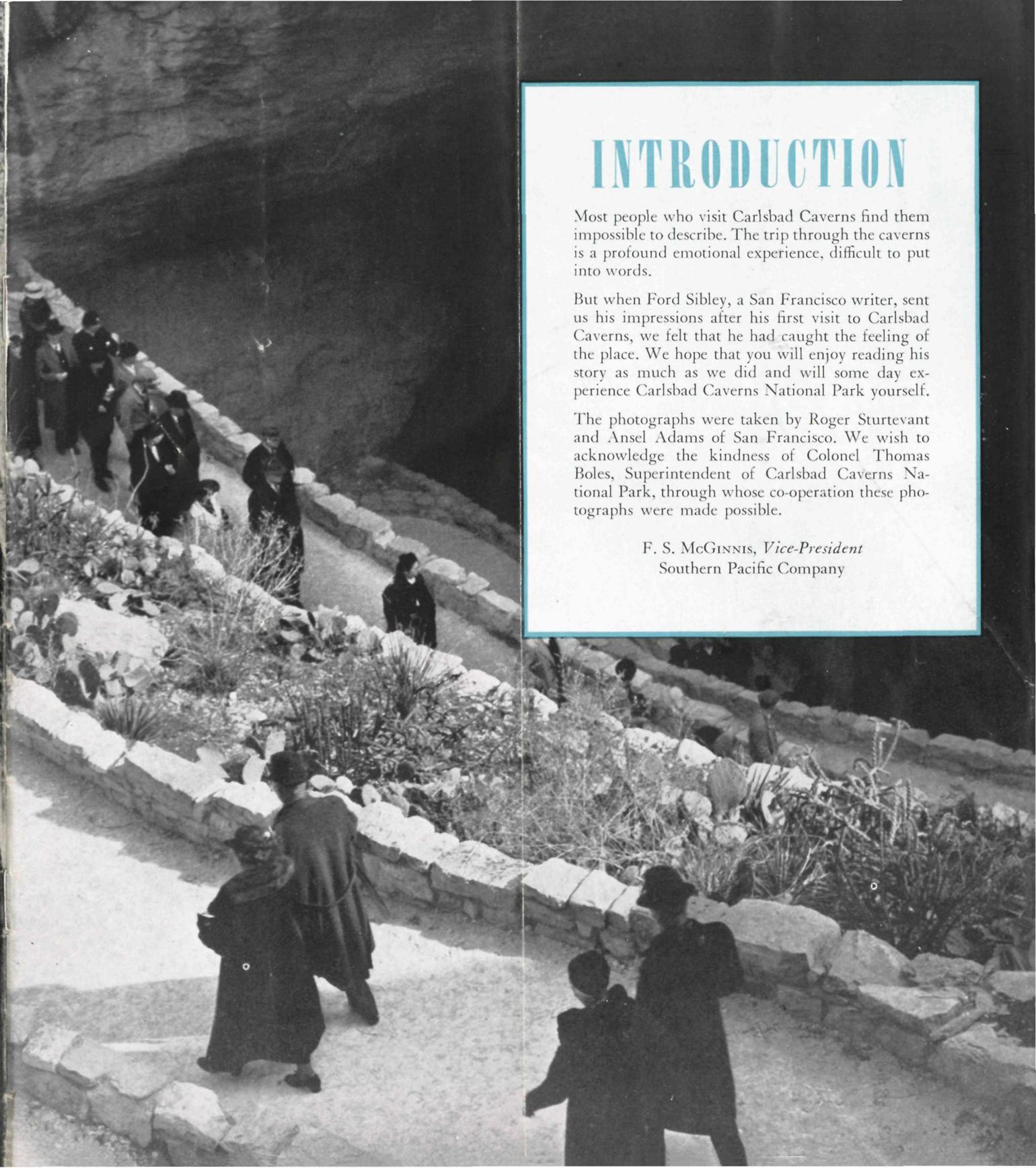


My Trip Through  
**CARLSBAD  
CAVERNS**  
National Park

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**Southern Pacific**

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## INTRODUCTION

Most people who visit Carlsbad Caverns find them impossible to describe. The trip through the caverns is a profound emotional experience, difficult to put into words.

But when Ford Sibley, a San Francisco writer, sent us his impressions after his first visit to Carlsbad Caverns, we felt that he had caught the feeling of the place. We hope that you will enjoy reading his story as much as we did and will some day experience Carlsbad Caverns National Park yourself.

The photographs were taken by Roger Sturtevant and Ansel Adams of San Francisco. We wish to acknowledge the kindness of Colonel Thomas Boles, Superintendent of Carlsbad Caverns National Park, through whose co-operation these photographs were made possible.

F. S. MCGINNIS, *Vice-President*  
Southern Pacific Company

## My trip through CARLSBAD CAVERNS

By FORD SIBLEY

Jim White used to be a cowboy and now he's an author. It just goes to show what happens when a man stumbles onto a cave, has courage enough to explore it, finds it to be the largest in the world, and writes about it. Jim no longer brands yearlings or rides fence. He makes his headquarters in Carlsbad Caverns National Park. Far underground in the glistening lunchroom, he presides over a souvenir counter, autographs his books, and bends his lanky frame across colored postcards and silver knickknacks to shake your hand.

At that he probably got no bigger thrill from seeing Carlsbad Caverns for the first time than I did. When he went down,

he did it with a rope, a torch, and a couple of sandwiches. It was blacker than pitch. He couldn't see very far. He probably cracked his shins and bumped his head. And even though he has the honor today of being the first white man to explore Carlsbad Caverns, I think he missed a lot in going down before the Government fixed it up for him.

I walked down there on a solid path at least four feet wide and came back on a high-speed elevator. Powerful floodlights shone all around. I had coffee and sandwiches waiting for me in the cave and the competent services of twenty National Park Rangers to lead the way. I saw it all in one afternoon, while Jim White (as all pioneers must) went more slowly. I saw, in one glance, a room big enough to house the Yale Bowl, while Jim, holding aloft his spluttering torch, could barely make out objects a hundred feet away. In short, I think that my first trip, if less adventurous, was far more fun than Jim White's.

## PRAIRIE SMOKE

He tells his story directly and simply. He was in the neighborhood of the Caverns in the year 1901. It was one of those dusky evenings that hang over New Mexico in the early fall, the closest thing they have to an Indian Summer down there, and Jim was going about his business when he noticed suddenly on the horizon what seemed to be a column of smoke pouring from the ground. On closer inspection, he was amazed to see that the cloud was composed of bats—thousands of them—rising from a black cave mouth and fluttering off into the gathering darkness.

He watched them for a long time and then returned the next day with a young Mexican helper to begin solitary exploration of the cave; day by day penetrating deeper, leaving behind torch marks and bits of string to lead him back to the surface. Several years later, as word got around, he began to take others with him. The news spread: unbelievable tales of a never-ending chain of caves in the mountains of southern New Mexico. Publicity followed. In 1923 they were made a National Monument and in 1930 a National Park. Today, they tell me that more than 100,000 people a year follow the trail blazed by Jim White and improved upon by the Government.

Incidentally, the same bats that Jim White saw (or rather their offspring) still live in the Caverns. But don't get the idea that you'll see them when you make the trip underground. During the daytime, they cuddle together in an exclusive chamber of their own apart from the main Caverns.

To get a good look at them—and I suggest you do—you must return to the mouth of the Caverns just after sunset during the months from April through September. Then, just as the surrounding hills and arroyos turn black, the bats come out. First in a trickle—one and two and five and six—swooping around in great spirals up to a height of a hundred feet or so and then heading to the south. As the minutes pass, more come out, and more, and still more until the darkening sky is filled with a whirling rising horde. This goes on for two or three hours, during which time, if the flight is a good one, more than three million bats leave the cave.

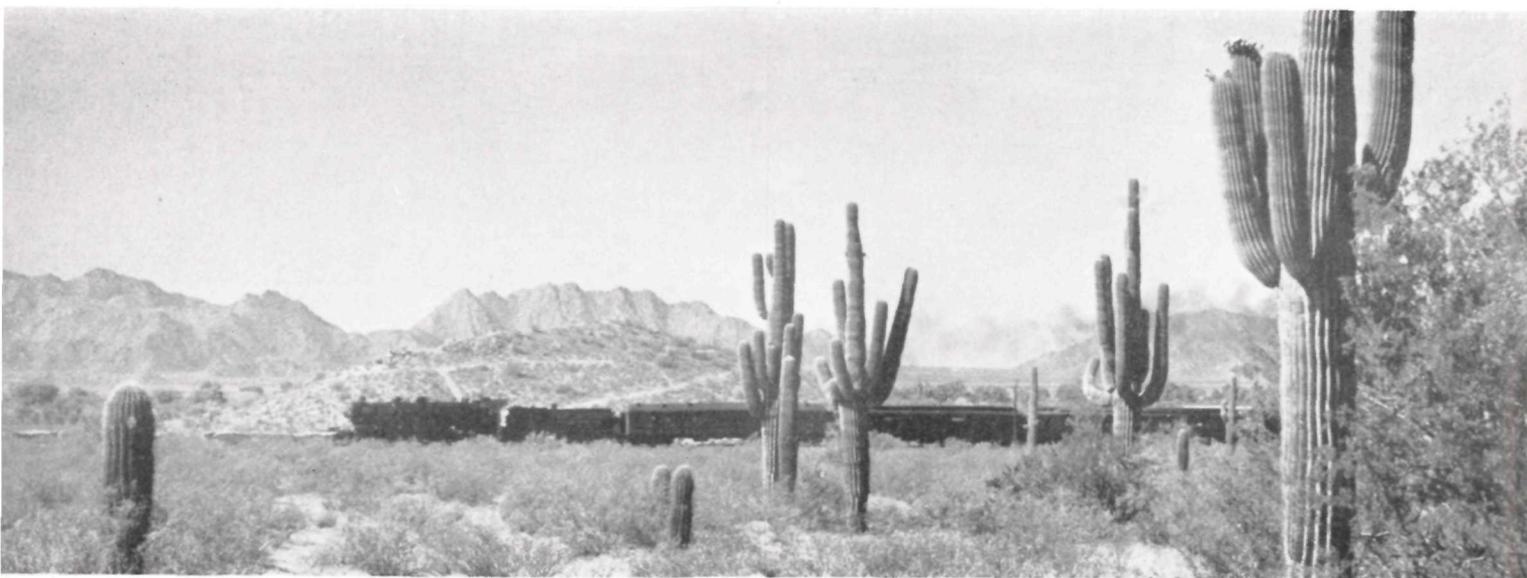
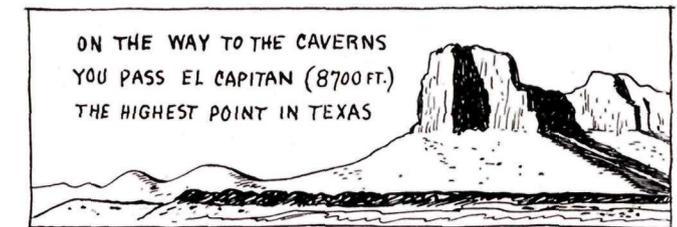
No one knows where they go during their nightly foray, but they return before sunrise, having consumed, according to bat experts, more than eleven and a half tons of insects.

## MOTOR COACH

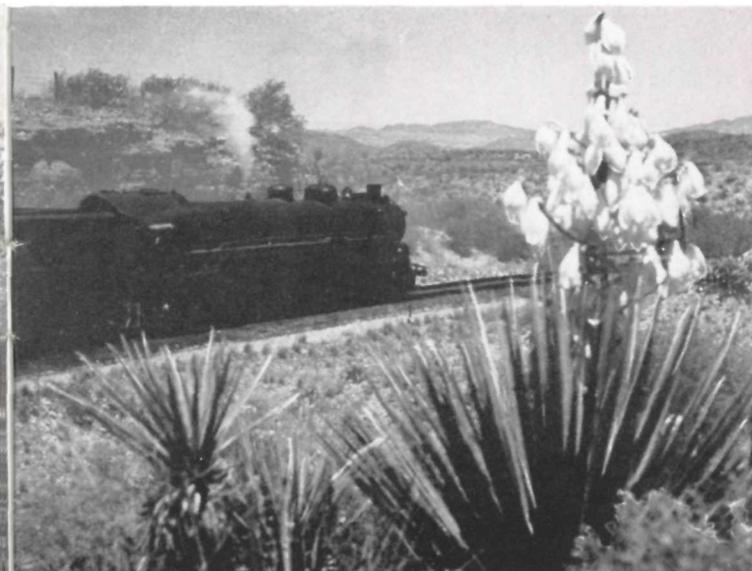
But to return to my trip again: I found the best way to get to Carlsbad Caverns National Park was to go by Southern Pacific train to El Paso and then by motor coach to the Caverns. The Carlsbad Cavern Coaches Company operates a fleet of modern stages and limousines on daily schedule to the Park and back. You can make the trip in one day, as many people do, or you can take two or more days.

If you plan to take more than one day, though, remember that there are no hotel accommodations in the Park, itself. But you can stay at White's City (near the Park entrance) or the town of Carlsbad, which isn't far away.

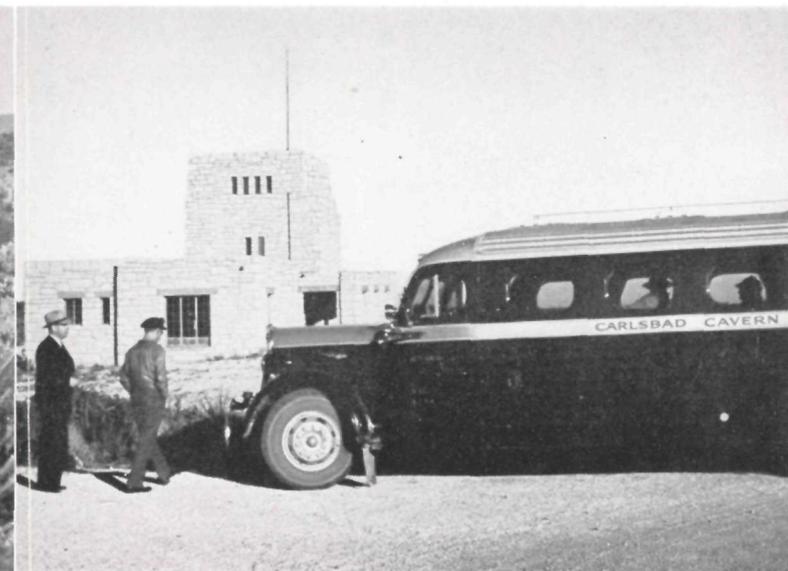
Along the way, some 150 miles north and east of El Paso to the Guadalupe Mountains, you'll meet the range country of the Southwest: long drawn-out plains that spread away to distant knobs of hills, hills that fold into one another and through which the road winds and turns, following an occasional dry stream bed or a desolate line of barbed wire. The road, a good one by the way, follows the old Butterfield Trail made by the



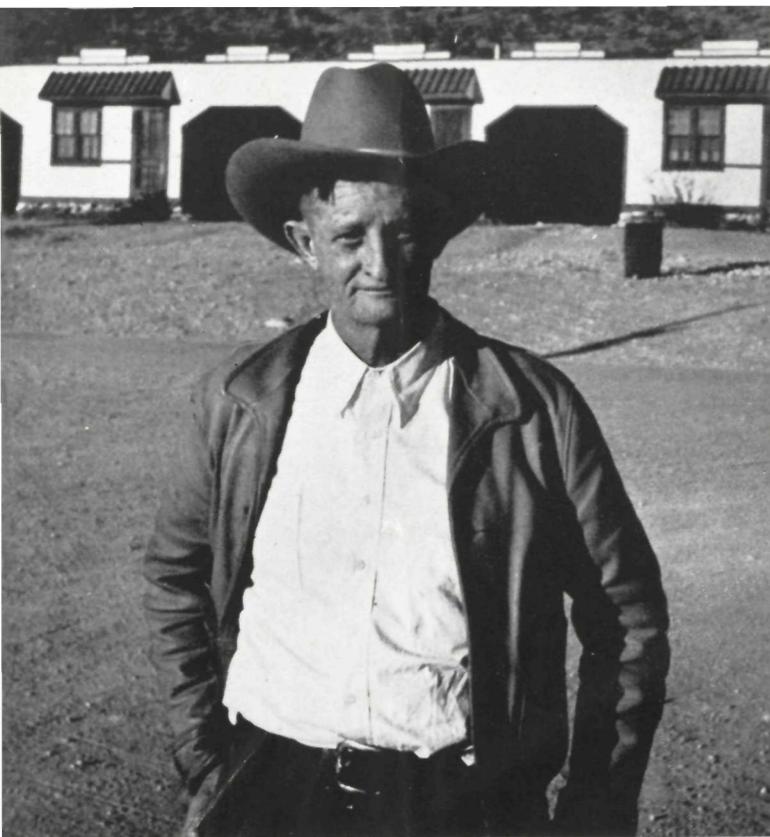
Southern Pacific trains whisk across the colorful Southwest on their way to El Paso. The cactus shown here is the hardy sahuaro, a plant that grows to a height of from thirty to sixty feet. It stores enough water to last from one rainy season to another.



Another view of an S. P. train bowling along through the Southwest. The blooming yucca (foreground) is characteristic of this land.



Here is the motor coach that took us from El Paso to Carlsbad Caverns. The elevator building stands trim and neat in the background.



Jim White looks just like you would imagine—wears the five-gallon hat and riding boots. He is modest about his early explorations.



This is the sight you see as you pause at the entrance and look down into the Caverns. The pathway slopes downward very gradually.

Forty-niners who traveled through the Southwest on their way to California. Sections of this pathway can be seen here and there as your coach speeds along. Then there are the clusters of white-faced cattle that eye you solemnly and the queer conglomeration of semi-desert plants: buffalo grass, sotol, mesquite, sage, Spanish bayonet, and the graceful wands of a hundred kinds of yucca. Lonely signs: "Gas and Oil, Cold Drinks," "Stop at White's City." Finally, the coach roars upgrade through a broad canyon, tops a range of small hills, reaches the Government settlement that centers the National Park.

## OFFICIAL ROOF

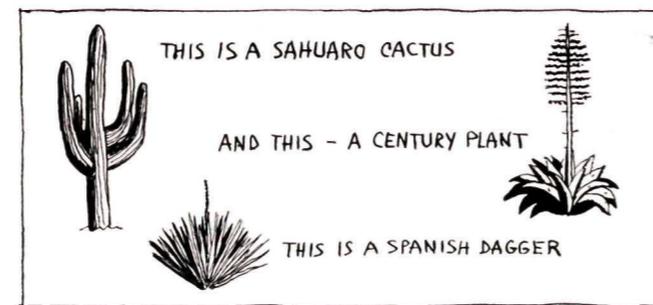
Carlsbad Caverns National Park is 9960 acres in area, practically the whole business being the roof of the Caverns. The dozen or so homes and administration buildings are set in a brief arroyo that opens to the west and ends in an abrupt rise to the east. Set into this eastern embankment is the natural opening to the Caverns, a black half-moon about fifty feet high, in front of which flies a clean red, white and blue flag.

The surrounding buildings are of a sturdy sameness, constructed of grey stone and connected one to another by a web of neat gravel walks. All but the elevator building are placed on the north slope of the arroyo. The highway, approaching the settlement, divides; one road climbing to the elevator building on the south crest, the other continuing up the canyon and ending in a parking area just short of the Cavern entrance.

And that's all there is above ground unless you count the surrounding gardens of semi-desert flora, the water-color blue sky, and the whitest, puffiest clouds you've ever laid your eyes on. Except for the automobiles and the blocky houses you could be anywhere in the high mountain country of the Southwest.

## DOWN, DOWN

You haven't time to see *all* this picture as your motor coach rolls up the main highway and parks in front of the Cavern entrance. You are too busy preparing to leave the car, collecting cameras and extra sweaters, asking questions of the driver, craning at the black opening not more than 100 yards away.



Then you hurry to pay your guide fee (for fee information, see page 13). Two Rangers issue you a receipt from a window of the ticket office and within a minute you are walking down the gently sloping pathway that zigzags back and forth into the black throat of the Caverns.

Going underground? You will never know what that means unless you walk the pathway into Carlsbad Caverns. During the motor trip and even up to the time we paid our guide fees, the prospect of touring a chain of caves had appeared novel and interesting, but by no means thrilling or awe-inspiring. It was to be a mild kind of entertainment, I thought, something like "doing" the Louvre. In fact, one of the ladies in the party had provided herself with pencil and paper, presumably to record the most interesting or the most novel sights. But when the shadowed entrance of the Caverns closed over us and the lights began to blink on alongside the path and a persistent, cool breeze rolled past us out of the depths, then we knew for the first time what "going underground" meant: darkness and a strange new world. I am sure it was then that the lady with the pencil and paper realized that Carlsbad Caverns was something more than an over-size curio.

It isn't long before daylight fades entirely. As you walk down the path, the overhanging ridge of the entrance gradually cuts off the sky, the opening itself becomes smaller and smaller each time you look back at it, and suddenly a limestone outcropping shuts it out altogether. You are underground then and no mistake about it, with the ceiling far above you and the walls, creased by powerful lights into pillars and columns of yellow and black, looking stern and monumental. Far down and ahead of you hundreds of people move along two and three abreast, mumbling to one another. (You'll discover that people in a cave do not talk. They mumble. They pitch their voices low as if they were touring a hospital ward or a public library. And, believe me, it's a weird sound when a thousand people decide to mumble. All that day a low roar of a thousand whispers went with us—a deep growl that echoed along the roofs and passages and down into the farthest pits.)

## WHITE KINGDOM

You pass from the giant entrance chamber, swinging left to enter the Auditorium—a mighty underground cavity whose floor slopes farther down into the Caverns. The pathway continues to turn back and forth, now and again taking to stairways, detouring around mammoth boulders that are good-sized hills in themselves. Overhead, appears an occasional stalactite (your first), shimmering and dancing in the hidden floodlights or in the rays of a Ranger's two-foot flashlight. Always, the pathway is downward. Always, from the end of the line, you can look into the depths and see hundreds ahead of you: the white frocks of the ladies, the white shirts and panama hats of the men. You can hear their mumbling, that unholy hum rising

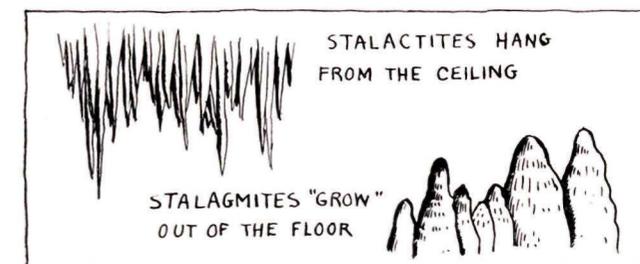
in the fifty-six degree coolness to ricochet off the walls and off the ceiling that in places reaches all of 200 feet above your head.

Soon the walls take on a whiter lustre, the chambers grow slightly smaller, stalactites become more frequent. You pass through natural doorways of limestone. Here is a stalagmite (the opposite of stalactite; it grows upward). Here is a whole cluster of cream-colored icicles dripping from a crevice in the wall. Here is a wall that looks as if it were made from freshly-drifted snow. Finally, with the whole world becoming whiter and more fanciful, you round a turn and find yourself 750 feet underground on the edge of a tiny lake not more than ten feet in diameter. It is a deep green in color, marvelously clear, and set in a white alcove of polished rocks and overhead drapes. Floodlights, hidden from the pathway, sparkle on the surface of the water and reflect an emerald tinge to the surrounding walls. Except for this touch of color, all is white; a pure, frosty white decidedly in keeping with the cool atmosphere.

## ROYAL ROOMS

On you go, now in a dazzling white fairyland, winding along firm paths, under symmetrical clusters of stalactites and past long, flowing drapes that reach along the walls from ceiling to floor. Floodlights are now out in the open, raised on iron rods, reflectors turned upward to catch the pure whiteness of overhead limestone. Then past the Frozen Waterfall (foam and water contours caught in midair), under a spangled portière and into the King's Throne Room. Here, too, the walls, ceiling and floor are as white as vanilla taffy. Delicate curtains sweep along the outer walls. Long needles hang from overhead, many no thicker than your little finger. One, slightly longer than the others, is known as the King's Bellcord. Another, a thick lance, reaches down to within a fraction of an inch of a miniature campanile. Everywhere are small figures curiously chiseled by the action of water on limestone, such assortments as birds, snakes, guns, swords, ropes—all snow white and finely formed.

Entering the Queen's Room, another glittering chamber of spires and hangings, I remember our guide pointed to a couple of strange-shaped formations that hung near the entrance. The "King's Boots," he announced. Everyone laughed politely. En-



couraged, our guide turned his flashlight into a small alcove. Inside, jutting from a wall, was a replica of a water faucet.

"The Queen's Kitchen," I suggested.

"The Queen's Bathroom," said the guide archly.

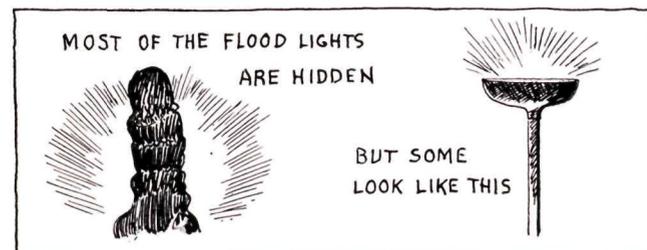
Kitchen or bathroom or just an underground chamber—the Queen's Room has, I think, the finest and most fragile collection of drapes. They slide downward in graceful scallops, pearly and neat, and no thicker than velvet in places. Many of them are hollow and when rapped lightly give off a beautiful vibrating tone like that of a tuning-fork. The gleam of a flashlight can be seen right through them. Then, too, in the Queen's Room are found exquisitely carved helectites (horizontal formations) spun into beautiful milk-white grape arbors.

Beyond the Queen's Room, another crystal den holds the strange carvings of the Papoose Room: a miniature Indian village of tiny wigwams and surrounding hills; still more gay clusters of hanging needles and swords, more curtains, and more formations that look like Gay 90 hitching posts.

## CAFETERIA

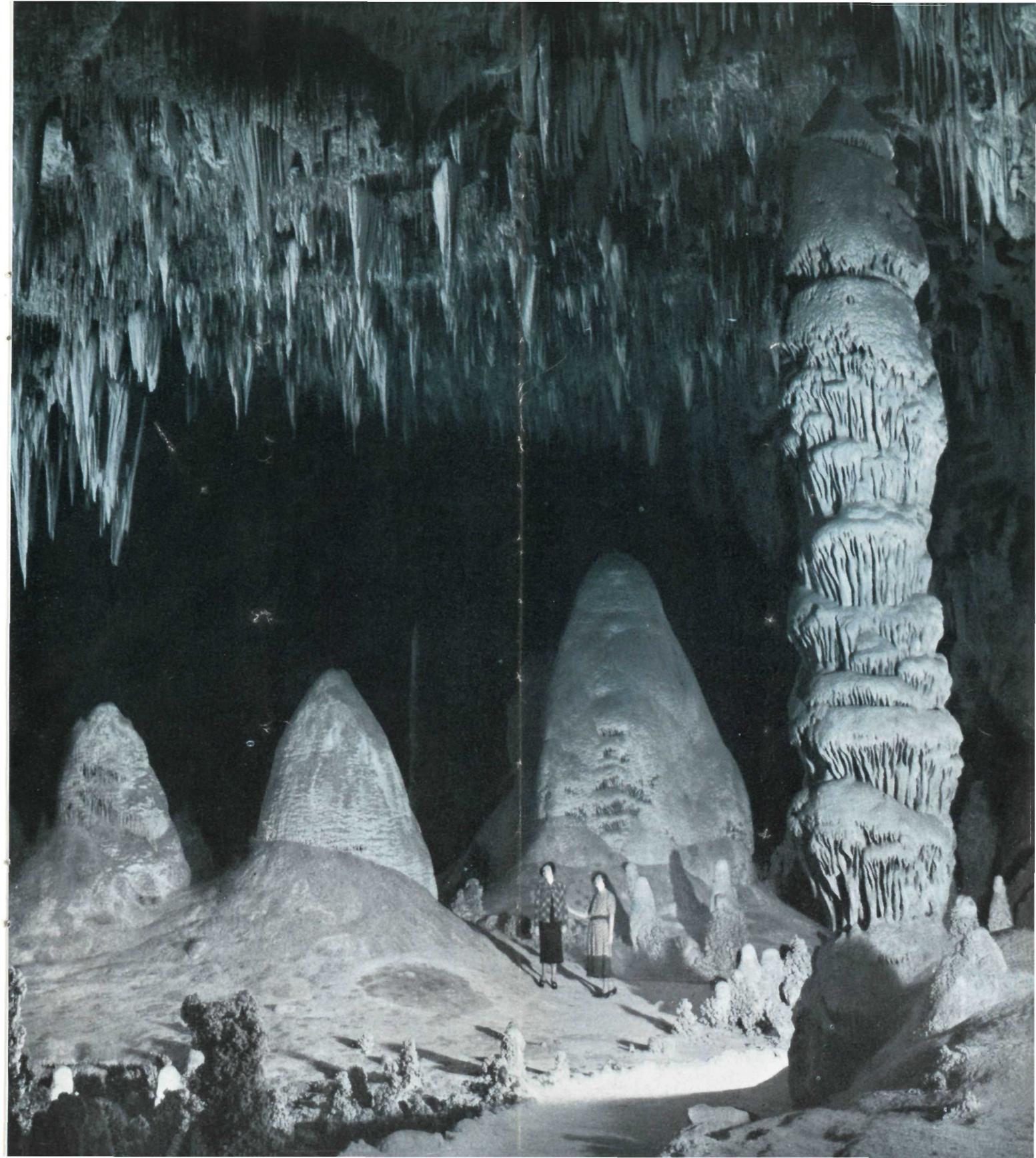
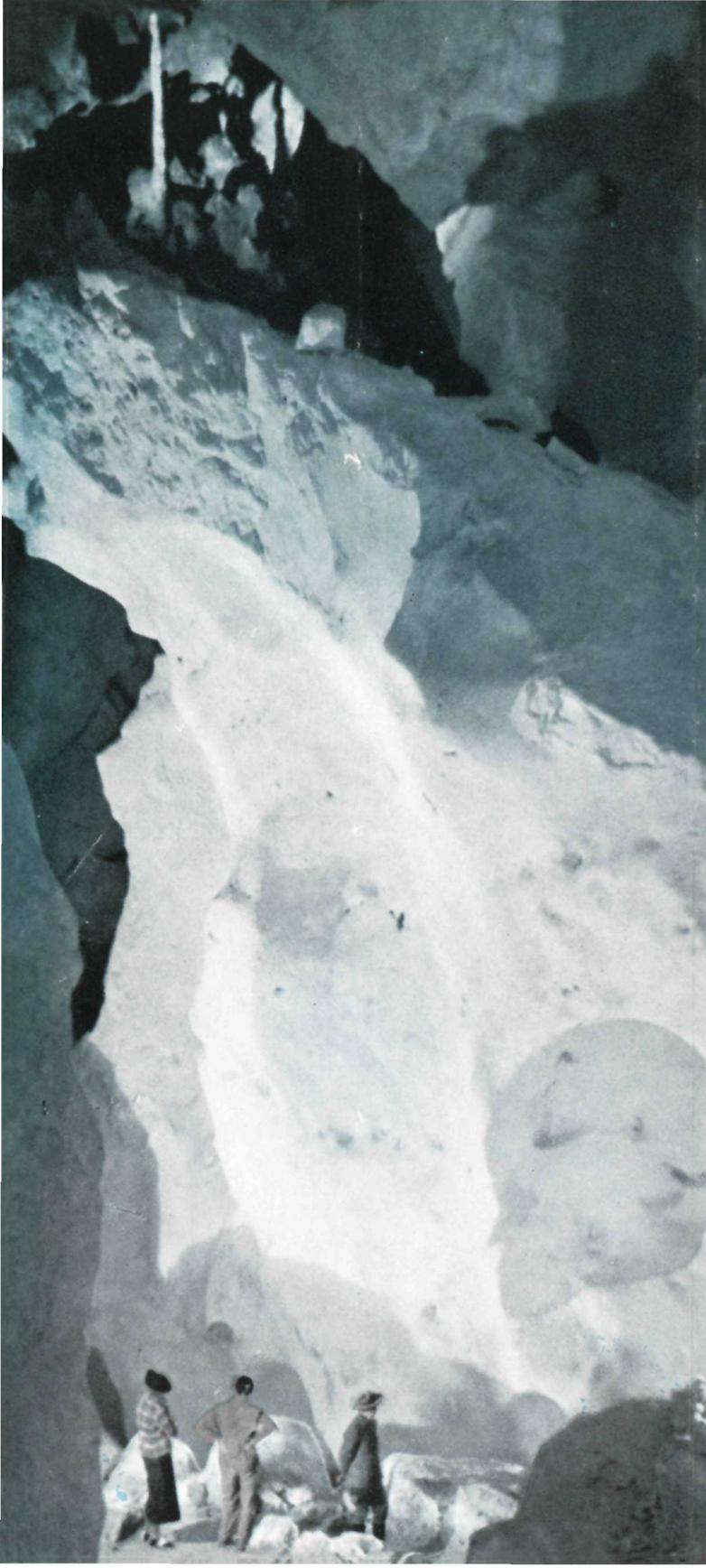
Through the Papoose Room you go, along a snowy corridor, past a giant rock that has been cut into uniform columns to look like a big pipe organ, and . . . into the world's only underground cafeteria, dazzlingly lighted, filled with people, and smelling of coffee and food. You won't recognize it as an eating place at first. It looks more like the inside of an iceberg. It's a big room, possibly two hundred yards long, fifty feet wide, with a scalloped white ceiling that drops to within fifteen feet of the floor. Under the white glare of floodlights, the roof is easily the feature of the cafeteria. It is one long series of little peaks and valleys, perfectly white, and looking good enough to eat. The floor too is of a curious composition—a powdery limestone that packs as solid as snow and crunches when you walk on it. In the center of the room (you can't call the place a "cave"), the cafeteria lifts its long counters and shiny coffee urns. To one side is a booth doing a rousing business in souvenirs and postcards. Along the walls and entirely covering half the room are picnic tables painted white to match everything else.

About the lunch: you select a tray upon which are sandwiches, olives, a hardboiled egg, salt, orange, and a slice of



*The Iceberg, a drama in stone (left).*

*In the Hall of the Giants (right).*



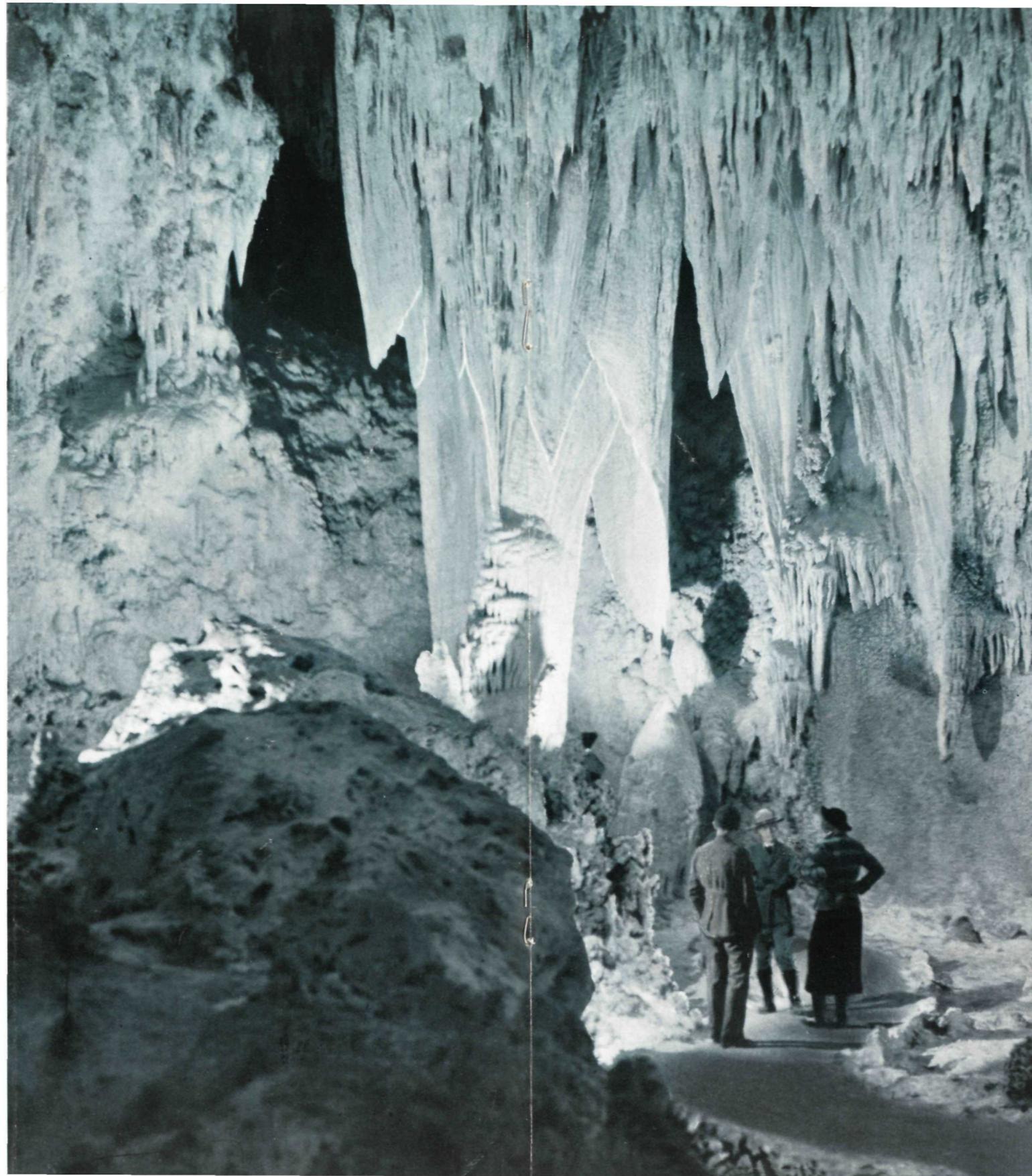
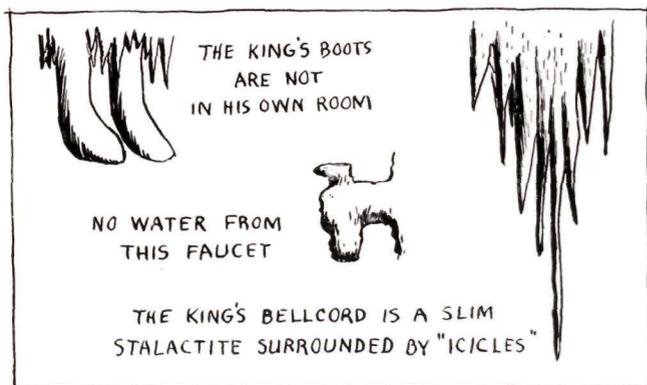
cake. You then pick up a cup of coffee, pay the bill (60c), and move over to one of the tables. While you eat (it all tastes good, particularly the coffee) you become acquainted with other members of the party. There's a man from New Jersey. Another who has just returned from Yosemite. Still another who has been to Mexico City. It's a clearing-house for travelers, this tour of Carlsbad Caverns. The day I was there, every state in the Union was represented plus about twenty foreign countries.

## HALL OF THE GIANTS

Suddenly there is a stir in the room. The party is re-forming for the last part of the tour. Trays clatter. Rangers ask us to stand in line. As fast as it forms, the procession moves off again, through a passage and into the main part of the Caverns. Away they go with their inevitable mumbling, a Ranger walking alongside about every twenty-five feet to discourage souvenir hunters and stragglers. The lunch room thins out, papers and trays are cleared up, half the lights go out, the cafeteria cashier begins to count his change. Far off up the passage you can hear the "ohs" and "ahs" of the party. Then you hustle to your feet and join the line again.

First a neat passage dripping with pearly daggers that, as usual, glitter under intense floodlights. Bending slightly, this corridor suddenly opens onto one end of the Big Room—that part they call the Hall of the Giants.

And so it is—a mighty hall. Overhead, the ceiling is dimly made out three hundred feet away: smooth, grey and orange, slightly vaulted like the nave of a great cathedral. And sure enough, along the walls are tall statues. Squint at these stalagmites and they take on recognizable shapes. There is a dog of unheard of size sitting on his haunches. A group of three giants. Could that be the Madonna? And there's a mummy wrapped in stone. And a badly battered knight. Or is it a beggar? Once upon a time, maybe two thousand or two million years ago, the whole ceiling fell in here and spoiled no one knows how many figures in the center of the hall. But these along the walls have survived, hundreds of them, formed by



## BIG ROOM

the patient drip of limestone water from the crevices overhead.

Silently watched by the dogs, giants, and mummies, our line moves onward. Lights flare up everywhere . . . and from nowhere. No lamps are visible. No switches or cord. Just an indirect white light that throws a fantastic glare through this shadowed gallery.

We are now in the Big Room proper. We face a solid towering mass of limestone: the Giant Dome, world's largest stalagmite, 62 feet high, 16 feet in diameter. How old is it? How old do you think it would be, growing an inch every century. As old as the earth itself, sixty million years they estimate. It was middle-aged when you and I were tadpoles.

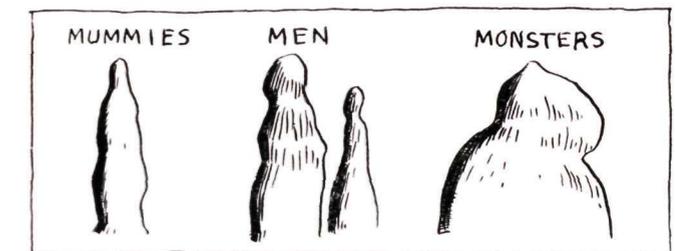
On and on we walk along the built-up paths, the only change (excepting the lights) that man has made in the Big Room. These paths are a good five feet wide, carpeted with powdery white limestone and lined with rocks that form a small curbing. To the left suddenly looms a familiar, spindly shaft: a lean totem-pole, hawk-nosed faces and big eyes glaring along its length. Above us at this point, the ceiling rises to a height of 350 feet.

And then comes Fairyland—a part of the Big Room. There are funny toadstools in one place and an occasional gnome-like figure from one to three feet high. The path rises slightly and we pass before an audience of bald-headed men. There must be at least a hundred of them, none over five feet tall, dressed in grey robes, their feet hidden and their heads glistening like white marble. A hidden floodlight touches this assemblage, carving their faces into queer expressions and furrowing their togas. Some argue among themselves. Others watch us. As we move along, the lights catch new angles, their faces change, their garments ripple, some are suddenly lost to sight and others pop up to take their places. It's not hard to forget that our audience is just a group of fair-sized stalagmites, especially as the constant rumble of the touring party echoes among them and they seem to growl at *us*.

## LOWER CAVERNS

"Down there," says the Ranger, pointing his flashlight over a railing, "is the lower cavern."

You look over the rail into a gloomy stillness 150 feet below



and barely make out other figures, other little men and totem poles and toadstools just as fantastic as the ones you've seen, but very lonely down there in the dark. Some day, you are told, the Government will build paths down there too, and then more than a thousand visitors a day will parade before the gnomes and little people of the lower cave.

Around the far end of the Big Room, the line halts momentarily to admire a long shapely lance that sweeps down from the walls or to gape at a field of mammoth lily pads or at a formation that seems to roll out of the sidewall like a frozen cascade of water. But you can't stop for long. A score of Rangers walk along with the party and keep it at a steady pace. They ask you not to take pictures because the time required to make a decent exposure would hold up the party. A lot of people, including myself, took snapshots and got something that looked like the inside of a rain barrel. The only good photographs that have ever come out of the Caverns were taken by professionals who, with permission of the Department of Interior, enter with fancy cameras and flashlight bulbs and allow all the way from ten to fifteen minutes for an exposure. (An example are the photographs in this booklet, some of the finest ever taken of Carlsbad Caverns National Park.)

## LIGHTS OUT

Just once are the lights turned out during the tour of the Caverns. After making the circuit of the Big Room—a matter of two miles or so—we stopped in a kind of natural amphitheatre facing a huge stalagmite—the Rock of Ages, said to be the oldest in the world. And well it might be. Perched on a slight rise against one of the Big Room walls, wrinkled, faintly tinted with orange, and sparkling in the rays of floodlights, it looks as tall as a house and almost as wide. The semicircular hill that faces it is terraced by the path and, as our party paused along the slope, we were asked to sit down facing the Rock of Ages.

This we did. Several hurriedly put out cigarettes. Children were shushed right and left. Whispers stopped. Someone coughed—a sound that rocketed through the Big Room like a rifle shot. And then, with everyone as quiet as the Rock itself, Colonel Thomas Boles, genial Superintendent of Carlsbad Caverns National Park, made a speech. After remarking on the size of the party and thanking us all for coming, he went on to say that when the lights went out we would be in total and complete darkness for the first time in our lives.

In the immense silence that settled down again, I could hear from some remote corner the steady drip-drip-drip of limestone water as it whacked the top of a growing stalagmite. Then there was a series of clicks and the lights dimmed and went out. For as long as it takes to read these words, an afterglow hung on the Cavern walls and then a solid blackness covered

*The Rock of Ages (left).*

everything. I peered around and waved my hand before my eyes. There was no sensation of sight at all. I was alone, underground, and totally blind.

For several minutes it seemed (actually less than a minute) the inky black hung on. Then far down the room, throwing into crazy silhouette a mass of limestone boulders and statuary, a glimmer of light appeared. Simultaneously I could hear men singing. And as the light advanced up the Big Room, jumping from rock to rock and wall to wall, the music swelled louder: "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me." When the song had reached its loudest, the lights were all on again and the Big Room was as bright as day.

## UP, UP

The underground show was over. Most of the people left us to walk out of the Caverns while we cut across the Big Room to take the elevator to the surface. One of two elevators—the second longest express elevators in the world—whizzed us to the surface at a rate of better than twelve feet per second. I watched a tiny panel of lights that indicated our progress upward at fifty-foot intervals. Starting at "750," we rose rapidly. "700," "650," with the elevator emitting a curious whining noise and my ears popping. Finally, the elevator murmured to a stop, the door rolled back, and we were above ground in the blinding white light of a New Mexico summer. I was surprised to see the sun still above the horizon, for it seemed that we had been underground for hours. But there it was, just as we had left it, painting the clouds a billowy white and tossing long shadows off the century plants and barrel cactus.

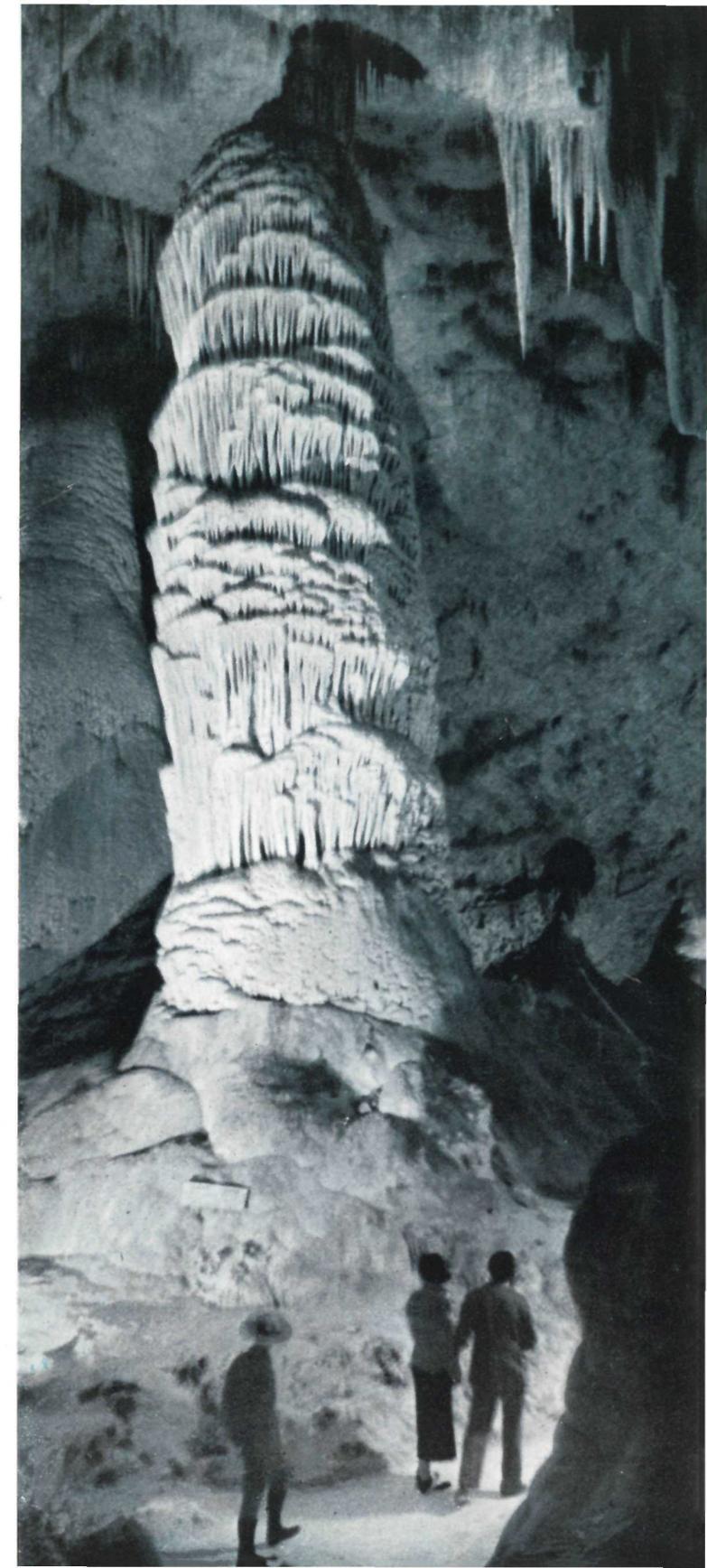
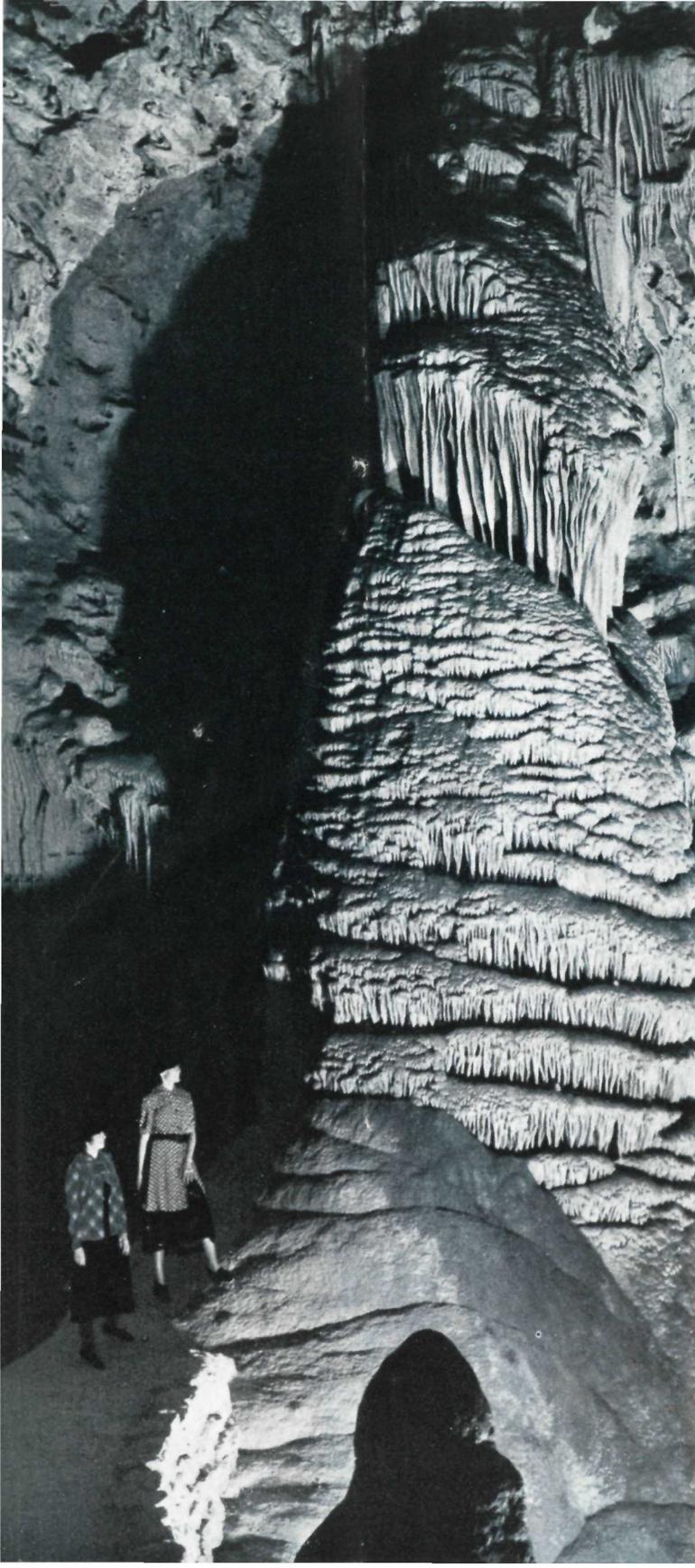
The motor coach was waiting for us. We piled in. The driver swung us down the ridge and we had a last-minute look at the trim little settlement of grey buildings and white walls.

That is Carlsbad Caverns as I saw it. Plainly, it is more a matter of personal experience than a sightseeing trip. The gigantic upward stretch of pillars, the magnificent sweep of twinkling drapes, the echoey stillness of mighty halls—all this and all the rest is better told in terms of what happens to you when you see it. Whether you will think Carlsbad Caverns one thing or another I cannot know. But this I am sure of: you will never forget them as long as you live.

And because appreciation of the Caverns is all wrapped up in one's own reaction to the lights and shadows and forms down there, you can't take them home with you. You can draw your diagrams and keep notes. But when the folks back home pin you down to a simple description of Carlsbad Caverns, you'll find yourself searching for words that have never been invented. Finally you'll say (as I am forced to write): "Well, I saw them and liked them. You ought to see them too."

[ END ]

*Largest stalagmite in the world (right).*



# CARLSBAD CAVERNS INFORMATION

As you can see from the map, Carlsbad Caverns National Park is near El Paso on Southern Pacific's SUNSET ROUTE (New Orleans-Los Angeles-San Francisco) and GOLDEN STATE ROUTE (Chicago-Los Angeles). Fast motor coaches and limousines operated by the Carlsbad Cavern Coaches Company take you from El Paso to the Park.



**WHAT TO WEAR.** No special clothes are required for the walking trip of Carlsbad Caverns. There is no necessity for stooping or crawling at any point of the tour. Trails are wide, firm, and safe. They are exceptionally well lighted. Due to the cool temperature of the Caverns, however, it is advisable to bring a light-weight sweater or wrap. Otherwise clothing should follow the season.

**FEES.** A fee of \$1.50 is charged each adult entering the Caverns. This fee is for guide service and goes into a fund that maintains the Caverns. No charge is made for children 16 years of age or under when accompanied by an adult assuming responsibility for their safety and good conduct. A charge of 50c in each direction is made for each adult using the elevator. Half fare is charged for children between the ages of five and twelve years. For children five years and under there is no charge when they are accompanied by responsible adults.

**HOTELS.** There are no accommodations available in the National Park, but in Carlsbad, New Mexico, there are at least two good hotels, rates starting at \$2 European Plan. Or you can stay at White's City near the Park entrance.

**ADMINISTRATION.** The representative of the National Park Service in immediate charge of the Carlsbad Caverns National Park is Colonel Thomas Boles, superintendent. He maintains headquarters in the town of Carlsbad. He is assisted in protecting the park by a force of rangers, headed by a chief ranger, who live near the Caverns entrance.

# HOW TO SEE TWICE AS MUCH

It makes no difference whether you cross the continent from the East or West, you can see *twice* as much on a Southern Pacific round trip ticket.

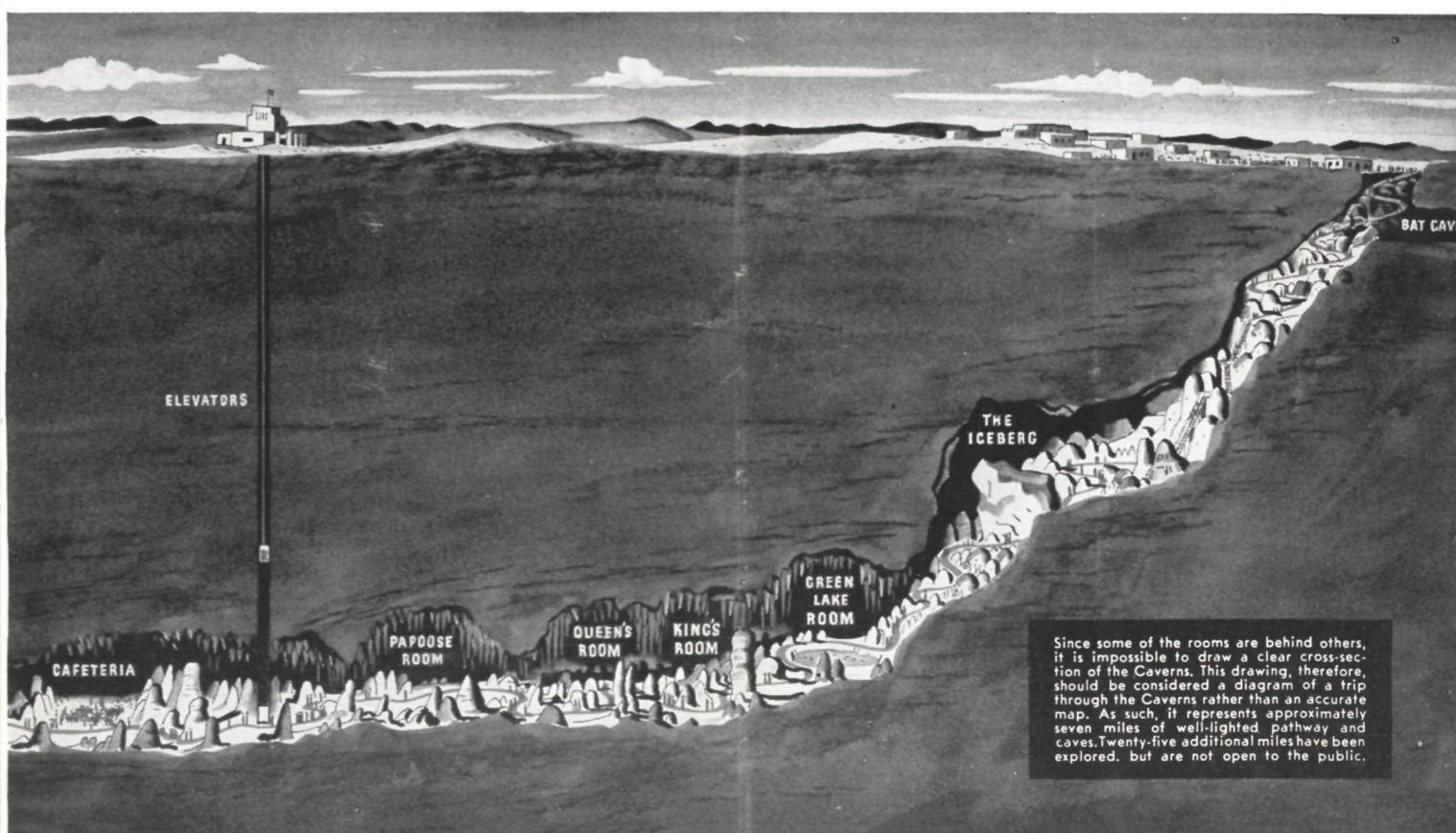
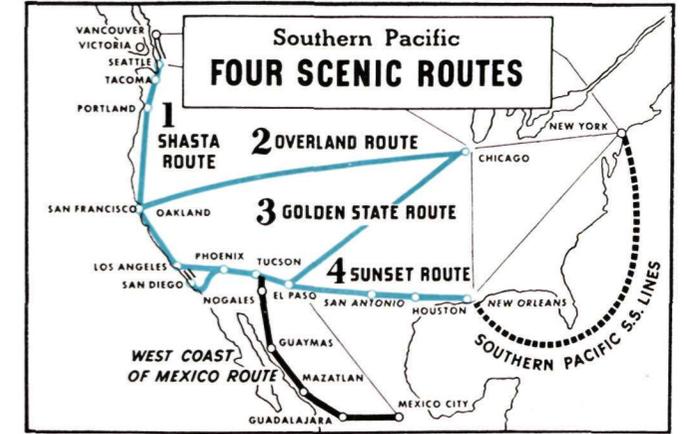
The map at the right shows Southern Pacific's Four Scenic Routes. By going on *one* of these routes and returning on *another*, you see a different part of the United States each way. You actually see *twice* as much as you would by going and returning on the same route.

Here is a brief description of the Four Scenic Routes and the famous trains you'll ride. All these trains are completely air-conditioned.

**SUNSET ROUTE** between New York, New Orleans, Los Angeles and San Francisco through the picturesque Old South, the Mexican border country along the Rio Grande and colorful southern Arizona. (New York-New Orleans on Southern Pacific's gallant cruise-ship *S.S. Dixie*.) Famed trains across the Southwest and South: *Sunset Limited* and *Argonaut*.

**GOLDEN STATE ROUTE** between Chicago and Los Angeles is the direct, low-altitude way to the playgrounds of southern California. Route of the luxurious *Golden State Limited* (no extra fare) and the friendly *Californian*, a real economy train.

**OVERLAND ROUTE** is the shortest, most direct route between Chicago and San Francisco. Finest and fastest trains: the great Streamliner *City of San Francisco* and the streamlined *Forty-Niner*, alternating to give super-speed, extra fare service every three days. Fast daily trains: the all-Pullman *Overland Limited*, the *Pacific Limited* and the economical *San Francisco Challenger*.



Since some of the rooms are behind others, it is impossible to draw a clear cross-section of the Caverns. This drawing, therefore, should be considered a diagram of a trip through the Caverns rather than an accurate map. As such, it represents approximately seven miles of well-lighted pathway and caves. Twenty-five additional miles have been explored, but are not open to the public.

# EL PASO AND JUAREZ

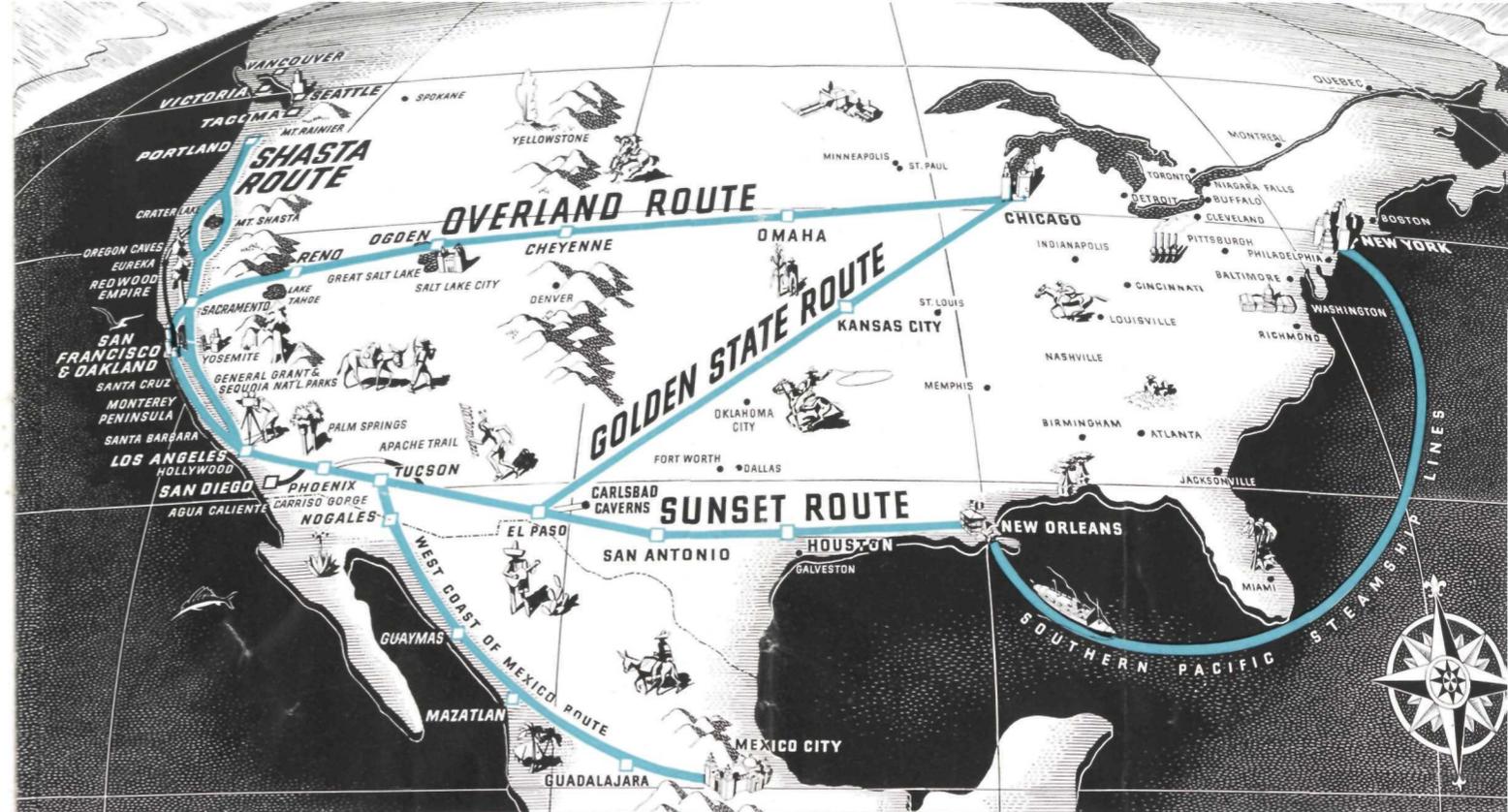
A Carlsbad Caverns sidetrip from El Paso is in reality two trips in one. You see Carlsbad Caverns National Park. And you see El Paso and Juarez. El Paso, the largest city on the Southern frontier, has long been an important gateway to Old Mexico. The Mexicans themselves, observing how the Rio Grande flowed through a gap in the mountains here, named the city *El Paso del Norte*—the pass of the north. Today, it is not only a busy metropolis of railroads, refineries, and mills, but also it has retained the romantic atmosphere of a cross-road border city. From beyond the purple mountains to the south come the products and travelers from Mexico. From the east and west and north come visitors like yourself and the products of the United States. They meet and pass here. El Paso is the crossroads of the Southwest.

Five minutes by streetcar, less by taxi, from downtown El Paso and you are across the International Bridge and into Juarez, one of the largest border towns. Five minutes after leaving El Paso's solid modern buildings, you are walking through narrow streets, past adobe buildings that are colored in pink and green and yellow. Everywhere are shops, places to buy things. Little stalls made of a few sticks and a piece of cloth and set alongside lop-sided walks. Booths in the Public Market. The better class shops that are situated in buildings.

They seem to have everything in stock. A partial list of souvenirs begins with Mexican cigarettes which everyone buys, but very few enjoy. Then comes bubble-glass, giddy-colored sarapes, vegetables, meat, candy, leather goods, wearing apparel, hand-carved wooden statues. And throughout all your shopping someone (usually a small child) insists that your greatest need is a guide.

Juarez has its four star attractions: the old bull ring, Guadalupe Mission, the venerable jail, the Public Market and the dozens of cafes and cantinas that line the principal streets. In particular the Mission is well worth a trip of inspection. It was built by the Jesuits in 1659 and built to last. It has heavy overhead beams, walls 56 inches thick, and bells that were made in Spain and brought from the coast by mules.

And what about Juarez and entertainment? The years that have passed since the old frontier days have not lessened the zest of her night life. There is a great collection of delicious things to eat and drink in Juarez. You can order a score of authentic Mexican dishes—everything from tortillas to enchiladas. The cafes along *Calle Comercio* and Juarez Avenue are known from coast to coast for their music and service. At night when the stars and the pink lights of the Plaza come on, you will hear guitar music and songs and laughter.



This map shows Southern Pacific's Four Scenic Routes in the United States. As you can see, they serve most of the principal cities and scenic wonders of the West, Southwest and South. A fifth Southern Pacific route takes you down the west coast to Mexico City, via Guaymas, Mazatlan and Guadalajara.

## Southern Pacific Representatives

Your nearest Southern Pacific representative will gladly give you full information as to passenger fares, Pullman reservations, time schedules, etc. He will also attend to such details as tickets, hotel and Pullman reservations, etc., for you, or help you with your freight shipments. Southern Pacific representatives in important cities in the Middle West and East are shown below and in addition Southern Pacific agents are located in practically every city and town reached by its lines. Southern Pacific representatives are at your service during your journey.

ATLANTA, GA.....	310 Volunteer Bldg.....	W. G. Peoples, Gen. Agent	MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.....	619 Metropolitan Life Bldg.....	Paul E. Carneck, Gen. Agent
BALTIMORE, MD.....	214 Baltimore Life Bldg.....	A. A. Price, Gen. Agent	MONTERREY, MEX.....	Morelos Ote 501.....	Alfonso Marquez, Gen. Agent
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.....	203-8 Empire Bldg.....	S. J. Brown, Gen. Agent	NEW YORK, N. Y.....	535 5th Ave. (at 44th), Room 1012	
BOSTON, MASS.....	294 Washington St., Rm. 209.....	E. S. Leavitt, Gen. Agent			F. L. Pickering, Gen. Agent
BUFFALO, N. Y.....	204 Ellicott Square Bldg.....	T. B. Brennan, Gen. Agent			531 5th Ave. (at 44th St.)—Sou. Pac. Ticket Office
CHICAGO, ILL.....	77 E. Jackson Blvd.....	J. H. Desherow, Gen. Agt. Pass. Dept.			W. J. Hanrahan, City Passenger & Ticket Agent
CINCINNATI, OHIO.....	408 Traction Bldg.....	W. J. Montgomery, Gen. Agent	OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.....	924 Perrine Bldg.....	J. A. Eads, Gen. Agent
CLEVELAND, OHIO.....	1116 Hippodrome Bldg.....	E. G. Cook, Gen. Agent	PHILADELPHIA, PA.....	700 Packard Bldg.....	G. H. Vogel, Gen. Agent
DENVER, COLO.....	409 U. S. Nat. Bank Bldg.....	J. E. Bolin, Gen. Agent	PITTSBURGH, PA.....	1215 Gulf Bldg.....	H. F. Starke, Gen. Agent
DETROIT, MICH.....	205-7 Majestic Bldg.....	Robert McDowell, Gen. Agent	SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.....	41 South Main St.....	D. R. Owen, Gen. Agent
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.....	309 Merchants Bank Bldg.....	G. L. Halenkamp, Gen. Agent	SEATTLE, WASH.....	1405 Fourth Ave.....	B. C. Taylor, Gen. Agent
KANSAS CITY, MO.....	501 Railway Exchange Bldg.....	E. H. Williams, Gen. Agent	ST. LOUIS, MO.....	445 Cotton Belt Bldg.....	P. Bancroft, Gen. Agent
LOUISVILLE, KY.....	296 Starks Bldg.....	H. Reyburn, Dist. Frt. & Pass. Agt.	VANCOUVER, B. C.....	619 Howe St.....	C. G. Alton, Canadian Gen. Agent
MEMPHIS, TENN.....	725-9 Exchange Bldg.....	C. A. Bevis, Gen. Agent	WASHINGTON, D. C.....	1201 Shoreham Bldg.....	E. N. Hurd, Jr., Gen. Agent
MEXICO CITY, MEX.....	Avenida Cinco de Mayo, No. 32.....	F. V. Stark, Traffic Mgr.			

J. A. ORMANDY, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Ore.  
 F. C. LATHROP, General Passenger Agent, San Francisco, Cal.  
 H. P. MONAHAN, General Passenger Agent, Los Angeles, Cal.  
 J. D. MASON, General Passenger Agent, El Paso, Texas.  
 L. H. TRIMBLE, General Freight and Passenger Agent, Phoenix, Ariz.  
 J. T. MONROE, Passenger Traffic Manager, Texas & Louisiana Lines, Houston, Texas  
 E. A. TURNER, General Passenger Agent, New Orleans, La.

O. P. BARTLETT, Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago, Ill.  
 H. H. GRAY, General Passenger Agent, New York, N. Y.  
 WILLIAM SIMMONS, Traffic Manager, Southern Pacific S.S. Lines, New York, N. Y.  
 L. G. HOFF, General Traffic Manager, Mexican Lines, Guadalajara, Mexico  
 F. S. MCGINNIS, Vice-President, System Passenger Traffic, San Francisco, Cal., and Houston, Tex.



El Paso, famous for its high-altitude climate, is the gateway to Mexico and to Carlsbad Caverns. This photo shows the downtown section.



Over the heads of this casual Juarez group you can see the bell tower of Guadalupe Mission. To the right is a corner of a sidewalk shop.