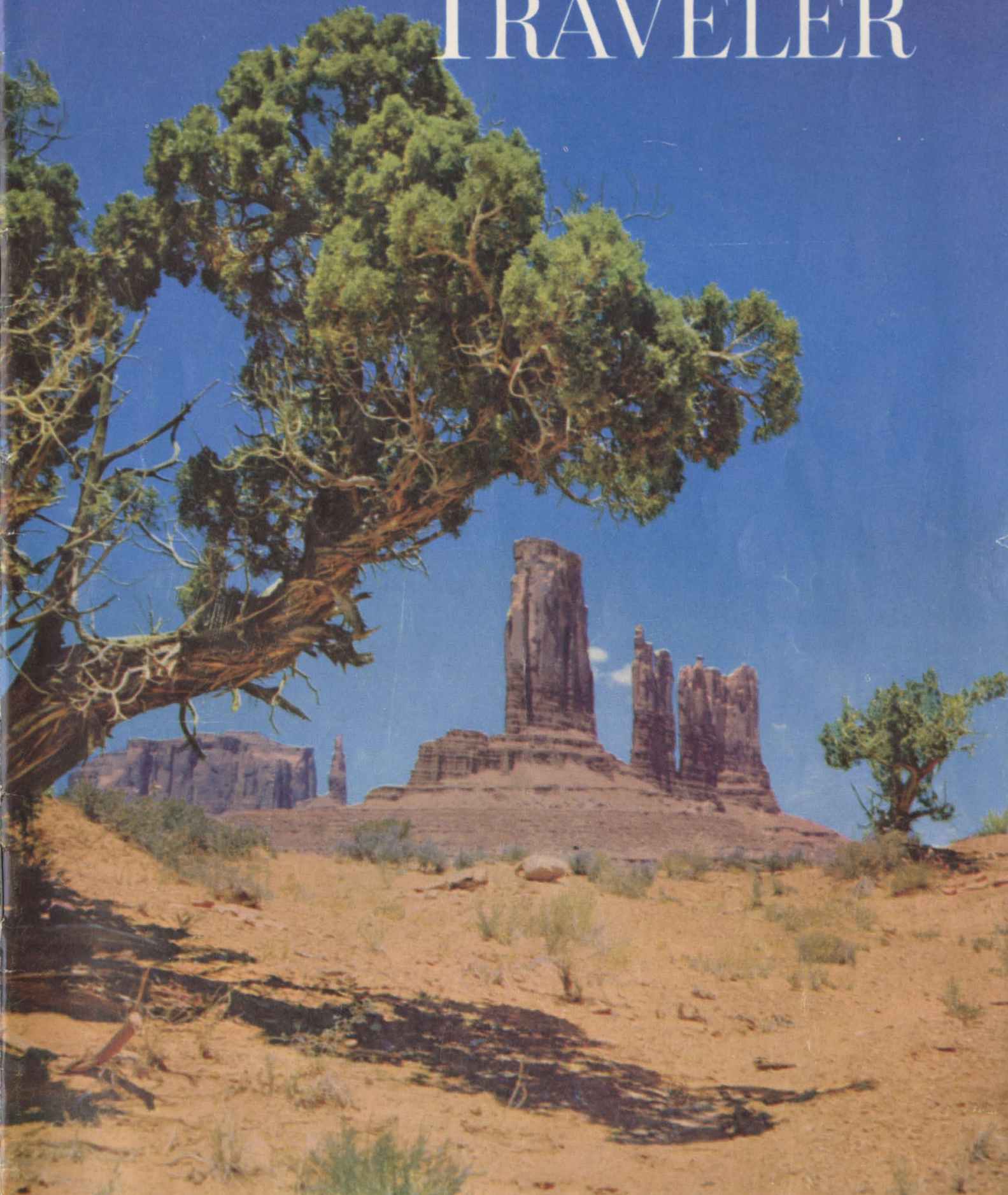


Santa Fe TRAVELER





(PHOTO COURTESY ARIZONA HIGHWAYS)

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Santa Fe

TRAVELER

Volume Two Number One

APRIL - JUNE 1951

The vast country through which you will travel during the hours ahead is by all odds America's greatest heritage. The editors of the *Santa Fe Traveler* have attempted in the following pages to tell you about this wonderful country, and they join the Santa Fe management in sincerely hoping that this magazine will add to the enjoyment of your trip.

The sketches on pages 4, 12 and 17 were made especially for the *Santa Fe Traveler* by Howard Fogg, whose specialty is railroad subjects, and whose talent has made him tops in his field. Herbert A. Leggett, who contributed *Phoenix—and the Valley of the Sun* (p. 20) is vice-president of the Valley National Bank of Phoenix, and an avowed sun-worshipper. The article *California* (p. 22) is by James Felton, who started out as a newspaper and magazine writer and editor, and oddly enough, wound up as a Los Angeles advertising executive.

The cover photograph was taken in Monument Valley, Arizona, by Ray Manley of Western Ways Photographic Service in Tucson. We are indebted to *Railroad Magazine* for permission to reprint on the back cover Frederick Blakeslee's painting showing two Santa Fe freight trains crossing the Colorado River at Needles.

The Santa Fe Traveler is published quarterly by Cross Country Press, Inc. Distribution is made by train attendants free of charge to all passengers.

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Penrose Scull, Publisher

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April-June, 1951



F. G. Gurley

President of the Atchison, Topeka and
Santa Fe uses a DICTAPHONE TIME-MASTER!

ONE OF AMERICA'S top executives, Mr. Gurley, President of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway System, says: "I am happy to join the many business executives who praise the TIME-MASTER for the remarkably efficient machine it is. It's so easy to use, so handy to record thoughts the moment they occur."

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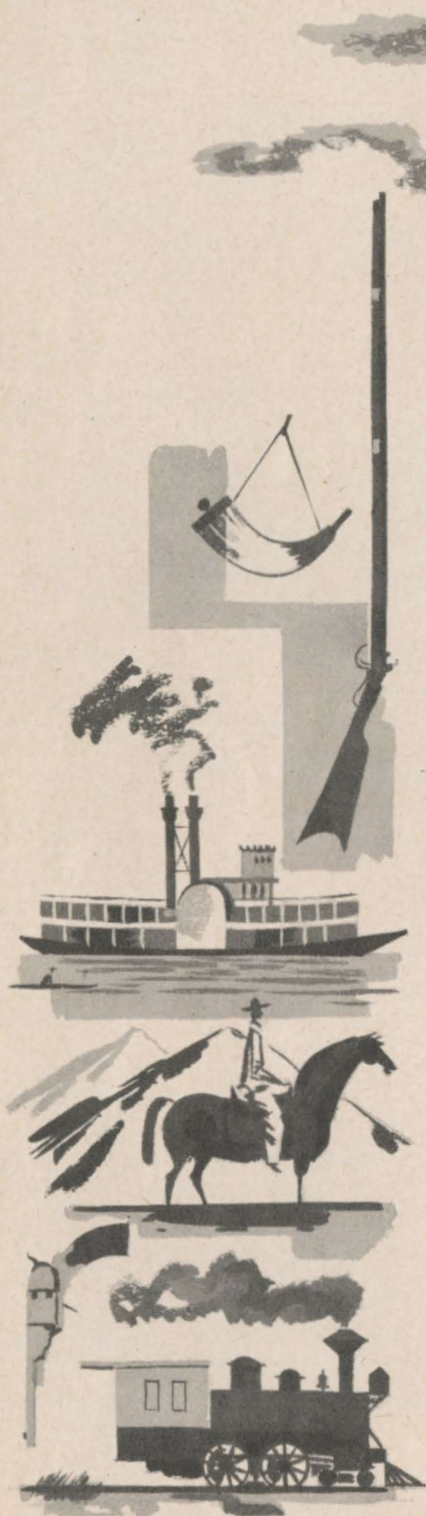
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Where the West....

There was a time when the West was a few moccasined steps
into the woods this side of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston.
A little later, a page or two farther on in history books,
and the West was the smoky wall of the Alleghenies and the Blue Ridge.

There was a time when the West was a hunter's campfire or a lonely cabin
in Ohio, in Kentucky, in Indiana. Some sunsets, some sunrises,
a few pages more, and the West was a steamboat on the Mississippi
and raw pine shanties in the mud of St. Louis and Chicago.

Wife and children, a skillet and some seeds, some chickens
and a plow inside, a man would move ahead of his creaking wagon...
with a long rifle on one shoulder and a big chip of hope on the other.
But the West had a way of moving on, always ahead of a man.

The West moved to the Missouri, along the Plains, over the Rockies,
and on across the deserts, always ahead of the trappers, the miners,
the traders, the cattlemen, the sodbusters, the pony expressmen,
the overland stage, and the railroad.

Then, some say, the West came to an end, dissolved somehow,
in the vast blue welcome of the Pacific. There are those who believe this.
Others know better.

They know the West never died. They know there was no ending
to its spacious story of sharp axes and willing hands, the comradeship of horses
and sky, daring in the night, and steady eyes on morning horizons.

They know the West lives on... in men and women... as hard to pin down
as the shadows on its mountainsides or the starlight over its valleys,
but no more perishable than the wind
over its prairies and the sunshine on its shores.

WILLIAM P. SCHENK

Tumbleweeds



One hundred years ago the New York *Tribune's* west coast correspondent in a despatch to his editors dutifully reported this newsworthy item, "Civilization has advanced so far in California that a divorce has been granted." Just who got the divorce and on what grounds is lost from the record, but it might well have been that the unhappy couple broke up because of the high cost of living. During the frenzied Gold Rush supplies from the east came by ship around Cape Horn. Cargoes brought into San Francisco sold at fabulous prices even when judged by today's sky-high prices. Beef and pork fetched \$60 a barrel; boots, \$50 a pair; coffee, \$5 a pound.

Profits were enormous, especially for shipowners, who could count on earning the cost of a new vessel on one outward voyage to California. In eastern shipyards builders vied with one another to build bigger and faster ships for the long voyage around the Horn. Fastest of these was the clipper *Flying Cloud* which set an all-time speed record of 89 days, 8 hours from New York to the Golden Gate. Oddly enough the Gold Rush which sparked the golden age of American shipping was the cause of its lost glory, for when overland routes to the west were opened up Americans all but abandoned the sea.

* * *

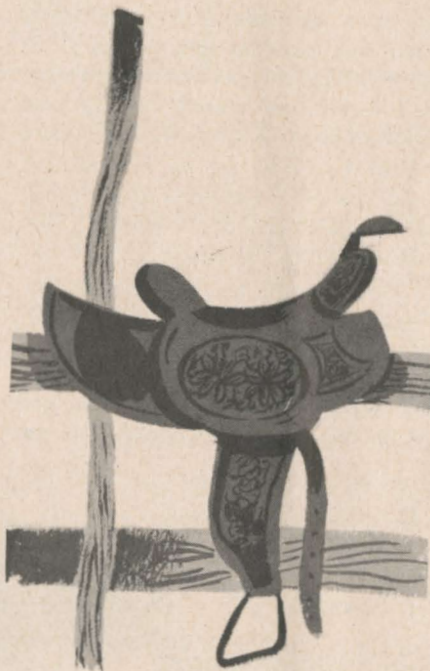
One of the minor chores connected with building a railroad through a new and unsettled territory was thinking up names for future townsites. At intervals of five to six miles the railbuilders envisioned settlements which would develop into thriving towns and cities. These places had to be named, and 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 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 remarkably imaginative. Examples: Jackass Gulch, Petticoat Slide, Chuckle-

head Diggings, Graveyard Canon, Pancake Ravine, Poker Flat and Loafer's Retreat.

When the water in engine boilers got dangerously low, trains stopped at a convenient stream or water hole. The crew armed with buckets "jerked" water up from the stream into the boiler. Thus the term "jerkwater" came into the language. Very often water tanks were built at these places and the settlements that inevitably grew up around these oases were dubbed "tank towns."

* * *

There is a western version of the old saw about eastern slickers selling the Brooklyn Bridge to country yokels. At one time the Masonic Temple in Chicago was the tallest building west of the Hudson River, and the city slickers in Chicago quickly capitalized on the Temple's attraction as a sight-seer's mecca. The favorite easy-money scheme was to escort a tourist to a top floor window on the west side of the building from where there was a magnificent view of the Illinois prairie. Then when the west view began to pall, it was explained that one of the modern wonders of the Temple was a mechanism in the basement capable of turning the building a full half-circle so that without leaving the window the visitor could look out east over Lake Michigan and see all the way to the Indiana shore. The fee for turning the building was \$25.

* * *

On one of the numerous occasions when William Jennings Bryan was campaigning for president he had a tight schedule of speeches to make along the Santa Fe route in Kansas. At each stop the great orator's words flowed on and on and his special train dropped far behind schedule. Finally the conductor in charge of the train suggested that instead of getting off the train to speak, Bryan might address the crowds from the platform of his private car. Then when it was time to leave, the conductor gave the engineer the go signal, and Bryan's brave unfinished sentences faded down the platform as the train sped away—on schedule.

* * *

That frontier justice was swift and informal hardly needs any further corroboration. But one particularly hasty

miscarriage of justice and callous disregard of the sanctity of a fair trial seems worth reporting. In one of the frontier towns a Citizens Committee charged a man with stealing a horse—of which there was no worse crime in the west. An hour later the man was hanged. The Committee had acted upon the barest circumstantial evidence, and later it was clearly proved that the unfortunate character whose neck had been stretched was, in fact, innocent. Whereupon the Committee took up a collection to pay for a headstone over the shallow grave of their victim. With sardonic humor the stone was inscribed, "Lynched by mistake, the joke's on us."

Sardonic humor was carried to extremes by Eugene Field when, for one tumultuous year in the '70's, Field was editor of the *Denver Post*. Shortly after Field arrived in Denver he invited a number of prominent citizens to dinner at his home. It was an elaborate dinner, wonderful food perfectly prepared, but it was served in reverse order, beginning with demi-tasse and dessert and ending with oysters. At another dinner party Field's guests were startled when a giant firecracker exploded inside a roast turkey, spattering the diners with a barrage of turkey meat and bones. After these two experiences Denverites usually had other things to do when invited to Field's for dinner. An opera star never forgave Field for tossing her a bouquet after a brilliant performance at the Opera House. As the grand dame reached over to pick up the flowers, Field snatched them away from her grasp. He had attached an invisible black string to the bouquet before he tossed it from his box to the stage.

* * *

The *Coyote Special* never was listed on the Santa Fe timetables. It made only one trip, carried but two pay passengers and a yellow dog, who rode free. Yet this little train attracted nation-wide attention and acclaim. Thousands of people traveled great distances to watch it rocket past stations and crossroads. It earned the Santa Fe tens of thousands of columns of newspaper stories, as well as the not inconsiderable sum of \$5,500 cash paid by the strange man who rode the observation-sleeper car.

What happened was that Death Valley Scotty, a fabulous character who prospected for gold in the oven-hot desert of Death Valley, drifted into Los An-

geles one day in 1905. Scotty casually let it be known that his "hole in the ground" up in the valley had yielded several millions in gold, and with equal casualness, informed the Santa Fe that he would like a special train to carry him to Chicago. He stipulated that the running time must not exceed 46 hours. With a fine display of aplomb, as though operating a special train on a schedule 14 hours faster than their fastest train was an everyday occurrence, the Santa Fe cleared the track for the *Coyote Special*.

At one o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, July 8th, the *Coyote Special* pulled out of the old La Grande Station in Los Angeles. The engine was Number 442, a type that railroad men call a ten-wheeler, designated as ooOOO. That is, there were on each side two pony wheels and three drivers, five wheels to a side, ten altogether. It was a light engine. But fast.

As the train raced eastward, new speed records were set. At sixty-five miles an hour around curves near Needles the plates set for dinner lurched to the floor. At every division point fresh engines were ready, steam up, and the crew determined to show Scotty what they could do with the train, for word had gone ahead that at the end of each run Scotty handed out \$20 gold pieces. Fastest speed, and a new world's record was hung up on a stretch of track between Cameron and Surrey, Illinois, 2.8 miles in 95 seconds. That worked out to 106 m.p.h.

At 11:54 A.M. on July 11th, the special hustled into Dearborn Station—just forty-four hours and forty-five minutes out of Los Angeles. Nineteen engines and eight engine crews had been used on the trip. Scotty was tired but happy.

And he was something of a national hero.

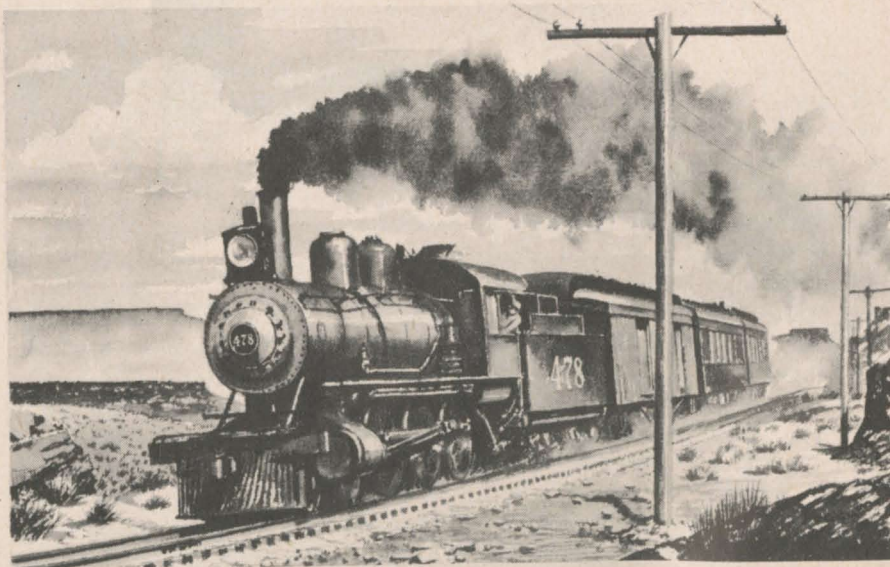
To keep the record straight, there was no fabulous gold mine in Death Valley. Scotty's prodigiously rich "hole in the ground" was the fiction of the man's imagination, and the cost of the special, which he paid for with thousand dollar bills, was part of a modest grub stake he had wangled out of an eastern friend. Yet there is no reason to believe that Scotty would have been any happier had his riches actually existed. He lived long and apparently happy, emerging from the valley from time to time to announce to a half-believing world that he had made or lost a fortune. He loved the limelight and fanfare. He had no urgent business in Chicago that warranted the special train, and within a few days returned home, quietly and leisurely, on the old *California Limited*.

* * *

To keep theft and faked damage claims to a minimum, the railroads and the Railway Express Agency maintain a force of 70,000 police, investigators, and special agents. This army of snoopers is larger than the combined forces of the F.B.I., Scotland Yard, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and the French Surete.

The Pullman Company operates 6,796 sleeping and parlor cars, each of which travels an average of 213,000 miles a year. Forty-five laundries are kept busy washing and ironing 132,340,184 pieces of Pullman linen.

In an average year U.S. railroads serve 70,000,000 meals in dining cars, replace 40 million crossties, buy a billion dollars worth of supplies and pay a billion dollars in taxes, print and distribute 100 million timetables.



Santa Fe Traveler

FOR TRAVELER READERS



\$500⁰⁰ CASH PRIZES

FOR PICTURES TAKEN ALONG YOUR WAY

WINNERS IN BLACK-AND-WHITE CLASS

1st Prize	\$100.00
2nd Prize	75.00
3rd Prize	50.00
4th Prize	25.00

WINNERS IN COLOR CLASS

1st Prize	\$100.00
2nd Prize	75.00
3rd Prize	50.00
4th Prize	25.00

FOLLOW THESE EASY INSTRUCTIONS!

1. Pictures must be taken in any of the following States: Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Texas or Oklahoma Panhandle, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, California. Be sure to caption all photographs, indicating where taken. There are no restrictions on subject matter.
2. You may submit as many photographs as you wish, but all contestants must send the coupon below with their entries. Everybody is eligible to enter contest except employees of the Santa Fe System and Cross Country Press, Inc. and members of their families.
3. Black and white glossy prints are best, preferably 8" x 10" but not smaller than 3" x 5". You may submit color prints or transparencies as small as 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ " x 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ ".
4. All prize-winning photographs become the property of Cross Country Press, Inc. Entrants who do not win prizes may leave their photographs on file with Cross Country Press, Inc. If used in future issues they will be paid for at the established rates for photographs. In no event will photographs be returned unless accompanied by return postage.
5. Contest closes September 15, 1951. Prizes will be awarded 30 days later. All prize-winning photographs will be printed in the issue of the Santa Fe Traveler published after contest closes. A copy of the Santa Fe Traveler containing the prize-winning photographs will be mailed to every contestant, at no charge.

THIS COUPON MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ENTRIES:

Picture Editor, Santa Fe Traveler
Cross Country Press, Inc.
515 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

☐ Please return prints.
Return postage enclosed.

☐ Hold prints for
possible future use.



A cargo liner loading for the Far East. The bustling waterfront at San Francisco with its miles of docks and ships is a perfect spot for photographers interested in marine subjects.



Ranchers riding in the Santa Ynez Valley

CAMERA STOPS

FUN AND PROFIT FROM YOUR SNAPSHOTS

Most photographers agree that the Southwest and California are about the best places in the world for taking pictures. It is a photogenic country with a wide diversity of subject matter, plenty of lights and shadows for black and white shots, and color galore for those using color film. If you have a camera with you, and it is a pity if you do not, don't skimp on film, for the larger the collection of pictures you take on this trip, the more hours you will spend reliving the joys of these days during the years to come.

But don't waste film, either. Study your subject matter before you snap the shutter. The pictures on this and the facing page are fine examples of what you can do with your camera if you pay attention to details and have an eye for composition. If this is the first time you have taken pictures in this part of the country, the few hints given below will come in handy.

First of all, watch the light out here. Even on cloudy days the light is brighter than you think. This is especially true in high altitudes, so by all means at all

times use your light-meter—it will save you enough overexposed film to repay its cost many times over.

This is a land of magnificent sky effects with wonderful cloud formations and thrilling sunrises and sunsets. It is also a land of hazy distances. Therefore filters are a must out here. The versatile K2 filter will darken blue skies, thereby bringing out the whiteness of clouds.

Have you ever tried infra-red film? If not, here is the place to try several rolls of this film which gives such dramatic results. Your best bets for infra-red film are landscapes and for penetration of haze.

Stay away from military installations and defense plants. Don't trespass on anybody's property, including the railroad's, without first asking permission. In short, when you are in doubt, ask for permission to use your camera. This is plain common sense for national security reasons, as well as for your own personal safety.

Pictures taken through car windows are usually blurred or marred by light refractions. However, if you are on the

Super Chief, try a few shots from the windows of the new *Pleasure Dome* cars.

Great technical skill, or a camera and accessories worth a king's ransom, will not of themselves produce really good pictures. The main ingredient for a picture that may win a prize, or that will satisfy your sense of artistic values, is a feeling for composition. Nobody can tell you how to compose good pictures. The best advice is—take your time. Study your subject; you may find that a close-up would be better than a distant shot, or that a person or a tree in the foreground would give character to what otherwise might be a rather uninteresting bare expanse of scenery. Pictures of people are usually better if the camera is held a little above or below the subject's line of vision. And have your people doing something, not just standing rigid staring into the camera.

Backgrounds are important to any good print. Avoid junky, or what photographers call "busy" backgrounds, and by all means when taking pictures of people place the subject so that in the finished print it will not appear as though a palm frond seems to be growing out of a man's head. Also, if you are in some old mining town and want a picture suggesting the old west, beware of backgrounds that include shiny new automobiles or telephone poles.

So take your time and have fun, for after all your camera was made to enjoy as well as to produce fine pictures.

TRAVELER'S Photo Contest

On another page the editors of the *Santa Fe TRAVELER* announce a cash prize contest for the best pictures taken by *Santa Fe TRAVELER* readers. The rules are very simple, and plenty of latitude has been given the photographer regarding where and what he shoots. The judging of prize-winning pictures will be based mainly on the photographer's ability to capture interesting subject matter combined with an eye for composition, rather than great technical skill.

Prize-winning pictures will be published in a later issue of the *Santa Fe TRAVELER*, and all contestants, whether they win prizes or not, will be mailed a copy of that magazine. In many cases pictures may be suitable for publication in the *Santa Fe TRAVELER* for the purpose of illustrating articles in future issues. Such photographs, when used, will be paid for at the regular rates for pictures.

A thousand-acre wheat farm, like this one in western Kansas, is big business, but the vast sky, trailing cloud shadows across the plains, makes man and his buildings seem small.

SANTA FE WEST

HISTORIC ROUTE FOR WAGON TRAINS AND STREAMLINERS

Chicago is the youngest big city in the world. To be sure, Louis Jolliet and Father Marquette on their return from exploring the Mississippi Valley in 1673 paddled through the Chicago River and entered Lake Michigan at a point now spanned by the Michigan Avenue Bridge; but there was no settlement of any consequence until 1803 when Captain John Whistler, grandfather of the famous painter, marched in with a company of infantry and built Fort Dearborn. For neighbors Captain Whistler had three French fur trappers, their half-breed wives, and an indeterminate number of sniffly-nosed children. For the next 30 years the squalid little settlement grew hardly at all, being able to count only 200-odd citizens when it bravely incorporated as a town in 1833.

Then in rapid succession came two events that were to profoundly affect the destiny of Chicago. The first of these was the surge of immigrants who moved west via the Erie Canal to Buffalo, then by ship through the Great Lakes to Chicago. In 1833 Chicago was engulfed by the first wave of 30,000 of these immigrants. Though most of these people pushed on to the "plains without end," many stayed on in Chicago.

The second momentous event was the arrival of the first railroad train in 1848. Oddly enough, not all Chicagoans cheered when the first train chuffed

into their muddy little village. Many of the town's 450 merchants believed that the 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. 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, metal-ware, packing house

It was not so long ago that the country through which you are now traveling was a wilderness. The fact that a rich empire has been carved out of this desolation stands as an imperishable monument to the perseverance of a sturdy people who sought freedom and opportunity. It could have happened only in America, where men were free to mold their own destinies.

products, farm machinery, and candy bars. In the production 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.

In all of this modern hustle and bustle an Englishman, Graham Hutton, found a surprising beauty. In his book, "The Midwest at Noon," published in 1945 by the University of Chicago Press, Hutton wrote, "The beauty shines through all of its grime, the dirt of hard work. I have stood many a time, of a fall evening, or in the depth of terrible winters, on the Michigan Avenue Bridge and looked west to see the girders of many bridges over the Chicago River and the skyscrapers and the sunset beyond, and I have wondered why a Midwest school of painting did not spring up here. . . . You have the most beautifully poised masses and patterns of lines, majestic skies, color, light and shade, depth and distances." Well, if there is no Midwest school of painting, there is the Art Institute on Michigan Avenue at Adams Street which houses one of the finest collections of paintings to be seen anywhere, including many canvases by western American artists. Then, too, there are six universities, five medical schools (one out of every five U.S. doctors studied in Chicago), and the tallest (44 stories) Opera House in the world. Writers have used Chicago as the locale for some 200 novels, and a Chicago poet, Carl Sandburg, penned the epic verse of America.

Blackhawk Land

Between Chicago and Joliet 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.

Beyond Joliet Illinois stretches in an eye-filling wonder of prairie. All this was once the happy hunting ground of



The shadows of Chicago's skyscrapers, bridges and railroad yards are reflected upon the quiet water of the Chicago River. West of Chicago stretches the heartland of America's agricultural empire. Shown below is a dairy farm in northern Illinois.





kansas River and follow its course into the southeastern corner of Colorado. Watch for the town of Olathe. It is about a thirty minute run west of Kansas City, Kansas, as the train makes it now. A hundred years or more ago it was a day-long journey by wagon from Independence. Thus it was marked as the camp site for the first night on the trail. To the wagon drivers it was a port, of sorts, or a beacon on a flat sea of prairie, a place to tie up to. It was a place where the few faint of heart turned back.

Kansas

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. They came in a thirsty, fruitless 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 turned with crude plows pulled by ox teams. Or of the sod split with an axe, the seed kernels dropped in by hand and stamped over with weary feet.

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 Soilers defending their cabins in the short grass. 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. Farmers who scoured the prairie for buffalo bones to earn a few dollars during the hard times of 1887. Cavalry men of Civil War fame, who fought Indians in this moonlight: Custer, Sheridan, Miles, Hancock, Pope and Lawton. 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. Some of these are 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.

Wheat for the World

Such is the history of a state where wheat is now gold. Kansas farmers, soil and weather teamed up in 1950 to reap a harvest of 170 million bushels—enough to bake 7 billion loaves of bread.

The wheat harvest on the North American continent gets under way early in May. That is when the purring combines begin swathing through a sea of golden grain in the Oklahoma and Texas Panhandle. Like an invincible army the harvesters push northward. First in the Panhandle, then Kansas in June, the Dakotas in September. By late fall the harvest is ended in the Canadian provinces—from gulf to tundra in six months.

When the farm equipment manufacturers hit upon a workable design for a combine they touched off a revolution in the method of harvesting wheat. In the pre-combine era wheat was cut by clumsy machines. Reapers they were called. Some were so massive that it took a team of eight to a dozen horses to haul them across the fields. When wheat was cut it was fed into a thresher, a smoke-belching behemoth of a contraption that literally shook the kernels from the stem, and in so doing raised a

choking cloud of dust above the simmering heat of the plains. It was a memorable time of the year for farm women who fed three enormous meals a day to a dozen or more itinerant harvest hands.

The combine, as its name implies, combines reaping with threshing. At a speed of about six miles an hour it cuts, threshes, and stores the grain in a portable bin attached to the machine. When the bin is filled, farm trucks wheel out to the combine, take the grain aboard and carry it to the local grain elevator down by the railroad track. From field to elevator within a few hours instead of days or weeks—that's what the combine made possible.

But if the combine eased the harvest job for the farmers (and their wives), it greatly complicated things for the railroads and for the Santa Fe in particular, for the Santa Fe handles more carloads of wheat than any other railroad. Within the space of a week or so a fleet of combines will denude the fields of a whole county, and dump a mountain of wheat in the lap of the railroad. Take it away, say the farmers. Get it to terminal elevators in Kansas City, Wichita or Hutchinson so that local elevators will not overflow. That is the setting for the annual drama of western railroading.

Months before the harvest begins, special agents employed by the Santa Fe estimate the crop yield in their area. Thousands of empty box cars are called back from foreign lines, cleaned, repaired and stored against the day when the combines begin their work. Extra locomotives, train crews, switchmen and dispatchers are marshalled in from the far ends of the system. Some come from as far away as California. Long strings of empties move up branch lines where ordinarily for eleven months of the year a mixed train daily constitutes the only traffic.

Rolling to Market

Cars loaded up country are moved to terminal elevators at mainline junctions. Then back again empty. Up and down the branch lines, day and night, loads and empties, shuttling with the precision of looms. And long strings of loads clattering east, west, south to flour millers, and to a fleet of ships waiting to sail to the ports of the world. That is the miracle of the Kansas plains. The Mennonites made it possible by smuggling out of Russia a hard strain of wheat that grows well in this soil. The reapers and threshers, and now the com-

bines, made it possible for men to farm more and more acres. But in the final analysis, there would be no Kansas wheatland were it not for the railroads. Except for the device of the flanged wheel hugging the steel railhead there would be no low-cost, efficient way of delivering Kansas wheat to market.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the principal cities and towns of Kansas are located along the mainline of the Santa Fe. The growth of Kansas from a desolate wasteland into a great agricultural heartland could be pretty accurately measured by the number of railroad ties battened into its rich soil. The Santa Fe Railway was born in Topeka. Fred Harvey opened his first eating house in Florence. Newton grew and prospered when it became the junction for the line built by the Santa Fe into Oklahoma and Texas. Hutchinson has become one of the greatest grain shipping centers in the world.

The Panhandle

Passengers traveling on the southern section of the *Grand Canyon Limited* 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 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 stalactites suspend from ceilings that in some places are 600 feet or more overhead. Conversely, other stalactites 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. Last year nearly 500,000 people visited the Caverns.



You may not think so, but this rider is doing fine. Every town in the Southwest has its annual rodeo where the best riders and horses in the country do their spectacular stuff.

HIGH COUNTRY



Here is the grandeur and drama of the Rockies extending in an unbroken chain from the southwestern desert country to northern Alaska.
Page Fourteen

Santa Fe Traveler

The high country of the Southwest is a vast tableland. No matter whether you approach it from the west or from the east, you come upon this tableland quite suddenly. And from either direction you climb to the summit up a tortuous, winding grade. Eastbound you climb to the high country from the near-sea-level Colorado River crossing on the California-Arizona border. Then for 200 miles you climb steadily to 7,000 feet altitude at a spot midway between Ashfork and Williams.

Westbound trains gain part of their altitude by easy stages. Kansas has a gentle rise of roughly eight feet to the mile so that at Dodge City Santa Fe high iron is 2,486 feet above sea-level. West from Dodge City to La Junta, following the course of the Arkansas River Santa Fe track climbs steadily higher, but so easily in this wide open country that the mounting altitude is hardly noticeable. In fact, in this big land between Dodge City and the Rockies, sometimes referred to as the Great American Desert, altitudes, speeds, distances, and other ordinary indices that measure a man's journey, lose part of their validity. There is a sameness and immensity about this part of the country that makes speed and miles seem like abstractions. A distant butte, or grove of trees seen now, will appear no closer to hand an hour later, despite the fact that the train has moved fifty or sixty miles during that time.

Where the Buffalo Roamed

An early settler riding in a wagon across this stretch of country dolefully wrote home that out here he could see farther but see less than a man would imagine possible. But this was far from the truth. When our settler was heading west there were buffalo to be seen—millions of buffaloes. They were all over the place, getting in the way of the frail little trains and cluttering up the land settlers wanted for sheep and cattle raising, and for growing celery and sugar beets. Then, suddenly, the buffalo were gone, mowed down by a senseless slaughter. In twenty years 31 million buffalo were shot in western Kansas. One man, Tom Nickson, claimed a record kill of 140 buffalo in 40 minutes, 2,173 in 30 days. And then, as now, a man may see the horizon-rimmed sky and majestic cloud formations. There are lights and color, and the glorious spectacle of brilliant sunrises and sunsets. In winter there is snow and the blackness of storms. In summer five

hundred varieties of wild flowers bloom in this tawny soil. It is like this all the way to La Junta and the wall of the Rockies that guard the entrance to the High Country.

Colorado

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

Its first curtain rose on the Basket-Makers and Cliff-Dwellers whose sets still stand. The nomadic tribesmen came next, played their roles 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 the prospector and burro, and the Saturday night jangle of the music box in the lamplighted saloons of the gold and silver towns. The original casts of hunters, fur trappers, cattle kings, and silver and copper barons have vanished under the slow lifts of gun smoke and a thunder of hooves. But Colorado is still a stage, back-dropped by the shining mountains that never change and are never twice the same.

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 timber line. Its ice-water streams and mirror lakes echo with anglers' triumph. Its wrinkled surface is peppered with dude ranches where corrals resound with the snort of saddle horses and the challenge of riders. The granite mountains, from which Americans have extracted billions of dollars

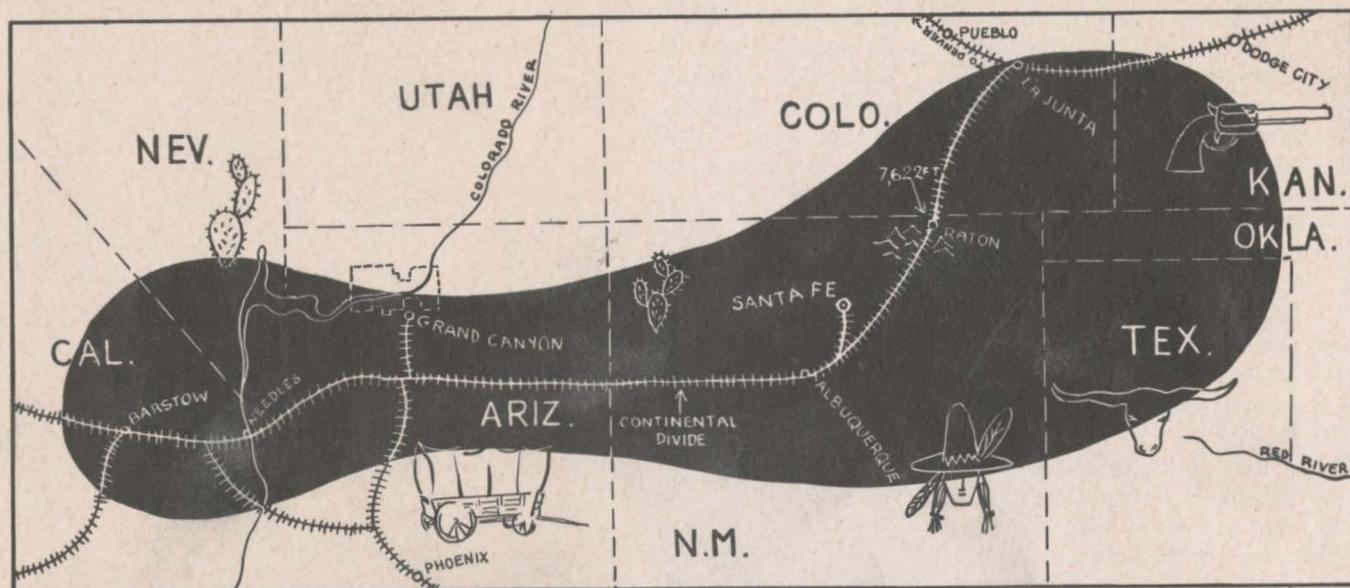
worth of mineral riches still deliver an annual ransom of gold and silver, and yield new riches of molybdenum, vanadium, tungsten and uranium. Perhaps the greatest treasure of all locked away as a hedge against future shortages are the one and a half trillion tons of coal and shale oil reserves from which an estimated 70 billion barrels of oil can be extracted.

When railroad builders got to the foothills of the Rockies in Colorado they were stopped dead in their tracks. Reports sent back by survey parties were filled with pessimism and foreboding. The surveyors counted some 1,500 mountains in Colorado that soar 10,000 feet or more into the sky, including 52 peaks that rise 14,000 feet or higher. (In all of Switzerland there are only nine mountains whose peaks are above 14,000 feet.) Moreover, the passes between the mountains were strewn with gigantic boulders, or were not passes at all, being nothing more than deep and twisting gorges hacked out of the granite mountains by the headwaters of four rivers that run far into the American past—the Colorado, the Platte, the Arkansas, and the Rio Grande. The least formidable of all the passes was Raton, over which the stages on the old Santa Fe Trail lumbered into the high country. This is the route Santa Fe streamliners now follow. The long, slow pull begins at La Junta.

La Junta, which in Spanish means "the Junction," is in fact just that. North from this city a Santa Fe line extends to Pueblo, where are located the mills of the Colorado Iron and



When buffalo were sighted all thought of operating schedules was forgotten. Trains stopped while passengers and crew poured lead into the herd.



Steel Company, to lovely Colorado Springs nestled in the shadow of Pike's Peak, and to Denver, state capital and largest city in the eleven inter-mountain states.

On the mainline west and south across the southeastern corner of Colorado, passengers on clear days can see Pike's Peak, more than 100 miles away. Then come the snow-silvered Spanish Peaks of the Culebra Range, and the long ridge of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains. Now, as Mexican adobe huts appear in the sun-flowered 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 repairing 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.

The oddly-named Purgatoire River comes from the Spanish name *El Rio de Las Animas Perdidas en Purgatorio*. This full-blown name means the River of the Souls Lost in Purgatory, so designated in memory of a band of Spanish explorers massacred on its banks by Indians in the 1700's.

From 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 (named after William 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 which stokes the steel mills in Pueblo.

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 wagoners, stages, cattlemen, the military and the natives who used the road he built over Raton Pass.

New Mexico

New Mexicans speak of their state as the Land of Enchantment, which it undeniably is. It would be as aptly descriptive of New Mexico to refer to it as the Land of Contrasts.

Among the first to be explored, New Mexico was the next to last state to be admitted into the Union. Fourth largest in area, the population of the state is dwarfed by that of Boston. Its capital city, Santa Fe, is the oldest in the U.S., but it is still necessary to publish Spanish translations of its legislative acts. Although a *History of New Mexico* was in print ten years before the Pil-

grims 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 less noisy drums and rattles of tribesmen still petition the sky-gods for rain. Your transcontinental streamliner whistles at crossroads on which the fastest travel is the burro plodding toward the ancestral butte and mesa homes of the Wild Woman, the War Twins and the Corn Maidens.

The nice part about all this is that New Mexico has its enchantment, its contrasts, and progress too. Despite the acclaim for its fiestas, and the soft stirring of tom-toms, the state cuts a rich slice in America's economic pie. Over 97 per cent 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 landscape.

Southward, like an imperishable landmark naturally decreed to memorialize the pioneer, 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. The new town, East Las Vegas, was born when the first puffing Santa 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 Kearney, 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.

Faith & Fiesta

To some people Santa 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.

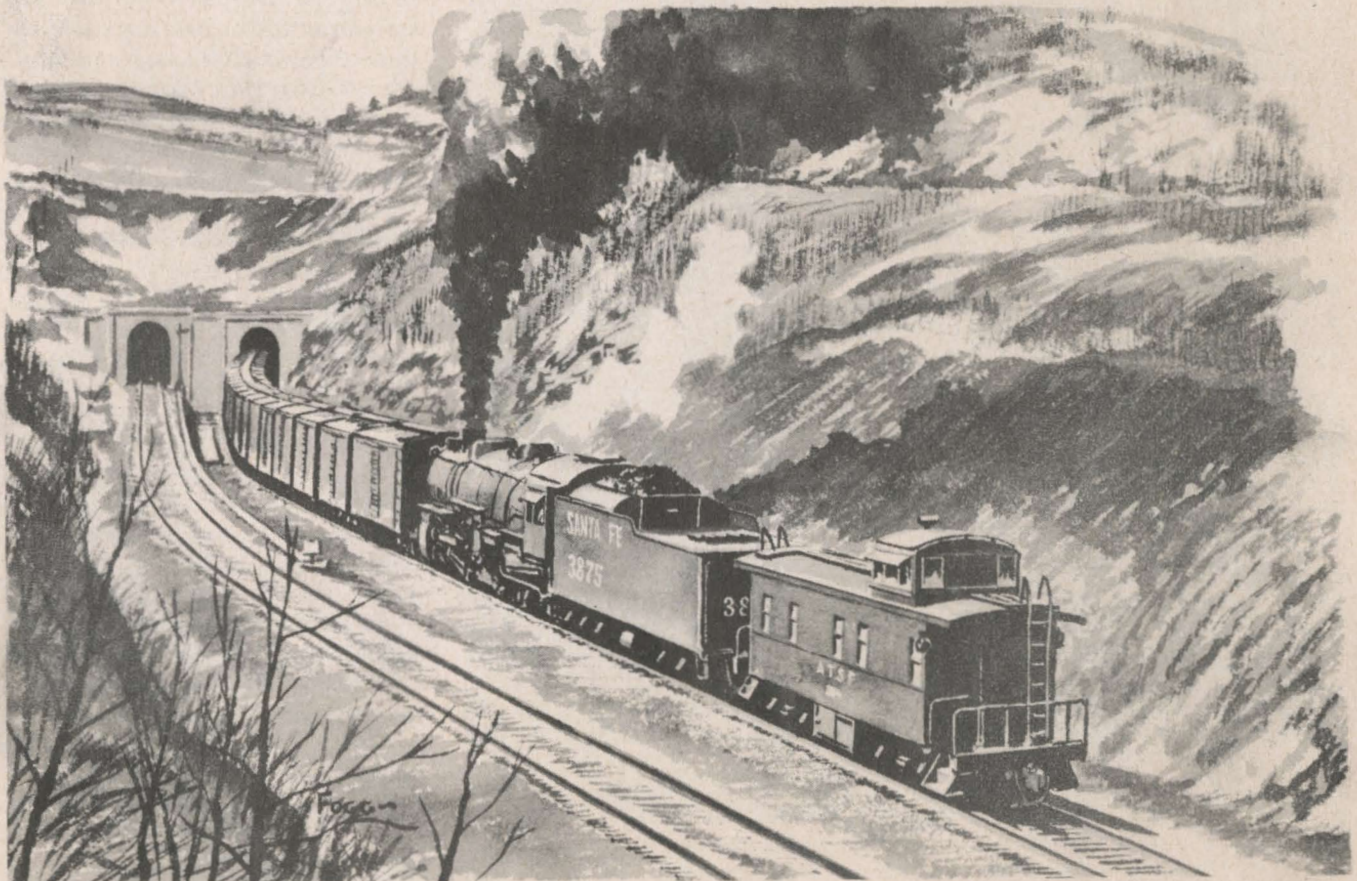
To most visitors, Santa Fe is Fiesta; the burning of Zazobra (Old Man Gloom), the giant effigy symbolizing

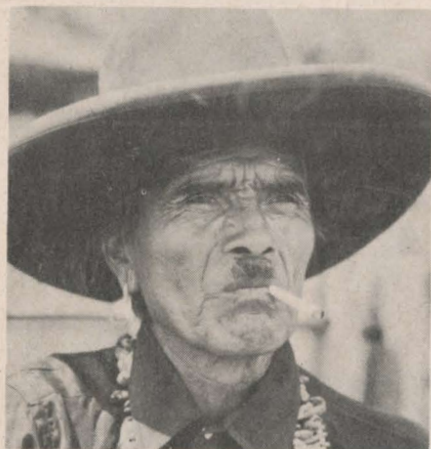
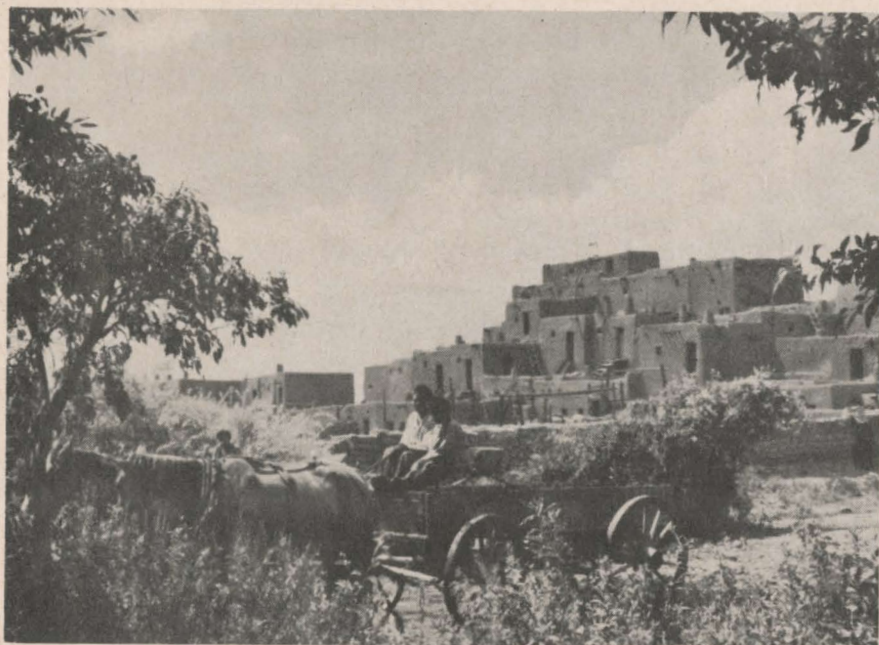
fears, inhibitions and woe—tight-trousered fiddlers and guitarists—false faces—band concerts in the square, and the fragrance of *tamales*, *enchiladas*, *frijoles*, and *chili* cooked over pinon coals.

Santa Fe 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, and where only time hovers between men and the stars.

From Lamy to Albuquerque Santa Fe track follows the valley of the Rio Grande for 67 miles. Between these two





The Navajos of New Mexico and Arizona are a friendly and happy people. Their ancient pueblos and spirited dances are a part of their proud heritage.

stops are two pueblos which may be seen from the train. One is Santo Domingo Pueblo, noted for its magnificent annual Green Corn Ceremony; the other is San Felipe Pueblo, whose 200-year-old church with its twin towers is a gem of New Mexican Mission architecture.

Land of Enchantment

Albuquerque, the hometown Ernie Pyle loved, is the largest city in New Mexico. As such it is the banking, industrial, transportation, and educational center of the state. 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.

Adjoining the station at Albuquerque 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.

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.

North of Gallup is the Navajo Indian Reservation which extends westward across the northern boundary of

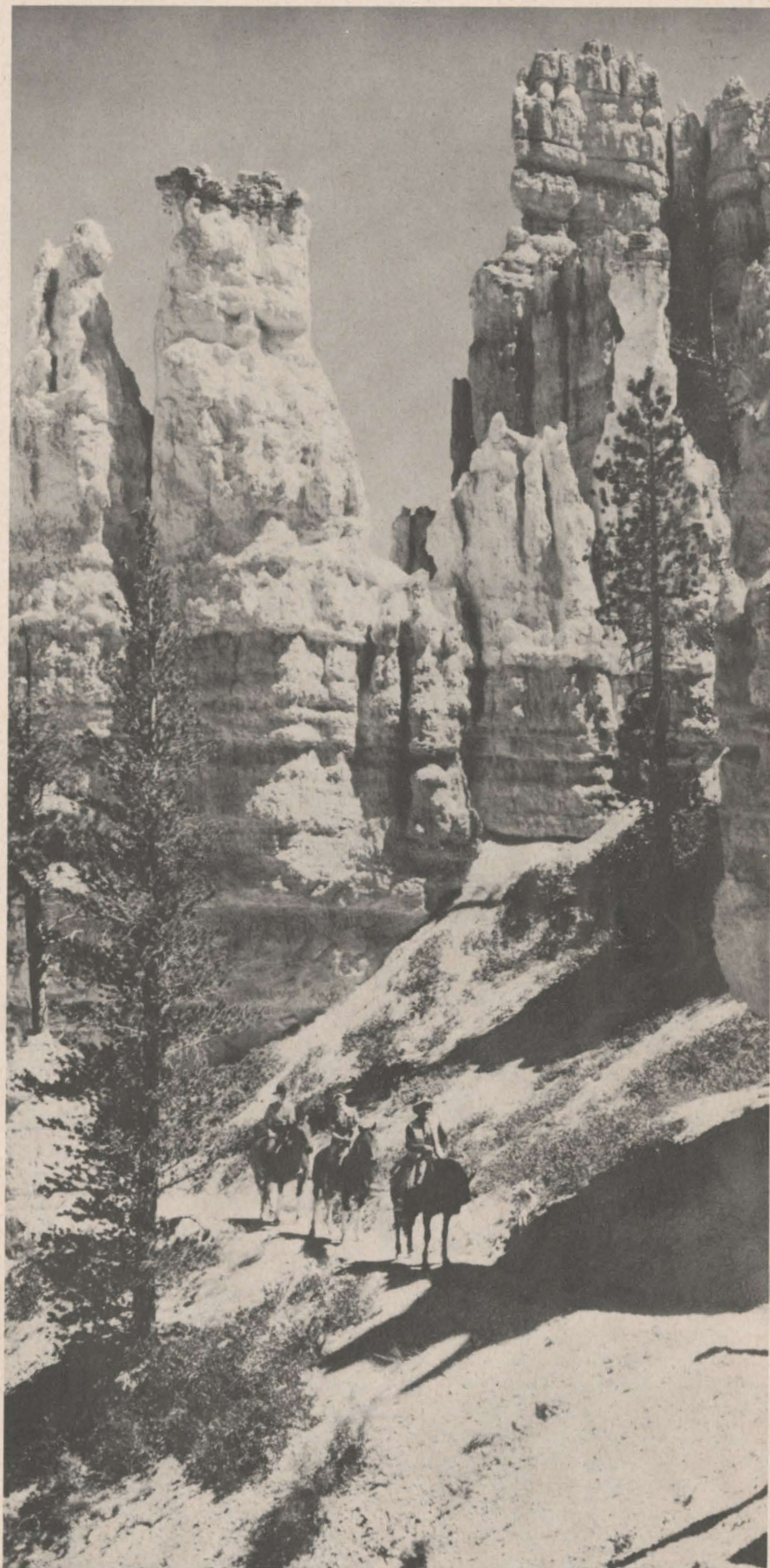
Arizona. This reservation, about the size of West Virginia, is populated by 61,000 Navajos, many of whom bring their wool, their colorful hand-woven rugs and blankets and their lovely hand-wrought jewelry to the Indian trading shops and wholesalers in Gallup. Trade with the Navajos and the Zuni tribe to the south is a fascinating business. The traders in Gallup are established firms who have done business with the Indians for many years. There is a high degree of respect and honor between the trader and Indians, and a close friendship has marked their dealings.

Gallup was once a station on the Pony Express route to California. It is the gateway city to Mesa Verde National Park, Canyon de Chelly, Rainbow Natural Bridge, and Zuni Pueblo—the largest pueblo in the United States. The city is famous for its annual Inter-Tribal Indian Ceremonial, when the finest talent from more than 30 Indian tribes compete in dancing, sandpainting, races and rodeos. The Inter-Tribal Ceremonial is, by all odds, the most exciting and colorful Indian fair in the world. Last year 30,000 people attended the three-day affair.

Arizona

Most Santa Fe passengers see only the eastern corner of Arizona, the reason being that westbound trains are chasing the setting sun when they cross the New Mexico-Arizona boundary, while trains that departed from Los Angeles the evening before are meeting the sunrise in this part of Arizona. In either case it is a lovely time of day to see Arizona and the small part of the state you will see is lovely beyond comparison.

If you are westbound you will be drifting down the wide, many-hued valley of the Rio Puerco when you enter Arizona. All about you are some of the most spectacular scenic wonders in the world. First of these is the Painted Desert, a parched, brilliantly colored land of sand and lonely juniper trees. Then there is the Petrified Forest, a strange transformation of a subtropical forest which grew here 170 million years ago. For some unexplained reason, the forest sank in a marsh, became solidified into a rock-like material, and saw the sun and sky again when millions of years later wind and erosion carried away the loose earth. Scattered about the forest are petrified tree trunks, some of them measuring up to 150 feet in length and eight to ten feet in diameter. Beyond and to the south are the towering peaks



Soaring monoliths like these are the result of centuries of buffeting by the restless winds of the Southwest.

Phoenix—and the Valley of the Sun

Take equal parts of water, fertile soil and sub-tropical climate. Garnish with a little imagination and energy, and you have a green thumb paradise.

This principle was first recognized by an unknown tribe of Indians who settled in the sunny valleys of central Arizona a millenium or more ago. Thus was laid the groundwork for the city of Phoenix, now a thriving metropolis of 250,000 people—largest population center between Los Angeles and Fort Worth.

The first civilization lasted some 500 years or so, and then vanished. The possibilities of this rich land with its flat terrain and a river at the door, were again envisioned midway in the 19th century by one Jack Swilling—prospector, pioneer and evidently sometime farmer. He recognized the old Indian ditches for what they had been and realized that here was opportunity. A canal company was formed, with immediate success, and a modest little settlement was started.

The name Phoenix was suggested by Darrell Duppa, English remittance man, scholar and adventurer, who proclaimed that "here a great city shall arise, like the fabled Phoenix bird, from the ashes of ancient civilizations." In 1889, Phoenix became the capital of Arizona. The legislature journeyed from Prescott (the original territorial capital) to Los Angeles and back to Phoenix in order to enjoy the comforts of a trip by rail. The present route of the Santa Fe is much shorter, more picturesque and, of course, even more comfortable.

Today, Phoenix is a modern city of broad streets, attractive homes and prosperous businesses. Whereas its economy was originally based on agriculture, activities are now widely diversified and include about everything but deep sea fishing. Although no great amount of manufacturing is visible to the naked eye, total value of manufactures produced in the Phoenix area now amounts to about \$100 million annually. It is not only the center of government and agriculture but of finance, transportation, distribution, and research projects by industry and government agencies.

Sunshine and lack of humidity make Phoenix a cheerful and enjoyable place in which to live. There is little rainfall (too little, if you ask us) but water is stored behind dams in the nearby mountains, which is called upon as needed for irrigation purposes. The Salt River Valley Project is recognized as the most successful operation of its kind in the world. The storage dams also furnish hydro-electric power for municipal and industrial use.

As cities go, Phoenix is most cosmopolitan. Everyone seems to have come from some place else, including all of the 47 other states and most foreign countries. Some come to stay, others just to visit and, of course, tourists we have always with us all around the calendar. Moreover, nearly one-half of Arizona's non-Indian population resides within a 30 mile radius of Phoenix.

Many national celebrities live here all or part of the year. Authors, artists, politicians, industrialists, financiers—some of them retired, and some just tired. The New York Giants train here regularly, but last winter they were replaced by the World Champion New York Yankees due to the influence of co-owner Del E. Webb, a local boy, with pennant hopes for 1951.

Speaking of sports, Phoenix also ranks as the Women's Softball Capital of the Nation. For glamour and grace, plus unbelievable proficiency, we recommend taking in a girls' softball game on a balmy spring evening with the desert moon as background. Phoenix is also the place where bathing beauties actually bathe, all year round. It is the home of Miss America of 1949.

Climate is something that isn't mentioned carelessly in Arizona. For seven or eight months at least, the Valley of the Sun produces the kind of stuff that other places boast about. It gets monotonous. Few days are ever unsuitable for golfing, riding, swimming, flying or any other activity. Accommodations run the gamut from trailer parks to swank resorts. But one thing is the same for all and absolutely free—sunshine.—HERBERT A. LEGGETT



of the White Mountains where streams are alive with fat trout and where forests of pine and aspen offer a cool and shaded respite from the heat and glare of the desert.

From Winslow the track climbs to the top of Coconino Plateau. On the way up is Meteor Crater. Scientists have had a lot of statistical fun with Meteor Crater, which they estimate was formed 50,000 years ago when an errant meteor crashed to earth. The scientists have measured the hole (a mile in diameter and 600 feet deep); estimated the weight of the meteor (12 million tons); and the speed at which it was traveling when it smacked into the earth (144,000 m.p.h.). They have figured that the meteor dug itself 1,500 feet beneath the surface when it hit, and tossed up 300 million tons of earth and rock when it exploded. A few miles beyond Meteor Crater is Canyon Diablo (Spanish for Devil's Canyon), a nasty gash in the earth's surface which the Santa Fe crosses on a bridge 550 feet high.

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 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.

If you are beginning to suspect that all of Arizona is canyons and deserts



Writers and storytellers have used every superlative in the language to describe the Grand Canyon. Perhaps the most fitting thing to be said about the Canyon is this—when you peer into its depths, you gaze back into the beginning of time.

and grotesques in stone, consider a few figures which will prove that it is otherwise. Ask an Arizonian to tick off the state's richest treasures, and he will list the five C's—cotton, citrus, cattle, copper, and climate.

Take the first three C's. 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 annually harvest 50,000 carloads of vegetables, 150,000 bales of cotton, and 200,000 tons of citrus fruit.

Copper is only one of Arizona's metals. In 1583 the Spanish explorer, Antonio de Espejo, discovered silver ore

so close to the surface that he scooped it up by the fistful. 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 mineral wealth, only 4% of the state's 73 million acres have been thoroughly prospected.

Along the Santa Fe route are cities and towns fast growing in importance as business centers and resort spots. At Gallup and Flagstaff lumbering has become a thriving industry. Visitors from all over the world come to Gallup every

August to visit the Hopi Snake Dance. The ceremony, performed by Hopi Indians in their villages north of Gallup, is an ancient prayer for rain, and is ranked as the most impressive and spectacular religious rite performed in America. During the summer months Hollywood motion picture outfits make many of their "westerns" in Oak Creek Canyon south of Flagstaff, while the Flagstaff Sno Bowl during the winter months is the ski capital of the Southwest. Williams is the gateway city to the Grand Canyon, and Ashfork is the junction for the line that drops down into Phoenix and the lush green valley of the Salt River.



Desert sunset



Snow in the high Sierras

FABULOUS LAND

CALIFORNIA

JAMES FELTON

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 resource, 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 or Oklahoma, more airplanes than Russia. 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.

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



San Francisco at night



Olvera Street, Los Angeles

appointing, 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

badly infested by numerous 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.

Gold!

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.

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.

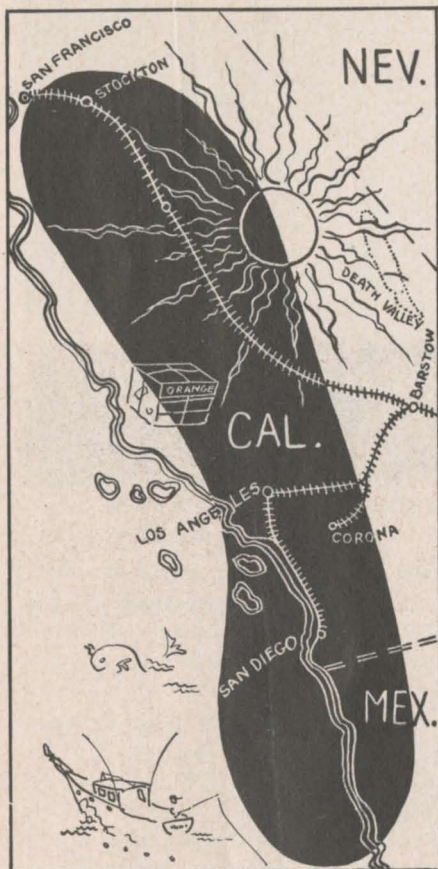
Within a year, California's first population boom was on. They came by foot, horseback, oxcart, prairie schooner and sailing ship, from every state and every



Fishing at Santa Barbara



Mission San Juan Capistrano



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 town-sites, 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 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.

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.

Boom

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 soap factory. In Los Angeles county alone, half a billion dollars' worth of new industries were begun after 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



Old Mexican Custom House at Monterey

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 mighty 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 Azusa (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. North into King County, you cross what once was the bottom of the largest lake in the world, but is now California's great, fertile Central Val-



Pretty girls, Hollywood and a thriving fashion industry are a happy combination that has won for California world-wide publicity and acclaim. These three have made California the world's movie capital, its number two fashion center.

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

Where to go . . .

What to see . . .

in CALIFORNIA



Wilshire Boulevard at MacArthur Park, Los Angeles

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 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.

By this time, along with the natives,

IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, ARIZONA AND NEVADA IT'S TANNER GRAY LINE

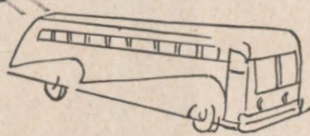
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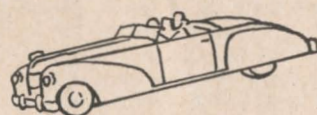
COSTS: Movie Studio (Warner Bros.) \$4.
Radio Center and broadcast \$2.50. L. A. Harbor
and Knott's Berry Farm (all day) \$5.25.
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you are amazed and appalled by the size of the city and how long it takes to go from end to end, but you have seen its 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.

One of the most exciting things Walter Knott, founder of Knott's Berry Farm, has done is the building of GHOST TOWN. Realizing the old historical towns of the Gold Rush Days of '49 were fast crumbling to dust, he set out to create an atmosphere of those famous days and today you may re-live some of the heroics, pranks and deeds of

violence that were part of the life of our forefathers. Every building has a story and every story could be true. This fine tribute to the pioneers of the West brings thousands from far and near to see and enjoy or reminisce.

The grounds and restaurants are open daily at noon and remain open until 9 P.M. One can easily spend the whole afternoon and evening enjoying a good dinner, seeing Ghost Town with its four interesting streets and its many unique shops, panning gold at the Gold Mine, witnessing the Horse Show, glimpsing the Transfiguration at the Chapel by the Lake and completing the day around the blazing campfire in the romantic Wagon Camp. There guests are entertained with song and old fashioned dancing either as a participant or spectator. Entertainment at the camp usually starts at Sundown.

It is wise to plan your visits to the farm on a week day to avoid the huge Sunday throngs.

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.



The harbor at San Diego

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.

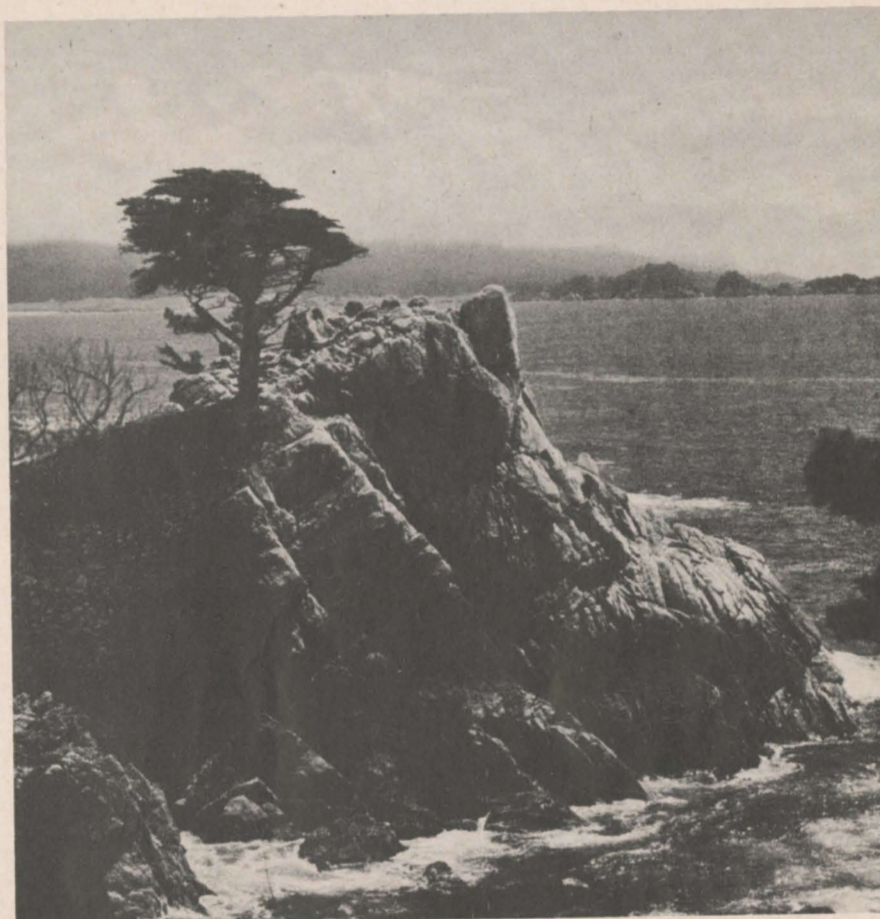
Naturally you'll want to go to old Mexico. Tijuana is only 16 miles by car or bus from San Diego. There is horse racing at Tijuana every Sunday, exciting Jai Alai games (Wednesday through Sunday nights), and occasionally a colorful bull fight.

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 enchiladas, 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.

Up the Coast

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



Cypress Point at Pebble Beach is one of the most photographed, and certainly one of the most beautiful points of land on the Pacific Coast.

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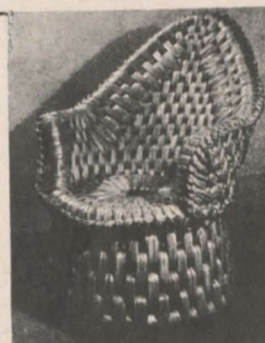
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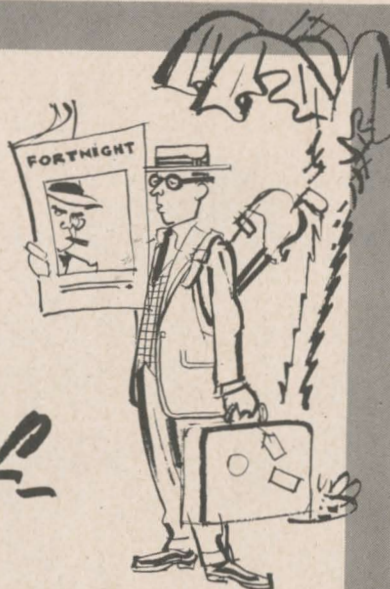
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virtually unchanged since the Spanish ranchers rode them centuries ago. The days are sparkling clear and the sun warm. At night you will gravitate toward the fireplace and sleep under blankets.

Monterey

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 Cannery 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



Golf at Pebble Beach

Santa Fe Traveler

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.

San Francisco

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 fascinating place. The shops are exciting, full of oriental imports—pottery, china, jade, silks, bamboo—all intermingled with hundreds of inexpensive souvenir knickknacks. 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.

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.

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Here, briefly, is the Institute's function: It stimulates your desire to forge ahead, awakens hidden abilities, supplies the training and knowledge every executive must have. It shows you, by practical examples, the methods and procedures followed by management. It enables you to *bridge the gap between your present job and the one above.*

Don't misunderstand. The Institute works no miracles, opens no magic portals to quick and easy success; it will *not* double your income within a few months. Nor will it make corporation presidents of men who are clerks at heart.

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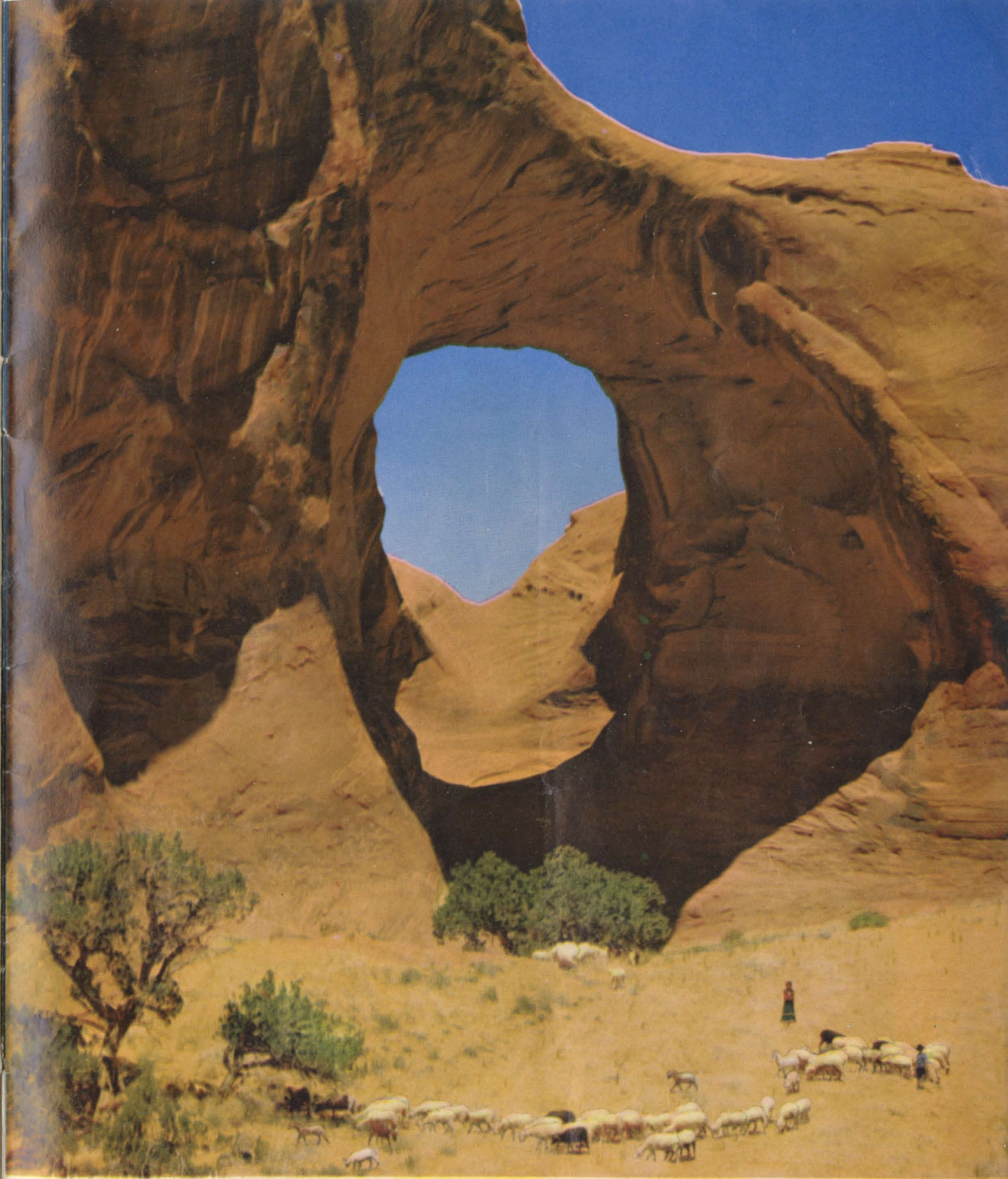
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