Hotel El Tovar

On the rim of the
Grand Canyon

Management of
Fred Harvey

Santa Fe
NO ONE can describe the Grand Canyon to you. It must be seen—not once, but many times. Only by frequent visits may a small portion of its ineffable loveliness be apprehended. For a distance of nearly 500 miles (from the junction of the Grand and Green rivers in Southern Utah to the mouth of the Rio Virgin), the Colorado River flows through a series of deep canyons, culminating in the Grand Canyon of Arizona.

This latter chasm begins near the mouth of the Little Colorado River and extends southwest 217 miles. The granite gorge section is sixty-five miles long. Here the plateau level varies from 6,500 to 8,000 feet above the sea. The river has carved a winding channel through the uplift more than a mile deep and from ten to thirteen miles wide. In this titanic trough are hundreds of mountains more imposing than Mount Washington, none of which, however, rises above the canyon’s rim. The rock strata are many-tinted, creating a rainbow sea of color. There are safe trails at three points on the southern side from rim to river.

THE civilized world first heard of the Grand Canyon in 1540, when it was discovered by early Spanish explorers. From then until the middle of the nineteenth century it remained practically unvisited. The rediscovery of this notable world-wonder by Maj. J. W. Powell occurred in 1869. The journal of his venturesome journey in frail boats down unknown rapids and waterfalls, braving the dangers of sunken rocks and powerful eddies, is an epic story of sublimest heroism, modestly told.

Not until the building of the Santa Fe’s cross-the-continent line in 1884 was the scene of Major Powell’s exploits made easily accessible. Today there is a branch railway from Williams, Ariz., on the main California line of the Santa Fe, to the head of Bright Angel Trail, in the middle of the Grand Canyon district. Visitors now number thousands yearly, where a decade ago they were counted by dozens.

The latest triumph of the American invader is the $250,000 hotel, El Tovar, described in these pages.
IT IS now so easy to reach the Grand Canyon, and you are so delightfully cared for at El Tovar, that every California traveler should make the short detour and arrange for at least a few days' stay. Two or three weeks and more profitably could be spent here. This section of Arizona is an all-the-year-round resort, the ideal place for sightseeing and for a rest from business cares.

In summer the altitude, averaging 7,000 feet, insures cool nights and comfortable days. The atmosphere has so little moisture that even at midday the heat is never oppressive. A step into the shade brings instant coolness.

In winter the nights are moderately cold and the days pleasantly warm. Before breakfast there may be ice by the roadside. By ten o'clock the fervid sun dominates a cloudless sky, and the air seems like May. Thick wraps are then thrown aside. Snow rarely falls until midwinter and does not last long; by going part way down into the canyon you may altogether avoid it. Winter in Arizona is, as a rule, very enjoyable.

T THE hotel is from three to four stories high. It contains nearly a hundred bedrooms. The main building and entrance face the east. Ample accommodations are provided for 200 guests.

Outside are wide porches and roof gardens. Boulders and logs for the walls and shakes for the roof, stained a weather-beaten color, merge into the gray-green of the surroundings.

The inside finish is mainly peeled slabs, wood in the rough, and tinted plaster, interspersed with huge wooden beams. Triple casement windows and generous fireplaces abound. Indian curios and trophies of the chase are liberally used in the decorations.

El Tovar is more than a hotel; it is a little village devoted to the entertainment of travelers. The excellence of its shelter and food is unquestioned. The hotel is conducted on the American plan. Rooms without bath, $4.00 to $6.00 a day each person; rooms with bath, $6.00 to $8.00 each person, and upward. Meals only, breakfast and luncheon $1.00 each, dinner $1.50.
To accommodate those desiring less expensive quarters, Bright Angel Camp—old Bright Angel Hotel remodeled—is operated on the European plan. Rooms $1.00 to $1.50 a day each person; meals at Harvey café. The lodgings and fare here are of a much simpler kind than at El Tovar, but clean, wholesome, and thoroughly comfortable.

This camp supplements the higher-class service at the big hotel.

Leaving the train at the station a short distance from the hotel, you proceed up a winding road to the main entrance, a hasty glimpse through low cedars revealing the far canyon wall. Above the wide steps and in front of the Norway gable, hospitably swings the Tovar coat-of-arms.

On the broad porch are numerous rocking-chairs and small tables, with a push-button handy for ordering light refreshments.

The porch corners are of solid rough masonry, built in old mission style, the arches wide and low.

The first impression is one of good cheer.

Francisco Vasquez Coronado, the Spanish governor of Galacia, left Mexico in the year 1540, accompanied by several hundred warriors, in search of the mythical seven cities of Cibola.

Coronado and his men found no gold, but they discovered New Mexico, Arizona, and other sections of the Rockies.

Chief among Coronado’s lieutenants was a conquistador named Don Pedro de Tovar, leader of the detachment that explored and conquered the province of Tusayan, now known as Hopiland. His father was lord high steward to Queen Dona Juana. While among the Hopis, Tovar heard of the Grand Canyon, which borders old Tusayan on the west. He reported the tale to Coronado, and Cardenas was sent to verify it. Cardenas reported that the Colorado River seemed to be three or four hundred leagues across from bank to bank; his party spent several days looking in vain for a passage down to the water.

When the Santa Fe needed a name for its hotel at Bright Angel, El Tovar was selected.
A Scene on the Front Veranda

OCCUPYING a site 7,000 feet above sea level, close to the rim of the Grand Canyon, at the railway terminus and not far from the head of Bright Angel Trail, El Tovar commands a prospect without parallel in the world. A perpendicular mile from rim to river (seven miles by trail) and thirteen dizzy miles across to the opposite canyon wall, is the story of the measuring line. The roaring Colorado below looks like a silvery thread. Its tumult seldom reaches the upper air. On three sides are the fragrant pines of Tusayan, a Government forest reserve.

El Tovar is a long, low, rambling edifice, built of native boulders and pine logs from far-off Oregon. The width north and south is 327 feet and from east to west 218 feet.

Its lines are in harmony with the simplicity of the surroundings. The architect has combined in admirable proportions the Swiss chalet and the Norway villa. Not a Waldorf-Astoria, but more like a big country clubhouse, open to any traveler seeking high-class accommodations.

ONCE inside, the traveler willingly will linger a few moments in the Rendezvous. This is a large room, 41 by 37 feet, notable for uneven walls of dark stained logs and bulky rafters. In a huge corner fireplace pine knots burn cheerily when the air is chilly. From the low roof hang electric lights placed in log squares swinging at the end of long chains. Gray Navajo rugs cover the brown floor. There are cozy tete-a-tetes and easy chairs. On an upper shelf repose heads of the deer, elk, moose, mountain sheep, and buffalo, mingling with curiously shaped and gaudily-tinted Indian jars from the Southwest pueblos. An old-fashioned clock ticks off the hours. Several small escritoires remind you of letters to be written to the home folks.

Recessed window-seats, partly hidden by red curtains, complete the picture.

What wonder that every morning and evening most of the guests gather in this room—the ladies to read and gossip; the gentlemen to smoke and tell of their latest adventures.
CROSS the western edge of the Rendezvous and you are in the Rotunda, the center of the hotel’s many activities and its very necessary hub. Whether bound for dining-room or parlors, for guest chamber or amusement room; whether attracted by the click of billiards below or the brightness of the roof-garden above—all paths here intersect.

On the first floor is the Office. There is nothing unusual about this part of El Tovar. Here is a pigeon-holed affair, where your key is stowed away when not in use, and your mail distributed. Here, too, is a switchboard for the room telephones and a safe to hold your valuables. One corner of the counter is set apart for consultation with the clerk who makes arrangements for trail trips and rim drives. The little rooms opening off from the office are occupied by the stenographer and bookkeeper.

After registering at the clerk’s desk and before starting to the room assigned, you notice that to the right is a rustic stand where are sold those indispensable things—newspapers, magazines, books, postcards, cigars and sweetmeats.

JUST beyond the office are the Art Rooms, devoted to the sale of paintings and photographs. On the walls hang paintings of Southwest scenery from the brushes of noted American artists, perhaps including one of Thomas Moran’s masterpieces, also canvases by Sauerwen, Couse, Sharpe, Leigh, Jorgensen, Burgdorff, Wachtel, and Rollins. Other paintings are on view elsewhere in the public rooms.

You also will be interested in looking over the fine exhibit of sepia and colored photographs, embracing some very artistic subjects, mainly the work of Mr. Karl Moon, who has photographed nearly all of the Indian tribes in the Southwest.

The Ladies’ Lounging Room, reached by an easily ascended stairway, nestles around an octagonal open space that extends to the roof. It is draped with crimson hangings. In it the better half of the world may see without being seen—may chat and gossip—may sew and read—may do any of the inconsequent nothings which serve to pleasantly pass the time away.
The large illustration above is reproduced from a painting by Louis Akin. It gives a fair idea of the location of El Tovar Hotel, on the rim of the Grand Canyon. The hotel is fully described herein. For a more complete account of the canyon, read the booklet, published free by the Santa Fe, entitled “Titan of Chasms.”

The Grand Canyon is the one great sight that every American should see. It is the scenic marvel of the world.
There are nearly a hundred sleeping rooms. They are found on all four floors. The Arizona sunshine generously enters each one at some hour of the day. No dark, gloomy corners—everything is bright and cheerful. The canyon may be seen from many of the windows; not always the whole panorama, but sections of it.

Of these sleeping-rooms, all but twelve have rough, sand-finished walls and ceilings, appropriately tinted in Nile green, buff, and cream colors. The remaining dozen are larger than the others and more elaborately decorated, the walls being attractively papered and the furniture of rich pattern. The floors are covered with Wilton carpets. Steam heat (automatically regulated), electric lights, and office telephones are provided—willing servants quickly to do your bidding.

On the first and second floors are forty-two rooms en suite. There are twenty-one commodious bath-rooms, white as snow, and kept spotlessly clean. On the office and first floors are two private parlors, en suite.

The furniture is mostly of arts and crafts design, made to order at the best eastern factories; nothing cheap nor tawdry is tolerated. In the suite rooms colonial style, mahogany finish, is used. In the other rooms, fumed oak, old mission style, predominates. No expense was spared in selecting the furniture. It is both useful and ornamental.

As you enter from the corridor the open bedroom door reveals a restful scene, in which plate-glass mirrors, fine linen, filmy lace curtains and leather couches each contribute their quota of daintiness. Think of a comfort, here it is—even that chiefest one, a bed that is neither too hard nor too soft, but just right.

This latter item may seem unimportant to those who stay at home most of the time and whose customary sleeping places are therefore fitted with every modern convenience.

But those who perforce must travel frequently will appreciate above all things else the El Tovar beds—the rest-inviting kind.
WHEN travel stains are washed off and fresh garments are donned, it is time for dinner. You are directed to the great Norway dining-room. It is quadrangular in form, 89 feet long by 38 feet wide, arched overhead, the roof supported by six huge log trusses. Walls and trusses and roof are all finished in rough wood and are as brown as a coffee berry. The two end fireplaces are built of gray sandstone.

A dozen electroliers of rustic pattern hang from the ceiling. Electric wall lights and candelabra for the side tables complete the lighting.

Through any one of the many triple windows may be seen the large-eyed stars, for here the sky seems to bend closer to earth than in lower altitudes.

The tables are adorned with glass, silver, and flowers. You also notice old brass dishes, antique Dutch and English platters, and Indian ollas, displayed on the plate rail.

It is the most artistic dining room in the Southwest.

NEW stables, accommodating more than 125 head of animals, besides coach and wagon room, have recently been built at a cost of $50,000. The equipment is all first-class and the animals well cared for. Reliable guides and drivers are furnished for all parties, at moderate charges. You can take a trip down one of the different trails, a ride on horseback along the rim, or a drive to any of the different points of interest, with the full assurance that your comfort and safety are well looked after.

Special attention is given to saddle-horses. Saddles of different kinds are provided and guides are available for horseback rides through the forest or to any of the many points along the canyon rim not reached by coach or wagon.

Among the many delightful trips may be mentioned the sunset view from Hopi Point, three miles west from El Tovar. Coaches are timed to leave El Tovar so as to reach the Point a little before sundown. Persons have come hundreds of miles for this view alone.
THERE are many things to do at the Grand Canyon. Go down Bright Angel Trail and back—a day's trip; or camp over night near the river and come up the next day. The trail stock is sure-footed. Ladies may rent divided skirts and other riding accessories. Ride through the pines, along the new Hermit Rim Road, nine miles west of El Tovar, to head of Hermit Trail, descending same to the plateau camp seven miles further where the night is spent, reaching El Tovar next noon on return trip. Or one may come back by way of Tonto Trail, requiring another day. Hermit road and trail open up a magnificent series of Canyon views.

Take short carriage drives to Hopi and Yavapai points, where there is a wide outlook up and down the canyon.

Visit Grand View (altitude 7,500 feet), eastward fourteen miles by auto through the Tusayan Forest; there and back in half a day. A trail here leads down the canyon wall. By the rim path one may ride horseback to Moran and Zuñi points, if a longer stay is made.

WELL-TRAINED waitresses, in white uniforms, deftly serve the meal, which is Harvey's best. The menu contains the season's delicacies and is varied enough to suit any taste. While you are leisurely dining it is pleasant to look around and see who your neighbors are. They have come here from every section—perhaps a New York or Chicago banker, a Harvard professor, an Arizona ranchman, an English globetrotter, and a German savant.

Pretty women and lovely children complete the picture.

The dinner itself is prepared under the direction of a capable Italian chef, once employed in New York and Chicago clubs. He presides over one of the most complete and up-to-the-minute hotel kitchens in the United States.

On the right of the main entrance is a small breakfast room, tastefully decorated in fifteenth century style. On the left is a private dining-room, whose wall decorations mainly consist of Indian deer hieroglyphics reproduced from old pictographs in Mallery’s grotto.
The end of the north wing, on the office floor, is a spacious Music Room. The wall decorations are of gold, trimmed in old ivory, imitating fifteenth century leather. Sunshine streams in from numerous windows. It is a favorite resort for lovers of music, cards, and dancing.

Where the south wing terminates, and on the office floor, is a sunny, glass-enclosed nook, open on three sides and sheltered from cool north winds. It is called the Solarium or Sun-Parlor. To this retreat come the ladies, with sewing baskets and books. It is quite the fad to take a sun bath here.

On the top floor and out of doors are two Roof Gardens, where light refreshments are served.

On the ground floor, easily reached from the office and from the rim pathway, is the Amusement Room, fitted with billiard, pool, and card tables, and shuffle-boards. Adjacent is the Clubroom. Across the way is the Barber Shop, which is also headquarters for a masseur and chiropodist.

During the summer and fall camping trips are arranged to the more distant localities, such as Cataract Canyon, the reservation of the Supai Indians, the Little Colorado River, as well as to the Painted Desert and many other places of unique interest. Cataract Canyon is fifty miles away, the home of the Supai Indians; here are waterfalls almost as beautiful as those in Yosemite. For details of trips and cost, consult our pamphlet, "Trails, Drives and Saddle Horses," or apply to agent at El Tovar.

Ride horseback. Safe and speedy horses may be hired, and the forest roads are good. Take long walks, or dream the day away on the edge of a cliff in some secluded spot. Inspect the Hopi House and Navajo hogans.

The management of El Tovar on special occasions provides varied indoor entertainment—such as music, dancing, "smokers," lectures, etc. Special attention is given to outdoor sports. And there is always the Grand Canyon to look at. Tourists have come thousands of miles just for that and nothing else.
A SHORT distance east of El Tovar and a stone's throw from the sheer canyon wall is the Hopi House, an irregular stone structure, plastered with adobe, covering a ground space 60 by 90 feet and rising three stories high.

It is a miniature Indian pueblo. If you have ever witnessed the snake dance at Oraibi you may have seen on a side street the original of this picturesque building.

Here are Hopi men, women, and children—some decorating exquisite pottery; others spinning yarn and weaving squaw dresses, scarfs, and blankets. Go inside and you see how these gentle folk live. The rooms are little and low, like their small-statured occupants. The floors and walls are as cleanly as a Dutch kitchen. The Hopis are making "piki," twining the raven black hair of the "manas" in big side whorls, smoking corn-cob pipes, building sacred altars, mending moccasins—doing a hundred un-American things. They are the most primitive Indians in America, with ceremonies several centuries old.

TALL, taciturn Navajos—smooth-faced, keen-eyed Bedouins—live in adjacent "hogans." The Navajo women weave fine wool blankets. The men cunningly fashion silver ornaments. Both sexes are at home on horseback, being expert riders.

Perhaps a band of Supais, wandered from their Cataract Canyon home, fifty miles away, will offer to sell you a basket.

Several rooms in the Hopi House are devoted to an exhibit of rare and costly specimens of Indian and Mexican handiwork. Here is displayed the priceless Harvey collection of old Navajo blankets, winner of a grand prize at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition; and, finally, a salesroom containing the most interesting display of genuine Indian and Mexican handiwork in this country, gathered from all sections of the Southwest and Northwest.

A day profitably may be spent investigating the various exhibits here.

For further information, address

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