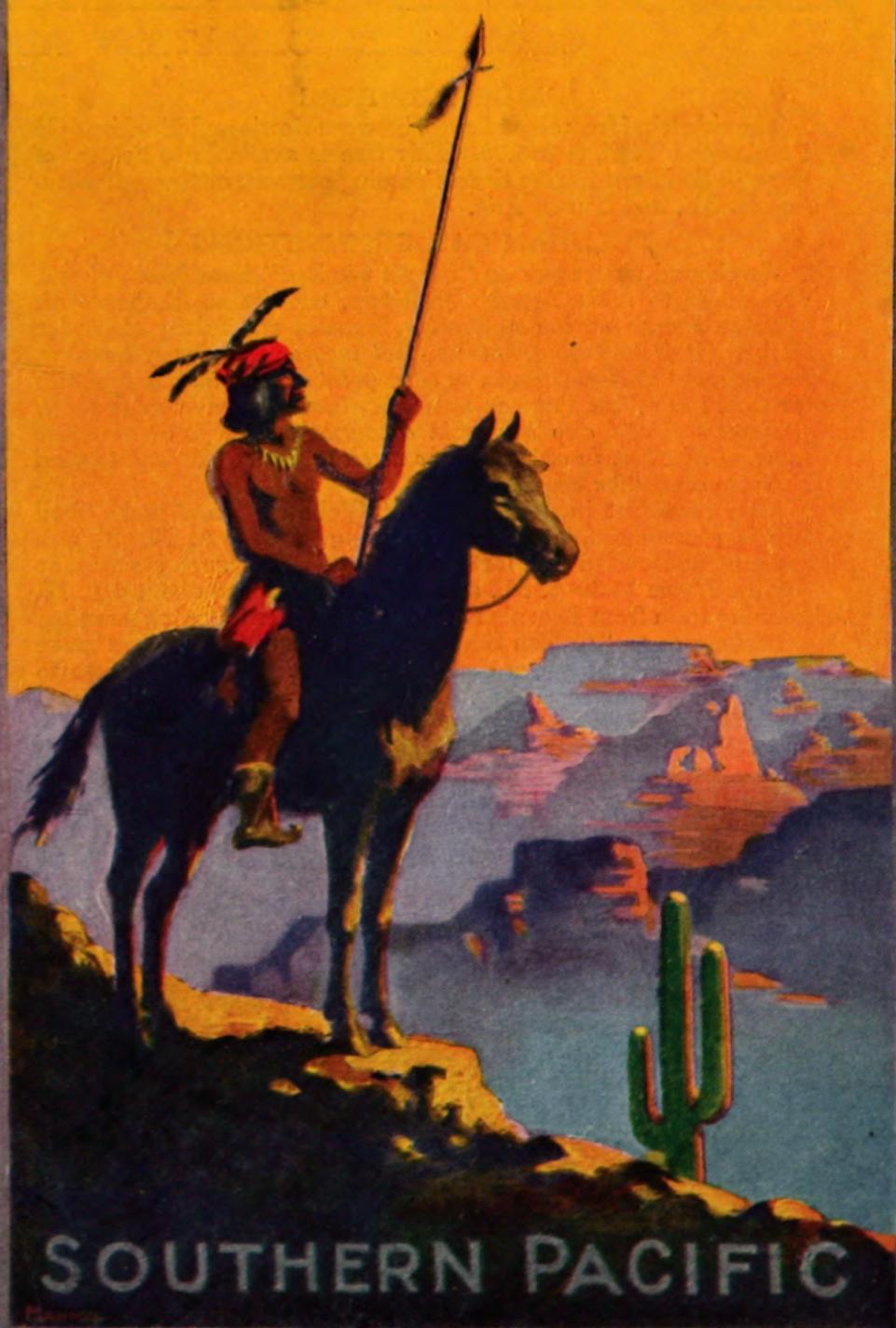


C9791  
Pan. 5  
(1917)

# APACHE TRAIL OF ARIZONA



SOUTHERN PACIFIC

# THE APACHE TRAIL OF ARIZONA—SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES



WHEN the United States Government decided to construct a great retaining dam on the headwaters of the Salt River in Arizona, to make possible the irrigation of thousands of fertile valley acres about Phoenix, it was found necessary to build a road into one of the wildest, most picturesque regions of the Southwest. The route for such a highway had already been skilfully chosen. Through these rugged fastnesses wound the broad war-path of the Apaches, and for many miles the new road followed the course beaten out centuries before by hosts of barbaric raiders. Thus it comes that the splendid mountain highway which leads from Globe to Phoenix, a distance of 120 miles, is famed as the Apache Trail. Where once fierce lance-brandishing braves went war-faring, to-day Southern Pacific tourists are borne safely along in smooth-riding automobiles.

There is not a mile of this journey that does not hold interest. The curving mountain road winds through canyons, tortuous and high-walled, over steep summit ridges and along the verge of tremendous precipices that sink sheer for hundreds of feet below. Gaunt buttes and mighty mesas, weird gardens of contorted cactus growth, deformed hills as strange as the hills of the moon, cliff dwellings of forgotten peoples, the mirror-bright waters of an inland sea, a rock-walled canyon through which surges a great river, the Roosevelt Dam, the flourishing farms of Salt River Valley reclaimed from the desert—this is a land infinitely varied in terrain, aglow with color, filled with the sunny glamor of romance. Always the scenery is unusual, fascinating, possessing a richness of detail possible only in the clear atmosphere of Arizona. Every line of the landscape is distinctly marked: peaks a hundred miles away stand out sharply against the tinted sky.

## A REGION OF ROMANCE

Crooked as the trail of the fox was the trail of the Apaches, and surely these wily strategists had uttered before the Corsican that resolute maxim, "Where a goat can set his foot, an army can pass!" Now the



SUPERSTITION MOUNTAINS—APACHE TRAIL

road is wide and safe, cut sometimes out of solid rock, but it is a *highway* in a very true sense.

The Apache Trail, most ancient highway on our continent, winds through a region of romance, a land rich in legendary and historic association. Well may this be called Oldest America, for men have traversed the route since remotest time. What a strange procession they would make, what a colorful pageant, the peoples who have passed this way through all the centuries!

In the dim ages before the dawn of history came the rude cliff dwellers, forgotten now save for those ruined fortress-homes that hang like swallows' nests

in the niches of the canyon-wall. Swarming down the highland passes marched the ancient Toltecs, on their way to Casa Grande and far southward to found a mighty empire in Mexico. And along this same highway rode in 1540 the vanguard of the white intruders—the gallant bright-armored *conquistadores* of Vasquez de Coronado, seeking after the fabulous Seven Cities of Cibola, with their treasure-houses of gold and turquoise. No less stout-hearted were the humble missionaries who wandered here afoot, sombre-robed Jesuits and Franciscans, ready to do battle for the souls of pagans. Then hardy



ROCK-WALLS TOO PRECIPITOUS FOR EVEN CLIFF DWELLERS TO SCALE

American pioneers—hawk-eyed frontiersmen in buckskin, pathfinders and scouts, red-shirted miners and dashing blue-clad cavalymen, splendid in their courage, resourceful in conflict.

And against all these were arrayed the wildest and fiercest of Indian tribesmen, the Tonto Apaches and their dreaded kindred, come all the way from the cold, bleak steppes of Athabasca; and to them through many years this ancient trail belonged by right of might. Here was the war-path along which the Apache *renegados* set out upon their bloody forays, and at their head galloped battle-chiefs whose very names inspired terror—Cochise and Mangus Colorado and Geronimo, ever waging relentless warfare against invaders of their mountain realm. Surely not even the most fantastic fiction could be stranger than the true history of this “our last frontier.”

The range is still one of the greatest in the Southwest. Stalwart cowboy successors of the “two-gun men” and “freefighters” of the old days run their cattle on the hillslopes and the plains; and as for the Apaches, they have settled down, five thousand of them dwelling in their peaceful homes on the San Carlos Indian Reservation, east of Globe. Braves by the hundred labored steadfastly and well in the construction of Roosevelt Dam, aiding that government they once had defied, and a picturesque village of Apaches stands there to-day on the heights overlooking the lake.

### LAND OF GREAT CLIFFS

It is a thousand-mile maze, this region which the wild Apaches sought out as their hiding-place—a confusion of rocky cross-ranges and deep-cleft gorges

—and on every hand stupendous cliffs tower straight into the cloudless sky. Curiously-colored are these gigantic rock-masses, gleaming with metallic lustre, glowing sometimes as though the sun were seeking to smelt the metals from their ores; but as the day passes, strangely-shaped shadows gather in the hollows of the cliffsides, shadows that lengthen and broaden in the half-light of evening until all the fantastic landscape takes on cool shades of gray and smoky blue, save for projecting angles of the rock that catch the red-gold of the departing sun. And with these shadows that shift as in magic with the varying light, while the silence of eternity hangs over the mesas and the canyons, with this wonderful transformation scene that comes with the coming of night, all the mystery of the world seems brought together here.

What appears to us a manifestation of divinity, to the rude aborigines was diabolical, and only the Apaches dared enter this lonely sunset-land—the Apaches, who sought openly to establish a league with the Evil One in their uncanny ceremonial of the “devil dance,” circling about the bases of those weirdly-carved profile rocks which rise throughout this region, images of grotesque monsters set here as they thought by some superhuman hand. Thus they worshipped fiendishly before idols that were mountains, in their vast temple of chaos; yet even the Apache blood ran cold when they heard malignant demons call to them from the mysterious heights of Superstition Mountains, crying out suddenly in the silence with strangling screams.

Whirlpool Rock, like a great pyramid of writhing serpents turned to stone; Canyon Diablo, a dark and awesome crevasse in the mesa; the strange butte fancifully designated “Old Woman’s Shoe;” the Little Alps, Sierra Ancha, the Pinals; the huge triangular bulk of Geronimo Mountain, across the lake from the dam; Four Peaks, dominating the lofty range of Mazatzal—these are but a few of the striking mountain features seen along the Apache Trail.

Greatest of all great cliffs of Apache Land is that of Fish Creek Hill, lifting high above a canyon some fifteen miles west of Roosevelt Dam. Up the face of this enormous precipice the road leads in a long incline; and the summit is the scenic climax of the trip. From here the eye sweeps over a tumbled disarray of hill-tops, a thousand feet below, hills not monotonously green as in other lands, but mottled and streaked

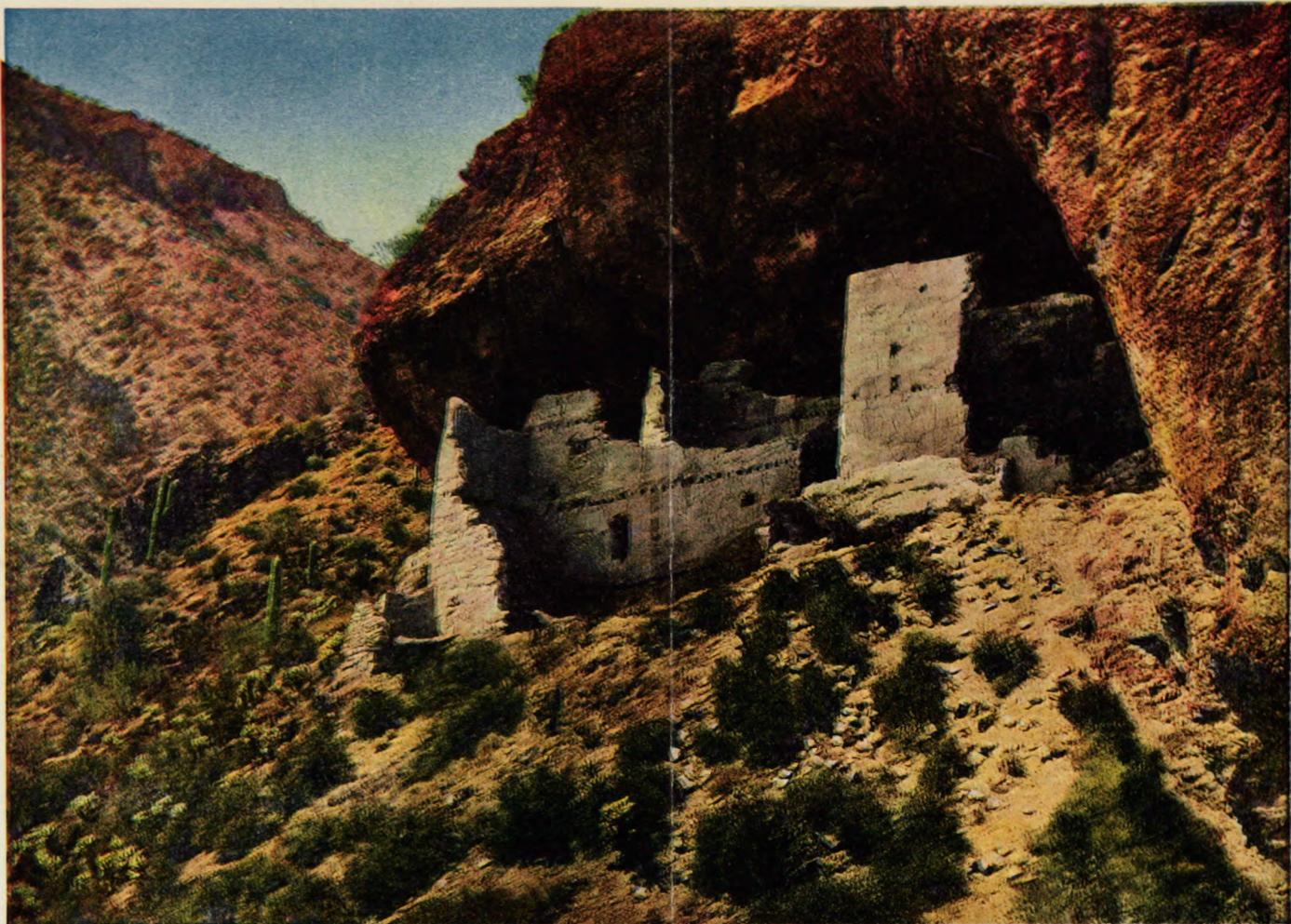
with unusual colors, rich in contrast. The view astounds with its immensity. It is wildly beautiful, austere in its grandeur; as unfamiliar in aspect to most of mankind as might be a landscape on another planet. Yet there is verdure here also, for groves of cottonwoods flourish along the bright stream down in the canyon and the upper walls are covered with great masses of vivid green lichen which mingle with the mineral colors of the cliff.

## THE DESERT THAT IS A GARDEN

These hills are strange, but the forests are more strange. There is no tree so weird and so unearthly as the giant cactus, the *sahuaro*, which flourishes all along the Apache Trail, standing sometimes singly, sometimes in vast groves that reach over plain and mountainside. Thirty feet is no uncommon height for the *sahuaro* to attain, and some few are more than fifty feet. From the spiny, fluted trunk issue branches which almost equal that trunk in diameter, and frequently there is but a solitary branch. Yet this monstrous cactus brings forth a brilliant red waxen flower of singular beauty—the State flower of Arizona.

From the base of the Superstition Mountains westward toward Phoenix stretches a desert, so-called and wrongly so-called, for it is in reality one of the most marvelous gardens to be found anywhere. The soil is rich, under irrigation producing abundant crops; but here, where arid conditions still prevail, its growth consists of the odd drought-resisting plants native to the Southwest. The *ocotilla*, *palo verde*, *cholla* cactus, Spanish bayonet or *yucca gloriosa*, the *mesquite* and the catsclaw grow in dense profusion upon these plains, and after every refreshing shower there spring up short-lived flowering shrubs that carpet the desert with a mass of varied color. It is like a wizard's garden, a mingling of the grotesque and the beautiful. Utterly different from other vegetation is this, a vegetation developed on the Mexican plateau since the Cretaceous time, and which spread from there gradually through our arid Southwestern country.

Brighter even than the flowers are the swift-winged birds that haunt these gardens, birds of gold and of scarlet, and beyond the lake is their perpetual home, where they may range forever in joyous freedom through the sunny atmosphere—the Salt River Bird Reserve.



THE TONTO CLIFF DWELLINGS

In the open caves that pierce a precipitous mountainside overhanging a narrow canyon stand the Tonto Cliff Dwellings, relics of that mysterious people, long since vanished, who held this land before the Apaches came. From the Trail the gray-walled towers are in view for miles, and in the clear distance they seem like plaything palaces of the past, put away safely on a shelf, as if for preservation through all time.

In such manner the cliff dwellings caught the eager eyes of Coronado's scouts in 1540, and they set forward firm in the belief that here at last they beheld the frontier fortresses of that rich kingdom of Tontontec which was one of the seven they sought. But when they spurred up the side canyon that led from the *Rio Salado* those heroes-at-arms were met by no hail of flint-pointed arrows from the

heights and no naked warriors swept down to try what weapons of stone could do against true Toledo steel. Then, as now, the dwellings were deserted; that echoless canyon had been silent for perhaps a thousand years.

The cliff clans were military architects of no little craft, for they set their castles in out-of-reach spots high under leaning walls of rock, and planted the almost vertical hillsides below with barbed entanglements of *cholla* cactus. Their masonry was of blocked stone, bonded with strong adobe mortar; on either side of the central gate they set flanking towers, and their windows were mere loopholes. The doors they made low, and this also may have been a shrewd point of defense, for no modern man can enter them without bending double. One glance at these massively-built walls is sufficient to convince anyone

# APACHE TRAIL OF ARIZONA ON SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES



FOUR PEAKS

ROOSEVELT DAM AND LAKE

GERONIMO MOUNTAIN

SIERRA ANCHAS

PHOENIX

THE MATTHEWS-NORTHROP WORKS

PHOENIX  
Maricopa TEMPE CHANDLER MESA

← To Los Angeles and San Francisco

SUPERSTITION MOUNTAINS  
WEAVER'S NEEDLE  
SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES

To New Orleans, Chicago and New York →

MIAMI  
GLOBE Bowie



ROOSEVELT DAM AND LAKE

that the people who raised them up could have been no savage cave-men; but to what race they belonged must forever remain a mystery, for the Apaches and the other tribes of the present day do not remember them even in legend.

Most accessible of the cliff dwellings of the Southwest, these are preserved to future generations as the Tonto National Monument. There are two main groups, near together, the first hardly a mile south of the Apache Trail and five miles east of Roosevelt Dam, whence it is easily reached by automobile road and a short foot-path. This is a steep path, as every trail to a cliff dwelling ought to be.

Those first citizens of Arizona must have had an eye for scenery when they chose this site; yet where they beheld the silver windings of a river among

the tawny hills, to-day sparkle the expansive reaches of a mountain lake. Could their most potent sorcerer, man-who-knew-all-wisdom, bending over the leaping witch-fire in the dim council-house, have foretold them that?

### THE ROOSEVELT DAM

A vast precipice of masonry thrown across the narrows of Salt River Canyon, in a setting of wild mountain grandeur, the Roosevelt Dam stands as one of the most remarkable engineering works of the age. It was the first of the great storage dams built by the United States Government for reclamation of the arid West; in its construction were solved many perplexing problems, and with its complete success came a prophecy for the redemption of millions of acres of American soil.

The maximum height of this immense barrier is 280 feet, and along the crest leads a splendid broad driveway, 1,125 feet in length. Of great interest to the visitor are the various tunnels and gates, the spillways, and the hydro-electric plant below the dam.

For its scenic features, above all, this place is wonderful. Over the spillways thunder mighty, white waterfalls, sending up clouds of rainbow spray that fill all the lower canyon—each of these cataracts sixty feet loftier than Niagara! Seven hundred feet on either side rise the riven cliffs, their varicolored strata tilted at steep angles, and on the upper ledges ten thousands of swift swallows swarm about their nests, scattering wildly sometimes before the rush of great vultures that swoop down from the crags. The view from the automobile highway that winds along the face of the southern precipice reaches out over the glistening lake waters to the angular, many-peaked range that circles the farther shore. Truly, the panorama of which Roosevelt Dam is a part, in its varied combination of picturesque elements, may be termed matchless.

## THE LAKE THAT MAN MADE

Behind the dam is one of the largest artificial bodies of water in the world, Roosevelt Lake, completely walled in by mountains. Four miles broad at its widest point, the lake is thirty miles long, reaching for equal distances into the canyons of Salt River and Tonto Creek. There is enough water in this reservoir to irrigate all the farms of the Salt River Valley if no drop of rain should fall in five years—technically stated, 1,367,000 acre feet!

On a promontory near Roosevelt Dam stands a mountain inn known as Apache Lodge, where many tourists take advantage of the stopover privilege. Popular as a resort place, the lake affords outdoor pleasures for hundreds of visitors. Its waters are alive with black bass and salmon, game fighters that never surrender, and to the excitements of angling is added all the joy of cruising in rowboat or power launch over the placid surface of this strangest of inland seas. Far below the keel of the gliding boat lies the battlefield where years ago white troopers gained a bloody victory over their fiery Apache antagonists; and submerged beneath these waters also is a group of cliff dwellings, older than history.



## CONCISE INFORMATION ABOUT THE APACHE TRIP TRIP

### SIDE TRIP FARE

The side trip fare, rail and auto, between Bowie and Maricopa via the Apache Trail, is \$15.00. This fare is available to holders of through Southern Pacific tickets reading between or through Deming, N. M., and Yuma, Ariz.

### PULLMAN CAR CONNECTIONS

Westbound passengers on "Sunset Limited" from New Orleans, who desire to make Apache Trail trip, connect at El Paso with Pullman sleeper leaving on Sunday, Tuesday and Friday nights for Globe. (It is important, however, that inquiry be made of Southern Pacific agent at New Orleans, or other point of departure, to ascertain if the El Paso-Globe Pullman service has been changed in any respect; passengers should also ask train conductor during forenoon before reaching El Paso, in order to make necessary reservation and confirm Pullman connection above stated.)

After breakfast in new restaurant Globe station, Apache Trail trip is commenced, automobiles leaving at 8.30 A. M. Stop is made at Roosevelt Dam, forty miles west, where lunch is served at Apache Lodge 11.30 A. M., and Phoenix is reached about 6 P. M. Evening train from Phoenix reaches Los Angeles following morning.

Passengers on "Golden State Limited" from Chicago can make same connection as above described with sleeper from El Paso to Globe, but similar inquiries should be made of agents and also train conductor, to confirm the Pullman service and connection.

Eastbound passengers for Apache Trail reach Phoenix on through sleeper from Los Angeles, with afternoon departure, and leave Phoenix after breakfast, by auto 8.30 A. M., arriving at Globe 6 P. M. in time for dinner at new station restaurant. Pullman sleeper leaves Globe on Sunday, Tuesday and Friday evenings, arriving El Paso following morning. (In every instance before leaving, passengers should ask Southern Pacific agent for time of departure of Los Angeles-Phoenix sleeper, also days of departure of Globe-El Paso sleeper.)

### STOPOVERS

Stoppers are allowed within limits of tickets and extensions of not to exceed ten days will be granted when necessary to enable passengers to make this detour. Extension of limit may be made by any agent of Southern Pacific, or agent of Arizona Eastern Railroad at Globe or Phoenix.

The passenger will be well repaid by a stopover at Globe and the nearby town of Miami to inspect the gigantic Inspiration, Miami and International smelters, which with the mines make this one of the great copper-producing centers of the world. Globe has a population of 15,000, and Miami has 12,500.

At Roosevelt Dam a stopover of a day or longer will enable tourists

to visit nearby cliff dwellings; good accommodation is provided at Apache Lodge situated on a promontory overlooking Roosevelt Lake.

The progressive city of Phoenix, with 25,000 inhabitants, is the capital of Arizona, and is centrally located in the fertile Salt River Valley, comprising over six hundred square miles of irrigable lands where all branches of agriculture are successfully followed. This whole region is noted as a resort for winter tourists. Phoenix has good hotels, and at Chandler (eight miles south of Mesa) is Hotel San Marcos, a tourist hostelry of high type.

### BAGGAGE

Passengers should check trunks straight through to destination, and make the Apache Trail trip with hand-baggage only. Baggage up to 50 pounds carried free between Globe and Phoenix; charges for any additional baggage, 2 cents per pound.

### PROPER CLOTHING

Heavy coats and wraps are not required on this trip except in the winter months, when they should not be left behind. Ordinarily, an outing suit, with a linen duster, should be worn.

### RUNNING TIME, APACHE TRIP TRIP

Time required for automobile trip between Globe and Phoenix: 9 hours, including stop for luncheon about noon. Departure from both terminals every morning. Leave Globe 8.30 A. M.; leave Phoenix 8.30 A. M.

### HOTELS AND RATES

At Bowie—Southern Pacific Hotel. Rooms, \$1.00 per day; with bath \$1.50. Meals a la carte.  
 At Globe—Dominion Hotel. Rooms, \$1.50 per day; with bath, \$2.50. Meals a la carte.  
 At Globe—New restaurant at Arizona Eastern station. Meals a la carte.  
 At Roosevelt Dam—Apache Lodge. Rooms, \$1.00 and up per day. Meals a la carte. Lunch in transit, 75 cents. American plan, \$3.25 and up per day.  
 At Phoenix—Hotel Adams. Rooms, \$1.50 per day and up; with bath, \$2.50 to \$3.50. Meals a la carte.  
 At Chandler—Hotel San Marcos. American plan, \$5.00 to \$6.00 per day. Open November 1st to April 30th.  
 At Maricopa—Maricopa Hotel. Rooms, \$1.00 per day. Meals, 50 cents each.

### DISTANCES

Bowie to Globe (Rail)	124 miles
Globe to Roosevelt (Auto Stage)	40 miles
Roosevelt to Phoenix (Auto Stage)	80 miles
Phoenix to Maricopa (Rail)	35 miles

### TRIP TO TONTO CLIFF DWELLINGS

Automobile trip, Roosevelt Dam to Cliff Dwellings: Distance, 6½ miles. Fare, round trip, \$1.50 each passenger; minimum charge, \$3.00.

### BOATING ON ROOSEVELT LAKE

Boats at Apache Lodge, Roosevelt Lake: Rowboats, 50 cents per hour; \$2.50 per day. Motor boats, with driver, \$2.00 per hour.

For information regarding passenger fares, time schedules, Pullman reservations, also freight rates and freight service, etc., address the following:

## GENERAL, EUROPEAN AND TRANS-PACIFIC AGENTS

ATLANTA, GA., 1217 National Bank Building, C. M. Evans, General Agent  
 BALTIMORE, MD., 8 Light St.,  
     W. B. Johnson, Dist. Freight and Pass. Agent  
 BIRMINGHAM, ALA., 309-314 Brown-Marx Bldg., C. M. Evans, General Agent  
 BOSTON, MASS., 12 Milk Street . . . . J. H. Glynn, New England Agent  
 BUFFALO, N. Y., 11 E. Swan St.,  
     H. D. Morse, Acting Dist. Freight and Pass. Agent  
 CHICAGO, ILL., Southern Pacific Bldg., } W. G. Neimyer, General Agent  
     31-37 W. Jackson Boulevard . . . } Geo. B. Hild, Asst. Gen. Agent  
 CINCINNATI, OHIO, 5 East Fourth St., . . . C. M. Knox, General Agent  
 CLEVELAND, OHIO, 307 Guardian Bldg., . Earl Z. Giblon, General Agent  
 DENVER, COLO., 313 Railway Exchange Bldg.,  
     L. C. Zimmerman, General Agent  
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     W. C. McCormick, Asst. Gen. Frt. and Pass. Agent  
 GENOA, ITALY, 117 Via Balbi, . . . . . C. Queirolo, Agent  
 HAVANA, CUBA, 4 O'Reilly St., . . . . . A. E. Woodell, General Agent  
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     Wells Fargo & Co. } C. C. Graves, Superintendent  
   } E. J. Hardesty, General Agent  
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 KANSAS CITY, MO., 101 Bryant Bldg. . . . C. T. Collett, General Agent  
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 LIVERPOOL, ENG., 21 Water St.,  
     Thos. Cooper, General Agent for Great Britain  
 LONDON, ENG., 49 Leadenhall St., E. C.,  
     Thos. Cooper, General Agent for Great Britain  
 MEXICO CITY, MEX., Avenida del Cinco de Mayo, No. 34,  
     G. R. Hackley, General Agent  
 MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., 733 Metropolitan Life Bldg.,  
     C. A. David, District Freight and Passenger Agent  
 NEW ORLEANS, LA. . . . . J. T. Monroe, General Passenger Agent  
 NEW YORK, N. Y., 33 and 366 and 1158 Broadway,  
     L. H. Nutting, General Eastern Passenger Agent  
 OGDEN, UTAH, 2504 Washington Ave., Willard G. Wilson, Commercial Agent  
 OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA., 1200 Colcord Bldg.,  
     T. H. Pointer, Commercial Agent  
 PARIS, FRANCE, 20-22 Rue du Mail, . . . . . H. Desmidt, Agent  
 PHILADELPHIA, PA., 1600 Chestnut St.,  
     F. T. Brooks, District Freight and Passenger Agent  
 PHOENIX, ARIZ., 101 North Central Ave. . . A. R. Gatter, General Agent  
 PITTSBURG, PA., Park Bldg., 5th Ave. and Smithfield St.,  
     G. G. Herring, General Agent  
 RENO, NEV., 108 E. Second St.,  
     J. M. Fulton, Assistant General Freight and Passenger Agent  
 ROTTERDAM, HOLLAND, 43-A Boompjes,  
     Frederick Bohner, Agent for Holland  
 SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, 203-205 Walker Bank Bldg.,  
     F. E. Scott, District Freight and Passenger Agent  
 SAN DIEGO, CAL., 324 Broadway, . . . . . A. D. Hagaman, Commercial Agent  
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     C. M. Andrews, District Freight and Passenger Agent  
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 ST. LOUIS, MO., 1002 Olive St. . . . . A. G. Little, General Agent  
 TACOMA, WASH., 1111 Pacific Ave.,  
     A. D. Wick, District Freight and Passenger Agent  
 TUCSON, ARIZ.,  
     H. C. Hallmark, Assistant General Freight and Passenger Agent  
 WASHINGTON, D. C., 1153 Munsey Bldg. . . A. J. Poston, General Agent  
 INDUSTRIAL AGENTS,  
     E. B. Leavitt, 65 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.  
     M. A. Cummings, 314 Pacific Electric Building, Los Angeles, Cal.  
     H. M. Mayo, Southern Pacific Building, Houston, Tex.



F. E. BATTURS  
*General Passenger Agent*  
 SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

CHAS. S. FEE  
*Passenger Traffic Manager*  
 SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

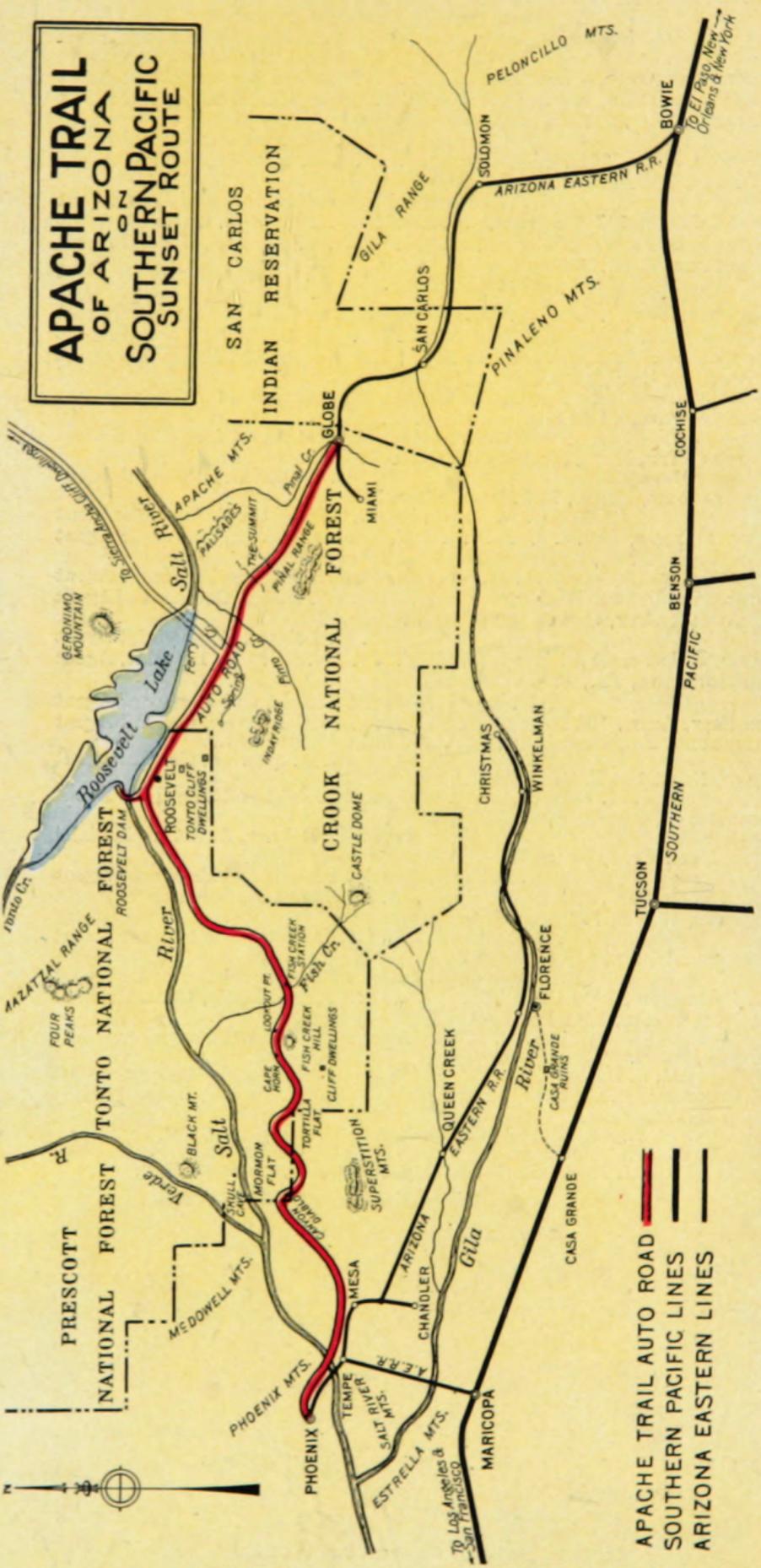
F. S. MCGINNIS  
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 PORTLAND, OREGON

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# APACHE TRAIL OF ARIZONA

APACHE TRAIL  
OF ARIZONA  
ON  
SOUTHERN PACIFIC  
SUNSET ROUTE



APACHE TRAIL AUTO ROAD  
SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES  
ARIZONA EASTERN LINES

# APACHE TRAIL OF ARIZONA



SOUTHERN PACIFIC