

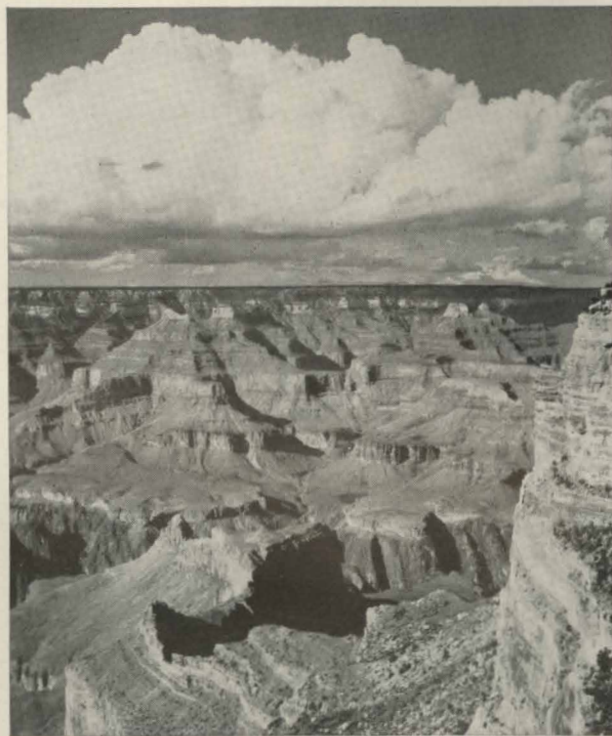
Santa Fe

TRAVELER



All on one trip

via Santa Fe all the way



Grand Canyon from the South Rim

■ Scenery comes and goes pretty fast as you travel across the Santa Fe route through the West, but don't let your trip slip by without stopping for a visit at Grand Canyon, Carlsbad Caverns, Land of Pueblos, and other world-famous scenic wonderlands.

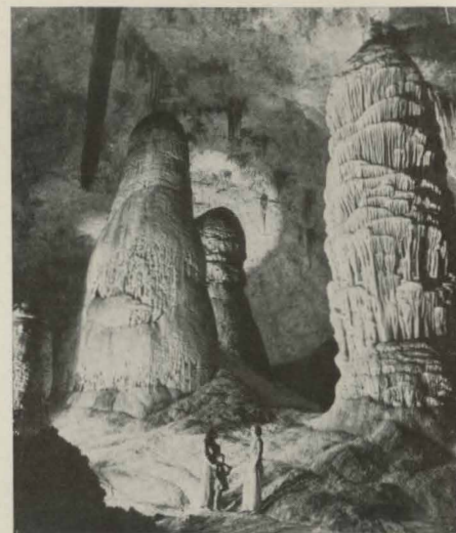
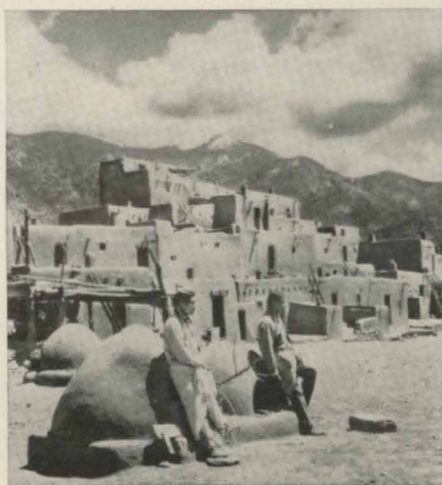
From Chicago, for example, you can travel West via Carlsbad Caverns, then over to Albuquerque and Santa Fe, New Mexico, for a tour of the pueblo country, continuing on to the South Rim of Grand Canyon before reaching California.

The time required for this scenic trip is well spent and the cost is surprisingly low. The added cost on your through Chicago-California first-class ticket amounts to only \$8.75 for the Carlsbad Caverns sidetrip; \$5.65 for the sidetrip Albuquerque to Santa Fe; and \$7.50 for the sidetrip to Grand Canyon. At Santa Fe there are several tours available into the pueblo country

that range in price from \$11.00 to \$50.00.

A trip of this type is not a tour—it's merely a stopover plan that passengers can make as they please in connection with their transcontinental journey. It can be enjoyed by one passenger, a family group, or a party—in other words, the service and accommodations are available for all Santa Fe passengers to take advantage of.

Taos—center of the Land of Pueblos



Carlsbad Caverns in Southeastern New Mexico

Some passengers become interested in these stopovers after they start their trips. In such cases they are able to work out their plans for stopovers with train conductors.

There are many rail routes across the West but none offer the great scenery that travelers conveniently can see all on one trip via Santa Fe all the way.

Santa Fe

TRAVELER

The Santa Fe Traveler is distributed free of charge with the compliments of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway to all passengers on certain westbound trains. Santa Fe management and the publisher hope that this book will help you enjoy your trip west, and that it will contribute to your better appreciation of the west's history and beauty.

INDEX

- 2 Illinois
- 4 Missouri
- 7 Kansas
- 9 Panhandle
- 10 Santa Fe History
- 13 Colorado
- 15 New Mexico
- 18 Arizona
- 20 California
- 22 Where to Go . . .
- 32 Fashions

The Santa Fe Traveler is published twice a year—April and October—by the Traveler Publishing Co., Inc., 208 South La Salle St., Chicago 4, Ill. Penrose Scull, editor and publisher.

The Traveler Publishing Co., Inc. invites opinions and suggestions regarding this publication, but cannot assume responsibility for the return of manuscripts or photographs submitted for its consideration. Additional copies of the Santa Fe Traveler are available at the publisher's office at a cost of 50c a copy, postage included.

Copyright 1950 by Traveler Publishing Co., Inc. All rights reserved.

Advertising Representatives

McDonald-Thompson
639 So. Wilton Place
Los Angeles 5, Calif.

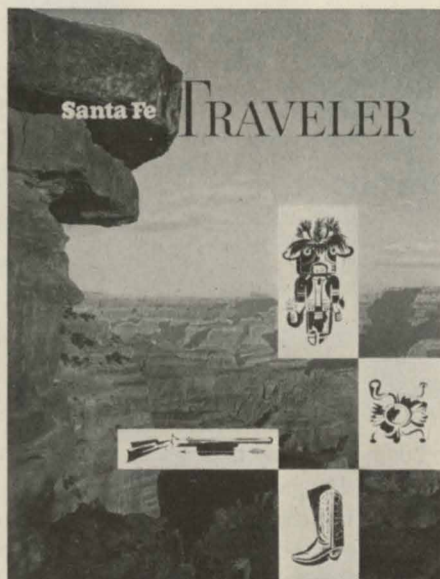
McDonald-Thompson
564 Market St.
San Francisco 4, Calif.

McDonald-Thompson
Terminal Sales Bldg.
Seattle 1, Wash.

Arthur Morton Good & Co.
545 Fifth Ave.
New York 17, N. Y.

Lytte-Nieman
332 So. Michigan Ave.
Chicago 4, Ill.

The first Traveler



The cover . . . for countless centuries
men have gazed in wonder
and viewed with subdued awe
the pastel colors and majestic expanse
of the Grand Canyon of Arizona.
This deep slash in the earth's surface
is the stupendous result
of millions of years of gouging
by the mighty Colorado River,
and ceaseless buffeting
by the restless winds of the Southwest.

This is Volume I, Number I, of the Santa Fe Traveler. If you have any suggestions or comments, critical or otherwise, the editor would be glad to have them, for that is the only way editors can judge their work. Perhaps you would like to send copies of the Traveler to friends and relatives at home. Copies will be mailed by the publisher at a charge of 50c each, which includes postage.

Use coupon below.

Traveler Publishing Co., Inc.
208 South LaSalle Street
Chicago 4, Illinois

Please mail the Santa Fe Traveler to the following addresses.

Enclosed is \$ to cover mailing (send check or money order).

NAME _____	
STREET _____	CITY _____
NAME _____	
STREET _____	CITY _____
SENDER'S NAME _____	
STREET _____	CITY _____

Illinois

Heartland of a continent



■ Not all Chicagoans cheered when the first railroad train chuffed into their muddy little village a hundred years ago. Many believed that a railroad would ruin their trade with the farmers who made frequent trips to town to sell their produce, and returned home in wagons piled high with merchandise purchased in Chicago shops. With railroads fanning into the country the farmers could remain at home and ship their produce by rail. If this occurred Chicago merchants feared that their thriving trade with the farmers would end.

But as everywhere else in America the coming of the railroad opened up vast new areas to trade and commerce. Within twenty years ten railroads had entered Chicago; the population had trebled. Trade

boomed. Today Chicago is far and away the world's greatest railroad center. Thirty-eight railroads operate 7,869 miles of track within the Chicago Terminal District. That's more track than there is in the whole of New York State. Every weekday 350,000 passengers get on or off a train in the Windy City; 45,000 freight cars roll in or out; three million pieces of mail are dispatched by rail; and enough food to feed a city of 12,000 is stocked aboard the 153 dining cars attached to outbound trains.

Chicago is more than a railroad center. Its sprawling factories lead the nation in the production of radio and television sets, radar and electronic equipment, metalwares, packing house products, farm machinery, and candy bars. In the produc-

tion of steel Chicago is a close second to Pittsburgh. Its four mail order firms annually distribute 130 million catalogues. An average of two billion dozen eggs are traded every year on the Mercantile Exchange. The grain exchange in the Board of Trade is the world's largest.

The Art Institute (Michigan Ave. at Adams St.) houses the finest collection of paintings to be seen anywhere. Five great medical schools have pushed Chicago into top place as a medical center (one out of every five U.S. doctors studied in Chicago). Chicago scientists are pioneers in the development of atomic energy.

Blackhawk Battleground

Santa Fe tracks follow the Chicago Drainage Canal, a sluggish man-made stream flanked by towering grain elevators, squat oil storage tanks, and the plants of many industries that have made Chicago world-famed. During World War II submarines, landing craft and small steamers, built in Chicago and Great Lakes shipyards, cautiously nosed through the 53-mile Canal to its confluence with the Illinois River, which in turn joins the waters of the Mississippi swirling to the Gulf of Mexico. Although these craft were launched a thousand miles or more from salt water, many of them fought in the Atlantic and Pacific.

Joliet (35 miles from Chicago, pop. 43,000) was named, in 1831, by its pioneer settler, Charles Reed, who likely as not forgot how to spell properly the name of Louis Jolliet, the French explorer. In 1637, Jolliet, along with Pere Marquette

The west lies beyond Chicago's Michigan Avenue skyscrapers.



and several others, was the first white man to enter this territory. The Blackhawk Indians they encountered were friendly enough, if somewhat skeptical about the Frenchmen's good intentions and the professed good will of the far-away French King. Years later intermittent warfare between the Blackhawks and Illinois settlers in the vicinity of Joliet was bitter and bloody.

Prairie Land

Beyond Joliet Illinois stretches in an eye-filling wonder of prairie—a land where the rich black loam is planted to corn that in autumn is shocked row upon row to the horizons. In October when the pastel haze of Indian Summer drifts low in the sky, romanticists believe that the ghosts of the Blackhawks roam the land, and the light of the harvest moon illuminates their teepees and camps amid the corn shocks.

Illinois was not always so trimly cultivated and meticulously cropped. When Jolliet, and later La Salle, first ventured into this strange silent region, green forests of oak and hemlock trees covered nearly half the land; and where there were no trees there grew a sea-like expanse of shoulder-high Buffalo grass. It was only after the settlers came that the land was laboriously cleared and the plow cut deep into the soil. Today Illinois ranks fourth among the states in the value of agricultural products. Corn is the most important crop. In winter Illinois farmers are busy feeding corn to lean, grass-fed cattle shipped from western ranges. When ready for market the corn-fattened steers are sent to Chicago packinghouses.

The black and fertile soil of Illinois is but one of the state's many riches. Another and blacker treasure is coal. In 1948 the state ranked fifth in mining of coal (64 million tons). Streator (pop. 18,500) is an important coal shipping center on Santa Fe lines.



The quiet cold stillness of winter on the prairie.

Galesburg (pop. 30,000) was named by an upstate New York Presbyterian minister, George Washington Gale. The Rev. Gale had serious misgivings about the boisterous West in the early 1800's. There were too few churches and preachers, he thought. Thus Rev. Gale settled Galesburg as a site where young preachers would train for the rigors of spreading the gospel throughout the frontier. Knox College is a monument to Gale's ideal. Two of Galesburg's early citizens distinguished themselves in other ways. One invented the Ferris wheel; another introduced popcorn to England, performed by command before an entranced Queen Victoria. Modern Galesburg is a hustling wholesaling and manufacturing city. One of its plants spews out 100 million paving bricks annually.

Iowa

At milepost 231.6 Santa Fe high iron crosses the Mississippi River to Fort Madison, Iowa. The river at this point is two-thirds of a mile wide. On the Iowa shore

is Lone Chimney Monument (next to the Sheaffer Pen Co. plant), all that remains of the original Fort Madison. Built in 1808, the Fort stood until 1813 when Chief Blackhawk attacked and his besieging warriors squatted on the high hills overlooking a starving garrison. The soldiers escaped one night, crawling through a trench to river boats. The last man out put a torch to the fort.

Six miles west of Fort Madison all Santa Fe trains stop for ten minutes or less at Shopton, a division point. Here train crews from Chicago are relieved by a new crew whose run extends to Kansas City. Locomotives are refueled and a fresh supply of water stored in the bunkers beneath each car. All running gear is carefully checked, the first of many such checks before the trains reach Los Angeles.

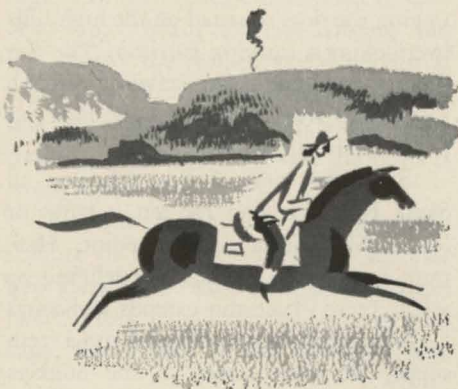
Santa Fe has only 17 miles of track in Iowa, cutting across a finger-shaped part of this state. Here the state is wooded and the train climbs slowly up from the Mississippi River Valley. But to the north Iowa's broad fields are planted to corn.

—A.P.S.



Missouri

Tom Sawyer's Country



■ A Missourian once said that his state is like an old-time country store in the Midwest corn-belt, with a ceiling of sky over a floor space 3,000 square miles larger than the whole of New England. As such it's a comfortable emporium, friendly as a picnic supper in the backwoods and with a fragrance mixed of apples and hickory smoke, peaches and strawberries; new harness leather, molasses and corn-cob pipes.

Missouri as a country store delivers by the pound or carload to all the world. American infantrymen in Japan munch Missouri apples. Pack trains of Missouri mules cracked G.I. tempers, but saved their lives on the Burma Road and in the Italian Alps during World War II.

Within Missouri's borders are the largest animal serum and vaccine plants in the world. One of its plants ships the miracle drug sulfanilamide in 100-pound kegs—along with acids, inks, dyes, DDT, and nearly 600 other chemicals. Another plant is the world's largest producer of fire-clay brick which it exports to 58 countries. Other factories pour out an endless stream of railway cars, river boats, shoes and clothing.

Its shelves sag under a mighty load of corn, wheat, oats, hay, tobacco, and cotton (the state's largest cash crop). Its broad acres are alive with hogs, pure-bred cattle, three and five-gaited saddle horses, and deep below the fertile land are rich deposits of lead, coal, zinc, copper, iron, limestone and granite.

A modern sternwheeler churns the muddy Missouri.



As storekeepers to the nation, Missourians occasionally take time out to talk, cracker-barrel fashion, about their state, its cities, rivers and people.

Missouri Chronicle

They talk about a state that spreads a rich tableland in the north, is a wooded vacationland in the Ozark Mountain region to the south, and then grades down to a low-lying river bottom area in the southeast. Inevitably they talk about their rivers—the burly Missouri that wantonly cuts the state in two, of smaller rivers that are born mysteriously in dark caves, come gurgling to the surface as gigantic springs and may even sink underground miles away into great subterranean watercourses—and of the broad Mississippi that marks the state's eastern boundary for 545 miles.

To be sure there are stories about great-great grandfather Missourians whose broad backs bent under the treasure-loads of furs they carried in from the northwest; and of grandfathers who fought in blue and gray uniforms on every battleground of the Civil War; and of raw graves dug after dawn encounters with savage Osage and Kaw braves. And there are tall stories about Jesse James and his gang who delighted in robbing the trains that with a flourish of smoke raced west with the government mails.

They talk about old La Salle, the doughty French explorer who discovered their hawthorns and ancient Indian mounds; of how the land once belonged to the Spanish Crown, was traded to France, and bought, in 1803, by the United States at the bargain price of 2¢ an acre from the bankrupt Napoleon, as part of the Louisiana Purchase.

And, of course, there is small talk about Missouri riflemen who could, and still can, "drive a nail two times out of every three tries" at 40 to 70 yards; of trained dogs with a sixth sense pointing quail; of torpid catfish weighing up to 150 pounds in the sluggish rivers; and the not so sluggish St. Louis Cardinals.

This is Main Street

But the truly great yarns spun by Missourians are of steamboatin' days, the sagas of Huck Finn, Tom Sawyer and Becky Thatcher, back when the Missis-

A *Free* COPY... to new members of the Book-of-the-Month Club

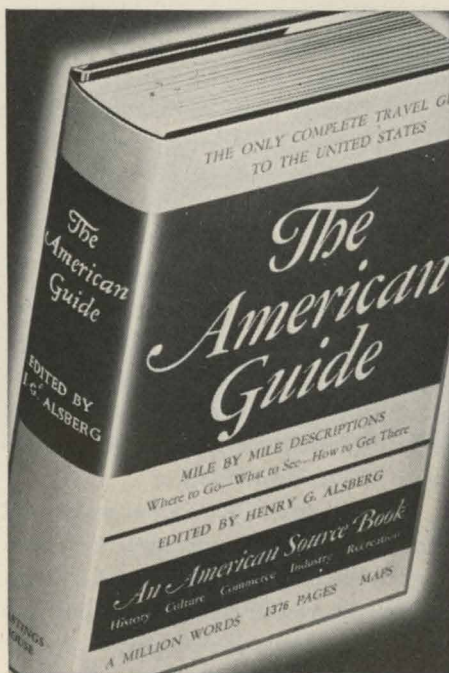
AS AN EXAMPLE OF THE VALUABLE BOOK-DIVIDENDS YOU WILL REGULARLY RECEIVE

THE AMERICAN GUIDE

RETAIL PRICE \$7.50 • 1376 PAGES • 40 PAGES OF MAPS

THE *Only* COMPLETE GUIDE TO THE UNITED STATES... *100,000 Points Of Interest Included*. TAKE IT WHEREVER YOU TRAVEL... CONSULT IT ALWAYS FOR WHERE TO GO... HOW TO GO

... WHAT TO LOOK FOR. Here is a great volume, indispensable for anyone who ever travels through the United States. The land is divided into eight regions, with an overall description of each one, giving the outstanding historical, geographical, cultural and economic facts about each. Transcontinental tours, connecting these various regions, are laid out and described. Then literally hundreds of tours, to all points of interest within each region, are given in detail... Most travelers overlook far more than they see, just because they don't know what to look for. In this great book—wherever you go in the land—all that you would want to know and would want to see is told about.



OVER \$40,000,000 WORTH OF BOOKS LIKE THIS (RETAIL VALUE) WERE DISTRIBUTED FREE AMONG THE MEMBERS OVER THE PAST 3 YEARS. YET DURING THIS PERIOD MEMBERS PAID ROUGHLY 23% LESS FOR THE BOOKS THEY BOUGHT THAN THEY OTHERWISE WOULD...

How Can This Be Done? It is a striking example—in the field of books—of the economies that can be effected for consumers by quantity production. Club members are never obliged to buy the Book-of-the-Month* (see below), but so many do each month that very large editions can be printed. The saving makes it possible for the Club usually to sell the book itself at a lower-than-retail-price to members. But, in addition, a fixed percentage of the total amount members pay is set aside and “invested” in other large editions of books; and these so-called “Book-Dividends” are given to those members who earn them by their purchases.

Begin your membership with ANY OF THESE GOOD BOOKS

FATHER OF THE BRIDE
by ED STREETER
and
CHEAPER BY THE DOZEN
by FRANK GILBRETH and
E. G. CARY
(Double Selection)
Combined price
(to members only)
\$3.50

POINT OF NO RETURN
by JOHN P. MARQUAND
\$3.50

THEIR FINEST HOUR
by WINSTON CHURCHILL
Price
(to members only)
\$4.00

CRUSADE IN EUROPE
by GEN. DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER
Price
(to members only)
\$3.75

NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR
by GEORGE ORWELL
and
BEHIND THE CURTAIN
by JOHN GUNTHER
(Double Selection)
Combined price
(to members only)
\$3.75

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. A3110
385 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club.* I am to receive, free, THE AMERICAN GUIDE with the purchase of my first book indicated below, and thereafter for every two monthly selections—or Special Members' Editions—I purchase from the Club, I am to receive, free, the current Book-Dividend then being distributed. I agree to purchase at least four monthly selections—or Special Members' Editions—from the Club during the first year I am a member, and I may cancel my membership any time after buying four such books from the Club.

AS MY FIRST PURCHASE PLEASE SEND ME:

(choose one of the books listed directly above)

Name.....
(Please Print Plainly)

Address.....

City..... Postal Zone No. State.....
(if any)

Book prices are slightly higher in Canada but the Club ships to Canadian members, without any extra charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Ltd.

*Trade Mark of Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.

MEMBERSHIP MEANS YOU MAY BUY AS FEW AS FOUR BOOKS A YEAR

These are the simple facts demonstrated to you here—facts which every book-reading family should know:

The five judges of the Book-of-the-Month Club frequently make double selections—two good books which you may buy, if you wish, *usually at little more than the price of one*—a direct money saving, important in these days of high prices.

With every two selections you buy after your first purchase (a double-choice is counted as a single purchase) you receive one of the Club's Book-Dividends, like *The American Guide*.

More often than not, the Club's choices are books you fully intend to buy, and then neglect to. The Club's unique system—acting always as a reminder of your own good intentions—thus effectually insures

you against missing the particular new books you are anxious to read. This appeals to many busy persons even more than the marked saving.

The long quarter-century record shows that most Book-of-the-Month Club selections are important new books you buy anyway (when you don't forget to). Why not buy just these books from the Club itself—usually pay less for them—and then share in the Book-Dividends.

Remember always, you need buy only the selections you are sure you want; you are allowed, as a member, to buy as few as four a year, if you wish.

Hundreds of thousands of book-reading families now use this sensible service. We suggest you try it for a short time, and see how advantageous it is.

issippi was the busy main street between St. Louis and New Orleans—a waltz with Parisian gaiety and crowded with card sharks armed with an extra ace.

Seventeen miles west of Shopton, Santa Fe trains cross the Des Moines River, boundary between Iowa and Missouri, on a bridge 900 feet long; then cut diagonally 221 miles across the northern part of Missouri to Kansas City.

The region served by the Santa Fe in Missouri is predominantly agricultural, and towns along the line with tree-shaded streets and neat white houses, are for the most part small communities where farmers come to buy supplies and ship their produce. Dumas, Wyaconda, Gorin, Hurdland, and La Plata are typical of such towns. These shaded villages are the true prototypes of Main Street, busy with the doings of a people whose inner poise and peace richly rewards their way of life.

At Milepost 369 the Santa Fe crosses the Grand River, a placid stream that is an important route on the north-south wildlife flyway. In autumn when northern birds flee the cold they come honking south, following the Mississippi and its tributaries, of which the Grand is one. Tens of thousands of shorebirds, geese, ducks, pelicans and other waterfowl use the Grand River flyway, stopping in autumn and spring along its banks to rest and feed amid the wheat and cornfields.

Carrollton (pop. 4,008) perches on a high bluff overlooking the Missouri River bottom. Here the Santa Fe begins a gradual descent to the Missouri, and passes through Hardin and Henrietta. A few

miles away is the Lexington battlefield, where in September, 1861, over earthworks still visible, Confederate forces under General Sterling Price defeated Union troops led by Colonel James A. Mulligan.

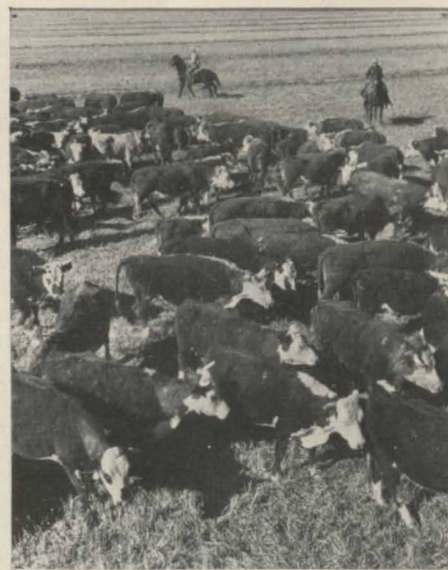
Continuing its descent, and passing through Camden, the Santa Fe crosses the Missouri on a bridge eight-tenths of a mile long and 135 feet high, at Sibley. Near here, in 1852, occurred one of the worst disasters in the disaster-marked era of steamboatin' on the Missouri. The steamboat *Saluda*, with 250 Mormon settlers aboard, was chuffing upstream, bucking a strong current swollen by spring floods. Nearly all of the Mormons were lost when the *Saluda's* tired boilers burst with a shattering roar.

The Old Trail

Approaching Kansas City, the Santa Fe follows close to the south bank of the Missouri. Just before entering the city limits, and a few miles south of Santa Fe track is the city of Independence, birthplace of President Truman.

Independence, Missouri, was world renowned as a lusty, untamed, wide-open town when neighboring Kansas City (correct spelling a century ago) was no more than a settlement of 400 people. As the eastern terminus of the Santa Fe Trail, Independence was the jumping-off place for tens of thousands of settlers and adventurers who debarked from river craft at its wharves, outfitted with supplies at its stores, and struck out westward across the Plains.

Until the railroad was completed, in 1880, to Santa Fe, long trains of deep-bellied prairie schooners rolled west from Independence on the long sixty day trek to the Spanish capital of Santa Fe in New Mexico. In 1850 a monthly stage line was established to Santa Fe; time enroute: two weeks; fare 250 gold dollars. At one time when traffic was at its peak 5,000 wagons were employed in freighting goods and passengers over the Trail.

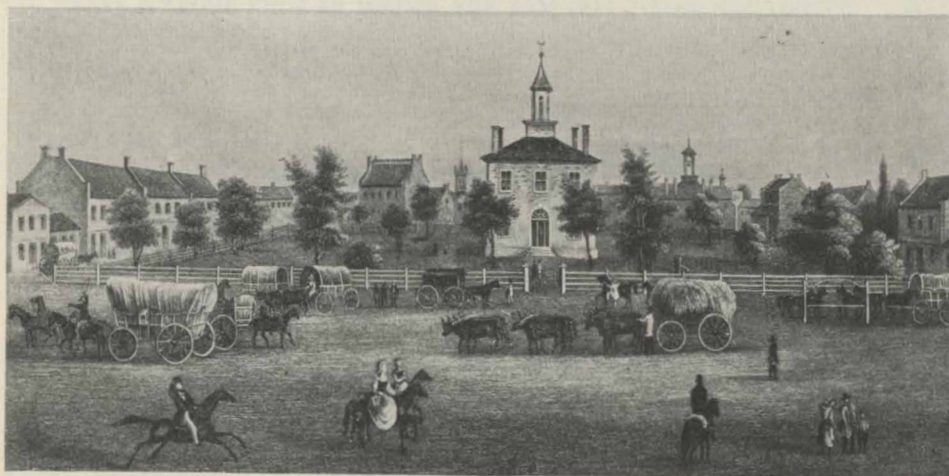


Kansas City steaks

Kansas City, Mo., capital of beef and wheat, second largest city in the state, (St. Louis is larger), is a towered gateway to the Southwest. Born of the fur trade, about 1810, and nourished by the early Missouri steamboat traffic from around 1820, it grew without interruption to become a railroad hub, convention city, culture center, and a State Street and a Broadway for buyers and spenders from as far away as Colorado and Texas.

Into its mammoth Union Station, handling 350 trains a day, 12 major railway systems bring eight million passengers a year. It is the second largest meat-packing center of the United States, and its stockyards of 238 acres, able to care for 175,000 animals daily, serves the largest horse and mule market in the country and makes it first in cattle shipments. Its pipelines tap the oil of Kansas and the Southwest. Its 41 grain elevators have a capacity of over 62 million bushels. It is a great lumber market, and seed distribution center of the world.—WM. B. SCHENK

Wagon trains rolled west from Independence.





■ Except for a dog-eared little corner in the northeast, made by the careless, clumsy Missouri River, Kansas is a perfect rectangle in the exact geographical center of the 48 states—a page of gold in the middle of the American album.

As the air conditioned streamliners honk west under the Kansas night sky, Colorado bound, the wheels sing a song for those with an ear for history—hum a ballad wrung out of the shadows and smokes of long ago. Nature's ways and men's dreams hover in the verses.

There is a faint whisper—in Castilian Spanish—of bold Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, who led 300 mounted lancers and 700 cuirassed footmen into these regions in 1541—in a search for a grand and magnificent myth—the Seven Cities of Cibola and their fabulous riches.

There are the fresh smells of the first furrows—sometimes broken in the sod with crude plows pulled by ox teams—sometimes split with an ax, the seed kernels dropped in and stamped over.

And there is the starlit saga of "Bleeding Kansas"—guerilla battleground before the Civil War, with echoes of raider yells

and hoofbeats in the dark, and the gunshots of Free Soldiers defending their cabins in the short grass—and a guarded glimmer of candlelight from the stations along the underground railroad for runaway slaves. There is the tangled, twisted story of John Brown, "Old Brown of Ossawatimie," whose five fighting sons came to Kansas in 1855 before the father followed in a wagon with Sharp's Rifles.

As the streamliners hurry west in the moonlight alongside the very ruts left by the pack mules, the ox-wagons, and the stage coaches of Kansas history, a pageant of gaunt, incredible men marches alongside. There are the farmers who scoured the prairie for buffalo bones to earn a few dollars during the hard times of 1887. There are the cavalry men of Civil War fame, who fought Indians in this moonlight: Custer, Sheridan, Miles, Hancock, Pope and Lawton. There are the sharp-eyed Missouri River steamboat pilots. And, there are the bonneted, calicoed women who saw to it that homes and schools and churches rose from the land so that Kansas could some day laugh and make up stories about the hard days of

the past. There are the fabulous stories of grasshoppers so big one of them filled a railroad flatcar—of farms so wide that by the time the mortgage was recorded on the west side the mortgage on the east side had come due—of dust storms so thick prairie dogs burrowed holes straight up in the air and of badmen so mean their trigger-fingers jerked for half an hour after they were shot down and died.

Such is the history of a state where wheat is now gold. Kansas farmers, soil and weather teamed up in 1949 to reap a harvest of 180 million bushels, the second largest crop in the state's history, and enough to bake 7 billion loaves of bread.

The wheat crop was enormous, but Kansas is bigger—210 miles from north to south, 410 miles from east to west. On its rolling plain, averaging a gain of seven feet altitude for every mile it billows toward the foothills of the Rockies, there was plenty of elbow-room for other crops.

Corn, in fact, was king in Kansas until deposed by wheat in 1914; but it is still an important crop, waddling to market in the form of pork chops and juicy steaks.

Kansas leads the U.S. in the production of alfalfa seed and boasts the largest broom corn market in the world at Wichita. The national dinner table is heaped with Kansas potatoes, soy beans, melons, apples, poultry and dairy products, and many of its cloths and napkins are loomed from Kansas flax.

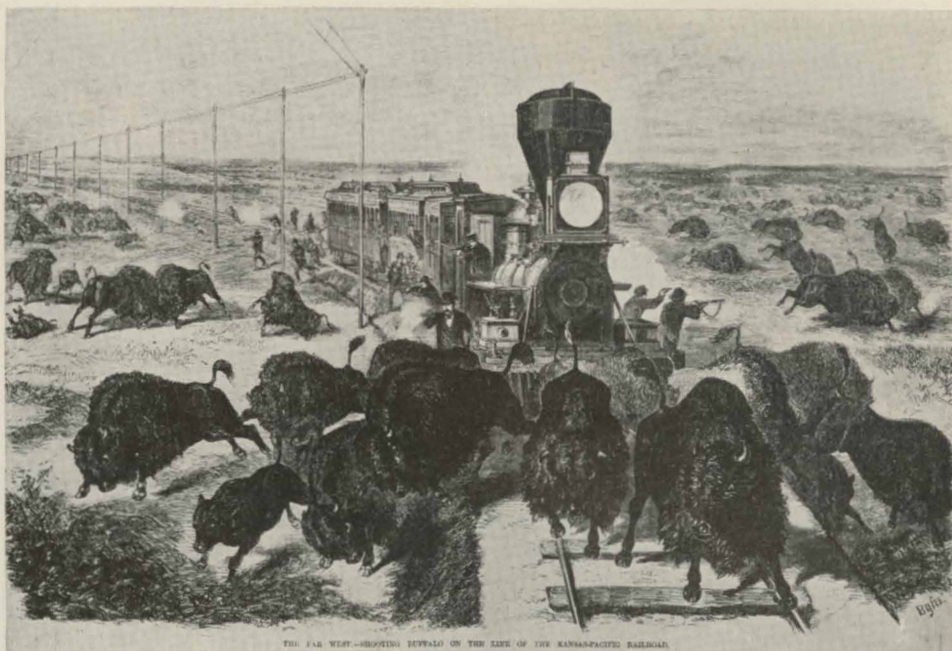
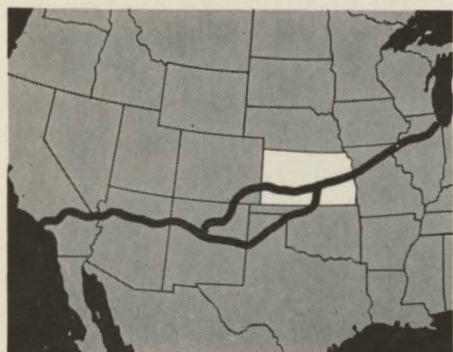
Below the topsoil lie deposits of coal, zinc, cement, lead and building stone. It is the third largest salt producing state with two of the deepest salt mines in the world at Hutchinson and Kanopolis. But in money value, oil leads. Back in pioneer days drivers on the Santa Fe Trail greased their wagon wheels with the black petroleum they scooped from surface pools. Last year Kansas derricks sucked from the earth 108 million barrels of oil worth \$279.5 million.

Of this pocket empire of grain, pastures, mines and wells, the Santa Fe is the steel backbone and ribs.

Kansas City, Kansas, is the state's first city on the Santa Fe lines and although a separate entity from Kansas City, Missouri, the cities are practically one. Its stockyards and meat-packing houses are second only to Chicago's; its hay and grain storage facilities second to none in the world. At Argentine on the outskirts of the city is the Santa Fe's new hump-yard, where some 8,000 cars are switched every twenty-four hours in the restless process of shunting the nation's freight back and forth across a continent.

Thirty miles and forty minutes west of Kansas City is Eudora. Less than a century ago Eudora was a day-long trek from Independence, and weary travelers on the Santa Fe Trail bedded down at Eudora for their first night on the dark and lonely prairie.

Through Kansas the Santa Fe operates two routes (see map). The double-track mainline barrels straight west via the



Trains were often a day or more late.

Ottawa Cutoff to Dodge City and Colorado. The second route loops up to Topeka, rejoins the mainline at Emporia, and then at Newton cuts south to Wichita.

Lawrence, "the Athens of Kansas," on the Topeka route was founded by anti-slavery forces from New England in 1854 and became headquarters of the Free State party until the beginning of the Civil War. Today the seat of the University of Kansas, and Haskell Institute, the largest government supported Indian college in the U.S., it has a \$75,000 opera house, and substantial industries, including the manufacture of pipe organs and horse collars.

Wheat Empire

Topeka (pop. 104,000) was the birthplace of the Santa Fe system.* It became the state capital when Kansas was admitted to the Union in 1861, and grew rapidly when construction of the railroad was begun in 1869. With meat-packing, flour milling, printing and publishing as its chief industries, Topeka is the commercial capital of a fertile kingdom. Its largest single industry is the Santa Fe Railway, which employs 5,000 Topekans in its repair shops and general offices. Here in 146 buildings and sprawling over 293 acres railroad shopmen can replace

**In a log cabin. A history of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway system begins on page 10.*

a broken bolt on a caboose or completely rebuild the biggest locomotive on the system.

Newton, tucked among gently rolling hills, succeeded Abilene as the terminus of the Chisholm Trail when the Santa Fe built west from Abilene in 1871. For three years until the cattle trail moved west with the railroad Newton held the dubious honor of being the meanest "cow town" in the west. But a new element of people was about to remake Newton. Between 1874 and 1883 15,000 Mennonites arrived from Russia, bringing with them a new variety of wheat—a red winter grain, iron-hard, that thrived in Kansas. Thousands more of these quiet, industrious people followed and settled around Newton. Bethel College in Newton is the oldest and largest Mennonite College in the U.S.

Newton is one of the busiest division points on the Santa Fe. Day and night great trains from the west, and from Texas—the *Texas Chief*, the *Antelope*, and the *Ranger*—hurry through this funnel between east, west and south.

Wichita (pop. 184,115) on the Arkansas River, is the chief commercial and industrial center of southern Kansas, and the largest city in the state. It was named after the Indian tribe which lived in the region before the town was founded shortly after the Civil War. Wichita has large flour mills, stockyards and packing

plants, oil refineries, farm machinery plants and aircraft plants that built nearly 25,000 planes of all kinds for the armed services during World War II.

From Wichita, the Panhandle route of the Santa Fe passes through Mulvane, crosses the Arkansas River on its way to Wellington, and then passes through Harper, Attica, and Kiowa. Beyond Kiowa, the track crosses the Kansas-Oklahoma line and heads southwest through Oklahoma and the Panhandle section of Texas.

On the northern route after leaving Newton the main line heads for Hutchinson on the Arkansas River. This city of 35,000, fourth largest in Kansas, is sometimes called the "Salt City", for mining and processing of salt is its major industry. The processing plants ship more than three million barrels of salt a year from the deep mines that surround this area. It is the smallest city in the world with its own grain futures market. Amid the wheat fields and salt mines rear the towers of oil drilling rigs, and box cars of wheat rub couplers with tank cars of black oil in Hutchinson's busy freight yards.

The Law Was Far Away

Dodge City, the "buckle on the Kansas wheat belt," is the metropolis of southwest Kansas, and the trade and cultural center of one of the greatest wheat-producing areas in the world. When the railroad first came to Dodge City trains were often delayed for hours as they waited for enormous herds of buffalo to cross the tracks. An estimated 70 million buffalo roamed the plains of western Kansas.

The streets of Dodge City are quiet and peaceful now, shaded by elms planted by quiet and peaceful citizens, and the buffaloes long since have joined the Indians in their Happy Hunting Ground. But there was a time when treeless, sunbaked Dodge City was the wildest town on the American frontier—a quick-triggered, sharp-eyed capital of cowboys and straight alcohol, buffalo hunters and dancehall women. That was when the Santa Fe rails arrived in 1872, to make Dodge City for the next fifteen years a promised land at the end of the long trails from Texas and the West. The law was 100 miles away at Fort Hayes; sudden death was across the street—or the bar—or the card-table.

—WM. B. SCHENK.

the Panhandle

Boots and Saddles



only 482 people living in the shack-town of Amarillo, and less than 5,000 people in the whole 40,000 square mile area of the Texas Panhandle. Today Amarillo is a thriving modern city of 65,000 people. When Santa Fe track reached Clovis (pop. 21,000) a branch line was extended south through the Pecos Valley, thereby opening up for the tourist trade the Carlsbad Caverns, the largest and most spectacular caverns in the world.

Jim White, a cowpuncher, stumbled upon the Carlsbad Caverns back in 1901 when his curiosity was aroused by an army of bats swarming around a hole that ran deep into the earth. Holding aloft a torch, White entered the hole and gazed upon one of the great freaks of nature, created some 200 million years ago. Even today this labyrinth of underground caves and passages have not been fully explored although about 32 miles of this subterranean wonderland is open to inspection by sightseers.

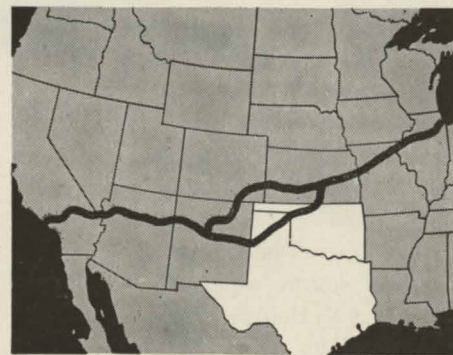
Huge multi-colored stalagmites suspend from ceilings that in some places are 600 feet or more overhead. Conversely, other stalagmites created by moisture dripping from above, called stalagmites, rise hundreds of feet from the floors of the caves. The limestone walls of the caves and passageways are smooth-as-silk in some places, in others ragged and weirdly shaped. Biggest cave of all is the Big Room—an eerie maw of a place 4,000 feet long by 625 feet wide. A man walking would need one and one-half hours to encircle this amphitheater.—A.P.S.

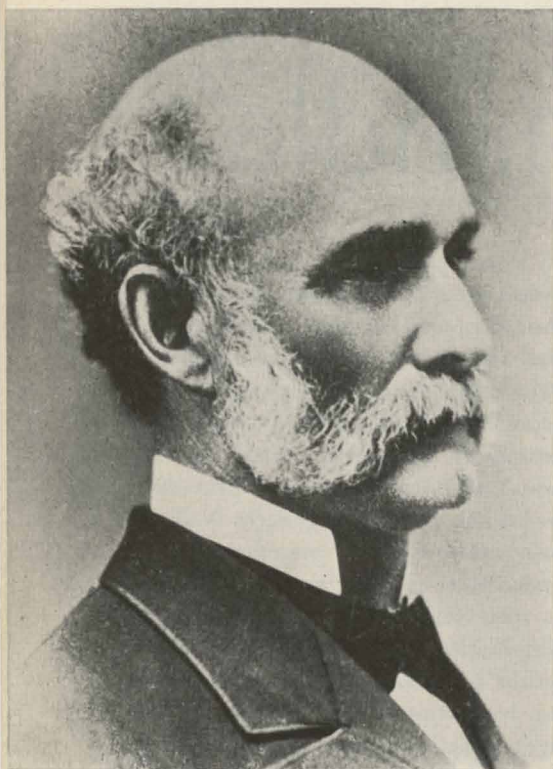
■ Passengers traveling on the *Grand Canyon Limited* and the *Scout* traverse the Panhandle route through Wichita, a corner of Oklahoma, the Panhandle of Texas, and then into New Mexico to Belen, where this line rejoins the mainline track.

The Panhandle is a region rich with the tradition of the southwest frontier—a land of vast cattle ranches, bronzed, hard-riding cattlemen (the word cowboy, incidentally, is seldom heard in the West, is used only by easterners and Hollywood crooners) and long, dusty trails to the water holes and river beds.

It is a hot treeless land except for scrub oaks and cottonwoods in the river valleys, and there are coyotes and rattlers in the hills. But there is no better land in the world for grazing cattle and growing wheat and sorghum. At every station on this line there are towering grain elevators and multicellular cattle-loading pens where white-faced steers are entrained for midwest feed lots. There are oil fields at Pampa and Panhandle.

When the Santa Fe decided in 1890 to build its Panhandle line there were





Santa Fe's History

How one man's dream

became the steel highway for millions

■ It was hard going building a railroad to the Pacific back in the 1870's. Indians, aroused over the westward march of the white man, ripped up track and snipped telegraph lines; great herds of buffalo got in the way. There were no modern bulldozers nor pneumatic drills, so the work of leveling a roadbed over the wrinkled land was done the hard way—with pick and shovel. The pay was low, and often late, always, of course, followed by women of easy virtue, cardsharks with trick decks, and purveyors of raw whiskey that did strange and wondrous things to a man.

The going was slow—a mile of track a day was better than average. It took fifteen months to throw an iron bridge across Canyon Diablo. In western Kansas a gale of wind blew a construction train off the spindly track. Rival railroads battled with writs in the courts, and with their bare knuckles in the passes to block the upstart Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe.

As a matter of fact, being a brass hat in those stormy times was hard going too. Cyrus K. Holliday schemed and toiled and talked for ten years before the first

mile of track of his dream railroad was tamped down. There was practically no money in the west, and eastern capitalists scoffed at Holliday's plan for a railroad into the southwest. In all that vast territory there were only two people to the square mile and no freight to carry except a few tons of buffalo hides. Land out there, said the eastern bankers, was worth less than a nickel an acre, and if the enterprising gentleman in Texas who had imported camels from the Sahara to haul freight across the desert couldn't make money with such low cost operation, there wasn't much reason to believe that Holliday's expensive railroad could pay its way.

But Holliday, a transplanted New York state engineer who had moved to Topeka, laid out its streets and served three times as the town's mayor, had his sights set on a line of steel paralleling the bustling Santa Fe Trail into New Mexico, and eventually over the Rockies to California. It was a bold dream of the kind that men living in a free nation dared to dream because there was always the chance that it might be fulfilled—as most dreams were in America.

Holliday and a few staunch Kansas friends stubbornly clung to their belief that the railroad would open up a new rich empire. With their own modest capital (\$52,000)—the rock-bottom of their hard-earned savings—they formed a company, obtained a charter, and made their first surveys. Finally, on a blustery day in October, 1868, a gang of 25 men dug deep and turned over the first shovelfuls of earth for a railroad that now stretches for 13,081 miles from the Great Lakes to the Pacific and the Gulf of Mexico.

By the next spring the Santa Fe was a railroad in fact as well as in name. It possessed a wheezy second-hand locomotive, a rattle-trap passenger coach purchased for a few hundred dollars from an eastern road, and 12 flat cars used for construction work.

By fits and starts the line crept west. At every wind-blown settlement the populace turned out for a whizbang celebration that included buffalo and antelope steaks, free beer, and, naturally, hours of oratory. When the Santa Fe reached Newton the traffic hungry railroad hit the jackpot, for here the track bisected the old Chisholm

Trail over which lumbered tens of thousands of longhorn cattle annually on their long trek from Texas to eastern markets. Holliday's railroad made money for more construction by hauling these cattle east.

Meanwhile from the east came the emigrants, at first only a trickle of hardy settlers, but by 1879 an endless flood of homesteaders. With rail transportation to bring in the settlers and carry their produce out, land was no longer worth "less than a nickel" an acre. Towns sprang up where once had stood the lonely telegraph operators' shacks. Lots in Emporia sold for \$1000 and grain elevators and cattle pens sprouted along the miles of track.

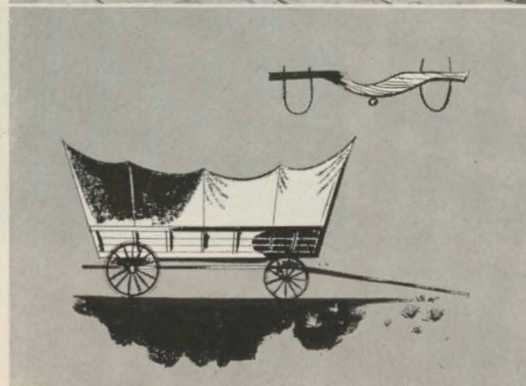
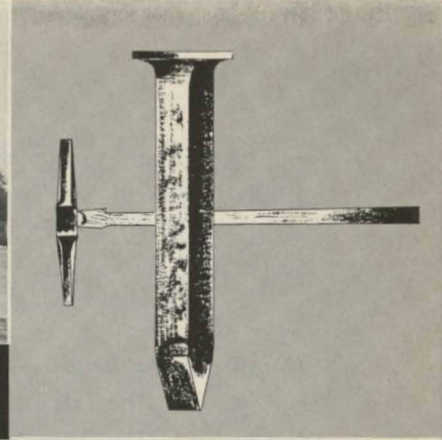
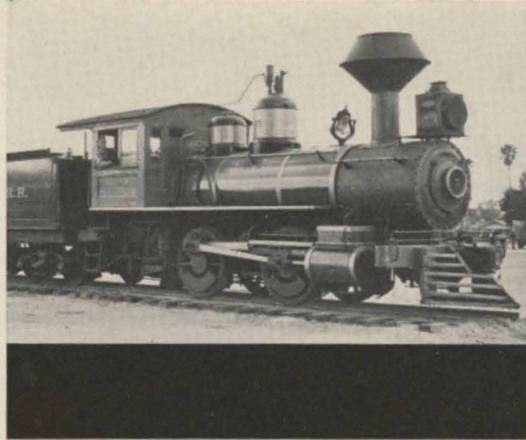
Banjos and Shooting Irons

The emigrant trains were the first all-coach sit-up trains, but without Sleepy Hollow seats and air-conditioned diners. The seats were of wood and cars were heated by pitifully inadequate potbellied stoves. At mealtimes trains jerked to a stop while passengers climbed from the cars, collected wood to stoke the cookstoves in the coaches. Before leaving Kansas City emigrants bought paper bags of food and straw mattresses to spread on the hard seats.

But for all the hardships, the passengers on their way west to open up a new and free country were gay, and animated by hope and opportunity. There was seldom a car that lacked a musician who strummed on his newly acquired banjo, the newly learned tune, "O Susanna!"

Out beyond Dodge City herds of buffalo browsing over the right-of-way often held up trains for a day or longer. Passengers and crew, armed with Winchester, potted away at the huge animals. Although the slaughter was merciless the herds were so numerous that they blackened the prairie to the horizon. In one year, a quarter million buffalo hides which fetched one to three dollars apiece were shipped east from Dodge City. One man, Tom Nickson, claimed he killed 140 buffalo in 40 minutes, 2,173 in 30 days. In twenty years 31 million buffalo were killed in Kansas.

Another kind of shooting less to the taste of those aboard trains was by gangs of holdup men. Their favorite mode of attack was after dark when they would shoot out the locomotive headlight, forc-



ing the engineer to stop the train. The looting began in the mail and express cars; then the robbers proceeded leisurely through the coaches lifting everything of portable value from the cowed passengers.

Names on the Land

One of the minor chores connected with building a railroad through this new and unsettled territory was thinking up names for future townsites. At intervals of five to six miles the railbuilders envisioned settlements which would develop into thriving towns and cities. These places had to be named, and since, in most cases, nobody had been there before, the naming fell to the construction engineers.

Townsites were named for wives, daughters, sweethearts, railroad officials, characters from popular fiction and from the classics. Occasionally they came across a hardy soul who had gone west before the railroad and settled on a piece of land. As often as not they named the townsites for these settlers.

The names of heroes, vaguely remembered from grammar school Greek mythology or ancient history, were used. Indian names, when they were pronounceable, came in handy. Some examples: Topeka (potato field); Wichita (many lodges); Pasadena (Valley's Crown). Unusual characteristics of the terrain often suggested names; thus a sharp bend in the Arkansas River was named Great Bend; a grove of ash trees at a fork in a river became Ash Fork.

Later when the engineers got into the southwest, they found that the Spaniards who had been there before them had done a competent job of place naming. However, many of the Spanish names were much too long to suit the Americans; thus *La Villa Real de La Santa Fe de San Francisco* (the Royal City of the Holy Faith of Saint Francis) was shortened to Santa Fe. Up in the mountains gold prospectors did their own naming, some of which was remarkably imaginative. Examples: Jackass Gulch, Petticoat Slide, Chucklehead Diggings, Graveyard Canon, Pancake Ravine, Poker Flat and Loafer's Retreat.

Gradually as the west settled down and the genius of American industry poured out new and better equipment, the Santa Fe expanded into a major rail-

road. There was capital available and plenty of traffic. Rail reached Albuquerque in 1880, the first sleepers went through from Kansas City to Los Angeles in 1881. Fred Harvey opened a chain of immaculate eating houses where trains stopped and passengers were served enormous quantities of the best food west of Chicago. According to eyewitness accounts, the waitresses employed by Fred Harvey were the trimmest girls ever to hoist a tray.

Working on the Railroad

Santa Fe operating men say that they are never finished building their railroad. The Santa Fe hasn't added much mileage during the past ten years; but it has built 50 steel bridges and 250 concrete bridges, straightened out 80 road miles of curves, laid 4,030 miles of new rail, and installed 1,162 miles of automatic signal controls and centralized traffic controls. Nearly three hundred new Diesels have gone into service as have 252 new passenger cars, 18,000 freight cars, with more to come. For these and other improvements the bill came to a staggering \$354 million for ten years.

All this adds up to a modern railroad. The big Diesels save hours of transit time for the 133,000 carloads of perishables that rumble eastward over Santa Fe track every year. Heavier track and fewer curves make for faster schedules with greater safety. Better signaling and Centralized

Traffic Control mean faster and safer passing of trains in single-track territory.

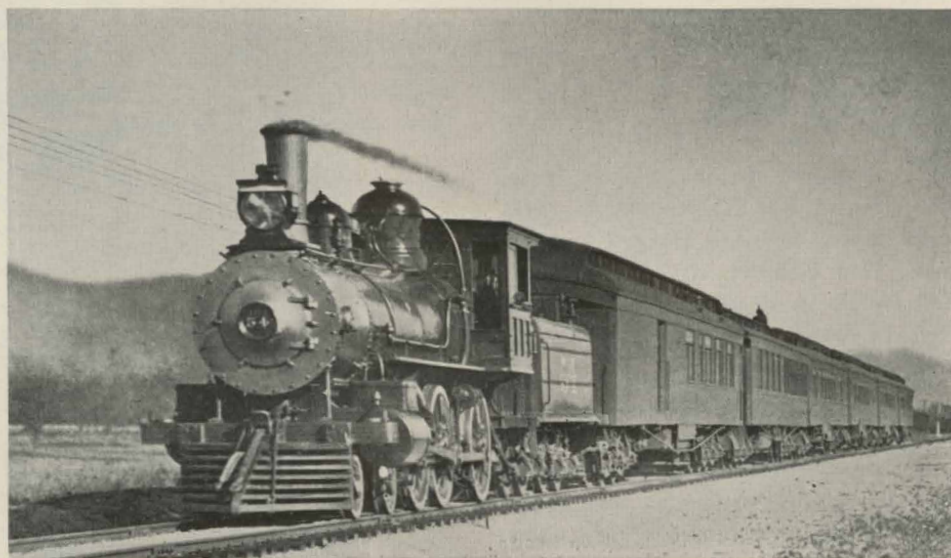
But railroading is not all track and trains—it is people, too. On the Santa Fe it is 60,000 people whose teamwork and diligence keep the tracks clear and the trains rolling. During the Chicago to Los Angeles run of the *Super-Chief*, 14 engineers, 14 firemen, and 9 conductors will guide the train over their respective districts, i.e., from Chicago to Shopton, Shopton to Kansas City, etc. Dining car stewards and waiters, and Pullman porters, stay aboard for the entire trip, lay over in Los Angeles for 24 hours and return home. They average three such round trips a month. Porters on through cars from the east make two trips a month.

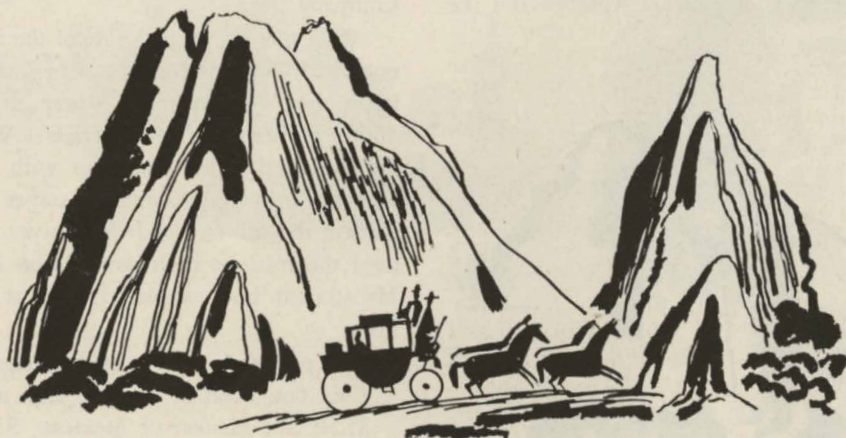
The dozens of men and women charged with provisioning the *Super-Chief* for its westward run are nimble housekeepers. Within easy reach of the dining car chefs are no less than 290 food items, including 65 lbs. of turkey, 450 oranges, 9 varieties of cheese, 45 dozen eggs, and 15 bunches of watercress. The dining car is stocked with 165 tablecloths, 600 napkins. Aboard the sleeping cars are stowed 1,580 towels, 280 blankets, 900 sheets, and 160 bars of soap. The Santa Fe's annual list of purchases includes 150,000 separate items, running the gamut from locomotives to Colorado brook trout.

All told Santa Fe transported four and a half million passengers in addition to 2,000,000 carloads of freight during 1948.

—A. P. S.

The first California Limited was a gay little train.





Colorado

Here Begin the Majestic Rockies

■ Twice as large as all England, Colorado is a sunswept, moonlit stage—three hundred miles in depth, and four hundred miles long.

Its first curtain rose on the dawn dramas of the Basket-Makers and the Cliff-Dwellers whose sets still stand. The nomadic tribesmen came next, played their roles in a buffalo-tallow light, and filed silently into the wings. Then Colorado became a stage that knew the soliloquy of the lone trail-blazer, the creek-bed dialogues of prospector and burro, and the Saturday night jangle of the music box in the lamplighted saloon.

This stage echoed once with the extravaganzas of gold and silver towns that came with the dew and faded with the sun; that reverberated with the costume dramas of fur hunters, Indian fighters, cattle kings, silver and copper barons—against numberless sceneshifts of mountain and sky.

And if, with few exit lines for remembrance, the original casts have vanished through the trapdoors of yesteryear—in a dwindle of gold dust, under slow lifts of gunsmoke, through a thunder of hooves—Colorado is still a stage, back-dropped by the Shining Mountains that

never change and are never twice the same.

Its bouldered passes and gorges are entranceways to recreational resources that include two National Parks, eight National Monuments, and the 13 million acres of eleven National Forests. Its eagle-roost ramparts shadow the sources of four rivers that run far into the American past—the Colorado, the Platte, the Arkansas, and the Rio Grande.

But today, across the silence of ghost towns brooding in its half-forgotten valleys, Colorado rings out with the laughter of skiers bound for powder snow above timberline. Its ice-water streams and mirror lakes echo with anglers' triumph. Its corrals resound with the snort of saddle horses and the challenge of riders.

Colorado's granite mountains still deliver up an annual ransom of gold and silver, and yield new riches of molybdenum, vanadium, tungsten and uranium. Greatest treasure of all are the estimated 70-billion barrel shale oil reserve, and the one and a half trillion tons of coal.

Colorado's vast farmlands once called the American Desert, (despite the blooming profusion of 500 varieties of wild flowers), have grown lush under irri-

gation to produce top-of-the-column car-loadings of celery, potatoes, melons and pinto beans. Colorado leads the world in the production of sugar beets, and its fattening acres have given it international leadership as a sheep market.

"The Highest State" thrusts 1,500 mountains more than 10,000 feet into its health-giving air, including 52 peaks that rise 14,000 feet or higher (Switzerland has only nine).

Holly, at 3,380 feet, is about the lowest point in a state whose average altitude is 6,800 feet. Once a resting place along the old Santa Fe Trail, and once surrounded by horizon-fenced cattle ranches, Holly lies in what is now an agricultural, stock raising, and dairying section.

As the Santa Fe mainliners, drumming across the Arkansas River, push upward from Holly, their picture windows frame glimpses of the West that lies ahead, and the mountains to be climbed. Rock outcroppings appear more frequently now, and the gullies deepen. There are cattle knee deep in water holes and stocky windmills turning in the air over the brush and buffalo grass that greens the tawny soil.

Almost outrunning the sun the streamliners parallel the old Santa Fe Trail to Lamar, trading center for sugar beet, alfalfa, grain and annual host to the Southeast Colorado Livestock and Poultry Show. Just beyond the Santa Fe depot, west-bound riders can see the Madonna of the Trail Monument dedicated to the pioneer mothers of covered-wagon times.

The Junction

Las Animas (pop. 4,000) a county seat in a sheep-feeding region, was named after the river the Spanish called El Rio de Las Animas Perdidas en Purgatorio (The River of the Souls Lost in Purgatory) in honor of an exploration party massacred on its banks in the 1700's. This name the French fur trappers translated and shortened to Purgatoire, and the early American settlers and their descendents altered to "Picketwire." Once the headquarters of Buffalo Bill, and famous for its huge shipments of buffalo meat, Las Animas now is the scene of immense cattle roundups. The Old Trail Fiestas still parade the stagecoach in which Horace Greeley rode when he came west—and

called the nation's young men after him.

At La Junta (alt. 4,045) the Santa Fe maintains its second largest shops. An important branch line forks northwest to Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Denver. An Old Trail city, whose Spanish name means *the junction*, La Junta is the marketing center of southeast Colorado. A modern city of over 4,000 (2,000 of whom work in Santa Fe's shops and offices), La Junta lies among irrigated farmlands producing onions, sugar beets, cantaloupes, melons, tomatoes, and field crops—as well as cattle, horses and turkeys.

The Climb to Raton

At La Junta begins the long pull to Trinidad and the Raton Range. From various points along the line ahead, Santa Fe passengers see snow-silvered outposts of the Rocky Mountains, including, on clear days, Pike's Peak more than 100 miles to the northwest, near the center of the state. Before long, the Spanish Peaks (12,720 to 13,620 feet) of the Culebra Range, will appear, and the Sangre de Cristo Mountains with eight purple peaks higher than 14,000 feet, come into view.

Now, as Mexican adobe huts appear in the sunflowered fields, little trackside towns under the Colorado sky are successively higher steps along the steel-rail stairway; Timpas, at 4,410 feet; Earl at 5,672; Hoehnes at 5,703; and El Moro at 5,833. Trinidad, at 5,971 feet, guarded by mountains and halved by the Purgatoire, was born because of its strategic location on the old Santa Fe Trail. The town's blacksmiths, wagon makers and harness menders did a thriving business mending wagons battered by the long miles from Independence. Trinidad's later growth was due to decades of coal-mining and pinto-bean prosperity, and the 100,000 head of cattle pastured on nearby ranges.

Named after Trinidad Baca, daughter of a pioneer settler, its odd-angled streets, low houses—some of them sod-roofed—give this city of over 11,000 a curiously foreign appearance. Dominating the city is Fisher's Peak, a flat-topped mountain south of the city.

The bronze ghost of Kit Carson, a frequent visitor to Trinidad, crowns the rise in the city park near the station. The famous scout is remembered also in Trinidad's annual Kit Carson Round-Up.

Leaving Trinidad, Santa Fe trains make their way southwest over a steep and twisted route: along the Purgatoire, through wooded canyons, between a wild confusion of weather-carved rock—once the domain of Jicarilla Apaches and the



Utes. The slow steady climb from Trinidad to the highest point 22 miles ahead is made over an average grade of 2% and a maximum of 3½%. Before the powerful Diesels took over, steam trains needed two or three helper engines for the lift over Raton. Freight trains still need extra help.

Morley (alt. 6,940) named after Wil-

liam R. Morley, civil engineer who built the Raton Pass tunnel, is a model coal camp; to the right is one of the world's important coal mines, the famous Morley mine of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company.

On the north (right) side of the track out of Morley, passengers can look down upon the Wooton ranch where in the 1860's Richens L. ("Uncle Dick") Wooton collected tolls, sometimes with rifle in hand, from the wagoneers, stages, cattlemen, the military and the natives who used the road he built over Raton Pass. His account book shows charges as follows:

"... two wagons, \$3; three horsemen, 75¢; one meal, 75¢; hay and meat, \$5.50; for blanket of Mexican, \$1.75; for knife, 50¢; for whiskey, 40¢; and for one candle, 10¢."

A short distance on, where the first boots and hoofs made the first tracks, where the canvas-topped wagons creaked on hickory axles, and rutted the red earth, the stainless-steel Pullmans pass the state-line obelisk and on roller-bearinged wheels roll quietly through Raton Tunnel, highest point on the Santa Fe System, and into New Mexico.

—WM. B. SCHENK

The glorious panorama of Colorado.





New Mexico

Land of Sky, Indians, Saints

■ Like a rug from one of its own Navajo looms, New Mexico is woven of legends and bright contrasts. Three diverse cultures—Indian, Spanish, and American, each carded out of a different epoch, give it a pattern and a texture.

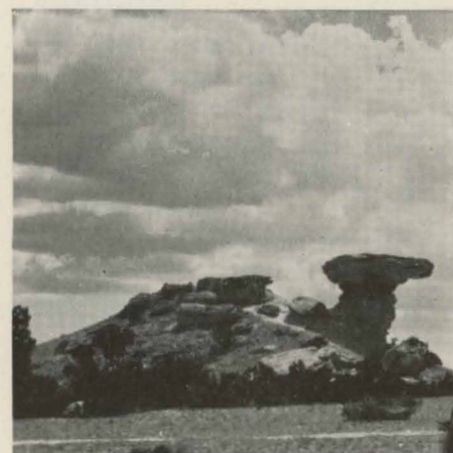
Among the first to be explored, New Mexico was the next to last state to be admitted to the Union. Fourth largest in area, the population of the state is dwarfed by that of Boston. And though the gilded mail and plumed helmets of the Conquistadores shone in its sunlight before the Mayflower was launched, the wooden-wheeled *carreta* still creaks along its ancient trails.

Its capital city, Santa Fe, is the oldest in the United States, but it is still necessary to publish Spanish translations of its legislative acts. And although a *History of New Mexico* was in print ten years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, the wooden flute of the Penitentes may still be heard on the lonely mountainsides. Here modern science detonated the first atomic bomb, but the drums and rattles of native tribesmen still petition the sky-gods for rain. Here the transcontinental streamliners whistle across byroads on which the fastest mode of travel is the burro plodding toward the ancestral butte and mesa homes of the Wind Woman, the War Twins, and the Corn Maidens.

New Mexico has a recollection-piece for all travelers. To some New Mexico may be a balcony in Albuquerque starlight, or the music of a Mexican mother singing to her black-eyed niño on San Francisco Street in Santa Fe; to others it may be the Sky City of the Pueblo of Acoma, or an antique arch sanded smooth by time and wind near Taos. Thus it is not strange that its primitive magics—its ancient enchantments of ochre and turquoise—attract and re-attract a year-round influx of tourists and sightseers greater than its native population.

New Mexico is not all fiestas, sand paintings, and ceremonial tom-toms. The state cuts a rich slice in America's economic pie. Over 97 percent of the state's 78 million acres is used for farming and livestock raising; about one-third of the farm acreage is irrigated. Cotton is the biggest cash crop followed by wheat, barley, oats, sorghums, peanuts and pinto beans.

The potential mineral wealth of the state is too vast to estimate. It leads the nation in potash production, is second in zinc, and third in fluorspar; in its southwest corner is the largest open-pit copper mine in the world. Its coal reserves are greater than that of Belgium and France combined. An increasingly large flow of oil adds to the state's wealth, as does its



vast timberlands of Ponderosa pine and Douglas fir.

Raton is a stock raising, railroading, and coal mining town. Thirty-odd miles southeast is the Capulin Mountain National Monument—one of the world's finest extinct volcanoes—with an almost perfectly symmetrical cinder cone 1,500 feet above the surrounding terrain.

Southward, like a great landmark naturally decreed to memorialize the pioneers, looms the great bulk of Wagon Mound, a butte whose silhouette seen from a distance resembles a prairie schooner and team. The ruts of the old Santa Fe Trail are still visible near Valmora, next station after Wagon Mound; the ruins of old Fort Barkley and of a prehistoric Indian pueblo may be seen near Watrous, last station before Las Vegas on the Gallinas River.

Las Vegas (in Spanish, the meadows), combines a new town and an old one; (combined population 15,000). The new town, East Las Vegas, was born when the

first puffing Sante Fe locomotive arrived in 1880. It is the shipping and supply center for an area comprising 140,000 acres of irrigated and dry-farming land, and a million acres of sheep- and cattle-grazing country. Once the greatest raw wool market in the world, it is an important business center, the seat of New Mexico Highlands University, and a division point for the Santa Fe Railway.

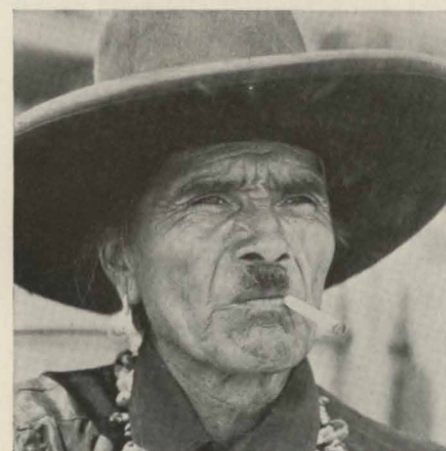
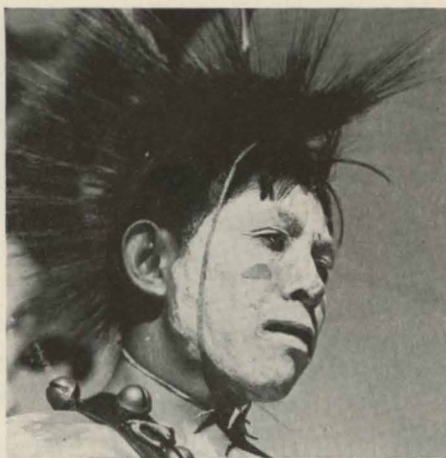
West Las Vegas, the old town, was first settled in 1830. It was on August 15, 1846, in this last important stop for the trade caravans enroute to Santa Fe, that General Kearny, from the roof of an adobe house, proclaimed the annexation of New Mexico to the United States, before he marched his little army to Santa Fe for the final annexation ceremony. The town's aliased-citizens in the 80's included Mysterious Dave, Hatchet-face Kid, Cold-deck George, Wink the Barber, Tommy the Poet, and three Sams—Doubleout, Rattlesnake, and Flyspeck—a motley crew of the wild west's wildest men.

Lamy was named in honor of Archbishop John B. Lamy, the Father Latour of Willa Cather's novel *Death Comes for the Archbishop*. A pioneer Catholic priest who arrived in Santa Fe in 1851, Father Lamy restored New Mexico's old churches and built 85 new ones in the next 16 years. At Lamy station, passengers board a motorbus for Santa Fe, 19 miles north.

Fiesta at Trail's End

To some people Sante Fe is History: the venerable Palacio Real, occupied by 57 Royal Governors under the Spanish crown—the ancient Plaza—the old inn where wagons caked with mud from Missouri and Kansas ended their trek from Independence—the excellent museums with their original documents, books, carvings and paintings, and all their cherished reminders of knives in the night and banners in the sun.

To others, Santa Fe is Faith: the ancient Mission of San Miguel, the Church of Santo Rosario, the Cathedral of St. Francis, and the Chapel of Our Lady of Guadalupe—the famous carved stone reredos of Our Lady of Light brought from Mexico in 1761—and the Statue of the Virgin, *La Conquistadora*



Navajos

—the procession of candle-bearers through narrow streets past pious homes where tapers are lighted and incense burns—and the sermon at the Cross of the Martyrs, dedicated to the 21 Franciscan missionaries killed by the Indians in the Pueblo Revolt of 1680.

To most visitors, Santa Fe is Fiesta: the burning of *Zazobra* (Old Man Gloom), the giant effigy symbolizing fears, inhibitions and woe—tight-trousered fiddlers, silken *rebozos* over the shoulders of guitarists, false faces—band

concerts in the square, be-ribboned burros in *Las Caravanas de Los Paisanos*, the fragrance of *tamales*, *enchiladas*, *frijoles*, and *chili* cooked over pinon coals—the Territorial and Colonial costume tea, and the pageanted re-entry into the city of De Vargas with his company of soldiers, priests, colonists, and Indians.

Santa Fe (pop. 27,000) with its luxurious Fred Harvey hotel, La Fonda, is a starting place for side trips and tours—to Taos and its artists, the grave of Kit Carson and the Mission—to the prehistoric ruins of the Puye Cliff Dwellings and the villages of Frijoles Canyon, the primitive homelife of the Santa Clara Pueblo, and the black pottery-making of San Ildefonso—to tiny Spanish-Indian villages where grain is ground by the tromping of horses—and to all the timeless color and custom, and the age-old charm of the heart of the Southwest.

History or faith—fiesta or headquarters—to all visitors Santa Fe is charming and gay: a city without industries, without a police-whistle, without one stop-and-go light along its sandal-worn curbs. As its painters and poets discovered long ago, it is a city where summer lingers, where mountain air freshens living, where only time hovers between men and the stars.

Painted Desert

Leaving Lamy, Sante Fe streamliners continue their smooth descent another 67 miles to Albuquerque. Rolling down the yellow-earth valley of the Rio Grande through Kennedy and Los Cerrillos, they pass two pueblos which can be seen from the windows: Santo Domingo, noted for its magnificent annual Green Corn Ceremony, and San Felipe, whose 200 year old church with its twin towers is a gem of New Mexico mission architecture. Four miles south of Bernalillo, near where Coronado located his first winter camp in 1540-41, lies the Sandia Pueblo, a village of the Tewa-speaking Indians; the Santa Ana Pueblo is four miles west.

Albuquerque (population 62,188) the hometown Ernie Pyle loved, is the largest city in the state. As such it is the banking, industrial, transportation, and educational center of New Mexico. The city, like Las Vegas, combines an old and a new town. Old Albuquerque was founded in 1706, and the flat-roofed

houses typical of the early 18th century still stand in its outlying districts. Under Spanish and Mexican rule Old Albuquerque was a military post second in importance only to El Paso and Santa Fe. New Albuquerque came into existence when the first city lots were sold from a Santa Fe flatcar after the rails reached it in 1881. The new city promptly became a busy wool market with buyers coming from as far away as Boston and Philadelphia and is still the spindle of New Mexico's wool industry, with a \$10,000,000 gross annual sale of sheep and lambs.

Adjoining the Santa Fe station where all trains pause for ten minutes or more is the Alvarado, a colorful hotel operated by the Fred Harvey System. Next to the Alvarado is the Fred Harvey Indian Building, housing one of the most extensive collections of rare Mexican and Indian arts and crafts relics in the United States. And on the station platform full-blooded Indians sell their handmade jewelry, rugs, and souvenirs. Albuquerque is indeed an interesting stop.

Leaving Albuquerque and the Rio Grande Valley, Santa Fe track is laid between distant walls of sandstone bluffs. This is the valley of the San Jose River with its flag-stop stations: Laguna, near the "Sky City" of Acoma, and the Enchanted Mesa—Grants, with the Zuni Mountains to the southwest—Reid, near

11,389-foot Mt. Taylor—Chaves, from which city all the way to Gallup a steep red sandstone mesa fronts the track on the north—Thoreau, and the Continental Divide, here 7,247 feet above sea level—and Wingate, north of El Morro National Monument, established in 1906 to preserve Inscription Rock whose sheer walls bear Indian picture carvings and inscriptions cut by explorers, soldiers, the '49ers and others over a period of 300 years.

Gallup (pop. 8,000) is a thriving industrial center in an extensive coal mining district. Once a Pony Express station, the city is an important trading point for the Navajo Reservation to the North and the Zuni Reservation to the south. It is the gateway to Mesa Verde National Park, Canyon de Chelly, the Rainbow Natural Bridge, and the Zuni Pueblo—largest pueblo in the United States. The city is famous for its annual Inter-tribal Indian Ceremonial, when the best talent from the Hopi, Apache, Navajo, Pueblo, and other tribes competes in dancing, sand painting, races and rodeo events, to make it the most exciting and colorful Indian Fair in the world.

Last Santa Fe station in New Mexico is the tiny town of Manuelito (pop. 47) named after a powerful Navajo chief. South of the station are remnants of a stage coach post. A few miles west is the state line.—WM. B. SCHENK.

The lonely pinnacle of Shiprock stands 1400 feet high.



Order these
unusual

*Southwestern
Souvenirs*
by mail!



Hand-printed

MAP TABLECLOTHS 150
36 x 36

Hand-printed

MAP APRONS 100
17 x 25

Original Yucca prints in fast colors on "Cactus Cloth." Washable. Available in maps for New Mexico, Arizona, Grand Canyon, California and Texas.

Send orders with check or money order to
Fred Harvey Indian Building
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Shipments are made prepaid.

Fred Harvey

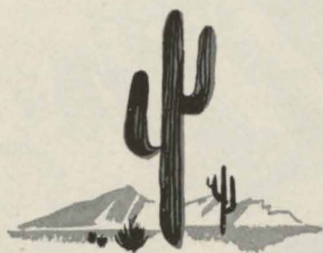


Harvey Houses Along Your Way:

THE CROSSROADS ROOM	Dearborn Station, Chicago
THE WESTPORT ROOM	Union Station, Kansas City
LA FONDA HOTEL	Santa Fe
ALVARADO HOTEL	Albuquerque
EL NAVAJO HOTEL	Gallup
PAINTED DESERT INN	Petrified Forest Nat. Mon.
LA POSADA HOTEL	Winslow
FRAY MARCOS HOTEL	Williams
EL TOVAR HOTEL and	
BRIGHT ANGEL LODGE	Grand Canyon National Park
UNION STATION RESTAURANTS	Los Angeles
HOLLYWOOD RESTAURANT	1743 N. Cahuenga Blvd.

Arizona

The Sunshine State



■ Only a generation ago, Arizona was a treasure chest locked tight under the deepest sands of the American past. Now the strong box, fifth largest in the U. S., is wide open. On display are incalculable riches of mines, land and manufactures, irreplaceable heirlooms of the vanishing Old West, and a sparkling profusion of the nation's scenic keepsakes. Ask an Arizonian to tick off the state's richest treasures and he will list the four C's—cotton, citrus, copper and climate.

In this state, where it's against the law to kick a mule, ranchers market a half million cattle annually, and graze a million sheep. From their irrigated land farmers harvest 50,000 carloads of vegetables, 150,000 bales of cotton, 200,000 tons of citrus fruit. In the mountains to the north is the world's largest stand of yellow pine.

In 1583 the Spanish explorer, Antonio de Espejo, discovered silver ore so close to the surface that he scooped it up by hand. Since then miners have extracted nearly four billion dollars worth of metals—copper, lead, gold, silver, and zinc—in that order of importance, with copper

far in the lead. But the truly astonishing fact is that despite this rich outpouring of wealth only 4% of the state's 73 million acres have been thoroughly prospected.

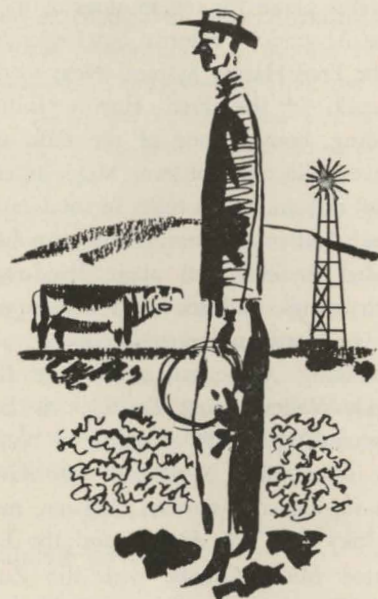
To all visitors, Arizona is a sightseer's mecca that boasts eight national parks and more national monuments than any other state. For sightseers and connoisseurs of scenic beauty it is a fairyland of painted deserts and petrified forests; of giants and grotesques in cactus and stone and of age-old bells in mellowed towers. To other visitors, Arizona is a bazaar state of loom-work, finger-molded pottery, kachina dolls, jewelry of cast silver, hand hammered and tooled by the state's 60,000 Indians, including the pastoral Navajo, warlike Apache, pueblo Hopi, the lesser-known Zuni, Hualpai, Chemehevi, Paiute, Pima, Cocopah, all of whom are patient and skilled craftsmen. To some visitors Arizona is a vacation state of dude ranches swank as the *Super Chief* or homey as a cowboy's saddle, a state where they can ski on mountains capped with snow the year round or loll in sunny valleys where the air is heavy with the fragrance of orange blossoms.

The Santa Fe Railway is an important key to the treasure chest of Arizona. Every one of its transcontinental passenger and freight trains cut across the state. The double tracks of the westbound mainline wind between canyon walls, skirt close to the edge of the Painted Desert north of Winslow, and in general remain at more than 6,000 feet altitude. Nearly all trains over this section are hauled by Diesel power, for water is hard to come by in this region and Diesels, like camels, can go long distances without a drink. Big steam engines, however, consume as much as 15,000 gallons of water for every hundred miles of travel, and before the Diesel came long trains of tank cars filled with water for engine boilers were hauled into this dry country.

Twenty-six miles west of Winslow is Canyon Diablo (Spanish meaning: Devil's Canyon), a terrifying gorge 225 feet wide and 550 feet deep. The bridge across Canyon Diablo is the highest on the Santa Fe System.

Flagstaff (pop. 8,500), whose walks know the tread of cowboy boots, lumberjack hobs, Mexican *buaraches*, and Indian moccasins, was so named by eastern pioneers who planned a rousing Fourth of

July celebration in 1876 and stripped a tall pine for use as a gigantic flagstaff. In due course, as the settlement grew, the postal authorities in Washington were petitioned to list Flagstaff as the town's official name. Six miles south of Flagstaff is the Walnut Canyon National Monument with the ruins of 300-odd cliff dwellings along its red walls. These dwellings, unlike the communal type in New Mexico, are separate family houses of from six to eight rooms each, built and occupied between 900 and 1100 A.D.



The Scout

North of Flagstaff are the San Francisco Peaks: Humphreys Peak, the highest in Arizona (12,611 feet), Agassiz Peak (12,300 feet), and Fremont Peak (11,940 feet). Sixty miles south is Montezuma's Castle, the remains of a five-story, many-roomed pueblo built in a recess half way up the face of a limestone cliff 145 feet high—an ash-pink adobe castle which a cowpuncher once "bought" for a saddle horse and later traded for two.

The seat of Coconino County, which with an area of 18,623 square miles is the second largest county in the United States, Flagstaff is a ranch and lumber trading center. The annual Southwestern Indian Pow-Wow is held in Flagstaff early in July.

Williams, in the heart of the Kaibab National Forest, was named for the dar-

ing scout, Bill Williams, described by Will H. Robinson in these words:

"Long, sinewy and bony, with a chin and nose almost meeting, he was the typical plainsman of the dime novel. He always rode an Indian pony, and his Mexican stirrups were big as coal scuttles. His buckskin suit was bedaubed with grease until it had the appearance of polished leather; his feet were never encased in anything but moccasins, and his buckskin trousers had the traditional fringe on the outer seam. Naturally, Indian signs were an open book to him, and he was even readier to scalp than an Apache, who preferred to crush the heads of his victims and let their hair stay."

The town of 3,000 is the hub of a lumbering and stock raising area and does a brisk business as the gateway to the Grand Canyon National Park. A Santa Fe branch leaves the main line at this point and proceeds north 64 miles to the south rim of the Canyon, where old-time guide, John Hance, wore out his forefinger pointing at the scenery.

Grand Canyon

The Spaniards happened upon the Grand Canyon in the course of their restless wanderings around the southwest some 400 years ago. Not even they, for all their vivid imagination and richness of language, were ever able to describe this tremendous spectacle. John Muir, the great Scottish naturalist, remarked that the Grand Canyon "is a gigantic statement even for Nature to make." Considered by many people to be the greatest natural wonder of the world, its eternal panorama is as spell-binding to sightseers who view it for a day as it is to scientists who have studied it all their lives. The grandeur of the gorge, changing color in an endless pageant, is awesome in its immobility; its fearsome depths and soaring heights combine to present a picture no camera or canvas has ever quite caught.

Too few people see it in winter when its colors are often their loveliest.

The great chasm is 217 miles long, from 8 to 14 miles wide, and in many places a mile deep. Comprising an endless vista of peaks, pinnacles and plateaus, the Canyon was begun a million and a half years ago when what is now the Colorado River began spilling toward the Gulf of California. El Tovar Hotel and the Bright Angel Lodge are starting points for motor trips along the rim of the Canyon and unforgettable mule-back descents to the Colorado River foaming in its depth.

Skull Valley

From Williams, the Santa Fe mainliners drone 23 miles west to Ash Fork, a junction town of 800, shaded by ash trees in a region of tinted sandstone. Here a branch line drops southward across candelabra cactus country and irrigated land through Prescott, Skull Valley and Wickenburg to Phoenix (pop. 200,000), the sun-drenched capital of the state.

In and around Phoenix, as well as in Wickenburg, are some of the best known and most popular winter resort hotels and dude ranches in the west, including the famed Camelback Mountain district.

The next important station on the westbound mainline is Seligman (pop. 925), a shipping and trading center for miners and cattle ranchers; the Twin Buttes are on the western horizon. Havasu Canyon, home of the Havasupai Indians, on the smallest reservation in the United States, is to the north of this Santa Fe district terminal and division point, named for a railroad construction engineer. Here Mountain Time changes to Pacific Time; westbound travelers set their watches back one hour—eastbound travelers set theirs one hour ahead.

From Seligman west the track drifts down from the high plateau country, from 5,234 feet at Seligman to less than 500 feet at the California border town of Topock on the Colorado River. For the most part this is desert country, and most westbound Santa Fe passenger trains are scheduled to roar through here after daylight has drained from the western sky. Beyond the car windows darkness hides the evening-dewed yucca, juniper and sage. Under the silence of the star-spattered sky the streamliners hurry past Peach Springs and Hackberry, pause briefly at Kingman, and finally clatter across the Colorado River into the goal-land of their passengers—California.

—WM. B. SCHENK

Cotton is one of Arizona's four C's.





California

Fastest Growing State in the Nation



■ Of all the states in the union, California is the most glorified and the most ridiculed; the most romanced and the most debunked; the most exalted and the most damned. California accepts these extremes of sentiment with equal grace, because California, itself, is a land of magnificent extremes—geographic, climatic, economic; political, psychological and philosophical. From California's 14,495 foot Mt. Whitney, highest in the U.S., can be seen the lowest point in the country, Death Valley, 275 feet below sea level. The state's climate, its basic natural resources, plagued many an overland immigrant who, a century ago, was lucky enough to survive the California-Nevada desert only to perish in the snows

of the Sierra-Nevada range.

Such extremes breed superlatives, and superlatives breed hope, and California, for more than 100 years, has been America's hope chest. Here have come the downtrodden and the poor, the adventurer and the rich, in sickness or in health, and each has come with a hope, for wealth, health or a graceful old age in the sun. And each has stayed to swell a population that today is second only to New York State's. Driven by hope, this population has manufactured an impressive list of man-made superlatives: the biggest irrigation system, the longest bridges, the largest telescope, the biggest banking system and the greatest man-made harbor the world has ever known.

California's 158,693 square miles produce more food bringing more money than any other state in the union. It leads the world in the raising of oranges and lemons, almonds and walnuts, lima beans and sugar beets, grapes and wine, chinchillas and rabbits, lettuce and celery. It is a ranking grain and cattle state, and the fourth largest grower of cotton. Los Angeles alone catches and packs more fish than Boston. It produces more motion pictures than the rest of the world combined. It makes more furniture than Grand Rapids, more clothing than any city except New York. It ranks second to Detroit in the assembly of automobiles, second to Akron in rubber production. California produces more oil than Pennsylvania, Oklahoma or Texas, more airplanes than Russia, more ships than Scotland. Her industries are surrounded by green fields and her cities have neighborhoods of green lawns and gardens, for California's horticulturalists, using imported seed and imported water, grow every variety of plant life known to man.

Griffins

But your first view of California from a Santa Fe streamliner—the miles of mesquite, sagebrush and chapparal, of cactus and Joshua trees—is understand-



When next census is completed Los Angeles expects to be rated second largest U. S. city. This is Wilshire Boulevard.

Ports are busy with world-wide trade—spices, coffee, lumber, canned fruits are typical cargoes.

California vintners annually bottle \$250 million of fine wines; have \$450 million invested in vineyards and wineries.

Farm income is close to two billion dollars a year.

Value of oil produced far exceeds that of gold mined today.

ably disappointing. It was disappointing to the first Spaniards, who, in 1542, spurred by the stories of a legendary island "at the right hand of the Indies," set sail with a Portuguese captain, Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, to bring back wealth and glory to the avaricious Cortez in New Spain, now Mexico. They found California to be a "dry and worthless land, full of many griffins." It was disappointing, too, to Sir Francis Drake, who put into a small bay north of San Francisco in 1579 to take on water and to rest his crew from a swashbuckling raid on Spanish Galleons in the Philippine trade. He thought so little of the region that he didn't bother to stop again, but headed right on back to the court of good Queen Bess. Some 200 years later, it must have been disappointing, at times, to stout-hearted Fray Junipero Serra, the Franciscan, and Gaspar de Portola, the Spanish civil servant, who headed north from Mexico to find and build a Spanish city at Monterey, to frustrate the colonizing efforts of the Russians, already settled in Alaska. They missed the bay of Monterey, but discovered, instead the bay of

San Francisco, and founded a mission system that stretched from San Diego to San Francisco, giving California a soft, lyrical and languorous Spanish tradition. And California, to thousands of gold-seeking 49'ers, was a murderous, wild and friendless country, certainly infested by many griffins.

For California today, more perhaps than any other section of the nation, is the work of man, and almost entirely, the work of second generation American man. This century of American enterprise which built modern California really began in 1848, when President Polk waged war with Mexico and American pioneers fought the plains, the mountains and the Indians to reach the Far West. The appeal, then, was the attraction of any new country—opportunity for the pioneer, unlimited land for the farmer, promising businesses for the merchant. Many of the early overland immigrants left their names on cities and landmarks—Sutter County, Kit Carson Pass, Donner Pass.

An adventurer who preceded the Donners was one John Augustus Sutter,

a Swiss soldier-of-fortune, who built a combination fort, ranch and trading post at the junction of the American and Sacramento rivers, east of San Francisco. Here, many covered wagon trains, bound for San Francisco, found refuge.

Gold!

As the tempo of the western migration increased, it put a strain on Capt. Sutter's provisions. To build a new flour mill, he needed lumber, and for lumber, he needed a new sawmill. He directed his foreman, James Wilson Marshall, to construct one. Marshall, in his typically inept manner, dropped the mill wheel too low. To deepen the mill race, he let the water flow freely during one night. The next morning, January 24, 1848, Marshall diverted the stream, examined the mill race for depth. What he found was the measure of a state's wealth. Within a few days, everyone in California knew that gold had been discovered.

Within a year, California's first population boom was on. They came by foot, horseback, oxcart, prairie schooner and



sailing ship, from every state and every nation. They destroyed and built, built and destroyed, in a hysteria unmatched in modern times. The Spanish land grants were ignored; Capt Sutter's eleven square leagues became townsites, and the poor Swiss befriender was driven up the valley toward the hills, his fort overrun, his ranchhouse burned, his cattle stolen and his land usurped by squatters. San Francisco became the most turbulent city in



The Golden Gate—entrance to one of the world's finest harbors.

Glamour and entertainment have made movies California's best known industry.



San Francisco combines commerce and culture with enthusiasm for both, builds bridges and skyscrapers that enhance its natural beauty.

California fashion designers sent their own style show to Paris last year.*

*Model is Paramount star Dianna Lynn. Suit designed by Edith Head, cape by Al Teitelbaum.

the world, full of feverish gold seekers and as many schemers, thieves and harlots.

Some 400 miles to the south, a dusty Spanish pueblo, Nuestra Senora la Reina de Los Angeles de Porciuncula, slumbered peacefully, its 80 houses undisturbed until Captain John Fremont, the Pathfinder, galloped into town in 1846 to claim it for the United States. This event forgotten, Los Angeles dozed again. Its soft siesta was relatively unbothered for the next 40 years. There was some farming wherever water could be found in the countryside—English walnuts since 1847, bee-ranching since 1858, sheep, cattle, and grapes from which a fine brandy was made to keep the northern gold miners happy. But none of these activities was enough to start a boom.

Boom

But the completion of the Santa Fe Railroad in 1886 did start a boom. Stimulated by professional land boomers from the midwest, thousands came by Santa Fe to southern California from 1886 to 1890. One of these boomers,

Frank Wiggins, toured the nation with a gigantic elephant made of walnuts, and flooded the nation with pamphlets titled "Land of Heart's Desire," "Land of the Beckoning Climate," and "Land of Promise." Lured by the claims of health and sunshine, midwesterners bought property sight unseen. Between January, 1887, and July, 1889, more than 60 new towns embracing 79,350 acres were laid out in southern California.

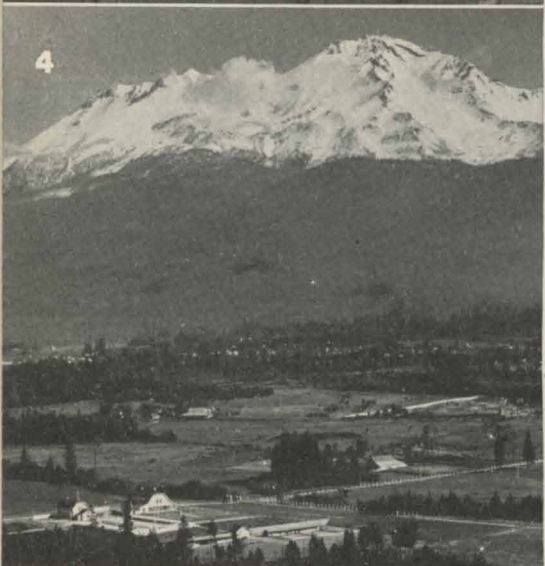
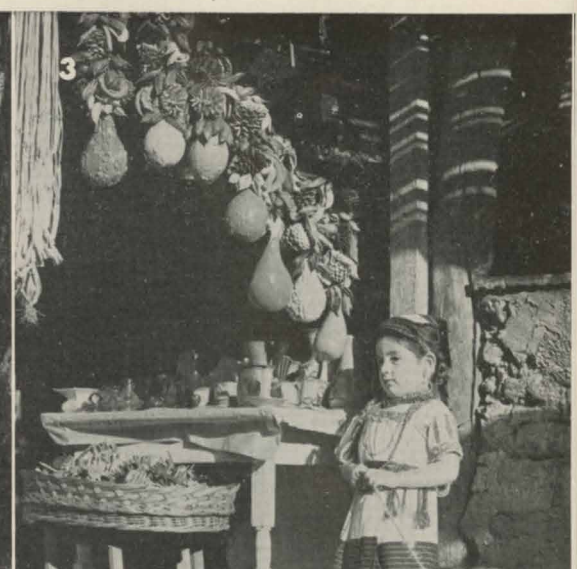
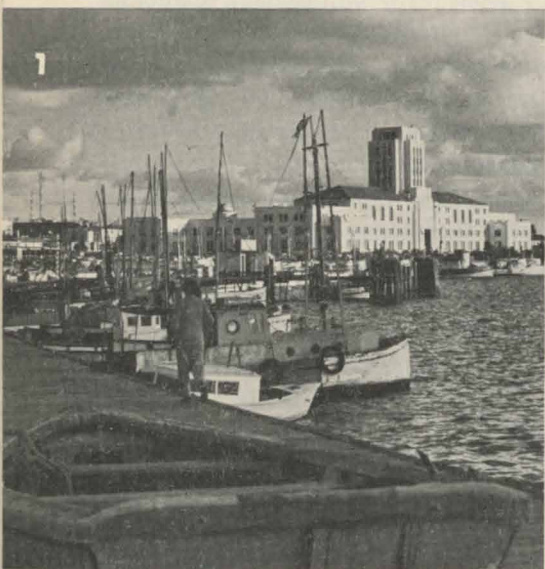
From 1900 on, southern California doubled its population every census. Los Angeles built a 233 mile aqueduct to Owens Valley, in the High Sierras, and a 392 mile aqueduct, through mountains and across deserts, to the Colorado River, to obtain an adequate water supply. From two navel oranges planted in Riverside in 1873 was developed the great citrus culture, and later, through irrigated farming, Los Angeles county became the richest agricultural county in the nation. The prosperous boom of the 1920's was encouraged, and in part underwritten by a struggling motion picture industry which made Hollywood the movie capital of the world. The discovery of rich oil deposits in the same decade lured many more thousands from every state. In the thirties, southern California absorbed half a million displaced people from the southwest, notably Oklahoma and Arkansas, and inspired such books as Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath." In time, all found jobs. And in the war and postwar years of the past decade, the state became legal residence for nearly 4 million new people. They came to produce airplanes—75% of those built by the U. S. during the war; ships, both cargo and capital; steel, at Henry Kaiser's mill in Fontana, east of Los Angeles; oil and aviation gasoline; rubber, plastics and food. They stayed after the war and beckoned their cousins, who came in an even greater migration, entering the state, in 1947 for example, in numbers equal to the population of Oklahoma City every thirty days.

The economists predicted a postwar collapse and a gigantic public relief problem, but the industrial boom continued. Eastern corporations, like Rexall Drug, Inc., American Potash & Chemical Corp., the Carnation Corp., built multi-million dollar establishments in the state, and Lever Bros. announced a \$25 million

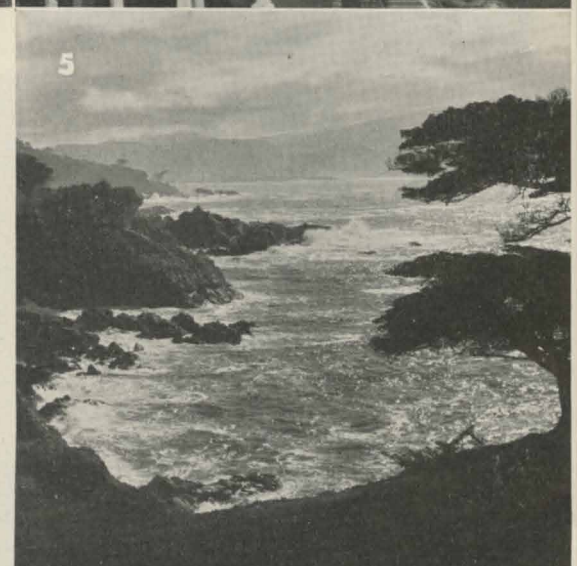
Continued on page 31



Where to GO...What to SEE...in



- 1 San Diego waterfront
- 2 Giant California redwoods are world's tallest trees
- 3 Shopping is fun on Olvera St., Los Angeles
- 4 Mt. Shasta
- 5 Monterey Peninsula's spectacular coastline
- 6 Sun and sand near San Diego
- 7 Top of the Mark, San Francisco
- 8 Beach south of Golden Gate, San Francisco



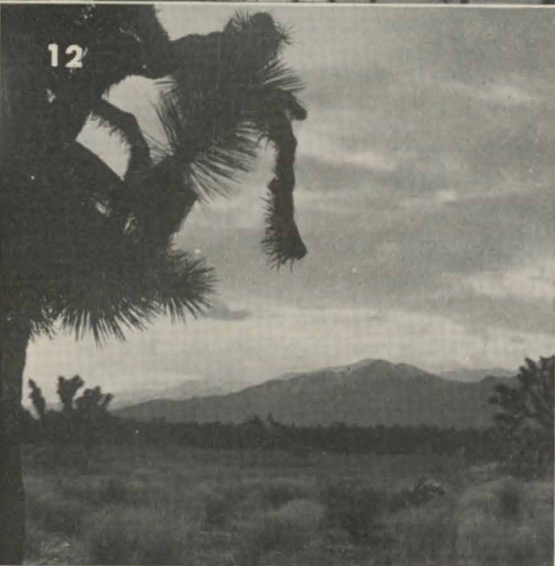
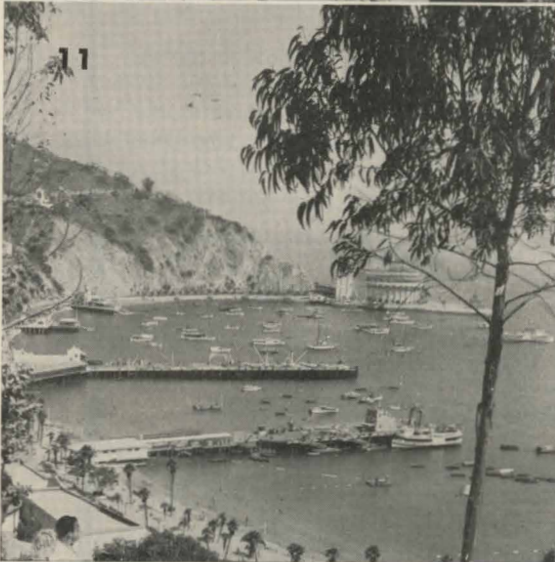
California

■ Where to go and what to see in California is something of a problem, even for Californians, for there is so much to see and do in this state. If this article attempted to do nothing more than merely list all the places worth seeing it would spread out to encyclopedic proportions. So we will touch only upon the highlights. However, there are many people ready and anxious to help you enjoy your stay to the utmost—so be sure to drop in at the *All-Year Club Free Visitors Bureau*, 517 West 6th Street, Los Angeles, *Californians Inc.*, 703 Market Street, San Francisco, and the *Redwood Empire Association*, 85 Post Street, San Francisco. These offices and local Chambers of Commerce everywhere you go can supply you with the minutest details about points of interest, sightseeing trips, rates, etc.

First of all, since you are arriving in Los Angeles, you should know that Los Angeles is not a city at all, but a lot of neighborhoods—more than 900 of them—spread out checkerboard fashion over the metropolitan area. Hollywood, for example, is a part of Los Angeles, but also very much of a community all its own. And Hollywood's most glamorous industry—the movies—has, like everything else in Los Angeles, grown so large, that it too, has spread out so that now there are studios in Culver City, Burbank and North Hollywood.

You will very quickly discover that Southern California and the automobile are inseparable. To see one you've got to have the other. So by all means rent a car if you can. With a car you can drive around the studios and catch a glimpse of the tremendous outdoor sets.

Everyone has a hankering to see a



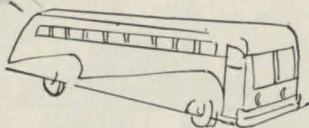
- 9 Santa Barbara Mission
- 10 Lake Tahoe, "The Lake of the Sky"
- 11 Avalon Bay, Catalina
- 12 Desert country
- 13 Balboa Park, San Diego
- 14 Fisherman's Wharf, San Francisco

3 SMART TRAVELERS— and how they go:



The Martins

Seasoned travelers, they know how to get the most out of a trip. They take a regularly scheduled Tanner Gray Line tour in deluxe equipment, enjoy the guide-driver's interesting descriptions, and really see everything. Ask at the Tanner Gray Line desk in hotel lobbies.



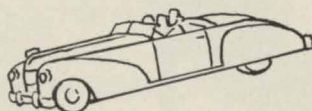
COSTS: Movie Studio (Warner Bros.) \$3.25.
Radio Center and broadcast \$2. L. A. Harbor
and Knott's Berry Farm (all day) \$4.50.
(Plus Federal Taxes)



The Lewises

Even with friends and relatives out West, they are smart and independent; they rent a car from Tanner and go as they please. Wire or write ahead; car is waiting at depot or hotels in Southern California, Arizona and Nevada.

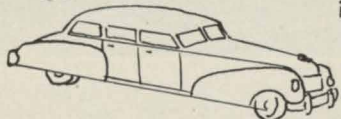
COSTS: Martins rented car for 24 hours in L. A.,
drove 50 miles, bill: \$6 plus 8c per mile.



The Campbells

Rode in the lap of luxury from Los Angeles to San Francisco in a Tanner limousine last summer, sightseeing on the way, said it was the smartest idea they ever had, and surprisingly reasonable in cost.

This year will take Tanner limousine with guide-chauffeur immediately on arrival in each city, enjoy its convenience for social calls and sightseeing.



COSTS: 7-passenger limousine from Los Angeles to
Santa Barbara, 2-day round trip, approximately
\$50. Special rates by day and week.

TANNER  **GRAY LINE**

Wire or write instructions to headquarters and proper office will be notified.
Headquarters: 320 S. Beaudry Ave., Los Angeles 13, MUtual 3111
Offices: Principal cities in So. Calif., Arizona and Nevada.

ON ARRIVAL look for the Tanner Gray Line desk in lobby of your hotel, or consult phone book for local office, for rates and reservations. U-Drives and Limousines available day or night.

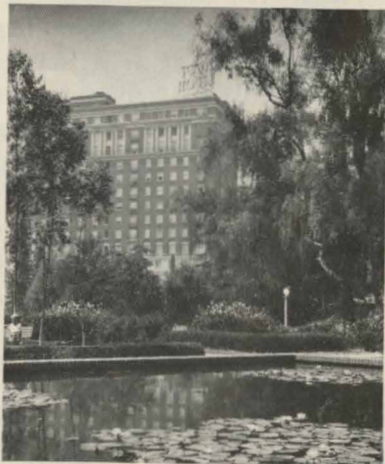
picture made, to see the celebrities who have made this industry the most glamorous in the world. Unless you're a personal friend of someone in the motion picture industry your chances of hobnobbing with the great and near-great behind the walls of the studios are very remote. This doesn't mean that the studios would not like to have visitors come and see the show. But there is so much doing when a picture is being made, so many technicians scurrying around, so many miles of wire for lights and sound equipment, and so much general bustle, that visitors would add to the confusion. So, reluctantly, the studios have hung up the no admittance sign. However, there are tours around the city that include a look at one or more studios though they don't promise a visit to a sound stage or lunch in the commissary.

Close to three of the 'big seven' studios—Columbia, RKO and Paramount—are several fine restaurants habituated by stars, directors and producers for luncheon and dinner. You might spot your favorite player at Lucy's or the Hollywood Brown Derby. At any rate, you'll enjoy the cuisine and steep a bit in the Hollywood atmosphere complete with phones at the table and paging via loudspeakers.

Drive from one end of Sunset Boulevard to the other. It begins with the very first street laid out when Los Angeles was just a Pueblo—Olvera Street down near the Plaza and the Mission. You'll see some of the oldest sections of the city, go through Hollywood by Gower's Gulch and past radio stations to the Pacific. Take time to stop on the Sunset Strip and see the small but lovely shops featuring some of the most famous names in fashions, silvercraft, restaurants, and night clubs in the country.

As you drive west the boulevard is divided by a bridle path which means that you are now in the city of Beverly Hills, one of the most beautiful and best-known residential sections in the world. Then you pass by the University of California at Los Angeles, catch a glimpse of Bel-Air, drive on through Brentwood and Pacific Palisades to the ocean. When you reach Roosevelt Highway turn left and drop in at Ocean House for lunch or dinner, or just cocktails. This palatial hotel was the home of Marion Davies and is noted for its exquisite decor, marble pool and colonial facade.

Los Angeles' Distinguished Address



For Business and for Pleasure. Convenience to all Los Angeles plus resort facilities—in our gardens new Lanai Guest Rooms overlooking our sun terrace and swimming pool. Rooms from \$7—Suites from \$16

Original ZEBRA ROOM for cocktails and informal dancing

The Town House

WILSHIRE BOULEVARD
LOS ANGELES

Edward J. Crowley, Manager

YOURS ON APPROVAL!



SCENES

along the

"Santa Fe Trail"

In Full Color 2x2 KODACHROME SLIDES

In cooperation with the Santa Fe Railway, the scenic wonders of the West along the Santa Fe Route are available to you in radiant full color 2x2 Kodachrome Slides.

Thrill your friends when you return home with your slides of the famous sights and landmarks you have seen.

WEST VIEW COLOR SLIDE CLUB

With your set of Santa Fe Slides, we will enclose a folder describing the West-View Color Slide Club. Membership in the club is FREE and involves no obligation. Every month you receive approval slide selections of National Parks, Flowers, or Scenic Views of the West for viewing and projecting in your home. You merely remit for those slides you wish to keep, and return the others.

For a lasting record of your present trip, write today for your approval set of "SANTA FE TRAIL" slides—No obligation.

WEST-VIEW

1518 Montana Ave., Dept. R, Santa Monica, Calif.

By this time, along with the natives, you are amazed and appalled by the size of the city and how long it takes to go from end to end, but you have seen its loveliest sections. Another day drive down famous Wilshire Boulevard that takes you from the heart of town—the downtown shopping area—to the sea. On it you will pass all the famous stores and specialty shops, a variety of excellent restaurants, and fascinating antique shops. So here's a good place to buy the clothes you want and the gifts to take home.

For those who are museum minded take some time to see the fine and varied collections in art and the history of California at the Los Angeles County Museum in Exposition Park, the Southwest Museum, and the Pony Express Museum in Pasadena. Unfortunately Los Angeles has few historic buildings but what there is can be seen at the Plaza, which is, incidentally, a five minute walk from Union Station.

Ski Runs & Desert Sun

Take one day to see that picturesque art colony by the sea, Laguna. Enroute you should stop at Knott's Berry Farm on Highway 39. The food there (fried chicken, succulent steaks) is delicious and inexpensive. Aside from the food and attractive shops, Mr. Knott and his family have recreated a unique bit of Americana in the form of a Ghost Town. From old mining towns of the west the Knotts have brought miners' cabins, a General Store (fully stocked with old-time merchandise), a Wells Fargo express office, and dozens of other relics of the past. With great care and attention to detail, these structures have been re-assembled at Ghost Town. There is even a working gold mine where you can do your own prospecting and take away with you gold you pan yourself. If there are children with you this will be the highlight of their trip.

Los Angeles is surrounded by resorts that are easily accessible by car and a few hours drive. The majority may also be reached by train, bus, plane or even a pleasant boat trip, such as to Catalina Island, 25 miles out in the blue Pacific. There are glass-bottomed boats at Catalina from which you can see fantastic submarine gardens far below the water's surface.

Sports lovers will find that golf, tennis,

You haven't seen CALIFORNIA until you've seen **KNOTT'S Berry Farm and Ghost Town**

Enjoy the Most Delicious
\$1.75 Dinner in the
World in An Authentic
Western "Ghost Town"



MAIN ST. IN GHOST TOWN

Folks from all over the world come to enjoy the charm and romance of our reconstructed "Ghost Town". It literally breathes the spirit of adventure and courage of the Old West—for we have spared no expense or effort to make it an exact replica of the exciting, colorful communities which were forerunners of modern California.

Enjoy it all—the old buildings (brought here intact), the beautiful examples of early-day art, the covered wagon, the square dancing in the Wagon Camp—not to mention the exciting shops!

And don't forget our delicious meals! We serve more than a million a year!



GENERAL MDSE. STORE IN GHOST TOWN

Almost anyone can tell you how to get here by car. Or take the convenient Tanner Bus Tour which brings you through historic old Spanish country. We welcome you!

... The Knott's

KNOTT'S BERRY FARM

Buena Park, California

22 Miles from Los Angeles

This Year-
VACATION ON A GREAT
California CATTLE RANCH

Alisal

EVERY RESORT FEATURE
Dependable Ideal Weather
 ... in the Famous Santa Barbara Vacation
 Area 140 miles north of Los Angeles

NO RAIN • NO FOG • NEVER TOO WARM
 10,500 Acres • 75 saddle horses • 4,000
 cattle • rodeos, roundups • 50 wooded
 trails • Heated swimming pool • all sports
 • Dancing every night • Cocktail lounge.
 Rates from \$17.50 per day per person,
 include accommodations, all with private
 bath, meals, horse and all recreations.
 Great for families — Children welcome.
 For Free Booklet with 55 Photos, write

ALISAL GUEST RANCH
 Lynn Gillham, Manager
 P. O. Box 497
 Solvang, California

Alisal **IS OPEN ALL YEAR**
DELIGHTFUL IN WINTER

Life the CALIFORNIA WAY

Whether you are coming to California to live or visit, here is something you can do to make your trip more profitable and enjoyable.

Start a savings account at Standard Federal and get higher earnings, federal insurance, and the convenience of Standard's "Save by Mail" plan.

Regardless of your position, you work hard to save money, and you are entitled to get the maximum return on your savings account. At Standard Federal your savings work for you, consistently earning higher dividends. Each account is federally insured up to \$5,000.

When you arrive in Los Angeles, phone or call upon Mr. Geo. M. Eason, President of Standard Federal, for your copy of Standard Federal's "Save by Mail" plan, financial statement, and "California Here I Come"—picturing "life the California way."

STANDARD FEDERAL
SAVINGS and LOAN ASSOCIATION

735 S. OLIVE ST. • LOS ANGELES 14, CALIF.

riding, swimming, hiking, fishing, skiing, and ice skating can all be indulged in, during the winter months, in one day. Drive to Lake Arrowhead or Big Bear for winter sports and then down into Victorville or Palm Springs for a swim under the hot desert sun. (Be sure you take a coat or jacket for the city, desert, or mountains may be warm by day but are invariably cool, even cold, at night.) In and around Victorville, Palm Springs and 29 Palms are dude ranches that offer a complete change in living—much outdoor life which can be as active or inactive as you choose. Night life includes square dancing, campfires or a visit to the nearest town, but it all ends early because you're up with the sun to ride, hike, and swim.

Fabulous Palm Springs is a mecca for Hollywoodites, easterners, and southern Californians who want to escape the cool winter weather in town. It has an excellent golf course, fine tennis clubs, luxurious hostleries, ranches, and quiet small hotels. Palm Springs is an elastic kind of resort, for you can tailor it to fit your budget both money and energy-wise. It's definitely worth seeing if only for a day.

Old Mexico

South from Los Angeles, California is exclusively Santa Fe country. Streamliners leave frequently for San Diego, down through the rich coastal farming belt, where such communities as Fullerton,

Anaheim, Orange, and Santa Ana raise millions of dollars worth of oranges, beans, sugar beets and walnuts. South of Santa Ana is the Mission San Juan Capistrano, memorialized in verse and song because of the annual antics of several thousand English swallows. Farther south are the communities of Oceanside, site of Camp Pendleton, largest Marine Base in the U.S., and gateway to Palomar Mountain, site of the world's largest telescope. At the end of this Santa Fe line is beautiful San Diego.

In San Diego is the Mission San Diego de Alcalá, the first of the twenty-one mission chain established by the Franciscan fathers. The San Diego Zoo in 1400-acre Balboa Park is one of the most famous in this country, and its wild beasts live as they do in their natural haunts. Take a trip around the harbor, for this is one of America's most important naval bases, and navy ships of every description anchor in its roadstead. Or go deep-sea fishing for tuna, yellowtail, marlin, or smaller fish. Boats, equipped with tackle and bait, go out daily. San Diego is also headquarters for big game fishing off the coast of Lower California.

Naturally you'll want to go to old Mexico. Tia Juana is only 16 miles by car or bus from San Diego. There is horse racing at Tia Juana every Sunday, exciting Jai Alai games (Wednesday through Sunday nights), and occasionally a colorful bull fight.

Ranchedores Visitadores ride in Santa Ynez Valley.





Food is fun in Mexico, but it is advisable to patronize the better restaurants and hotels. You may or may not like tacos, tostados or enchillados, all with fried frijoles, but each is worth a try. Of course you can get these same Mexican dishes almost anywhere in southern California, but for some reason they always seem to taste better in Mexico.

Beauty Outruns Description

Less than a half day's journey north from Los Angeles is Santa Barbara—the charming seaside City of the Dons. High on a hill overlooking the city and the sea is the famous Santa Barbara Mission, still used as a church. It is the largest, best preserved, and considered to be the most beautiful of the missions built by the Spaniards.

To the east of Santa Barbara is the Ojai Valley, and northeast is the Santa Ynez Valley, both of them incredibly beautiful, surrounded by misty-purple mountains and shaded by giant live oak trees festooned with Spanish moss. At the numerous dude ranches in these valleys you can ride over cattle trails virtually unchanged since the Spanish ranchers rode them centuries ago. The days are sparkling clear and the sun warm. At night you will gravitate toward the fireplace and sleep under blankets.

Midway between Oregon and Mexico the Monterey Peninsula juts its rocky nose into the Pacific. It is a region of unforgettable beauty. Robert Louis Stevenson called it "the finest meeting of land and water in the world"—which was something of an understatement.

One side of the peninsula is washed by Monterey Bay. Here is the old and picturesque city of Monterey with its Can-

nery Row, sardine fleet, clouds of gulls, and the rich memories of Empire under the banner of Spanish kings. Across the bay are the Santa Cruz Mountains slumbering in the soft sunshine. One side of the peninsula is buffeted by the open Pacific. The south side of the peninsula is bordered by Carmel Bay, with Bohemian Carmel-by-the-Sea nestled on one of the finest beaches in the world.

The peninsula is marked by dunes of dazzling white sand, long stretches of beach broken by rocky headlands; pines and cypress, indigenous here, grow to the water's edge, and the peninsula itself rises to a height of nearly a thousand feet. Extending around the peninsula is the world-famed Seventeen Mile Drive. Inland is the Carmel Valley, hemmed by mountains and drenched with sunshine. Save plenty of film for this trip, for it is a photographer's paradise.

To many people the Monterey Peninsula is probably best known for the four great golf courses, of which the two most famous are Pebble Beach and Cypress Point. On the former the California Men's Amateur Championship is played yearly and it has twice been the scene of the USGA National Championship.

Golden Gate

You will love San Francisco; almost everybody who has been there does. Unlike Los Angeles, San Francisco is a very compact city, squeezed into a small area at the tip of the peninsula. And again unlike Los Angeles, which has its deep water seaport twenty-odd miles from its downtown business district, San Francisco's magnificent harbor is all around the city, and can be seen from any one of the 29 hills upon which San Franciscans have built their homes and offices.

It is a cosmopolitan city, made up of people who gladly underwrite an Opera season that rivals New York's Metropolitan; who support the famed San Francisco Orchestra; and who buy gardenias, chrysanthemums and begonias from sidewalk flower vendors. Its Chinatown is the largest in the U.S., and its hotels and restaurants are among the most famous in the world.

Be sure to have at least one meal in Chinatown and another, at Fisherman's Wharf. Chinatown on Grant Street is a

CALIFORNIA

A Favorite for a Century and a Half

Best loved by Californians is their rich, historic Monterey Peninsula. Here, at Del Monte and on its 20,000 sea-rimmed acres, you find the California of the Dons and Mission Padres—and Robert Louis Stevenson—a background for a vacation place that knows no equal anywhere. The same bright sun that warmed the Mission Padres, the same invigorating air in which they royally entertained their guests, are yours in which to golf and ride and swim and do a hundred other things.



CYPRESS POINT
... a Pacific Coast landmark

Four Golf Courses (where golf is as easy or as hard as you like) are yours to play on at Del Monte. At Pebble Beach you play along the ocean's rugged shore, shoot out across the water from the tee and down the fairways between the cypress and the sea. At easier Del Monte course the scenery is no less thrilling, with every green a panoramic masterpiece.

Best of all, set in the midst of this exciting scene is Del Monte Lodge at Pebble Beach, where people from all the world come again and again to enjoy the fine food, the warm hospitality, the never ending sports or even just to rest and tan in the bright, warm sun.



DEL MONTE COURSE
... one of four great golf courses

Write for free colored map and folder about California's best loved vacation place. Address Herbert H. P. Siemsen, Manager, Del Monte Lodge, Pebble Beach, California.

Del Monte Lodge

Pebble Beach

on the Monterey Peninsula
California

SEE CALIFORNIA...

the U-Drive way

New Cadillacs, Buicks, Fords
Convertibles—Sedans



Limousines

Liveried Chauffeurs

See ALL the glories and wonders of Golden California. Take a full, complete memory-picture back home with you. In a U-Drive car or in a limousine with a liveried chauffeur over sunny California's scenic highways and by-ways... leisurely from the mountains to the sea... over "painted" deserts and rolling hills of enthralling beauty. We will gladly map interesting routes and plan individual itineraries for your trip.

For business, too. You can keep your appointments on time... and cover a lot of territory

Wire ahead COLLECT giving us arrival day, train and car number, and within a few hours. we will meet you with a U-Drive or new Cadillac limousine with liveried chauffeur and ample luggage space for the continuance of a pleasant trip.

Serving all Southern California Cities

Beverly Motor Livery

270 North Canon Drive
Beverly Hills, California

phone:

CRESTVIEW 1-5101

fascinating place. The shops are exciting, full of oriental imports—pottery, china, jade, silks, bamboo—all intermingled with hundreds of inexpensive souvenir knick-knacks. You will find many good eating places, but if you don't know Chinese food ask your waiter to recommend the specialties of the house.

You can get delicious sea food almost anywhere in California, but for some reason, probably the brisk sea air, sea food always seems better in San Francisco, and especially good in any of the many restaurants on Fisherman's Wharf. Do try an abalone steak—you can't get them anywhere else in the U.S., for California law prohibits the exportation of these enormous shellfish.

Take the ferry across to Oakland late in the afternoon and watch the gold of the sunset creep through the Golden Gate and burnish the towering skyline. Another day go to the Top of the Mark on Nob Hill and see the sunset from there with the city below you and the Pacific beyond. There is a herd of buffalo grazing in Golden Gate Park, and hundreds of seals bark at one another on the rocks below Cliff House.

The archaic and money-losing cable cars are kept in service simply because the people of San Francisco like them. So will you, probably, for it's quite an experience clanging up and down Nob Hill or Russian Hill in one of these ancient cars. But you will have to foot it or taxi up famed Telegraph Hill for a magnificent panorama of San Francisco Bay, its docks and graceful bridges.

Return to Stay

You really should go north of San Francisco to the Redwood Empire that extends into Oregon. This is a rugged land of superb mountain scenery, tumbling streams (salmon, trout, etc.), quiet lakes, and vast forests of giant redwood trees. Good highways have been cut through these forests where redwoods grow 200 to 300 feet high.

If all this sounds like too much to do and see during one vacation trip, be sure to come back again. In fact, one out of every ten of your fellow passengers will be back again within a few years—and he will come back to California to stay.

—ELEANOR LAVOVE



Business and Industrial Properties

for 27
years

Sales • Exchanges • Leases

Tom Rooney

DUnkirk 7-2255
3923 W. 6th St. • Los Angeles 5

Picture Credits...

- 4 Missouri Division of Resources and Development
- 7 Standard Oil Co. (N. J.)
- 8 Culver Service
- 10, 11, 12 A. T. & S. F. Ry.
- 14 Standard Oil Co. (N. J.)
- 16, 17 New Mexico State Tourist Bureau
- 19 McLaughlin & Co.
- 20 Left: All Year Club of So. Calif. right: Standard Oil Co. (Cal.)
- 21 Left: Wine Institute all others Standard Oil Co. (Cal.)
- 22 Left: Redwood Empire Assn. right: Standard Oil Co. (Cal.)
- 23 Left: Redwood Empire Assn. right: Paramount Studios
- 24, 25 (1), (6), (13) San Diego—California Club
- (2), (8) Redwood Empire Assn.
- (3), (11), (12) All Year Club of So. Calif.
- (4), (10), (14) Californians Inc.
- (7) Mark Hopkins Hotel
- (9) Santa Barbara Chamber of Commerce
- 28 Julian P. Graham

200,000

westbound travelers will read
this issue of the Santa Fe Traveler

soap factory. In Los Angeles county alone, half a billion dollars worth of new industries were begun since the end of the war.

Superlatives

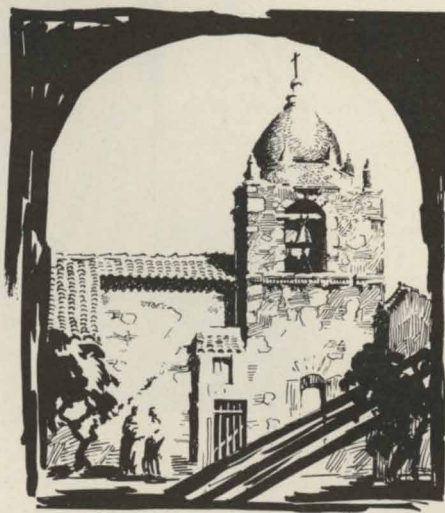
But there is no hint of the past romance or the present dynamism of California when first you view the state from your Santa Fe streamliner. It is early morning, and you have crossed the region's principal life artery, the Colorado River, during the night. If you were sleeping lightly, you may awaken as the train streaks across the Mojave desert, an area still rich in deposits of borax and iron ore. In fact, the Iron Chief deposits near Indio are the richest undeveloped iron mines in the U. S. Or, you may look at the mighty night sky over Barstow, where the Santa Fe divides, sending one line south and west to Los Angeles and San Diego, the other up through the San Joaquin valley toward San Francisco. You will find Barstow dry and warm in summer, dry and cool in winter; a city named after a former Santa Fe President, and made important by the railroad yard blasted out of desert rock to service Santa Fe's might fleet of Diesels. But if you are going to Los Angeles, you will most likely see California first as you coast toward the sea after crossing 4,000 foot Cajon Pass. The land is dry and almost barren. The early morning sun casts a rosy hue on the San Bernardino Mountains and here and there you will see dude ranches, rough on the outside but fabulously elaborate inside. But not until you reach the city of San Bernardino do you begin to see evidence of California's modern wealth.

Here are the world's largest vineyards, and those who still consider California wine inferior to imported varieties should remember that European vintners came to California for their parent stock when their own vineyards were destroyed by virus. Here, too, is the county seat of San Bernardino County, largest in the U. S. Farther west, on the Santa Fe route, is Fontana, site of the largest hog ranch in the world, and the only steel mill in California. After Fontana, you pass through the lyrical, Indian-named farm towns of Etiwanda, Cucamonga and Azu-

sa (which boasts it can grow everything from A to Z). From here on, as far as you can see, are deep green groves of oranges, their white smudge pots (to ward off winter frosts) standing like silent sentinels. Twenty minutes after Pasadena, you enter the glassy brilliance of Los Angeles, coming to a stop in a Spanish-style Union Station, just 100 yards from the old adobe Mission founded by Padre Serra 160 years ago.

Wonderland

If you take the northern branch of the Santa Fe from Barstow, you probably will see California first as a field of cotton, as vast and as picturesque as anything Stephen Foster described. For up through the San Joaquin valley you pass through Kern County, which boasts the slogan "A Billion Dollars' Worth of Sunshine," and produces goods in that amount without difficulty—oil, long-staple cotton, potatoes, corn, grapes and grain. At the junction of Kern and Inyo Counties, nearby, is Inyokern, a vast, scientific, military city created by the Navy for advanced rocket projectile research. North into King County, you cross what once was the bottom of the largest lake in the world, but is now California's great, fer-



tile Central Valley, irrigated by an incredible system of dams, canals and reservoirs. King County contains the world-famous Kettleman Hill oil fields. A short time later, you pass through Fresno, world headquarters for the wine and raisin in-

dustry, producer of 250,000 tons of raisins a year and more than 35 million gallons of wine. Then on to Madera and Merced, rich farming communities and twin gateways to Yosemite National Park, the stupendous granite monument to the ice age. Near here is the Mother Lode country of Gold Rush fame. Farther north are Stockton, a thriving inland harbor town; the heavy industrial cities of Pittsburg, Port Chicago and Richmond; beautiful Berkeley, headquarters for the University of California (largest student body in the U. S.); Oakland, the state's third largest city, and finally, San Francisco, the magnificent.

San Francisco is more than the financial and cultural center of the west. It is a city of the world, as cosmopolitan as New York or New Orleans, as breathtakingly beautiful as Rio de Janeiro, as proud as London and as sinful in the past and as unrepentant in the present as Paris. Its 17½ miles of ship piers maintain an active import-export trade. It is the focal point for the flourishing heavy industry all around the perimeter of the bay, and the headquarters for the extensive northern California lumbering and fishing industries. But more important, it is the cultural mecca of the west, a city of profound enthusiasms and sophisticated appreciation. San Francisco gives California the air of stability needed in an era of chaotic development. The city is like the dowager member of the family, who has had her fling, who is beautiful and proud still, but who looks disdainfully upon her more rambunctious, untamed, younger sisters to the south.

Rainbow

But there is much more than all this to California, past, present and future. Its land area, second greatest in the U.S., still gives a wide-open impression despite the swollen population. Thousands of acres, still barren for lack of water, will produce greater crops with future irrigation; miles of potential homesites will produce new communities and new industries, because California, born of a romantic notion, and nurtured on a diet of hope, will continue to be the end of the nation's rainbow, and the hope of the Pacific world of tomorrow.

—JAMES FELTON

Now that you've settled back

... to enjoy the absence of phones and the luxury of nothing to do, you suddenly have the unpleasant feeling you've forgotten something! Or the haunting fear your clothes are all wrong. One or both needn't really be a problem when you remember you're heading toward the second largest clothing manufacturing center in the country. A place famous for its casual fashions and fabulous stores. Consider, too, the fashions pictured on these pages as the answer to your problem. They're fashion right for the West, or at home, available in shops on the Coast.

ELEANOR LAVOVE



Easy to pack and easy to wear is the tiny cap of flowers designed by REX. The very sheer short face veil is optional. Wear it from one o'clock on, wear it for luncheon, cocktails or dinner in California or at home.



Stepladder pump, with its companion bag, will fill the bill for informal after-five wear.



Here's a three piece ensemble in wool that has a way with the weather . . . particularly the inbetween days of fall and warm days and cool nights of California's clime. The slim skirt features the new button detail and is topped with a wool jersey sweater blouse. Over it is shown a plain sleeveless jacket with a polished leather belt. By Joy Kingston.

De De Johnson's famous collection of Glove Suede Separates are almost a must for the traveling woman. Shown are a skirt with practical pockets and easy pleats. The contrasting jerkin is worn over a white flannel finely tailored shirt. Glove suede can be spotted with soap and water without leaving a ring . . . a boon when you're away from home. (Below.)



Comfort plus style gives these Joyce shoes an "A" rating for a travel wardrobe. Jim Dandy, of gleaming, hardy boxglove, has the debonair look of an officer's boot. It will take you easily through hours of sightseeing.



Glamorous Esther Williams in the Cole of California one-piece suit she finds best by swim-test for figure control and swimming freedom. In rich elasticized matelasse, it has a beautiful uplift ballet bodice that tapers to a slender waist. Known as the Cole of California Esther Williams swimsuit.

Cole of California's one-piece swimsuit made of luxurious taffeta woven of quick-drying nylon and curve-controlling Laton . . . to make the lightest, softest of elasticized swimsuits. Designed to make it skin smooth where slimness counts . . . cleverly draped where form-flattery is most comforting. (Far right.)



Junior is a size, not an age according to Saba of California, designer of this basic wool jersey. It has checked dolman sleeves and velveteen collar and tailored belt. This fabric is a dream for traveling because of its crease-resistance. This dress will take you sightseeing, shopping, and to dinner with just a change of accessories. (Below.)



This is a dress for the young sophisticate who wants to dress up. A date-dress of dotted taffeta from Saba of California. Its complete simplicity will make it your most worn, very favorite dress while on your trip or at home.



For that very special evening, famous designer Irene has designed this gown of rich white slipper satin and net. Its strapless boned bodice has a scalloped neckline. A satin drape falls into long folds at the back of the gracefully full skirt.



Send a gift of
**GLORIOUS CALIFORNIA
SUNSHINE**
to the folks back home!



SANTA FE SPECIAL PAK No. 95 (above) contains sun-ripe prize California oranges, grapefruit, avocados, dates, walnuts, almonds and gift parcels of fruit confections. Shipped for you, prepaid \$9.97. Others from \$1.98 to \$30.00 shipped prepaid anywhere in U.S.A.

SO YOU, TOO, are coming to California! Then thrill your folks and friends back East with this joy-packed, flavor-packed gift of "Glorious California Sunshine." Let MISSION PAK ship this gorgeous gift of mouth-watering California round—ripe—luscious fruits and new crop, soft-shell nuts full of plump, perfect meats—and *guarantee* safe arrival.

Even the satin bows will arrive sparkling fresh! And the fruits and nuts are the pick of the California orchards. California families have been doing their gift shopping this easy way—and delighting the folks back East—for more than 25 years.

Just furnish us with the address of any person or family you want MISSION PAK to ship this gift to. Or when you are in California, drop in to one of our Mission Pak stores for a free copy of a colorful Mission Pak folder showing all 98 Mission Paks, priced from \$1.98 to \$30.00.

Mission Pak

Retail store and Packing Plant, 125 E. 33rd St., Los Angeles 11, Cal. Phone: ADams 5194.

**MAIL ORDERS GIVEN
PROMPT ATTENTION**

MISSION PAK

125 East 33rd Street
Los Angeles 11, California

check

Enclosed is my money order for \$9.97.
Please ship PREPAID Mission Pak No.
SF95 to the following address:

NAME: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ Zone _____ State _____