

A huge architectural labyrinth, endlessly varied in design,  
Painted in every color, are rock series down to primitive times.  
The Bright Angel Trail descends to the Colorado River below;  
To The Indian Gardens and the Hopi House visitors are sure to go,  
Or sit on the veranda of El Tovar, and watch the varied light,  
Ever changing, ever beautiful—rose-purple—pink—yellow—fading  
into night.

Thru Yuma, the gateway to Arizona, in its fascinating place,  
West to historic San Diego, now a Pacific naval base,  
Here Father Junipero Serra planted the first wooden cross,  
Built San Diego Mission, now a ruin covered with moss.  
Gathered the Indians about him, taught them to be men,  
Gave his life and talents to save them from sin.

The Mission Fathers soon commenced the cultivation of the ground;  
Here the first palms, grapes and olives in California were to be  
found.  
Here they established, likewise, the first system of irrigation;  
The original dam still standing, has been an incentive to coloniza-  
tion.

Travelers wander amid the ruins of old adobes quaint;  
Ring the old bells of the mission, each named for a Spanish saint.  
Sit in the old enclosure of Ramona's marriage place,  
Or in the depths of the Wishing Well, their future seek to face.

From San Diego to Sonomo a chain of mission extends;  
The breath of God surrounds you; romance and history blends.  
In El Camino Real—the Royal or King's Highway—  
The Trail of the King of Heaven, on it His Footsteps lay.