



ON YOUR WAY-



to CALIFORNIA



THE WAY TO GET THERE

THE feeling that most people have about California is "to get there." Those who go each year want "to get there" as soon as they can.

Those who have never been, hope "to get there" sometime.

California is the goal—too often nothing else seems to matter but "to get there."

California offers such liberal rewards that people are likely to lose sight of the plentiful rewards "on the way."

These pages tell you about a way "to get there" that offers new pleasures, new thrills; a short way "to get there"; a better way to get there; a way that brings California closer to you.



CARRISO GORGE—THE INDESCRIBABLE

There are no words with which to paint Carriso Gorge. One moment it is a mass of color breaking into a score of lesser canyons; then sheer granite walls of terrifying depth and blackness; then again a panorama of weird formations.

BEAUTY ALONG THE WAY

THERE'S something of the poet in all of us. Who hasn't thrilled at the flame of a new sunrise or the riot of colors in a sunset? Who hasn't marveled at the girth or height of some giant tree or been touched by the mystery of the mountain haze or canyon mist? You may not be able to put your feelings on paper but they're there just the same.

In the Southwest, via the Rock Island, you'll enjoy hundreds of these sensations. You'll find new beauties—you'll find delight in every mile of the journey.

On the next page you'll find listed a few of the points of interest on the way. Farther in the book we give you more of the details of the scenic grandeur along the Golden State Route.

But before you revel in these natural beauties we want you to know how the Rock Island provides for your physical comfort. The world always looks better to those who have peace in body. And the world certainly looks good to you on the Rock Island.

See

THE GREAT SOUTHWEST

THE MEXICAN BORDER

SILVER AND COPPER COUNTRY

SPANISH MISSIONS

INDIAN RESERVATIONS

"BLOOMING DESERTS"

APACHE TRAIL HIGHWAY

ROOSEVELT DAM

IMPERIAL VALLEY

CARRISO GORGE

SALTON SEA

SAN DIEGO BAY

all via the
**ROCK ISLAND
GOLDEN STATE ROUTE**

ROCK ISLAND LINES
EL PASO & SOUTHWESTERN
SOUTHERN PACIFIC
SAN DIEGO & ARIZONA

"It takes no longer yet you see more"

PACIFIC COAST TOUR; THE ROCK ISLAND WITH ITS NUMEROUS CONNECTIONS OFFERS
YOU THE CHOICE OF AN UNLIMITED VARIETY OF ROUTES ON YOUR PACIFIC COAST TOUR



THE Rock Island California train is called "The Golden State Limited." There's a wealth of significance in that name.

California is a Golden State.

Traveling with every need provided for; traveling in luxurious comfort—that's a "golden state" too—

Then the word "limited"—that has come to mean a de luxe train; a train that covers a distance in the least possible time with the least effort.

When it comes to comfort and convenience the Golden State Limited is *unlimited*.



From Chicago the Golden State Limited departs from the La Salle Street Station, conveniently located on the Elevated Lines

The Golden State Limited reaches California in less than three days — there is no faster train to Los Angeles and it arrives at San Diego

several hours earlier than any other train.

Rock Island service from all points in the East to California is complete.

Eastern trains establish favorable connections with the Golden State Limited at both Chicago and St. Louis.

*Through
sleeping
car
service*

Through sleeping car service is operated nightly from St. Louis, the Twin Cities and Des Moines, via direct lines of the Rock Island, and attached to the Golden State Limited at Kansas City.

Through cars are provided for Santa Barbara, San Diego and Los Angeles.

The Golden State Limited leaves Chicago

early in the evening from the La Salle Street Station (only railroad station on the elevated lines). Englewood Union Station is reached fifteen minutes later, affording added protection for Eastern connections. Porters are there to take your baggage to your section, compartment, or drawing room, as the case may be.

*Convenient
Eastern
connections*

In the rush to get away you've forgotten to make a few phone calls—that's taken care of; there are phone connections on the Golden State; call up your friends.

After you've straightened away you begin to think about food—you go to the dining car. On the menu you find the dishes that only the best hotels in the land offer you. It may be a cold winter night—here are strawberries, oysters, clams, sea foods of all kinds; salads made from fruit and vegetables drawn from every point of the compass.

There's more room, too, on this dining car table than you usually find. You aren't crowded; dishes aren't tumbled or lapped over each other. Everything is spick and span; no odors, steam or smoke from the kitchen.



When a woman invites you into the kitchen—you're friends. Be sure and have a look into ours. A dining car kitchen—a dining car chef—are interesting on the Rock Island

A revolving ventilating system overhead draws the impure air off and fresh air floods in—at the right temperature and without drafts.

You find the waiters gentlemanly, courteous, anxious to see that you get what you want. Rock Island standards are exacting; only the most capable men “pass muster.”

You get a lot of pleasure out of this first meal on the Golden State Limited. You'll realize for the first time that a meal on a diner can be very much like a meal in a quite exclusive club—or fine hotel. There's no rocking or jar—the roadbed is smooth; there's no din or rattling of silver and china—the dining service will be a revelation to you. You return to your section thoroughly satisfied.

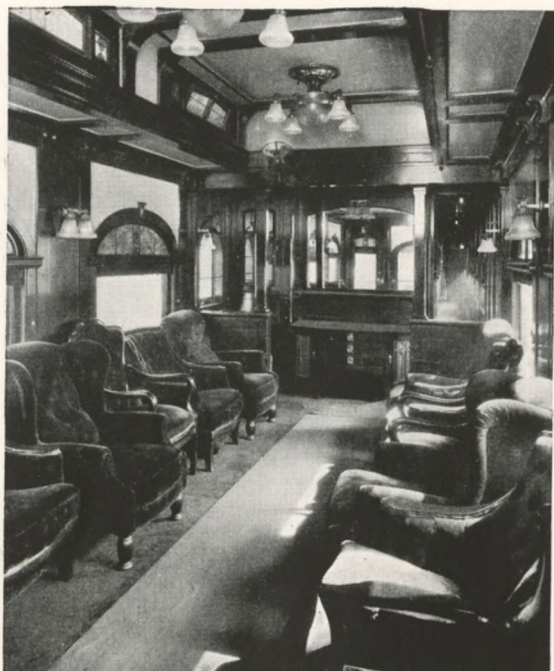
*Dining
service a
revelation*

You spend a few moments in reverie; thinking of the folks you've left behind and of the good times in store for you. Then you decide to do a little reading—you discover that you have forgotten papers and magazines.

You call the porter—tell him what you want—he gets it from the Golden State library.

There's a beautifully appointed observation

*Steel cars
Powerful loco-
motives*



The observation car—a club on wheels

car and observation platform — free from dust and travel stain.

Later on, if you get out at some station to “stretch your legs” on the depot platform you’ll notice that the cars are massive,

new looking, beautifully kept and that they are steel.

The Rock Island new Mountain type passenger engines are the largest, fastest ever built. No matter how heavy the trains, these locomotives start and stop with an almost imperceptible action. These heavy engines running on ballasted tracks and 100 pound steel rails insure the maximum comfort and keep the heaviest trains “on time.”

When you travel to California on the Golden State Limited you are going in almost a straight line. It's the direct way.

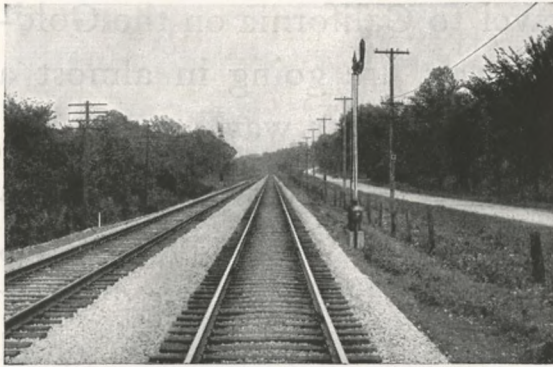
Instead of working around two sides of a rectangle or describing the arc of a circle, the Rock Island marks a "bias" course directly into the Southwest and cuts both hours and miles off the journey.

*The
direct
way to
California*

There are no high altitudes to shorten your breath or affect the respiration. No high mountains impede the way, for always the buttressed hills linger on the far horizon, as though the great Artist who set the stage had made the scenery second in importance to the comfort of those who sweep so hurriedly across it.

Hour after hour, as night follows day and day comes again into her own, the serrated crowns of mighty hills beautify the view, even while they keep their respectful distance, for they raise no barrier of dreaded altitude to distress those who are sensitive to elevation. Always one slips through natural gaps and passes, leaving the heights safely on the side-lines.

You'll like this fact, too. You can leave in



The scientifically graded and ballasted roadbed
of the Rock Island

the middle of winter time for California—and the Rock Island will bring you into temperate climate immediately. You

board the Rock Island early in the evening at Chicago, St. Louis or the Twin Cities, the next morning you are in Kansas City; it has moderated; before the day is over you're enjoying all the verdure, color and warmth of an April day.

*Summer
comfort
hours
earlier*

If you go to California for summer comfort you'll find it on the Golden State Route hours earlier than you will find it on the more northerly lines.

You'll like all the men who serve you on the Rock Island. They are chosen because they know the needs of travelers and how to satisfy them. They enjoy serving you; you'll enjoy the painstaking way they do it.

It would take a book several times the size

of this one to tell you of all the ways the Rock Island looks after your welfare. We'd have to begin with the roadbed; tell you of the scientific way it is graded and ballasted; we'd have to tell you of the heavy steel rails; how we inspect them.

*Travel at
least one
way on the
Rock Island*

We'd have to tell you of modern infallible signalling devices. We'd have to explain the engines; how powerful they are—the finest in all the world.

At best we could only sketch briefly a few of the services the Rock Island renders. Experienced travellers tell us there is no finer service anywhere. We've tried to make these trains stand out. Once you've used them, we're sure you'll say we've succeeded.

But service isn't all you're looking for; you'll want scenery, too. You'll find countless natural beauties on the Golden State Route. The next pages tell you about them.

You'll realize that a trip to California isn't complete unless you travel at least one way

Rock Island bridge—first to cross the Mississippi—
defended in court by Abraham Lincoln





Straight thru the cattle country of the Southwest

on the Rock Island. Here is good common sense. If you're out to see this country, *see it*; see all you can of it. We think

there are more good things on the Rock Island Golden State Route than anywhere else. This system with its tributaries and convenient connections affords you an opportunity to easily visit the important places, not only of California, but throughout the Pacific Coast country.

*Stop-over
privileges*

We emphasize the importance of our Pacific Coast excursion rates providing long return limits with full stop-over privileges and offering the widest possible choice of return routes.

HIGH LIGHTS OF THE THROUGH TRIP

Across the prosperous, crop-raising states of the Mississippi Valley—the “bread basket of the world”—the rib-



bons of steel make a shining pathway through mile after mile of growing or harvested crops with their background of comfortable homes and fine herds; over mighty rivers on huge bridges flung against the Western sky like webs of steel spun by giant hands for the use of ordinary mortals; through hustling cities whose very names spell history and romance and heroic accomplishment.

But as the train sweeps into the great Southwest a different atmosphere pervades the soul and a newly-born sixth sense brings sudden realization of the mystery and romance that rule the land where the cactus grows—the land which the early Spanish adventurers, coming up from Mexico, explored nearly a hundred years before the Mayflower anchored.

The soft blue haze that envelopes every butte and arroyo seems peopled with the conquering spirits of Cabeza de Vaca, of Marcos de Niza, of Francisco Coronado and the myriad others who came with them, planting the banner of Spain and, all too often, exterminat-

*Into the
Land of
Romance*





The heart of El Paso

*El Paso
and the
Mexican
border*

ing the happy and inoffensive natives along their way. And where the Rio Grande flows, meekly now, between its international banks, one cannot help envisioning a dim procession, centuries long, of priests and soldiers, of adventurers and nation-builders, of criminals and conquerors, that has flowed north through the great pass (El Paso), always, as now, the only outlet for many miles between the Southland and the North—the East and the West.

And still a varied throng sweeps through, for here Mexico, the picturesque, meets and mingles with America, the modern, making a kaleidoscope of color, a mingling of races, a meeting of past and present, unrivalled anywhere

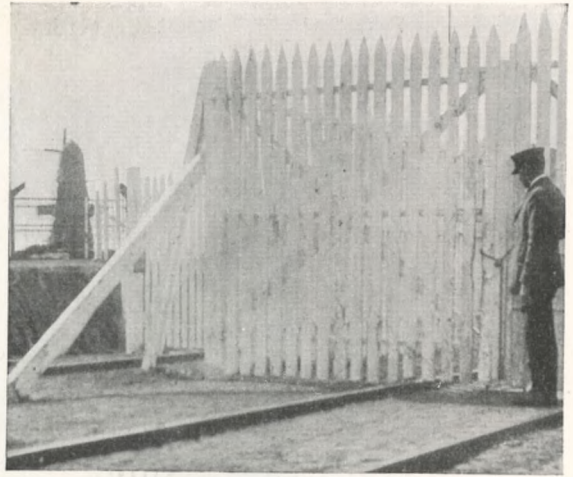




The weather has moderated—you are well on your way through rapidly changing scenes

on any trans-continental trip.

The Golden State Route leads into the land where copper reigns—the land that has been blest,



The only man who has a key to the United States

and cursed, damned, endowed and developed by as strong a generation as ever went forth to battle against terrific odds. For in this vast region, where even yet, the value of the deep stored treasure can scarcely be guessed, here in this land of much sunshine and little water, of great promise and many difficulties, hearts were broken, hopes destroyed, lives forfeited, fortunes staked and lost, millions upon millions of dollars invested before the glowing heart of the mountains melted—literally and figuratively—and poured its sadly-needed metal into the markets of the world

From the
desert
garden



and its wealth into the purses of those who kept faith.

If one's ideas of the "desert" have been formed by descriptions of the Sahara or by a movie made on a sandy beach, a trip over the Golden State Route is likely to be full of enlightenment and delightful surprises.

*Where,
oh, where,
is the
desert
gone?*

Mile after mile of soil, more fertile than the Mississippi Valley, supporting a tremendous growth of mesquite, cactus, sage, grease-wood, cat-claw and other varieties of hungry plants, does not, in the least, conform to the popular conception of what a "desert" should be!

In reality, except for the widely separated streams, this region is no more a desert than a New England "woods" a Wisconsin forest, or the pine-clad slopes of the Colorado Rockies.

If one is fortunate enough to pass that way when a thousand varieties of cacti are in bloom on every side, the traveller gains the impression of rushing through a vast garden of limitless possibilities. And as the evening sun sinks to rest and brilliant stars illuminate the sudden night, perfume from a million sources, with a

thousand different odor-shades—from the pervasive tang of grease-wood to the narcotic fragrance of the night-blooming cereus—will greet his nostrils and chain his senses with the spell of the night and the plains until, half unconsciously, perhaps, he whispers, “God, if this be the desert, may it never end.”

*Where
water
is king*

It is only when the train sweeps into a valley where the impounded water of a snow-fed river is brought down to the land, that one realizes the quantity and quality and variety of crop that this soil, cleared of its mesquite and cactus, will produce.

*The
desert
made
fertile*

When the Government began harnessing the temperamental rivers of the great Southwest, hundreds of thousands of fertile acres were opened to production in a superlative degree, so if one is making an initial trip or hails from a locality of short seasons, the tremendous crops of cotton, tobacco, dates, figs and citrus fruits, in addition to the familiar things of other states, are a constant revelation and delight.

The Rio Grande, the Salt River, the Gila,



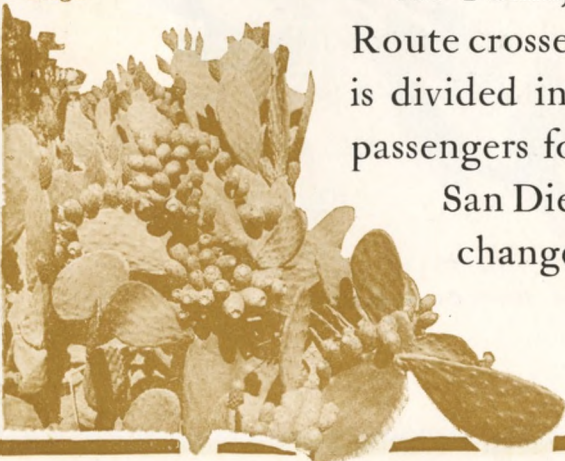
Make yourself at home. Here's the way to travel.

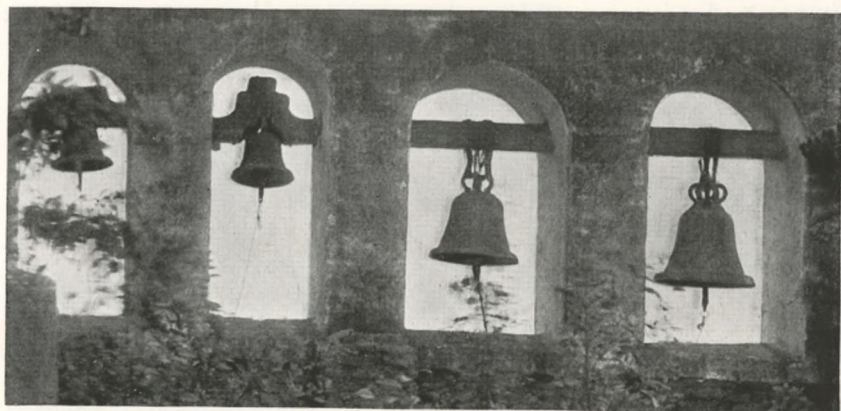
the Colorado, and even their tributaries, have been more or less subdued and made to bow to the will of man. But the story of the subjugation is like a fairy tale.

That of the Imperial Valley alone and its transformation from an old sea-bed to one of the richest fruit and agricultural districts in the world, is a thrilling drama in which clear-visioned engineers, reluctant capital, rugged and enduring home-seekers, a great railroad, a former president and the raging Colorado River all took leading parts. A drama in which the heavy villian came near being successful in his efforts to overflow the valley and drown the settlers before he was finally confined behind stone barriers, compelled to enrich the fields he would have ruined, and sent on his rightful way to the Gulf of California.

*Direct
to Los
Angeles
or
San
Diego*

At Yuma, where the Golden State Route crosses the Colorado, the train is divided into two sections, so that passengers for both Los Angeles and San Diego may proceed without change of cars or loss of time.





The land of the Spanish mission—one of the most important relics on this continent. The bells of San Juan Capistrano

If one's first destination is Los Angeles, one skirts the Imperial Valley, rides for sixty miles beside the Salton Sea, crosses the range via picturesque passes through which the rails wind back and forth, and so down through the land of orchards and oranges to the wonder city of magic growth, unparalleled beauty and unlimited wealth.

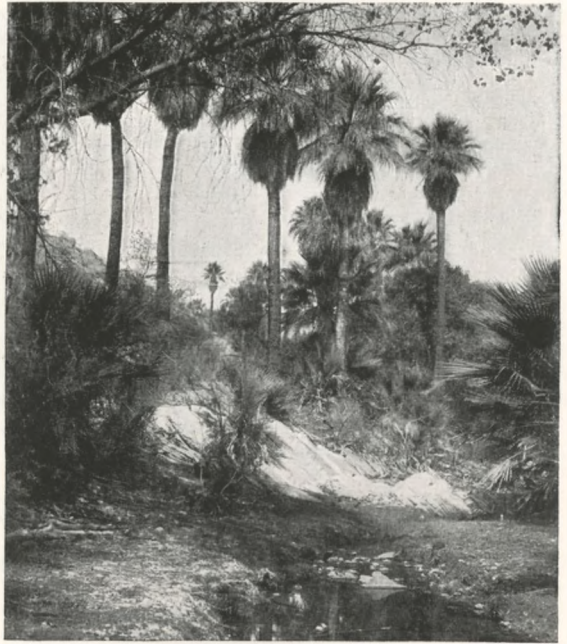
*The
Imperial
Valley*

But if one is going direct to San Diego, one passes through the heart of this great district which sends its grape fruit and its cantaloupes to every breakfast table in the land, and the traveller on the Golden State Route rides with a paean of joy in his soul that here tragedy was averted and with a

The Mexican water boy is a picturesque character



latent desire in his heart to salute these wonderful fields and orchards and gardens that lie, smiling now, up into the golden sunshine.

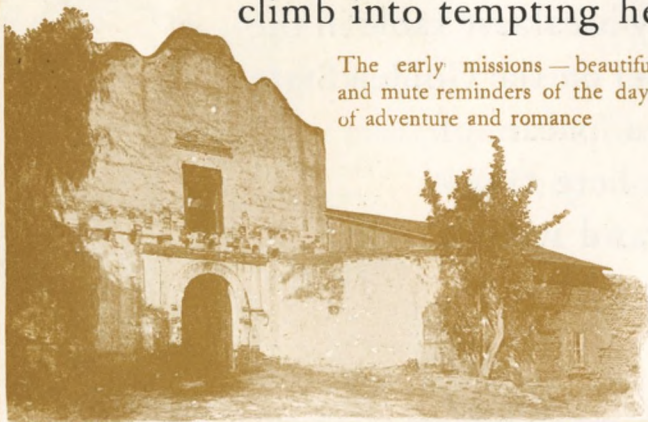


A palm canyon in Southwestern Arizona

Leaving the Imperial Valley, one climbs

up the gentle slope of what was once the shoreline of the ancient sea and, shortly, realizes that the mountains are again hovering near, that the serene level of the Valley of Miracles has given place to sweeping hills and towering peaks, that the train is making a swift, though serpentine climb into tempting heights.

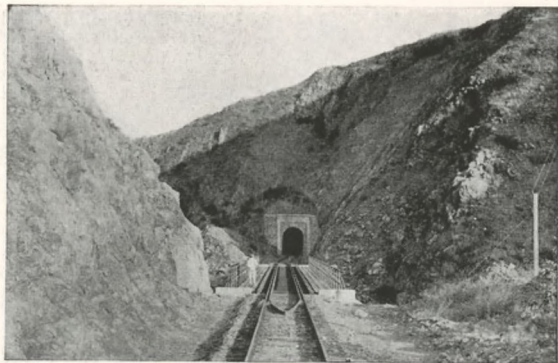
Great engineering achievements



The early missions — beautiful and mute reminders of the days of adventure and romance

Suddenly the earth yawns beside you and you are gazing

downward a thousand feet into the granite heart of the hills. From wide-flung window or observation plat-



There are no long tunnels on the Golden State Route; the few short ones are scientifically ventilated

form you glance back at the sturdy shelf on which your train speeds with assurance, and you marvel at the vision and daring of those who ventured to blast this path along the upper sides of these mighty mountains.

There are many canyons and gorges of tremendous scenic interest in the world, but of most of them one obtains but a brief and fleeting glimpse and that, too often, at an altitude or through hardships impossible for any but the young or strong.

Carriso Gorge

Not so with Carriso. Mile after mile of ever changing beauty she unfolds

Under the sheltering palms in the Arizona canyons.





A fairyland of colorful rock overlooking the valley that is Southern California

as though loath to let the traveler slip from her embrace—and the highest point to which she takes him on his luxur-

ious train is 3660 feet above sea level.

She excites his wonder and his amazement as she unwinds her sinuous beauty before him, but she sends him forth from her arms with the mystery of her unsolved—he can only surmise that here titanic volcanoes and grinding glaciers must, sometime, have done their utmost to place smiling, inscrutable Carriso in the front rank of scenic wonders.

Down the sun-drenched Western slopes one speeds into Mexico and out again—in fact, for two hundred miles one has been dodging back and forth across the boundary line—glimpsing green valleys stretching back into the hills, hailing snug towns and cool mountain resorts along the way and then the tang of salt from

the sea, the breath of the ocean breeze, and you know you are in California.

San Diego, clustering 'round the bay, reaching back into the hills, gives him welcome and, whether he come for a day or a decade, for work or for play, her hospitality envelops him and makes him one with the joyous population.



WAYSIDE WANDERINGS

Granting that one knows the cities of the Middle West and their attractions and beauties like an open book, El Paso might easily be made the first objective for rest and recreation along the Golden State Route, since ten-day stop-overs are granted on all one-way tickets, while for those on round-trips an even longer stay is possible and practical.

*A stop
over at
El Paso*

Stretching along the banks of the Rio Grande, creeping back into the mountains, peeping over the boundary into the lavender-tinted

It might be well to enjoy a day of golf—a number of fine courses are available in El Paso





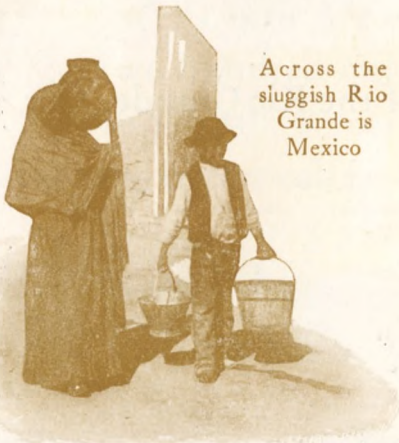
On the way to the Country Club, El Paso

land that is Mexico, the city gives one a modern welcome and an ancient atmosphere.

Nowhere in any trans-continental trip does the traveller find such mingling of old and new, of medieval and modern, as in this metropolis of the border, for just across the river lies Ciudad Juarez, ancient citadel of the Southern Republic, war-scarred but peaceful, smiling but sad, typical of the different traits that distinguish the people of "Tomorrow-land."

*A
blending
of the old
and new*

To one who has come from a city of many storied apartments and homes, the quaint, squat adobe buildings of Juarez are a source of never-ending interest. Dim and cool, built, usually, around flower-filled patios, they blend with the sunny, cactus-grown landscape in a way to delight an artist's soul.



Across the
sluggish Rio
Grande is
Mexico



A detachment from Fort Bliss—border patrol

Through and around it all the colorful population ebbs and flows, living a life in which ancient customs amalgamate curiously with modern luxury.

Whether the native be peon or don, carter or capitalist, ignorant or educated, there is always the fine courtesy to the visitor, the outward display, the “best-foot-foremost” which marks the dramatic instinct in these pleasure-loving people.

Passports are no longer required to visit Mexico, and the best of feeling exists between the neighboring cities, separated only by the sluggish Rio Grande.

It is a dull day when

We think he is drinking water—
tho it's over the border line





Put a new thrill

See the most picturesque scenery you ever looked upon; enjoy the comforts of low altitude while you travel; experience the painstaking service of the Golden State Limited; a short way to California—a quick way to warm weather.





in your California trip

THE GOLDEN STATE ROUTE

Mileage via Rock Island, El Paso & Southwestern and Southern Pacific

Chicago—San Diego	2,248	Chicago—Los Angeles	2,281
St. Louis—San Diego	2,027	St. Louis—Los Angeles	2,060
Kansas City—San Diego	1,731	Kansas City—Los Angeles	1,764

Through car service and equipment.

"Takes no longer yet you see more"



*No dull
days in
Juarez*

there is not something special on at Juarez and with races, bull-fights, band concerts and scores of Saints' Days and fiestas, visitors always find something interesting.

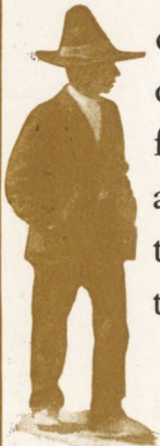
Even if one does not care to cross the boundary line, Mexico overflows into El Paso, and gives an old-world air to that city.

If only for these things alone El Paso would be well worth more than a passing call, but the citizens will tell you of things besides that will fill your days with joy.

*Fort Bliss
and
Mount
Franklin*

Just east of the city is Fort Bliss, delightfully situated, a short trolley or motor trip away. Everyone enjoys the official life of the Fort and every social affair is made gayer by representatives of the military colony; every cafe and hotel is bright with the uniforms of officers.

Here again is mountain scenery without distressing altitude, for the Scenic Drive encircling Mount Franklin barely reaches 4,500 feet, and yet affords an indescribably beautiful and comprehensive view of the town below, the great Valley of the Rio Grande and across the river itself, into the mystic land of Mexico.



The spell of the old missions is still over the Valley and the mellow Spanish chimes invite the visitor to inspect and wonder at the architecture and decorations which, after almost three hundred years, are frequently in a remarkable state of preservation.

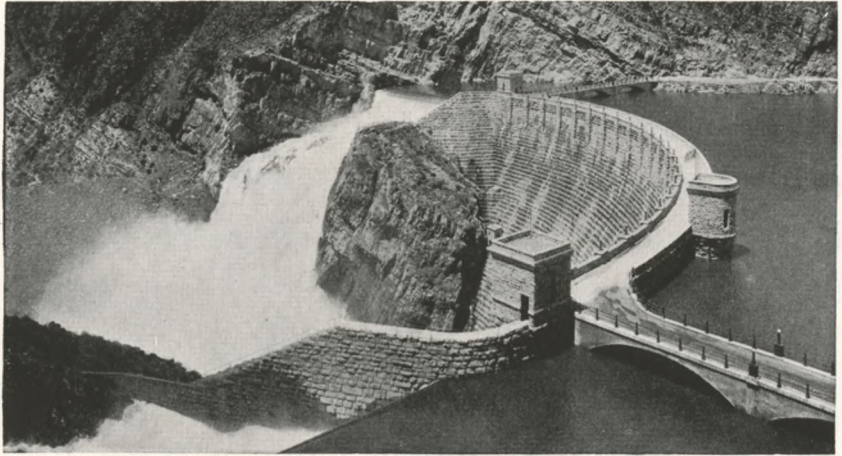
A delightful Country Club, with an eighteen-hole turf course, is reached by a short motor ride over good roads and tempts one to linger.

Drives, clubs, churches, lodges, libraries, parks, plazas, theatres, stores, cafes and a variety of interesting trips in many directions, make El Paso the mecca for those who have time to linger and enjoy life, as well as for the business man who finds a fertile field for activity.

For the passenger who wishes to diversify his trip, a choice of routes is offered at El Paso. He may continue on the Golden State Limited, which is operated westbound over the rails of the El Paso & Southwestern through Columbus and Douglas to Tucson, or he may leave the train at El Paso and take the Southern Pacific, which line pursues a parallel course to Tucson, making connections for the copper

*A choice
of routes
at El Paso*

*The
country
Roosevelt
loved*



A great engineering project—the Roosevelt Dam

country of the Globe district, and for the wonderful detour of the Apache Trail Highway.

Pacific Coast excursion tickets are honored via either route between El Paso and Tucson.

Out of El Paso one may penetrate the wilds and spend as long or as short a time as his fancy dictates in a region that stretches its wonder-

Across the border—three generations
dressed up to be photographed



land of peak and gorge over hundreds of square miles; a region made famous first by the mountain-loving Apaches, who were determined to hold it against all comers, and later because it was one of the localities in which former President



Many beautiful side trips are offered. There are comfortable automobiles to ride in

Roosevelt loved to linger; where he hunted and fished and rode and where he saw the possibilities of impounding

the waters of the turbulent Salt River.

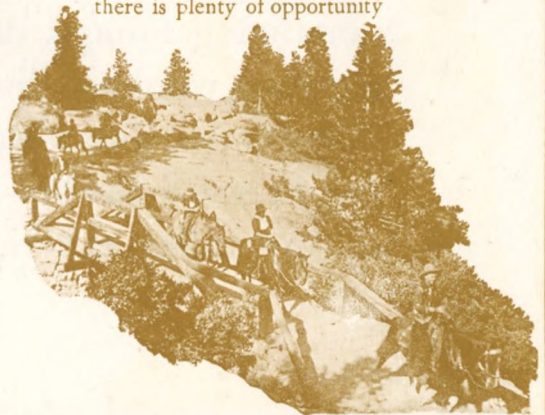
One may leave El Paso over the Southern Pacific for Globe, Arizona, and, before plunging into the mountains, spend a most interesting time among the great copper mines that have made this section famous.

Where there is copper, there you will find a story of human endeavor that makes the average tale of wild adventures pale by comparison.

*Thru the
copper
country*

From Globe to the little town of Miami, ten miles away, the mountains are being torn apart, the face of the landscape changed and millions of tons of this valuable, practical metal shipped

If you like to ride horse-back there is plenty of opportunity



*The side
trip to
the Dam*



The work of cliff dwellers — Apache Trail

to the ends of
the earth.

Then one
turns away
from the hurry
and bustle of
this seething
cauldron of ac-
tivity and slips
quietly into a
canyon road
where the birds
sing and the
flowers bloom

and the clouds drift over the many colored hills.

It is a peaceful road and a road of variety and charm, with its vistas of mountain and plain, its shaded canyons, its strange formations and, before long, its many views of the great lake, like a tantalizing mirage, deceptively near, but ever receding, winding along the valley for almost thirty miles, like a gigantic water-snake writhing between the hills. Then the swift descent of the valley, the ride along the rim of the

placid, unbelievably-deep waters of the lake and, at last, where the canyon narrows and its two sides stretch their rocky arms toward one another—the Dam.

On one side is the great reservoir known as Roosevelt Lake, thirty miles long and three hundred feet deep, lapping innocently against the impregnable masonry of the Dam and filling a river bed that for untold centuries had been either a raging torrent or a dry arroyo; on the other, controlled streams passing over turbines and through flumes, generating power and passing on to irrigate the thousands of acres of lush valley land which once it had loved to over-ride and devastate.

You may linger at Roosevelt Dam indefinitely; there is a delightful Lodge to administer modern comfort and all the strenuous he-man sports that fill one's days with joy, and one's nights with unbroken slumber. Fishing till the senses reel with the wild success of it, boating, hiking, mountain climbing, horseback riding, are

Worth-while
fishing





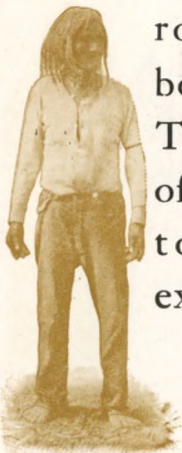
View from the cliff dwellings of Arizona

enough to make one utterly forget the world that seems so distant and so unimportant, and yet which waits such a little

journey away, over the Eastern hills.

But the greatest beauty of the Apache Trail, over which Geronimo and his braves were wont to travel, and over which he was finally brought into captivity, lies below the Dam, along the rim of the yawning chasm the river tore through the mountains that lift seemingly impassable barriers in the way of modern travel. Salt River wrote his story here in language of riven rocks, of deep-gashed mountains, of huge boulders tossed like marbles over the plain. The road, wide and fine, winds along the edge of deep gorges, skirts precipitous cliffs, climbs to dizzying heights, then swoops down to explore circuitous canyons. Through reced-

The last of his tribe





Southern Pacific Railway Station at Phoenix

ing mountains
one comes out
into the valley
above Phoenix
and exchanges
the Apache
Trail for a
level highway
that reveals a

panorama of green fields and peaceful farms.

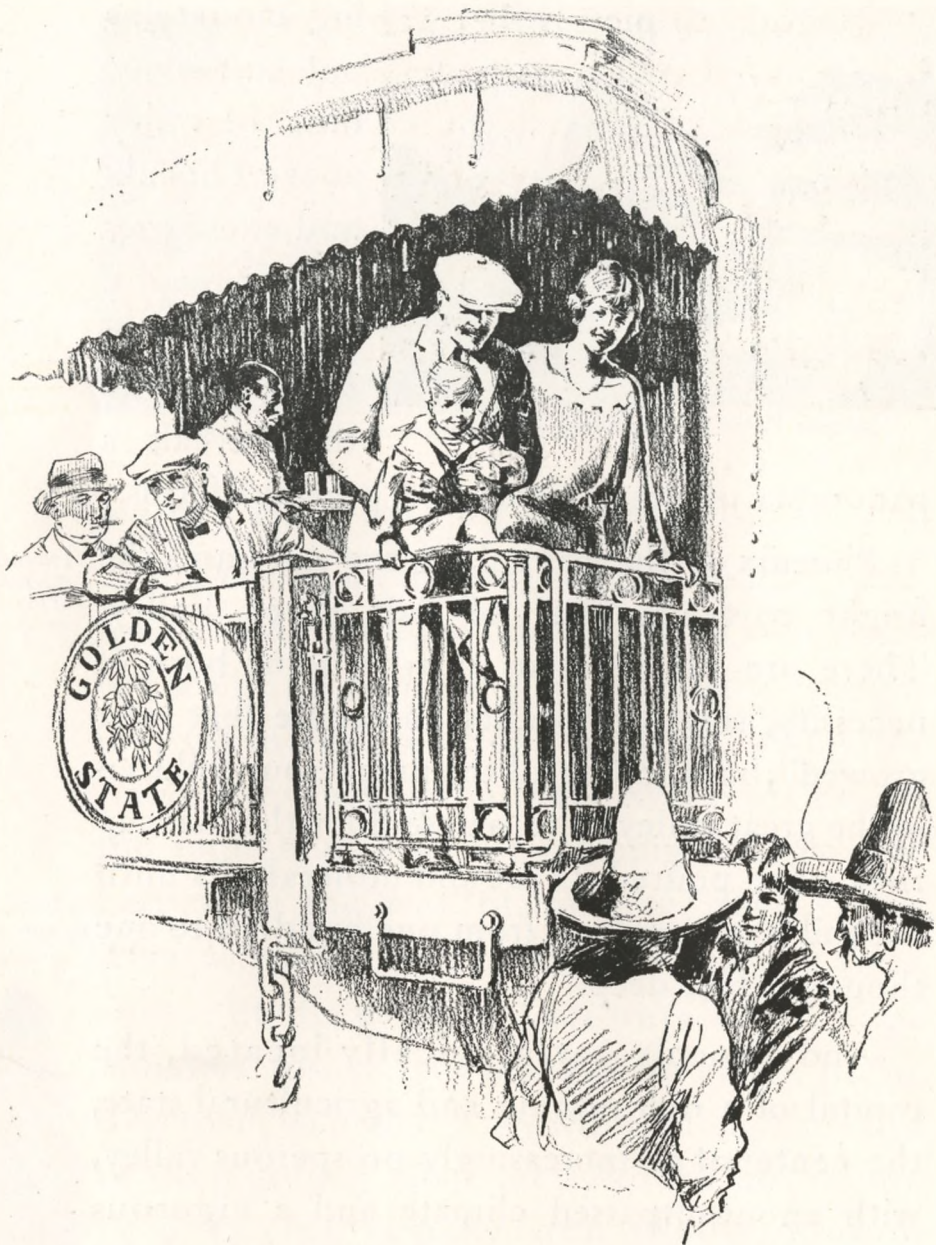
Phoenix is the capital of the state and the bright particular star of Salt River Valley. There are other towns nearby, some born of necessity, some of locality and some that "jest grewed", but they are all the precocious children of the great valley onto whose floor the madcap river once poured its silt and mineral salts until the soil was anywhere from one hundred to one thousand feet deep.

*Phoenix,
the gem
of the
valley*

*A descendant
of the cliff
dwellers*

And Phoenix—strategically located, the capital of a rich mining and agricultural state, the center of an increasingly-prosperous valley, with an unsurpassed climate and a vigorous citizenry—it surely requires no stretch of the





*Through a picturesque and varied country along the International
boundary line the Golden State Limited takes
its way to California*

imagination to picture her as she is today, a city of paved streets and palm-shaded avenues, of fine hotels, handsome public buildings, delightful homes. A city of exceptionally fine schools and churches, of parks and clubs and progress.

There are a score of delightful trips in every direction for the casual visitor or for those who wish to linger in this semi-tropic land, who, when ready to resume the journey westward, rejoin the Golden State Route a few miles to the south, at Maricopa.

*Linger in
semi-tropic
Arizona*

If one wishes to make the trip over the Apache Trail to Roosevelt Dam on the *eastern* instead of the *western* journey, it may be begun at Phoenix instead of El Paso, leaving the main line at Maricopa for Phoenix. The stage company operating out of both Globe and Phoenix uses the most comfortable touring cars and their care for and courtesy to their guests is one of the joys of this most delightful of "friendly roads."

If, instead of including the detour of the Apache Trail on his westward way, the traveler

prefers to keep to the through train, the Golden State Route carries him along the international boundary over the El Paso & Southwestern System, through a picturesque and varied country.

*Columbus,
the
tragic*

For many peaceful decades the United States and Mexico lay on their respective sides of an imaginary line—which is also an invisible one—and there was little clashing of interests.

Then one night the bandit Francisco Villa made his swift descent on the little unprotected town of Columbus, seventy-five miles west of El Paso, killed and wounded American citizens, set fire to the village and sped away in the darkness.

As the Golden State Limited pauses at Columbus, one may glimpse now the long lines of buildings and barracks and barns, with all the paraphernalia of defense and offense, that go to make up a Government outpost and which of themselves represent many millions of investment payments we are still making for Señor Villa's "playful mood."

And off to the south is the lonely, trackless



Ruins—Augustini Mission, Tucson, Arizona

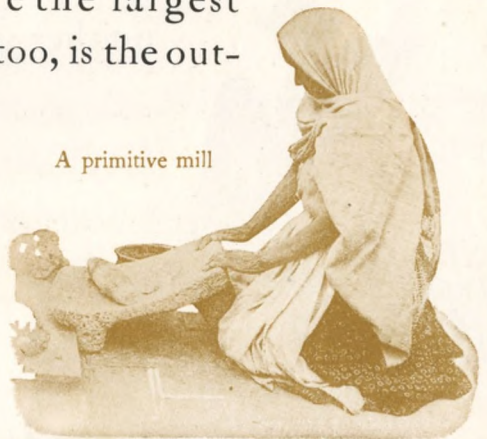
country into which our soldiers plunged, and which to-day seems to be whispering to the passerby mute tales of the hardships

and heroism and homesickness of the boys who fought strange conditions as well as an ambushed enemy.

Hugging the international boundary line, whose visibility is here increased by neat stone posts and wire fencing, Douglas, Arizona, a civic youth who has barely attained his majority, flings a banner of smelter-smoke over the arching sky.

For here is one of the great centers of the copper world and here are the largest smelters in the state. Here, too, is the outlet and shipping point for the rich agricultural district that extends northward for many miles.

A primitive mill



*Douglas
and
Mexico*

Just across the line lies Mexico, peaceful and impoverished, fallow for the prospector's pick and the investor's dollar.



El Paso Railway Station at Douglas

If ever Mexico is "stabilized"—and Douglas is doing its best to see that she is—the wealth she will pour into the smelter town from her own rich mines, can hardly be computed. And in the meantime Douglas is a model town, of wide paved streets and green lawns, a town of churches and schools and clubs, of public parks, of public enterprise and wholehearted hospitality; infinitely proud, as it should be, of its great smelters, but keeping them well off to one side, so that neither smoke nor smell will smirch its sunny cleanliness.

Agua Prieta, Douglas' Mexican sister over the fence, is a newer town than



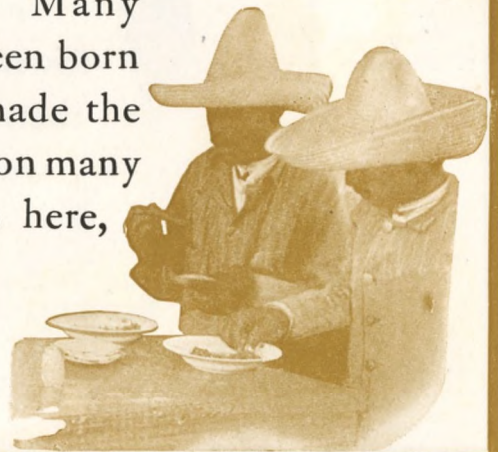
The Market House, Mexican Quarter



Tumacacori Mission, south of Tucson, Arizona

Ciudad Juarez, and its adobe buildings are, perhaps, less picturesque. But it is typically Mexican and historically interesting, for here General Calles fought a three-day battle with Villa during the recent misunderstanding, and the trenches in which his troops defended the town and defeated the besieging Villa army still surround the village. Many prominent Mexicans have been born in this vicinity and have made the little city their headquarters on many notable occasions. It was here, too, that the "Agua Prieta

*Mexico's
"Cradle of
Liberty"*





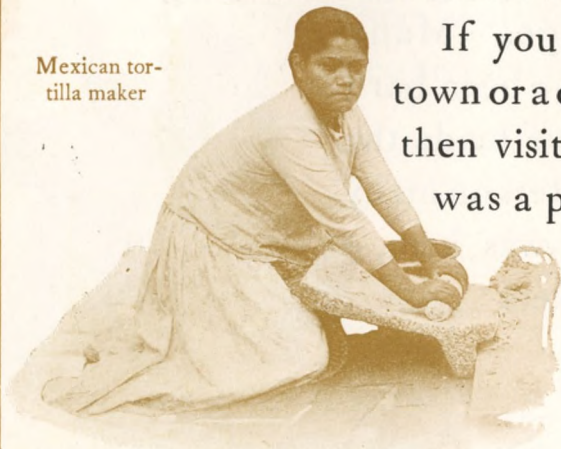
Casa Grande ruins, near Tucson

*Agua
Prieta*

Plan," the basis on which the Mexican government is being administered, was formed. Douglas extends the right hand of fellowship to her picturesque neighbor and there is the best of feeling between them. A handsome American Club graces the main street of Agua Prieta and is the scene of much gracious hospitality.

BISBEE—WHERE DREAMS COME TRUE

*Mexican tor-
tilla maker*



If you ever pictured a mining town or a coal camp to yourself and then visited it later to find that it was a perfectly orthodox little municipality, with shaded streets and pleasant

homes and a Chamber of Commerce, you know the feeling of disappointment you experienced because it refused to sprawl along a gulch and otherwise disport itself like an O. Henry story. But when you step off the train or the stage at Bisbee—if you come up from Douglas it will be a big motor-stage—you will see at a glance that it is all exactly as it should be, for the town is built, tier on tier, along the sloping sides of Tombstone Gulch and the main street twists and winds in perfect sympathy with the instincts of whatever forgotten stream first made this great gully in the mountain side.

No motion picture “lot” ever produced a better “set” of a mining town than Bisbee presents to the delighted visitor.

But right there the resemblance ends, for Bisbee is a business town and does no posing behind footlights. Almost in her midst a great mountain is being reduced to a big hole in the ground and a new one is being built of the refuse rock. Incidentally, a fair-sized mountain might easily be built with the copper ore



Picturesque
cacti

that is taken from under her belt every year, for it is largely Bisbee copper that keeps the huge smelters at Douglas busy. Bisbee, perched along canyons and around mountain sides, had no site for



Passenger station at Tucson, Arizona

*Tombstone—
and silver
mines*

The desert
Yucca in
bloom



smelters, so twenty-five miles away, where the narrow mountain valley opened out onto the limitless plain, the great plants were built and the ambitious town that grew up around them was named after Dr. James Douglas, famed mineralogist and indomitable prospector, who “brought in” some of the biggest properties in the district.

Beyond Bisbee is Tombstone, once the greatest silver mining camp in the world —



San Xavier Mission, Tucson, Arizona

the “Red Dog” of Alfred Henry Lewis’ inimitable stories—and scattered thru the hills are many others that figured in the rugged setting of those tales of early days and real men—Jiggerville, Tin Town and Don Luis.

It is full of the real things of life—this Douglas-Bisbee-Tombstone country, and, winter or summer—there’s not much difference between the two—one is well repaid for the slight detour that makes it possible to get this insight into the past, this clean breath of the hills, this glimpse of a titanic industry. And it may be a trip de luxe, too, for there is

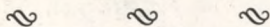


A wayside market

nothing primitive now in the hotels, cafes, and automobiles that serve the visitor.

TUCSON—THE TRIUMPHANT

Here the early Padres trod,
Filled with zeal for Spain and God;
Here the red man and the white
Waged their soul-destroying fight;
But the spell of desert haze,
Silver nights and golden days,
Bound the hearts of all who came
To those scenes of blood and flame.

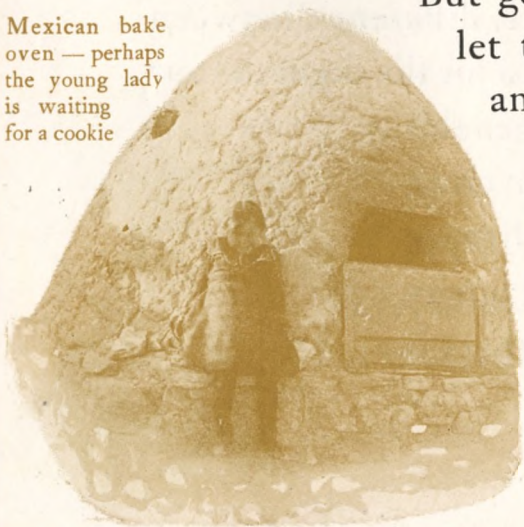


Priest and pioneer have gone,
But they left the world—TUCSON!

Just what prompted those early zealots to plant a settlement hundreds of miles from anywhere, in the heart of a trackless desert that was inhabited only by bloodthirsty and warring tribes, is a subject of fruitful conjecture.

But go to Tucson for a space—
let the spell of golden noons
and purple sunsets and brilliant stars and pungent night odors creep into your heart—and you wonder no longer. Instead, you marvel that everyone

Mexican bake
oven — perhaps
the young lady
is waiting
for a cookie





Hard to believe that this is not Spain, but it's part of the mission ruins of Arizona in the whole world has not gone there, long ago, to worship and enjoy.

It is like a diamond set in the middle of a curving saucer of gold—this little modern city of the desert and the plain—for on every side the mountains rise like the rim of a priceless bowl. From it, as from the center of a sunburst, roads lead in every direction to scenes of history and romance.

*Tucson,
Arizona
—the
missions*

A few miles south stands the beautiful mission of San Xavier, built, about 1697, in which the Indians, good, bad and indifferent, were



Mexican water carts



How was the dinner?

fed, clothed, taught and nursed, only to turn and help slay their benefactors and which, after decades of desertion, was restored to usefulness a few years ago.



Hotel Coronado

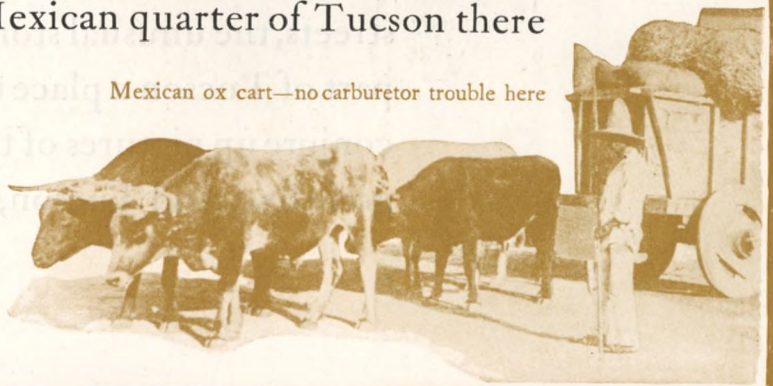
Today it stands, a pure white monument on the plain, beautiful and practical, ministering to the hundreds of Indians from the nearby Reservation, in the fruitful peace and religious quiet which was the dream of the Padres of old.

Restored Missions

To enter its dim, thick-walled rooms, its ancient chapel, to glimpse its Indian beneficiaries working or worshipping, is to step back two hundred years into the atmosphere of mission martyrs and Spanish dominion.

For the Mexican quarter of Tucson there is no word except that overworked one,

Mexican ox cart—no carburetor trouble here

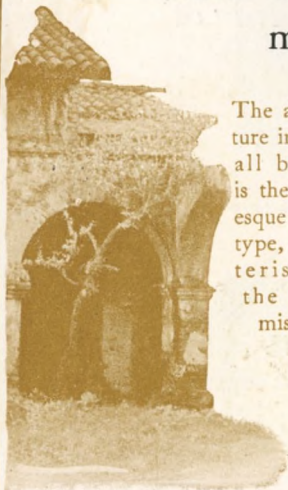




Business in San Diego is conducted under stately palms
The Plaza, Broadway at 4th Street

“quaint.” The low adobe houses, built often around colorful patios, the fences of living oca-tilla, the business houses with their queer, idio-matic signs, the people with their strangely mixed strains of an old aristocracy and a new outlook, the clean, narrow streets, the unusual stores, make this part of Tucson a place to linger and conjure up pictures of the vivid days gone by. And Tucson, the modern,

The architec-ture in nearly all buildings is the pictur-esque Spanish type, charac-teristic of the early missions



rises to meet the needs of a great commercial and agricultural and tourist center, with its rich surrounding territory, its railroads and schools and churches and parks, its "Sunshine-Climate Club," its hotels and cafes, its wide streets and boulevards, its beautiful homes, its distinctive architecture, its joyously-green lawns.

The meaning of the word "Tucson" is lost in the vagaries of Indian lore, but to many it has come to mean health restored and hope renewed, to many more a place for rest and recreation, to others an opportunity to study the fascinating book of Western achievement, and to a large and enthusiastic population it means the greatest place on earth to live, the fairest home-land in the country.

YUMA—THE GREAT CROSSING

Whether the traveler fares westward via the Apache Trail detour or continues on the Golden State Limited he comes eventually to the yellow tides of the giant Colorado and to Yuma, the watchdog of the waters.

A monument to the activity of ministering monks





A typical residence district found in most any city in this luxurious country — California

Time was when this little city marked only a none-too-easy crossing of the deep and dangerous river which rolled menacingly between the pilgrim from the East and the object of his dreams — California.

In those days it was almost literally a case of “desert to the right of it, desert to the left of it,” with only an occasional patch under cultivation after the river had indulged in his annual spree and crawled back into his little bed.

Today the river is spanned by bridges and is, partially at least, broken to harness, for his surplus strength is largely devoted to converting this desert into productive farm land instead of



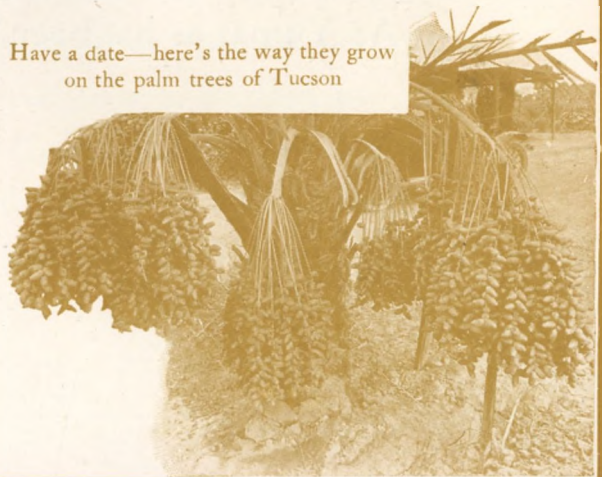
An inspiring sight, gray rocks, green mosses, and a blue haze—Fish Creek Canyon, Apache Trail

to an occasional orgy of destruction.

Here, too, is the site of the old ferry which bore the eager, questing crowds across, and here the “forty-niners” who chose the southern route to California during the gold

rush left the deep trail of their wagons and frequently their scalps and their skeletons as well. On a high bluff, plainly visible now from passing trains, stands the ruins of the old Territorial Prison, in whose thick walled, adobe dungeons most of the “bad men”, both red

Have a date—here’s the way they grow on the palm trees of Tucson





The business district of San Diego
as seen from an aeroplane

and white, of the Great Pioneer Southwest, were finally brought to book.

Since the coming of the railroad and

the transformation of the desert, Yuma has become a modern town of paved streets, good schools, fine public buildings, pleasant homes and all the trappings that these things imply.

But with all her improvements, she still wears her old time air of Queen of the Desert — for a varied and vivid throng still fills her streets and gives a cosmopolitan touch to business house and residence.

At Yuma, as has been said, the Golden State Limited divides, that section carrying Los Angeles and Santa Barbara passengers steaming off into the

*Queen of
the Desert*

Sailing on
San Diego Bay



west, while the one for San Diego sweeps across the Imperial Valley.

“La Palma de la mano de Dios,” “The Hollow of God’s Hand,” the natives called it in the



Street scene in Los Angeles

long years before it was reclaimed, with an instinctive realization of the gifts it held in its fertile soil. But the white man cursed it for the misery it dealt him, for the lives it took.

*Imperial
Valley
“The
Hollow
of God’s
Hand”*

Leaving Yuma, the San Diego section dips into lower California, where the semi-tropical life of the farming people is full of interest and color—a trip abroad on a Pullman. It comes back into the United States, where the twin towns of Mexicali, Mexico, and Calexico, California, sit prosperously side by side, with only a fence between to mark the border.



Birdseye view of San Francisco and the bay

A little farther on you may see the great canyon, nearly a mile wide, that the Colorado River tore in the breast of the Valley when he escaped from his rightful course a few years ago and raged through to the great depression in the northern end. Today he is harnessed and chained and it is hard to realize that this peaceful valley, the richest in the world, was ever a desolate waste or that its prosperity was ever threatened by the very river that gives it life.

To the north the Salton Sea—spawn of the runaway Colorado—still covers about four hundred square miles, but it is rapidly evaporating, as did its ancestors who nestled in the same spot and who were probably created in the same way. A few

Spanish
wall—an
all year-
round
garden





Isn't this somewhat like your conception of paradise—
it's the gates of Yosemite, California

more years and its bed will be converted into farms and town sites. For this is the Valley of Miracles and visions have become realities.

Just over the range lies San Diego, "little mother to giant California," and to the north of her are the cities and hamlets and beaches which have cast their spell over all the world.

Los Angeles, cosmopolitan and powerful; Santa Barbara, wrapping herself in exclusiveness and combining the opulence of the Orient with the glory of the West; San Francisco, alert and brisk, rising glorified from her own ashes, ruling the commerce of the Pacific in face of all competition.

California is *Samarkand*—the Land of Heart's Desire—we leave you at her portal with good wishes for your happiness while you dwell there.

Samarkand

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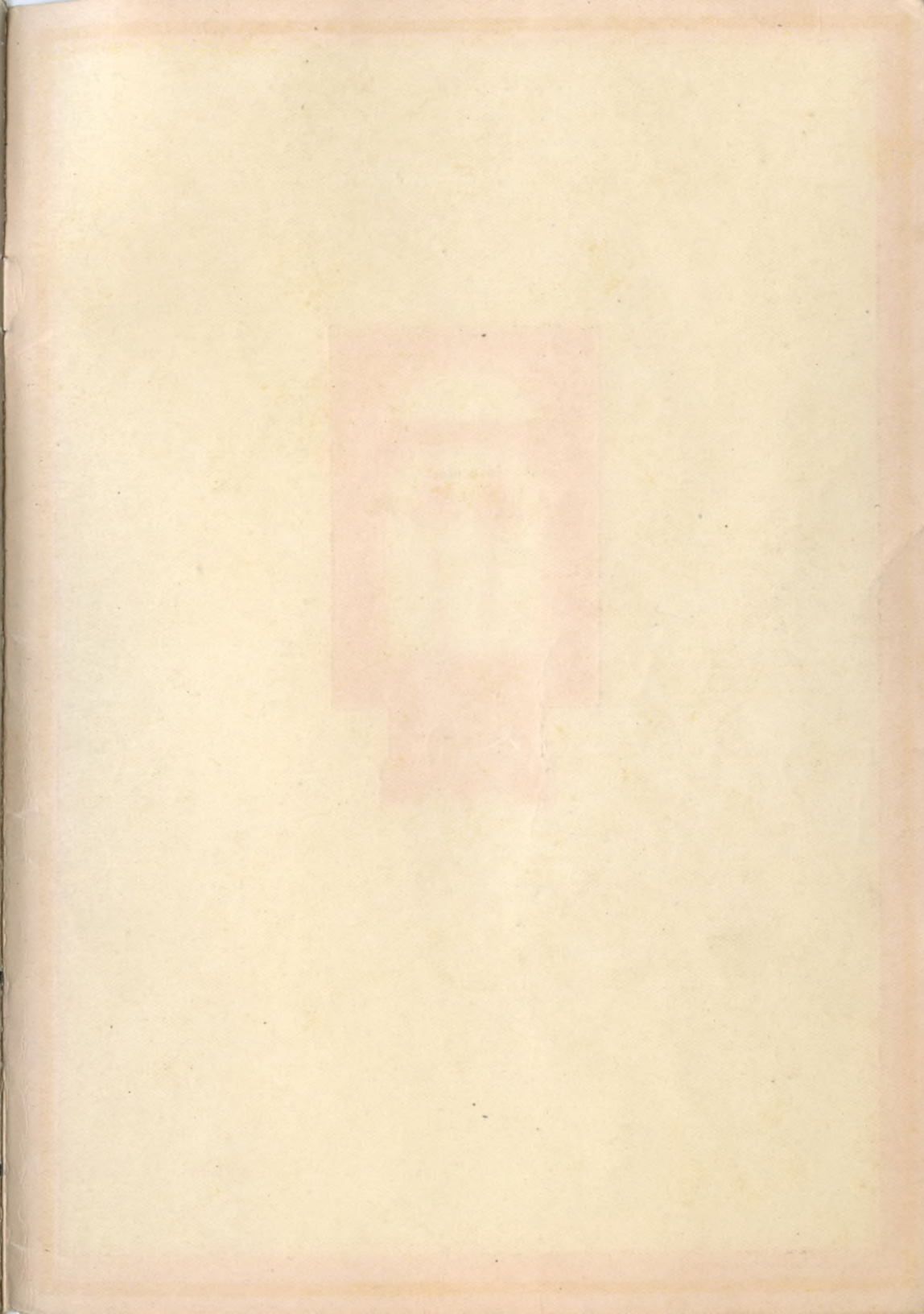
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