President Truman asked that the people remember the homes in which hearts are heavy because boys from them have given their lives for the liberation. The president read a proclamation,

(Turn to last page, please)





# TARGET . . . . TOKYO

All the months of training, the foot-slogging under Texas suns are past. And the thousands of hours, shift upon shift, on the aircraft assembly lines, bright as day behind their blacked-out windows, the Bond rallies, the thinning store shelves in the great cities, the sweating backs and aching muscles on the farm, the distant wailing whistles as the long freight trains speed west . . . all these have led to this moment.

Now the moment is here.

Iron ore from Minnesota just a few months ago, copper from Montana, bauxite from Arkansas and soy beans from California . . . and insurance men, students, lawyers, farm boys and grocery clerks from all the forty-eight states—now they are skilled men and glittering lethal machines.

For this is the pay-off. This is the final link in the chain that began with brown meat stamps, gas coupons, salvage baskets, the posters on the factory wall and the scrawled signature in the recruiting office. This is the final mold for Victory. And now the future is at hand.

All night long the dust swirls on the landing fields. All night long the machines take off into the sky. The gulls on far Pacific islets hear them coming. The wings blackout the moon. Before dawn they will be over their objective. By sunrise the Islands of Deceit will have become the Islands of Doom.

The day when these huge bomber fleets take off relentlessly on their great mission is the day when Japan will know she has lost the war. Every ounce of energy America possesses, every bit of skill at her command is being used to speed its coming. When it comes it will mean final Victory.

That day still lies in the future. But it is nearly here.

## Artesia Alfalfa Growers Assn.

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## Portrayal of Geronimo and His Band Not as Sometimes Pictured, Writer Declares

...ing story about ... prepared by ... at the request ... of the Mescalero ... men who took ... the portrayal ... chief in a motion ... the portrayal of ... character. They ... was cruel. They ... or any other ... ever scalped his ... and it done. Sup- ... contention they ... Apache has a ... horror of the ... therefore made no ... gathering scalps. ... was born in an ... son camp, where ... was incarcerated a ... thers of his band.) ... picture Geronimo, ... chief, as a cruel man, ... he was like other ... for he possessed ... amount of human ... the usual amount of ... ness. ... a lad of fifteen or ... used to visit Ger- ... me. We Apaches, the ... and, better known as ... band," were at that ... in the Fort Sill Mil- ... lion in Oklahoma. ... prego many a fishing ... a plunge in old ... k in the hope of ex- ... Geronimo a thrilling ... ry, but most often I ... away greatly disap- ... would talk about al- ... ing except war. ... back over the years, ... and the times when ... ed to visit him, I be- ... and more convinced ... like any other normal ... some respects Ger- ... than some mem- ... tribe. For instance, ... ys would go to his ... ever did tell us one ... that ever made us ... I can't say this a- ... of my fellow tribes- ... any of them in their ... entertain us told us ... and jokes which were ... boys to hear. ... ys who used to go to ... house can't put the ... black list, for he was ... ful of what he said

when the gang was over to his house. It may be that we annoyed him at times but if we did I don't know it to this day, for he always acted as if everything was all right. I know now that he treated us with a respect which should have been reserved for older people. Since I am trying to show that Geronimo was like the rest of us common, garden variety folks, I think it would be all right to say that he was honest in his dealings with other people. This may be pretty hard to believe and it may provoke laughter, but please withhold your condemnations and smiles while I tell you about that part of Geronimo's life or character which most people do not get to hear or know. Some few months after the Apaches arrived from Alabama at Ft. Sill, the War Department bought a herd of cattle for the tribe. Each family had a brand under its own name. The Indians went to work and by their own labors made a success of the cattle business. Every Fall, a week or two after the steers were shipped to Kansas City, the head of each family received all the way from two hundred to three thousand dollars in clear money. We were permitted to do credit business with other people. The War Dept. officials in charge did not act as a collecting agency for any business concern, so it was up to the individual Indian to take care of his own indebtedness. On cattle pay days Geronimo would saddle his horse and ride to Lieut. Purrington's office, the Army officer in charge of the Apache prisoners, to receive his money. After receiving his money Geronimo would ride away to Lawton, a town about seven miles south of Fort Sill, in order to meet his obligations. Geronimo, if he wished, could purchase almost anything he wished at the reservations trading post. He didn't have to go out of the reservation, for if he wanted to, he could have bought what he needed right on the reservation and left his creditors holding the sack and I think he could have gotten away with it, too, for no outsiders were allowed to visit or interview him except by permission from the officer in charge. Geronimo had more privileges

and he had more protection than other Indians. I honestly believe that if Geronimo had failed to pay his creditors the officials would have taken some money out of the Apache funds to meet Geronimo's debts. But I am glad to say, the officials did not have to go to any trouble on his account, for he went out of the reservation of his own free will to pay his debts. This shows that Geronimo had some good, old-fashioned honesty about him, and this should lead us to the fact that he wasn't so mean after all. Another side to Geronimo, which most people don't know about, is, he had a sense of humor. I don't subscribe to everything that the Chief did, but on the other hand, I am willing to vouch for him in some things, and one of the things which I am willing to attest to is Geronimo had the capacity to take and to return a joke. As I remember it, one had to get up pretty early to pull a joke on the old Chief. Usually his fellow-tribesmen came out second best with him. The Chief was the object of many jokes his fellow tribesmen pulled on him in his presence and when he wasn't around, too. They tell this one on him. I don't know whether or not it's the truth. I think it's the truth, for Geronimo was absent-minded. They say that one time he and his wife went to town, and in his hurry to get back home he left her in the city — just "plumb" forgot her. As he was taking the groceries into the house, the realization that he had left his better half in town suddenly came upon him. Uttering an Apache exclamation equal to English "Holy Smoke," he wheeled his white steed around and galloped off towards Lawton, seven miles away. I know the old lady didn't give him any embraces, for when an Apache man forgets, he puts himself on the receiving end of a verbal barrage which he remembers for a long time. Not only was Geronimo able to give and take a joke, but he was courteous, as well. He received many newspaper men and others who came just out of curiosity to see him. He was nice even to the curiosity seekers. After a visit with him, most people formed a different opinion of him.

Geronimo attended the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, N. Y. He didn't want to go at first but when he was told that the people wanted to see him he finally agreed to go. On another occasion, I think it was in 1905, he and his interpreter went to Red Rock, Oklahoma, to participate in the second annual rodeo sponsored by Miller Bros., owners of the "101" Ranch. While he was at Red Rock Geronimo was in the custody of the Oklahoma national guard. On his return from such trips, Geronimo would always praise the people he met. He saw the good that is in the average white man, and it's too bad that he didn't find out until it was too late that other people meant well. Geronimo felt that he was indebted to the American people, so when the opportunity to help presented itself he never refused if he thought it appeased the people meant well. Some weeks ago I read an interesting article by a man who said he used to talk with Geronimo. I believe he used to know the Apache Chief, all right, for he saw some good in him. But with all due respects, I honestly believe, he is a little off, for he said, not in so many words, but in effect, that: Raiding is to Geronimo what football is to a little boy. It's ridiculous, for I can't see how a sane man can enjoy being shot at while driving a herd of cattle away from a ranch house. There's a certain amount of thrill, all right, if there's no war going on, in driving a herd of steers, but I have yet seen a man who enjoys being shot at. Geronimo was no lunatic, if you ask me. It's true, he raided aplenty, but I know good and well he didn't like it any too well. The Chief knew as other people know that raiding in the old days was a pretty dangerous business, and we might add it's not so nice and safe and thrilling today, either. I am sure that Geronimo didn't enjoy his raids for the simple reason that life to him was as precious as other people regard theirs. I admit that he pulled off some mean tricks which we do not approve of, but after he left the reservation I know he had to do certain things in order to live. But this does not necessarily mean that he hated the white man or that he drove off other people's cattle just for the excitement it afforded. No, I can't see it that way, for I know that there were certain conditions and certain circumstances

beyond Geronimo's control which impelled him to flee from the reservation and what he did after his departure were only reactions to those conditions and circumstances which existed during the time when the new government first tried to rehabilitate the Indian. A lot of people ask, "How many people did Geronimo kill, and how many did he scalp?" I must admit I really don't know. I don't want to hurt anybody's story, but I honestly believe Geronimo never killed anyone. I am basing my contention on some very good reasons, which, for my own sake, I do not care to disclose, but if Geronimo ever killed any body, he did it in line of battle. In that case, he or anyone else who was with him did not know any more about it than the man in the moon. Yes, Geronimo, after he gathered speed was a pretty tough hombre, for he was a veteran of many scrimmages, and several times he just barely escaped with his life, but to say that he killed anyone, well, I really don't know, and no body else does, for that matter. Geronimo was personally acquainted with the late Generals Cooke, Miles, Scott and Wood. Gen. Cooke and Miles at different times led the American troops against Geronimo, as everyone knows. The old Chief liked Cooke, Scott and Wood the best. He didn't like Miles so well. He always claimed that Miles did not keep his promises with him, but there could have been some misunderstanding on Geronimo's part, for Miles did what he could for the Apaches. Geronimo was about eighty-five years old when he died in 1909. After his surrender to Miles, he and his lieutenants were taken to Fort Pickens, Florida. The rest of the band, those who were with him on the war path, together with the peaceful Indians and the old scouts who helped effect the surrender, followed him to the prison camp in Florida. The band was later moved to Alabama, then to Fort Sill, Oklahoma. Other chiefs had done wrong but were not so severely dealt with as was Geronimo. A colored woman was standing on the street watching a circus parade. One of the pickaninnies looked up and said: "Mammy, yo' mouf's open." To which she replied sternly: "Yas, I know it. I done left it open mahself."

## Don't Let It Happen Again; Here Are 1919 'Peace' Terms

The Literary Digest of May 17, 1919, had an article on the peace treaty that was to end war forever. The heading read: "Terms That Take All the Fight Out of Germany." In it, Count von Brockdorff-Rantzau, head of the German delegation at the peace conference, is quoted as saying: "We are under no illusions as to the extent of our defeat and the degree of our want of power." Boxed in the center of the page was a digest of the peace terms—the terms that everybody was so sure would prevent Germany from rising again as a military power. Here is that digest: Germany cedes to France Alsace-Lorraine (5,600 square miles); to Belgium 387 square miles of Rhenish Prussia; to Poland, part of Silesia, most of Posen, and all of West Prussia (27,686 square miles). Sarre Valley internationalized fifteen years, its coal mines go to France. Luxemburg freed from German customs control. Danzig with adjacent territory internationalized, East Prussia isolated. About a third of East Prussia to decide by plebiscite between Germany and Poland. Schleswig to decide by a series of plebiscites between Germany and Denmark. Germany gives up all colonies and rights outside of Europe. Germany recognizes independence of German Austria, Poland and the Czech-Slovak state. Germany razes all forts thirty-three miles east of the Rhine; abolishes conscription; reduces armies to 100,000 long-enlistment volunteers; reduces navy to six battleships, six cruisers, twelve torpedo-boats, and personnel of 15,000; dismantles Helgoland, opens Kiel Canal to the world, and surrenders fourteen ocean cables; is to have no submarines or war aircraft; stops import, export, and nearly all production of war material. Germany agrees to trial of ex-Kaiser and other offenders against humanity. Germany accepts responsibility for all damages to Allied governments and peoples, agrees to restore invaded areas and to pay for shipping destruction ton for ton. The first indemnity payment is \$5,000,000,000, further payments

expected to bring total to at least \$25,000,000,000, and details to be arranged by an Allied commission. Partial Allied occupation of Germany until reparation is made. Germany accepts League of Nations without present membership; the league to control mandates, internationalized territory, and plebiscites. Germany grants free Allied transit through territories and certain Allied control of finance, business, and transportation on railroads, canals and rivers. Germany accepts all arrangements to be made with her former allies. Germany annuls Russian and Roumanian treaties and recognizes independence of Russian states. International labor organization and standards instituted. Under those terms, the whole world — except Germany — fondly believed the Germans could never rearm; could never menace the world again. How much stronger must the peace terms be this time? Would it not be better to wait a few months — perhaps even years — until we have a better perspective, before imposing terms on Germany this time? **WAITING FOR IT** The cavalry recruit was instructed to bridle and saddle a horse. Ten minutes later the sergeant-major came along for his mount and found the recruit holding the bit close to the horse's head. "What are you waiting for," he roared. "Until he yawns," answered the recruit. Hubby—I've already admitted that I was wrong. What more do you want me to do? Wifey—Just own up that I was right. "Fifty cents for a shave? Why your price has doubled." "Well, so has your chin!" "There are an awful lot of girls who don't want to get married." "How do you know?" "I've asked them." A sensible girl is not so sensible as she looks, because a sensible girl has more sense than to look sensible.



# Fritz Is Blitzed

NOW

## Let's Finish the Job

Don't take a holiday, America! We've got the enemy on the run. The war is half over. COME ON—LET'S FINISH THE JOB!

NOW—while the foe is in confusion. NOW—while we are at the peak of our fury and might. Full speed ahead, America! Let's smash Japan and finish the job.

Let's make every hour of war production count. Let's give our Army, Navy and Allies every tank and gun and plane they need. Let's go, America! Let's finish the job.

Let's buy more War Bonds. Let's tighten up our belts. Let's steel ourselves to unremitting work and unswerving toil. The big task lies ahead. Let's get it over quickly.

No rest America! Don't break the Victory rhythm. The Jap, like the Nazi, must be crushed.

Come on, America. The command is "Forward!" Fritz is blitzed—now let's finish the job!

# Folkner Bar



THE ARTESIA ADVOCATE, ARTESIA, NEW MEXICO  
THE ARTESIA ADVOCATE, ARTESIA, NEW MEXICO



and NOW it's YOUR turn,  
**JAPAN!**

**Y**OU figured it was in the bag.

Yes, sir, by this time—so you thought—your buck-toothed boys would be marching up Pennsylvania Avenue, your fried-egg flag would be flying from the Capitol. And, you figured, the luxury-loving, so soft Yankees would be bowing low before your be-goggled troops.

So sorry to disappoint. So sorry that honorable time-table has upset!

Yes, you figured that while your rug-chewing pal in Berlin kept us busy in the Atlantic, all YOU would have to do would be to follow up the Pearl Harbor stab with island hops that would bring you clear to our West Coast—and from there it would be just a sleeper jump to Washington.

Well, you know what's happened to Adolf. And now it's your turn. What you've gotten so far—the Coral Sea, Midway, the Solomons, the Aleutians and Tarawa—is just a pink tea to what's coming.

Because NOW, you're going to get the works . . . and fast! You're going to learn what it feels like to get in front of the biggest battle fleet in the world. You're going to learn—as Berlin learned—how it feels to watch your dreams of empire go up in the flame and smoke of four-ton block-busters. You're going to learn what it means to take a swipe at Uncle Sam when his back is turned.

You're going to wish you had never even heard of Pearl Harbor!

**Martin Yates, Jr.**

**Murchison & Closuit, Inc.**

**Carper Drilling Co.**

**First National Bank**



### iful and Romantic Will Is y Poor and Insane Lawyer

ars ago a lawyer named  
ounsbury, poor and in-  
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Illinois. After he was  
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will, one of the most re-  
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it read:

## KNOW YOUR NEIGHBOR

### MOUNTAINS, PEAKS AND CORDILLERAS

It has been said that, in spite of many striking contrasts, North, South and Central America have some features in common. Outstanding among these is the mountainous system of South America, a continuation in some sort of the cordillera that extends along the Pacific Coast of North America. From the border of the United States down to the southernmost tip of Chile, the mighty peaks of one of the most important ranges in the world guard the Western seaboard of the continent. Closely

birds, and echoes of their strange noises, and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance, and without any umbrance or care.

"To lovers, I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need, as the stars in the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorne, the sweet strains of music, and aught else by which they may desire to prove to each other the last lingering beauty of their love.

"To young men jointly I bequeath and devise all boisterous and inspiring sports of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength, though they are rude. And I give to them the power to make lasting friendships, and of possessing companions, and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and brave choruses to sing with lusty voices.

"And to those who are no longer children, or youths, or lovers, I leave memory, and I bequeath to them the volumes of the poets Burns and Shakespeare and of other poets—if indeed there be others—fully and without tithes or diminution.

"To our loved ones with snowy crowns, I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children, until they fall asleep."

bound to the history of Latin America, this mountainous system has influenced its past and will undoubtedly be responsible in some fashion for its future. The epic history of the Spanish conquest is recorded in valleys, peaks, canyons and highlands. Defying the heights—towns and cities began to rise, marking each a new successful strike in the relentless quest for the coveted mineral riches of the ranges. The colorful pageant of the colony moved for centuries through the passes and defiles of the cordilleras, and when the torch of liberty was lighted in the new world, the colonists battled for their independence amidst the giants of the sierras, fighting some of the decisive encounters in the very heart of the great ranges.

According to the Encyclopaedia Britannica: "The continent of South America is divided from West to East into three longitudinal zones—the cordilleras of the Andes, the lowland belt, and the plateaux of Guiana and Brazil, the last being interrupted by the narrowing of the continent and the opening of the lowland belt to the Atlantic coast." The Andes are but a part of the series of mountains that nearly encircle the Pacific, but they form in themselves the longest mountain system on earth, extending from the Isthmus of Panama to Tierra del Fuego, a distance of 4,500 miles. Before reaching the Andes, however, as soon as we pass the Rio Grande, we find that, in Mexico, the capital city lies on a plateau 7,400 feet above sea level surrounded by the two arms of the cordilleras. Like a mighty, winding serpent, the range passes through Central America literally bristling with hundreds of volcanoes towering over lakes and valleys of arresting beauty. Atitlan, Izalco, Omotepec are among the names that have, at one time or another, spelt magic or terror with the columns of lava or smoke given forth by their incandescent cones. Poas, in Costa Rica, has the unusual honor of being visible from both the Caribbean and the Pacific.

Emerging into South America proper, the cordillera fingers out into three distinct ranges in Colombia. Bogota, the capital, is placed on one of these 9,000 feet above the sea. As far as altitude is concerned, the capitals of some of the countries of Western South America can make Believe-It-or-Not Ripley happy. Quito, in Ecuador, rises 11,800 feet high not far from Mount Chimborazo's 20,700 feet, while La Paz, in Bolivia, the highest capital on earth, lies 12,700 feet above sea level. Other "high-ests in the world" are the railroad

from Lima to Cerro de Pasco in Peru, Cotopaxi (19,613 feet) highest active volcano, and Aconcagua the mightiest peak in all the New World, whose 23,613 feet are surpassed only by the summits of the Himalayas in Asia.

Of the ten countries of South America, all except three, Brazil, Uruguay, and Paraguay, are touched in one way or another by the Andes, Argentina and Venezuela being of these the least in contact

with "the giant who is at once a generous friend and an implacable foe." As a friend, the cordillera has—through its inexhaustible mining treasurers—been a source of wealth for centuries. The word, "Andes," is said to come from the Indian word "anta," meaning copper or metal in general. Fabulously rich mines of gold, silver and copper were worked by the Incas and the Aztecs as well as by their Spanish conquerors. It was the lure

for these riches that lead the Spaniards' colonization on. Even today, deposits of lead, iron, platinum, quicksilver, and tin have been powerful incentives for the difficult feats of engineering that have made the mountains accessible.

Their presence has also altered considerably, and most always favorably, the climatic conditions of the countries it crosses. As a foe, the cordillera has proved to be for centuries an almost uncrossable

barrier, hindering civilization and even friendship between nations, but the advent of aviation has, in a couple of decades, brought that barrier definitively down.

Much more friend than foe, the cordillera is, undoubtedly, one of the outstanding geographical features of the Western Hemisphere, one which has played and will play an important part in its climatic, historical and economic background.



## IN EUROPE

# Now---To Get the Japs!

### WE ARE CLOSED

to

## Celebrate V-DAY

### OCOTILLO and VALLEY THEATERS

# There Is Some Corner of a Foreign Field

In the hearts of those for whom they fought are inscribed the names of the men of this community who will not come back.

These are the Gold Star Men of Artesia and North Eddy County—men, most of whom left their homes, their work, their security, and their future to defend the United States of America in her greatest war.

The list is not complete, for the nation faces future trial by battle. Many names may be added to this roll before ultimate victory is ours.

Recall the list. You knew many of these young men well. They were boys who sat next to you in school, your fellow workers at the office, store, or shop, lads from farms near by. They were your fellow citizens.

Each name is a reminder of the awful price of victory. Each name should also be a prayer that the things for which they fought and died will not be forgotten, but will be cherished by a grateful nation.

## Southern Union Gas Company

"Helping Build New Mexico"  
Telephone 50







**P**ARTNERS in Freedom! Today more than ever the free United Nations stand brothers in one great family. Today our victory is theirs—their triumph ours!

For their deeds of heroism have now become a part of our common heritage. We have shared with them and they with us the great struggle for Freedom.

We thrill to the Canadian epic of Dieppe as to the story of our own landing at Tarawa. Never can we forget the Story of Stalingrad. Ten thousand small boats leaving the pyre of Dunkirk . . . the roar of the outnumbered R.A.F. in the Battle of Britain . . . Churchill thundering defiance in England's darkest hour . . . the March of the Eighth Army through Africa . . . England's saga, too, has become our own.

As long as free men live, Americans will recall the daring of the jungle-fighting Aussie in New Guinea and the glory of the Chinese Armies fighting doggedly through seven years of war against the common foe whose defeat is foreshadowed by the Victory we celebrate today.

To all of these and to the Fighting French, the heroic Greeks, the Czechs, the Poles, the Dutch, the Norwegians, the Jews of all nations who defied the Nazi terror, the Jugo-Slav guerrillas — to all of these, our Allies and partners in arms, we pay grateful tribute today.

# Malco Refineries, Inc.



### Offers Rare Vistas, Loses Life of Dim Past

is a common misconception that New Mexico and Arizona are states in which the cactus and the rattlesnake reign supreme. Admittedly, a few portions of these states do not have much else in the way of scenic attractions, but even this has its value. However, other sections do attract attention for they are rich places of interest un-

and restaurant accommodations, a little town which greets visitors with a friendly western spirit. To a great degree it is dependent on coal mining and Indian trading, a town to which the Navajo and Zuni as well as Indians of other nearby reservations come to exchange their handicrafts and products for necessities.

Gallup is a center from which one may make trips to see prehistoric ruins, magnificent scenery, Indian villages, and the nomadic Navajo, all within a radius of one hundred fifty miles. A few hours' ride, in season will take one to fish, to hunt, to ski. No other section can compare with such varied interests; it would take years to become acquainted with the grandeur of the surrounding country. And through all this country one will see the Navajo jogging along on

his mustang.

If one is interested in the works of prehistoric man, he would do well to take a day's trip out to Pueblo Bonito and Chetro Keti, the largest prehistoric ruin yet found in the U. S. The people who lived in this village were of quite a high degree of stone age civilization, and built masonry walls of carefully fashioned stones that are still standing as a mute evidence of the skill and patience of the people who built them.

On the way to Chetro Keti and Pueblo Bonito, one may pass by Kit Carson's Cave, Navajo Church Rock and canyons of the rough and stern beauty so typical of the Southwest. Also, if one wishes, one may stop to see a Navajo hogan, exchange a few words with the people weaving colorful rugs, fashioning bracelets, rings and necklaces studded with turquoise, perhaps a small Navajo herder with his flock of sheep or some one hoeing a few acres of corn.

Witch Caves where the Indians fear to tread. History recorded on the rocks which stir the imagination. Just a few of the major ruins such as Aztec, Mesa Verde, the numerous ruins in Canyon de Chelly and Del Muerto, Nozlini, and many other canyons too numerous to mention, will make this an archeologist's paradise. To the untutored stranger the canyons themselves are of sufficient beauty to merit a trip. The regal setting of Mummy Cave, the mystery of the White House, on the walls pictographs of such things as a dancing goat, a man with a goat's head, are just as interesting to the stranger as to the initiate.

To the south of Gallup one drives over a beautiful mountain through a pine forest to see Zuni, an Indian Pueblo where today lives a people who probably are descendants of the people who inhabited the cliff dwellings and other prehistoric ruins. A few miles from Zuni is El Morro, the Inscrp-

tion Rock where the early Spaniards wrote their names and a brief sketch of what they were doing. Juan de Onate went by there in 1605 over a hundred years before the birth of George Washington. On the top of Inscription Rock is a large unexcavated ruin which promises to be one of the largest yet found.

And farther on one comes to the Ice Caves, one of the strangest natural phenomena to be found. Here in a hot dusty country there are the remains of an old lava flow and by some mysterious chemical process there are some caves in it that are constantly filling with ice. In this malpai there is a cave about eight miles in length which might at one time have been a river, and about which there is a current story that robbers used it as a hide-out when they robbed the railroad and in which they have buried gold.

Within a day's drive there are the beautiful Canyon de Chelly and Del Muerto, whose sheer red, black

### Crossing Staked Plains Into New Mexico 'Way Back in Year 1884

The story of a drive of cattle across the staked plains of Texas and New Mexico in 1885 was told by a real pioneer woman, Mrs. Adella M. McCommis, of Alamogordo, to Mrs. H. D. O. Hammond of Roswell:

On October 3, 1885, my husband, foreman for Myles Bros., of El Paso, Texas, started his second cattle drive over the staked plains from Myles Bros., old J. MIL ranch on Ennis Creek, near Snyder, Texas. I again drove my own fine team and covered wagon behind the chuck wagon all the way. We were headed for the J MIL ranch that Myles Bros., had bought—the old Warren houses and land on the Penasco.

It had been a beautiful fall and the cattle and horses were rolling fat. Game was plentiful on the plains. Great herds of antelope flashed in the sun and more wild horses roamed the plains than one could count. Wire fences were still unknown, but at their running headwaters, one of the large ranches had a horse pasture under fence.

We had watered the cattle at Yellow House Ranch two days before, so Jimmie rode to this ranch and asked to water the cattle and they told him not, that he could water the 75 head of cattle horses and fill the water kegs but no cattle, although there was water enough to water a million cattle it seemed to me.

So Jimmie drove the horses down and watered them and we filled all the water kegs on the wagons and while we worked three men came out with rifles in their hands and watched us. One big fellow that I'll never forget came to our wagons and said "who's cattle are these?" and Jimmie told him, Myles Bros., of El Paso, Texas, and the big fellow said, "who is the boss?" and Jimmie told him "I am the foreman." And they certainly laughed. Jimmie was only 19 but that was his second large cattle drive for the company as foreman. Jimmie said, "I am going to water these cattle before I leave here," and this large fellow laughed and said "I don't think you will" and turned around and walked back to the house.

Our next water was Baird Lake, and we rested there four days and Jimmie sent the chuck wagon to Big Springs for supplies enough to last us until we reached Pecos City. We got lost from the trail in the sand hills after leaving Baird Lake and was four days and nights without water for the stock. Once the cattle got to milling around the wagons where they could smell water in our kegs. The boys got their slickers and whooped and hollered, trying to scare them away but didn't do any good. I was very frightened because I knew they would soon crush the wagon if something wasn't done, so I jumped out with my little fox terrier dog and took off my sunbonnet and began to run and yell at the top of my voice and my little dog ran around barking and that scared the cattle and they broke their milling and left the wagons.

We then went on out of the sand hills, driving south and west and the boys found a little spring in the hills near some cottonwood

and tan walls form scenes of exquisite coloring. Along these canyon walls from time to time one comes upon cliff dwellings in more or less good or poor state of preservation, depending upon the amount of protection that has been offered by the shallow sandstone caves in which they are found. In Mummy Cave we will find a kiva that has still the red fresco design painted on its walls. Then who will not thrill to the sight of the sheer red sandstone cliffs guarding the western part of the Lukachukai mountains, and the overpowering geological formations of Monument Valley. From the top of the most beautiful yet little known Navajo Mountain one can see a veritable fairyland of canyons and even the Rainbow Bridge. As far as the eyes can see a labyrinth of canyons seems to beckon the traveler.

To the northwest, the Hopi country with its "sky cities of the desert" in a sandy desert country where it looks as if a rattlesnake would starve. Here the Hopis have solved their economic problem, something our government would do well to understand. To Blue Canyon, the fantastic color of which is beyond our imagination. To the west the Petrified Forest and Painted Desert await. And also Sunset Crater, Meteor Crater, and other numerous points of interest. The uninformed traveler will go on through this town never realizing the opportunities he has missed.

Through Roman Hubbell tours conducted by driver guides who know the Indian country thoroughly can be arranged. This service offers a unique opportunity for capturing the real feeling and atmosphere of this country. Here in Gallup, one may meet chiefs, princesses, kings of industry, actors, sheep and cattle barons, people of all nations, all meet together as of one clan, all brought together here in August to see the finest Indian show in the world.

trees and watered some of the horses and carried water five miles in buckets to fill a five gallon keg on my wagon. We camped and the cowboys ate and took bacon and bread in their moccasins, hung them on their saddles and Jimmie told me he did not know how far it was to the Pecos river, but that they were bearing that way and for Henry (the cook) and I to follow their trail. We broke camp and followed the cattle trail all that afternoon and camped at sunset and at the break of day we were on their trail again. We stopped at noon and gave each of the six wagon horses and Jimmie's old night horse that I had tied to my wagon a pint of water each and started on again and about 2 o'clock the second day we came to the railroad. Henry and I had been walking for several hours, for the poor horses could hardly pull the wagons. We finally found a place where we could cross the tracks by taking the end gates out of our wagons and placing them near the rails. From there on we had a very good road. A passenger train came by and after awhile we heard it whistle and we knew that we were close to some station and sure enough before sunset we came to Monahans, just a stop then on the T. & P. Railway.

There were 10 or 12 big barrels of water on the station platform and a strong fence around the station. We did not see anyone around, so Henry went to the station door and called three Chinamen who were inside ran and hid under a bed; they were scared so Henry began to carry water in a big camp bucket and watered the horses—poor things were almost wild for water. He had just give each a half bucket when he saw a big man coming down the tracks with a long gun on his shoulder and I called Henry to come back that this fellow would surely shoot him, so Henry stopped and the man came up and said what are you doing here and Henry said I am giving these horses some water, they are about starved and asked when the cattle had passed and the man told him the afternoon before.

So he let us water our horses and when we went to fill our water kegs he said, "that water isn't fit for you and the lady to drink offer watering your horses in it." And we told him we were only too glad to have it regardless of that. I asked him what the charges for the water and he said he guessed 50 cents. I almost fell over.

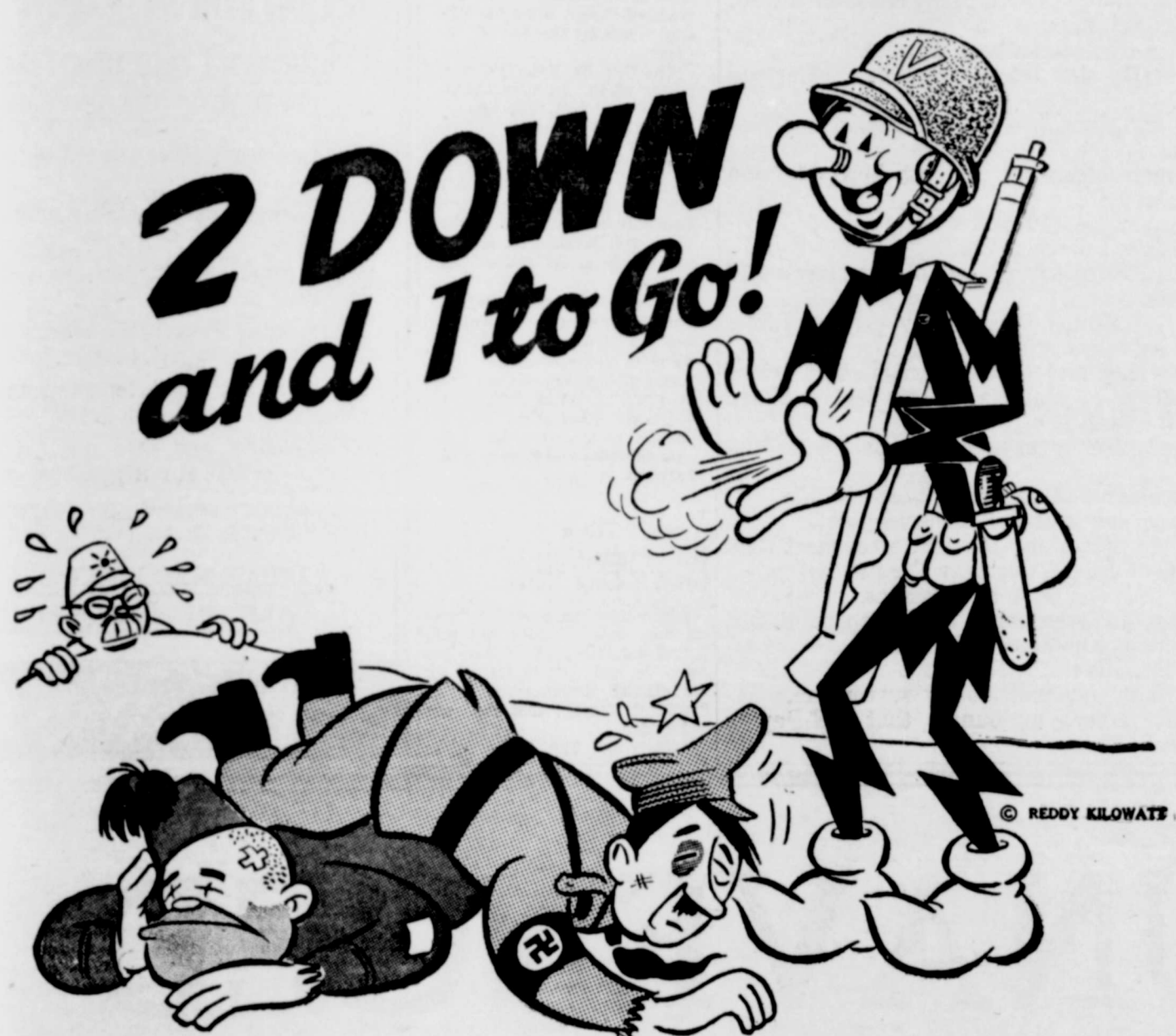
We drove on and camped about a mile from the depot as the horses were given out and we were as weary and hungry as they. I was getting so anxious about my husband but about 12 that night I heard Jimmie ride in and call to me. He told us that everything was alright, that they had struck the Pecos River about 4 in the afternoon and that it was running full, that the cattle had piled in the river but that they did not lose a one.

Next morning we drove on to the cattle and they camped by the R. R. bridge and rested for three days and waited for the water to run down. My husband had to go to Pecos and send Myles Bros., a telegram, so he put his horse in the swollen river and told him to go to the other side and Jimmie walked across the railroad bridge, got on his horse, went to town and came back and crossed the river the same way. We had to go four or five miles up the river to a pole bridge to cross the wagons the next day.

We arrived at Seven Rivers the 22nd day of December. There the boys bought several pounds of candy and a lot of oranges for Christmas. We managed to have a good dinner Christmas day, as we had one of the best camp cooks I ever knew. We had rice pudding, veal steaks, canned peaches, and grapes and plums and everyone seemed happy that day. On Dec. 28 we camped where the town of Hope, now stands. The weather had been mild and warm but about 10 that night a norther came up and I was very ill and there in a covered wagon on the cattle trail, to the tune of bawling cattle and the norther's roar, at 2 a. m. a baby girl was born.

We went 35 miles from the settlement on the Penasco. My husband put Neeley Wright, the horse wrangler in charge of the cattle and drove me to the settlement, but it took us three days through the bitter storm and zero weather. The night we arrived at the settlement a three-foot snow fell. There was only a few white families living there, so Jimmie took me to a Mexican woman that had a white husband, Jim Walters. They had a very large family and a big adobe house. They were a nice family and mighty good to me. We stayed 18 days and Jimmie delivered the cattle on Dec. 31, to the J. MIL ranch on the Penasco and when he counted them in, he had only lost seven head and they got them in the next spring roundup. The cowboys with this drive were: Will Simpson, Frank Hyatt, Jack Sparks, Dave Sparks, cowboys; Neeley Wright, horse wrangler; Henry Blair, cook; James W. McCommis, foreman.

# 2 DOWN and 1 to Go!



## and YOU'RE next, JAPAN!

You figured it was in the bag.

Yes, sir, by this time—so you thought—your buck-toothed boys would be marching up Pennsylvania Avenue.

So sorry that honorable time-table was upset!

Yes, you figured that while your pal in Berlin kept us busy in the Atlantic, all you would have to do would be to follow up Pearl Harbor.

Well, you know what's happened to Adolf. And now it's your turn. What you've gotten so far is just a pink tea to what's coming.

Because now you're going to get the works . . . and fast! You're going to learn what it means to take a swing at Uncle Sam when his back is turned.

You're going to wish you had never even heard of Pearl Harbor!



Reddy Kilowatt

**Southwestern  
PUBLIC SERVICE  
Company**





V-DAY IN EUROPE

THE ARTESIA ADVOCATE, ARTESIA, NEW MEXICO

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TELEPHONE 7

## Vital Dates in European War

- 1941
- Dec. 7 World War II becomes a global war when Japan, Germany's partner, attacks Pearl Harbor.
  - Dec. 8 Allies make formal declaration of war against Japan.
  - Dec. 11 United States declares war on Germany and Italy.
- 1942
- Jan. 1 Declaration of United Nations signed in Washington, joining 26 nations against the Axis.
  - Jan. 26 First American troops for Europe theater war land in Northern Ireland.
  - May 30 RAF bombers attack Cologne in great air raid—first of the 1,000-plane raids.
  - July 2 Germany begins new large-scale offensive in Russia.
  - Aug. 19 Ten thousand Allied troops raid Dieppe, France.
  - Nov. 8 American troops begin invasion of North Africa.
  - Nov. 11 German troops march into Unoccupied France.
- 1943
- May 12 German forces surrender, ending North African campaign.
  - July 9 Allies begin invasion of Sicily.
  - July 25 Mussolini is forced out.
  - Sept. 3 Allied forces land in Italy.
  - Sept. 8 General Eisenhower announces Italy's surrender, signed Sept. 3.
- 1944
- Jan. 4 Russian Army crosses the pre-1939 Polish

giving thanks to God "for sustaining us, helping us, and guiding us." He termed it "God's victory."

Sunday, May 13, was named by President Truman in his proclamation as a day of prayer and asked that the people of all faiths in the United States go to

their several places of worship and thanks.

REIMS, France, May 7 (AP)—Germany unconditionally surrendered to Western Allies and Russia at 2:41 a. m. French time. This was 8:41 p. m. Eastern war time Sunday.

- border for the first time in great winter offensive.
  - Jan. 16 General Dwight D. Eisenhower arrives in England to take supreme command of Allied forces preparing for invasion of Europe.
  - Jan. 27 Leningrad celebrates liberation from two and a half years of German siege.
  - June 4 American Fifth Army liberates Rome.
  - June 6 Allies open Western Front by invading France along the Normandy coast with force of 250,000 men.
  - Aug. 15 Allies invade southern France.
  - Aug. 18 First Russian troops move onto German soil.
  - Dec. 16 Germans launch counteroffensive into Belgium.
  - Dec. 29 German offensive in west brought to a standstill.
- 1945
- Jan. 17 Russians take Warsaw.
  - Feb. 17 United States forces enter Germany at 10 points.
  - Mar. 7 United States First Army crosses Rhine and establishes beachhead.
  - Mar. 22 American and British forces start mass crossings of Rhine in great offensive aimed at final defeat of Germany.
  - Apr. 4 Russia denounces neutrality pact with Japan.
  - Apr. 12 President Franklin D. Roosevelt dies.
  - Apr. 18 Americans invade Czechoslovakia.
  - Apr. 25 United States and British forces meet Russians on Elbe River near Torgue.
  - Apr. 25 Berlin is encircled by Russians.
  - Apr. 25 Mussolini is executed by Italian partisans.
  - May 1 Germans announce Hitler dead.
  - May 2 Berlin falls to the Russians.
  - May 6 Germany unconditionally surrenders.
  - May 8 White House announces that VE-Day is here.

### Union Services Will Be Held At 11 Today

Union thanksgiving services will be held at 11 o'clock this morning at the First Methodist Church with all Protestant churches, and the Catholic Church cooperating. It was announced shortly after the VE-Day signal by the Rev. C. A. Clark.

The Rev. Fr. Francis Geary, pastor of St. Anthony Catholic Church, will read the recent proclamation by Gov. John J. Dempsey on VE-Day. A five-minute message will be given by the Rev. Kenneth Hess, pastor of the First Christian Church, and the Rev. Mr. Clark will preside. Other pastors will be called on for brief messages.

By proclamation of President Truman this morning, Sunday, May 13, has been set aside as a day of prayer and thanksgiving, in which the people of all faiths in the United States were asked to give thanks. At that time the Artesia churches will have special services.

### Artesia Does Not Jump Gun On VE-Day News

While some communities "went off the beam" Monday and celebrated the arrival of VE-Day, The Advocate and Artesia waited for the official announcement from President Truman that the war had ended. Artesia and The Advocate, in

spite of the temptation to do otherwise, did as had been asked, waited for official confirmation, which came at 7 o'clock Tuesday morning from the lips of Truman.

## V-Day No. 1 is here. Now let us aim at V-Day No. 2

GERMANY HAS BEEN DEFEATED  
EUROPE IS FREE

All Americans have waited long to be able to say that. Most Americans have worked hard to be able to say it. Many Americans have sacrificed much to say it. Many Americans have sacrificed all. To these, let us give thanks. But more than that, let us promise them that "they have not died in vain." They fought and died not for a peaceful Europe — but for a peaceful world. Let us renew our pledge to give all we have hastening the day when we can say:

"JAPAN HAS BEEN DEFEATED.  
ALL THE WORLD IS FREE!"

**SAFEWAY STORE**

# The UNAVENGED



NAZI Germany lies in ruins. Hitler is defeated. But the deaths of thousands of Americans, killed at Pearl Harbor by Japanese treachery, are still unavenged.

Japanese militarism, Jap horror and brutality still stalk the world. The Jap flag still flaunts from conquered lands — from Bataan and Corregidor.

The deaths of these Americans—soldiers, sailors and civilians, men, women and children — must be avenged. The shame of Pearl Harbor must be wiped out in blood.

It is well that we celebrate today the downfall of Hitlerism. But let us not forget that ultimate Victory still lies in the future. Let us not forget that every act of pillage, murder and rape by Nazi Germany has been duplicated tenfold in Nanking, Hong Kong, Singapore, Manila, Java and Burma by the Japanese. Let us not forget that the Freedom we have fought for and won in the Western World will not be secure until the bloody sword has been struck from the hands of our foe in the Pacific.

This day of triumph is also a day of dedication, a day wherein we dedicate ourselves to finishing swiftly the greater war that lies ahead. Let us not rest on our labors. PEARL HARBOR IS STILL TO BE AVENGED!

**ARTESIA PHARMACY**

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