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Indian-detours

- Most distinctive Motor Cruise service in the world -



ANNOUNCEMENT

● SINCE THIS publication was printed there have been a few changes in the operation of Indian-detours.

● THE INDIAN-DETOURS are now operated by Hunter Clarkson, Inc., with headquarters at Santa Fe, New Mexico.

● LIMOUSINE "Couriercars," or "Couriercoaches" (formerly known as Harveycars) are used on the one, two and three day Indian-detours and Motor Cruises.

● LA FONDA HOTEL at Santa Fe remains under Harvey Company management.

NEW RATES (Effective Dec. 1, 1933)

THREE-DAY DETOUR—Santa Fe, Frijoles, Puye, Taos	- -	\$45.00
TWO-DAY DETOUR—Santa Fe, Puye, Taos	- - - -	\$30.00
ONE-DAY DETOUR—Santa Fe, Puye, Santa Clara	- - - -	\$14.00

● THESE RATES are all-expense, excepting meals, and include motor transportation; room with private bath; courier service and entrance fees.

W. J. BLACK,
Passenger Traffic Manager,
Santa Fe System Lines

CHICAGO, Dec. 1, 1933

Indian Detours

» » through New Mexico and Arizona

● Few of the beaten paths out here in our Far Southwest are of the kind you all know.

● These few are the steel ribbons of the railroads, iron-spiked lines of least resistance. The many are the paths of the Indians, worn inches deep in solid rock by moccasined feet; the ways of the sandaled padres and steel-clad soldiers of Spain; the trails of the fur-capped mountain men; and the broad tracks blazed by those in buckskin and deepened under the clouds of plodding pack trains and covered wagons.

● It is along these old-new trails that we of the Harveycar courier corps would take you in this our book. They lead us and our guests away into the beckoning, foot-loose distances of New Mexico and Arizona. They find out for us buried cities that flourished when Britons crouched in caves, reach medieval Spain dreaming away the centuries in the mountains of America, and string together age-old Indian pueblos where one may "catch archaeology alive." They lead us to the mines, the lumber camps, the open spaces and the painted canyons of the least known and most alluring corner of the United States.

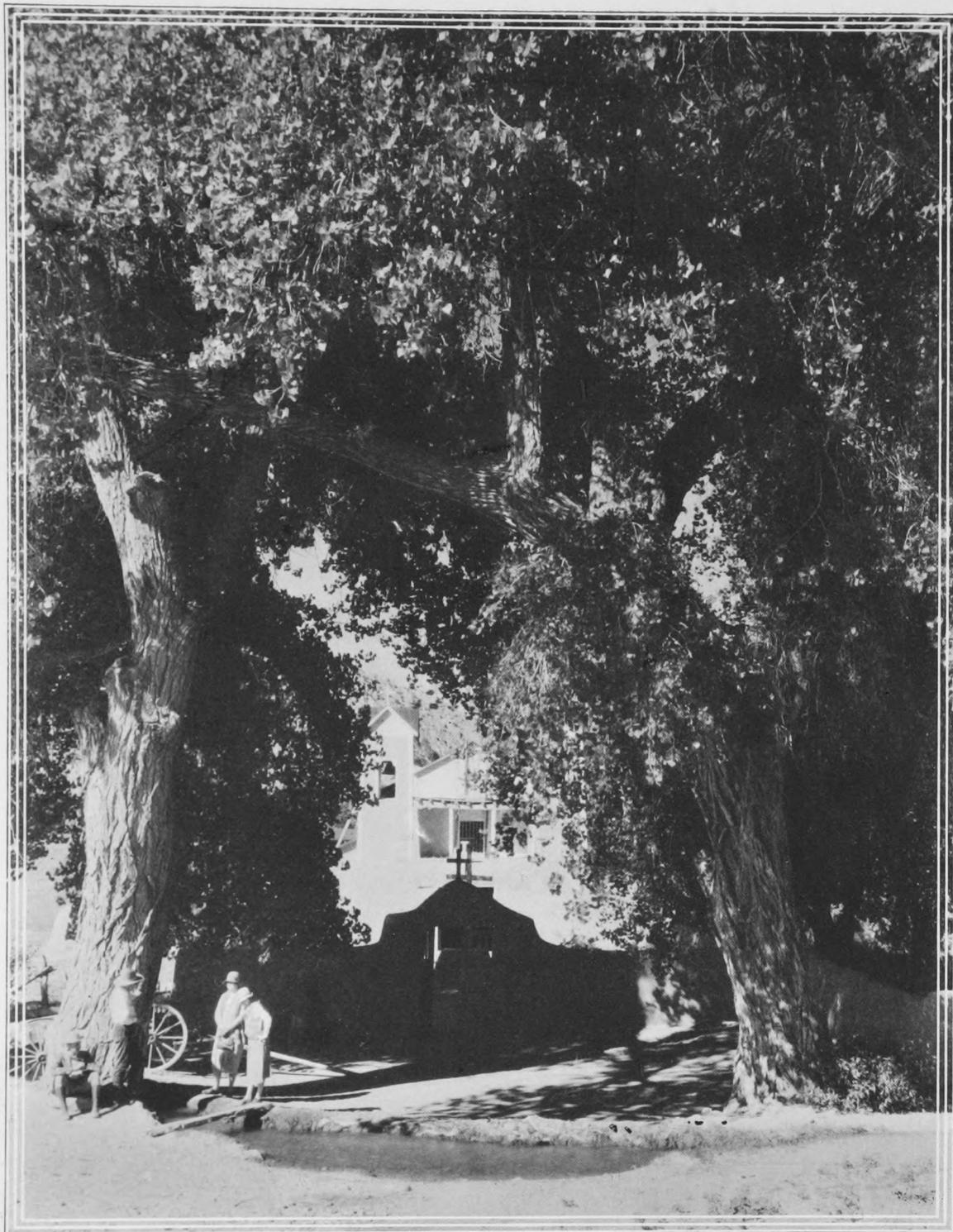
● Those who are passing on into the setting sun make the Southwest safe for you and for us. The railroad gave it gateways. Now the Harveycar has let down the last barriers of time and distance, of discomfort and inconvenience, until the Southwest's heart is no longer for the loneer alone.

● It is our high ideal, and that of everyone associated with us in the personnel of the Indian-detours, to create here on the West Frontier the most finely distinctive motor service in the wide world.

● You must be the judge of our success, after you have been out with us into the blue. In these few pages we can hope only to tell you, very simply, something of how you may go and what you will find there.

THE HARVEYCAR COURIERS



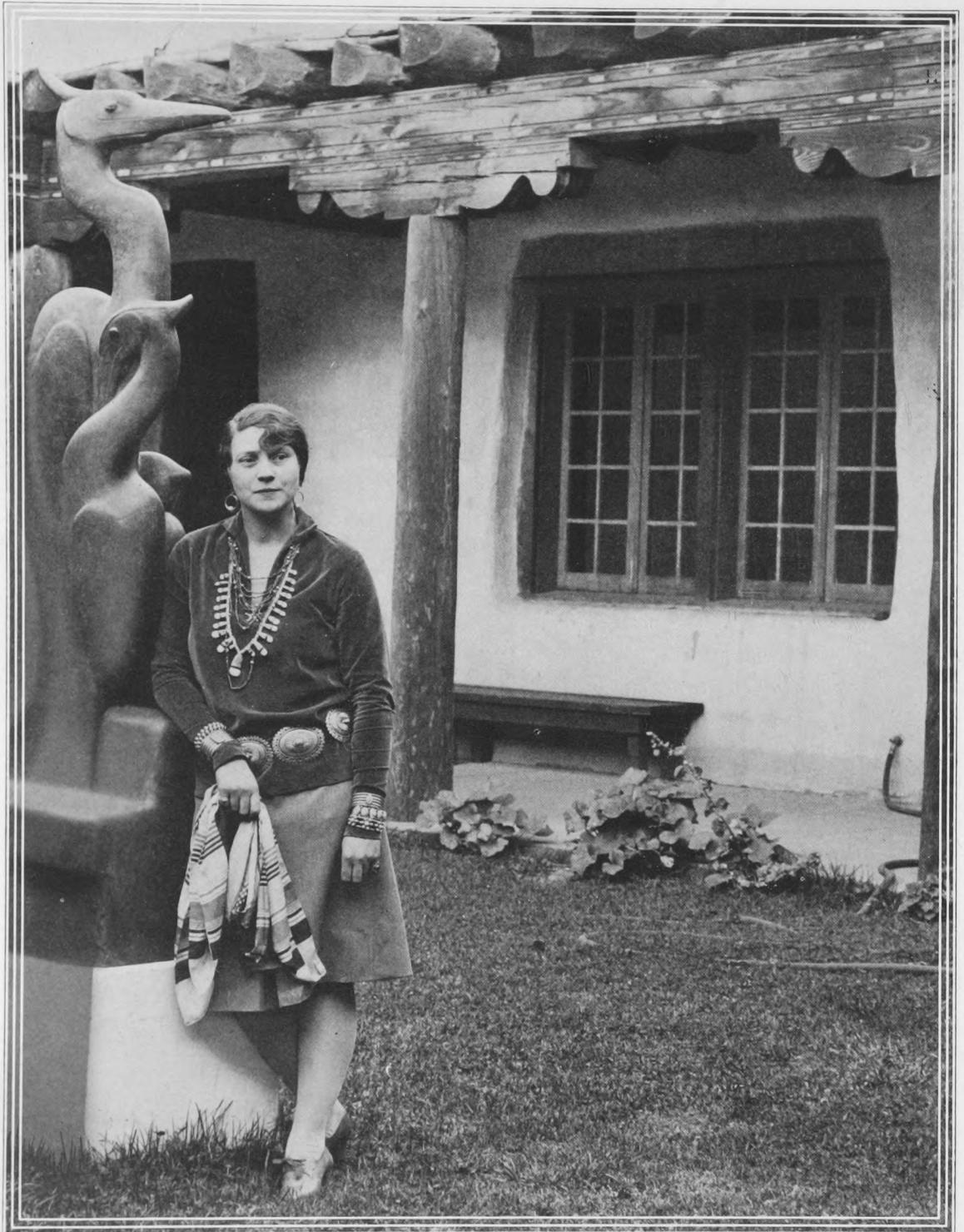


Santuario draws its pilgrims from all the Southwest

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In 1926 there were three of us. Now we are many more.

The Courier Corps

»» a necessary word about ourselves

● The Southwest is too big for crowds. Far back from the railroad, where space and distance come into their very own, a "conducted tour" would be as out of place as a dress suit on a fishing trip. One simply cannot "sight see" a Rainbow Bridge, a Canyon de Chelly, a Navajo Fire Dance.

● Yet nowhere on earth is that old, old business of intelligent guidance more essential. The whole land cries out for interpretation, from the gigantic masterpieces of Nature to the arts and crafts and curious customs of unspoiled native races and the tumultuous, unwritten frontier history that lurks behind every bush.

● What is this, and why is that? Where and when and how to go, without losing oneself like a needle in a haystack? Where, always, to be assured of good food, cleanly comfort, and a hearty welcome, when morning may break in a luxurious hotel and the afterglow find one in a mountain-girdled valley, or in Indian country a hundred miles from a telephone?

● So the Harveycar Courier Corps was born—to interpret a really different land in a really different way.

● **What We Do.** When you detrain anywhere for a Harveycar Indian-detour, one of us will greet you on the platform. There won't be any difficulty in recognizing our uniform, with its brilliant Navajo blouse, flashing Navajo belt of figured silver conchos, turquoise and squash-blossom necklaces, and the Thunderbird emblem on a soft outing hat.

● From that moment we want you to feel at home in the Southwest—not as a tourist to be bundled about, but as part of a little group off on a private exploration where one of the party knows and loves the country and is going to do her utmost to make you revel in every hour you spend in it.

● As your courier's guests you needn't give a thought to luggage or meals or accommodations; to picnic lunches or necessary pack outfits and guides; to the payment of bills. A hundred opportunities are always popping up for little this and that of unexpected service. The running story of the country is there, too, but only as it interests you to hear it. Your only job is to succumb to the inevitable enchantment of the Southwest as quickly as possible.

● **Courier Training.** It may interest you to know something of the training of a Harveycar courier, once she has qualified as to social background, education, character and personality. Other things being



equal, that college graduate has a marked advantage who already knows something of the Southwest, who has traveled abroad, or who has conversational knowledge of one or more foreign languages aside from Spanish. The latter, of course, is obligatory sooner or later.

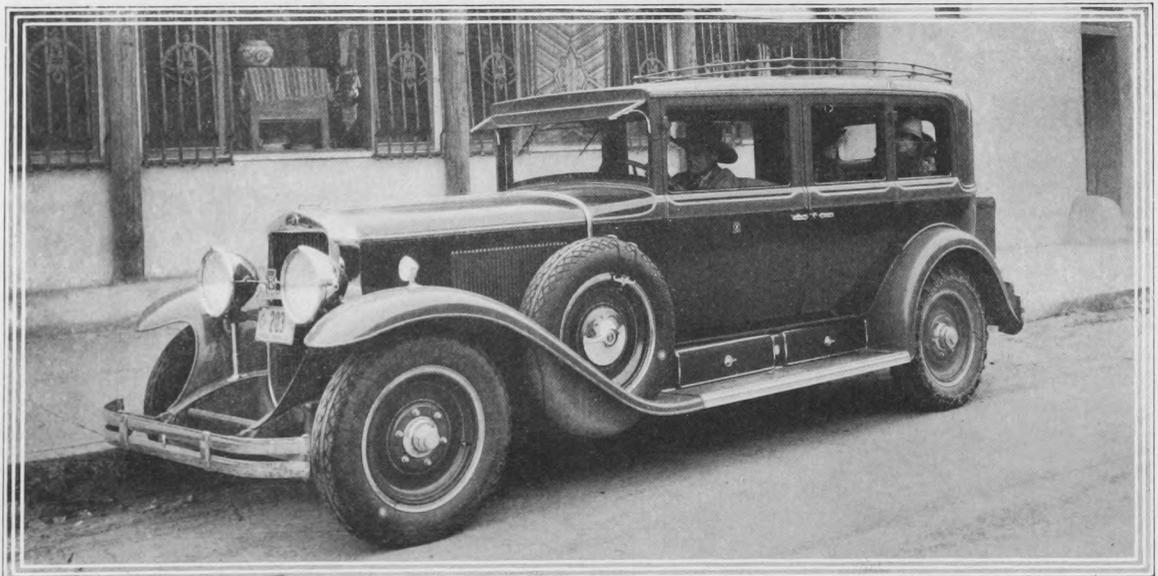
● The actual training course, which covers four months of book work, lectures, and long field trips by motor into the Back Country, is conducted under the direction of an Advisory Board of nationally known authorities on the archaeology, ethnology and history of the Southwest. On this board are such men as Dr. Edgar L. Hewett, Director of the School of American Research, at Santa Fé; Dr. A. V. Kidder, of the Department of American Archaeology of Phillips Andover Academy; Dr. S. G. Morley, Associate of Carnegie Institute; Mr. F. W. Hodge, Director of the Museum of the American Indian, New York; and Mr. Paul F. Walter, President of the Historical Society of New Mexico.

● Both during and after preliminary training, we are privileged to have the active co-operation of the University of New Mexico, the local staffs, in Santa Fé, of the U. S. Forest Service and Indian Service, and of representatives of these and the National Park Service in other parts of the Southwest.

● Training course and examinations, successfully hurdled. Substitute courier, absorbing experience and more training. Regular courier, with an ever-widening sphere of knowledge and usefulness. And finally, after proof of tactfulness and resource to meet any emergency, promotion to the coveted designation of Land Cruise Courier, privileged to pilot you and yours over the length and breadth of a quarter million square miles.

● In 1926 there were three of us. Now we number many more, and each year our background of tradition and experience deepens.

● Won't you let us show you the Southwest **differently?** It's too big for crowds.



Harveycars are turned out spotless after each return from the road

Harveycars

»» and the men who drive them

● It is one thing to roll along over paved highways, with garages and tow cars conveniently waiting around every corner—and quite another to push off into God's 40-acre lot where that mountain over there is fifty miles away and the next house, barring a problematical Navajo hogan, perhaps half as far. In such an environment one can conjure up situations, true enough to haphazard Southwestern motoring, that would be quite beyond the reach of your courier. The thought quite naturally brings up the all-important question of Harveycars and the men who drive them.

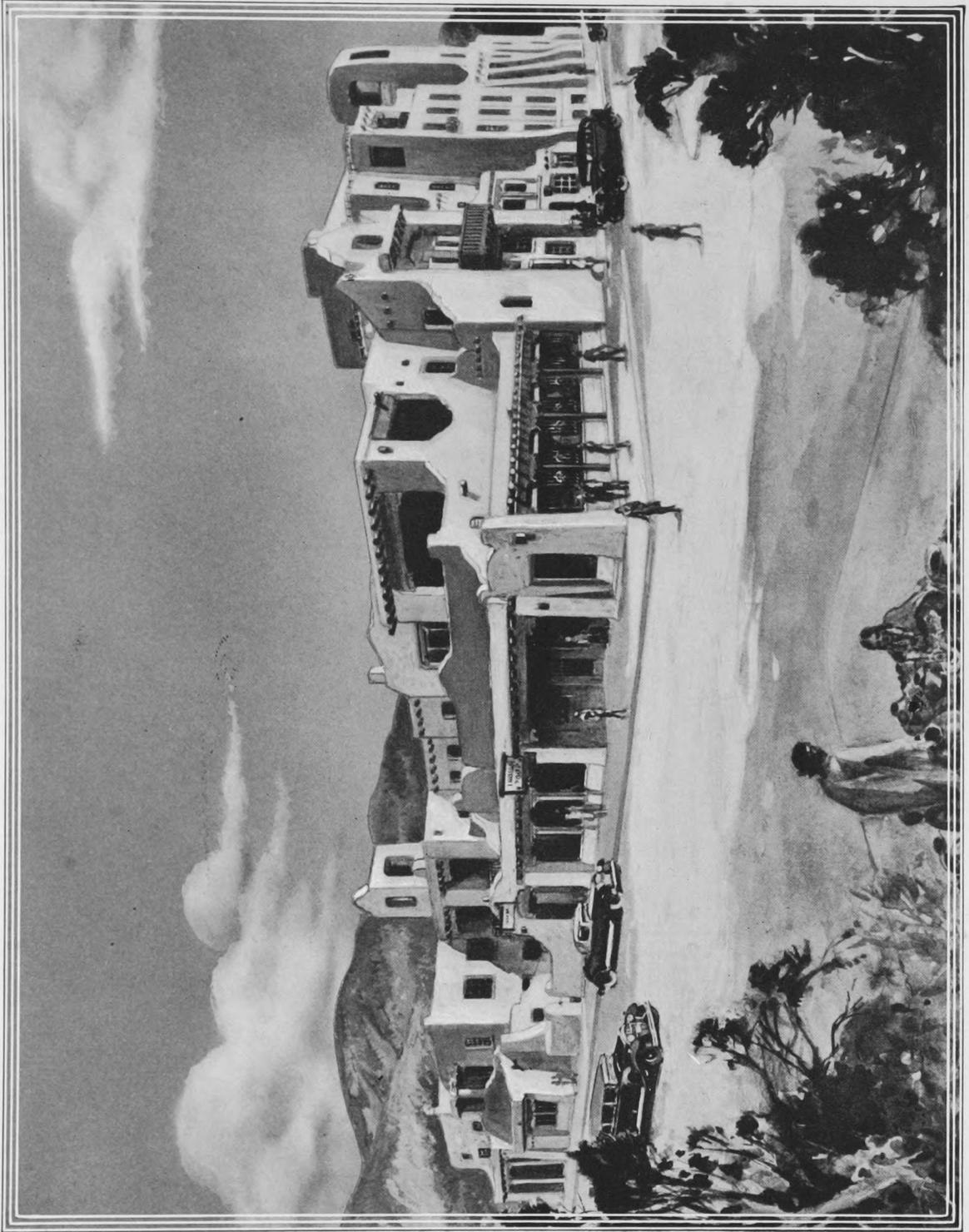
● Your Indian-detour will be made in a seven-passenger Harveycar, one of a fleet standardized in make and touring luxury. No more than four guests ordinarily will be allotted to a single motor, unless you request it, and there will be ample room for all essential luggage.

● Your distinctive car, with the little Thunderbird emblem that has earned its warm welcome in the uttermost traversible corners of the Southwest, will be turned out spotless and gleaming after each return from the road. Roundabout Santa Fé it will be mechanically inspected from stem to stern each 500 miles. And it never will be old—the entire Harveycar fleet comes to us new in alternate years.

● If by chance you know those who have been guests of Harveycar service, we hope you will turn to them for an opinion of their Harveycar driver. Steering wheels know no more reliable, clean-cut men. They are courteous and thoughtful of the little things—for they, too, have been through the mill of Harveycar training and experience. They are expert mechanics, every one, and after four years of mountain and desert driving the emergency beyond their resource and skill has yet to arise.

● When your own Indian-detour cruise is a thing of happy memory we know you will be as appreciative of your Harveycar driver as are we who depend upon them constantly.





No "off season" disrupts the smooth perfection of La Fonda's service

La Fonda

»» your headquarters and ours

● Down from the great ranges and up from the tawny valleys sweep the subtle influences molding the individuality of Old Santa Fé, capital of New Mexico. The curious life of the Spanish-pueblo area it centers crowds to its very streets, genuine and unspoiled.

● It is these influences that have been caught and sifted and slowly crystallized in La Fonda, our headquarters and yours. We like to feel that from the moment you enter its hospitable doors you sense both the ideal behind Harveycar service and the indefinable lure of the Southwest.

● La Fonda sweeps back from the plaza of Santa Fé in lifting terraces, earth-colored, without one sharp, harsh outline, its exterior as natural in its picturesque environment as the ancient pueblos it glorifies.

● Within, the life of the hotel centers about a sunny, rough-tiled patio of Old Spain. In guest rooms and cheery suites there is coziness, gayety, here and there a delightful touch of humor. Each room of more than a hundred was developed individually, bits of a great picture puzzle perfect only when assembled. La Fonda was already mellow when the last workman departed.

● **From Far Lands.** Throughout the furnishings of La Fonda are scattered priceless museum pieces from Spain. Supplementing these are over eight hundred other articles of furniture created to specification, decorated individually, and then dropped into appointed settings.

● Hooked rugs, made to original designs by North Carolina mountaineers, are adorned with bull fighters, pigs, horses, burros. Counterpanes are of cotton crepe, tufted by hand in harmonizing shades. Paintings by Pueblo Indians hang in every room.

● There are decorated tiles from Mexico; wicker stands and tabarets from Poland with a Mexican effect. There are wrong-side sheepskin cushions made of blacksmith's aprons, upholstering in velour and burlap and tight-drawn pigskin.

● Not only America, but China, Morocco, Persia and Egypt have been combed for fabrics and appropriate handicraft. Mexican



designs have been unearthed that bring Michoacan, New England and the Carolinas together in a note of old-fashioned, comfortable homeliness which seems to be universal, if one knows where to find it.

- **Iron and Tin.** Here and there you will wonder at strange plants, with pendant green fronds and large blue blossoms. They are of iron; and more iron, beautifully hand wrought, appears in curtain rods, balustrades; in the cornstalk grills of patio windows, and heavy ash-stands picturing miniature giraffes and elongated jack rabbits.

- The prevalence of things in tin adds to the spirit of originality pervading the hotel. Tin nichos and sconces, candlesticks, light shades and cords and even the unique frames of plate glass mirrors all are the painstaking work of Mexican artists. Scores of hand wrought Spanish lanterns hang in the portales, the Lecture Lounge and the halls.

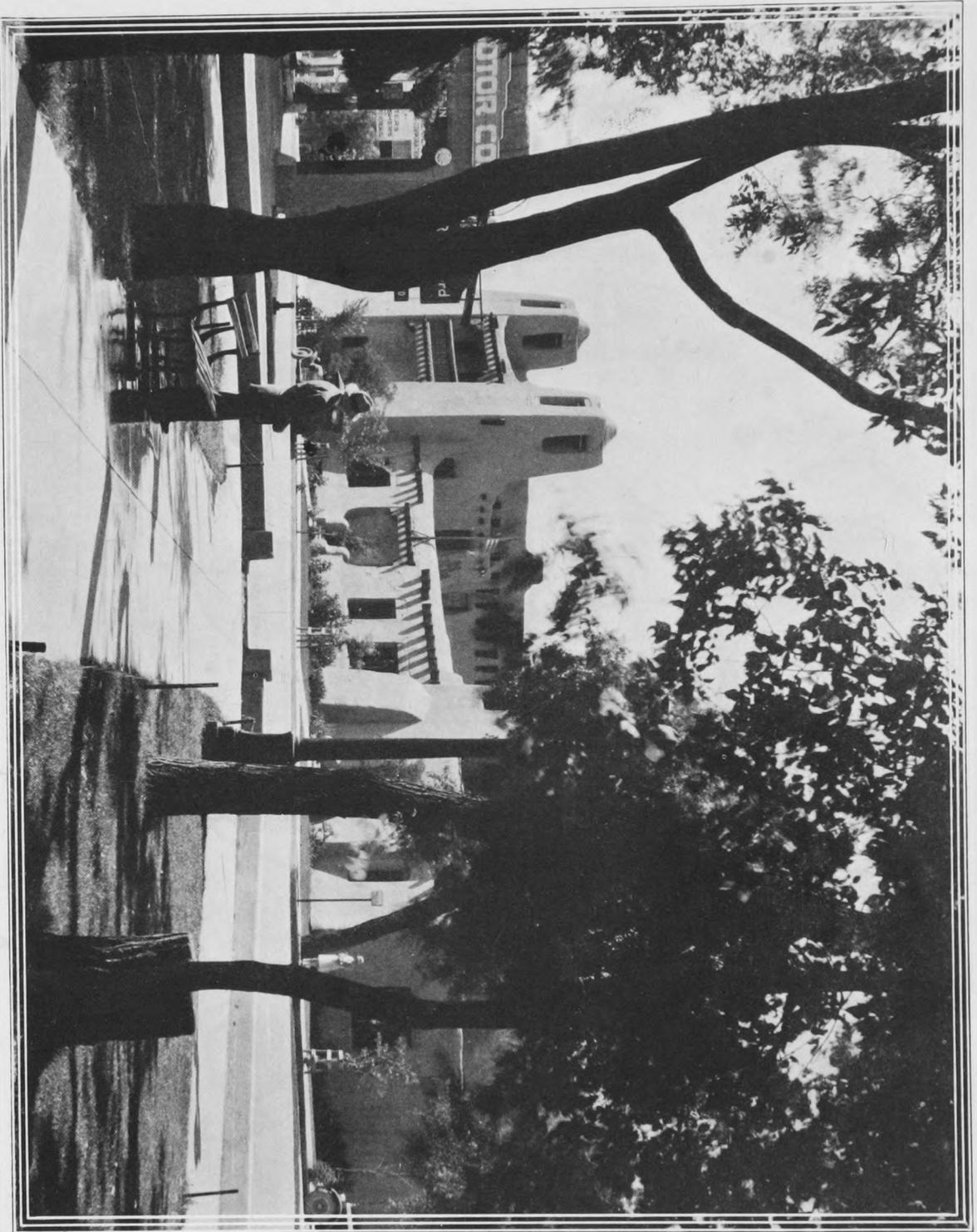
- **New Mexican Room.** Carved and painted doors mask the electric elevators, operated by Mexican girls in gala costume. Tea is served about the lazy flames in the south portal lounge. The native orchestra plays at the entrance of the New Mexican Room, haunt of those who care to dance.

- The whimsical wall decoration of the New Mexican Room is a symposium of Santa Fé and round about. Geraniums in lard pails, goats eating clothes from the line, burros bearing wood or natives; serenaders and señoritas; matadores, trovadores, caballeros and novias; prairie dogs, road runners, somnolent paisanos, and a delightful payazo, or clown, who romps about amid vines and things over the doorway—all are painted in graceful, sketchy, humorous vein, with a new discovery on the other side of every pillar.

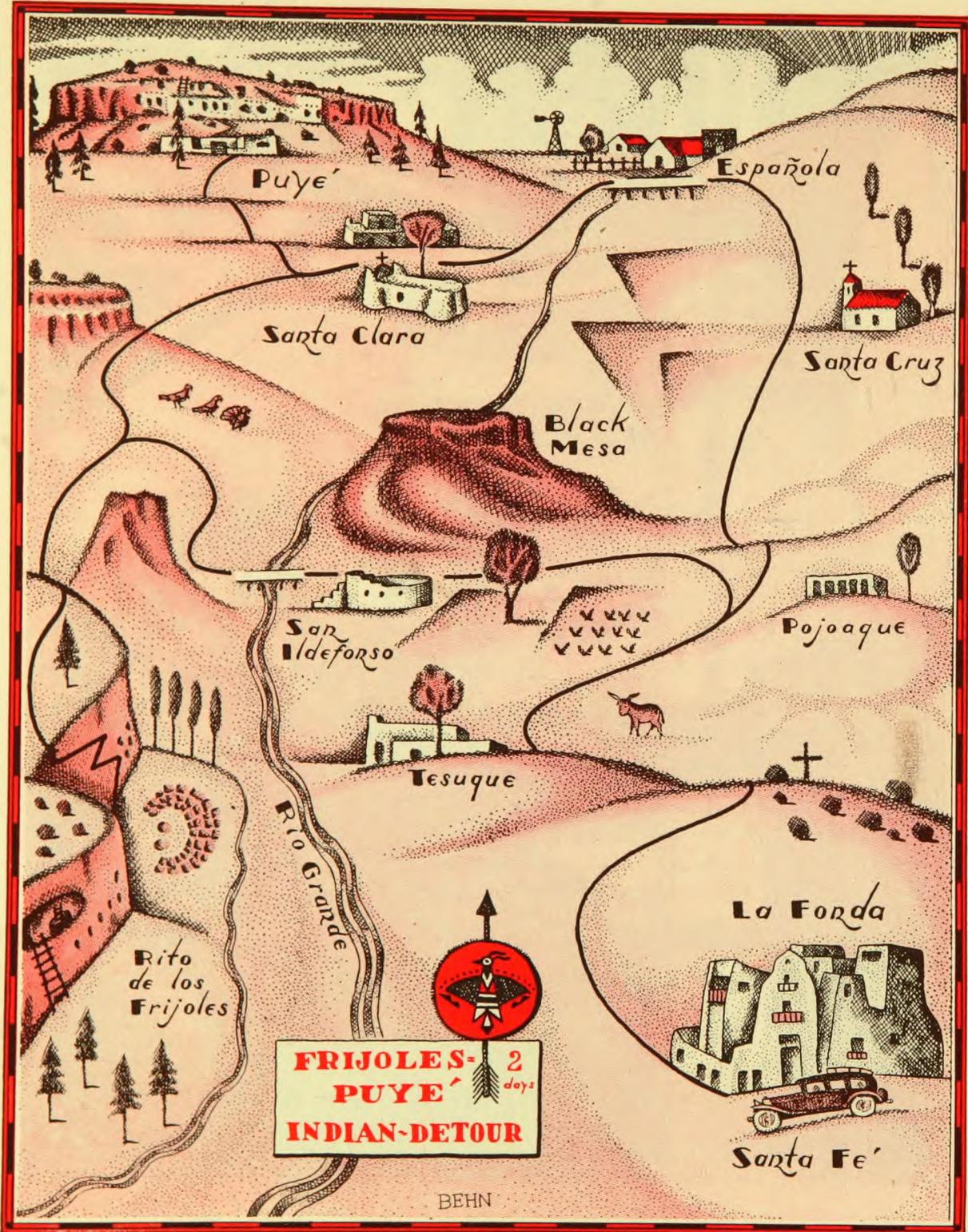
- Another large room, stretching along the south side of the portal, is in form a New Mexican chapel, with high carved doors, great fireplace, bancos and balcony. By day here is another lounge, with huge chairs and couches and subdued richness in drapes and glowing rugs. At night it becomes the Lecture Lounge, scene of our informal illustrated talks on that Southwest of which the hotel is so fascinating an embodiment.

- Earth wanderers who know best the famous hotels of the world seem to enjoy La Fonda most. There is no off-season to disrupt the smooth perfection of its Harvey service. It is as jolly for a week or two at Christmas or Easter as in the height of the cool mountain summer.





Where genius often first exhibits its canvases—the New Museum, Santa Fe



Puye'

Española

Santa Clara

Santa Cruz

Black Mesa

San Ildefonso

Pojoaque

Tesuque

Rio Grande

Rito de los Frijoles

La Fonda

FRIJOLES-PUYE 2 days
INDIAN-DETOUR

Santa Fe'

BEHN

Frijoles-Puyé Indian Detour

● More than a few of you who read on with us already have used the Santa Fe once, or many times, in bridging the continent. Perhaps, then, you recall the tiny mainline station of Lamy, in northern New Mexico. After crossing Glorieta Pass, westbound, the train sat back on its haunches and slipped down to Lamy through the gorge of Apache Canyon. Eastbound, you paused to double-head your engines for the climb.

● Possibly you snatched a moment to drift into El Ortiz, the quaint little Harvey station hotel sunning itself beside the track. El Ortiz is built of adobe brick after the old Spanish style, its quiet charm enhanced by rare Spanish prints, fine old furniture and a lazy, vine-clad patio.

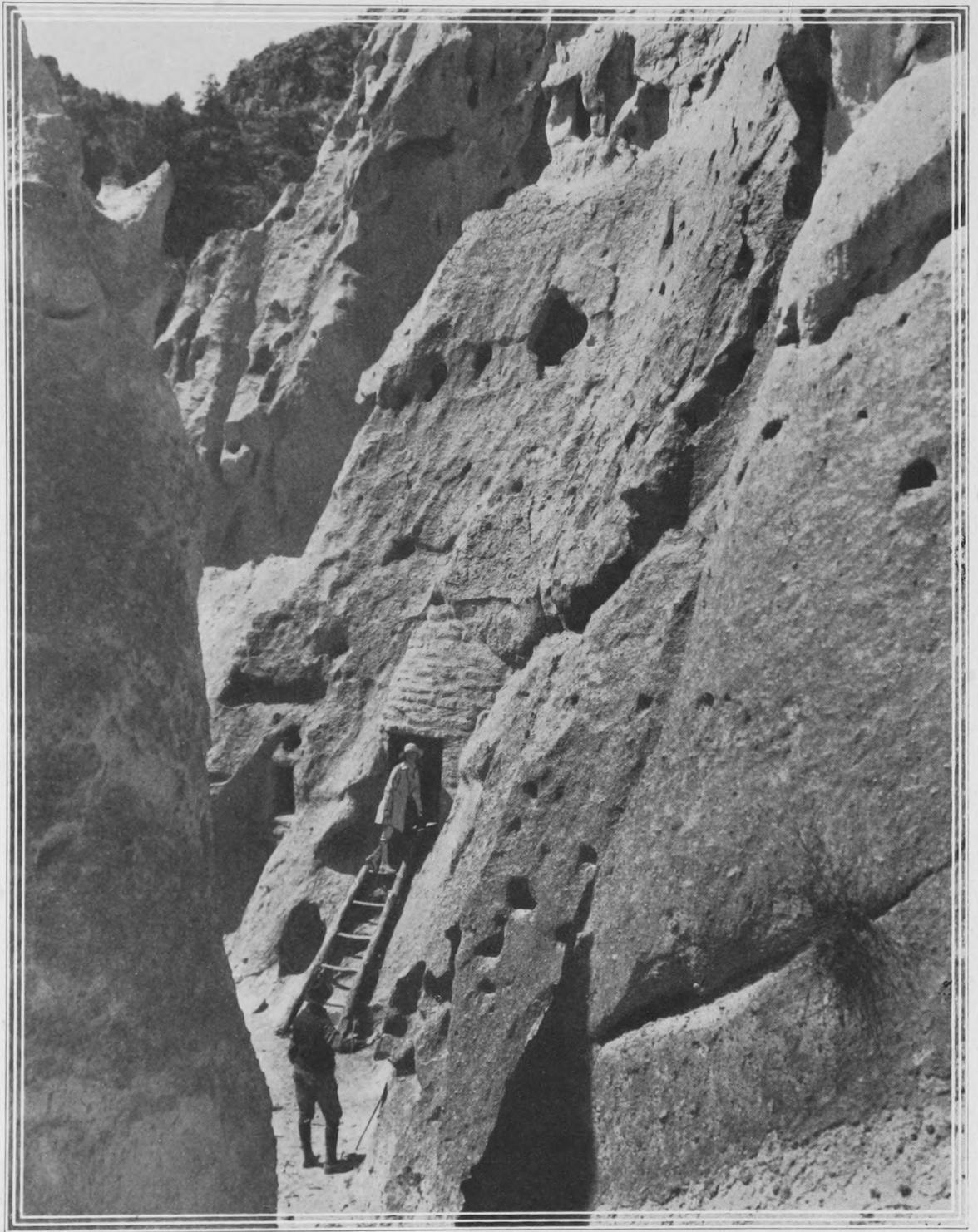
● Our story really begins at El Ortiz. Old Santa Fé is but sixteen miles back in the mountains. More Harveycar guests come and go through Lamy, for all manner of outings, than at any other point in the Southwest. Here both begin and end those **regular** Indian-detours that first have introduced more than 10,000 persons to the possibilities of Harveycar service. The shorter of these two year-round outings we call the Frijoles-Puyé Detour.

● The Frijoles-Puyé Detour needs but two days, train to train at Lamy. Two hundred miles are covered in Harveycar limousines. On one day luncheon is served at the ranch in Frijoles Canyon; on the other, in the fire-lit lounge of the Rest House below the Puyé cliffs. All other meals are taken at La Fonda, which also is "home" for two jolly nights.

● There are plenty of convenient connections at Lamy, east or westbound. Let's assume, however, that you arrive there about ten in the morning. Your courier greets you on the platform. Your driver captures the luggage. The train slips away. You are seven-fifths of a mile above sea level and there's a bracing snap in the high, dry air.

● Rising loops on a canyon road. A wide panorama of the Rio Grande Valley follows topping out. The horizons are built of





Cliff dwellings in the soft volcanic walls of Frijoles Canyon

range on range of mountains—the Jemez Range to the west, the Manzanos and Sandias to the south and southeast, the main bulk of the Sangre de Cristos to the north.

- Now through high, conical foothills, clothed in scrub cedar and piñon. This is a bit of the historic Santa Fé Trail, that ended in the plaza before a La Fonda of other days. Had you come on an afternoon or evening train we would go no farther, now, than the hotel. As it is, the day's best hours are ahead, and luncheon is getting ready at Frijoles.

- **Frijoles.** The prehistoric cliff dwellings in the canyon of El Rito de los Frijoles, or the Little River of the Beans, are in Bandelier National Monument. From Santa Fé our route runs northward to Pojoaque, threads primitive Mexican settlements leading to the Indian pueblo of San Ildefonso, crosses the Rio Grande and climbs up spectacular Otowi Canyon over the Culebra Hill road, splendid work of the Forest Service.

- Beyond is a forested canyon country where wild turkeys may march across our road, and the rim of Frijoles Canyon. Broad new Forest Service trails lead downward to luncheon at the ranch Inn.

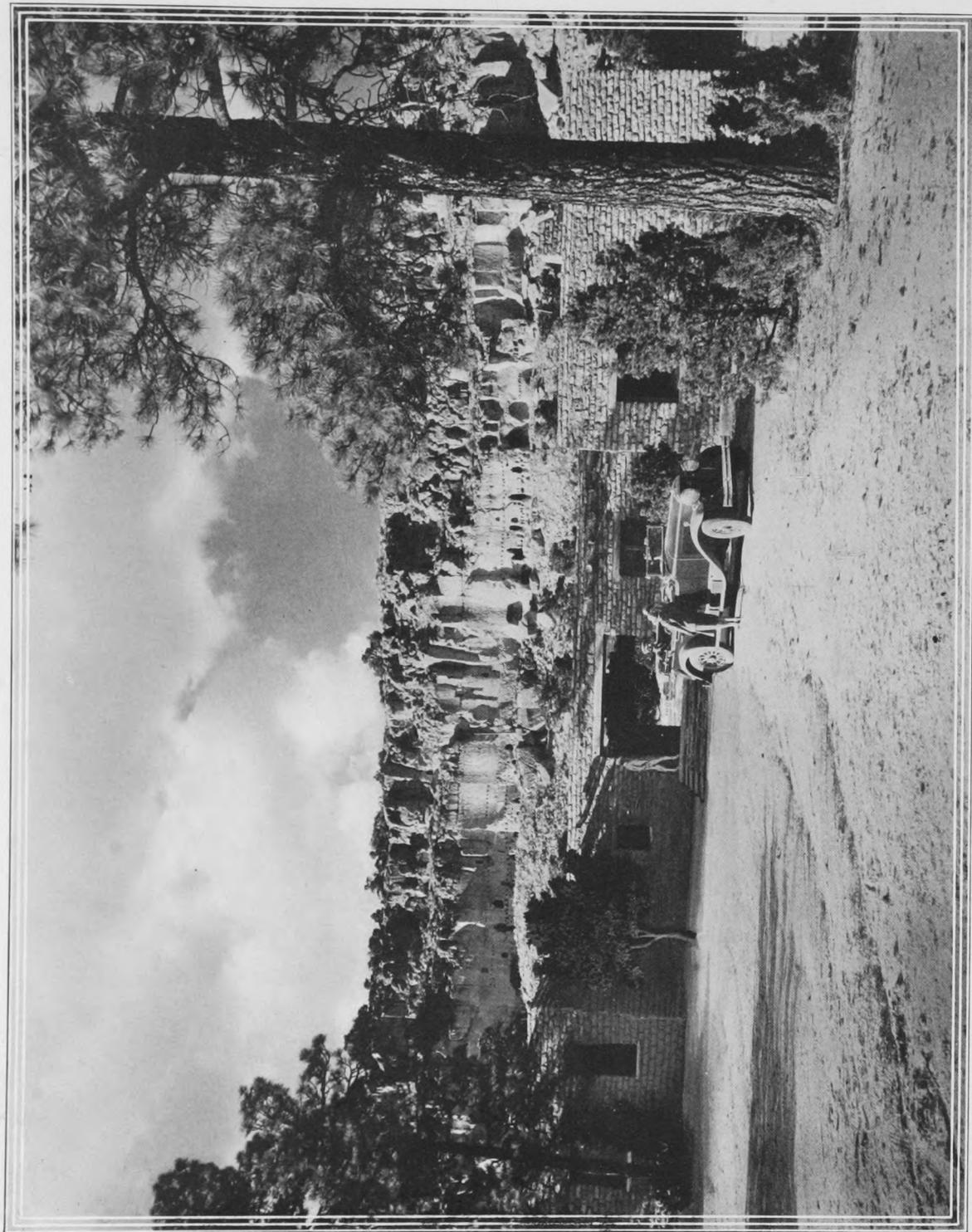
- The communal ruins of Tyuonyi are just below the Inn. The cliff dwellings are hollowed from the base of the soft volcanic walls. In many the ancient plaster still clings to walls and ceilings darkened by smoke from fires dead a thousand years. Farther up the canyon is the great Ceremonial Cave and kiva, reached by ladders and rock-cut steps.

- The visit to San Ildefonso, on the return to Santa Fé, brings intimate contact with characteristic features of pueblo Indian life—the little Mission, the plaza, surrounded by 'dobe houses; the mud ovens, like gigantic beehives.

- Color flashes in dress and blanket and the white moccasin boots of the women. Black, blue, red and white corn, woven into ropes like giant firecrackers, hangs within the houses, many of which valued friendships among the Indians throw open to us as honored guests. There'll be time enough, too, to watch the primitive manufacture of San Ildefonso's beautiful black pottery, renowned among experts in ceramics.

- Late afternoon, and La Fonda. Tea, perhaps, in the patio lounge. Dinner. Dancing, if you will, to music by a native orchestra





The Rest House below the pitted cliffs of Puyé

from Old Mexico. Or interesting slides and an informal Southwestern talk in the Lecture Lounge. When you turn in you'll enjoy your blankets, even in midsummer.

- **Puyé.** With bettering roads, these daily Indian-detours have been altered and improved from year to year. Only Puyé has remained constant. The sweep up to the Pajarito plateau, the wilderness views from Puyé mesa, and the countless cliff dwellings pitting the encircling rock walls, have brought hundreds of old guests back to us.

- Puyé is far to the northwest, past the great Cross commemorating Spanish padres martyred in the pueblos long ago. Modernity flashes past horseback Indians and tiny burros packing firewood to Santa Fé just as they did three centuries ago. Santa Clara pueblo, whose Tewa name means "Where the wild rose bushes grow near the water," soon draws us aside from any semblance of the beaten path.

- The wild grandeur of Pajarito plateau follows Santa Clara. Everywhere above are evidences of the Forgotten People. Then grassland gives way to forest. Quite suddenly we are at the foot of the Puyé cliffs.

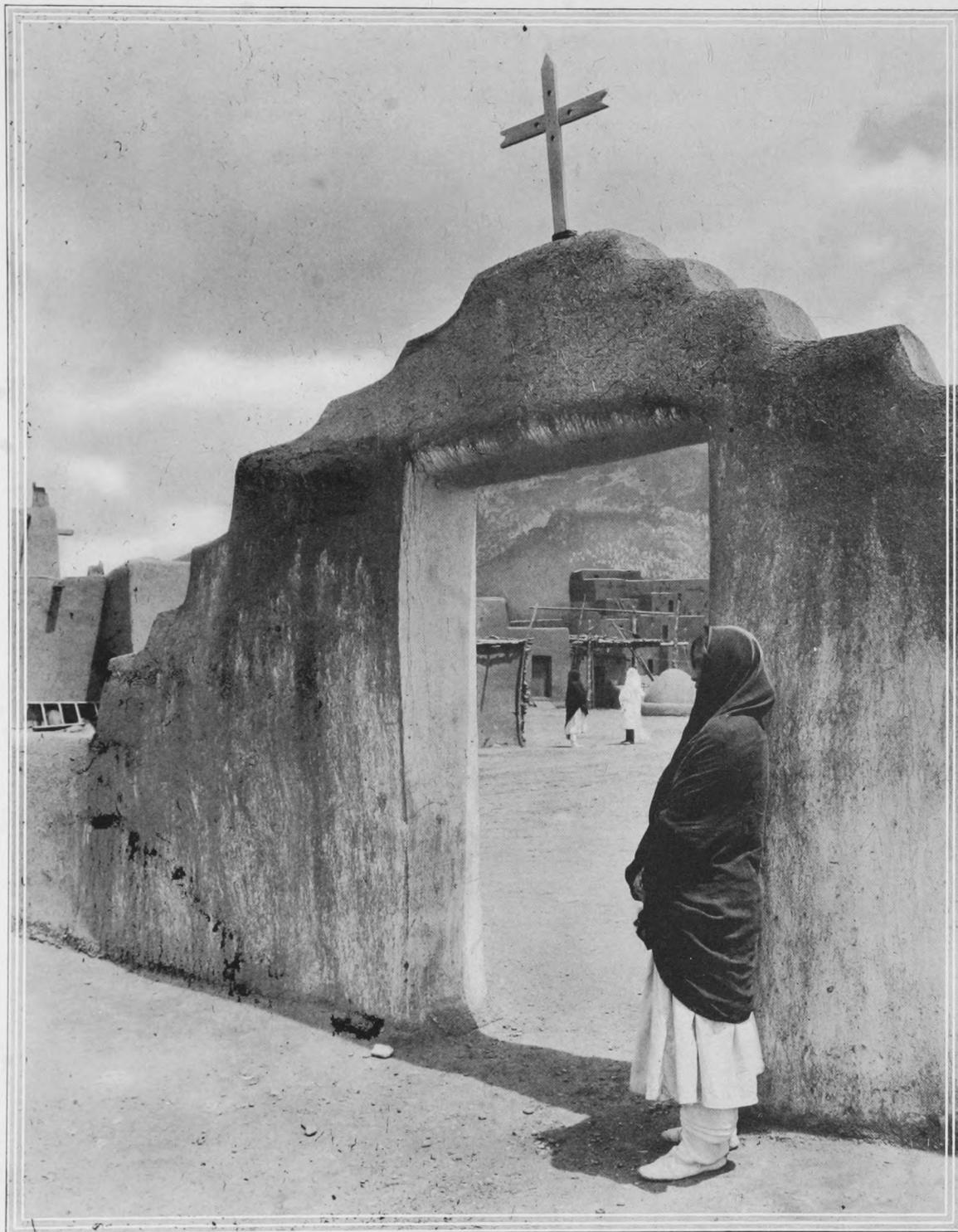
- To right and left the sheer wall is honeycombed with dark openings. Many are far above one's reach, the rooms and granaries hollowed from the soft rock behind the upper stories of dwellings that have fallen in the slow march of the ages. High and low are rock-cut symbols of birds, fish and animals.

- Ancient trails pick a way to the mesa top. There, hidden from below, are vast communal dwellings, partly excavated, that contained a thousand rooms. The four directions hold panoramas staggering in their immensity.

- On the return, color everywhere and always—fawn and brown on the valley floor, bottomless blue in the sky, dark green in cedar and pine; the scarlet flame of chili drying in an autumn sun; white capes on the peaks and a flow of rose when the level lights play on the Sangre de Cristos. Nearing Santa Fé we swing eastward along the high wooded foothill ridges of the latter range.

- A drive about the unique old capital, sleepily ruling an empire for 320 years, completes the afternoon. Then dinner, another evening and night, and after breakfast we are off for Lamy and the train.

From train to train at Lamy, the individual cost of the Frijoles-Puyé Detour is but forty dollars.



In a "modern" pueblo—where one may catch archaeology alive

The Modern Pueblos

»» centuries old

● Recorded history of the present-day Southwestern Indian pueblos practically dates from 1540, when the Spaniards under Coronado entered the country from the south. Already the once numerous prehistoric populations had shrunk to perhaps 20,000, living in some seventy towns.

● In the next 250 years of strife there was further shrinkage. A few new towns were built, many were abandoned or destroyed. Today the so-called "modern" pueblos—nearly all centuries old—total twenty-six, inhabited by 10,000 Indians whose numbers, through several generations, have remained remarkably constant.

● These fascinating aboriginal towns are little changed by long contact with white races. An almost impenetrable wall of reticence and secrecy has so preserved their inner being that today their unique pueblo architecture, simple communal life, and strangely beautiful religious ceremonials all mirror an America unbelievably ancient.

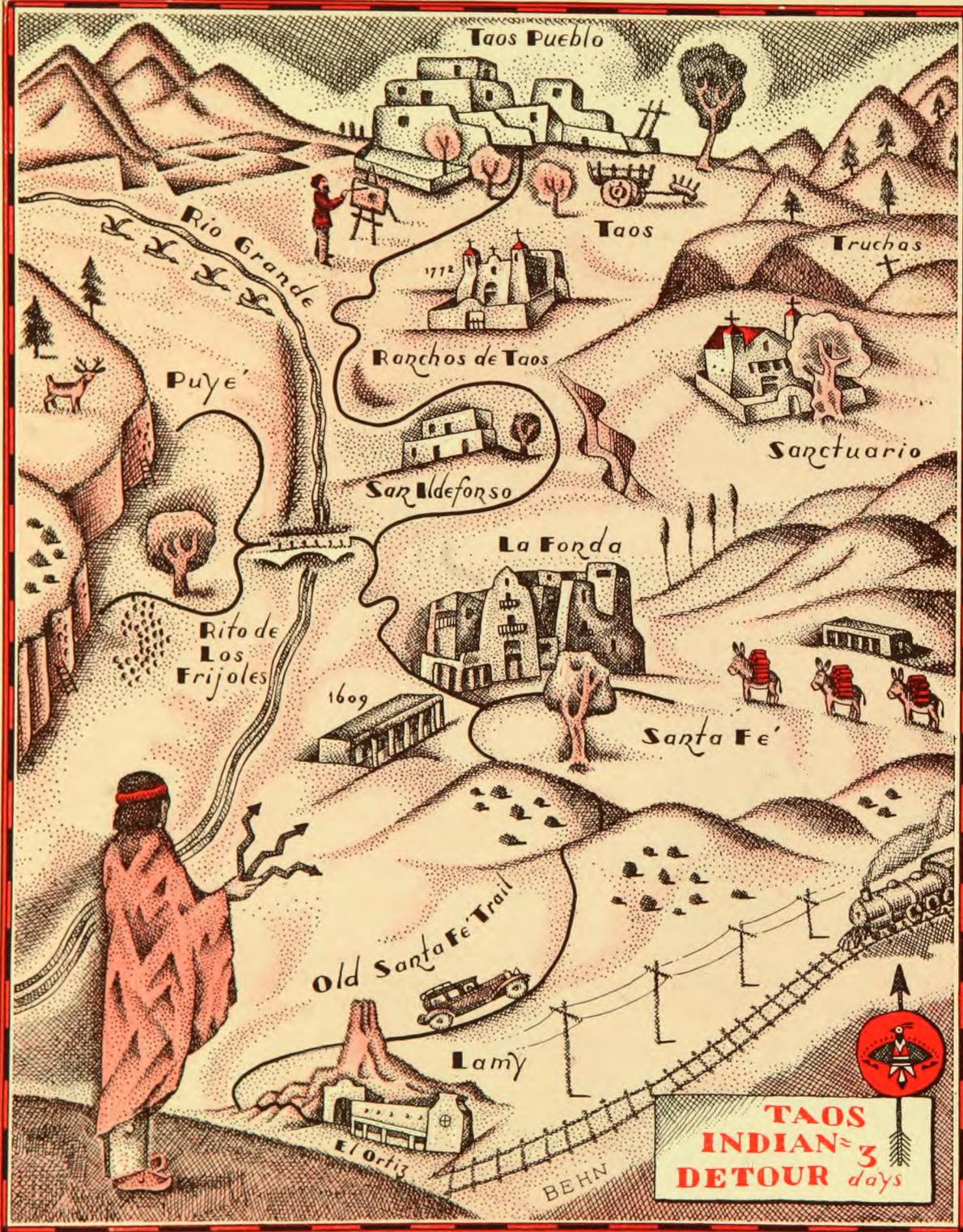
● Scores of such ceremonials occur each year. Sometimes we develop itineraries about them far in advance, as for the Hopi Snake Dance or Domingo Corn Dance. More often we simply "happen in" upon them, with little preparation beyond the deep throbbing of the drums and the wild cadence of the chorus drifting outward from the pueblo plaza.

● Of the inhabited pueblos eight comprise the famed Hopi villages of northeastern Arizona. All of these may be reached on longer Indian-detours sweeping westward from Santa Fé or eastward from Grand Canyon, or on shorter cruises north from Winslow, Arizona.

● The other pueblos are in New Mexico. Detached Zuni is south of Gallup. The "sky city" of Acoma, Laguna and Isleta are between Gallup and Albuquerque. San Felipe, Santo Domingo, Jemez, Cochiti and others are spread between Albuquerque and Santa Fé. San Ildefonso and Santa Clara, with Taos, most northern of all, are visited either on the regular Frijoles-Puyé or Taos Indian-detours.

● Personal friendships based on mutual respect and understanding privilege us to introduce Harveycar guests to pueblo Indian home life with an intimacy otherwise impossible.





Taos Pueblo

Rio Grande

Taos

Truchas

Puye'

Ranchos de Taos

Sanctuario

San Ildefonso

La Fonda

Rito de Los Frijoles

1609

Santa Fe'

Old Santa Fe Trail

Lamy

El Oris

BEHN



TAOS
INDIAN ≈ 3
DETOUR days

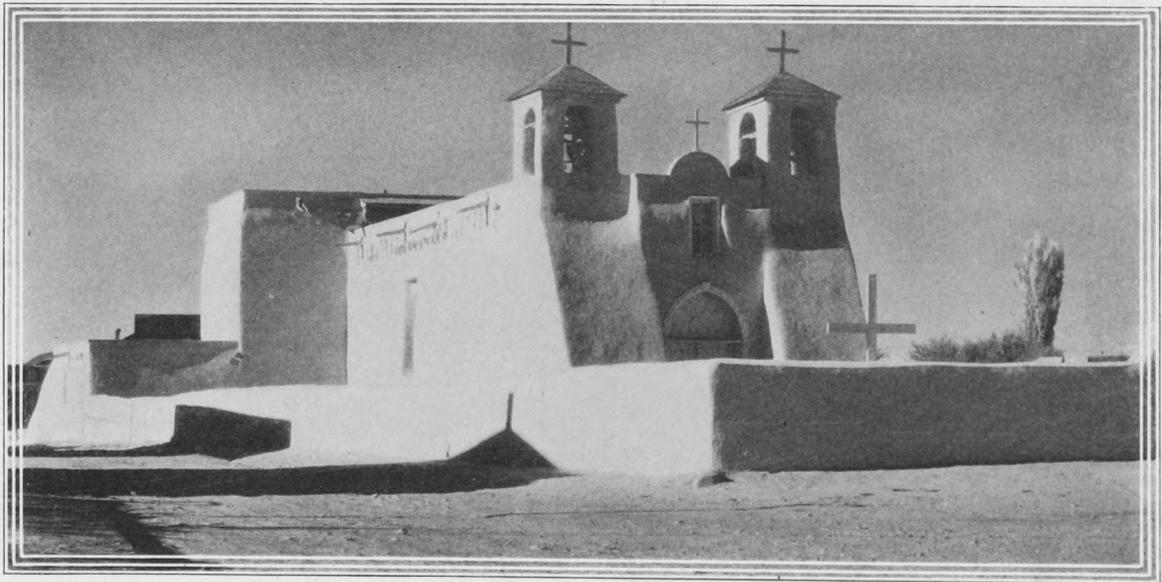
The Taos Indian Detour

● Lamy to Santa Fé; Santa Fé to Frijoles and San Ildefonso, and back to an evening and night at La Fonda: La Fonda to Santa Clara pueblo and Puyé, with luncheon in the rambling Rest House constructed of building stones from the prehistoric ruins on the mesa above.

● Thus far the new Taos Indian-detour carries us along the road of Frijoles-Puyé guests. But we have three full days to play in, whereas they had but two. Here, then, comes the parting of the way. They turn back to La Fonda: we turn north for Taos. More than one of them will have changed train reservations to carry on with us.

● **Taos.** Taos, seventy-five miles north of Santa Fé, is an Indian pueblo of five terraces, the highest in the Southwest. It is split into two parts by the clear, unfailing Taos River. For background it has a range of forested peaks 12,000 feet high. Its superb setting, splendid Indian types and changeless, picturesque life have made Taos a mecca for artists of national and international reputation.

● We are constantly reminded how far the fame of this isolated pueblo has been carried by camera, brush and the printed word. Those who have never been west of the Hudson River before; the occasional guest who still has a vague idea that New Mexico is a province of Mexico, seem to have heard of Taos and to have marked it as a place that **some** day must be seen.



Cool shadows play on the white walls of Ranchos de Taos mission

The happy fact, from our standpoint, is that the reality exceeds the anticipation.

- Perhaps you think of the Rio Grande as muddy and sluggish. So it is, in its lower reaches. But on the way to Taos it is a blue white-water stream. For twenty miles the road follows its canyon and the still deeper one of the Taos River.

- Beyond these river gorges opens the vast upland Taos Valley, ringed with peaks. At Ranchos de Taos is a white mission church, built in 1772 and buttressed like a fortress. Kit Carson is buried at Don Fernando de Taos, where the home of the famous scout from 1858 to 1866 still stands. In this little frontier town we have dinner and pass the night at the Don Fernando.

- The entire morning of our third day is free for the winding streets of Taos town, dotted with studios, and for the visit to Taos pueblo.

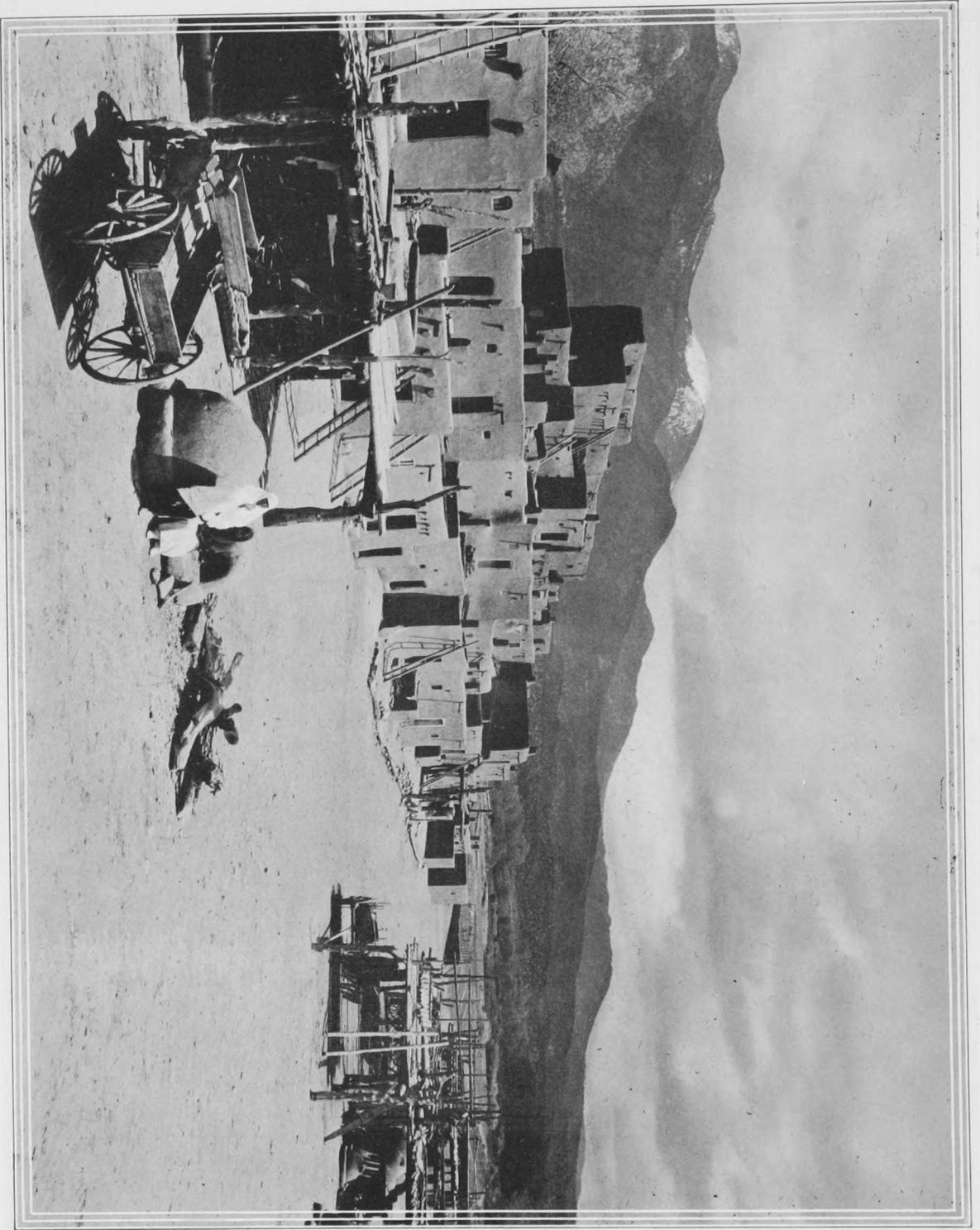
- Taos pueblo is a few miles beyond Don Fernando de Taos. Magnificently located, the many-storied walls have looked down on raw history in the making for an unknown number of centuries. Comanche, Piute, Navajo and Apache; Spaniard, Mexican, French-Canadian and Anglo-Saxon; trader, trapper, soldier and priest—all have contributed to the tumultuous record of Taos and the Taos Valley.

- If the present church of San Geronimo de Taos is a comparatively modern structure, the nearby ruins of an older building carry a grim reminder of sterner days.

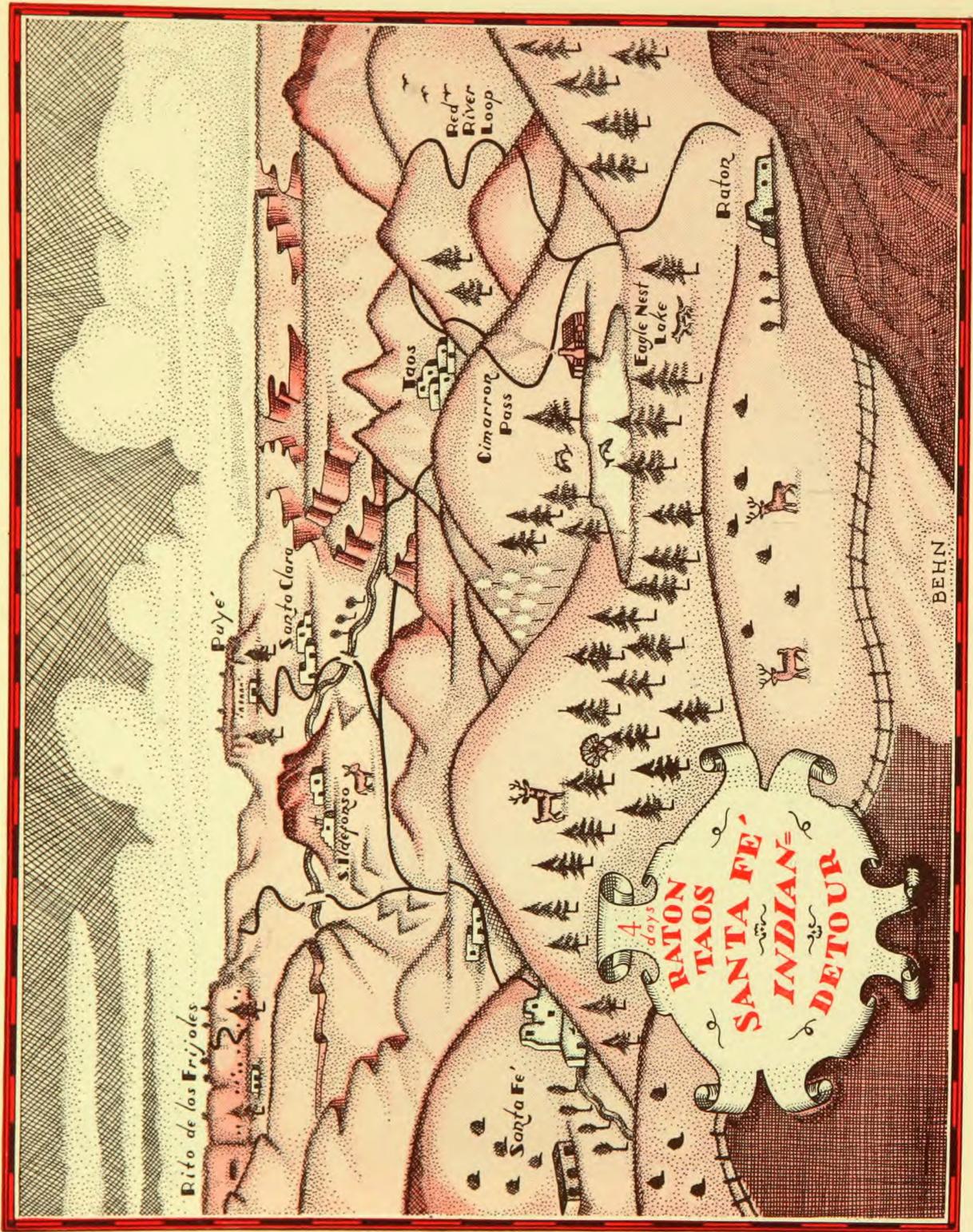
- The first mission of San Geronimo de Taos was built before 1617, only to be burned in the great Rebellion of 1680. Reconstructed in 1695, that church survived until 1847, when the Indians of the pueblo, incited to revolt, murdered the United States Territorial governor and barricaded themselves within the church walls. Broken and gaping, they stand today much as they were left by the bombardment that followed.

- A second night at La Fonda follows the afternoon drive back to Santa Fé and about the city. After breakfast next morning, as on the Frijoles-Puyé Detour, we motor down to Lamy and the railroad.

The individual charge of sixty-five dollars for the three-day Taos Detour is, of course, all-inclusive, Lamy to Lamy.



For unnumbered centuries Taos has watched raw history in the making



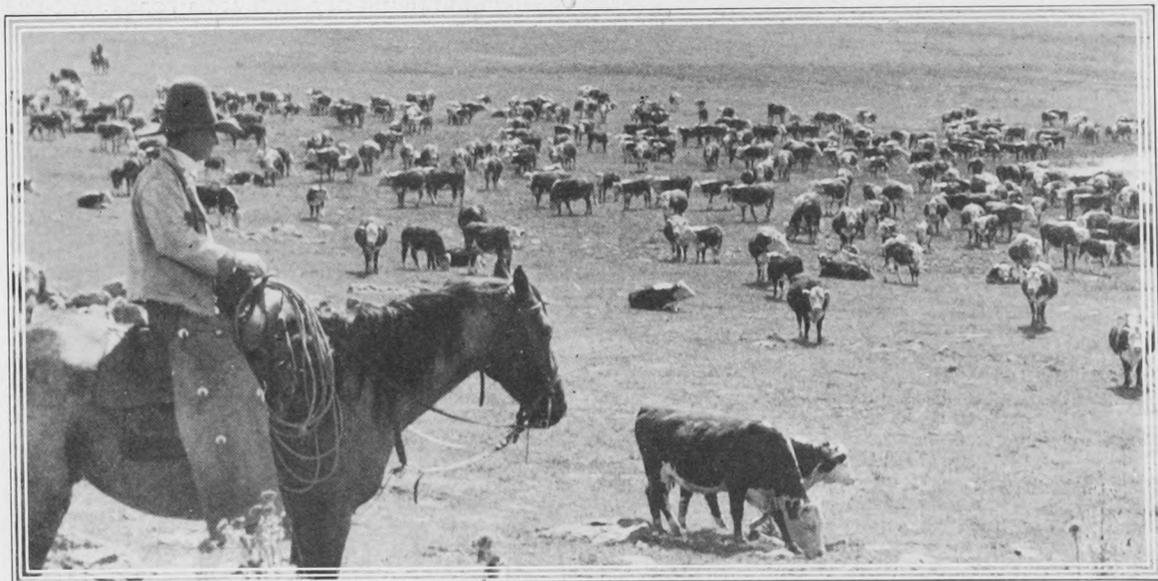
Raton-Taos-Santa Fé Detour

● One of the most wildly beautiful and historic areas in New Mexico lies northeast of Santa Fé, between Taos and Raton. For three years our occasional Cruise parties through this Cimarron country uniformly have been delighted. Uncertain road conditions, at some seasons, alone have prevented us from urging more of our guests to enter or leave New Mexico at Raton.

● Within the year, however, a splendid all-season highway has been completed between Raton and Taos. For sixty miles it has been forced through the jumbled mountains—beneath sheer palisades, back and forth over racing streams, through dense forests, up and over the Cimarron Pass. From the rustling green of spring and summer to the gold of autumn and the deep white mantles of mid-winter the Cimarron region is equally alluring.

● Raton, therefore, now very definitely and happily takes its logical place in our Harveycar picture. The little city is in northeastern New Mexico, just below the lofty Raton Pass, that carries the Santa Fe main line into Colorado. It is pleasantly placed in the hills at an elevation of 6,666 feet and offers that travel essential of modern and comfortable hotel facilities. The four day Cruise here outlined is only an indication of its gateway possibilities.

● For an hour or so out of Raton the motor unrolls the green or tawny distances that support some of the finest cattle brands in New Mexico. When painted cliffs seem to block the western horizon, the



Cattle by the thousands roam ranches big as principalities

road creeps through to twist and curl toward Taos, hidden almost until the last sweeping curve.

- Cimarron, Moreno Valley, Eagle Nest Lake, Cimarron Pass—this is the wild route of the Mountain Men in the earliest days of the Santa Fé Trail. Now, as then, the mountain wilderness hugs the road. North and south are historic ranches big as principalities. Eagles soar over rolling forests, open parks, and sparkling trout streams. The country is a paradise for bear, deer, elk, and wild turkeys.

- It is just one hundred miles from Raton to Taos, and, assuming we are westbound, we cover it in an afternoon, putting up at the Don Fernando for the first Taos night.

- Our second day opens up more new Cruise territory—a great loop, Taos to Taos, through Arroyo Hondo, Questa and Elizabethtown. There is magnificent scenery in the upper Taos Valley, in the Carson National Forest, along the Red River gorge and through the Taos mountains. The primitive roadside Mexican settlements go back to Revolutionary days and life there can have changed little in the last century.

- Of course there is ample time to visit Taos pueblo, and all the interesting things and places in Don Fernando de Taos and Ranchos de Taos before setting sail, on the third morning, for Santa Fé, seventy-five miles to the south. Here a choice of routes is possible. We can turn west at Española and through Santa Clara pueblo for luncheon at the Puyé cliff dwellings—or, if this highlight of the regular Indian-detour is already familiar ground, we can carry a basket luncheon and point the car eastward up the Santa Cruz Valley to Chimayo, Santuario and isolated Truchas.

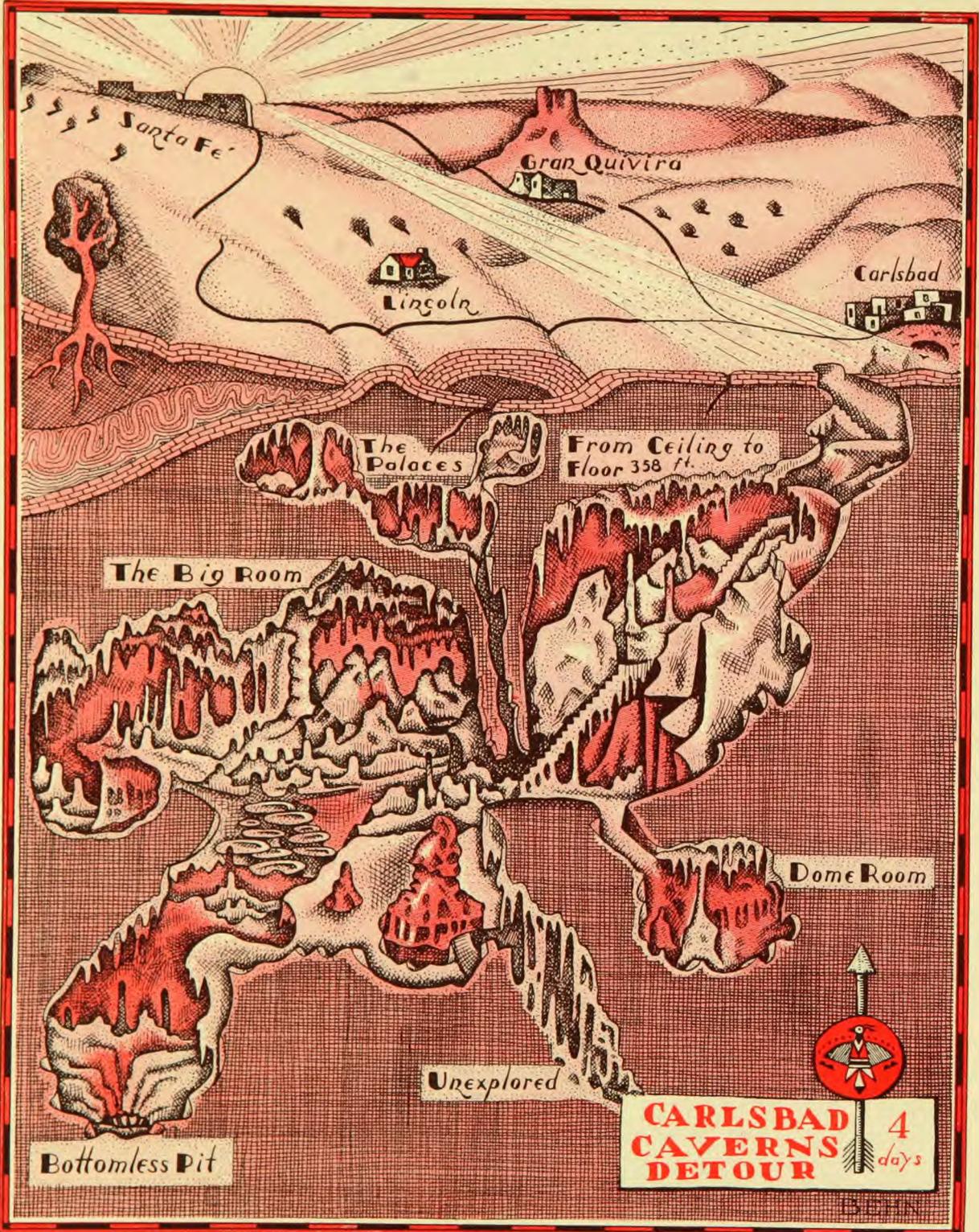
- When the fourth day ends at La Fonda, in Santa Fé, after the delightful round-trip to Frijoles Canyon, one not only may have seen all that is best in the new three-day Taos Indian-detour, but in nearly 500 miles by motor have added, in convenient sequence, several of the grandest and most intriguing corners of northern New Mexico.

- Cruises to or from Raton are subject to special arrangement, and to the scale of costs indicated on page 64. Where the start is made from Raton, it is necessary to deadhead the motor from Santa Fé, a distance of 175 miles. Some advance notice is essential, therefore, in order that we may meet you on detraining. At Santa Fé itself, of course, Harveycars always are in readiness for departure.





Women of Acoma, "the sky city," gather at the rock girdled water hole



The Big Room

The Palaces

From Ceiling to Floor 358 ft.

Dome Room

Unexplored

Bottomless Pit

CARLSBAD CAVERNS DETOUR 4 days

Carlsbad Caverns Detour

» » under the Guadalupe hills

● In southeastern New Mexico—300 odd miles from Santa Fé—Nature has set up a laboratory in the Guadalupe foothills for the doing of incredible things.

● Beneath this tangle of limestone mountains she has fashioned a dozen caves on an almost Grand Canyon scale. A single one of these cavern systems—protected in Carlsbad Cave National Park—already has been explored for nearly thirty miles. In size and beauty it is peerless the world over.

● On the four-day cruise from La Fonda to the Carlsbad Caverns we cross an immense cattle country, climb into the forested mountains about Lincoln, historic stamping ground of Billy the Kid, and visit the ruined pueblo and huge Spanish mission at Gran Quivira. Our main objective, however, overshadows intervening road-side interest more completely than on any other possible Harveycar cruise. The wind-stirred blue and gold of the upper world holds nothing in any way to prepare us for these underground hours. For instance:

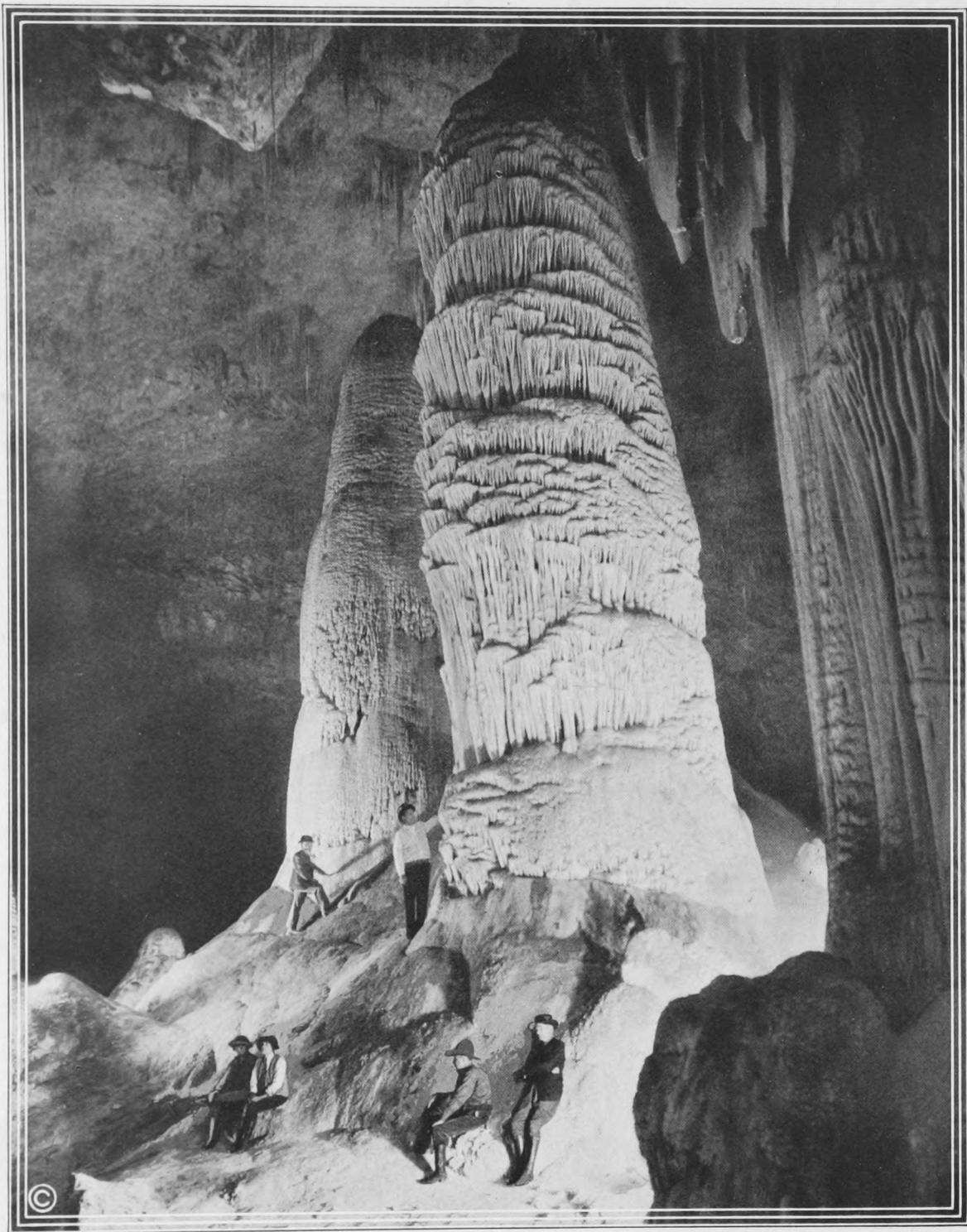
● **The Big Room.** Shortly before an underground luncheon we take up the circuitous trails leading about an enormous cavity in the earth that has simply and appropriately been named the Big Room.

● Nothing of the kind on the known globe matches this stupendous subterranean chamber. It is more than three-fourths of a mile long. Its maximum width is over 625 feet. The maximum measured height of the ceiling is 300 feet. Upon its floor our party is of no more consequence than a line of ants marching through a warehouse.

● In dimensions alone the Big Room is awesome, sublime. When one studies its decoration, worked with the slow drip and trickle of water impregnated with mineral, the Big Room becomes bewildering.

● The ceiling has disappeared under millions of pendants. These stalactites, resembling icicles, range from needle-like spines to enormous masses whose length and weight cannot be estimated. Against the walls are frozen cascades of flowstone. Jutting rocks support other clusters of





Indescribable glory under the Guadalupe hills—the Carlsbad Caverns

stalactites that ring at a touch with the rich tones of chapel chimes; crystalline formations resembling bunches of cedar tips or tangled masses of protruding roots; or slender stalagmitic columns of living stone that are often many feet long, no thicker than macaroni and more fragile than pipe stems.

- Stalagmitic formations of infinite variety in size and shape hide the floor. There are complicated coralline excrustations, branched and delicate. From smooth mounds of flowstone 200 feet across rise carved and fluted domes 60 or 70 feet in height. Jeweled splash-cups, supported on slender shafts covered with fret work, might be the drinking cups of the gods.

- Ghostlike totem poles, tall and graceful, reach upward into the darkness. Irregular basins of old springs, some empty and others filled with water clear and silent as glass, are lined with crystalline onyx marble. Within these pools rise "lily pads"—thin sheets of onyx, built outward in concentric circles and supported on heavy pedestals.

- This indescribable glory of form and substance has been created in utter darkness, particle by particle, through perhaps a million years. Yet, against the ultimate coming of light, even the finishing touch of color has been added.

- There is the smooth whiteness of talc, the blue-green white of ice, the sparkling brilliance of frost; the black and grey and brick red of the basic rocks; the jade green of flowstone; the shell pink and tea rose in the stone curtains and portieres; the light cream of the great domes and the turquoise blue of the pools.

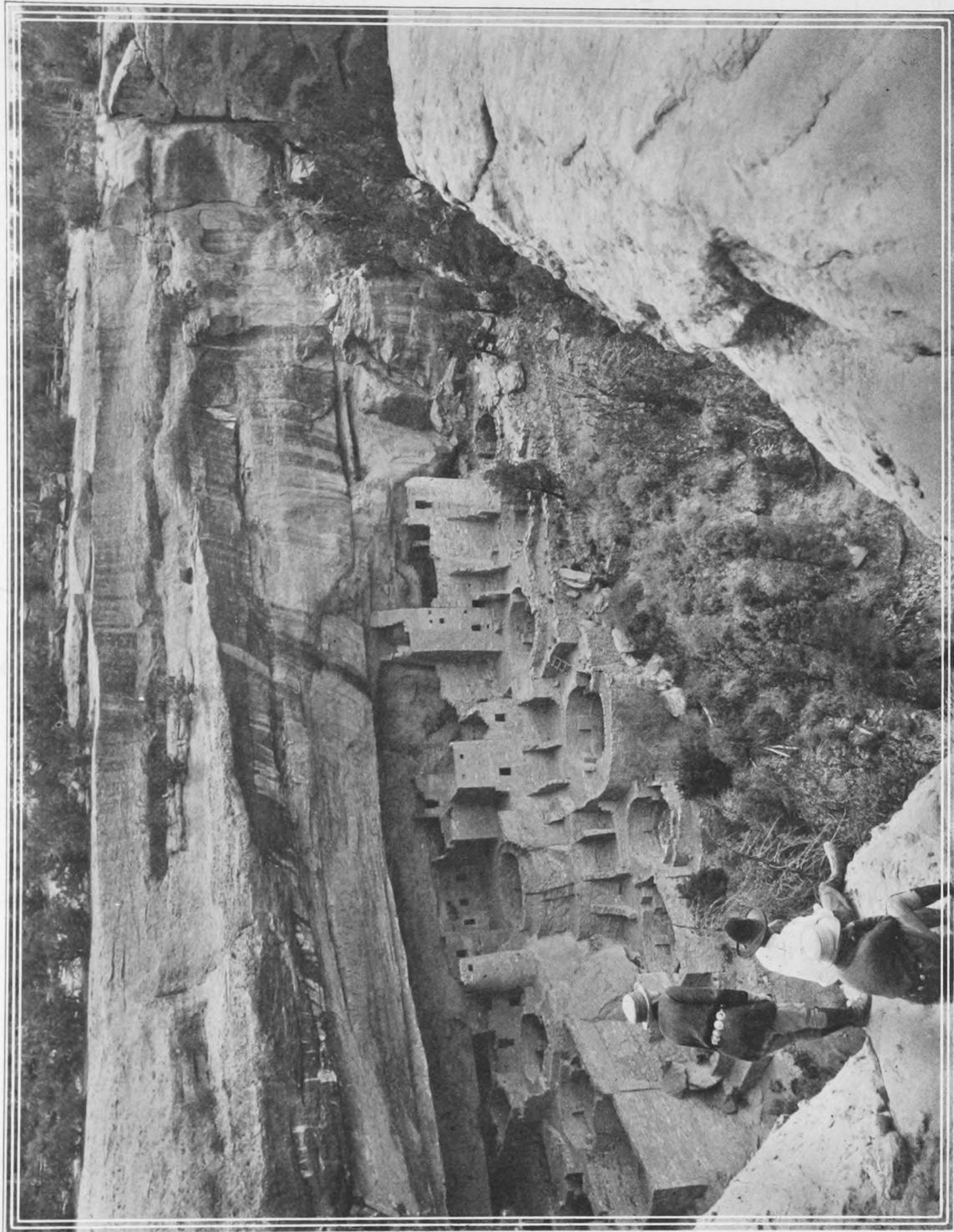
- **All the year.** The caverns take up one full day of our cruise, including the morning drive from the Pecos Valley town of Carlsbad, and return. With National Park Service guides we actually spend five or six leisurely hours underground, in following as many miles of springy, well-lighted trails.

- Carlsbad, too, is for all the year, though spring and fall perhaps are pleasantest for the drive from Santa Fé. Once "underneath," seasons are forgotten. The cool, sweet air of the caverns never varies from its level of 56° Fahrenheit.

- The stipendium for the four-day Carlsbad Caverns Detour is an especial one of but **one hundred dollars each guest.** Leaving La Fonda at 8.00 a.m. on the first and fifteenth of each month, a minimum of but two guests is required. At other times the charge must be for a minimum party of three.







The cliff cities of Mesa Verde hummed with life 800 years ago

The Prehistoric Southwest

● At the time of the discovery of North America by Europeans nearly 450 years ago, few of its aboriginal peoples, north of present-day Mexico, ever had advanced beyond the state of skin-clad nomads.

● There was one outstanding exception. Many prehistoric Americans in what is now New Mexico, Arizona, Utah and a corner of Colorado were expert agriculturists. They developed irrigation, built permanent stone or adobe "apartment house" settlements, manufactured artistic pottery, and wove cotton fabrics on hand looms.

● Over nearly 300,000 square miles the dry climate of the Southwest has preserved literally thousands of ruins testifying to the achievements of these ancient peoples. As a whole they present one of the richest fields of archaeological research in the world. To laymen they have an equal lure, masking undreamed-of American cultures rivaling in interest anything found abroad.

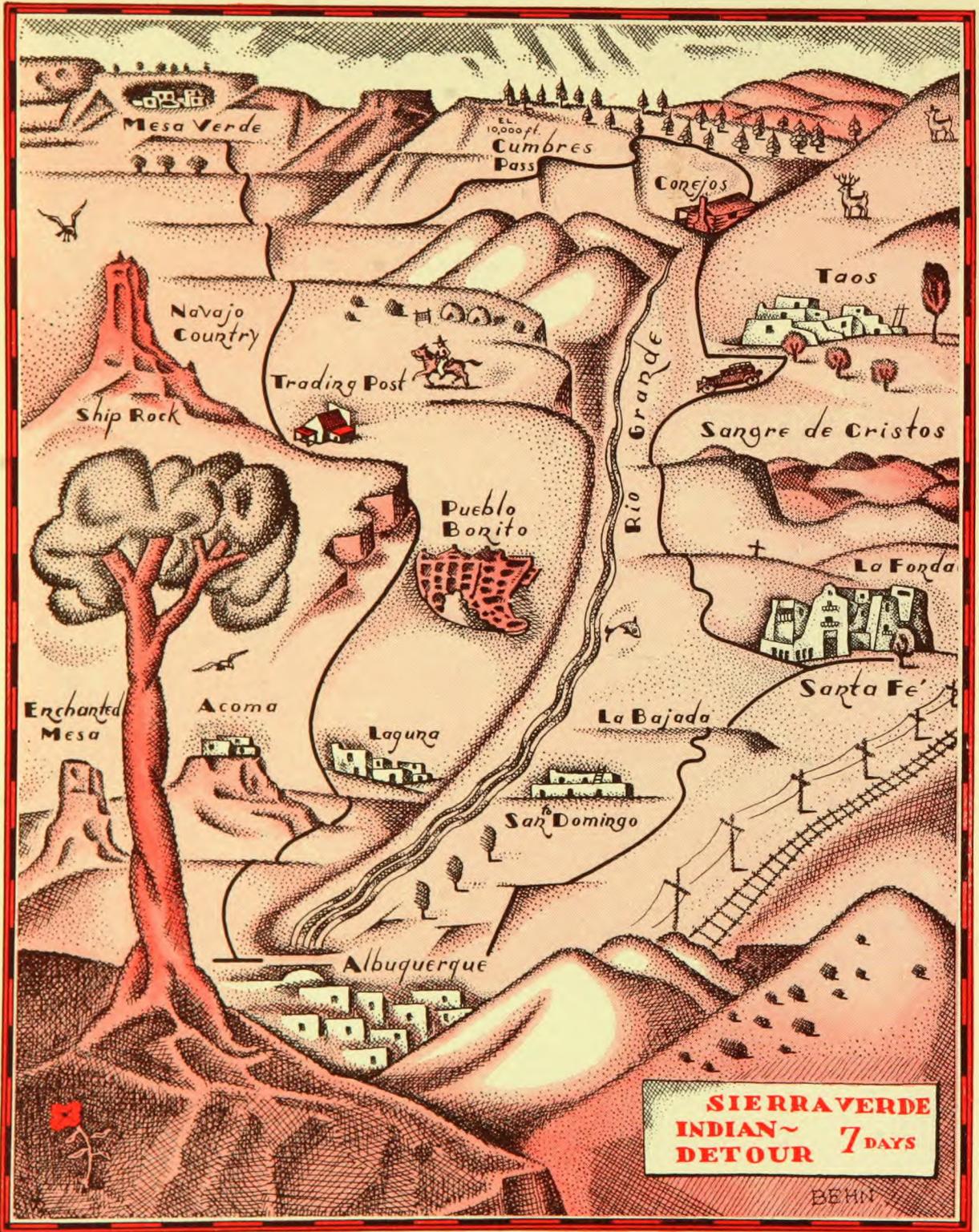
● Scientists already have studied, excavated and partly restored a number of the Southwest's greatest pueblo ruins. The results of their work are accessible to us on a score of Indian-detour cruises, short or long.

● Ease of defense against attack by predatory neighbors was unquestionably a paramount consideration in the choice of locations by these early builders, yet without exception their ruined communal settlements are magnificently placed from a scenic standpoint.

● Some, like the cliff cities of Mesa Verde and the northern Navajo country, are fitted into vast cave-like recessions in canyon walls. Many occupy mesa tops, with the open world spread beneath. Occasionally the several-storied fortress-village was set on the floor of a hidden canyon, difficult of access but gripping in its grandeur.

● Science has yet to tell us how far into antiquity these civilizations reach. It has been quite definitely established, however, through the painstaking study of tree-rings by Dr. A. E. Douglass, that some of them were enjoying their Golden Age when William the Norman set out to conquer Saxon England.





**SIERRA VERDE
INDIAN ~ 7 DAYS
DETOUR**

BEHN

The Sierra Verde Detour

»» dream cities in canyon walls

● One joy of Southwestern motoring is its all-yearness. Few spots are ever really winter bound—but they do exist, and one of them is Mesa Verde National Park.

● Mesa Verde, or Green Table, is tucked away in extreme southwestern Colorado. For seven months it is snow locked, for its elevation exceeds 8,000 feet and the most spectacular routes of approach cross passes two miles above the sea.

● The Park, therefore, opens officially on May 15th and closes October 31st. If you can postpone your cruise with us until late May you will be repaid in the riotous glory of growth and blossom that is part of the delayed spring up there on the roof of the world.

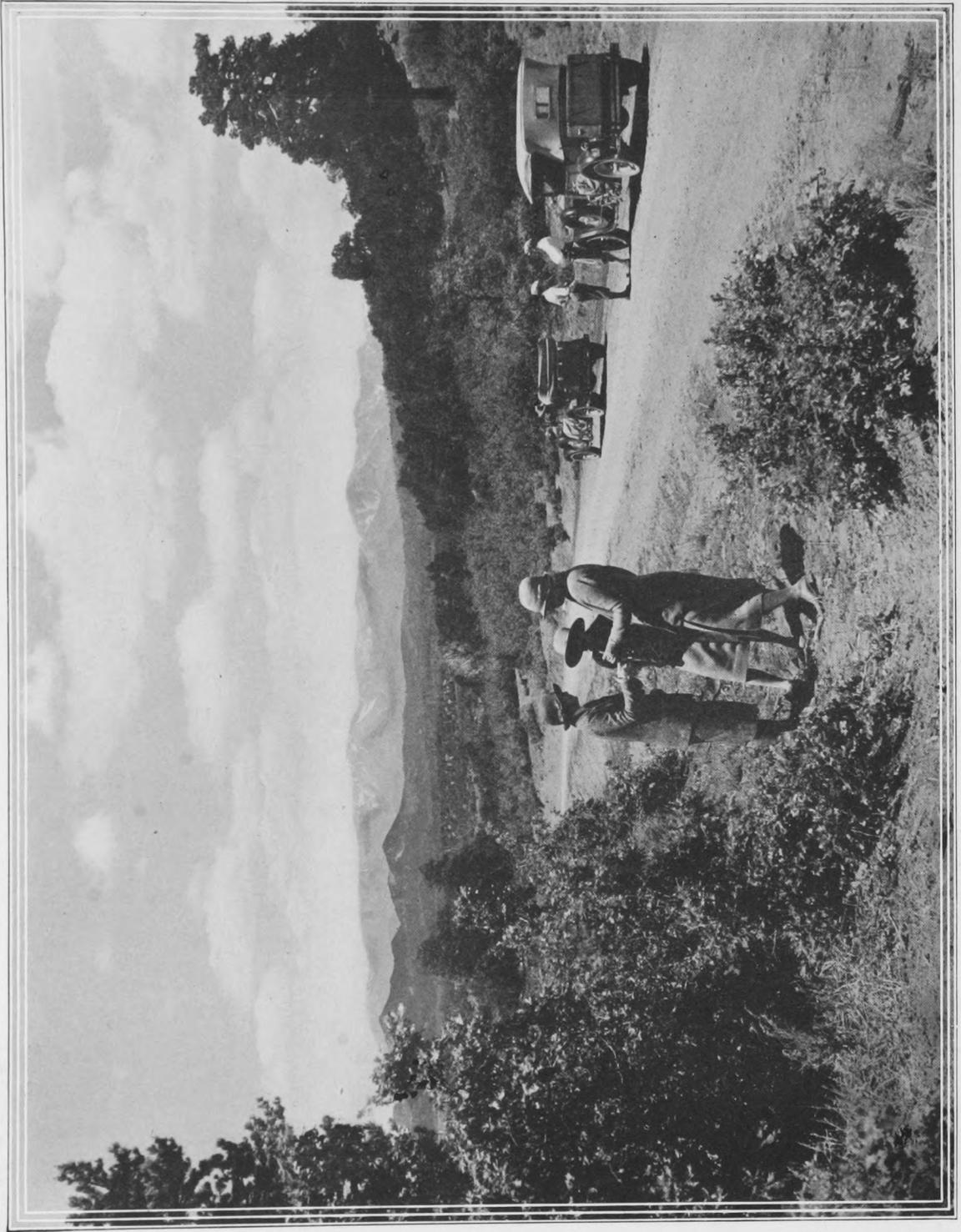
● Fifteen miles long and eight miles wide, Mesa Verde rises sharply on the north and then slopes gradually southward to the cliffed valley of the temperamental Mancos River. Here deep canyons grope back into the Mesa's mass, their eroded walls sheltering the main objectives of the cruise—prehistoric cliff cities called by a famed Swedish explorer "so magnificent that they surpass anything of the kind known in the United States."

● But what of the rest of our outing? We take three days to reach Mesa Verde, and as long on the return.

● The cruise picture is framed in mountains. We touch a score of rivers and white-water streams, and thread parts of four national forests. We pass or visit the Indian pueblos of Isleta, Laguna and Taos; cross the Navajo Country for 120 miles, and spend hours in Chaco and Aztec National Monuments. Sometimes the mountains draw back into blue distance, and again we can make snowballs in July from white banks that feed two-way rivers above 10,000 feet.

● We leave La Fonda after luncheon, heading south via Cerillos, the Ortiz and Sandia ranges and Tijeras Canyon for The Alvarado, Albuquerque. The next day's objective is Chaco Canyon, 200 miles west and north past Isleta and Laguna and through the red rim cliffs of the Navajo Reservation. The third morning is for the immense ruins at Chaco—Chetro Kettle,





Spring is late in the mountain tangle along the New Mexico-Colorado border

Penasco Blanco, Pueblo Alto and Pueblo Bonito. Night falls at the Avery Hotel in Farmington.

- Mesa Verde itself climaxes the fourth day, following a wonderful run to Aztec and through the San Juan and Las Animas valleys and the mountain tangle hiding Durango, Colorado.

- Mesa Verde is close to the famous "Four Corners," and the final 2,000-foot climb up its northern face sets the stage for tremendous pictures compounded of Colorado, Utah, Arizona and New Mexico. And then dinner, a campfire talk by the rangers, and night among the cedars in the jolly little log cabins of Spruce Tree Lodge.

- It isn't necessary to leave for Durango until mid-afternoon next day. So there are long hours free to explore the ruins—no mere crude shelters scooped from soft rock, but startling, time-enduring little cities hung between earth and sky.

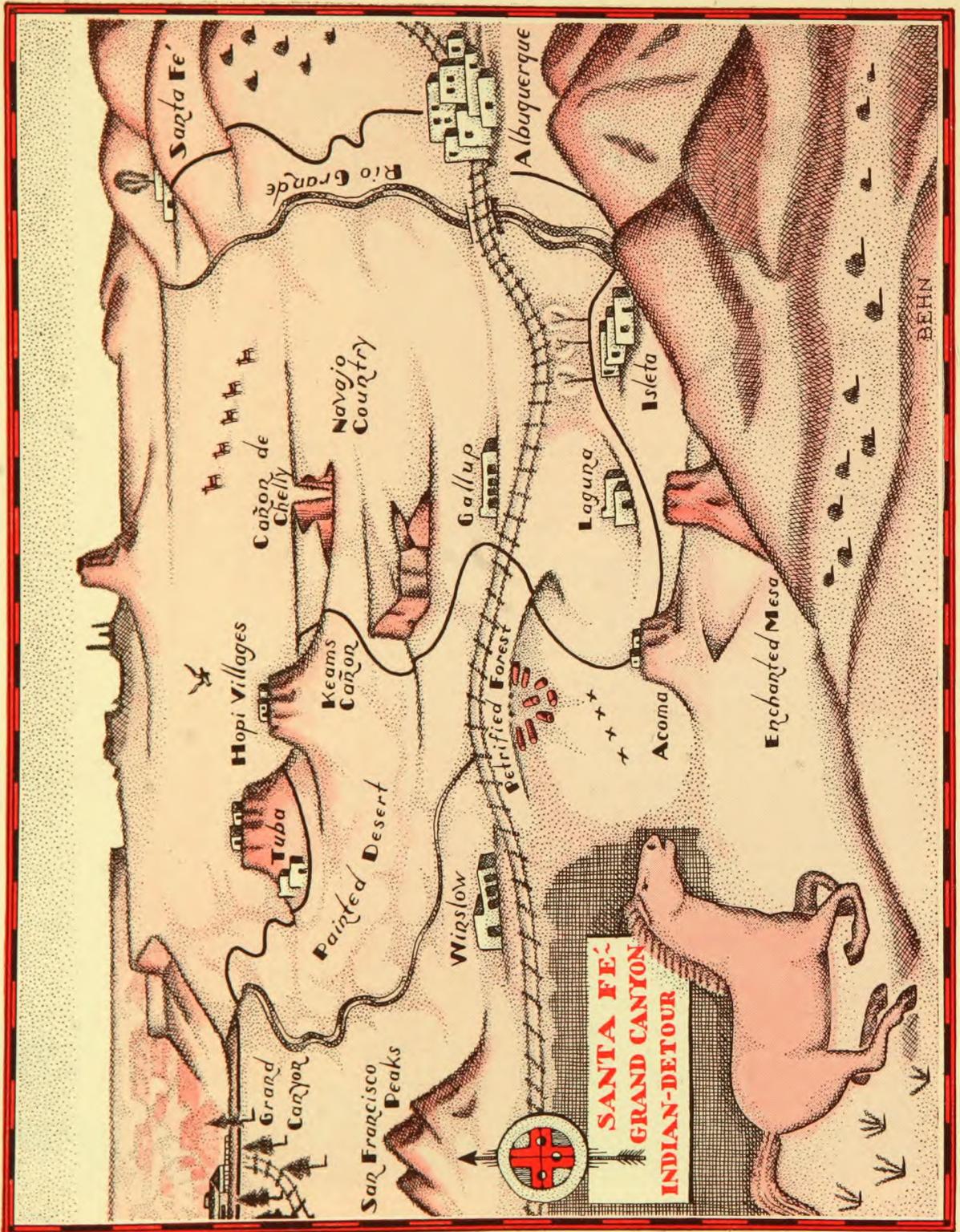
- The sixth day, from the scenic standpoint, is an outstanding one. We are headed eastward through the ranges along the New Mexico-Colorado border, sometimes above, sometimes below the line. The mineral springs at Pagosa rival anything in the Old World. On the Cumbres Pass, snow banks jostle the wild flowers until midsummer. Sweeping downward to Barlow's Ranch, in the Conejos Valley, even a Scottish highlander has been known to draw flattering comparisons.

- On the seventh morning we point straight for the Sangre de Cristos, the white crests fencing the eastern sky line for a hundred miles; then veer south through the Carson National Forest to Don Fernando de Taos.

- This afternoon belongs to Taos pueblo, a pot of tea, and rest. Tomorrow holds the Rio Grande gorges, luncheon under the Puyé cliffs and La Fonda once more—after seven nights and seven full days a-roaming.

- **The season** for the Sierra Verde Detour is from about June first to mid-October—occasionally a bit earlier or later. **The charges**, too, are quite special—but **one hundred fifty dollars** each guest, with a minimum of three required. By special dispensation, however, this really necessary minimum is reduced to but two fares when the cruise leaves Santa Fé on the 7th, 14th, 21st, or 28th of each month between June 7th and October 7th.





Santa Fé-Grand Canyon Detour

● To insert in one's transcontinental rail journey a motor link by Harveycar from some point in New Mexico to the Grand Canyon, or reverse, is to acquire, in the shortest possible time, an illuminating cross section of the terra incognita that here lies back from the railroad.

● It is a far cry from the mountainous Spanish-Pueblo area centered by Santa Fé to the silent majesty spread at one's feet by the Grand Canyon. Between lie a dozen things that must be seen before the picture puzzle that is the Southwest begins to take shape in one's mind.

● Five days really is the shortest time that should be given to a one-way cruise from Santa Fé to Grand Canyon. When this is done several routes are available.

● From La Fonda we may run south to Albuquerque, through the Sandia and Ortiz ranges and Tijeras Canyon, or take the longer road to Pueblo Bonito, in Chaco Canyon National Monument, via Bernalillo and Cuba.

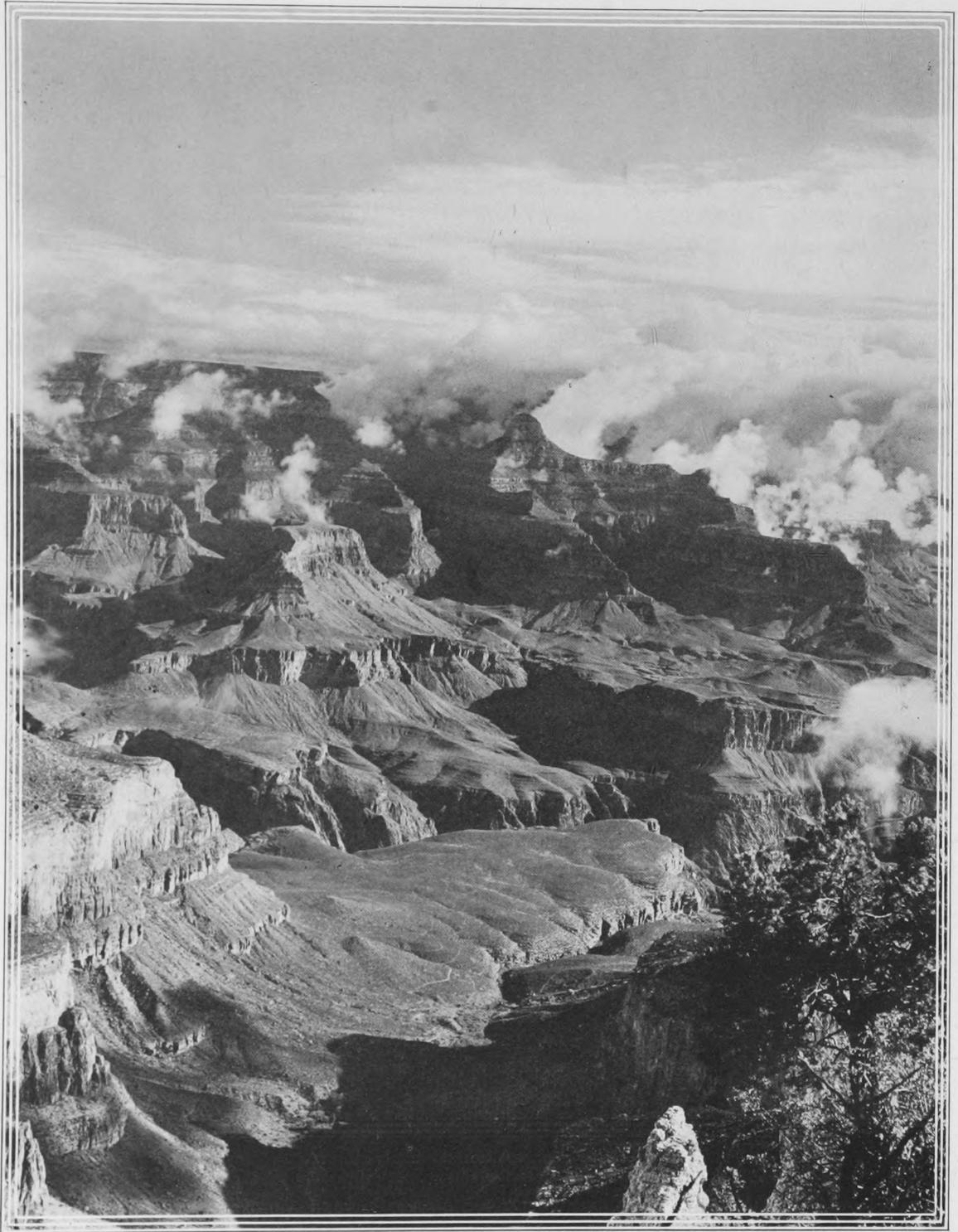
● El Navajo, at Gallup, is the second night's objective. It will be reached, from Albuquerque, via Enchanted Mesa and Acoma; from Chaco Canyon via Crown Point Indian Agency and Thoreau.

● For the third day there is another choice—to head for La Posada, Winslow, via the Petrified Forests, or for Keam's Canyon or Oraibi, in Hopiland. The fourth night brings a trading post at Tuba, reached via Blue Canyon.

● Several features of these delightful cruises deserve special mention. Next to Taos, Acoma, the sky city, is perhaps the most widely known of all the New Mexico pueblos. Pueblo Bonito represents the highest achievement of prehistoric American builders. Blue Canyon is among the most beautiful in America. Tuba, an old Mormon frontier settlement, is now headquarters of the Western Navajo Reservation. The Petrified Forests are peerless in their field. Our road crosses the Painted Desert beyond Tuba, edges the Little Colorado gorge, and for thirty miles follows Grand Canyon's south rim.

● Extending the Grand Canyon cruise to seven days, a start may be made either from Trinidad, Colorado, or Raton, New Mexico—permitting a night at Taos on the magnificent run to Old Santa Fé through the Cimarron country and the Puyé cliff dwellings.





As storm clouds lift from Arizona's Grand Canyon

Other Cruises From Santa Fé

»» where and when you will

● In outlining briefly the regular Frijoles-Puyé and Taos Indian-detours, the four-day detours to Carlsbad Caverns and between Raton and Santa Fé, and the Sierra Verde and Grand Canyon cruises, we have sought only variety, not to exhaust the Santa Fé possibilities.

● With limited time and definite objectives in mind, it is always helpful to know in advance exactly where, how and when one's trip is to be made. Otherwise, so far as we are concerned, it really isn't necessary to plan far in advance.

● La Fonda, and the old city about it, are of themselves charming, restful places to play about in throughout the year. Once in Santa Fé, when the spirit moves you to take the road you have only to express the wish. Cars are always ready, the Southwest waiting.

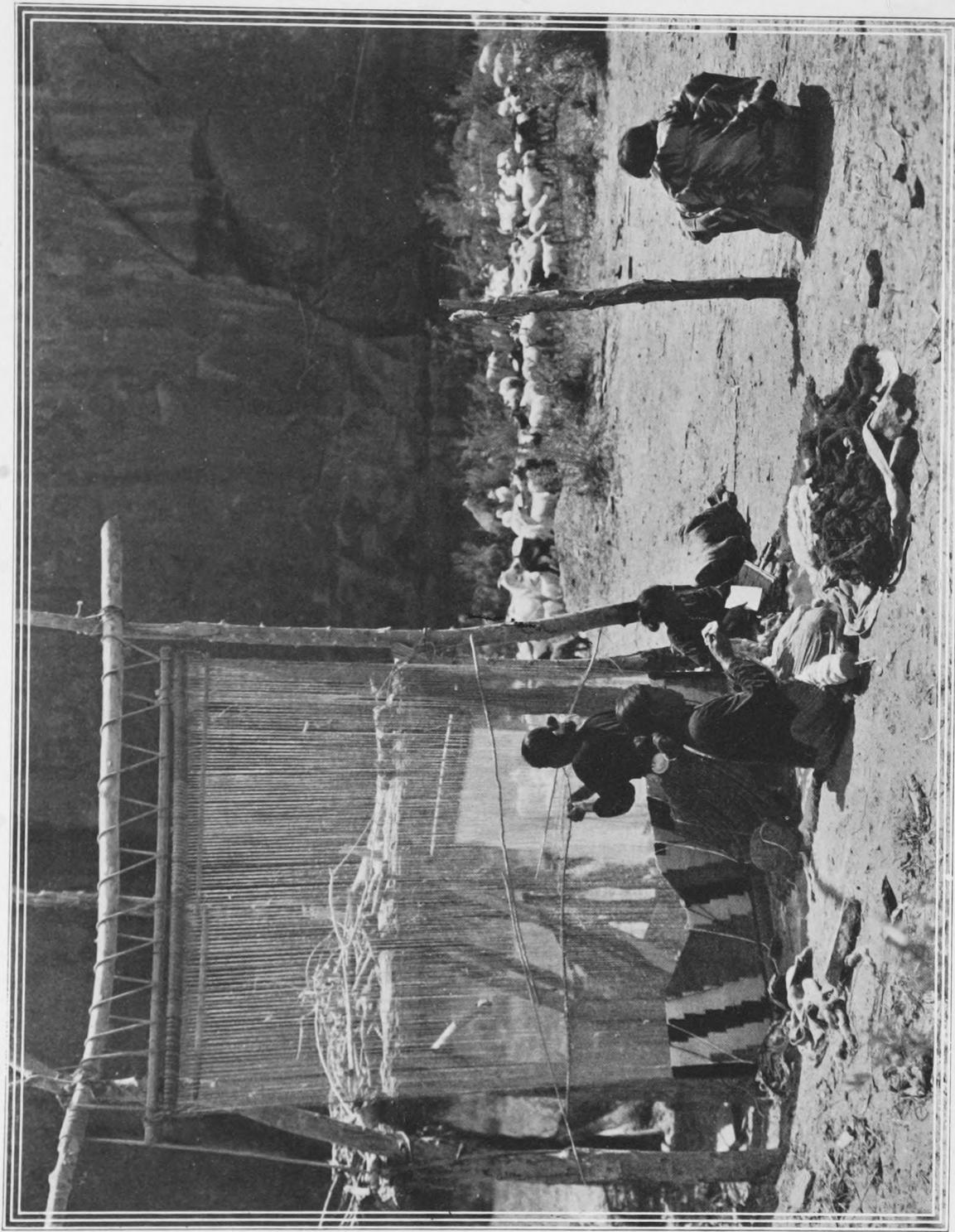
● You may join other guests for any single sector of the Indian-detours to Frijoles, Puyé, or Taos. You may head Pecos Canyon. You may go to Chimayo, where beautiful blankets have been woven on hand looms these hundred years; to Sanctuario, where miracles of healing are said to occur; or to primitive Cordova and Truchas, high up in the Sangre de Cristo foothills.

● Two-day cruises, of course, set up new horizons. One-day outings can be linked together with a night somewhere in the country. If you are leaving Santa Fé, here is time enough to run back to the railroad at Raton or Trinidad, via Taos and Cimarron Canyon, or to Gallup by Acoma and Enchanted Mesa.

● A dozen other places step into a three-day circle—as in the splendid summer-season loop up the Chama Valley, over Cumbres Pass to Barlow's Ranch on the Conejos, and then back through Questa, Arroyo Hondo and Taos.

● And so on and on, where you will and when you will, with the freedom of your own car, but twice the convenience and pleasure. La Fonda is our headquarters, but we have greeted Harveycar guests from Colorado Springs to Phoenix, Arizona. We've wished them bon voyage from El Paso to Salt Lake City.





Strand by strand a Navajo rug takes form in the depths of Canyon del Muerto

The Navajo Country and Hopiland

» » 1,000 whites

» » 35,000 Indians

» » 15,000,000 acres

● You cannot remain long in the Far Southwest without hearing of the Navajo Country. Nor may you feel that you really know New Mexico and Arizona without having made at least one excursion into the extraordinary region with this blanket name.

● The Navajo Country blocks off the whole northeastern corner of Arizona, in Coconino, Navajo and Apache counties; extends into McKinley and San Juan counties of northwestern New Mexico, and swallows the lower part of San Juan County in southeastern Utah.

● From east to west it is approximately 200 miles across; from south to north, nearly 150 miles. Its 25,000 square miles represent the greatest zone of undeveloped Indian land in the United States.

● Two adjacent but distinct reservations, the Navajo and Hopi, are included in the Navajo Country. A few Hopis live on Navajo land; nearly as many Navajos as Hopis live in the latter's territory. Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts and New Hampshire combined would disappear in the region allotted to the two. Add the fringe lands utilized by the Indians and the whole is larger than West Virginia.

● This enormous district lies just north of the Santa Fe main line from Thoreau, New Mexico, to Canyon Diablo, Arizona. From our new Indian-detours base at La Posada, Winslow, you can look straight away into its blue distances. Yet within its boundaries there are no railroads. There are no cities. Its towns are the age-old pueblos of the Hopi. Its motor roads, product of half a dozen years, link isolated trading posts and Indian agencies.

● All told, perhaps 1,000 whites live among 35,000 Indians in 15,000,000 acres where the keynotes are distance, silence, color—and the wonder working of natural forces.



● **The Indian Trader.** The present accessibility of the Navajo Country is due almost as much to the Indian trader as to expanding roads. A few years ago the chance visitor accepted his free hospitality without question or excuse. Today many of the posts provide excellent meals and detached cabins with comfortable beds, piped water and electric lights—still coupled with the old frontier welcome.

● The life of the posts themselves is always fascinating—the lounging bucks, silent squaws and wide-eyed children; the droop-headed horses at the rails; the sense of isolation from accustomed things; the primitive barter of groceries and dry goods for hides, wool, Navajo blankets and Indian jewelry.

● **The Navajos.** The Navajos are in many ways the most remarkable tribal unit in America. They number about 35,000 and are increasing. They are virile, independent and pure blooded. They are superb horsemen, nomads living a primitive life in difficult country. They practice little agriculture but range successfully nearly 2,000,000 sheep, goats, horses and cattle.

● Navajo dwellings are simple wickiups or dome-like “hogans” built of cedar trunks, brush and mud. They have no villages and seldom gather in great numbers except for horse racing, “chicken pulls,” or religious ceremonial, when they ride in from immense distances and seem to appear out of nowhere.

● Their ceremonials are spectacular in the extreme and usually occur “When the Thunder Sleeps,” or after the first frost. Weaving was learned long ago from the Hopis and Navajo rugs have become famous. Their skill in the handworking of silver and turquoise jewelry is equally remarkable.

● **The Hopi Villages.** Navajo and Hopi have lived side by side for centuries, yet the two are utterly different in many important characteristics.

● The one is tall and slender, the other short and stocky. One wears his hair long, knotted up with string, the other in a short bob. The Navajo is essentially a free-ranging nomad, the Hopi a sedentary agriculturist living in ancient compact communal settlements or pueblos. Until his taming some years ago the Navajo was warlike and predatory; the Hopi always has been peaceful, only resisting aggression.



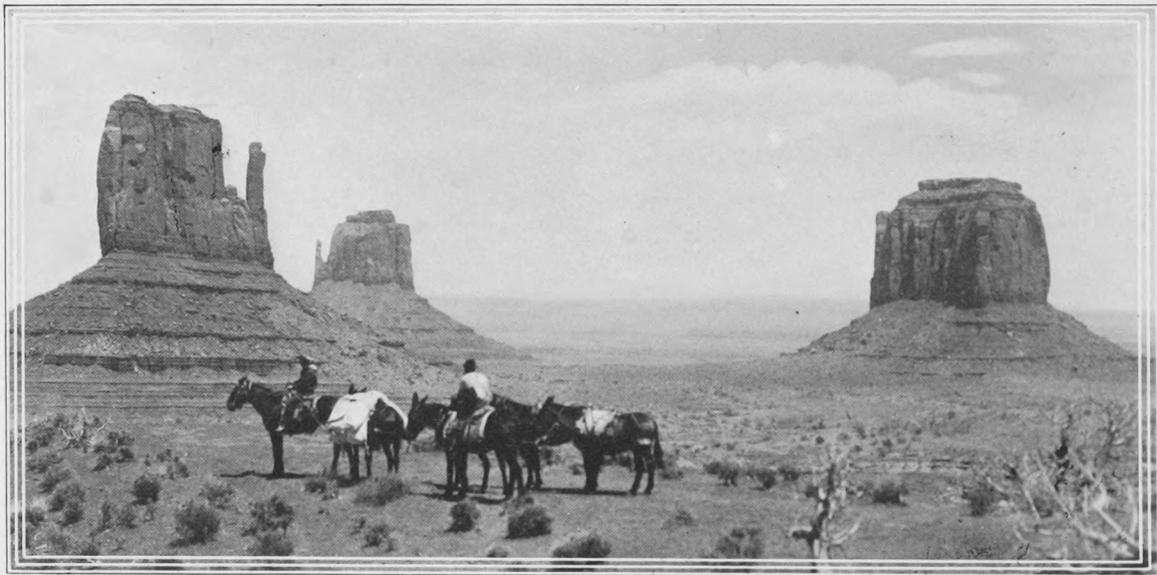
● There are about 2,200 Hopis and their villages occupy isolated and almost impregnable capes projecting out from Black Mesa, in the southwestern corner of the Navajo Country. Here the Spaniards, Pedro de Tovar and Juan de Padilla, of Coronado's expedition, found them in 1540. Living far from their related tribes in Zuni, Acoma and the Rio Grande Valley, the Hopis are the most primitive of all the pueblo peoples whose highly developed cultures once covered the entire Southwest.

● For centuries the Hopis have maintained themselves in face of incredible difficulties. Their dry farming and irrigation, in an arid land, are marvels of toil and patience. Their religious life expresses itself in elaborate ceremonies, an endless plea for the rain that spells life.

● **The Hopi Snake Dance**, held annually in the latter part of August, is perhaps the weirdest of all American aboriginal ceremonies. Each year we create nearby our own comfortable Harveycar camp in the desert and from all points of the compass our little special cruise parties orient toward it and the great dance.

● This summer it is planned to arrange a Snake Dance cruise of only three days, Winslow to Winslow, including two nights in Hopiland, at an all-inclusive cost of \$75 each person. By adding either two or four days to this minimum of time required, private Snake Dance cruises from Winslow can reach out to Canyon de Chelly or Rainbow Bridge, as well.

● The Snake Dance usually occurs between the 18th and 25th of August, but the exact date is not announced by the Snake



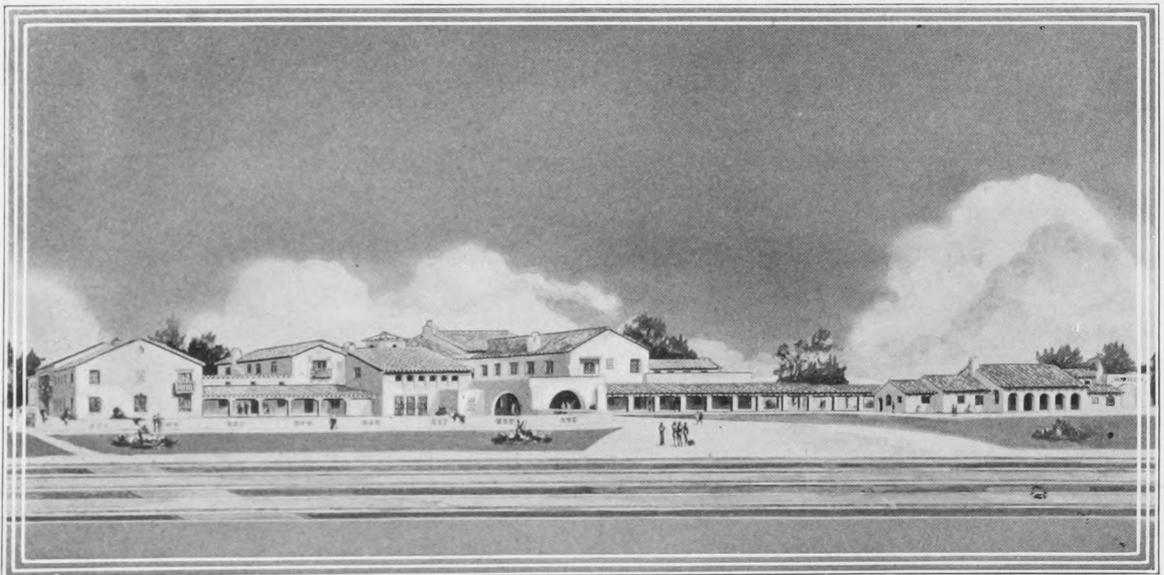
The rock sentinels of Monument Valley, unscalable and aloof

priests until ten days in advance. Our cruise guests then are immediately informed by wire, allowing ample time to conclude transportation arrangements from any point in the United States.

● **Climate.** Sunshine floods the Navajo Country the year round. Relative humidity is less than 50 per cent, tempering heat and cold and the daily swing in temperature of 40 degrees. Summer days are hot, the nights cool; winter days are bright, the nights sharply cold. Spring and fall are the dry seasons; snow falls in winter and rains come in July, August and early September. The latter are highly local and seldom last more than a few hours; widespread 24-hour rains are exceptional.

● Ninety-nine per cent of the entire Navajo Country lies between 4,000 and 9,000 feet above sea level. The average altitude is probably 5,500 feet. Precipitation varies but is generally very scant. Only the highest elevations are heavily forested. As a consequence the water run-off is rapid and the whole country is a gigantic laboratory for the play of erosive forces. Washes and arroyos network the land. Innumerable canyons expose brilliantly colored strata. Mountain flanks are carved and recessed. Immense and unscalable forms rise from valley floors.

● **Indian-detours to the Navajo Country.** We can work into the Navajo Country from almost any direction—westward from Santa Fé, eastward from Grand Canyon, northward from Gallup and Winslow and Flagstaff. We have crisscrossed it with perfect comfort in every month of the year. Occasionally some section is isolated for a time by a summer rain or a winter snow, but as a whole it is never closed to us. It is primarily a land of sparkling sunshine. Once you know it, you will hear it calling, calling. . . .



La Posada, another delightful new base for Harveycar wanderings

La Posada

»» Winslow, Arizona

● When the outgrown Fred Harvey hotel facilities for the care of Santa Fe train passengers at Winslow, Arizona, were replaced this spring by La Posada, another delightful base for Harveycar wanderings came into being.

● La Posada fits perfectly into the chain of Santa Fe-Harvey hotels crossing our cruise territory from Colorado to California. For Arizona outings, particularly, it gives us a strategic new starting point, terminus, or port of call.

● And you will revel in La Posada for itself. It is built in the low, rambling style introduced into Old Mexico and our own Southwest by the early Spanish immigrant of good family who brought dignity and leisure to the raising of cattle and the tilling of the soil. Every modern creature comfort is there, but housed in the time-careless atmosphere of other days.

● The dozen acres surrounding La Posada are fast becoming a veritable oasis. Adobe walls and growing hedges shelter orchards and lawns, shrubberies and flower gardens, hidden shrines and quaint Mexican wells. The grouped buildings hide a sunken garden, with fountains and flagstone terraces.

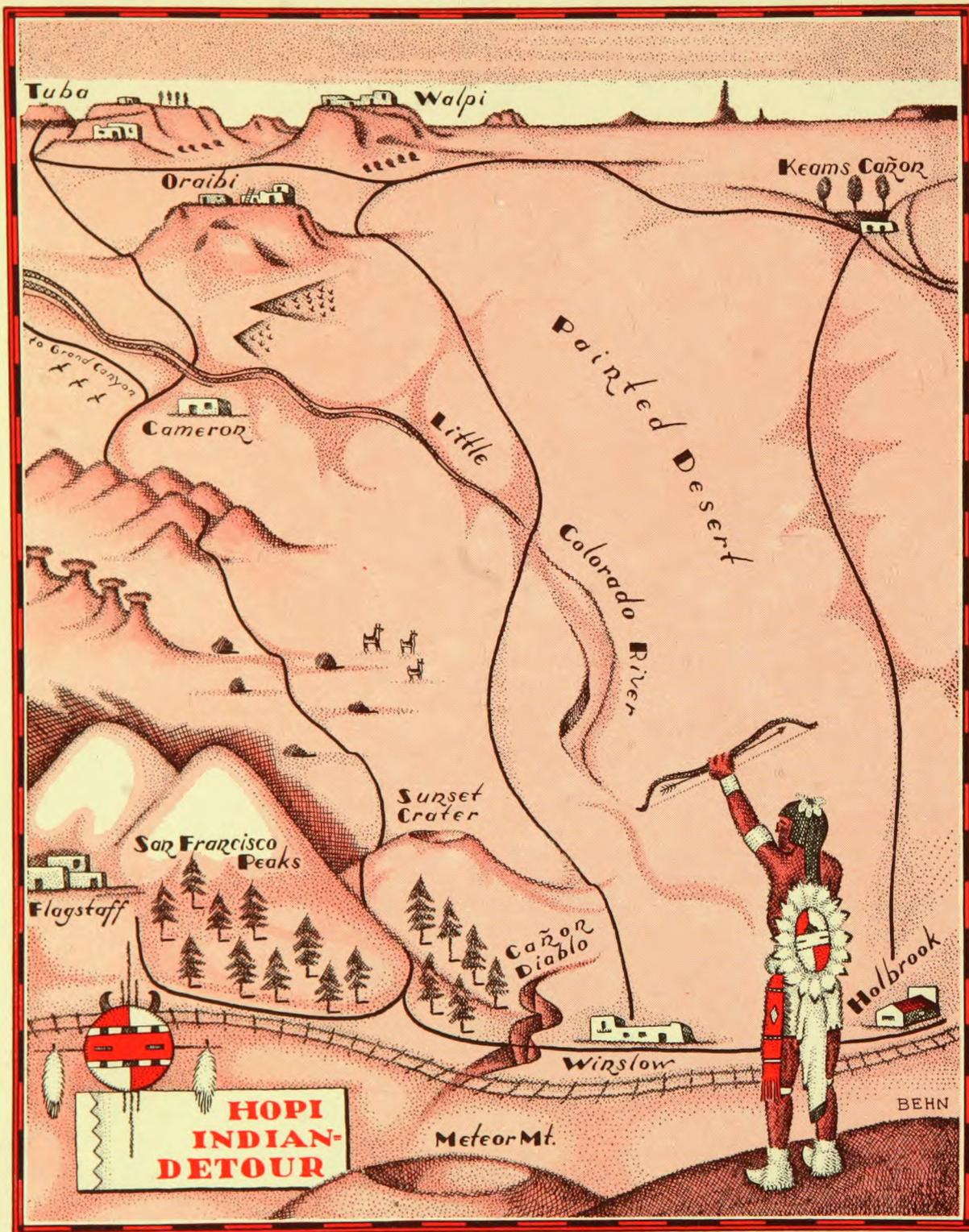
● Nor has the nearby desert been forgotten. Beyond the western wall is a curious garden for desert shrubs, trees and cacti; a "dry water hole," with an abandoned water cart and an old *carreta*, with huge, solid wooden wheels.

● Whatever the Spanish gentry of the old Southwest could not import for their ranchos must be made at home. So La Posada's commonplaces of daily use are "farm made." Carved benches, settles and chairs, crude copies of Spanish trostaros and chests, colossal peon-made tables, stand beside rare specimens brought from Mexico, Spain and Africa, even from Italy and the Orient.

● Curtains, hangings and bedspreads might have been made by La Posada's successive mistresses and their servants during the evenings of many decades. Wall decoration of public rooms, corridors, bedrooms and suites, is in the primitive Mexican manner, painted freehand directly on the stucco.

● La Posada is for a day, or a month; and for all the year. You will appreciate our pride in it when you know it better.





**HOPI
INDIAN-
DETOUR**

BEHN

The Hopi Detour

» » and others from Winslow

● The primitive Hopi villages of northeastern Arizona have become familiar ground to many Harveycar guests. These ninety-miles-from-a-railroad pueblos write a logical and fascinating chapter in the longer cruises from Santa Fé through the northern Indian country.

● But whenever it has been necessary to plan itineraries from our comfortable base at La Fonda with a time-starved hand, then Hopiland has disappeared automatically from consideration. For full enjoyment even a one-way cruise from Santa Fé to the Hopi country requires four days.

● This situation, happily, is now ancient history. Add even forty-eight hours to your rail journey and the Hopi mesas can be yours for a full afternoon, with a night in the desert silences and over two hundred miles by Harveycar in a carved and painted wilderness. The answer lies in the completion of La Posada, at Winslow, Arizona.

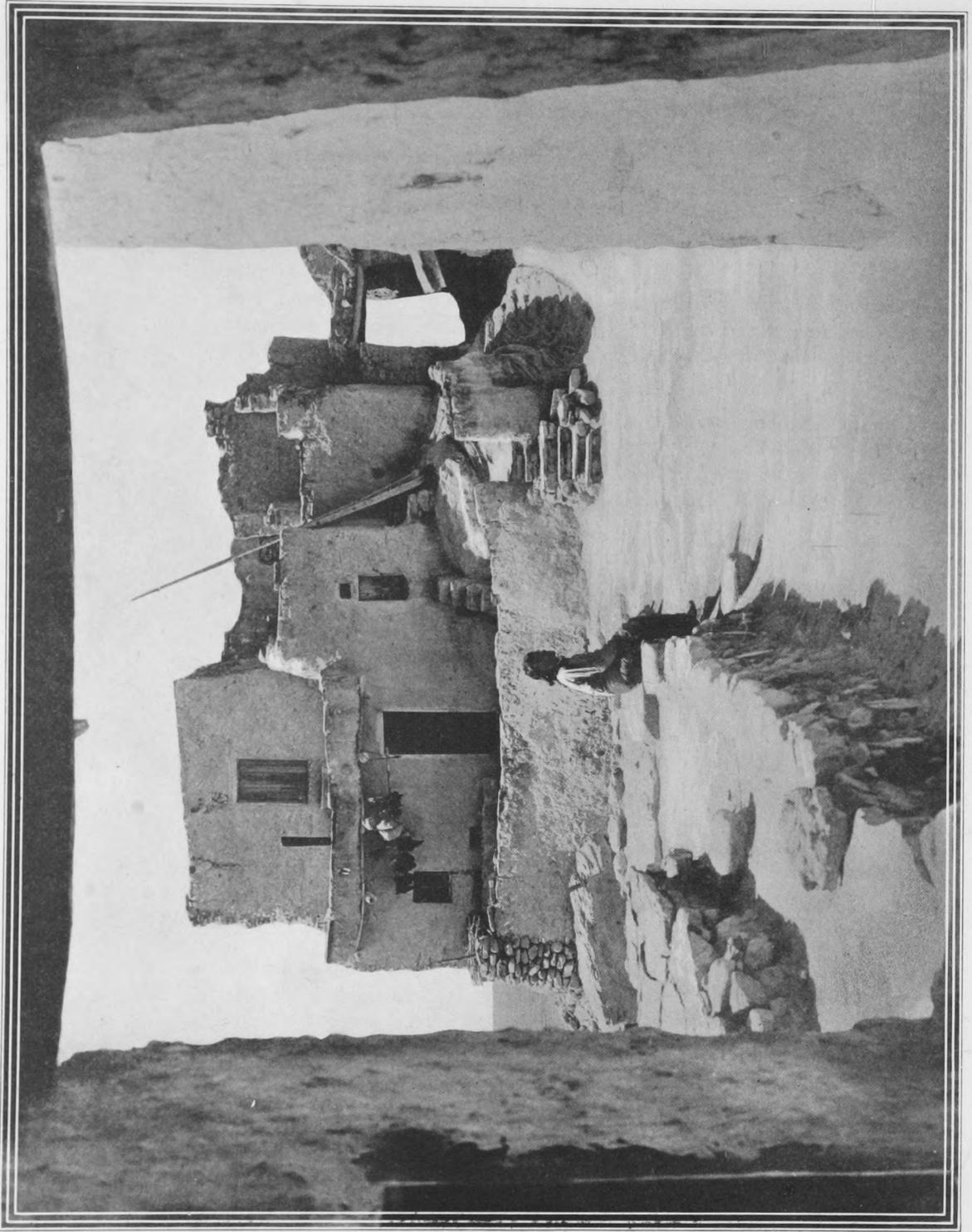
● Winslow lies just south of the Hopi Reservation. No other town on the railroad is nearer its desert-girdled pueblos or better connected with them by roadways. La Posada provides a marvelous new base for the shortest possible Hopiland cruises.

● We may leave Winslow either in the morning or the afternoon, although the former is perhaps the better arrangement. Assuming an after-breakfast start, therefore, we can be at the trading post of Polacca, seventy-eight miles northward, by midday. As soon as a jolly luncheon has been disposed of the long afternoon beckons to exploration.

● On the so-called First, Second and Third Mesas, within quite short motoring distances of Polacca, are grouped most of the Hopi pueblos. All have been builded as near the sky as possible, but some actually can be reached in the motor, others can be approached as far as lofty saddle-backs, while spectacular Walpi is for those who can follow foot-worn trails that a dozen men could hold against an army.

● It is largely through the growth rings of ancient, stone-cut timbers found in the houses and kivas of Hopiland that Dr. A. E. Douglass has been able accurately to follow back the course of pueblo Indian life in the Southwest for a full thousand years. Primitive, isolated, perched on rocky eeries





Alternate years bring the Hopi Snake Dance to primitive, isolated Walpi

between the parched red earth and the bottomless blue of the sky, this life goes on in the timeless villages in fascinating, startling contrast to modern standards.

● Open-air appetites are answered by supper at the home of the Indian Agent at Keam's Canyon. Here, too, the night is spent—preparatory to the return to Winslow and civilization over a different road south to Holbrook. Both ways from La Posada there is magnificent scenery, with close-up views from the Harveycar of the indescribable flow of color in sections of the Painted Desert.

To or from Grand Canyon?

● The new Hopi Indian-detour is a wonderfully comprehensive little outing in itself. Like nearly every other Harveycar Cruise, however, it is subject to variation at will.

● If you are traveling westbound, for instance, and plan to visit the Grand Canyon, then you can detrain at Winslow, complete the first day's itinerary of the Hopi Detour, and on the second day drive from Keam's Canyon right on to El Tovar. The route is a dandy one, including more of Hopiland, and beautiful Blue Canyon; luncheon at Tuba, headquarters of the Western Navajo Reservation; the 3,000-foot gorge of the Little Colorado, and the south rim of Grand Canyon. Eastbound, you may arrange for a Harveycar to pick you up at Grand Canyon and reverse the Cruise to Winslow.

● **Roundabout Flagstaff.** Cool, forest-set Flagstaff is but sixty miles from La Posada. Even a two-day Cruise from Winslow, therefore, is enough to prove that this bustling little city centers one of the most varied and rarely beautiful travel areas in America. Sunset Mountain and the lava beds; cliff dwellings in Walnut Canyon; highland lakes and lumber camps, white water in Oak Creek and West Fork canyons; the Weatherford Highway to the crest of the San Franciscos, above 12,000 feet, with views into six states and even Old Mexico—what shall it be?

● But can't you really spare us a third day hereabouts? Bully! Montezuma's Castle, the Natural Bridge, Prescott and the Copper Towns are waiting. Southeast, below Springerville, are the White Mountains, webbed with 400 miles of trout streams. Or we can spend a night in Hopiland; a second at Tuba, and then cross the Painted Desert, climb the color-glowing western slope of the Little Colorado Valley to Wupatki National Monument, and so swing back through the Coconino National Forest to dinner at La Posada.





BEHN

Navajo Indian Detours

» » Rainbow Bridge

» » Canyon de Chelly

» » Monument Valley

● Rather a breath-taking job, this effort to wing you in a few moments by Harveycar over a territory larger than France. Especially so when familiar comparisons are useless and each of half a dozen distinct sectors cries out for intensive description. Southwestern fauna, flora, climate, human interest and Nature's whole face vary amazingly with succeeding horizons.

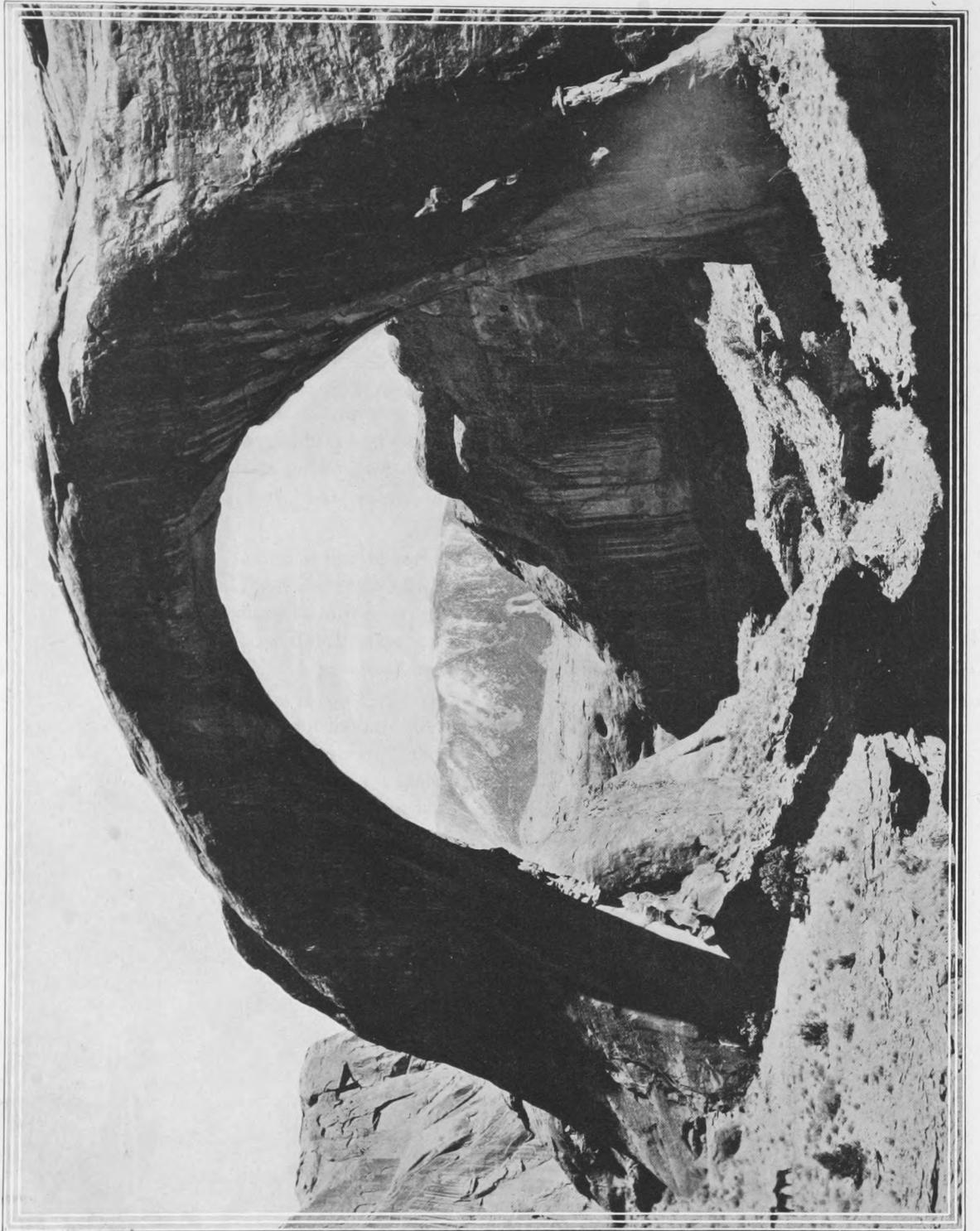
● But though so much must of necessity be left to the imagination, we cannot well omit to take you a little deeper into that immense Navajo Country already mentioned. To do so would be to say nothing at all of such glorious objectives as Rainbow Bridge, Monument Valley, and Canyon de Chelly.

● For obvious reasons we do not attempt to outline here any one particular Indian-detour. The reservation is four times the size of Connecticut. It may be entered or left from the east, west, north or south. Two days is the irreducible minimum for a Navajo cruise; six or seven days is happy middle ground. Many Navajo detours last from ten days to two weeks.

● With all this in mind you will appreciate why it is usually helpful to allow us to suggest tentative itineraries. To do so intelligently we need know only what you wish most to see, when you can get away and the time you can spare, whether you are traveling east or west—and whether or not to include a saddle trip in the plan. Riding is essential in visiting Rainbow Bridge, and easily arranged elsewhere. To most these wilderness saddle trips are one of the supreme joys of a Navajo cruise.

● **The Rainbow Bridge.** On August 14, 1909, a group of explorers, led by John Wetherill of Kayenta and the Piute Nashja-begay, stood in awed silence before the goal of a difficult search—Rainbow Bridge, greatest of all known natural arches.





But 1,300 whites have seen Rainbow Bridge. (Note horses in left foreground)

● At their feet trickled clear water. Massive piers, 278 feet apart, carried a graceful buff-colored arch that swept overhead higher than the dome of the national capitol. The unbelievable whole was perfect in its symmetry and hued and tinted by shadows and the tricks of "desert paint."

● Seen from a little way, men and horses at its base dwindled to insignificance. At a distance the arch itself seemed to shrink, dwarfed by its titanic setting.

● Rainbow Bridge spans Bridge Canyon, tributary from the south to Glen Canyon of the Colorado River. Actually it is in Utah, but access is from Arizona. The nearest railroad, the Santa Fe, is 185 miles distant. The nearest house—Rainbow Lodge, on Navajo Mountain—is 13 miles by spectacular trails. There is but one other white man's house within 60 miles of the Lodge.

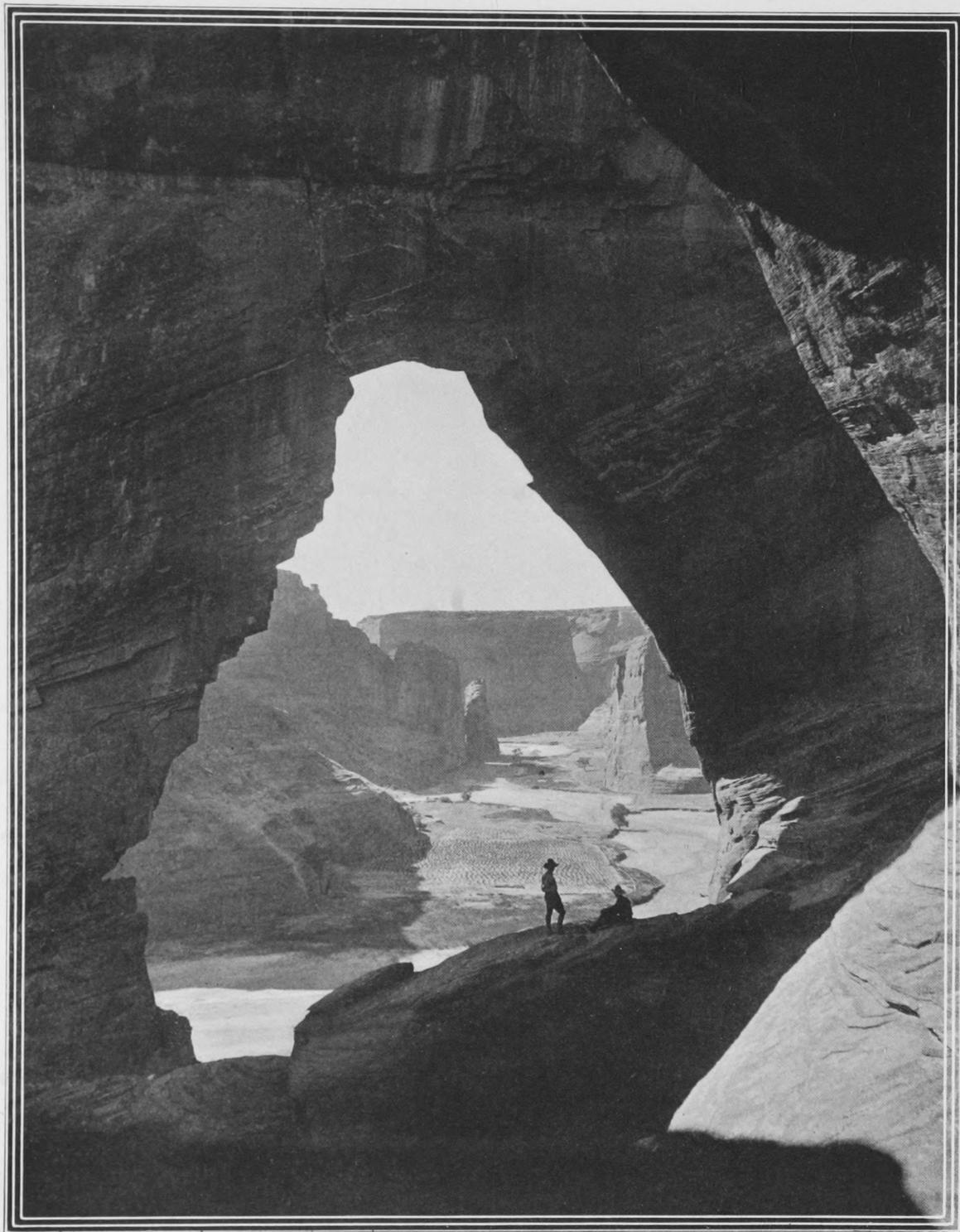
● The round trip by saddle to the Bridge requires two days and many spend a third close by the arch in Bridge Canyon. Complete trail equipment, with guides, is available at the Lodge, which is magnificently located, with comfortable cabins and excellent meals.

● There is little variation in the distance to Rainbow Lodge by Harveycar from the railroad at Grand Canyon, Flagstaff and Winslow. From the first two points the run may be made in a single day; from La Posada, Winslow, two days are advisable, in order to visit Hopiland en route.

● Thus the shortest possible Rainbow Bridge cruise covers four days, by motor and saddle. Five days permit spending an extra day either on the road or in camp. Six days make both possible, while longer itineraries allow starting points anywhere between Colorado Springs, Santa Fé and Phoenix.

● Regardless of the route of Harveycar approach, a Rainbow Bridge cruise is an experience that never will be forgotten. The colossal arch has been pictured to millions since discovery. Only 1,300 white people ever have actually seen it.





The Window Arch frames a glimpse of Canyon de Chelly

● **Canyon de Chelly.** Among the most spectacular canyons of the Southwest are Canyon de Chelly, Arizona, and its famous branch, Canyon del Muerto, or the Canyon of Death—so named from the massacre there by the Spaniards of many Navajos. Few cruise objectives bring greater delight to our guests.

● Canyon riders are dwarfed to pinhead size by the towering walls, lifting a thousand feet sheer from the white sandy floor. Pre-historic cliff dwellings attest the antiquity of human habitation. Navajo camps dot the green cottonwood brakes at the base of the brilliant cliffs.

● The Canyon de Chelly is about seventy-five miles by motor northwest of Gallup, New Mexico, nearest point of approach by rail. It also can be reached in a one- or two-day cruise from La Posada, Winslow, via Hopiland. In any event, an extra day should be allowed for a saddle or wagon trip into the canyons from the trading post at Chinle, where guides and equipment are available at comfortable Thunder Bird Ranch.

● **Monument Valley.** Far up in northeastern Arizona—a hundred-odd miles from Rainbow Lodge and almost as far from Chinle—is the trading post at Kayenta. There are not many spots on the map of the United States farther removed from a railroad and the familiar rush of modern life.

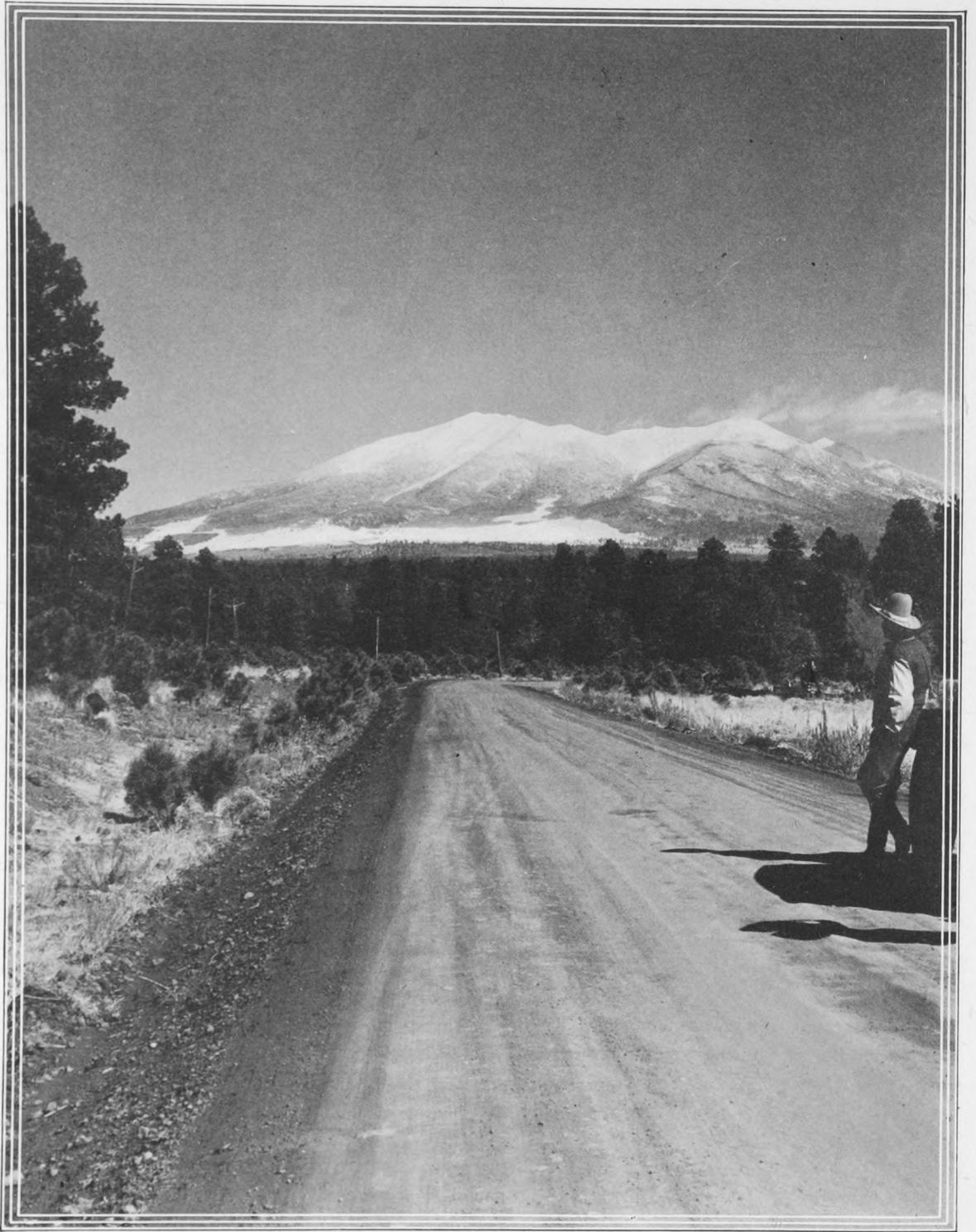
● A stop at the Wetherill post is something to look back to. About Kayenta is the real “long hair” Navajo Country. To the northwest, back from beautiful Marsh Pass, are the prehistoric cliff cities of Keet Seel and Betahtakin; to the northeast, Monument Valley.

● It is difficult to describe Monument Valley, spread under the blue vault of an almost rainless sky and guarded by detached rock sentinels of incredible size. Unscalable and aloof, the painted spires, shafts and buttes rise sheer from sloping, reddish pedestals. At times they float on air; again, sharp-cut, they crowd forward. Sunrise edges them with gold. Evening brings the play of afterglow and shadow. At night they bulk against the stars.

● An extra day by motor from Kayenta brings home the magic of the Monuments, but an overnight camp among them leaves an indelible memory.

● There is plenty of country back from Kayenta where no white man ever has set foot. If you can spare a couple of days more to pack into Segi Canyon and the seldom-seen cliff cities that rival those of Mesa Verde, you will appreciate why scientist and explorer set out from Kayenta year after year.





The San Francisco Peaks, mountain Lords of Arizona, rise behind Flagstaff

A Weather Word

» » an ideal year-round climate

● When all is said, what is more vital to solid enjoyment of a long-range motor outing than a generally delightful climate and the practical assurance of pleasant touring weather?

● The dry healthfulness of our Southwest is proverbial. High humidity is conspicuous only by its absence. Sunshine floods the land seven or eight days in ten. Fog is a curiosity. Winter and summer, protracted storms or long periods of dull weather are rare enough to make us wonder what the world is coming to.

MONTH BY MONTH AROUND THE CALENDAR

January—Coldest month of the Santa Fé winter—and an exceedingly popular one. 72% of possible sunshine, against 50% in New York and 45% in Chicago. Average temperature 29°, precipitation but .59" and snowfall 5.9".

February—Warmer, the average climbing to 33°. A few inches of snow accounts for precipitation less than one-quarter that of New York. Again over 70% of possible sunshine.

March—Light snows pass quickly. Average temperature 40° and precipitation less than one-fifth that for Boston or New York. Normally one day in eight is overcast.

April—Occasional showers and snow flurries as spring reaches into the mountains. Mean temperature 47°, with 73% of possible sunshine.

May—A perfect out-of-doors month throughout the northern Southwest. Maximum temperatures of the long, sunny days average 68°.

June—Another rare Harveycar month. Average relative humidity at 6 p.m. 28%. One inch of rainfall with 79% of possible sunshine.

July—Normally the wettest and warmest month of the Santa Fé year—yet both terms are only relative. Precipitation of 2.71"—4.54" for New York—in form of local showers. Average temperature but 69°, sinking into the low fifties at night.

August—Another revelation in the Southwestern summer at lofty elevations. Rainfall 2.36", temperature 67°, with same cool, refreshing nights.

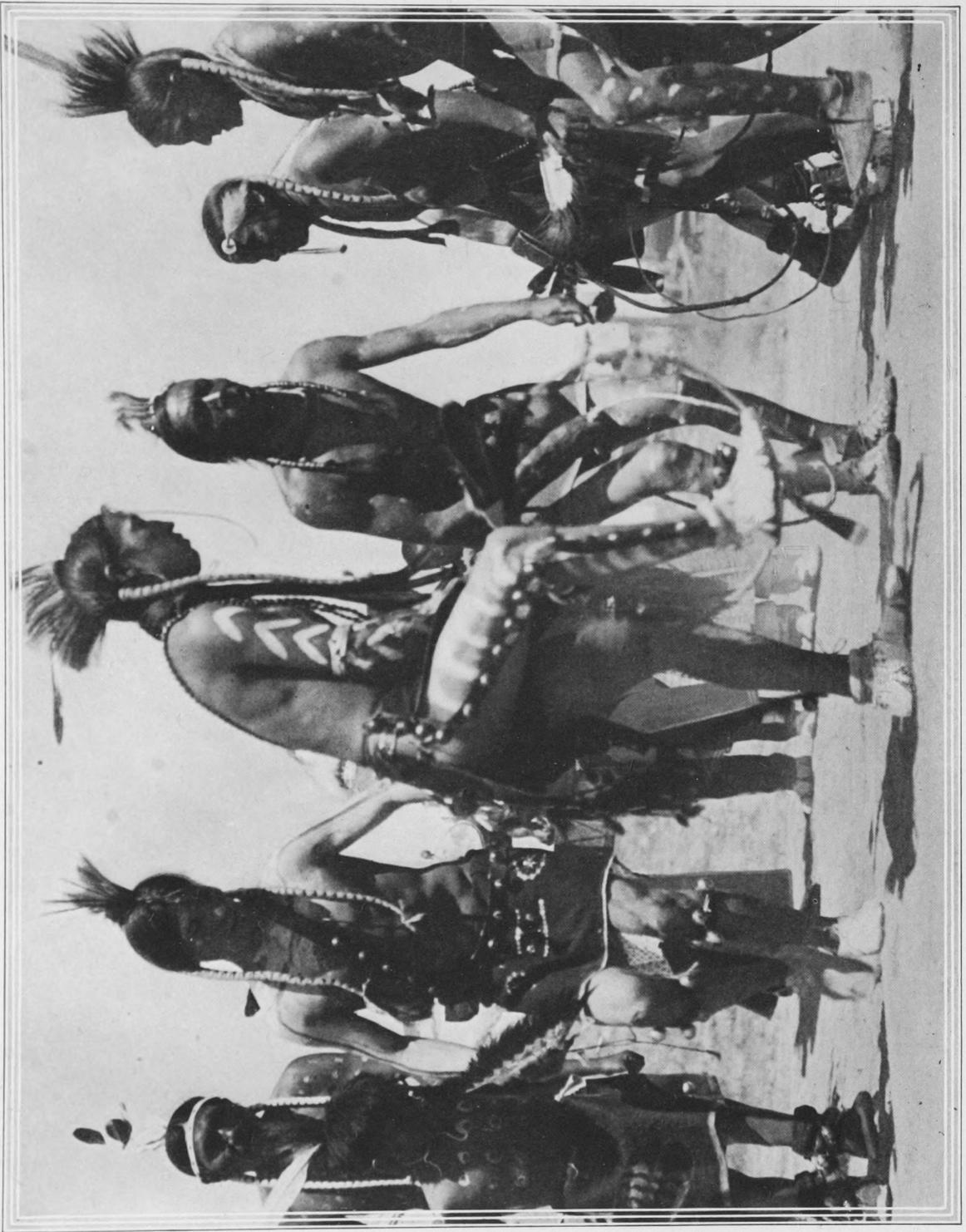
September—Beginning of the crisp, clear Fall. Precipitation drops to 1.62", average temperature to 61°. Normally but three September days are overcast. Harvesting starts in the pueblos.

October—Most brilliant month of the Southwestern year. Magnificent coloring and first snows above 10,000 feet. An average of 50°, with 79% of possible sunshine. Roads everywhere at their best.

November—Another splendid month for Indian-detours long or short. Days clear and warm; nights crisp and sparkling. Precipitation .76" with sunshine equaling that of El Paso, San Diego and Los Angeles.

December—Noo'-pah-po, "month of fires and ashes." Precipitation .76", mean temperature 31°. Sharp nights and brilliant days unexpectedly mild. Magnificent Indian ceremonies during Christmas week.





The Taos Hoop Dance—one of scores of magnificent Southwestern ceremonials

Indian Ceremonials

» » rhythm, beauty, color

● In New Mexico and Arizona there are 55,000 Indians of many tribes. These tribes are of different stocks and live under varied conditions.

● Each has its own dances—the dignified, serious and highly symbolic religious expression of a primitive people. In number and variety, in color and rhythm, they are unsurpassed by the aboriginal ceremonial of any country.

● Comparatively few of these ceremonials occur on fixed dates. Others are seasonal. The Hopi Snake Dance, for instance, comes sometime in August. Navajo Fire Dances follow the first frost. Many dances occur in winter, the idle period.

PARTIAL CALENDAR OF SOUTHWESTERN EVENTS

January 1st—New Year's dances in various pueblos. **6th**—Installation of Indian Governors in all pueblos. Eagle Dance at San Ildefonso. Usually a dance at Taos. **No date**—Dance of the Sword Swallowers at Zuni.

February—no date—Buffalo, Deer and Antelope Dances at different pueblos.

March—no date—Indians open their irrigation ditches with song and symbolic service. **Good Friday**—Flagellation of Los Penitentes.

April—Chongo Races at Isleta. Dance at Zuni about the **15th**. Occasional Sunday dances in all the pueblos.

May 1st—Corn Dance at San Felipe. **3rd**—Relay Races at Taos. Occasional Sunday dances in the Rio Grande pueblos.

June 24th—San Juan Day. Dances in various pueblos, notably San Juan and Acoma. Patron saint of Truchas, Mexican village, where there are observances.

July—no date—Katchina Dance at Walpi, the Return. **3rd-5th**—Rodeo and Cowboy Reunion at Las Vegas. **14th**—Corn Dance at Cochiti.

August 2nd—Old Pecos Dance at Jemez. **4th**—Great Corn Dance at Santo Domingo. **10th**—Corn Dances at Nambe and Picuris. **12th**—Corn Dance at Santa Clara. **15th**—Dia

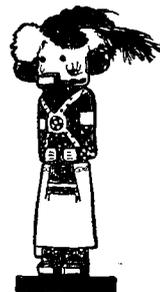
de la Virgen, dance at Zia. **19th-22nd**—Pageant of The First American, Albuquerque. **27th-29th**—Inter-Tribal Indian Ceremonial at Gallup. Fiesta at Isleta, last week of month. **Hopi Snake Dance**—latter part of month: Doll Dance and masked Dances for Rain at Zuni. **31st**—Beginning Santa Fé Fiesta.

September 1st-2nd—Santa Fé Fiesta. **2nd**—Corn Dance at Acoma. **No date**—Harvest Dance at Zuni. Pine Dances in various pueblos. **15th**—Jicarilla Apache encampment at Horse or Stone Lake. **19th**—Dance at Laguna. **30th**—Taos Fiesta.

October 4th—Dance at Nambe. "When the Thunder Sleeps,"—or after first frost, Navajo Dances. **No date**—Hunting Dances in various pueblos.

November 12th—Fiesta of San Diego at Jemez and Tesuque. After Thanksgiving, the Shalako at Zuni.

December 12th—Guadalupe Day celebrated in Santa Fé and various pueblos. **Christmas Eve**—Dances in mission churches at San Felipe, Laguna and Isleta pueblos. Dance at Taos. **Christmas Day**—Dances at Jemez, Santo Domingo, Tesuque, Santa Clara and other pueblos. Almost daily ceremonials during Christmas week. Los Pastores, related to the ancient shepherd plays, in the Spanish communities.



Itineraries—Bookings—Charges

● It is as simple a matter to pack interest into a real two or three weeks' Harveycar vacation as into a stop-over of one or two days. The trips so sketchily outlined here may be added to, subtracted from or combined. We have pieced together—and followed delightedly—a hundred other itineraries in the 200,000 square miles of our Southwestern playground.

● If you are in the slightest doubt as to how, or when or where to go by Harveycar, give us the real pleasure of offering possibly helpful suggestions. A letter or wire to **Harveycars, Santa Fé, New Mexico**, will have prompt and interested attention.

● **Bookings.** Harveycar bookings may be arranged through your Tourist Bureau; through any Passenger Department representative of the A. T. & S. F. Railway Company; through our Courier Offices, after arrival at La Fonda, Santa Fé, or La Posada, Winslow; or direct by mail or telegraph.

● **Charges.** A rather jolly feature of Harveycar service is that one is definitely apprised in advance of what may be expected in the way of expense.

● A Harveycar charge, once quoted and accepted, relieves our guests of any further responsibility for meals and accommodations provided en route; for the expenses of the courier and driver, and the operation of the motor; for entrance fees to certain national parks and monuments, and even for saddle and pack trips at such places as Rainbow Bridge and Canyon de Chelly.

● Quite often, as indicated here and there in this book, special charges are in order for individual outings. Otherwise, one's outlay readily may be developed from the scale given below. When Indian-detours commence or end at points where Harveycars are not maintained, it is necessary to add a nominal figure of 15 cents per car mile, to cover deadheading of car and personnel from the nearest fleet base.

For a party of	Per diem
One guest	\$70.00
Two guests	\$40.00 each person
Three guests	\$30.00 each person
Four guests or more	\$25.00 each person



