

**Indian-detours**  
-Most distinctive Motor Cruise  
service in the world-

# 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 dust 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 ranges and the painted canyons of the least known and most alluring corner of the United States.

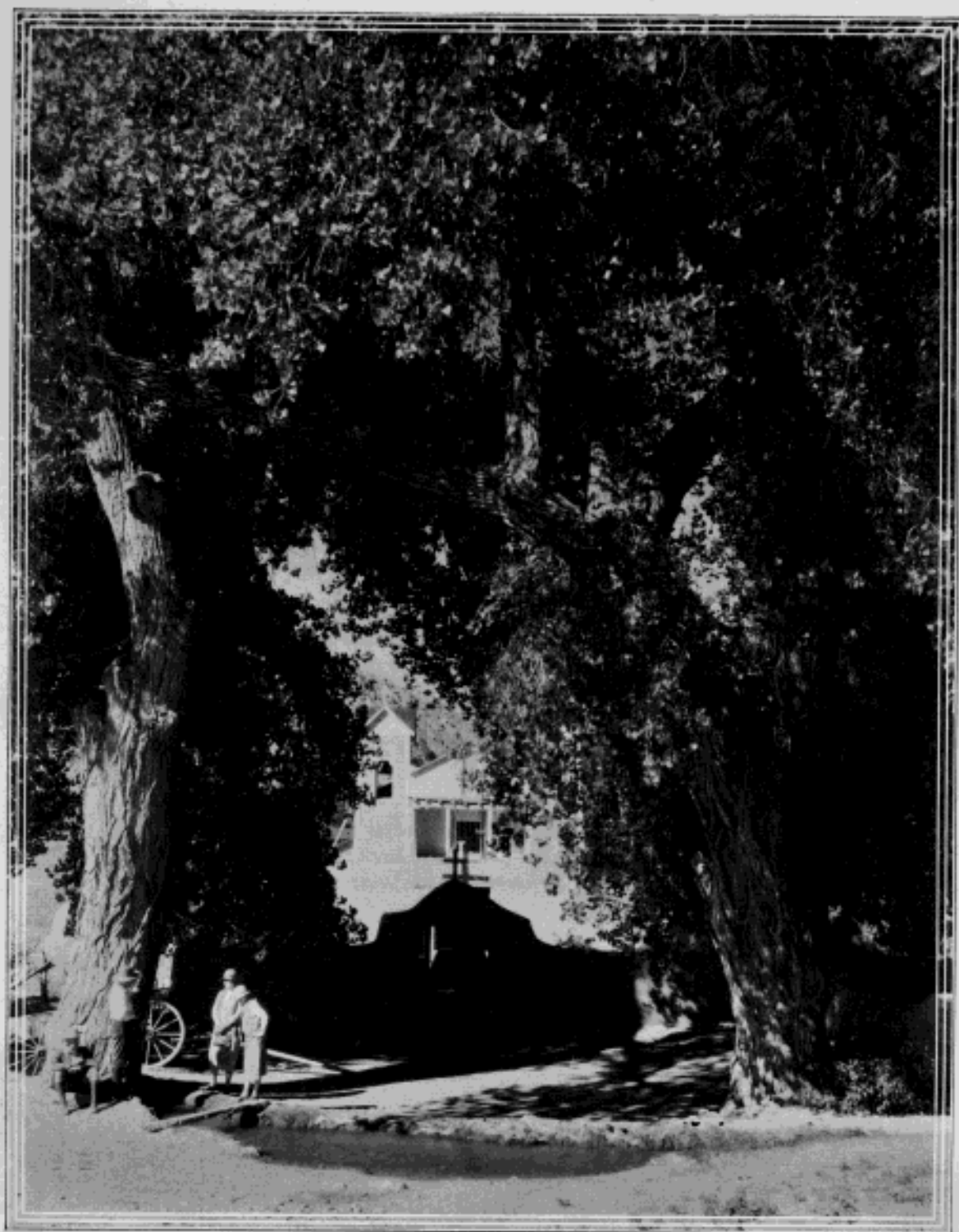
● Those who are passing on into the setting sun made the Southwest safe for you and for us. The railroad gave it gateways. Now the Harveycar has let down the last barriers of time and distance, of discomfort and inconvenience, until the Southwest's heart is no longer for the pioneer alone.

● It is our high ideal, and that of everyone associated with us in the personnel of the Indian-detours, to create here on the Last 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.

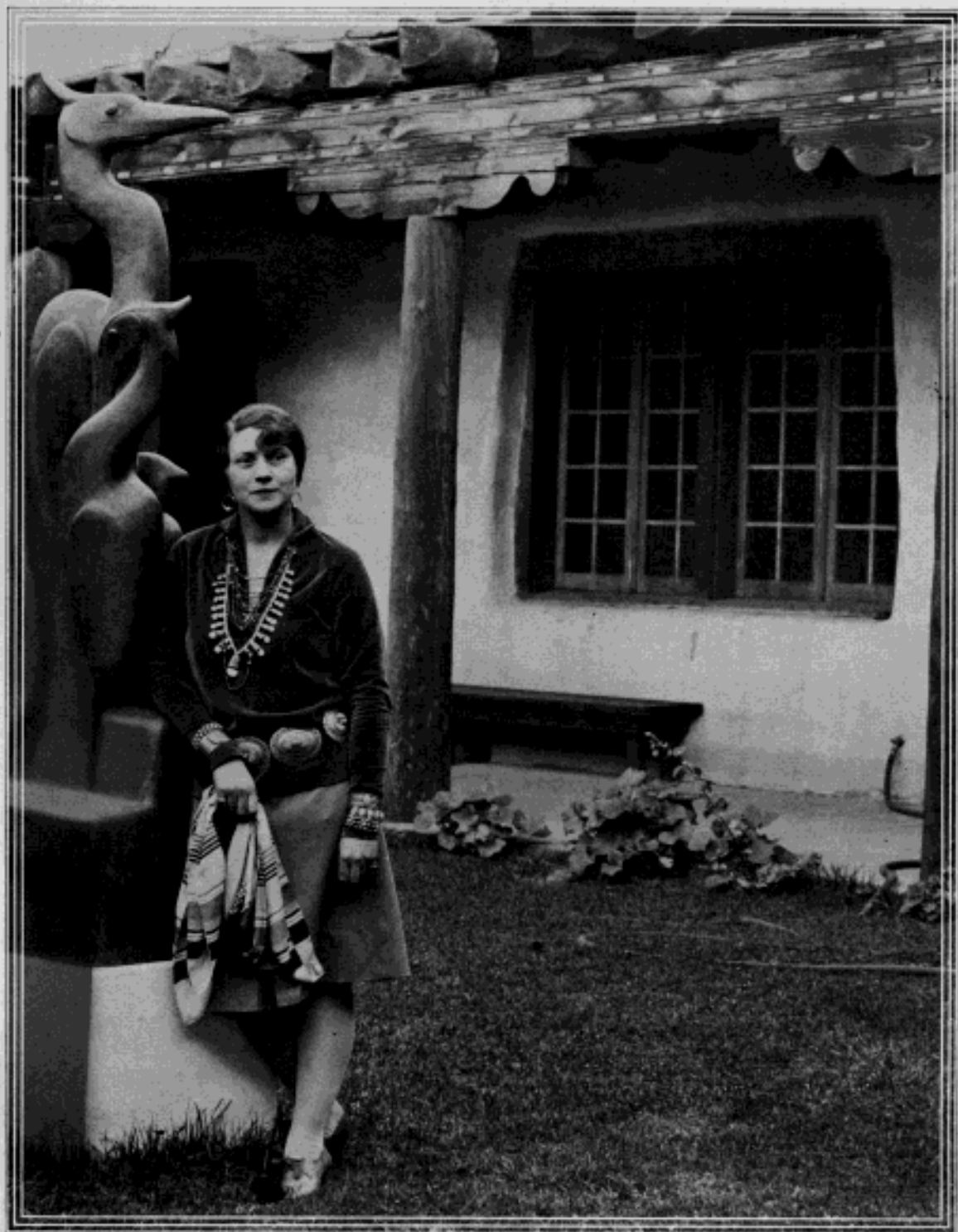
### THE HARVEYCAR COURIERS





Santuario draws its pilgrims from all the Southwest





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.

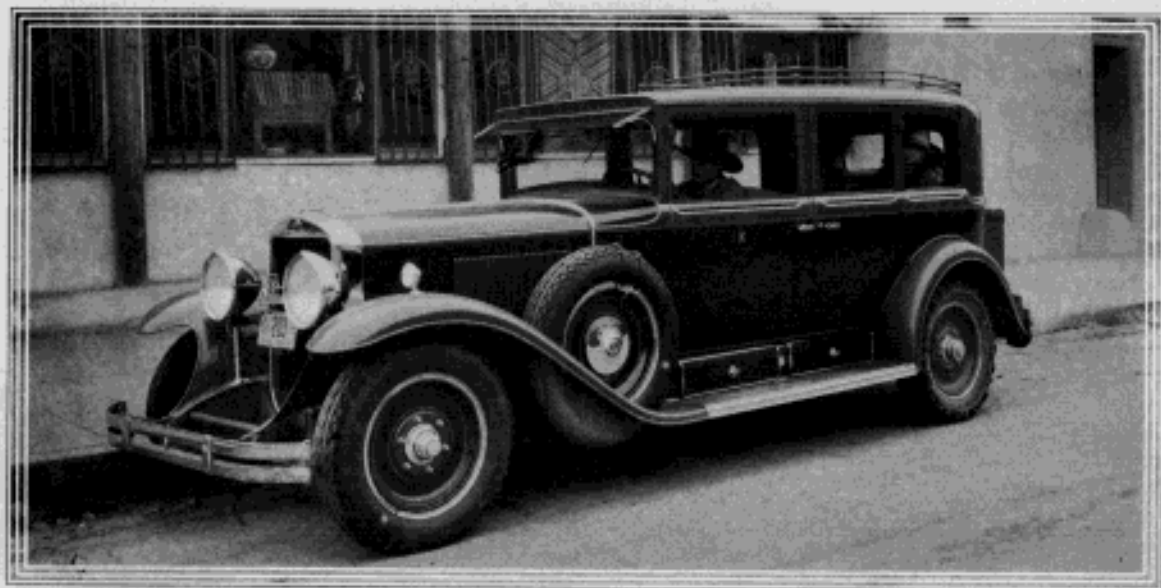
- The actual training course, which covers four months of book work, lectures, and long field trips by motor into the Back Country, is conducted under the direction of an Advisory Board of nationally known authorities on the archaeology, ethnology and history of the Southwest. On this board are such 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 niches 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.

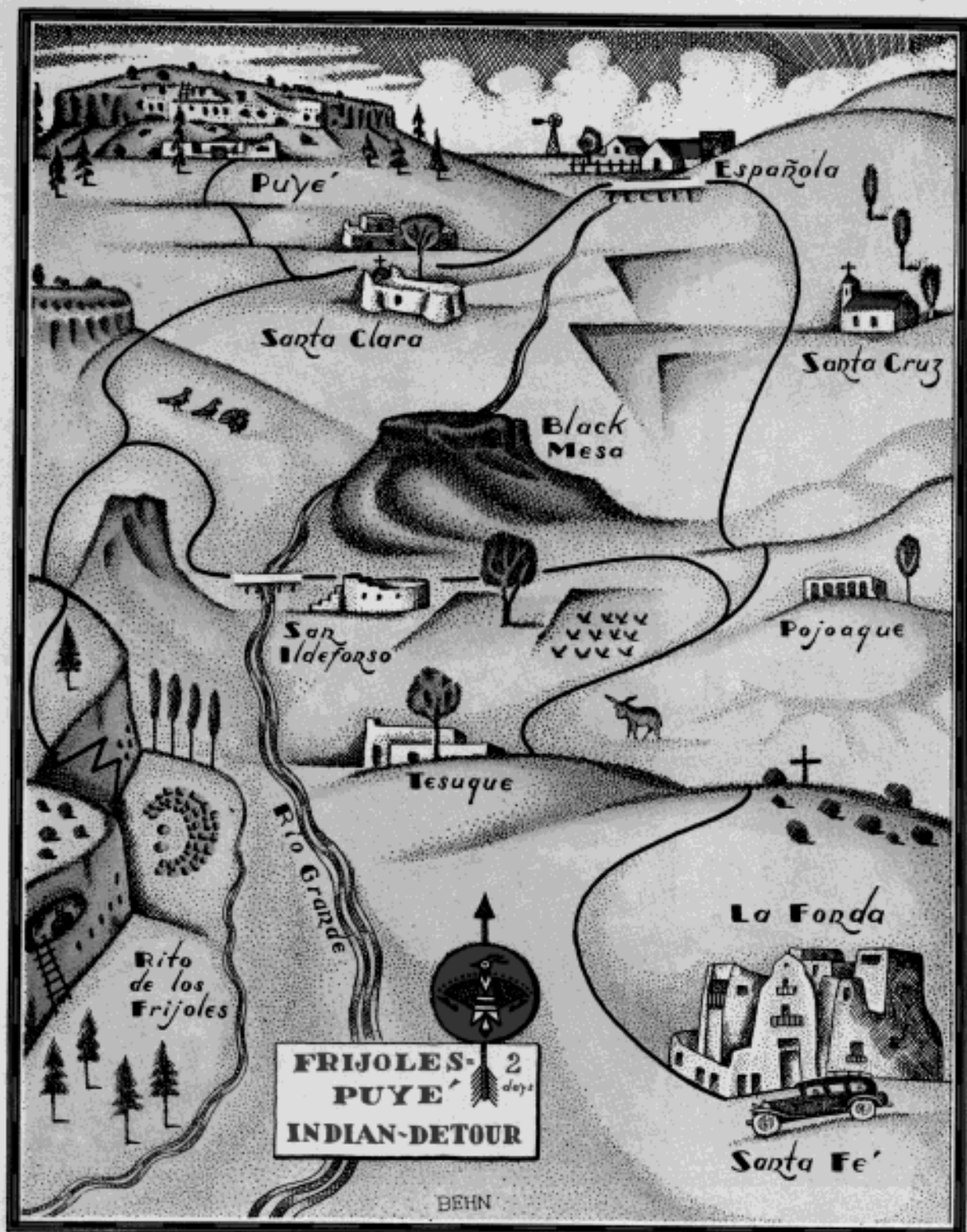
● Another large room, stretching along the south side of the portal, is in form a New Mexican chapel, with high carved doors, great fireplace, bancos and balcony. By day here is another lounge, with huge chairs and couches and subdued richness in drapes and glowing rugs. At night it becomes the Lecture 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 canvasses—the New Museum, Santa Fé





# 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.

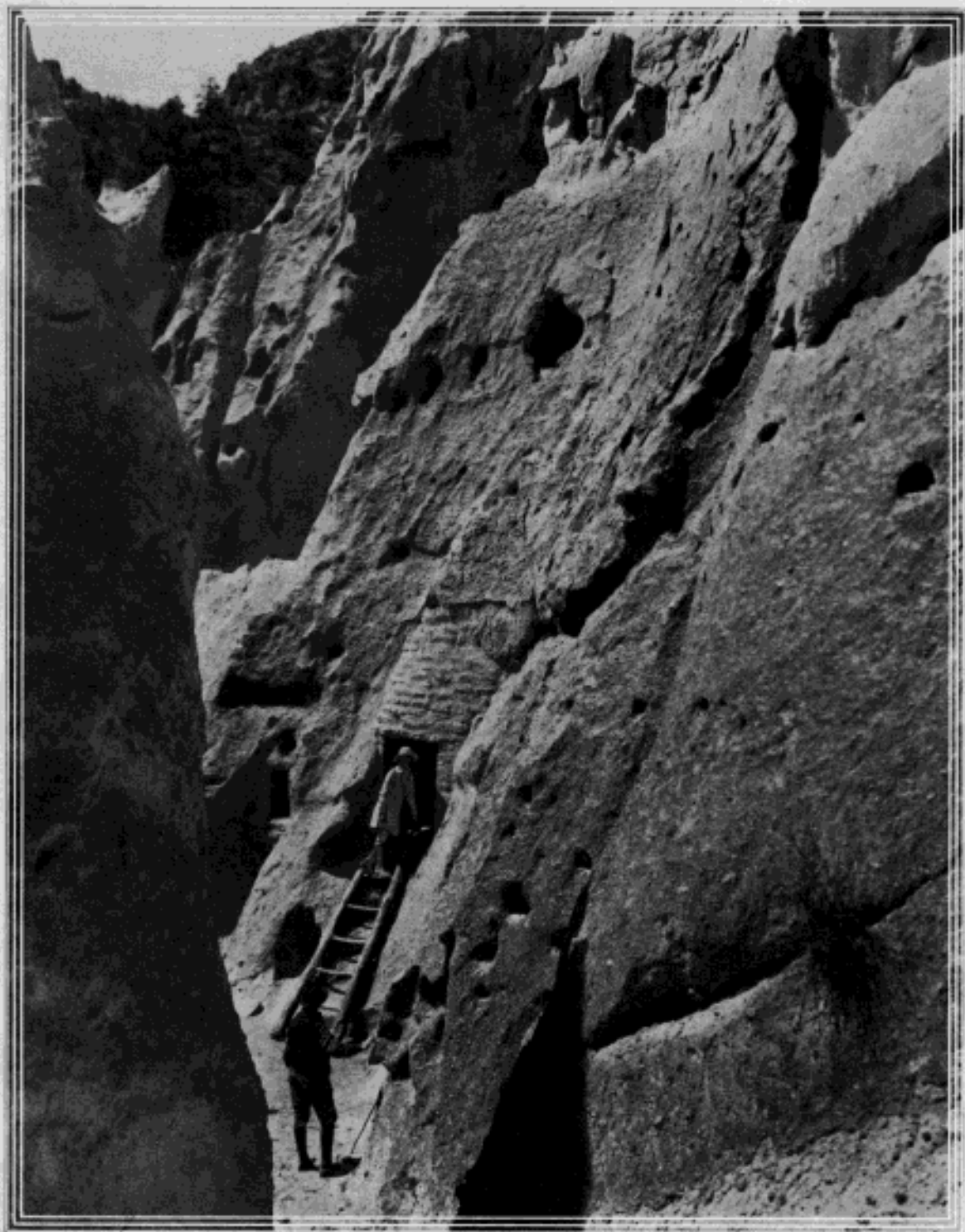
● Our story really begins at El Ortiz. Old Santa Fé is but sixteen miles back in the mountains. More Harveycar guests come and go through Lamy, for all manner of outings, than at any other point in the Southwest. Here both begin and end those **regular** Indian-detours that first have introduced more 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.

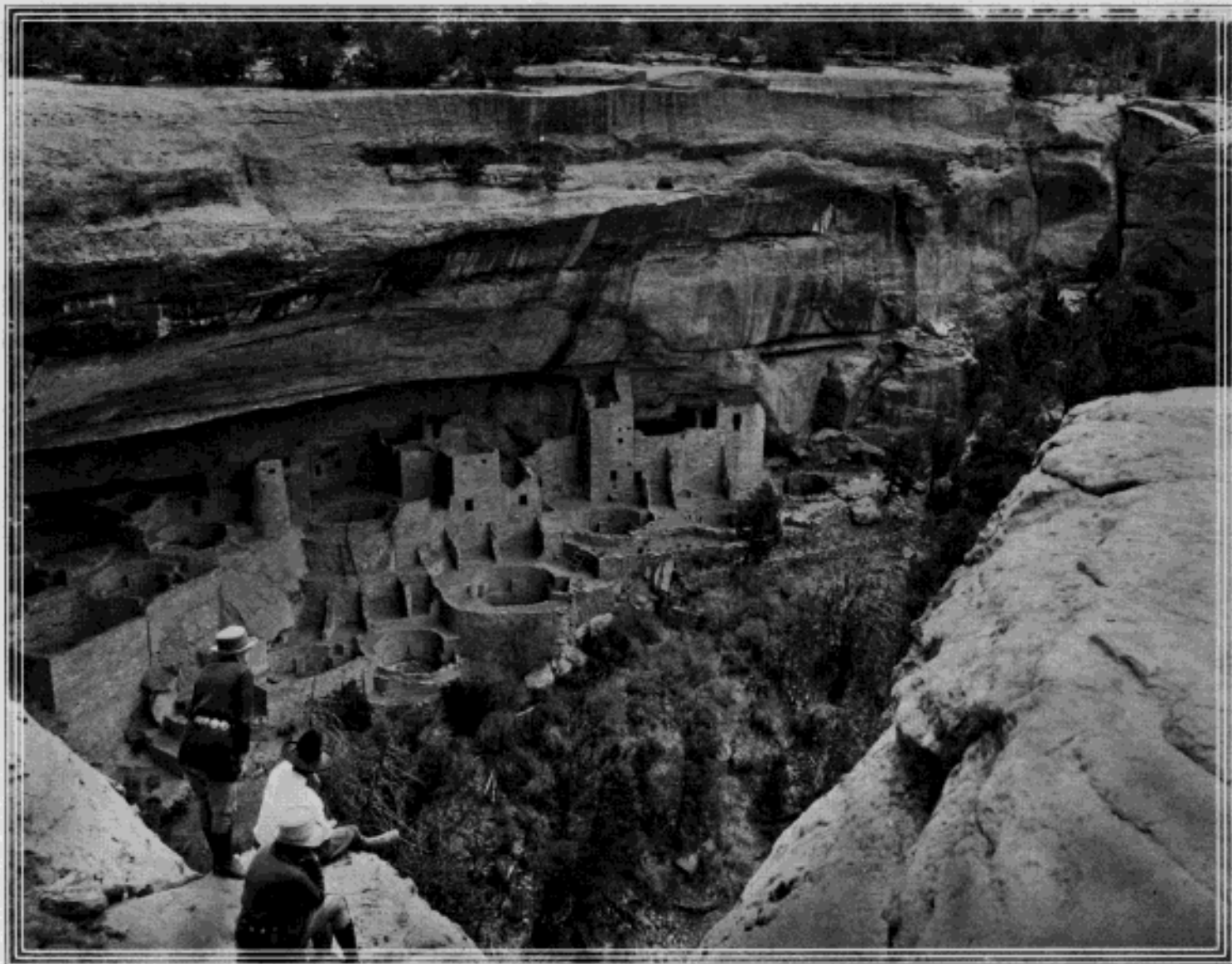
- To right and left the sheer wall is honeycombed with dark openings. Many are far above one's reach, the rooms and granaries hollowed from the soft rock behind the upper stories of dwellings that have fallen in the slow march of the ages. High and low are rock-cut symbols of birds, fish and animals.

- 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.



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.



# 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

