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# 300 YEARS in 30 DAYS



*An all-inclusive tour of The Last Frontier, The Land of the Conquerors, and the  
Indian and Cliff Dweller Country from the ancient Hacienda de Los Cerros,  
Santa Fe, New Mexico*



*A birdseye view of Hacienda de Los Cerros at the mouth of  
Santa Fe Canyon, Santa Fe, New Mexico.*

# 300 Years in 30 Days

**P**ossibly, you have dreamed and half-way planned that one day you would wander among Egypt's ruins and speculate on the folk of several thousand years ago; thrill to magnificent scenic vistas in Switzerland; play on the Riviera; poke among the historical objects and places of the Continent; enjoy the fetes, view the manners and customs, wonder at the costume and strange language of peoples of a different race.

But—there was the time element. You couldn't get away for the six months or a year such a jaunt would take. There was the expense. Such a trip would cost several thousand dollars. There was the inconvenience, the customs, duties, endless tickets and red tape—so you may have put it all off until some far future day. But you still want to look down the centuries from ruins, historical scenes and objects. You still want to play in mountains, canyons and all the rest.

Possibly, you did not know, however, that only a few minutes ride from the main line of the Santa Fe Railroad in New Mexico was a comfortable, completely convenient caravansery, from which headquarters you could see ruins immeasurably old, be surrounded with history of one of the most glowing periods of any continent (The golden quest for Cibola), hear two tongues spoken all

day—interspersed with a dozen variations of a third—see and become a part of such fetes as even Italy can not boast, and enjoy a thrilling type of play, ranging from riding western ponies to climbing the Rockies.

**I**n a thirty days at 150-year-old Hacienda de Los Cerros, you will travel over America's Most Interesting Fifty Mile Square. You will see Indians of a dozen pueblos as they lived five hundred years ago, which is the way they still live today. You will explore ruins from which archaeologists are piecing together the thread of a story which will rival Egypt's. You will watch craftsmen of both Spanish and Indian bloods creating beauty in woven work, turquoise, silver and pottery which bring people from far countries to see and acquire.

And—there will be no customs to worry about, no duties to pay, no reservations to cause anxiety, no officials asking stupid questions, but all the comforts of American modernity, excellent cuisine, and a freedom to appeal to individualists which the usual all-expense tour does not allow. Add to this the easy friendly spirit of the Old Southwest which the management fosters at Los Cerros and you have thirty days of vacation unlike anything offered elsewhere.



*A Santa Fe Garden*

**H**acienda de Los Cerros is an old—a very old—Spanish estate nestling at the foot of The Sangre de Cristo Range of the American Rockies, at the mouth of Santa Fe Canyon. It is just two miles from the plaza of Old Santa Fe, the oldest government seat in America, end of the famed Santa Fe Trail, and, today, a world of its own. Santa Fe is peopled by Spanish-Americans, internationally famed artists and writers, with streets patrolled by the Indians of many pueblos and tribes, as well as being an all-year 'round resort for those who want rest or play.

The Hacienda itself is just above the Santa Fe River which flows through its land. Gardens of flowers, ancient trees, and trilling ace-

quias make the setting for the lovely old estate. A magnificent background of mountains rearing two miles into the turquoise skies completes the picture.

The architectural characteristics of the original parts of the buildings of Los Cerros have been preserved. The parts built since have been constructed in faithful attention to original detail, but all the conveniences and comforts of the 1930's have been installed. So cleverly have these been concealed or fitted in, that no harsh note of modernism interferes with the effect of Yesterday.

Guests at Los Cerros are treated to the widely famed hospitality and genuine friendliness of the Southwest of a half century or two centuries ago. Informality is the rule.

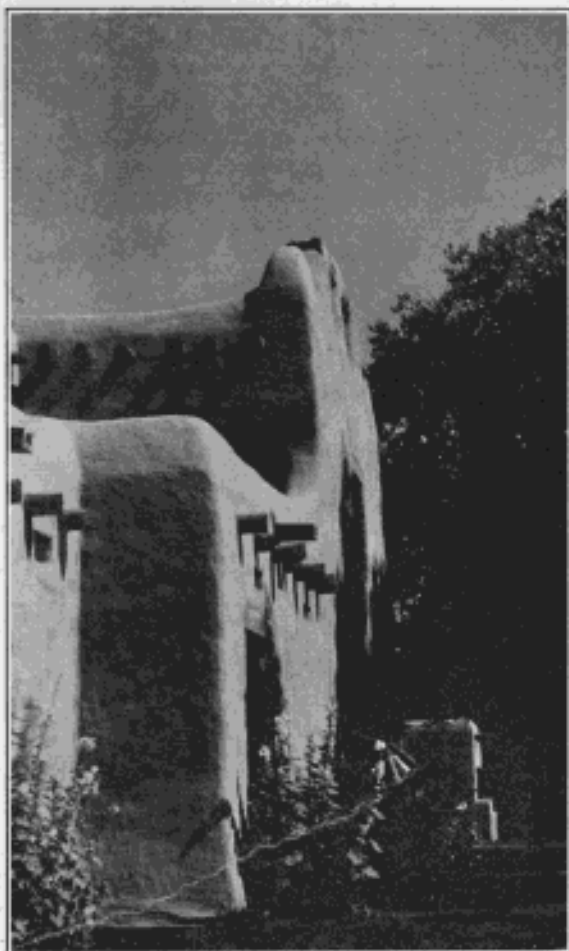
**T**he first of the dozens of places and things of interest to be visited after one is established at Los Cerros is La Villa Real de la Santa Fe de San Francisco de Assisi, or in other words, The Royal City of the Holy Faith of St. Francis of Assisi.

The Ancient City, as it is called locally, is in many respects unchanged by time although over three hundred years have rolled by since its founding. Its streets are narrow, crooked, and ever-interesting. By standing on tiptoe one may peak over its crumbling gardens and patio walls at the riot of color of old Spanish gardens. Sky-tall trees whose mammoth boles hint of their antiquity, shade the curious old streets.

Under the shade of this tree, or over there against that adobe wall, ears lazily twitching, eyes philosophically gazing at you, is one or maybe a half dozen of Santa Fe's oldest inhabitants—the burros. Just as their ancestors for more generations than any one knows have brought the wood down from the hills for Santa Fe fireplaces, carried burdens here and there around the city, or brought in ranch products from the country, so do these of today.

You meander along—no one ever rushes around Santa Fe, that is what people come here to forget—pleasantly aware of the soft warmth of

the sun. Maybe you wonder why it doesn't beat down on you with the fierce heat of the desert, or maybe you wonder why it doesn't stifle you as in the streets of eastern metropolises. Everywhere you look there are people sitting or standing out in the sun seeming to enjoy it as much as you do. Then you remember that Santa Fe is over 7000 feet up in the mountains. This also accounts in a large measure for the deep cool of the shade, the wine of the atmosphere, and the lack of mosquitoes.







ere is a funny little shop. An aged sign tells you that it has been in this location since your great-grand-mother was a very small girl. In that time it has dealt with trappers, Indians, traders, drovers from over the Santa Fe Trail, with outlaws, perhaps, and with many of America's famous. As on the Rue de la Paix everyone of importance sooner or later walks on Santa Fe's age old streets, it is said. Maybe in this shop you will find that Indian blanket, or hand wrought silver piece, or a primitively cut turquoise that you have long coveted. Or maybe, it is a rare piece of art from Old Mexico, a carving, painting, or bit of craft-work from colonial times when this country was New Spain. Or then again, it may be in that shop over there or the one around the corner in the funny little alley.



Trees, green grass, a monument, a statue or two, a few aged cannon—why, sure enough, this is the Plaza you have heard of. It is pleasant to sit here in the shade and watch the world roll by. Over there is a



group of folks from Germany. And there a decidedly Italian looking artist is at work—or maybe he is a Frenchman. Here, striding along swinging a stick is unmistakably an Englishman, while very evidently Bar Harbor and Newport have sent delegates as have Santa Barbara and San Diego.

Then looking up you see a long, low, white building of an interesting architecture. It extends along the entire north side of the Plaza. Yes, that is El Palacio, built in 1610, oldest governmental building in the United States, over which the flags of three countries have floated, once captured and garrisoned by Indians, recaptured by the hero De Vargas, seat of territorial government, military post, where part of Ben Hur was written, where occasionally still are held those famed balls which in the old days brought people from as far as Mexico City. Today, it is a museum and library, open to the public, and a place where not one but many visits are necessary to get even a general idea of its treasures.



*El Palacio before and after restoration*

**D**own another street which someone has told you is the actual crooked route of the Old Santa Fe Trail, first beaten down by oxcarts, you come upon an old, old church. That is San Miguel, built in 1636, where daily services are still held. It, too, is filled with many a relic of intense interest. Across the street from it is, what is reputed to be, the oldest house in America, built before even the Spanish Conquistadores came in 1595.

St. Francis Cathedral, a monument to Bishop Lamy, the protag-

onist of Willa Cathers' book, **Death Comes To The Archbishop**, Guadalupe Church, the buildings of Loretto Academy, St. Michael's College, and other Church property—each has its story or bit of interest. A lot of churches? Surely. Santa Fe is the oldest Archepiscopal See in America.

Over on that hill bulwarking the north of town seem to be crumbling walls of adobe brick. You walk over to them and find yourself on the ramparts of Fort Marcy, now deserted and quiet, but somehow seeming still to echo faintly to ghost-

*Guadalupe Church,  
erected first 1640,  
sacked by Pueblo  
Indians 1680.  
Today, it houses the  
famed painting of  
the Virgin of  
Guadalupe, done in  
1683 by an old  
Mexico artist.*



*Los Lenadores,  
the Santa Fe  
wood haulers,  
who still bring  
fuel down from  
the hills for the  
fireplaces.*



ly call of the bugles, the tread of Federal soldiers.

What is this beautiful Pueblo Style building? It is new La Fonda, one of the really unique hotels of America. It is built on the site of old Exchange Hotel which housed, in days gone by, the caballeros and

the immortal heroes of the Southwest's glamorous history. La Fonda is a Fred Harvey hostelry, in whose fountained court Indians dance their strangely weird ceremonies and dark eyed señoritas sing plaintive Spanish love songs to the strains of the Old Mexico orchestra.



*The New Museum*

**B**ut this narrative lazes along in Santa Fe tempo when it should be quick and concise like the life of that other part of America, that is, all other parts except this land of *manana*. There is yet to mention the winding hill-road Camino del Monte Sol of happily strange and lovely homes of the world famous members of Santa Fe's artist and writer colony, some of whom almost all Los Cerros guests meet.

There is the New Museum with its beautiful St. Francis chapel, its art gallery, its cases of native arts and

crafts, and frequent musical recitals by visiting celebrities or lectures by erudite and greatly famed scientists.

Though we have described many things hastily, there is still much to tell about. In fact, the visitor who comes under the strange spell of Old Santa Fe usually finds after wandering about for several weeks that there are many things left which he hasn't seen or experienced. A city with the glamorous past of this one, is not easily "done" in the usual sense of the word. Rather, one must absorb Santa Fe to get the really great emotional gifts she has to offer.



*Acoma, the Sky City*

**B**ut in these thirty days there are trips up and down the Rio Grande River to the occupied Indian pueblos of Tesuque, with its pottery makers, painters, clay modelers; San Ildefonso, where internationally known potter Maria turns out her works of art; San Juan with its old church which is thought to be a replica of Lourdes; Santo Domingo, where marvelous dances with hundreds of statuesque, bronze dancers step and sway in a prayer to gods unknown to the Anglo watcher.

Across the river from Santo Domingo is Cochiti pueblo, literally in the shadow of the Jemez Range of mountains. Here, dance drums are made from hollow logs and goat hide. Here, fine pottery is modeled. Here, one may see dances which will stir the primitive in any beholder's heart.

San Felipe pueblo, famed for its Rain Dance,—yes, it always does rain, usually before the daylong dance is done—its Christmas dance, its Green Corn dance—it, too, deserves a visit. Isleta, the pueblo visited most frequently by strangers, is not slighted. Los Cerros guests stop here and visit among other things the old Church where a murdered padre pushes up the floor stones and rises once every score of years.

Another jaunt is to Acoma, the Sky City, where a whole tribe of people live on top of an island rock in a sea of green meadow. Up the steep trails the logs, rocks and dirt to make the buildings were carried by hand. Great rock basins hold the water a kindly heaven sends in the form of rain. One visits a church, probably as strange as any in the world and as worthwhile seeing,

each bit of which was laboriously carried by human beings from the plain below.

New and Old Laguna Pueblos rising in castellated terraces to become mythical cities when the sunset turns their walls to mother of pearl and misty meerschaum, are always given a more than casual visit.

Each Indian pueblo has its own series of legends and strange custom which make a lasting impression on the visitor. For instance, at one pueblo it has been the custom to wind a string around the finger of a corpse before it is buried and then lead that string up through the ground to some convenient bush where the other end was tied. This is done to allow the soul to escape and to lead it to the upper world where it can make its own way.



*Isleta Indian Girl*



*Ghost Dancers*

# Los Cerros



GINGER



AT THE GATE

TOM THUMB



AT THE HUTCH BACK

TENNIS COURT  
SOUTH SIDE OF LOS CERROS



LIVING ROOM

FIREPLACE  
IN DINING ROOM



A LOS CERROS PLACITA



A BEDROOM



PACK TRIP LEAVING  
LOS CERROS CORRAL



Another custom which seems somewhat drastic to the Anglo is that of the medicine man climbing to the top of the house in which a sick person lies. There with help of drums and his own vocal cords he makes as much racket as is possible to drive off the evil spirits which afflict the ill one. It is not reported authentically that this jamboree of noise ever cured a disease but the Indians seem to have faith in the procedure.

During the Indian dances, particularly in years gone by, it was always a daring thing to try and take photographs. The Indians feared the black boxes as charms which would spoil the efficacy of the dance ceremony. More recently, however, for a consideration to the governor of the pueblo, photographers have been allowed to "shoot" the dances.

The idea that the Indians resent any Anglo watchers at their dances is now pretty well exploded. Some travelers and writers have promulgated this theory, possibly to make



*Typical Indian Pueblo*

their writings appear to have greater esoteric value than they possess.

While the Indians do so definitely resent any interference with their ceremonies, they welcome spectators.



*Easter Ceremony, San Ildefonso, N. M.*





*The Pueblo of Taos*

**T**aos, the Triple Cities, we have left purposely for the last. Taos Pueblo, peopled by the tall handsome Taos Indians is America's oldest apartment house. It had been built for so many generations that not even the oldest inhabitant could remember of its birth when the Spaniards asked him, 'way back in the 16th century. Then there is Taos proper, today a very famous artist colony and a sort of museum of a whole town. Taos once was the roaring town of the Southwest, home of the potent drink, Taos Lightning, of Kit Carson the immortal scout, a trading outpost, a place where life was rich and hot—and sometimes very short.

The third city of Taos, is Ranchos de Taos, with its old mission whose history, occasionally sanguinary,

would take more pages to relate than are in all of this booklet.

Today, Ranchos is known as one, if not **the** headquarters of The Penitentes, that strange sect of flagellantes, who practice self-immolation for their sins. It is claimed that nowadays the supreme rite is not practiced—that of re-enacting the Crucifixion at Eastertide. Still, many of the students of Southwestern lore and customs, when questioned as to this, whisper answers or evade the issue entirely.





But we must leave the Indians with no more than this very casual glance. There are the ruins of Puye, where cliff dwellers inhabited a city a mile long—a mile of apartments cut in stone whose front windows looked down on the verdant valley below and whose elevators (ladders) could be put away when enemies appeared. At Puye, one may descend into an ancient kiva, the secret ceremonial chamber. At none of the Indian pueblos is this allowed. If one comes too close, a bronze guard bars the way, although in the most friendly manner.



*A Penitente discipline of anole.*



*Grinding Corn Meal at the Metates*



Here is Rito de los Frijoles, a different kind of prehistoric site now preserved by the government as the Bandelier National Monument. A whole day is necessary to adequately prowl around in the ruins, both cliff and valley floor, of this once kingdom of a marvelous but forgotten race.



*Los Frijoles Ruins*

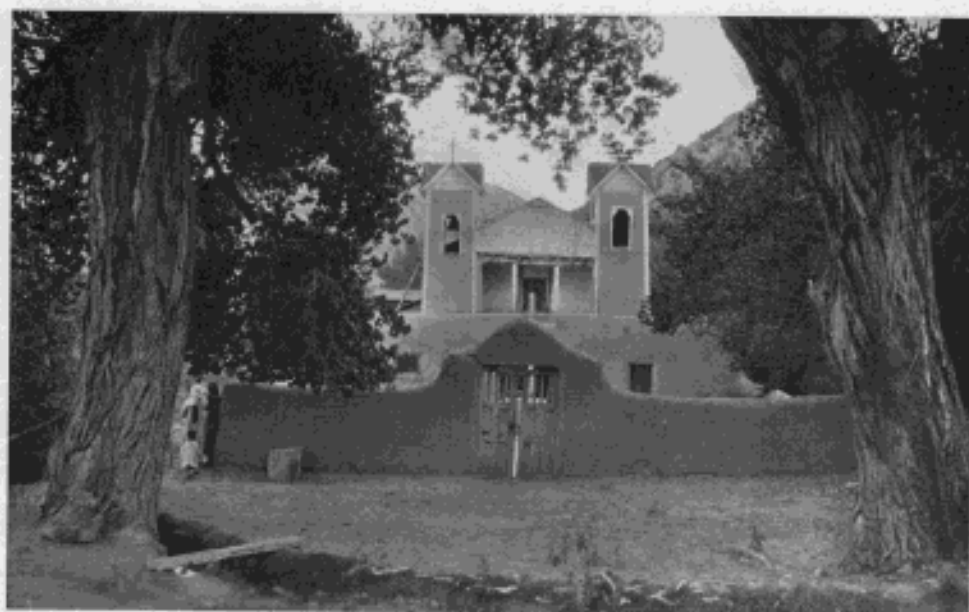
Another trip is to Pecos Pueblo, whose history is the most recent of all. It was only a century ago that it was abandoned by its dwindling tribe of owners.

Pottery shards, arrowheads, stone hammers, hatchets, bone awls and other prehistoric implements are frequently found by visitors on these trips. Of course, such souvenirs

are highly prized, as well they may be, any number of collectors being anxious to beg, borrow or buy just such things.



Still we haven't journeyed up a highly interesting road to the Spanish villages of Chimayo, Truchas, Trampas and Cordova. In these, even less



*El Santuario de Chimayo*

English is spoken than in the places previously visited. These quaint towns were for centuries isolated from the world. The customs, speech and manners are those of a long ago yesterday. The widely known Chimayo blankets are woven here on hand looms.

In this same section a visit is always made by Los Cerros guests to Sanctuario, a lovely old mission. Cures of disease as miraculous as any done at the chapel of St. Genevieve are reputed to have occurred here and the pious Spanish-American believes firmly in the efficacy of this holy spot.

**W**e have neglected to speak of the historical sites but they are so numerous and of such interest that it is not possible to do them justice in such a small space. There is Glorieta, where a decisive battle of the Civil War was fought, Pigeon's Ranch,

Geronimo's Battle Ground, Old Fort Union, once a major station on the Santa Fe Trail and where Billy the Kid, near-immortal Western bad-man was incarcerated, United States Hill, The Cross of the Martyrs, and many more.

We have not spoken much of the vast theatres of nature and the plays of shimmering and misty color which thrill both newcomer and old timer to silence. They are with the guest from the moment he steps off the train at Lamy until he leaves again. Leafy Pecos Canyon, where the Pecos River rises and tumbles down in a musical roar, fishermans' paradise, an artists' mecca, is visited by motor or horseback. From the Log-Cabin on the hillside above the central buildings of The Hacienda, one can look out across a vista of a hundred miles of this world, to the far purple haze and silhouetted outline of the Jemez.

*The Upper Pecos*





he short saddle trips or longer camping trips, which are a part of this thirty days at Los Cerros and which take the guest up through the hundreds of thousands of acres of the Santa Fe National Forest to the top of the world on the rim of the Sangre de Cristos, present a new bit of scenic loveliness every few minutes of the day.

Santa Fe Lake, the aspen groves which lure artists every autumn from all over America to paint, Tesuque Canyon, headwaters of the Pecos, falls at Nambe, Holy Ghost Canyon are a few of the better known beauties. But it is impossible to enumerate all for there is no time of the day when one is outdoors (and indeed almost every window makes a frame) that there is not a new view which exhausts all lists of adjectives.

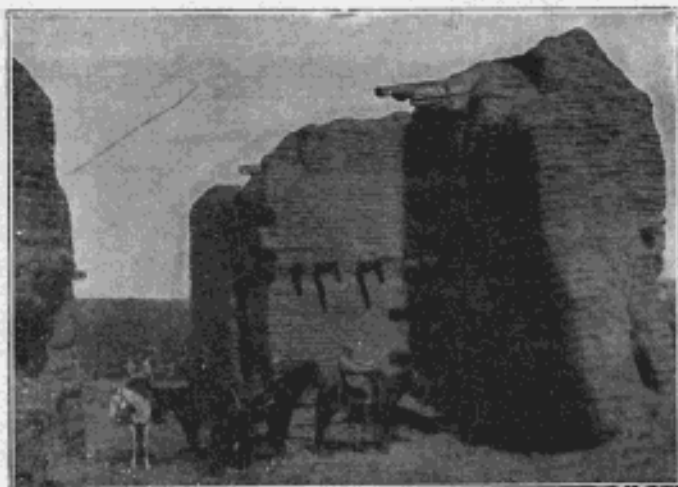
We must also mention the Cerrillos Petrified Forest, The Tiffany Turquoise Mines, The Pictograph Gallery and Ruins of San Cristobal, the *bailes* (native dances) of the music loving, laughing, and romantic Spanish-Americans, the courts and legislature carried on in two languages with interpreters rushing back and forth, the Santa Fe Fiesta now working toward its birthday of two and a quarter centuries, which brings together all three races, Anglo, Spanish and Indian, and which was instituted by Don Diego de Vargas, the reconqueror of Santa Fe. It is a three day fete centered around the Plaza of the Ancient City which combines Mardi Gras, the Italian Festivals, the artist festivities of Paris, the ceremonies of the American Indian and the pomp and circumstance of the vivid pageantries of Yesterday in the Southwest.



*Santa Fe Fiesta Group*



There is the Cowboys' Reunion at Las Vegas, where the Old West and the New join in a rodeo and three day reunion and party which is like Cheyenne's Frontier Days or Pendleton's Roundup, plus a good bit of something all its own. The First American at Albuquerque is another three day pageant of all three races, but featuring the Indian and which might be likened to a combined Indian opera and historical pageant. The Inter-Tribal Ceremonial at Gallup is all-Indian and is a carrying out of a tradition, age old, when all tribes of the Southwest met to carry on ceremonies, barter, and make



*Pecos Ruins*

their prayers to the gods. Nothing anywhere rivals this pageantry of a primitive people whose legends and arts are pure poetry.

And again we can do no more than give a passing moment of description to a topic book-long. We must mention the activities Los Cerros itself offers.



*Aspen Grove*



here is tennis, golf at a nearby course, riding on western ponies and western saddles or English saddles and pack trips. Evenings in the blue or copper moon-drenched portales or wandering by the riverbank. Other evenings around the roaring fires of pinon and cedar in the big Spanish fireplaces at the Hacienda.

Hiking and walking up Santa Fe canyon or rambles over the lower hills of the Sangres intrigue many guests. Libraries both at the Hacienda and in Santa Fe are filled with intensely interesting books on this land of many wonders.

Or, if the guest desires, instructions in the various arts and allied crafts may be had in Santa Fe at the Art School or from private

painters, sculptors, writers and craft workers.

Two flying fields on the outskirts of the Ancient City now make possible a new diversion, that of flying over the scenic country, viewing the old ruins from the air, and looking down into the heart of Indian life in the Pueblos.

But while it is possible to see and experience a never-to-be-forgotten contact with three hundred years of life in a brief thirty days, it is not possible to tell of it all in one small booklet. Regretfully we must leave a subject which never grows old to any of the lovers of this golden Southwest. It is a subject steeped in tradition, legend and story. Until we meet you then, under the old bell at Hacienda de Los Cerros—



All motor trips, both for regular guests and for special guests on the thirty day all-expense tour, are in Pierce Arrow or Lincoln cars, open or closed. Experienced drivers, well versed in the background of each of the various places visited, pilot the cars.

There are no mean or outlaw horses in the Los Cerros string. Guests unused to riding or experienced horsemen, will find a horse at Los Cerros exactly to their liking. Incidentally, a stay at the Hacienda assures an excellent opportunity to learn to ride.

All horseback trips (unless the guest prefers otherwise) are under the convoy of a guide who knows not only every trail but Western horses and their ways. Absolute confidence may be placed in the Los Cerros Cowboy-guides.

The Hacienda is open all year 'round and the all-expense tours are carried on continuously. Where a seasonal fiesta may be missed at one time it is frequently more than equaled by a visit to a rare Fire Dance or some other intensely interesting ceremony. Indian dances are held at some one of the various pueblos at all times of the year.

For reservations please write or wire Edward H. Oakley, Hacienda de Los Cerros, Santa Fe, New Mexico. Mr. Oakley is Owner and Manager of the Hacienda and personally makes all arrangements for guests and is available to them at all times during their stay. Guests are met by Los Cerros Cars at Lamy, the train stop for Santa Fe, and conducted directly to the Hacienda, and in leaving are motored back to Lamy, eliminating the bus ride.



*buena salud and adios.*



*The Los Cerros Symbol,  
an iron knocker on the front door*