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Arizona and New Mexico ROCKIES

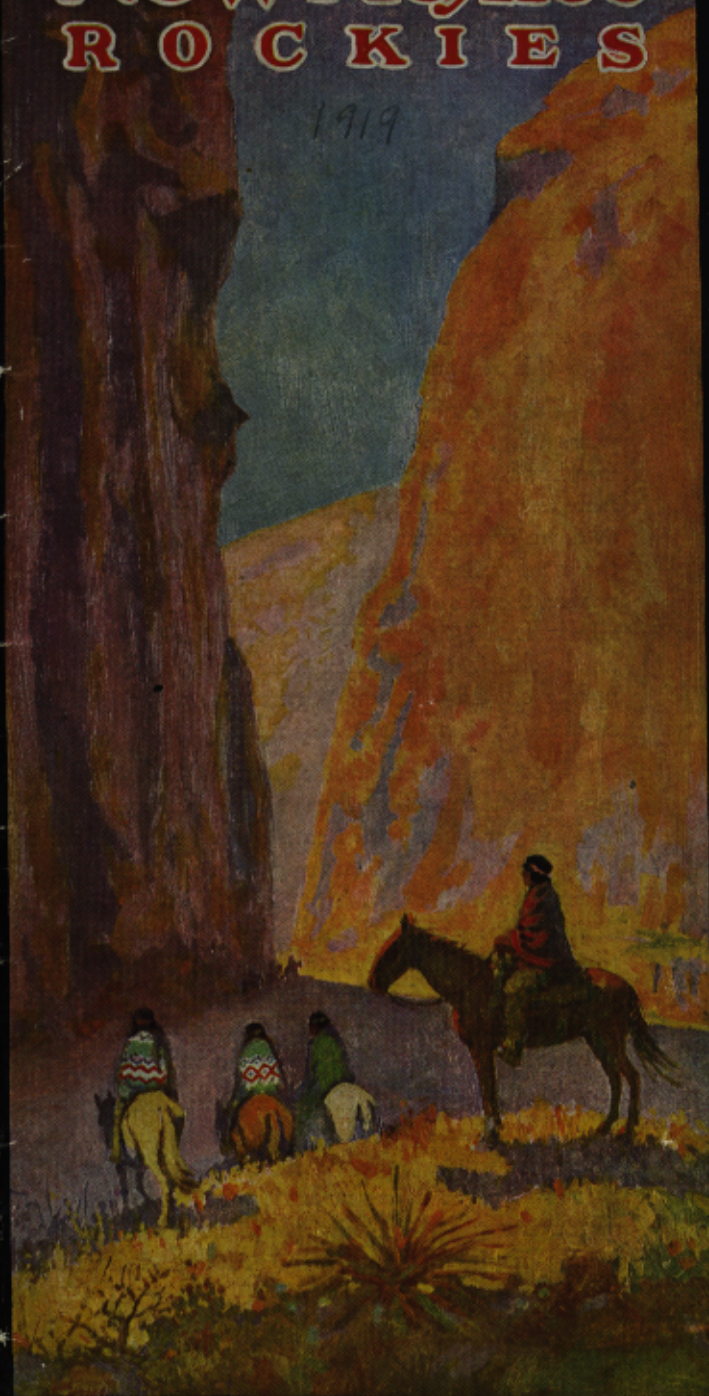
1919



UNITED STATES RAILROAD ADMINISTRATION

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An Appreciation of Arizona and New Mexico

By ZANE GREY

Author of "Riders of the Purple Sage" "The Lone Star Ranger," etc.

Written Especially for the United States Railroad Administration



ARIZONA and New Mexico are to me magic words of enchantment. I have written half a dozen novels trying to tell of their beauty and romance, and health for body and soul. But I still have to write the most convincing one; and this is because ten years of travel over the deserts, plateaus, mountains and forests of this wonderland have only served to make me see more, and grow more, and love more.

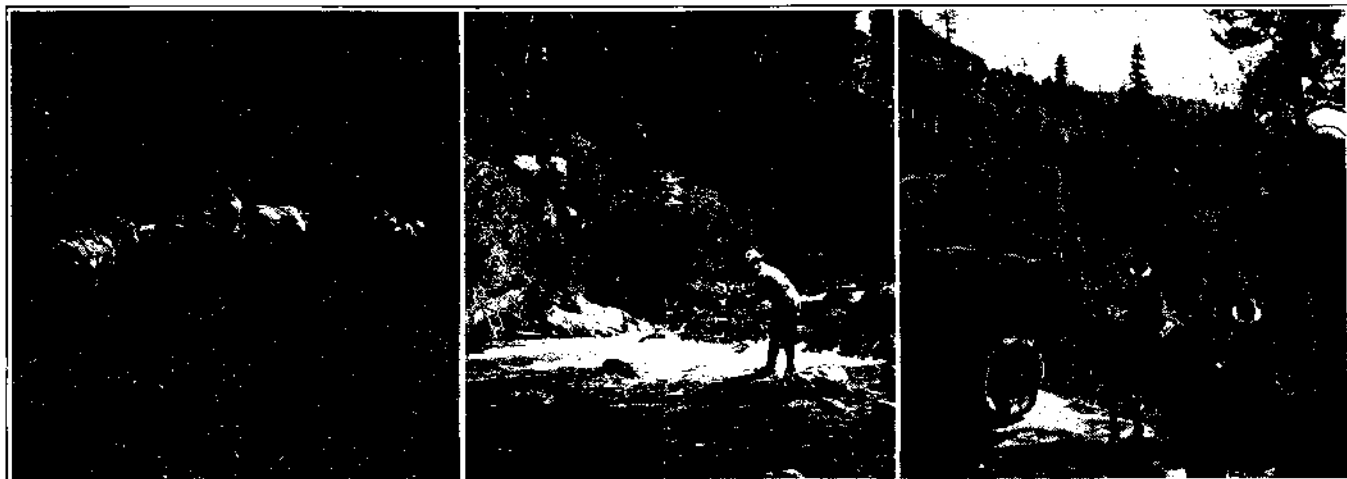
The secret of the fascination of the Southwest is exceedingly hard to define in words. But the secret of the health and renewed life to be found there seems to be a matter of the senses. That is to say, you must see, smell, feel, hear, and taste this wonderful country, and once having done so, you will never be the same again. It must be done to be believed. Never a one of the many people whom I have bidden ride over this region has failed to bless me for the suggestion.

To see any part of Arizona or New Mexico, even from the train window, is to realize something of their immensity, their tremendous range from desert floor to mountain peak, their vivid color and beauty. To see two hundred miles of wild and rugged country as clear beneath your eyes as if you were seeing Central Park from the top of the Plaza, is an experience never to be forgotten. To see the Grand Canyon full of purple smoke at dawn or sublimely fired at sunset is to be elevated in soul. To see the red rocks; the alkali flats like snow; the sand dunes so graceful and curved; the long cedar slopes, speckled green and gray, leading up to the bold peaks; the vast black belts of timber; the Navajo facing the sunrise with his silent prayer, the Hopi in his alfalfa fields, or the Apache along the historical Apache trail; the coyote sneaking through the arroyos; the lonely cliff dwellings with their monuments of a vanished race; the endless slopes of sage, green and gray, and purple on the heights; the natural stone bridges and the petrified forests and a thousand more beautiful sights—that is to see Arizona and New Mexico.

The smell of cedar smoke, like burning leaves in autumn; the smell of the desert, dry and clean and somehow new; the smell of the sand and dust, especially after a rain; the tangy odor of the great plateaus of cedar and juniper when your nostrils seem glued as with pitch; and the sweet fragrance of the pine forests, and the indescribable and exhilarating perfume of the purple sage; to know these is to learn the purity of atmosphere never breathed in populous places. To feel the wind in your face, to ride in the teeth of sand storm and flying dust and furious squall; to feel the cold of dawn nip your ears and the heat of noon burn your back, to hear the thunder of the Colorado and the roar of mountain streams, and the rustle of sand through the sage, and the moan of the night breeze in the spruce, the mourn of the wolf and the whistle of the stag, to feel the silence and loneliness of the desert, all this is to grow young again. And to taste the air, water, and meat of the open is to go back hundreds of years when man was savage and free.

The saddle horse, the pack-train, and the wagon are the happiest and most profitable modes of travel; but alas! that I must write it—the automobile has at last claimed the Great Southwest, and good roads lead everywhere. I would preserve these wild lands for the horse and mule, but this is sentiment, and selfish perhaps. But after all it does not matter how one travels. Only go! There never should have been the thousands of tourists going to Europe before the war when they were ignorant of this land of enchantment. I have a feeling of pity for those with means and leisure who do not know our own, our native land!

Zane Grey



Arizona and New Mexico Rockies

ARIZONA and New Mexico, with their vistas of peaks and plains, painted buttes and flat-topped mesas, forested slopes and deep canyons—all beneath the bluest of blue skies—comprise a realm not only rich in natural wonders but unique in its intensely interesting revelations of a prehistoric age.

The geological formation and the topography of the two states are much alike. Fully two-thirds of the area consists of rugged and mountainous regions which in places reach over 14,000 feet above sea level, with stupendous gorges and canyons. There are great rivers; fertile irrigated valleys; level grassed plateaus from 5,000 to 8,000 feet in elevation; heights heavily timbered with stately pines and spruce; petrified forests of trees turned to stone; immense lava flows, like rivers of rock, with cinder cones black and red, the burned-out craters of ancient volcanoes; and to the south and southwest the weird and mystical desert—that colorful land of sharply etched objects, strange vegetation, and skylines of grotesque formations.

Many years of exploration and research have opened to the tourist a field disclosing sights such as can be seen nowhere else in our national domain—the ruined cities and abodes of a bygone age—the pueblos and cliff dwellings of a people whose origin is unknown.

Historically, Arizona and New Mexico are closely allied. Aptly may they be called "Oldest America," for in far remote time they were occupied by peoples well advanced along the road to civilization—peoples who tilled the soil and laid well planned irrigation systems, and whose handicraft is exemplified by the great exhibits of their artistic pottery and wickerwork, as well as objects and implements of stone and wood, now in the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, and other museums. The earliest recorded history of their existence, based solely on the discovery of their ruined cities, dates from 1536, when Cabeza de Vaca, a Spanish conquistador, wandered afoot through these valleys and mountain fastnesses, returning with the story of his travels to the City of Mexico. Fray Marcos de Niza visited the region in 1539, and his accounts of the wonderful Seven Cities of Cibola, with their treasure-houses of gold and turquoise, induced Vasquez de Coronado to set out in 1540 with an army of 300. This historic expedition explored a vast area in the Southwest.

The cliff dwellings generally occupy the southern faces of the mesas; occasionally they are found in cliffs with an eastern exposure, but rarely face either north or west. They are principally of the excavated type, some wholly so, in the perpendicular faces of the



Frijoles Canyon in Bandelier National Monument—New Mexico
Sanctuario, the Lourdes of New Mexico

Old Governors' Palace at Santa Fé, New Mexico
Cave dwellings in Frijoles Canyon

cliffs. Others are built in natural open caves formed by weather erosion; many have fronts of masonry and doorways with timber casings.

The ruined pueblos are in the nature of community houses, with a great number of rooms, and many are graced with towers and turrets. The material used in their construction was adobe, or sun-baked mud, and also stones laid with mortar. On the mesa tops, as well as in the valleys, some of these pueblos were quite extensive, their height varying from one story to three, four, or more.

Alongside these ruined cities of the past are the adobe villages of the Pueblo Indians of to-day, strung, like jewels on a necklace, from Taos to Albuquerque and westward past Laguna and Acoma to where the seven

Hopi pueblos look out upon the desert plain from their mesa eyries. Here, too, are the hogans of the nomadic Navajos, the mud huts of the Havasupais, Wallapais, and Mojaves; also are seen the Apaches Pimas, Maricopas, and Papagos along the Salt and Gila rivers, in their wickiups and teepees. All of these tribes are civilized, and earn their living from flocks and herds or by cultivating the soil. They retain many of their primitive customs and modes of dress. On festal days it is as though the onlooker were transported to the remote past, so strange are the fascinating ceremonies.

Frequently the traveler comes across a picturesque Mexican village in a fertile valley, reminiscent of the early Spanish days. These Mexican villages, with



Taos Indian Pueblo, New Mexico

their fine old mission churches, and their narrow streets, give a foreign aspect to the scene. It is, indeed, a bit of Old Spain—with dark-eyed señoritas and señoras and swarthy caballeros, and ever the inevitable burro.

In addition to these undoubted attractions, Arizona and New Mexico have in store for the visitor all the pleasures of mountain outing regions, with fishing, hunting, and horseback trips, far from the beaten path and through rugged timbered regions. Auto trips can be made through regions of mighty canyons and sheer cliffs, where the landscape has been most ruggedly molded and where every turn of the road reveals a new delight.

Nowhere can be found a dryer, clearer, or more invigorating air, nor a more perfect climate, summer and winter. The higher altitudes are the summer vacation lands, while the low altitudes make possible the many ideal winter resorts.

But to get at the real heart of the Southwest, you must leave the railway behind and take to the open country. If time is no object and you like to rough it, engage saddle and pack animals for a long camping trip. That's the leisurely way. Or, if time presses, hire a private motor car for your party and compress three days of journeying into one. Each method has its advantages. Often the two can be combined.

Santa Fé and Vicinity

In a setting that antedates Babylon, and under Moorish skies, La Ciudad Real de la Santa Fé de San Francisco (The City of



The road to the Upper Pecos in New Mexico is a notable scenic drive

the Holy Faith of St. Francis), located out in the New Mexico Rockies, invites the traveler searching for new scenes.

Santa Fé was founded in 1606 by one of the Spanish conquistadores on the ruins of two Indian pueblos, in a land where once flourished the prehistoric cliff dwellers.

The Santa Fé of to-day is part old, part new. It is a city of American and Mexican life with a few Indians from the neighboring pueblos. It lies nearly a mile and a half above the sea, on a plateau rimmed by peaks 13,000 feet high.

Here the visitor may see the venerable plaza, where Oñate first set up the banner of Spain, and where General Kearny planted the Stars and Stripes in 1846. The Old Palace is the most ancient governmental building in the United States. The Cathedral was begun in 1612. San Miguel Church dates back to 1607. A monument on the plaza commemorates the terminus of the old Santa Fé Trail.

A sanitarium was built here on account of the mild climate.

In a day's journey you can reach Indian pueblos and Mexican villages, cliff dwellings and prehistoric ruins, the haunts of the bear and mountain lion, snow-clad peaks and trout streams. You can motor over smooth highways, or follow the hounds after wild game, or take long camping trips on horseback with pack outfit.

The principal trips in this vicinity are:

To Frijoles Canyon. The Canyon of El Rito de los Frijoles (Little River of the Beans) thirty-four miles west, is one of the several short gorges that deeply cut the high Pajarito Plateau on the west bank of the Rio Grande. Noted for its remarkable ruins of prehistoric villages on the floor of the valley; of these the most important is Tyu-onyi, an old community house of several hundred rooms. The Ceremonial Cave, 150 feet above the stream, and reached by ladders, is one of the hundreds of side wall caves in volcanic tufa. Abbott's ranch resort provides home comforts. Because of the archaeological features of this plateau, the United States Government has set it aside as the Bandelier National Monument. A few miles from Frijoles Canyon are three large communal ruins, Tschirege, Tsankawi and Otowi. There are a thousand rooms in the Tschirege ruin.

Puyé.—Forty-two miles north of the city, reached by good motor road through from Santa Fé, (or by rail to Española, thence auto,) is one of the largest of the prehistoric communal