

The Great Southwest

By W. E. Hill

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Etta, the Harvey waitress, fixing up for the next train load. Harvey waitresses have very few illusions left. They see the movie stars coming east and the easterners going west, and they all look about the same, eating in the lunchrooms.

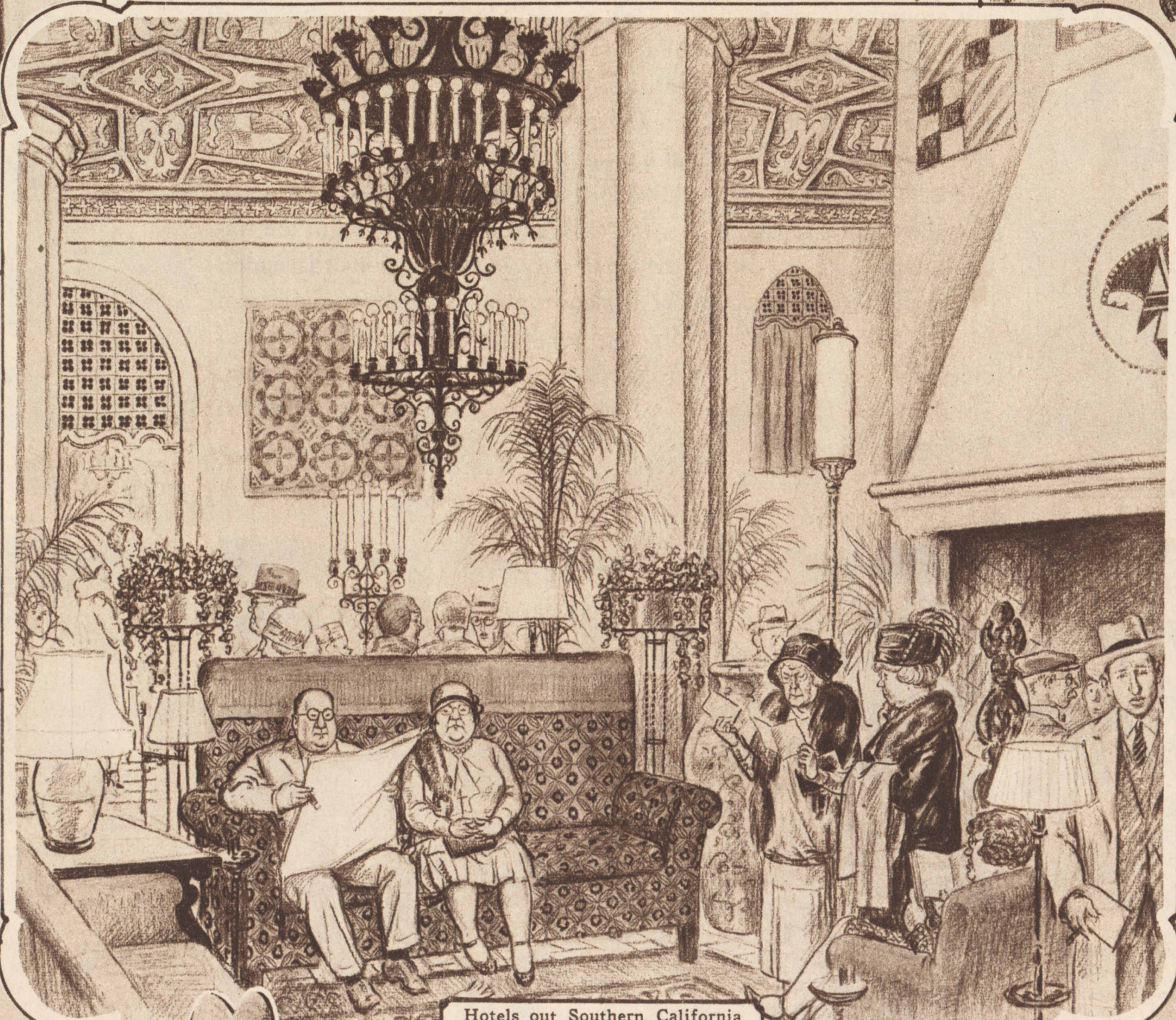


Trains to and from the coast stop long enough at Albuquerque for those en route to price and handle all the things which the Indian vendors have to sell, outside the lunchroom. Sometimes a tourist buys something, and then there is great joy all around.



Grand Canyon. Grace and Ninon are letting the photographer take a pose or two against the canyon as a background, so they can send a souvenir of Arizona back to the folks in Amiol, Mass.

The girl guide. Indian detour couriers are smart girls. A girl guide taking a party of inquisitive tourists on a sightseeing trip must have her geology, zoology, and languages right at her tongue's end. She must know enough about geological formation to be able to point and say, "Look! That's a mountain." And she must have a smattering of Mexican and Spanish so that when visiting an Indian pueblo she will be able to say, "Why, Manuelito, aren't you ashamed to charge two dollars for that!"



Hotels out Southern California way are getting grander and grander. The tourist looks just about the same, however, year after year. Sitting on the Mexican renaissance davenport in the lounge of El Toro Biltmore are Mr. and Mrs. Klaus Koalbin of Corning, N. Y., waiting for bedtime. To the right of this charming couple are the Misses Clara and Eleanor Cowgrin of Rockford, Ill., reading a letter from the home town, all about their brother's little girl, Hazel, and how she had her adenoids out.



Indian child being coaxed, to no avail, by a lady tourist who wants a snapshot.



The coupon tourist. Some tourists prefer traveling through a travel bureau. They eat, sleep, and sight-see on coupons which they tear off and give at hourly intervals to sleeping car conductors, waitresses, chambermaids, policemen, and hotel clerks. This works beautifully for the first hundred miles, and then like as not a tourist will eat breakfast off a sightseeing coupon and give his breakfast coupon to a bus conductor. This is what has happened to the young man on the donkey. He gave his breakfast coupon to the wrong person at Grand Canyon, and as the party happened to be the man who takes tourists down a trail on muleback, there was nothing left but to see it through.



Harvey bus drivers are picked primarily (though you won't read about it in the folders) for their beautiful eyes. Impressionable ladies making the Indian trip for the first time will be very much intrigued. They will go home and remember the Harvey bus driver's soulful eyes, long after the Indians and the pueblos and the Santa Clara pottery are forgotten. And they will get so upset that they will, nine times out of ten, decide to make the Indian detour all over again.



Elderly traveler in the great southwest whose passion it is to hunt Spanish missions and five-and-ten stores en route to the coast.



The cliff dwellings around Santa Fe. Mrs. Mosher and Mrs. Haverstraw are discussing a certain problem that sooner or later a tourist taking the Indian detour trip just has to face. "What," asks Mrs. Mosher, coming up from the deserted kiva, "are you going to do about the courier girl when you leave? She's a college graduate, you know, and I should hate to offend her by offering her money. Besides, this courier tells me she's own cousin to an earl!" Mrs. Haverstraw replies, "Well, Roy and I talked it all over last evening, and we decided it would be nicer to wait till we get back home and send her something—a book of views or a handkerchief, just to show we haven't forgotten her!"