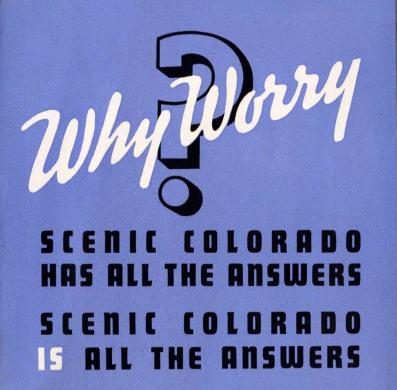
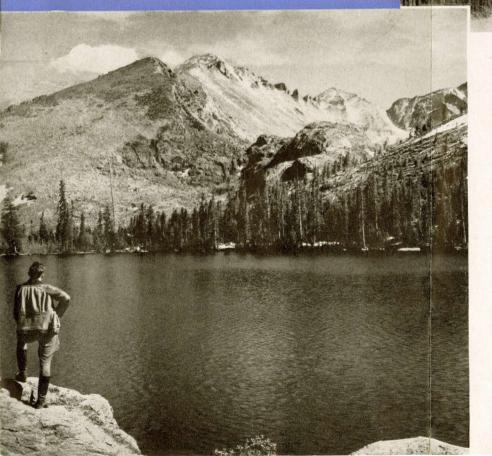
THE ALL-IMPORTANT QUESTION

WHERE SHALL WE GO THIS SUMMER?



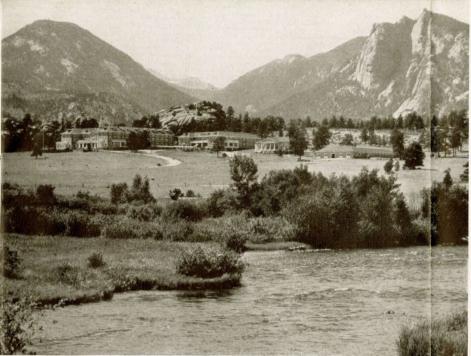


Whatever you want in a vacation—a rest, a honeymoon, a hunting or fishing trip, a "getting-away-fromit-all" quiet time or a mingling-with-the-crowd gay time—SCENIC COLORADO is your heart's desire.



Why, of course. Everyone knows about that. Ever since somebody, years ago, figured out how many times Switzerland could be engulfed in the Colorado Rockies, with a lot of room left over, the American people have been pretty thoroughly Colorado-conscious.

And yet, no matter how much one **knows** of it, from descriptions or books or pictures—from visits, even—there is always a fresh delight in the tremendous contrasts of heights and depths, of shining peaks and shadowed canyons, in the almost-unbelievable colorings that paint hill and valley at sunset and dawn! Always the joy of exploring new territory or revisiting spots loved for years.





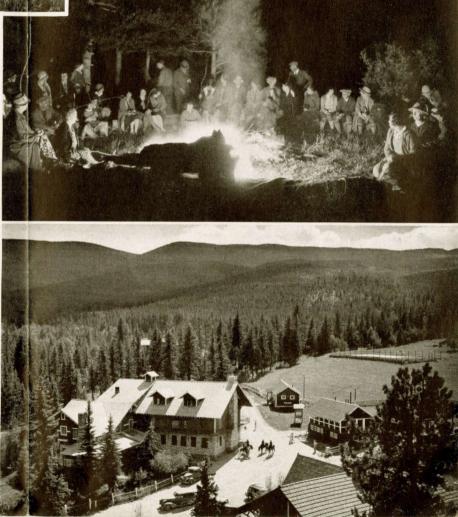
Scenery is thrilling and delightful, but infinitely practical and comforting is the wide range of accommodations in every section. From luxurious city hotels and beautiful mountain or canyon resorts to tuckaway cabins in the hills for "roughing it," Scenic Colorado provides every variety of hostelry, camp and inn, in order that different tastes and needs may be met.

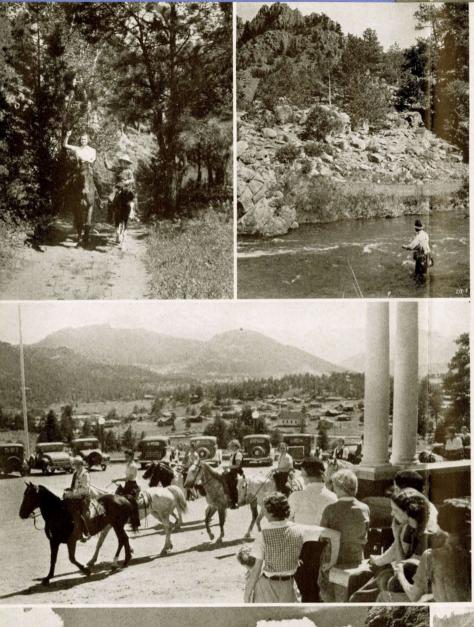


Except for the North Pole and the Equator, there are mighty few spots on this ancient Footstool that cam claim a predictable climate; but the **normal** summer weather in the Colorado mountain regions is that most desirable of all atmospheric conditions—cool without chill, dry without drouth, bracing without stimulation. And, because of the dry air, even the summer sun uses gentle methods to perform his revitalizing miracles—for it is always cool in the shade, sunstroke is unknown and the nights are made for sleep!

Nor does that mean a disagreeable monotony, for occasionally a whimsical cloudlet delights to spill a bucketful of tears over the valleys, and the high peaks frequently greet the dawn with snowy caps acquired, during the night, in some mysterious manner.

Sometimes, too—though this borders on the "unusual"—there is a day of cloud and rain when the crackling open fires of inns and cabins come into their own and games of all sorts, from beanbags to bridge, ring a new note in the vacation life.







Well, Colorado is your home state while you are there, so write your own ticket. Whatever you **like** to do is waiting to be done. Like your schooldays, there's always the "three R's"—Roamin', Rid'n, 'n' Rest'n.

Horses are plentiful and trained to cinder paths and mountain trails. Automobiles and busses are available for side-trips, while for the little folks the picturesque burro makes a grand mate for a climb.

Golf in the clear mountain air is a new experience, tennis courts are everywhere, boating, swimming, hiking, camping—even a little amateur goldmining—are recreations from which one need only to choose. Knitting and bridge without extra charge.

For the younger set—and one is always young in the mountainland—the days are full of vacation activities, the evenings gay with dances, shows, music and **light**—moonlight, starlight, firelight.

For the children—tiny tots pale from winter housing, larger ones wearied by school—the mountain playground is a magic land of health and happiness. Practically all hotels and camps pay special attention to diet and recreation—food and fun—for the small guests, to whom a "summer in the Rockies" means, not only the best of good times, but mental and physical development.





WHERE TO GO

Where the farming and livestock lands of Eastern Colorado merge with the foothills that preface the mountain country, towns and cities, born of the state's development, serve as gateways and guideposts to points of interest beyond.

Time was when these were reached by rough roads and rougher trails—now each city builds her broad highways into the hills like the concrete ribs of a wide-spread fan whose tips reach to the far peaks.

The most important of these gateways are: Denver, "The Mile-High City," capital and metropolis of the state; and Colorado Springs, "City of Sunshine," seventy-five miles south of Denver, with Pike's Peak towering more than 14,000 feet on her near horizon. Both "Gateways" are reached **direct** by Rock Island service.



THE PIKE'S PEAK REGION

Colorado Springs can justly claim the mildest climate and the most prolonged publicity of all the state, since the Peak that has made this district famous for a hundred and thirty years, also rears a protecting wall against obtrusive winter winds.

Apparently numberless as the attractions of this section are, it is one of the easiest of all the "mountain museums" to visit, due to the broad, connecting highways and to the comparatively short distances between many of the objectives. Hence, if haste is imperative, much may be done in a short time; but, because of its strange and varied formations, its geologic history, the spiritual beauty of its deep-carved canyons and its more-than-half-true Indian legends, the visitor here should never hurry if it can be avoided.

In fact, the guest in any part of the state who rushes from point to point in an effort to cover the most possible in a day, loses much of the value and enjoyment that should be his.

Possibly the most famous remark that Lieut. Zebulon Pike ever made was to the effect that the mountain christened with his name would never be scaled by a white man. Yet, within a very few years, a white man did climb it and today a broad motor highway, free to all, winds its way to the summit. For almost a generation, too, the Cog Road has carried passengers up and down through each succeeding season, while the patient burro and the ambitious hiker have marked the Peak with their footprints.

Following their lead, other mountains of the region, just as impregnable, have yielded to the knowledge of engineers and the picks of workmen and one finds motor roads, scenic inclines and well-worn trails conquering each of the group that clusters about the lordly Pike.

Manitou Springs, snuggled against the very foot of the Peak, is a "town" in its own right, but is so close to Colorado Springs as to seem almost a part of it. It is the center of much activity, since the routes to the Peak as well as to many other points, lie through its winding main street.

Here, too, are the health-giving waters of many medicinal springs, named for the Indians' god who blessed them, the most popular of them still free to the public for the taking.

Nearby is Williams Canyon with its famous "Narrows," Cave of the Winds, mysterious underground palace, Garden of the Gods and Mushroom Park with their weird formations, and over all, an "atmosphere" that makes the little town of Manitou differ-

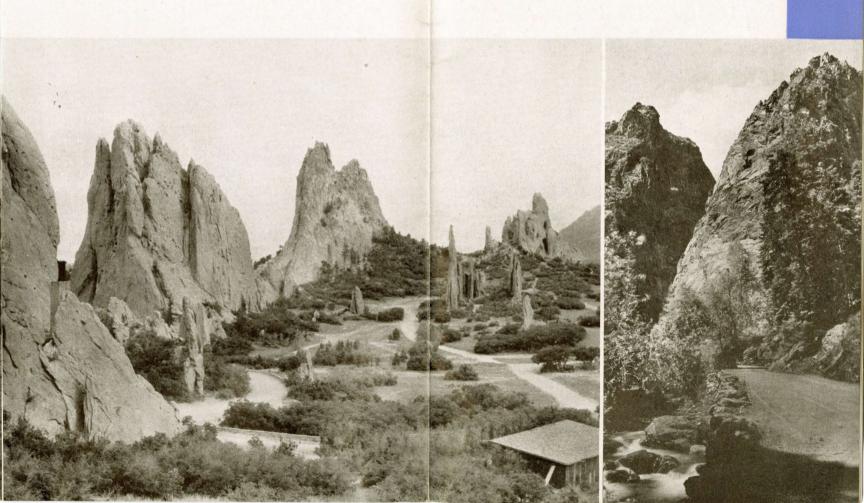
ent from every other "resort" in the world.

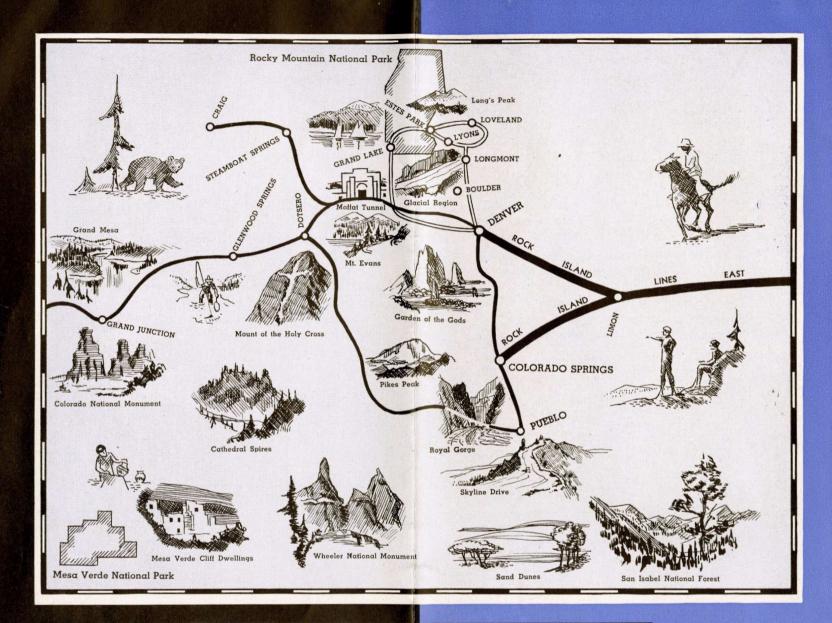
Five miles southwest of Colorado Springs is beautiful, suburban Broadmoor, exclusive residential section.

Close by are the two lovely sister canyons, North and South Cheyenne, the latter ending in a highwalled temple of Nature's building, over whose farthest bastions misty Seven Falls leaps in grace and beauty.

A scenic trip of forty miles over fine mountain roads, the Cripple Creek-Victor mining district is full of interest. No longer the wild camp of early days, it is now a busy and law-abiding industrial center, engaged in producing gold for the markets of the world.

A pause along the way at the strange fossil beds near Florissant and the even stranger Petrified Forest, will add a prehistoric touch to a day of unusual experiences.





The Rock Island is the only road operating separate direct lines and independent through service to both Colorado Springs and Denver—the two gateways through which all Rocky Mountain travelers must pass.

THE DENVER DISTRICT



Built among the gentle hills in which the plains end and overlooking the fertile valley that lies between her and the mountains, "Distinctive Denver" has many surprises for the first-time visitor.

He may have heard her called "Little Washington," the "City of Homes" and other flattering names, but rarely is he prepared for a western metropolis of more than 300,000 souls, for the importance of its official and commercial business nor for the beauty and extent of its residential sections.

If he is new to irrigation he is likely to be amazed at the tree-shaded streets and boulevards, the unbroken stretches of emerald-green lawns and landscaped gardens, the numerous and beautiful city parks and municipal playgrounds.

Blessed with far-sighted civic benefactors, Denver has a unique Civic Center adjacent to her main business district, in which beautiful public buildings are widely-spaced in a setting of green lawns, shaded walks and sunken gardens.

Due to this same wise planning, is her system of Mountain Parks, twenty-six in number, comprising nearly 11,000 acres owned and maintained by the city. They are connected by five broad mountain boulevards and embody the most startlingly-beautiful of Front Range and canyon scenery.

A wonderful sixty-five mile trip through these Front Range Parks, takes one up the Lariat Trail to the top of Lookout Mountain, where the rock-sealed tomb of Buffalo Bill—Col. William F. Cody—is located and to the rustic Pahaska Tepee which is filled with mementoes of the old Scout's adventures and with historic relics of the thrilling days in which he lived.

Farther on the glowing Park of the Red Rocks presents a gigantic display of ships and spires, of cathedrals and animals—even a natural amphitheater where Mary Garden once sang—all Nature's handiwork on the vivid rock.

Denver's Mountain Parks extend to the higher ranges and include stately Mount Evans, 14,259 feet high, with all that a ride up its timbered slopes and on through lake and glacial regions, can picture.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NATIO**NAL PARK**

Seventy-five miles northwest of Denver lies Rocky Mountain National Park, the "saddle blanket of the Rockies," stretching over the backbone of the Main Range and "buckled" to the valleys by highways whose building was an engineering triumph.

Known since an early day for its beauty and charm, it was segregated as a National Park because it contains, in a comparatively small area (about four hundred square miles), tremendous contrasts of high mountains and deep gorges, some of the highest peaks in the country and a Continental Divide from which the melting snows flow both to the East and to the West. In addition is the geologic value of its glaciers and moraines, its infinite variety of highaltitude flowers and wild life, together with thrilling and rugged scenery.

Its eastern gateway is the little village of Estes Park, just outside the National Park boundary, but the hub of a lovely district well worth exploring.

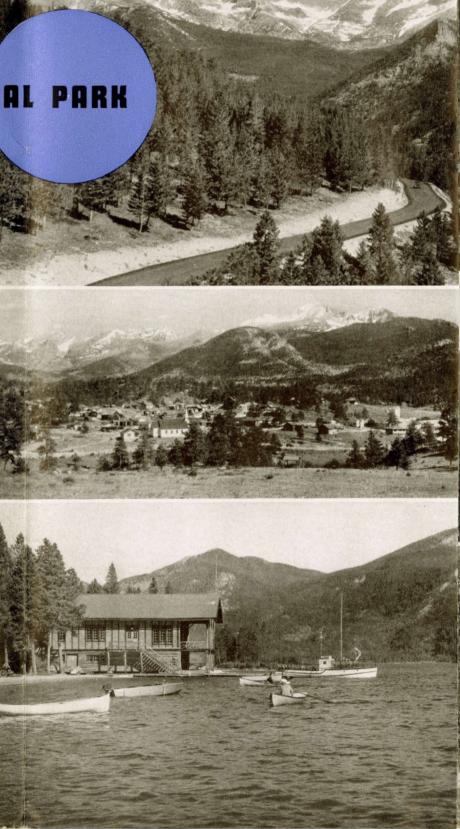
The west entrance is at Grand Lake, "a turquoise gem in a granite setting"—Colorado's largest body of water—which boasts the highest Yacht Club in the world.

Trail Ridge Road crosses the Park and reaches an altitude of 12,180 feet at Fall River Pass. On a clear day, one may view a sweep of mountain country from Pike's Peak, one hundred and fifty miles away on the southern horizon, to the Big Horn Mountains, nearly as far to the north, in Wyoming.

Between these two extremes, rising from the twisting range, the eye is held by fifty-six named peaks more than 10,000 feet high, nearly a score above 13,000 feet and, in the Park itself, highest of them all, majestic Long's Peak, reaching an altitude of 14,255 feet.

Because of its rugged topography, there are no roads to the summit of Long's Peak. Neither pony nor burro can go farther than Boulder Field, but hikers reach the top every day, and frequently at night to witness the sunrise from that tremendous vantage-ground.

Throughout the district luxurious hotels, lodges and camps have been built to meet the needs of all who come.



CENTRAL CDLORADO WONDERLAND

Beyond these first-line attractions lies a far-reaching territory of high ranges and rich valleys, one beyond another, clear to the Utah boundary. A world of wonder and beauty, hidden in that tremendous upthrust, is becoming better known each year. A curious line of hot springs, that may have the same origin as those of Yellowstone, emerge at intervals in this region, the best known being those at Glenwood Springs, where the powerful volume of hot, medicinal waters and their marvellously-beautiful setting combine to insure a well-deserved fame.

Remarkably low, round-trip summer rates covering a complete circle through this Central Wonderland with Glenwood as its objective, are available from both Denver and Colorado Springs.

If one leaves from Denver he quickly attains the nearby foothills, but instead of going **over** the mountains he goes **under** the highest of them by means of the marvelous Moffat Tunnel, one of the world's longest, built by the Denver district, which bores through the range under James Peak. Then down on the other side, through wild and beautiful scenery and into Glenwood Springs, now one hundred and seventy-five miles nearer to Denver and the East than formerly because of the great Tunnel.

If one begins the circle at Colorado Springs the sight-seeing is reversed, but in either case he begins and ends his journey at the point that best suits his convenience.

Swimming, bathing, sightseeing fill the days at Glenwood and the return trip is made on the **south** side of the circle, where one glimpses the Mount of the Holy Cross, near Red Cliff, a natural Shrine visited by thousands every year, and the "Angel of Shavano" above Salida, both gigantic figures formed by perpetual snow on the mountain sides. The Royal Gorge completes the real thrills of the trip, then out of the high mountains and back to Denver.

THE ROYAL GORGE

The Royal Gorge-Canon City area is a scenic district by itself. A new suspension bridge, a quarter of a mile long, spans the Gorge more than a thousand feet above the river. From the bridge, looking down the great rock-gash, the Arkansas River seems but a silver thread far below where trains, hurrying through on tracks beside the stream, appear little more than a child's toys.

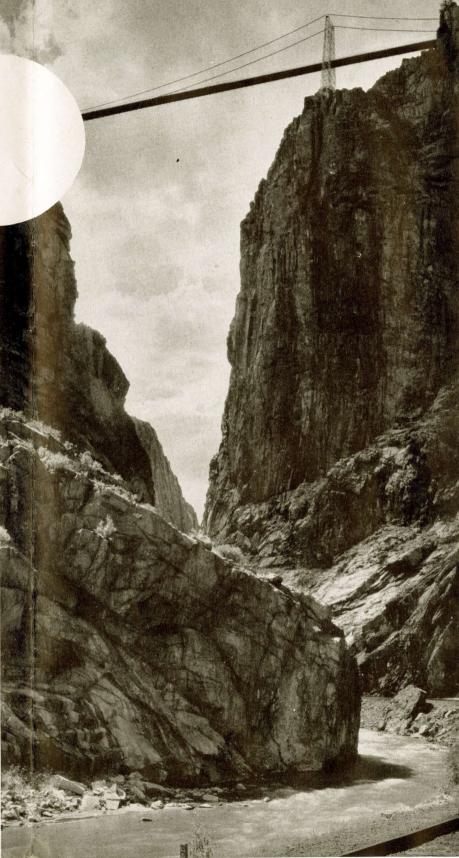
"The World's Steepest Railway" an incline built down the wall of the Gorge, offers an opportunity to view the great cleft from the bottom looking up.

Fifty miles south of Colorado Springs is Pueblo, "Pittsburgh of the West," pointing with pride to her industrial success with one hand while the other indicates the lovely scenic territory that stretches westward, to the high peaks of the Sangre de Cristo Range and beyond. Here is San Isabel National Forest, containing nearly a thousand square miles of publiclyowned land. In three separate divisions, each centered by its own mountain range, it presents breathtaking scenery as well as many delicately-sylvan nooks.

In the Sangre de Cristo (Blood of Christ) Range many peaks are more than 14,000 feet in height with a hundred well stocked streams and forty lakes that attract the angler.

In the Culebra Range geology and erosion have combined in an astonishing display of strange formations and vivid colors. Fossil beds with the remains of deep-sea life prove that this lofty district was once an ocean bed. The huge sand dunes on the western side of the Forest may have had their origin in that same prehistoric sea.

Good roads and trails, friendly villages, comfortable inns and clubs make lovely San Isabel increasingly popular for beauty-lover and sportsman alike.



THE WESTERN SLOPE

And farther still, to the south and west, Scenic Colorado holds her magic sway. As one travels, the mountains seem higher, the ranges more tremendous.

Numerous are the carefully-conserved National Forests, several curious and beautiful areas have been designated as National Monuments and in one section are a number of high, rock-walled mesas, apparently the remains of some terrific outpouring of lava from a prehistoric volcano—perhaps Yellowstone again.

A series of lakes on the level top of Grand Mesa aid materially in supplying water and power to the valley at its feet.

Grand Junction is the most important town of this vicinity and west of it Colorado National Monument challenges outdoor sculpture everywhere with the beauty of her red rock formations, among them slender and vivid monoliths, some more than three hundred feet high.

Southward are the mining districts which startled the world with their wealth of gold and silver and which are still productive. In this Western Slope territory, too, are the strange deposits of pitchblende from which has come much of the world's scanty supply of precious radium.

The whole region is one of stately grandeur, of massive and rugged beauty. The "Million Dollar Highway" and other fine roads penetrate the mountains and make this part of the state a fascinating region to visit.

MESA VERDE NATIONAL PARK

Mesa Verde, "Land of the vanished footsteps," in the southwestern corner of Colorado, is a spot of mystery and strange allure. Built along the sides and on the top of a high Mesa, hidden in the waterformed caves high above the Mancos River, it is one of the finest symposiums of prehistoric life in a section that has contributed much to man's knowledge of the vanished races.

Pottery, weapons, utensils, tools, weavings have been found in both living rooms and temples and preserved in a museum at the Park itself and in the State Museum in Denver.

Scientists have done much to solve the mystery of these people who lived a thousand or more years ago, but their story is still tantalizing and unsolved.

"Steeped in her summer sunshine, Or wrapped in her winter snow, Inscrutable Mesa Verde

Withholds what we seek to know.

We knock at her secret portals,

We beg for her magic key, But the soul of the Mesa Verde Stands guard o'er her mystery."

HAIL AND FAREWELL!

And this is

COLORADO

Land of beauty and mystery and allure. Land of renewal, of recreation, of education. Of old joys and new friendships. Of delightful experiences and happy memories.

Vacation Land Supreme!

HOW TO GO

From Chicago to the snowcapped peaks, sunny valleys and deep shadowy canyons of the Rockies, it's just a pleasant overnight ride on the luxurious air-conditioned Rocky Mountain Limited. This is the only train offering direct independent through service from the East to both Colorado Springs and Denver. It carries Observation-Lounge, sleeping and dining cars and coaches — with connecting service from Kansas City. Every travel luxury is afforded and the cool comfort en route is a foretaste of the clear, crisp air which has made Colorado the ideal summer playground.

Special low summer fares to Colorado offer an added inducement to spend vacation time in the mountains. The expense of such an outing has been brought so low that it is within reach of everyone of average means. It is so much cheaper to go by rail that the practice of motoring has lost much of its former popularity. Many Colorado visitors ship their cars for use after their arrival in Denver or Colorado Springs. These cars are handled for quick delivery. No crating is necessary.

An all-expense trip insures the most carefree outing. There are many itineraries from which to choose. These include the cost of sight-seeing motor tours through the mountains.

Any Rock Island representative will supply complete travel information and quote fares or allexpense figures from your home town.



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