

Edwin L. Sabin,
Rt. 1, Box 31,
Hemet, California.

November 4, 1949

Laura Gilpin,
Care Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc.,
New York City.

Dear Laura Gilpin:

An Eastern magazine has asked me to review your Rio Grande for it, and I have to express to you what a treat I find the book to be. It calls me home to the Colorado and New Mexico where I once lived, and reminded me of the historical Texas with which I have been made familiar through considerable research.

You see publicity work for the Denver & Rio Grande took me out on rail and wagon trips with George L. Beam, the road's photographer, as well as with my own saddle camera. I remember old Silverton very clearly, and the character of that San Juan country, the San Luis Valley. I have slept in the Taos pueblo, and also in Fernandez, and for a few months (until the flu scourge of 1918 drove us out) lived in Santa Fe, out on Acequia Madre street, I think.

Those derelict anchors in the Fernandez cemetery? They are news. I did not see them, in my visits to the Carson plot forty years ago. Captain Smith Simpson never mentioned them, nor did others of the old-timers. By the way, Captain Simpson, with whom I used to sit in the plaza, was not, I'd say, an army man, except as a volunteer with the mixed forces in local Indian campaigns.

Thank you very much for doing this book, The Rio Grande.

Sincerely yours,

Edwin L. Sabin