

thoughts. Then the night wind tells him of high adventure to be found farther south. Again he is on the flow. Leaving his native state Colorado, he crosses the line into the state of New Mexico.

Having arrived at full maturity with all the sweetness and charm of clean youth, evil minded men and women set to work to destroy that cleanliness that they have irretrievably lost. Where he had seen only good, they pointed out evil. They invited him to join them in seeing the world, and he joined them in riotous living. His path twisted, and turned and his youthful clearness vanished. His life stream became a muddy river, filled with rubble and rocks. He gained strength and started sweeping aside foes, cutting canyons through every mountain of difficulty. He was no longer happy and cheerful. He was equipped for all battles, but gone was his peace of mind.

Up to this time Rio Grande had dealt with his own kind. Then came primitive man. As time had passed he had learned the art of irrigation, and attempted to divert water from the life stream of Rio Grande to irrigate his little fields. Growing impatient ever so often at these minor interferences, the Old Man River would go on a rampage, sweeping men and farms into oblivion.

Passing the Elephant Butte with a rush and a roar, Rio Grande told the Elephant of stone he would cut through the mountain south of him. Accomplishing this task, he dashed on to form the boundary line between the United States and Mexico, and having done this he assumed grave responsibility, becoming an international figure.

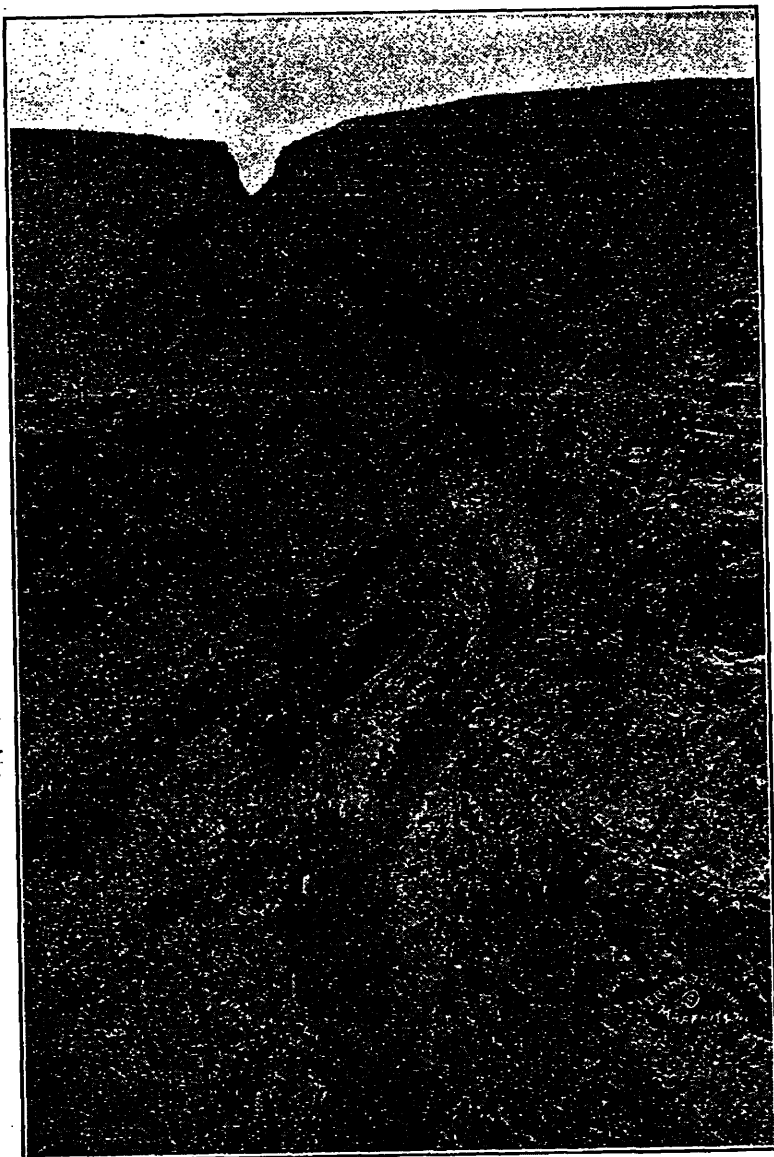
Rio Grande, the bold buccaneer, slides through the Paso Del Norte, cutting an erratic course on first one side of the El Paso valley and then the other. On his south bank the Sierra Ventana mountain range hold him in line. Then, when he would turn north, the Quitman mountains on his north bank send the Pirate of the desert on his way to Ojo Caliente. Just south of this point he slashes his way through a mountain, making a box like canyon, suitable for a dam site. Hemmed in on the south by the Sierra del Pinos and on the north by the Eagle mountains, he heads on to Presidio del Norte,

where he meets and weds that beautiful Senorita, Rio Conchos. The love of the Conchos is consistent and faithful. Enriched and strengthened by this union the Rio Grande forces his way through the Big Bend proper.

This was the greatest campaign of his long list of battles and he left behind a scarred battle field.

Unrelentingly he attacked Santa Helena Mountain, and sawed it asunder for a distance of eight miles in places, cutting to a depth of two thousand feet.

The Mariscal Range had the temerity to stand in the way and received a deadly blow from the Dusky Giant River, and another inspiring canyon was made. Finishing this task, the Rio Grande was blocked by the Boquillas, a portion of the Mexican Del Carmen Range. Hitting this mighty mass of earth and



GRAND CANYON OF THE CONCHO
Chihuahua, Mexico