

THE GARDEN OF ALLAH

*Arizona
California*



THE GARDEN OF ALLAH

Southern Arizona and California

*When Nature had carefully moulded
The West into highlands and plains,
Had traced all the courses for rivers
And linked up the mountains in chains,
She turned to her palette and brushes
And gaily she limned every scene,
The mountains she mottled with purple,
The prairies with yellow and green.*

*And, at length, when she came to the Desert,
Where perfumes pervaded the air,
She emptied her tubes on her palette—
The hues of the rainbow were there;
She lavished them all on the picture
And gave a new tint to each flower,
'Twas thus that the Garden of Allah
Became her most colorful bower.*



Copyright 1936

W. S. SENSER TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT, ROCK ISLAND LINES



Luncheon beneath the palms, in an idyllic Old-World setting

Everything under the sun!

Thus, in four words, may be told "The Winter's Tale" that summarizes all the varied delights of Southwestern Resorts reached directly by the Golden State Route.

Romance, color, exotic charm, historic interest, scenic grandeur, social vivacity, outdoor sport,— all in the golden wash of a never-failing winter sun — at El Paso-Juarez, Tucson, Chandler, Phoenix, Litchfield, Indio, Palm Springs, San Diego, Coronado, La Jolla, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara!

Broad oases — enchanting gardens of pink and white, of green and gold — oleanders and roses — oranges and grapefruit, lemons and limes, olives and date-palms!

Silver-gray desert stretches! Skies of carmine and pearl and lavender and gold — blending their pastel shades with the ever-changing purple of rugged horizons! The aromatic tang of sagebrush, greasewood, mesquite, the beautiful Palo Verde and the wax-like flowers of a hundred cactus species that look upward with filial veneration to their stately old Sahuaro chiefs — giant watchmen of the sandy dunes!

Deep chasms and canyons — great bronzed cliffs — high mountains zigzagged by highways and byways — scenic thrills by rail in Carriso Gorge — by motor or saddle horse on Apache Trail and other rangy heights!

The world's most gorgeous natural wonder — Carlsbad Caverns — many miles of subterranean beauty that surpasses the splendors of Earth's most superb canyons — a glittering onyx-citadel whose stalagmite-columned palaces have been lighted by the Government to bring out the full glory of their life-like statues and stalactite-chandeliered throne-rooms!

Valleys below sea level that are the most productive, acre for acre, in all America!

Ruins of adobe homes and temples built by the mysterious cliff-dwellers more than a thousand years ago! Relics which indicate that the land was inhabited long before the Christian era by an even more mysterious people — the Basket Makers!

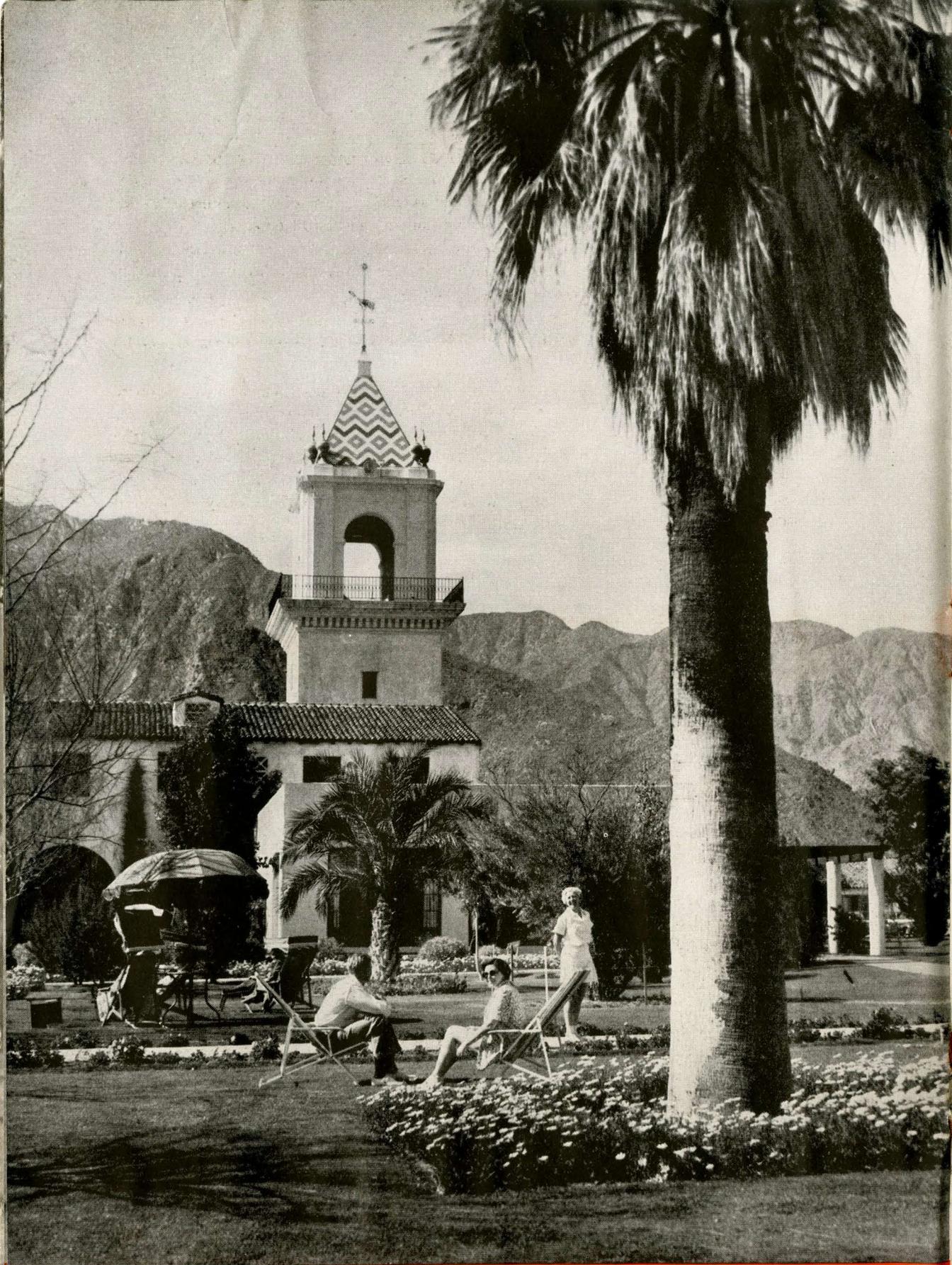
Unusual street scenes in the resort centers — three hundred years of history often reflected in a single thoroughfare! Indians — Apaches, Pimas, Yaquis, Papagos, Cahuillas,— in town from their wickiup villages or from reservations adjacent to the magnificent old Spanish Missions! Weather-beaten old squaws — young mothers carrying papooses with the brightest eyes imaginable — dignified old chiefs, reconciled at last to the ways of the white man, but still proud of their aboriginal heritage!

Mexicans from their adobe settlements — gay young señoritas in picture-book clothes, many of them fresh from Beauty Parlors that seem to have dispensed a new and amazing kind of beauty — wrinkled old Juans and Miguels who remember well the days when this was a land of constant dissension.

Ranchmen and cowboys, similarly hatted and booted, but varied in their tastes for shirts and neckerchiefs — with every hue of the rainbow represented!

Sun-tanned young fellows from the East — in polo, tennis or golf attire — sent down to the Southwest for the winters outdoors, their greater physical development assured while acquiring an unsurpassed Preparatory School or University training! Pretty girls from New York or Chicago, wearing Southwestern school pins! Youth in the bloom of health — most attractive when arrayed from broad sombrero to dainty kid boots in all-white riding togs!

Winter visitors from everywhere and from every walk in life — thronging the lobbies of mammoth hotels and modest inns! Golfers, poloists, tennis players, bathers — summer sports costumes of every description! Horseback parties from the nearby guest-ranches — Easterners who have adopted the garb of their Western hosts!



In Palm Springs—"Where Summer spends the Winter"

Indian fetes! Mexican fiestas! Gay evenings across the Border! Hotel dances . . . noted orchestras, polished floors whence devoted youths lead their partners out into the velvet night . . . into patios filled with exquisite flowers or into the perfume-laden air of the desert and beneath the mysterious expanse of its star-studded sky! Real rodeos, with tenderfoot guests around the chuck-wagon! Polo and golf tournaments that attract world experts!

Such is the oasis-archipelago of the Southwestern desert-sea . . . where every hour is an hour of delight amid surroundings new and different . . . where, day after day, a persistent winter sun extends a warm invitation to the broad out-of-doors . . . and where, at night, desert moon and stars swing like hanging-lamps . . . so near to the earth that they seem almost to touch the thorny fingers of the grave old Sahuaros, silent sentinels of the mountain-hemmed basins.

Not all at once were these manifold attractions of the Golden State Route brought to light. At the outset, the thousand miles of desert traversed offered novelty that sooner or later became monotony. But exploration and development by irrigation have changed all that. The desert, polka-dotted, as it now is, with green oases and cultivated fields, has become the most noted region in all America for variety of scene and intensity of interest, and, with two air-conditioned trains daily — the Golden State Limited and Apache — it is possible to see it in the utmost comfort in Summer as well as in Winter.

Shrubbery and flowers all winter in the garden and patios of hotels and inns





Modern El Paso—with adobe Juarez, Mexico in the background



Mission San Xavier del Bac, Tucson—Centuries old and still in service

El Paso, Texas

In one sense, El Paso is the only border city in the United States. Along our northern boundary, we have cities and towns which are separated by lakes, rivers and imaginary lines from an English-speaking people whose manners and customs conform to our own, but in El Paso we have an American city of 120,000 people separated by a narrow river from a city as large as Davenport, Iowa, or Salem, Massachusetts, which is as quaint and un-American as Madrid or Barcelona.

Located, as it is, right on the border, El Paso has had an exciting history . . . a history that reaches back through the romantic days of the cowboy and mining prospector, the outlaw and the Indian, to the period following the Mexican War when, as a military outpost, it operated camel caravans across the desert to the Pacific Coast . . . then, farther back to the days of the Conquistador and sturdy Padre and on into the haze of pre-historic times.

Four hundred years ago, when the first white man visited the site of El Paso, he must have foreseen the possibilities of the place in the event of civilized settlement, for here is the lowest snow-free pass in the Rocky Mountains. Centuries were to pass, however, before the establishment of the first trading-post, and it is only in the past fifty years that El Paso has come to the front as one of the country's most progressive cities. Back in the early 80's, it was little more than a 'dobe village. Today it is a modern metropolis, with fine hotels, office buildings and business blocks. Green trees shade inviting lawns in the residence districts where fine homes, many of them of delightful Spanish design, form a harmonious background for a profusion of flowers and shrubs. With an average of 332 days of sunshine a year, the golf courses, tennis courts, swimming pools and many parks offer unusual opportunities for outdoor sport. Horseback riding, too, is popular, and the Bull Ring across the river promises an unusual sport-novelty.

In and about the city are many places of interest, including Fort Bliss, the largest Cavalry Post in the United States; and some of the greatest scenic wonders in America are located within easy auto radius. Rising from the northern suburbs is the Franklin range of mountains. Farther north are stupendous sand dunes known as the "White Sands."

A motor detour from Alamogordo, on the Golden State Route, passing through Sacramento and Guadalupe Mountains, and returning to the rails at El Paso, will include many interesting sights and scenes — Cloudcroft in the Pines, the most delightful summer resort in the Southwest, the Ruidoso (Noisy River) Country, Mescalero Apache Indian Reservation, the Billy the Kid Country and Carlsbad Caverns.

Northwest of El Paso are the Organ Mountains, their great pipes piercing the sky, Elephant Butte Dam, source of water supply for the entire Rio Grande Valley, and the Silver City copper and silver mining district — with the largest open pit copper mine in the world at Santa Rita.

In other directions are attractions of equal interest. To include them all would require a stopover of considerable length, but they are guaranteed to reward the visitor for the time devoted to them. If, however, his time is limited, it would be well to consider El Paso's attractions in the order of their importance — which means, of course, that Juarez, at the Mexican end of the International Bridge, and Carlsbad Caverns, the largest and most beautiful underground spectacle in the world, must come first. No vacationist who travels within 500 miles of the "City of the Pass" can afford to miss the great masterpieces of Nature's sculpturing to be found in the Caverns.



Many miles of monoliths like these in marvelous Carlsbad Caverns

Carlsbad Caverns National Park

Let your imagination frame a composite picture of all the natural wonders you have ever seen — running the gamut of the mountain peaks, passes and canyons that have inspired you, including all the waterfalls, the seaside scenes and the charming little forest lakes that you have visited, and adding the reds, yellows and silvers of the most glorious sunsets that ever colored the western sky.

The result may give you some conception of the infinite beauty of the big cave in what is now Carlsbad Caverns National Park. For this cave seems to be the Museum wherein Nature exhibits the models, fashioned in onyx, of all her greatest works. It is the "Eighth Wonder of the World."

Hidden beneath Guadalupe Mountains in Southeastern New Mexico, it is reached by daily motor service, operated over a smooth road and through a country of exceptional interest to visitors from the North and East. The round trip from El Paso may be made in one day, but the majority of tourists find it more enjoyable to plan for a stay of two days in the Guadalupe region, spending the night in the city of Carlsbad where high class hotels and restaurants offer every comfort and delicacy.

As the car glides between the vast desert stretches and cattle ranges which flank the road a few miles out of the "City of the Pass," the distant mountains, topped by Signal Peak, seem to beckon with a promise of hidden mysteries, tucked away in the narrow valleys, which even now have never been fully explored, and when Signal Peak, which resembles an old castle fortress of feudal times, has been passed, the winding road through the mountains is one of the most picturesque in the entire Southwest.

Though the caverns — the largest in the world — were discovered less than thirty-five years ago, and a majority of the American people know little about them, the parties escorted through them by the guides, now number nearly a thousand a day. The first party starts at 10:30 every morning; the second at 11:20 a.m. The tour lasts five hours and includes most of the known splendors of the cave. It leads past Niagaras of flowing rock and terrific conflagrations in colored crystal, out of which tongues of flame leap upward in a vain attempt to sweep away the overhanging icicles. There are King's and Queen's Palaces and Throne Rooms, protected by vari-colored draperies. There are Chinese Temples, Ice Chambers, great glaciers sprinkled with powdery snow, Turquoise Pools, titanic Fairy Lands, with stalactite chandeliers and stalagmite pillars. A gorgeous Fountain of the Fairies, huge Lily-pads, a Cactus Patch, a Washington Monument, a leaning tower of Pisa, and scores of Totem Poles and Crystal Spires fill the beholder with constant wonder and amazement. And the outstanding feature of the tour is a visit to the "Big Room," three quarters of a mile long, 625 feet wide, 350 feet high where it can be measured, and no one knows how high in that part of the room which is pre-empted by the Bottomless Pit. Suffice it to say that this "Big Room" has a volume twenty-five times as great as "The Temple," the largest room in Kentucky's famous Mammoth Cave, and Mammoth was recognized as the world's greatest cavern prior to the discovery of Carlsbad. At one point on the tour a natural amphitheatre, with grandstand of solid rock, is reached, and a rest is suggested by the guides. As the spectators settle to comfortable positions, the size of the party is realized, though there seemed to be no more than a few stragglers while they were on the floor of the "Big Room." Here, the lights are extinguished to give visitors an idea of the intense darkness of the place, and, in order to demonstrate the acoustics, a quartette sings that familiar old hymn, "Rock of Ages," the pillar known by that name being a feature of the amphitheatre chamber. As the clear round tones of the voices reach the ear through the



The simple life—somewhere south of the Rio Grande

darkness, one can't help wishing that some of the great operas might be staged in the "Big Room," with the world's noted singers in the cast.

All who enter the caverns must be accompanied by guides, and a universal charge of \$1.50 is made for maintenance and guide service (except children under 16 years of age, who are admitted free when accompanied by adults). Elevator service on the up trip is available at an additional charge of 50 cents.

The temperature of the cavern is constant — 56 degrees, whether the trip is made in July or January, and the clean, bracing air makes walking always a pleasure. Ramps have been constructed where necessary, and the way is illuminated by thousands of flood lights, placed to bring out the rainbow coloring to best advantage.

There is a lunchroom at the end of the downward trip,— 7 miles from the mouth of the cave and 750 feet below the earth's surface. This is as far as the public is admitted at present, but two lower levels have been discovered — one a vast apartment at 900 feet and the other at 1320 feet.

Juarez, Mexico

To most of us, there is nothing more interesting than people. Wherever we go, the people — of the present or of the past — hold our first attention. That is why the Golden State Route is by far the most interesting way to the Pacific Coast. Men and women of widely varied ancestry live in the region it serves. And Juarez offers the most bizarre of all its heterogeneous pictures.

A trip to Juarez is truly "a trip abroad in five minutes." There is no spot in Europe more interesting — no place where people, manners and habits of thought and dress offer occasion for wider comparison.

In the suburbs, dark-skinned children play about their adobe-walled, dirt-floored homes. Sun-dried old grandfathers balance their loads of firewood on their burros' backs and transport them to market just as the Egyptians did thousands of years ago. Downtown, attractive young senoras attend to their shopping, always arrayed in brightest colors. Sombreroed guitar-players in the streets reproduce the fascinating music of Old Mexico with peon abandon. On occasions New World Carmens stage the folk dances of the land — and in the Bull Ring, matadors and picadors appear from time to time in the fashion of Old Spain. In the intensely interesting Market Place, dark eyes peer from booths as the visitor passes by, and soft voices offer their wares — Mexican merchandise of every description, from home-spun dry goods to home-made pottery and strange varieties of home-grown vegetables.

Guadalupe Mission — more than 300 years old and still in service — is another hallowed old building that stirs the imagination of every Juarez visitor. The chime of its bells recalls the past and frames a mental picture of the long file of Indian Converts who carried its solid mahogany beams on their backs over the mountains from the southernmost part of Mexico.

Last but by no means least of the attractions of Juarez are its restaurants and taverns — Americanized to a certain extent, yet thoroughly Mexican. They supply every delicacy obtainable in our large cities and many more. Varieties of game which few, if any, of our states may enjoy, are served, and there are Mexican dishes which, though new to the average American, will prove to be delightfully appetizing. Some of these restaurants present floor shows and offer dancing facilities, and an evening spent across the Rio Grande is one long to be remembered.



Many great hotels are garnished with the greenery of the desert



Boots and Saddles—down near the Mexican Border

Arizona

Arizona was explored by Europeans less than 50 years after Columbus discovered America and 80 years before the landing of the Pilgrims on the shores of New England. These explorers were seeking the gold of the fabled Seven Cities of Cibola. If they had known all the uses of copper and had followed the present-day Golden State Route through Douglas and Bisbee, they might have discovered far more wealth than even a Cibola could have yielded. As it was, they were disappointed, and it is not surprising that they failed to appreciate this land of perpetual sunshine and enchantment. They were unable to look forward through four centuries to the day when these very things — the warm, dry, sunny climate, desert color and the romance of antiquity — were to become the greatest assets of the land and, in a winter-comfort-and-pleasure sense, the potential assets of a Nation yet unborn. But that day has arrived.

Arizona begets an absorbing sense of mystery. No one has ever defined the feeling it inspires. Probably no one ever will. But there is a mysterious something in the air . . . in the moonlight . . . in the flaming skies at eventide, when purple mountains transform themselves into black silhouettes. There is mystery in the hush of dawn, as it repaints the eastern horizon

Out from Phoenix and Tucson are many mountain-desert inns





Service and sunshine—outdoors in January



Every day is SUNDAY on an Arizona Guest Ranch

. . . in the silence of the far-flung desert . . . in the noiseless closing of the cactus flower, as it goes to its beauty sleep. And there is mystery in the soft breeze that comes down occasionally from the heights of Apache Trail or up from the Casa Grande desert and whispers again the unfathomed riddle of the Cliff-dwellers who walked these sands a thousand years ago.

Under its spell, the visitor seems to live in a kind of fairyland,— and it is, indeed, a magic land that colors the surroundings of the great hostleries and bungalow-hotels of Arizona — such hotels as the Arizona Inn, El Conquistador, Santa Rita and Pioneer in or near Tucson, the San Marcos at Chandler, the Wigwam at Litchfield Park, the Arizona-Biltmore, Ingleside Inn, Camelback Inn, Jokake Inn, Westward Ho, Adams and San Carlos in Phoenix and Maricopa County. Gardens of beautiful winter flowers adorn the terraces and patios of these hotels and some of them are flanked by orange and grapefruit groves whose blossoms blend their fragrance with the perfumes of waxlike flowers growing wild on distant mountains and intervening desert expanses. Many hotels maintain their own golf courses, tennis courts, saddle-horse stables, outdoor swimming pools and provide special evening amusements for their guests.

The mountains, lakes and nearby ranches in Old Mexico on the shores of the Gulf of California offer visitors the widest variety of sport. For the fisherman there are bass, crappie and perch in the inland lakes . . . deep-sea monsters in the Gulf. There are quail, rabbits, ducks, bobcats, coyotes, mountain lions, bear, deer, lobo wolves and wild hogs for the hunter. And there are Indian Masquerades, Mexican boleros and cowboy contests. Freshwater bathing may be enjoyed in the lakes of Apache Trail where motor-boating also is very popular.

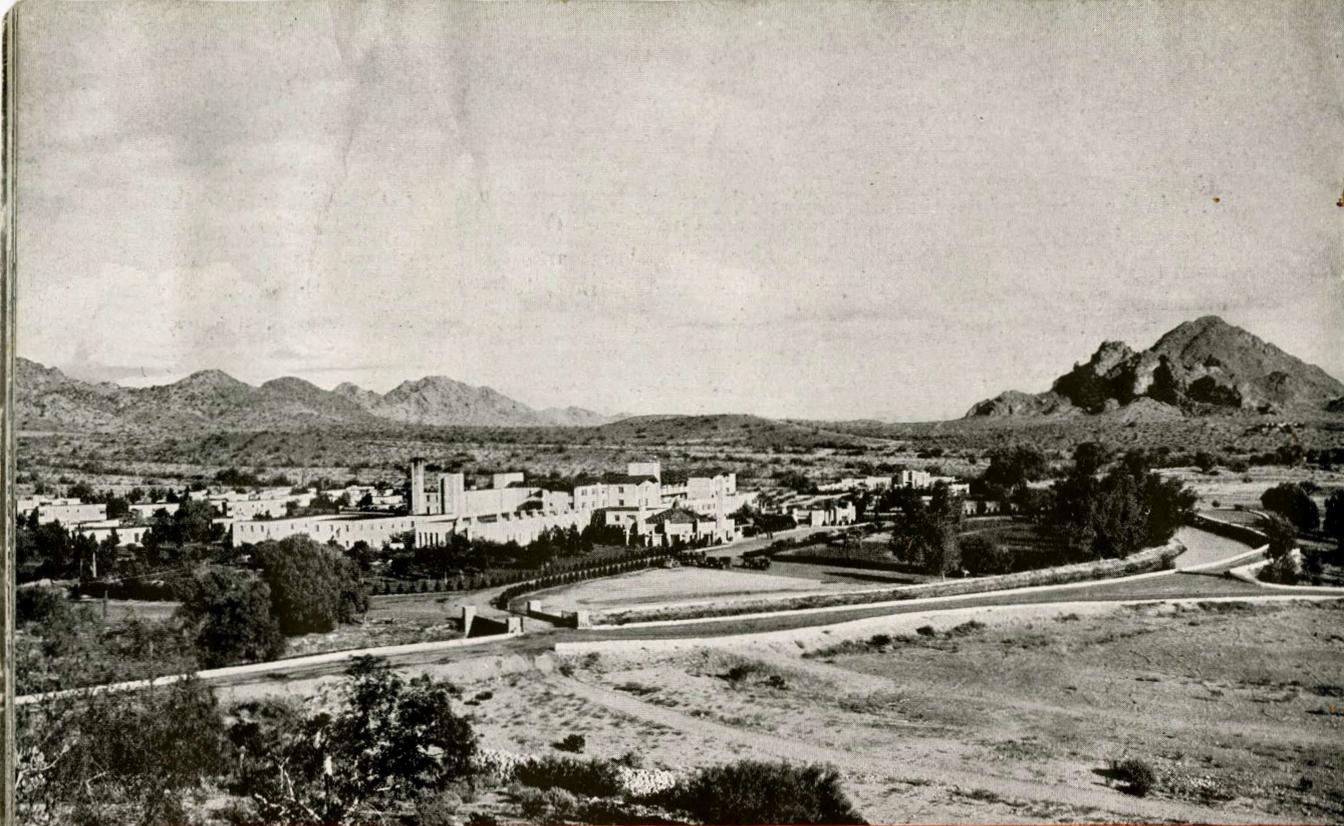
Tucson

Tucson is a modern city situated on a plateau 2380 feet above sea level. Hemmed in on all sides by mountain ranges, it is like a great bowl of tropical verdure and Spanish-Mexican architecture. With its coloring of Mexican and Indian population and its flavor of the open range — even in the big hotels — it is the ideal resort city for the vacationist who is looking for something different.

The week of the Tucson Rodeo — staged each year some time in February — emphasizes this difference. A unique feature of this frontier show is Indian Day when the program offers the most unusual contests. Two teams of young braves from neighboring villages mount their ponies and pursue two liberated wildcats, each team straining every muscle to be the first to rope and tie its clawing, spitting victim. Fat squaws, tipping the scales at a minimum of 175 pounds, run a foot race, carrying ollas or water jars on their heads. And there are many similar events.

The principal streets of the city at this time are most picturesque. Indian women are never very conservative in the matter of dress, and when they deck themselves in their best and mingle with the polychrome throng of cowboys and Mexicans who parade the avenues, every known color combination is the result. And since Tucson is the Athens of Arizona, the seat of the State University and many preparatory schools for boys and girls, young students, with a predilection for white, supply the highlights for the picture and bring out the contrast between the old and the new.

Out in the guest ranch country around the city are many interesting places which the Tucson vacationist should visit. Directly south, right on the international boundary line, is the town of Nogales, where one may pass from the United States to Old Mexico merely by crossing the street. It offers a contrast between American and Mexican life even closer than is to



All sports and social activities, as well as service luxury, are featured by the magnificent desert hotels



Pack your summer clothes and riding togs for a winter guest-ranch vacation

be observed at El Paso-Juarez. To the southeast is Tombstone, noted in its early days as the wildest of all wild west mining towns. The "Bird Cage" Opera House, Can Can Restaurant, O.K. Corral, Boot Hill Cemetery and many other landmarks that recall the old gun-battles are still to be seen. To the northwest, reached in about three hours by motor, is the mysterious prehistoric dwelling known as Casa Grande. It towers two stories above the desert and marks the site of an ancient city assigned to the eighth century.

Times have changed since San Xavier Mission, near Tucson, was founded by Padres Salvatierra and Francisco Kino in 1687, but the work begun by those brave old Christians, has continued to this day. The Mission bells still summon the Papago Indians to worship and their children to the Mission school. The imposing old building, unlike Tumacacori Mission farther south, is in a fine state of preservation and has been pronounced one of the most splendid examples of Spanish Mission architecture.

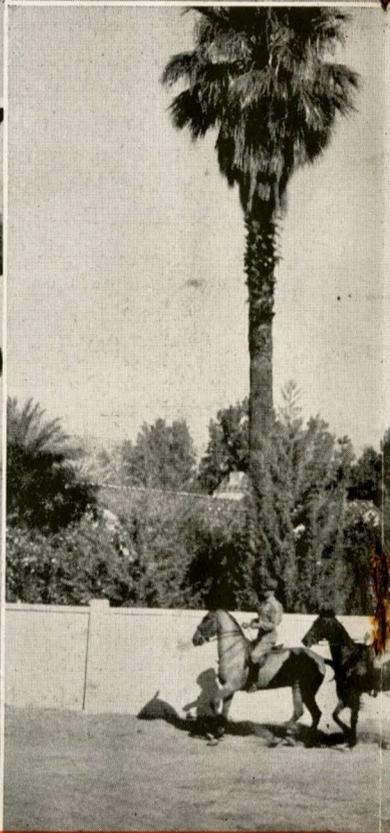
Tucson is an ideal place for invalids. It is said that a large percentage of the city's population visited the Southwest originally in search of health, and, having regained their strength, remained from choice to live busy and happy lives. The Desert Sanitorium and Institute of Research, four miles east of town, is one of the most successful and useful institutions of its kind in the country. Its profits are expended on research and it has demonstrated many important facts in connection with the relationship of sunlight to the cure of disease.

Phoenix

Arizona's State Capital, the city of Phoenix, was named for the ancient bird of Egyptian mythology that sacrificed itself every 500 years upon the altar at Heliopolis and rose from its own ashes young and beautiful. The name is significant, for certainly a beautiful city has arisen through the conjury of irrigation from the former sands of the desert. Surrounded by 300,000 reclaimed acres that produce 12 months a year — citrus fruits and other crops — it presents a bird's eye view that resembles a great green jade-stone resting upon a measureless plaque of golden sand. Downtown, its business blocks and individual shops tell the story of progressiveness. And out in the parks and the palm-shaded streets of the residence districts may be seen the rewards of that progressiveness. Everywhere luxuriant lawns, framing beautiful flower gardens, everywhere tropical coloring, everywhere sunshine — the world's greatest restorative. There are five eighteen-hole all-grass golf courses open to the public, and numerous tennis courts and polo fields in and about the city.

A unique gesture of hospitality has been made recently in the formation of a "Phoenix Visitors' Club." The club-house is centrally located and not only serves vacationists as headquarters for sport-information, but gives them an opportunity to meet members of winter colonies from other parts of the country. At regular intervals the management organizes and conducts horseback parties to various points of interest, and chuck-wagon dinners in cowboy fashion are among the club's specialties.

There are many scenic attractions and places of historic and ethnological interest within easy reach — the Indian School near Phoenix, largest in the United States . . . the Yaqui Indian village . . . Phoenix Mountain Park, largest city park in the world . . . the giant cactus forest known as Papago Sahuaro National Monument . . . Hieroglyphic Canyon, whose picture-messages, inscribed on the rocks in the long ago, have balked all efforts at interpretation . . . Indian ruins and prehistoric relics . . . St. John's Mission, latest of the Missions, established only thirty-five years ago . . . curio shops . . . dude ranches . . . the Reptile Garden . . . and, most thrilling of all, the scenic glory of Apache Trail.



Every summer sport under the sun—all winter in southern Arizona—C



California—reached directly by the Golden State Limited and Apache



Inspiring sights and scenes on spectacular Apache Trail—unsurpassed in all the Rockies

Apache Trail

If the Golden State Route offered no opportunity to see Mexico on the way to California, if there were no Carlsbad Cavern, no colorful resorts, no Imperial Valley, no Carriso Gorge, and if the route were not the low altitude, warm winter way to the Pacific Coast, the scenic attractions of Apache Trail alone would be sufficient to draw travelers in that direction.

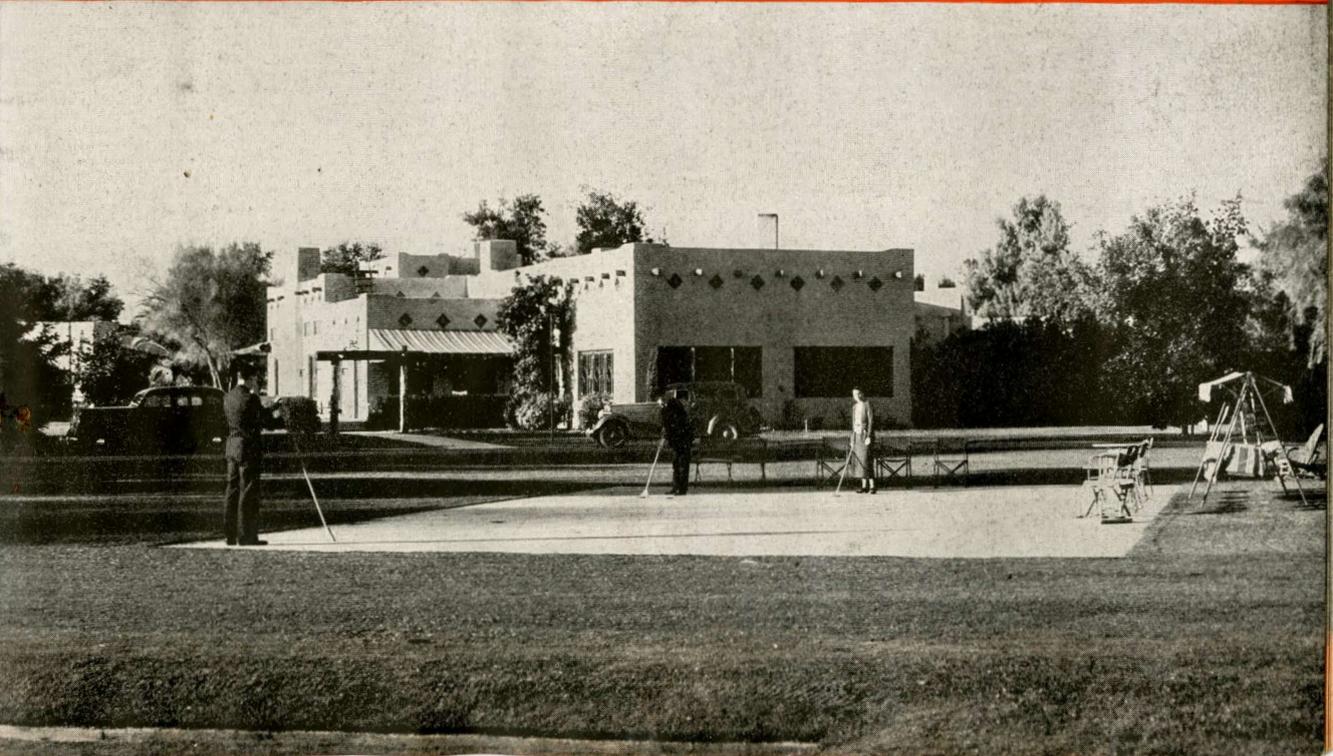
In a land that was primevally a desert, 120 miles of mountain grandeur seem almost paradoxical, yet it is true that Apache Trail, with its horseshoe curves, its loops and hairpins, offers a continuous succession of breath-taking sights and scenes, that are not surpassed anywhere in the Rockies. And with its additional prehistoric and engineering features, there is little doubt but that it eclipses every highway of its length in all America.

The Trail connects Phoenix with the little copper-mining city of Globe, Arizona. A motor trip from Phoenix — up as far as the Tonto Cliff Dwellings and back — promises a day of thrills unprecedented. Or — the entire Trail may be made a part of your westbound trip to California by taking a Southern Pacific train from El Paso to Globe via Bowie,— thence by motor to Phoenix, where your trip to the Coast may be continued.

Along this tortuous and eerie highway some of America's first families established their homes more than a thousand years ago. At least three hundred years before the Norman Conquest of England, these people had located their adobe-walled dwellings high up in the niches of the mountains and had installed crude irrigation systems which enabled them to cultivate the desert areas below them.

Centuries later, when the first Apaches picked out the zigzag route which is now known as Apache Trail, they must have wondered about these cautious cliff-fortified predecessors of

Here's a "place in the sun" for you this winter





You really "go Western" on a sunny winter guest ranch

theirs — whence they came and whither they went. But even the more studious white men, who crowded the red men out, have been unable to answer these questions. If one of the cliff-dwellers were to return to the scenes of his earthly activities, he might be identified by the Bertillon record he left behind him, for the finger prints of these builders are still to be seen in the adobe walls. Here and there, too, are to be found rocks and walls containing a species of picture-writing similar to Egyptian hieroglyphics, but these have never been deciphered, and little is known concerning the vanished race. Nevertheless, the Tonto cliff-dwellings along the Apache Trail are exceedingly interesting.

In covering the Trail westbound — from Globe to Phoenix — Roosevelt Dam, one of the engineering marvels of the West, is reached about five miles beyond the first cliff-dwellings. Here, also, is Apache Lodge, the tourists' lunch station, an exceptionally attractive place facing Roosevelt Lake, and offering accommodations that strongly tempt fishermen to stay there several days or weeks.

Roosevelt Dam is the first of three structures of the kind, utilizing the waters of Salt River for power and irrigation. Below are Horse Mesa Dam with Apache Lake, and Mormon Flat Dam with Canyon Lake. Thus, the natural scenic beauty of the Trail is enhanced by man-made lakes extending along its winding course a total distance of fifty-four miles.

The first half of the trip from Globe leads through a country by no means as rugged and precipitate as is to be seen at the Phoenix end, and the tourist's attention is centered for a time in the strange vegetation, as well as in the Indians encamped here and there in the small canyons and ravines.

The most striking individual plant is the Sahuaro or Giant Cactus. Fluted like a Doric column, it appears sometimes in family-like groups, sometimes in solitary majesty, growing to the height of a forest tree. Scattered over the mountain slopes are many other varieties of cactus, and these, in common with practically every plant to be seen along the Trail, produce beautiful waxy blossoms. The Sahuaro flower is white, the Cholla yellow, the Ocotilla bright red, the Barrel red and purple. In fact, all the colors of the rainbow are reproduced by the cactus family alone.

From Roosevelt Dam to Salt River Valley, the Trail winds in and out — up and down — mile after mile — now hugging the mountains, as it circles around them on shelf-like ramps, hundreds of feet above the valleys; now skirting lake shores at the foot of towering rock walls, whose dizzy heights only the eagles can rest upon. Often the twistings and turnings of the highway open vistas of matchless grandeur up or down some tributary canyon, and occasionally a glance across the lake encompasses a valley cul-de-sac of fortress-like appearance, its battlements pointing upward in bold self-assurance, its rock escarpment defying every onslaught from the water.

At one point on the Trail — just before the precipitous rocks of Fish Creek Canyon are presented to view, it is possible to turn the eyes to the right a full ninety degrees, past the famous "bronze cliffs" of the region, and see, high up in the heavens, like a motorist of the sky, an automobile which has followed the winding roadway to a point on the mountain exactly ten miles in advance of the beholder.

And when that point is finally reached by circuitous climbing, it is possible to look back through Devil's Canyon and see a car ten miles in the rear, creeping along like an ant to its sand-hill home. From this last mountain top, the descent is gradual, continuing to wind in and out until the level of Salt River Valley is reached. Thence the road points straight away for Phoenix, passing through the Mormon towns of Mesa and Tempe — between flourishing green fields and groves of oranges, grapefruit, olives and walnuts, demonstrating conclusively the wonderful results that have been attained through the Salt River Irrigation Project.



Mount San Jacinto towers a sheer 10,500 feet above Palm Springs



Winter sunshine and summer sports bring many northern students to Arizona schools

Arizona Schools—Guest Ranches

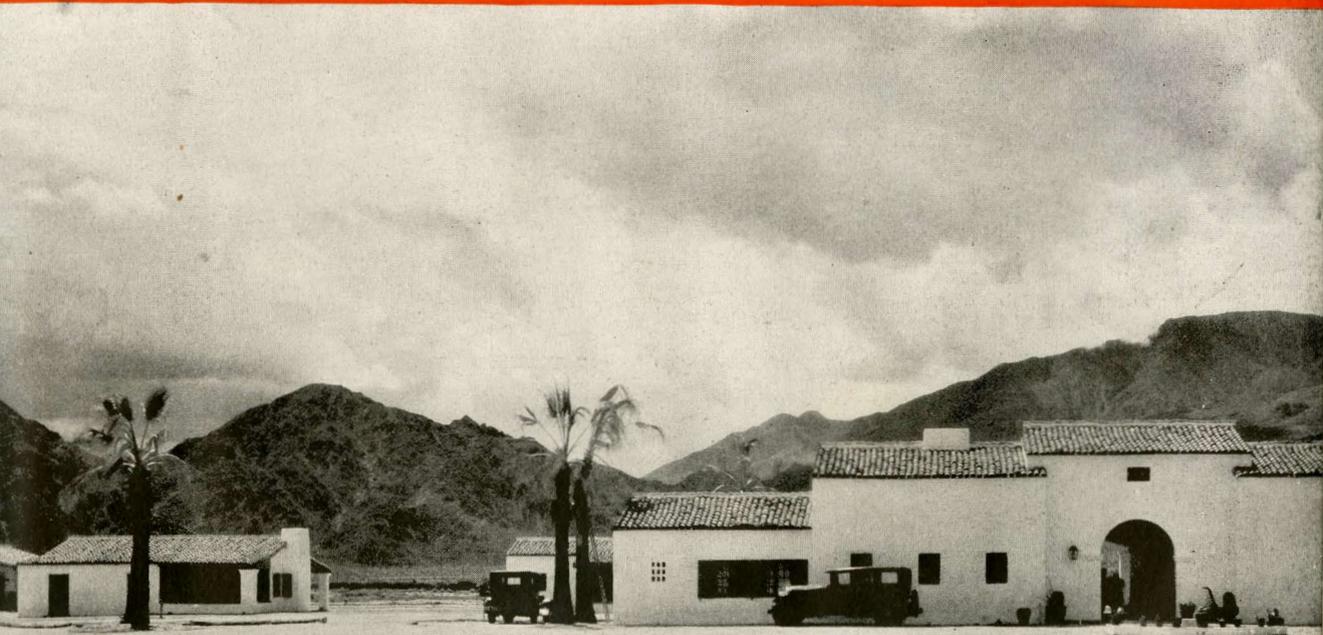
Prospective visitors with children need not, on their account, feel a hesitancy in planning their winter outing in the desert. The schools of Arizona are second to none, and the children of winter vacationists are admitted to the public schools at any time. As has been intimated, there are many private academies, including ranch schools, for either boys or girls, and many young people of college age, who hail from all parts of the North and East, are completing their education at the University of Arizona, living out of doors when study and class-room work is done. All schools feature open-air activities, and students are quick to take advantage of the rich, warm sunshine hours.

In the rolling foothills and lovely little valleys of the region surrounding Phoenix and Tucson are scores of guest ranches, some of them vast domains covering upward of a million acres of land. Here, of course, the horse takes precedence over the golf club and tennis racket. Through his efforts the delights of the open range, of polo and the rodeo are to be enjoyed. But that doesn't mean that other forms of outdoor activity are to be denied the ranch guest. He may engage in all the sports offered by the great hotel "vacation plants," including golf, tennis, swimming, target shooting and the like.

Facilities for some of these diversions are provided at one ranch, others at another. Hence, it is important that the visitor choose his ranch with reference to his favorite pastime.

Complete information concerning schools, hotels and guest ranches will be found in our pamphlet "Hotels and Guest Ranches in Arizona," a copy of which will be mailed upon request or may be obtained at any Travel Service Bureau listed in this booklet.

Every southern Arizona-California resort has a mountain setting such as no other region of winter sunshine enjoys





Palmy days near Palm Springs, California — getting ready for the rodeo



Many ranch visitors forget golf and tennis for a gallop over the range

California

The Golden State Route forks at Yuma, just before it crosses the Arizona-California boundary line, and the Golden State Limited is divided into two sections, one section taking its passengers via the South Fork or S. D. & A. E. R. R., direct to San Diego, the other section following the North Fork or Southern Pacific to Los Angeles, whence its Santa Barbara patrons proceed immediately, without change of cars, to their destination.

Soon after leaving Yuma, the Los Angeles and Santa Barbara passengers are speeding through Imperial Valley and beside the Salton Sea. This fertile valley is more than two hundred feet below sea level, which permits irrigation by gravity from the Colorado River. Its orange and olive trees, "fruited deep," stretch away in seemingly endless rows, and its flourishing truck gardens spread their green patterns everywhere.

Beyond Imperial Valley, the desert again — continuing the same alternation which marked the trip across Arizona — areas of super-production sandwiched in between areas of desert vegetation, one enhancing the beauty of the other.

Palm Springs and Indio

This is the last desert strip of the route — the desert that centers in those popular and world-famous winter resorts, Indio and Palm Springs. So broad is its scope that even Mount San Jacinto, which towers above Palm Springs a sheer 10,500 feet, appears from a distance to be little more than a huge sand dune. By stretching the imagination to the extent of substituting a wandering band of Bedouins for its Cahuilla Indians, one might easily locate such an expanse on the sands of Arabia or out on the billowy waves of the broad Sahara. Not that there is a suggestion of "Araby the Blest" when the beholder approaches San Jacinto on the railroad side and swings around the enormous circumference of its base, for there is nothing extraordinary to be seen at the railroad stations. But when a few miles have been covered by motor, and the fortunate visitor gets his first view of the delightful hotels and playgrounds, he realizes how happy was his choice of this desert oasis for his winter outing. It is Hollywood's favorite resort for rest and play.

Eight miles out from Indio Station is La Quinta Hotel; ten miles from Palm Springs Station, in the village of Palm Springs, El Mirador Hotel, The Desert Inn, the Oasis and others; and two miles beyond the village are Deep Well and Smoke Tree ranches.

These hotels are much more than hotels in the ordinary sense. They are really complete-rest-and-recreation plants, providing not only the luxuries of life, but the amusements as well. They maintain corrals of fine saddle horses, golf links, tennis courts — illuminated for night playing, and swimming pools with sun-tan beaches. In service and cuisine, they have few equals among the large city hotels, and, since ground space is not limited, their guests may be lodged in detached cottages or bungalows where quiet may be guaranteed. Thus the main or Administration Buildings have dining rooms, lounges and rooms for social gatherings that are extraordinarily commodious. Styles of art in decoration vary. The Desert Inn, for example, is Spanish in interior design and coloring; El Mirador, Indian-Aztec, Ute and Navajo.

The fact that the desert and mountains meet at Indio and Palm Springs doubles the enchantment of the great out-of-doors, and the canyons where the mountains were riven asunder in some past age, present unique phenomena to those who enjoy the caprices of Nature.

Palm Canyon, six miles south of Palm Springs, is one of the most interesting. Thousands of palm trees, the only palms indigenous to the United States, grow here to surprising



Out from Los Angeles, the magic isle—world-famous Catalina



Carriso Gorge—On the direct Golden State Route to San Diego

heights. The origin of these trees is unknown, but scientists believe that they date from a previous geologic age.

No less than a dozen other canyons are to be found within easy horseback or motor radius. Each provides a new and different setting for picnic and sightseeing excursionists.

A winter visit to these delightful desert resorts need not be abandoned on account of children in the family. Their school work may be continued without interruption. A modernly equipped grammar school at Palm Springs affords the younger pupils every advantage, and students of high school age are transported daily in a comfortable safety coach to Union High School in the little city of Banning. There are also private schools in the village.

On the outskirts of Palm Springs are two well-equipped air-ports, and in the village a prominent brokerage firm has a private wire service, furnishing daily stock reports.

Carriso Gorge—San Diego—Coronado —La Jolla

Tourists who have planned to see California systematically, starting at the southernmost point, take the Southern Fork of the Golden State Route to San Diego, travel north along the Coast to Los Angeles and San Francisco and return to the East through Salt Lake City and the glorious peaks and canyons of the Colorado Rockies. En route to San Diego, they pass through Imperial Valley, but the change of scene after they have crossed the Valley of Miracles offers a contrast far greater than the mere transition from cultivated to desert area, such as occurs on the North Fork.

When the checkerboard of orchards and gardens has been left behind, the route leads up a gentle slope—the shore line of an ancient sea—and soon the passengers are gazing in rapt awe and wonder at superb heights above them and eerie depths below. They are passing through Carriso Gorge. The train now threads its way around the mountains in zig-zag curves and half-spirals, infinitesimally small in comparison to the colossal mountain

Coronado 'cross the Bay—Point Loma in the distance





On the shore near Santa Monica—where the mountains look down on the sea



Hundreds of miles of beaches—this one at La Jolla, California

masses that overtop it. Often it follows a ledge half way up the slope, so near to the mighty ramparts that passengers, looking upward on one side hundreds of feet, are unable to see the summit — and looking downward from the opposite car window, find it equally impossible, because of the precipitate walls, to see the floor of the chasm yawning beneath them.

As the tremendous panorama unrolls — mountain after mountain, each seemingly higher and more massive than the last, each canyon deeper and more sensational — Nature's plan in putting them there is a cause for wonder. Certainly they must serve as an illustration of Immensity, for, in all the West, there is no region where the stupendous magnitude of mountains and their gorges is more impressive.

Before reaching San Diego, the South Fork of the Golden State Route crosses the line into Old Mexico twice, and the train stops at Agua Caliente, the most beautiful village of its size on the Pacific Coast, if not indeed in all America.

Then San Diego—where the Pacific's breezes are softened ere they cross the protecting peninsulas and the lake-like waters of her world-famous harbor!

Here is the place "where California began," and it is particularly rich in historic associations. In its old mission, hundred-year-old palms, Presidio Hill, Ramona's Marriage Place and, beyond the bay, Coronado, the past competes with the present for the visitor's attention.

Balboa Park, comprising 1,400 acres, is in the center of the city. It was the site of the California Pacific International Exposition of 1935-1936, also of the Panama-California Exposition held several years ago. Many of its buildings are permanent. Several of these are occupied by San Diego's Museum, but, in one sense, the entire Park is a museum. Its shrubs, palms and other plants constitute one of the most extensive horticultural displays in the world.

North of Coronado, on the peninsula, which helps to form the "Harbor of the Sun," is Point Loma, affording a beautiful view of the bay, city and mountain background, and off to the northwest is charming La Jolla.

In and about San Diego are facilities for every sport. There are many golf courses, tennis courts and grounds for that modern centaur, the polo player. Deep sea and pier fishing, motor-boating and yachting attract many. Bathers may choose between surf and warm salt-water plunge. Every horseman will find a mount to his liking and, because of the splendid roads and the interesting places to visit, it is an ideal region for the motor enthusiast.



There's a blaze of glory when the stars assemble at a Hollywood premiere



Santa Barbara, with its island protected harbor—ideal for yachtsmen

Among the most interesting motor tours is one which leads through Coronado and across the Mexican line to Tia Juana and Agua Caliente. After crossing the bay by ferry, the route leads through residence streets brightened by the colors of many flowers and shrubs unknown to northern climes, and brings the motorist at length to Hotel del Coronado, on the "Silver Strand," one of the largest and most popular resort hotels and sport centers in Southern California. Convenient to golf, tennis, polo and water sports, built around a beautiful garden-patio between the sea and the bay, and surrounded by a profusion of rare flowers, its every prospect is suggestive of hospitality, comfort and delight.

Thence, down the "Silver Strand," longest natural breakwater in the world, past Coronado's tent-city and beach, Camp Hearne (Cavalry), Palm City, with its date-palm, olive, acacia and eucalyptus tree-lined street, Nestor, Tia Juana Valley and San Ysidro to the International Border and in due time to Tia Juana and Agua Caliente.

Los Angeles

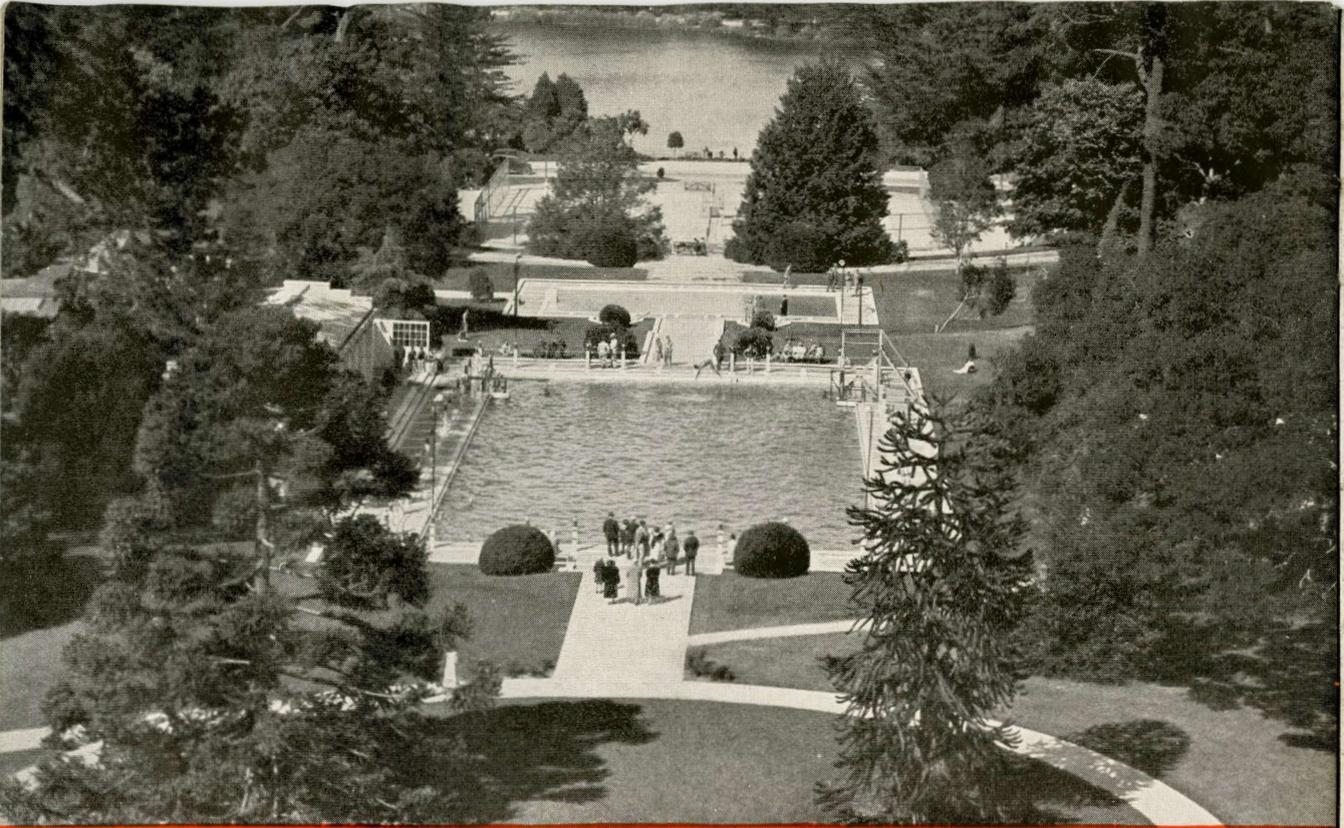
There are so many things in and about Los Angeles to do and see and remember that the visitor sometimes wonders where to begin. His first impressions are big-city impressions, for Los Angeles is America's fifth city in size, with all the magnificent hotels and mammoth mercantile establishments of a New York or Chicago, yet almost in the shadow of the City Hall is Olvera Street, a typical old Mexican street-market with sidewalk cafes and shops where señoritas offer curious Latin merchandise. Not far away is Ferguson Alley in Chinatown, a favorite spot for the movie makers. Three blocks south—the Japanese Quarter. And out in the parks and along highways in every direction are playgrounds that make one forget the business importance of the place and center his attention upon sightseeing and play.

Hollywood, the moving picture capital of the world, is for Easterners one of the greatest nearby attractions. The film stars at work and at play offer scenes to be remembered every time the visitor sees a picture at his home-town theater. Long Beach with its seven miles of bathing sands is another interesting place. Here, as well as at San Diego and all the way up the Coast, deep-sea fishing and other water sports are to be enjoyed, and the battleships of the U. S. Fleet may be inspected by the general public on Sundays and Holidays. Not far away are many other beaches and resorts—Santa Monica, Ocean Park, Venice, Hermosa, Manhattan Beach, Redondo, Newport and Palos Verdes. Catalina, scenic mountain island and famous sport center, lies 25 miles offshore—a smooth two-hour sail. In the opposite direction from Los Angeles are Pasadena, scene of the famous Tournament of Roses every winter, San Gabriel with its old Mission, and southeast of Los Angeles is the delightful orange belt centering in Riverside and San Bernardino. With the mountains always in sight, the winter pleasures of skiing, tobogganning and snow shoeing are added to the summer sports of the coast.

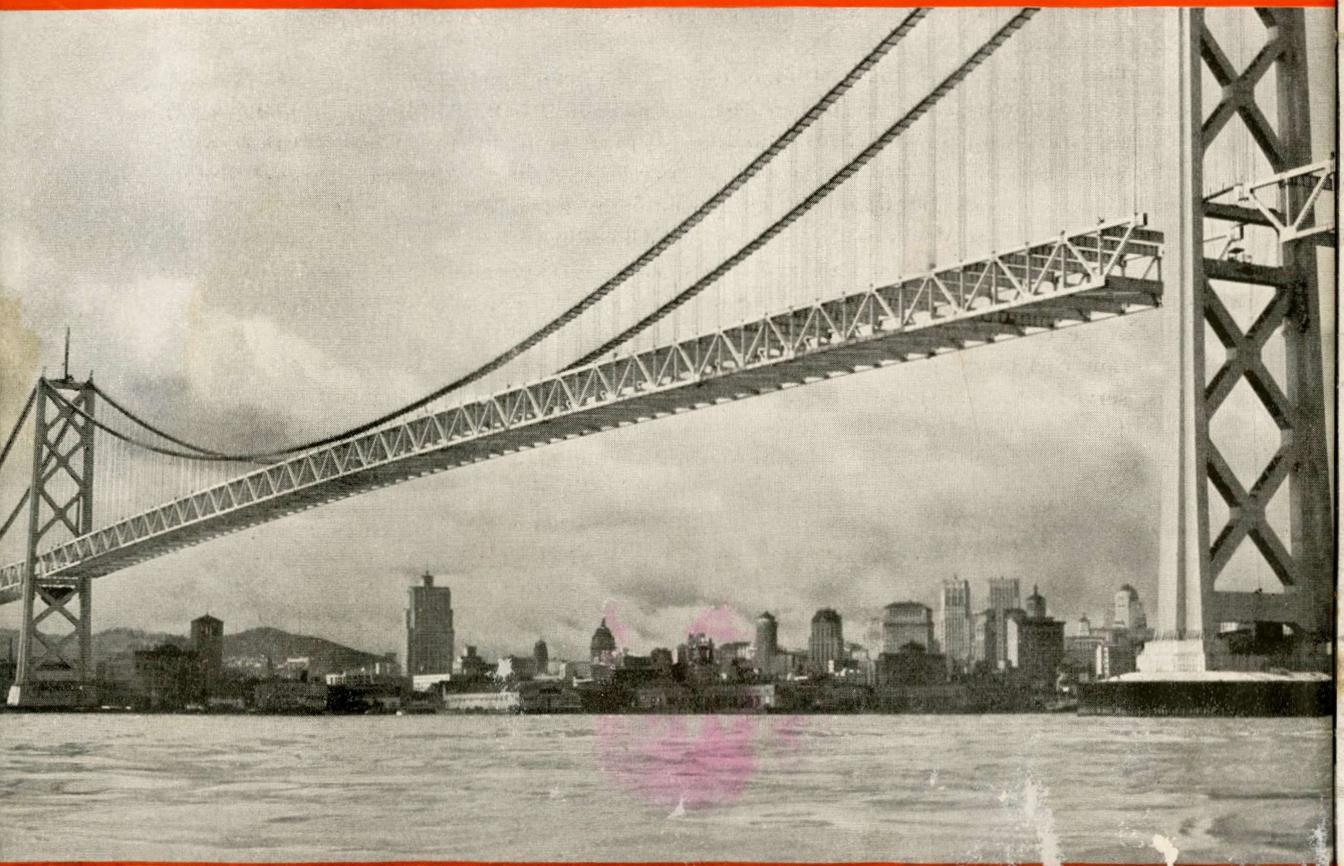
Santa Barbara

Less than a hundred miles north of Los Angeles is one of the most popular yachting and polo centers on the Coast. Four long narrow islands 30 miles off shore provide a protected channel for yachtsmen. Four polo fields attract players of nation-wide fame. And three splendid golf courses can be used 350 days in the year.

Santa Barbara has clung to Spanish architecture in all its buildings,—some of them the finest types of that form of construction in all America.



Not far from the Pacific beach is this delightful Roman pool at Del Monte



San Francisco—port of glamour and adventure—and the colossal new suspension bridge to Oakland

Farther north on El Camino Real, the famous "Highway of the King," are the resorts of San Luis Obispo, Paso Robles, Del Monte and Palo Alto. Then San Francisco, whose shops, theatres and Bohemian restaurants and cafes are famous for their novelty and unusual entertainment. Chinatown, with its oriental population, gorgeous bazaars and quaint customs, offers a glimpse of Asiatic occultism without leaving American shores. Mission Dolores is a well-known historic landmark. The Presidio, Ocean Beach, Seal Rocks and Cliff House attract all visitors. Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda lie across the bay, and nearby Mount Tamalpais and Muir Woods should by all means be included in every San Francisco sight-seeing program. Among the newest of the city's wonders are her magnificent new bridges — San Francisco-Oakland Bay bridge and Golden Gate bridge. The first is $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles long — the second is the world's largest single span suspension bridge, with towers 746 feet high.

On the circle tour that has been suggested herein, all the most wonderful National Parks in our country are within easy access — Carlsbad Caverns in Southeast New Mexico, Yosemite and General Grant-Sequoia, where the Big Trees — probably the oldest living things in the world — were tall saplings in the days of Abraham and Isaac, Yellowstone out from Salt Lake City and Rocky Mountain National Park out from Denver.

An attractive pamphlet concerning hotels in California and adjacent Mexican points can be secured at any Travel Service Bureau listed herein or will be mailed upon request.

Two Fine Fast Trains Daily **Air-Conditioned Throughout**

The GOLDEN STATE LIMITED and APACHE afford double daily service to this vacation Paradise, with both morning and evening departures from Chicago and morning and evening arrivals at terminals.

The GOLDEN STATE LIMITED offers every travel luxury at no extra fare. Observation, club, dining, sleeping cars and de luxe chair cars. Shower baths for both men and women, and maid manicure service. It follows the shortest route to San Diego — Coronado — La Jolla and the most colorful way to Los Angeles and Santa Barbara. Through service from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Des Moines and by car-to-car change enroute, from Memphis, Little Rock and Oklahoma City.

The APACHE with standard and tourist sleeping cars, and De Luxe reclining chair car from Chicago to Los Angeles offers an additional attraction of exceptionally low cost meals in the Cafe Lounge car at new economy prices.

Low cost tray service is available to coach, chair car and tourist passengers on both trains, served by attendants from the dining car.

These trains depart from Chicago, La Salle Street Station, and Englewood Union Station, 63rd Street. Many fast trains from the East make connections at both stations without transfer and even where crosstown transfer is necessary, the central location of La Salle Street Station is a feature which appeals to through travelers. It is located in the very heart of the city and convenient to the Loop District — served by all Elevated trains.

Quickest daily service is afforded Chicago to Phoenix. The only route with through service from Chicago to El Paso-Juarez, Tucson, Chandler, Indio and Palm Springs.

For passengers desiring to make a circle tour, the ROCKY MOUNTAIN LIMITED from Chicago every morning has through sleeping car service to Oakland-San Francisco via Denver, the Moffat Tunnel and Salt Lake City — the scenic Colorado way. Passengers may avail themselves of low round trip circle tour tickets which include all of these vacation centers, yet, obviate the necessity of retracing one's steps.

Rock Island Complete Travel Service Bureaus

In the Rock Island Complete Service Bureaus listed below, you will find courteous and intelligent attention by well-informed men. They can advise you regarding fares and service, hotel accommodations, side-trips, stop-overs, etc., and plan your journey in every detail. This service is free and without obligation.

| | |
|--|--------------------------------|
| Atlanta, Ga., 1330-33 Healey Bldg. | |
| J. G. ELGIN | General Agent |
| CHAS. H. ROHRER | District Frt. & Passr. Agent |
| Boston, Mass., Rooms 408-10, Old South Bldg. | |
| G. F. McCURDY | General Agent |
| T. J. GLANCY | District Frt. & Passr. Agent |
| MURRAY SMITH | Traveling Frt. & Passr. Agent |
| Buffalo, N. Y., 953 Ellicott Square Bldg. | |
| G. F. HANSON | District Frt. & Passr. Agent |
| Chicago, Ill., Room 723, La Salle St. Station | |
| G. H. ASPER | Asst. Gen'l Passr. Agent |
| D. McCLURE | Asst. Gen'l Passr. Agent |
| W. J. LAFFERTY | Division Passenger Agent |
| 179 W. Jackson Blvd. | |
| L. H. McCORMICK | Asst. Gen'l Passr. Agent |
| GEORGE D. TOTTEN | City Ticket Agent |
| Cincinnati, Ohio, 331-2 Dixie Terminal Bldg. | |
| J. MERROW, JR. | General Agent |
| FRED ANZER | District Frt. & Passr. Agent |
| Cleveland, Ohio, 314 Hippodrome Bldg. | |
| G. W. TEARE | General Agent |
| F. A. HAAS | District Frt. & Passr. Agent |
| C. H. WAGONER | Traveling Frt. & Passr. Agent |
| Colorado Springs, Colo., 477 First Nat'l Bank Bldg. | |
| J. F. RIDDLE | District Passenger Agent |
| Dallas, Texas (C. R. I. & G.), Cor. Commerce and Fields Sts. | |
| R. M. DeMOSSE | Traveling Passr. Agent |
| VIRGIL E. KUMMERO | City Ticket Agent |
| Davenport, Iowa, Rock Island Station | |
| C. C. ANDERSON | Division Passenger Agent |
| Denver, Colo., Cor. 17th and Tremont Sts. | |
| I. C. BRUCE | Gen'l Agent Passr. Dept. |
| Des Moines, Iowa, Register & Tribune Bldg., 721 Locust St. | |
| C. C. GARDNER | Gen'l Agent Passr. Dept. |
| W. D. FOSLER | Traveling Passr. Agent |
| W. H. WEIK | City Ticket Agent |
| Detroit, Mich., 611-612 Transportation Bldg. | |
| GEO. W. STEWART | General Agent |
| C. P. BRADLEY | District Frt. & Passr. Agent |
| El Paso, Texas, 713 Mills Bldg. | |
| C. O. HUFF | Gen'l Agent Passr. Dept. |
| Fort Worth, Tex. (C. R. I. & G.), 402 Transportation Bldg. | |
| T. W. BOWDRY | General Passenger Agent |
| 116 Ninth St. | |
| LEE R. SUMPTER | City Passenger Agent |
| Hot Springs National Park, Ark., Rock Island Station | |
| T. H. SIMONDS | City Passenger Agent |
| Indianapolis, Ind., 1412 Merchants Bank Bldg. | |
| T. L. MANNING | General Agent |
| J. H. CLARKSON | District Frt. & Passr. Agent |
| Kansas City, Mo., 703 Walnut St. | |
| S. A. GILLILAND | Gen'l Agent Passr. Dept. |
| 12th Floor, Fidelity Bank Bldg. | |
| J. D. FLORENCE | Traveling Passenger Agent |
| G. N. BROWN | Traveling Passenger Agent |
| Lincoln, Neb., Depot Passr. Office, 20th & O Sts. | |
| E. S. KENNEDY | Ticket Agent |
| Little Rock, Ark., Second and McLean Sts. | |
| F. W. DUTTLINGER | Division Passr. Agent |
| NEAL CLAYTON | City Passenger Agent |
| Los Angeles, Calif., 516 West 6th St. | |
| H. N. SEARS | Gen'l Agent Passr. Dept. |
| Memphis, Tenn., 70 Monroe St. | |
| G. J. CISSEL | District Passenger Agent |
| J. J. FLYNN | City Ticket Agent |
| Milwaukee, Wis., Room 500, Majestic Bldg. | |
| W. T. BALDWIN | General Agent |
| O. D. GARVEY | District Frt. & Passr. Agent |
| Minneapolis, Minn., 200-08 Metropolitan Life Bldg. | |
| A. E. DOVE | Gen'l Agent Passr. Dept. |
| R. E. KING | Traveling Passenger Agent |
| Marquette Ave. at Fifth St. | |
| ARTHUR H. YUST | City Passenger Agent |
| J. P. GEHREY | City Ticket Agent |
| New Orleans, La., 1603 American Bank Bldg. | |
| Carondelet and Common Sts. | |
| W. J. FORD | General Agent |
| New York, N. Y., Room 2122, 500 Fifth Ave. | |
| M. L. MOWRY | Gen'l Agent Passr. Dept. |
| ERNEST LEINS | City Passenger Agent |
| J. T. CRAWFORD | Traveling Passenger Agent |
| Oakland, Calif., 513 Central Bank Bldg. | |
| LESLIE WIEGNER | Freight and Passr. Agent |
| Oklahoma City, Okla., 407-8 Com. Exch. Bldg. | |
| O. COLLINS | Division Passenger Agent |
| E. T. CONNOR | City Ticket Agent |
| Omaha, Neb., 701 Woodmen of the World Bldg. | |
| E. H. WILLIAMS | Gen'l Agent Passr. Dept. |
| 1706 Farnam St. | |
| W. C. FORCADE | Agent, Union Ticket Office |
| Peoria, Ill., 227 S. Jefferson St. | |
| A. LANGFELDT | City Passenger Agent |
| Philadelphia, Pa., 1204 Fidelity-Phila. Trust Bldg. | |
| GEO. B. FARROW | General Agent |
| LINCOLN BURGHER | District Frt. & Passr. Agent |
| H. W. SWEIGART | City Frt. & Passr. Agent |
| Phoenix, Ariz., 628-629 Security Bldg. | |
| J. W. E. TREFZ | General Agent |
| D. L. CHAMBERS | Frt. & Passr. Agent |
| Pittsburgh, Pa., 1422 Gulf Bldg. | |
| G. F. RAMSPACHER | General Agent |
| C. H. HEAD | District Frt. & Passr. Agent |
| CHAS. F. LAUTENBERGER | Traveling Frt. & Passr. Agent |
| Portland, Ore., 443-4 Pacific Bldg. | |
| C. E. BURNETT | General Agent |
| St. Joseph, Mo., 702-3 Corby Bldg. | |
| JOHN J. GOODRICH | General Agent |
| J. P. SPRENGEL | Traveling Frt. & Passr. Agent |
| St. Louis, Mo., 817 Chemical Bldg. | |
| W. J. HENNESSY | District Passenger Agent |
| B. M. COLEMAN | Trav. Passr. Agent |
| St. Paul, Minn., Cor. 4th and Cedar Sts. | |
| M. W. WILSON | City Passenger Agent |
| O. W. HOAGLUND | City Ticket Agent |
| Salt Lake City, Utah, Room 207-8 Walker Bank Bldg. | |
| A. JENSEN | General Agent |
| San Francisco, Calif., 497 Monadnock Bldg. | |
| L. P. BLYLER | District Passenger Agent |
| Seattle, Wash., 1314-15 Joseph Vance Bldg. | |
| R. N. GORDON | General Agent |
| C. B. HOLCOMB | Trav. Freight and Passr. Agent |
| H. A. SCHAUB | Trav. Freight and Passr. Agent |
| Sioux Falls, S. D., Rock Island Station | |
| A. W. LITTLE | General Agent |
| Spokane, Wash., 1618 S. Latawah St. | |
| B. F. RINKENBERGER | Trav. Freight and Passr. Agent |
| Topeka, Kan., 101 Kansas Ave. | |
| L. J. MILLER | City Passenger Agent |
| Toronto, Ontario, Can., 703 Royal Bank Bldg. | |
| EUGENE MERRIMAN | Can. Frt. & Passr. Agent |
| Wichita, Kan., 729 East Douglas Ave. | |
| C. E. BASCOM | District Passr. Agent |
| Wichita Falls, Tex., (C. R. I. & G.), 534-5 Harvey Snider Bldg. | |
| IRA D. BROWN | Trav. Freight and Passr. Agent |
| Winnipeg, Man., Can., 34 C. P. R. Office Bldg. | |
| D. MORRISON | Trav. Freight and Passr. Agent |
| Winston-Salem, N. C., 616 Reynolds Bldg. | |
| J. O. YOUNGER | General Agent |

D. M. WOOTTON
 Manager Vacation Travel Service Bureau
 Room 714, La Salle St. Station, Chicago, Ill.

P. W. JOHNSTON
 General Passenger Agent, Kansas City, Mo.

T. W. BOWDRY
 General Passenger Agent, (C. R. I. & G.), Ft. Worth, Texas

A. D. MARTIN
 General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

W. J. LEAHY, Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago, Ill.





ROCK ISLAND LINES

An Unusual Service to An Unusual Land