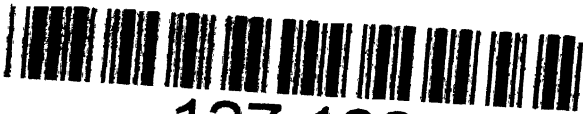


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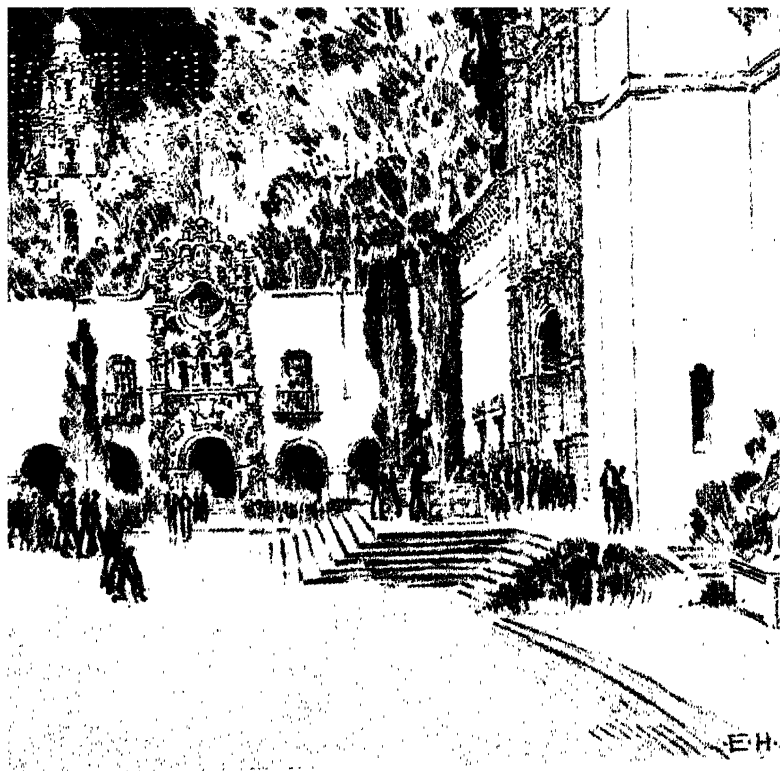
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THE ART MUSEUM IN BALBOA PARK, SAN DIEGO

Romantic Cities of California

By
HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE



Illustrated by
E. H. SUYDAM

D. APPLETON-CENTURY COMPANY
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To

all our California friends, old and new, who have helped us to see the various beauty of their State, and have guided us in discovering something of her splendid story, thanks and appreciation from both illustrator and author.



• Foreword to Possible Readers •

O...that mine adversary had written a book!" cried Job, a good long while back in the past. He believed that would have given a marvelous opportunity to make matters uncomfortable for that adversary, and to any one writing the particular type of book contained within these covers, it appears likely that Job was right. In writing a book you lay yourself open to attack, not so much personal,

not even from adversaries, but merely from those who know better than you. What book was ever written that did not contain errors, in especial the book that strives to tell the story, or even the mere aspect of a place, a people, a time? The errors creep in to hide from the author's eye, let it be ever so searching, only to spring positively yelling from their concealment when a reader opens the book and turns the pages. Mistakes occur, many inadvertent, others apparently intentional; certainly you too often know better, and stare amazed, struck with horror, when the Moving Finger points them out.

All I can hope is that whatever faults there be in the following pages are not vital, will give no trouble to any soul. I have tried hard to avoid them, and yet...and yet I fear me that all the lurking little devils have not been run to earth. At times I have had to choose what seemed to me the likeliest of several different versions of the same event, and once or twice it has been curious to see how some error has been copied and copied through various publications, only in the end to be exposed for what it was. This is excellent only when you discover the final truth at the bottom of the well, a happy discovery not always sure to come to hand. You cannot count on such good fortune, you can only try your best to deserve it. That, I can truthfully say, I have done, and so leave myself in the hands of my readers, more friends to me, I trust, than adversaries.

Writing a book is an adventure, one of the best of adventures, and must be undertaken in that spirit. Blows will fall, but the adventurer is not permanently disheartened, nor even frightened by blows. Many will fall on a shield that has considerable stoutness, the shield of endless quest, so that the blow itself is a blessing, should it bring the fact to replace the error, and not merely be a contradiction or

complaint. Writing this book has been a superb adventure, which I have greatly enjoyed, though also a long, tough adventure that has had me gasping a trifle now and then. Some one, not Job, has said that every book is a failure, and in a way this is true, since always it falls short of what you hoped, even of what you expected it to be; but it is not wholly true, for besides the book in the hand, the writer also possesses the thrill of the work, that passion which stirs you to undertake and carry through a labor, the sheer delight of finding that here and there you have come fairly close toward accomplishing what you have striven after, the joy of finding now and again a comely bit, a hint of very life. That is a great, if naturally a rare return, and so, if at the end of a piece of work you can feel "in spite of all your faults I love you for the delight you have caused me in the striving," you have your reward, and can but regret for your readers that they have only the result, without the fun, the excitement, of the endeavor.

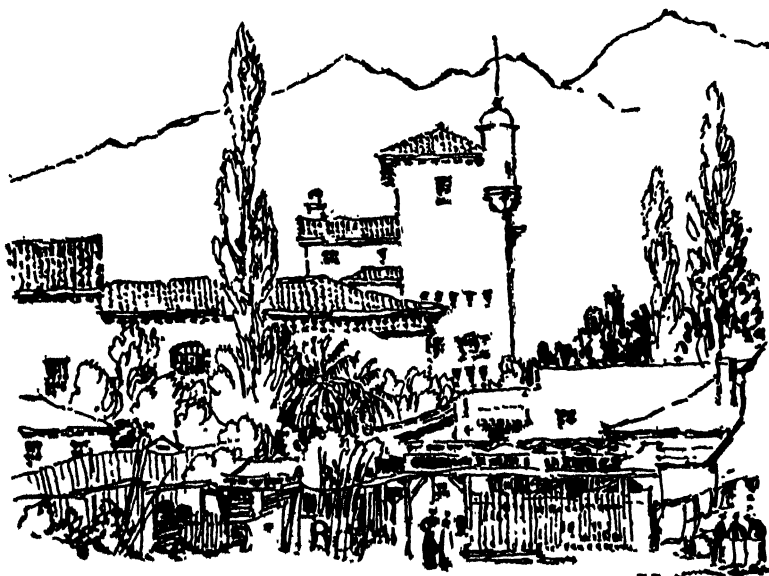
HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE



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THE ART MUSEUM IN BALBOA PARK, SAN DIEGO

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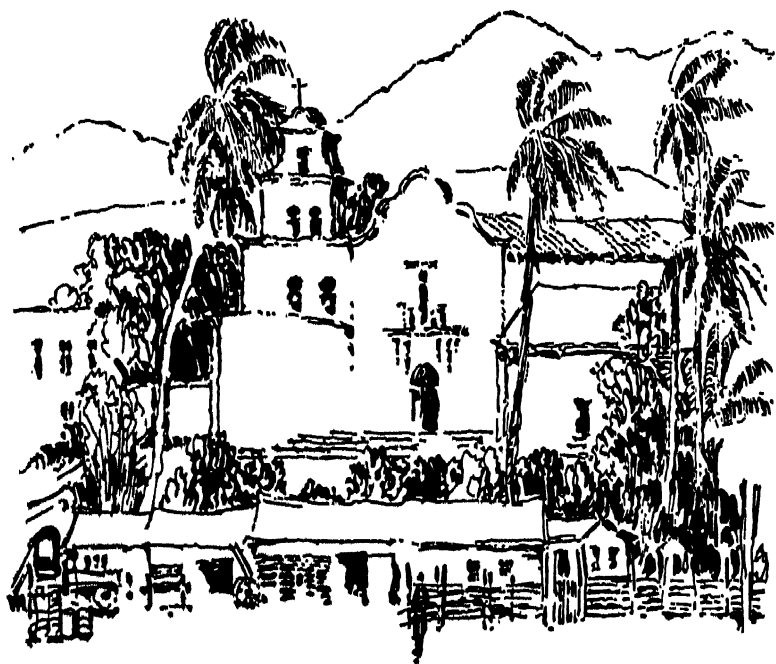
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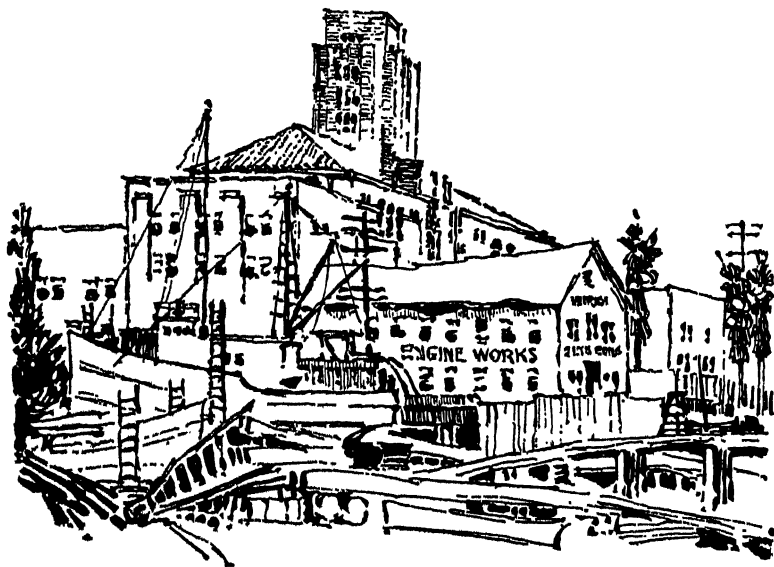
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• 1 • San Diego •



CALIFORNIA'S FIRST PORT OF CALL

IT IS an excellent idea to fly down to San Diego from San Francisco, as was my happy fortune, on a blue and gold afternoon that exposes the whole entrancing pattern of land and water which surrounds and sustains the charming city. The intricate, graceful design of its inlets, bays, estuaries, points, capes, near-islands which were once upon a time real islands, of mesas stepped back from the

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coast-line and cut with cañons, of rolling hills and spreading valleys clear to the distant blue ranges against the eastern horizon. A pattern difficult to match.

As the plane descends the city defines itself. First the fringe of piers, docks and airports, and the white buildings in a broad patch of green lawns, the Civic Center with its fine tower; then the near-by business section with gray skyscrapers, and spread on every side the innumerable white homes set in trees and flowers. The Naval and Army structures, the white charm of Coronado, yachts, fishing-boats, a part of the Fleet at anchor in the bay—you catch them all before the airplane gently touches the earth and rolls on to stop close to the smart station where you disembark.

There is an enormous amount of air activity at San Diego. Not only the Municipal Airport, named Lindbergh Field, the Ryan Aeronautical Company's school, the Consolidated Aircraft Corporation, with its neat, one-story, saw-tooth type of factory, and the Speer Flying Field edge the bay, but in that bay, on North Island, is one of the largest air-bases owned by the United States Government. Here men are trained for Navy flying, here the Marine Aviation Corps has headquarters, and there is a huge flying-field.

In 1927 young Lindbergh was working with his "Spirit of St. Louis" on Speer Flying Field. The plane had been built by the Ryan Company, in the factory now owned by the Solar Air Company, also bordering on the bay. Wherever you turn the waterside is air-minded, if it is not water-minded, and overhead the machines hum like bees over a clover-field.

But the sea has her innings. The warships are forever in and out of the harbor, fishing-boats are shouldering and snorting their way to the canneries bringing sardines, mack-

erel, herring, tuna, according to the season, each load in turn the focus of attention and the dispenser of odors. Boat-building and repairing go on in dry-docks and yards, one of the most fascinating of human crafts. The South-western Yacht Clubhouse and pier makes a pretty display with half a hundred graceful yachts tacking about or lying at anchor. The Marine Base trains the devil dogs here, the Navy her sailors. And all this within a few blocks of the heart of the city, which is always crowded with both sailors and marines, having that air of alert interest in whatever is going forward that appears to mark both services.

It seems to me that to be a boy in San Diego must touch on paradise.

San Diego Harbor is almost land-locked. Between its northern half and the ocean stretches the long, lofty rampart of Point Loma; while the southern end of the harbor is guarded by a low, flat peninsula whose north end swells into two large near-islands connected by a very narrow and short neck of land, both once true islands. The final one is North Island, reaching well up above the south tip of Point Loma, the other is Coronado. A triangular piece of land juts out from Point Loma almost to North Island, and it is through the gap between that you enter San Diego Harbor. The bit of land is Ballast Point. It was given this name in the day of the Yankee skippers who came to San Diego to trade the silks and shawls of India for the hides and tallow of the cattle ranches. Often the return cargo would be light and more ballast was needed. The little point happened to be covered with a vast quantity of round cobblestones, and these would be packed into the holds to serve the purpose. Many a waterside street in New England, they tell you, is paved with the cobbles of Ballast Point. There are plenty left, however; also there is a lighthouse on the

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rounded end, with a pleasing attendant group of houses in among gardens and a few trees occupying the site of an old whaling station. Back in the time when whales were killed along the Pacific Coast clear down from Alaska, San Diego Harbor was a favorite calving haven. Thirty to forty great whales would sometimes crowd the bay, making it dangerous to cross the water in a boat. What a sight they must have been!

Back of the lighthouse grounds on Ballast Point is a marker commemorating the landing of Sebastian Vizcaino in 1602. But it should also celebrate another name and an earlier date.

For here, on September 28, 1542, the first landing by white men on the coast of California was made by the Portuguese explorer, Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, sailing under the Spanish flag. Threatened by a storm he took his two small vessels, *San Salvador* and *Victoria*, round the nose of Point Loma and between Ballast Point and North Island to the secure anchorage on the north side of Ballast. Here for six days, while the storm raged, he established a camp, exploring the neighborhood and making friends with some Indians, whom he has described as being tall, well-formed men whose bodies were decorated with white, horizontal stripes. The weather clearing, Cabrillo left his anchorage and sailed on northward, stopping again at tiny San Miguel Island in the Santa Barbara Channel for wood and water, then continuing as far as Monterey. But here renewed storm forced him to turn back, especially as he had the ill-luck to break an arm, which had become infected. Again he made port at San Miguel, where he died, and was buried in a lost grave on that spot of foreign soil. Cabrillo was looking, not for California, but for that illusion, that rainbow end, the Straits of Anián, which should supply a short cut

to the riches of India. Certainly, of all the lucky mistakes made by human beings, Anián was one of the luckiest, doing more than its share toward getting this globe explored.

To-day, by one of those coincidences, the Portuguese fishing colony lives a little to the north of Ballast Point, near Rosefield, and possibly there are even Cabrillos to be found there.

It was sixty years later before, on November 10, 1602, the second entrance to the bay was made. This time the Spanish navigator, Don Sebastian Vizcaino, who had begun as a pearl-diver and ended as one of Spain's boldest and cleverest sailors, dropped anchor at Ballast Point. He was under orders from Mexico to map the western coast from the tip of Lower California to as far north as he could get. A safe harbor was wanted for the galleons coming from Manila, not only against storms but as refuge from the British ships on the lookout for fat prizes. Cabrillo's account of his final voyage was not lost; it seemed about time to take advantage of his discoveries.

Vizcaino commanded a fleet of three small ships, the *Tres Reis*, the *San Tomás* and the flagship, *San Diego de Alcalá*. They needed overhauling, the crews needed a rest from sea duty. A camp was established on the head of Point Loma, and on the twelfth, the day consecrated to San Diego, a solemn high mass was celebrated, land and harbor named in honor of the saint and claimed for Spain. For ten days the expedition remained in camp, then sailed on to Monterey where another stop was made. In his diary, concerning the two stops and the beauty, mildness and salubrity of the climate of California Vizcaino burst into a pæan of praise. He was California's first booster, father of a long line.

But though delighted with San Diego he preferred Monterey as the harbor best suited to the end required, recom-

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mending it in the most glowing terms on his return to Mexico.

And that was the end of the matter for a hundred and fifty years. Whether because enthusiasts are rarely believed, or because both Spain and Mexico had plenty to attend to at home, Vizcaino's maps and information were filed away and forgotten.

By an odd twist, though Ballast Point ignores him, Cabrillo gets his due on the lofty head of Point Loma, where Vizcaino made his camp. There, in the middle of a half-acre of ground, stands the Old Spanish Lighthouse. This smallest of National Parks is the Cabrillo Monument, dedicated to him forever. On a shaft near the lighthouse is carved the inscription telling the historical event.

No longer used as a lighthouse and never Spanish, the building, erected in 1855 by Americans, has an attractive, bleak, New England look. Oblong, painted white, with a steeply pitched roof, two chimneys and the central balconied tower where the light hung, it would be perfectly at home on the Maine or Massachusetts coast. A narrow doorway admits you, between two small rooms where souvenirs and exhibits are displayed, to the corkscrew stair that leads to the tower. From there on a clear day the view is magnificent over ocean, harbor, city, clear down to Mexico and far up toward La Jolla, while at night the display is a marvel of lights, white, red, green, in lines and stars, with often as not the airplanes overhead with their own twin lamps, and still higher, the well-known heavenly bodies continuing the exhibition.

But at least the Old Spanish Lighthouse is built of Spanish bones, since the ancient adobe bricks that went to its construction were taken from the ruins of Fort Guijarros, built on the neck of Ballast Point toward the latter part of

the seventeen-hundreds as a defense to the harbor. The ten brass cannon of the fort were fired at a ship only once, in what came to be known in the sea yarns of the day as the Battle of San Diego. The *Lelia Byrd*, a Yankee trading vessel with a penchant for smuggling which was an old New England custom, was scurrying out of the harbor with a cargo of fine otter furs unlawfully acquired. So the brass cannons rattled, and the ship sent back a broadside, with a grand total of no one hurt and no harm done. This was a record that to a very large extent was matched in most of the battles fought in California, few men having been killed either in defense or attack between the various factions seeking to control the country. It was only after the Americans took full possession that killing really began, mostly in a spirit of good clean fun shared between murders and lynchings.

At its northern end Point Loma widens considerably to make the upper boundary of San Diego Harbor, interposing its bulk between that body of water and the double arms of Mission Bay. In the past the San Diego River used to have a haphazard way of flowing into either bay, but in 1853 the Government, fearful lest the silt the stream carried should ruin the harbor, built dikes to control the flow and keep it out of the lower bay. There is a lot of marshland in that section, with a wild-bird refuge on the south shore of Mission Bay.

The whole southern section of the Point, including Fort Rosecrans which stands at the north gateway, is a military reserve. The post grounds are beautifully planted, the rest of the reservation is wild, barren land, where sage and coarse grass and little rough shrubs whisper in the wind. Down low on the ocean side is the new lighthouse. North of the reservation are the world-famous Rosecroft Begonia

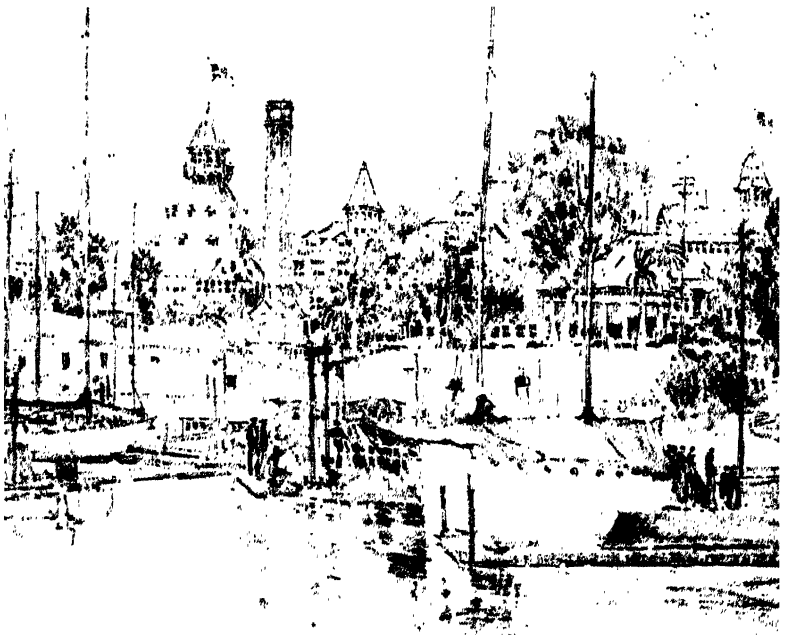
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Gardens, with the largest collection of those amazing flowers existing anywhere, and not far from the Gardens is the Homestead, as its colony calls the plant of the International Theosophical Society, founded in 1897 by Katherine Tinsley, and containing its own collection of men and women hardly less exotic than the begonias. Further on is a residential park behind tall wrought-iron gates known as Loma Portal, built and maintained for Naval officers and their families.

Edging the sea-coast at the top of the cliffs, which are honey-combed with caves, is one of the newer home sections, Sunset Cliffs, each pretty house in its flower-filled garden, most of them adaptations of the Spanish-Colonial architecture, with loggias and stucco walls, patios, fountains. Blazing hibiscus hedges, curtains of purple or mauve or deep red bougainvillea, palm and acacia trees frame these charming buildings. Northward are a string of beaches, camps, recreation parks more or less noisy, Ocean Beach on Loma, Pacific Beach and Mission Beach above the Point. The houses and cottages on these wind-swept acres have a startled look, as though they had been dumped where they stood by one hurricane and expected to be on their way shortly with another.

No one who visits San Diego should miss the little town of Coronado out there in the Harbor, a few minutes ferry-ride from the slip just south of the Civic Center.

Close as it is to San Diego, and small as it is, with a population of less than fifty-five hundred, it is incorporated as a city, with its city manager and board all complete. It was bought and laid out in 1886 by two businessmen in a boom period, doomed to bust within two years. But by that time a great many lots had been sold and a good many houses put up, among them the utterly delightful Hotel del Coronado.



E. H. Supton

CORONADO HOTEL FROM THE YACHT HARBOR

It would be interesting to know how many guests have spent a longer or shorter period in that delectable hostelry, and I cannot see how even one among them all but must recall the stay there with pleasure. It is beautifully run and the chef is a man of talent and imagination. But apart from these necessary items the hotel is itself a fascinating creation.

The secret of that is that it was built by an artist himself fascinated.

E. S. Babcock and H. L. Story, who had bought the presque-isle of Coronado, had promised prospective citizens that they should have a first-class hotel. Babcock was already aware of the architectural work done for railways in the Middle West by James W. Reid, and felt that there was the man he wanted. He sent for him and the bargain was struck. With some assistance from his brother Watson, James built the Coronado Hotel in eleven months against a dismaying array of difficulties, including the fact that he had to train his workmen, and get his wood from Eureka, in the north. But James was bewitched as soon as he saw the site offered him and the climate shining around that site. Like Vizcaino he became a booster on the spot. He loved Coronado, with the result that he built the hotel which no one who sees it but must love in turn.

The design is simple, four wings enclosing a large patio. At one corner a round tower whose circumference equals its height, with a pointed roof. The roof over the main structure holds the top, fourth story, set back from the façade, and this roof is broken by gables that give just the required variety in line. Balconies surround the three upper stories on the patio side, overhanging the exquisite garden there planted. The building is of wood, painted white, with gay notes of terra-cotta repeating the color of the flat tiles that pave the roof, in awnings and trimming and shutters. A

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colonnade runs along the ocean side overlooking a large swimming-pool, with the surf beyond. Bright sun umbrellas dot the greensward surrounding the pool, mingling with wicker lounging chairs, private bath-houses and brown legs and arms. Inside, the hotel is Spanish in decoration, and it is also infinitely comfortable. A luxury hotel that never obtrudes its luxury, that has all the *savoir-faire* of a duchess and yet retains the simplicity of a village maiden.

Coronado City possesses the same delightful attributes. Largely settled by retired officers of the three services, it has a neat, efficient business center, fine roads and streets, a golf club, a yacht club whose boats are known as the Rainbow Fleet because of their gay sails, glorious gardens hiding charming houses. North of it lies North Island, south from it runs the long neck of the peninsula, a white strip of sand running between ocean and bay, edged with a reedy marsh on one side and showing a line of surf on the other, the Silver Strand. A highway follows down the middle. At the Coronado end is a settlement of summer shacks roofed with palm-leaves.

Proof, if any be needed, that the gods were on the side of the Coronado Hotel is given by the fact that just as the boom exploded in the face of the owners, who had gone deep into the red in order to carry out their plans and who faced utter ruin, with no one in San Diego or near it able to invest money in so problematical a building, a yacht sailed into the harbor belonging to the two Spreckels brothers. The charm bewitched them the moment their eyes fell on the lovely structure, they bought it lock, stock and barrel, and under their ownership its life has been happy.

Though San Diego, like Venus, was born of the sea, her true existence started something more than a mile north of

her noble harbor, on the steep bluffs above the San Diego River. Here, on Presidio Hill, early in 1769, the huts of the first settlers were built, here was the beginning of the Spanish-Mexican civilization that endured until 1846, led by priests and soldiers, developing into an Arcadian existence as free from care and hardship as any the world has known. This may not be saying much but it says something. Spanish California had its early sufferings and struggles, its anxieties, its political bickerings, but take it by and large, and like the climate it was mild, sunny and healthful, cheerful as sunshine, friendly, free from crime, generous and honorable. As with dead Brutus, we shall not look upon its like again, which is a pity.

The site of that first settlement, with such traces as remain of its buildings, has fortunately, thanks to one of the citizens of San Diego, Mr. George W. Marston, been saved to the city. Mr. Marston bought Presidio Hill, turned it into a park, gave money for the building of the Serra Museum. The museum, which is in the mission style with a fine square tower and a long arcade, stands on the edge of the bluff, looking over the river flats to the sea on one side, on the other facing across the park, which slopes to Old Town, with its flower-beds, lawns and trees adorning the past relics and the memorials raised to honor the pioneer dead.

A new wall of adobe bricks surrounds the hollow square of the old fort with its traces of the Presidio buildings, the storehouses, the dwellings, the chapel, the earthworks, a brass cannon brought from Fort Guisjarros. In the center, built of the ancient tiles and bricks found scattered over the site, stands a great cross dedicated to Fray Junípero Serra, who was the very heart and soul of the pioneer period. Without him the expedition would almost certainly have failed, have turned back to Mexico broken and discouraged,

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and who can say how long California would have been left to the Indian, nor whose flag would finally have flown over it? But he, small, frail, suffering from an open sore in one leg caused by the bite of some poisonous creature, he, coming to serve God and to bring His word to the heathen, could not be stopped nor turned aside. At his right hand and his left hand stood the young priests he had trained, Catalans like himself, Fray Palou and Fray Crespi. These men were of the hero mold. Palou also has his commemoration here, where a stone under an evergreen tree bears a bronze tablet. He was not only a Franciscan missionary, but the first of California's historians, the biographer of Fray Serra, and for a brief time, after that leader's death, he followed him as President of the Missions.

Down on the shoulder of the hill, overlooking Old Town, which was the outgrowth and overflow of the Presidio but not California's first pueblo, is a vaguely defined trench, all that is left of Fort Stockton, which itself superseded an older Mexican fortification built in 1838 to protect the town against possible Indian attack. Neither of the forts was ever attacked. But in the jittery period between the running up of the American flag over the Presidio as a sign that Mexican government was over, and the acceptance of that fact by the Mexicans, Commodore Robert F. Stockton, in command, thought it better to dig trenches, raise earthworks and set up cannon between barrels filled with broken stone and clay. The cannon and the barrels are gone, except for one Spanish brass relic that bore the name *El Jupiter*, and was cast in Manila in 1783, to be shipped to San Diego's Presidio.

Close against the cliff on the valley floor, within an iron railing, propped by poles and stayed by ropes, is the oldest palm in California, now breathing its last through one or

two long leaves. This tree was planted by Serra to mark the place where over sixty men had been buried, who had died of scurvy. These men were among the sailors and soldiers sent by sea to the rendezvous where the land expedition would meet them, and from San Diego proceed to Monterey, for Vizcaino's advice had decided the site of the main settlement and headquarters. San Diego was to serve merely as the port of entry and first relay on the long voyage, be it by sea or land, from Mexico.

It was Charles II of Spain, in 1768, ambitious for a greater empire, who started the business of making Upper California a real instead of a mythical possession of his crown. Commissioning two men whom he valued, Francisco de Croix and Jose de Galvez, the one as viceroy, the other as inspector-general of Mexico, he gave them wide powers to work the miracle. They soon settled on the energetic Governor of Lower California, Gaspar de Portolá, on the soldier, Pedro Fages, and above all on Fray Serra, as leaders of the colonization party. Serra had been twenty years in Mexico and Lower California, Crespi and Palou following him within the year. The orders were strict in regard to the Indians, who were to be coaxed, treated as friends and led to assist rather than oppose the new immigration. The Government, advised by the mission fathers, had at long last discovered that this was the sanest mode of procedure.

The expedition was fourfold. Two ships, the *San Carlos* and the *San Antonio*, each carrying some fifty men, with cargoes reminding one of John Masefield's poem, provisions, seeds, agricultural tools, medicines, church vestments, candles, crucifixes, incense—were the first to depart, the *San Carlos* on January 15, 1769, the *San Antonio* a month later. On succeeding months the land parties made their start, the first led by Captain Rivera and Fray Juan Crespi, the second

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under Governor Portolá and Fray Junípero Serra. With these went long trains of domestic animals, mules, more provender, muleteers, soldiers, converted Indians. Fray Francisco Palou remained behind to attend to the furthering of later ships and supplies. Everything was carefully worked out and all should have been well. But the best-laid plans, etc., had a way of ganging agley then as now. Both vessels met head-winds and storms. The second one to leave took fifty-five days to make port, arriving with a number of her crew ill with scurvy. She naturally expected to find her sister ship awaiting her. But it was not until April 29th that the *San Carlos* staggered into the harbor, hardly a man aboard fit to work her, several already dead and overboard. The sick on both ships kept on dying, and it was over their bodies that Serra planted the palm at the foot of the cliff.

On May 14th Rivera arrived with his train, tired but in good trim. The fresh meat available began to bring strength back to the sufferers. A provisional camp was set up, things began to look brighter. On June 27th Jose Francisco Ortega, a man of great strength, courage and good sense, rode in with the announcement that the rest of the expedition was only a few days behind him; on July 1st it arrived. With the coming of Governor Portolá and Fray Serra spirits lifted.

For the next fortnight every one was busy starting the settlement on Presidio Hill, building huts, throwing up earthworks, lugging a cannon into position. Serra saw to the construction of a tiny chapel, and on the sixteenth, assisted by Crespi, he celebrated mass, blessing the departure of Portolá for Monterey. Crespi accompanied the Governor. So did Ortega, and a picked company of sixty men. The plan was to establish a post, leave most of the escort, under Ortega, in charge, and for the remaining men under Portolá

to return and help organize the trek of the large party destined, with their cattle and provisions, for Monterey. By autumn all should be in order.

The *San Antonio* was sent back to Mexico for renewed supplies; also a third ship, the *San Jose*, to be dispatched by Fray Palou, was due any day. Off rode Portolá, carrying Vizcaino's ancient map, feeling that the worst was over. Left behind with Rivera and the rest of the party, Serra turned to developing the settlement, watching over the Indians brought with him, and trying to make friends with the natives, who remained shy and mostly distant.

The summer passed without bringing either of the expected ships. The autumn followed with the same empty hands. Winter jogged in with bright sunshine over one shoulder and heavy rains over the other. The golden hills began to turn green, the first spring flowers showed their gold or purple faces. Still nothing and no one.

The New Year arrived. Anxiety in the Presidio of San Diego grew acute. Had both vessels sunk? Had Portolá with all his company been wiped out by hostile Indians? Nothing was too dire for belief.

Then, on the twenty-fourth of the first month of 1770, a wild, ragged, starving and half-crazy gang rode in from the north, on horses that like their riders had seen happier days. At their head, ill, disgusted, no longer crediting the existence of such a port as Monterey and wanting only one thing, to get back as quickly as possible to his own home in Lower California and there resume the business of being a governor, rode Portolá. For over six months he and his men had ridden up and down the endless coast, had been forced inland, had crossed rivers, had scrambled along the rough, precipitous coast. Most of the time they starved. Finally, on the northward course, Lieutenant Ortega, who

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usually led the march with a few soldiers by a day or more, rode back to announce that a huge body of water intervened, stopping farther passage. He did not realize it, but he had been the first white man to stare out across San Francisco Bay.

That settled it. Vizcaino's map was useless. His observations, made with ancient instruments, could not be relied upon—unless, as Portolá bitterly suspected, he had merely drawn on his imagination for the bay, the oak under which mass had been celebrated, even the climate! For himself, he was through.

The final irony, not discovered until later, was that he and his weary men on the back trek had camped on Carmel Bay, a scant five miles from the looked-for spot and the great tree. There they had planted a cross, burying a paper at its foot containing information in case some ship should put in. Another was raised a short distance away with the same information.

And now to get out of this witch-ruled land and home again!

The Governor had reckoned without Junípero Serra.

Serra still believed there was a Monterey Harbor. He already loved this new land, he hungered to set about converting its natives, raising churches, setting up farms, planting grain-fields, pasturing cattle. He pleaded, he argued, he implored. At length Portolá agreed to wait until March 20th. That date would still permit reaching their destination before the great heat of summer. If neither of the looked-for ships reached them by that day, they would break camp and go.

All day long, for week after week, watch was kept from high Point Loma. The nineteenth of March came, preparations were being made for the coming departure. Then,

against the rose flush of the sky after sunset, a sail. A sail!

But the ship moved on northward and was soon lost to sight in the evening dusk.

The leaders met to discuss the situation. Evidently the ship was on its way to Monterey, believing the main settlement already established there, and probably that the other ship was already at San Diego. It would return when the mistake was discovered. It might be many weeks, but they would wait for it. Portolá had by now recovered his health, with rest and plenty of food. He was not quite so anxious to return to Mexico acknowledging defeat. Perhaps there really was a Monterey.

Luck changed at last. Early in April, long before she was expected, the good old *San Antonio* came sailing into the harbor. She had lost an anchor off Point Concepcion, north of Santa Barbara Channel, and fearing to enter a strange port without it, here she was. Much astonished to find the entire party still there, and to hear the long sad story of Portolá's vain adventure.

Serra, on his knees in the chapel, gave thanks to God.

"And to think," marveled the settlement, "that if we had not caught sight of your sail as you passed by, you would have returned here to find only a deserted camp."

"God is with us," Serra told Crespi. "Now to do His work."

On April 16th Portolá left once again to march for Monterey and reached it without incident on May 24th, finding all the identifying marks given by Vizcaino, including the mighty oak close to the edge of the water, a hundred and fifty years older but vigorous as ever. Found his own two crosses, too, with a wry grin to think how narrowly he had missed his mark. Indians had surrounded them with a circle

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of arrows and branches with bunches of feathers attached, offerings to an unknown god. Presently the *San Antonio*, bringing Serra, reached the port. Pedro Fages, who had made the march with Portolá, received from him the commission of first military governor of the new country. His job done, the leader bade farewell to his companions, received the blessing of the fathers, then boarded the ship to return home. California never saw him again.

As for the *San Jose*, she had sailed as promised, her hold filled with the cargo selected by Fray Palou. That is all that is known of her.

San Diego, first of all California's missions, never achieved any great importance. It was Monterey that became not alone the capital of the new Spanish possessions but also for a year the headquarters of the President of the Missions. Crespi soon followed Serra to the northern settlement, leaving San Diego to new Franciscans coming up from Mexico as the Dominicans, according to agreement between the two orders, took over the work there and in Lower California. Palou also came north. In 1774, when it became necessary to build a larger church at San Diego, the site was removed from the Presidio, partly because of the difficulty of getting water, partly because it was found better to separate church and state a little farther from each other, a discovery that applied to all the new settlements.

On a fine slope above the river, some six miles farther up its course, the new church, of wood and adobe, took shape under the guidance of Fray Jayme, an enthusiastic and able young priest. But before the next year was out tragedy came. Suddenly attacked by wild Indians, who threw burning torches on the thatch, the church was partly destroyed and three men killed, the carpenter, a cook and the priest. Fray Jayme, when he saw his church threatened, had gone

toward the Indians, unarmed, praying aloud, his arms outspread. Next day his body was found and he was buried in the sanctuary of the church. California's first martyr, he had gone to meet death unafraid.

When the news reached Serra, after the first shock of sorrow and horror, he spoke his faith. "The blood of her martyrs is the seed of the Church. Converts will multiply, a new building will rise where the old one stood. The work goes on."

And so it was. A new, more beautiful church was built, to be dedicated five years later. It is there to-day, and the old bells, sent from Spain, recast long after the fire, send their mellow voices over the broad valley and the river, which is little more than a trickle in the dry season. In its walled patio are buried the bones of hundreds of Indians, converts and servants of the fathers. In the sanctuary four of the fathers are buried, the martyr lying by himself. Though the church fell into ruin after the secularization ordained by Mexico when she drove Spain out of the country, it has been restored exactly as it was with the utmost carefulness and respect. The five bells hang in the open alcoves of the belfry in their old places. Mass is heard again under the roof and all the offices of the church are carried on as before. It is under the charge of the Catholic parish of San Diego. The priest who serves it and who, if he is not occupied in parish duties, delights to show it to visitors, loves every brick and stone. He is working toward the restoration of the old priests' house adjoining, and also writing a history of the early days.

Large gardens and an orchard surround the beautiful building, chickens, ducks and geese are raised, there is a school managed by the Sisters of Nazareth. In fact there is a little community, busy, happy, serene, not perhaps far

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different from the one that welcomed Fray Serra on his visits or on his journeys to and from Mexico. Automobiles instead of ox-carts or mule teams draw up outside its gates, planes sing overhead, but there is a great deal that has not changed, that perhaps never will change.

The third division of old San Diego was the pueblo, Old Town, at the foot of Presidio Hill. When new settlers came up from Mexico the quarters on the hill were soon overcrowded. Danger from Indians became less if it did not cease entirely. The first house built outside the Presidio was for Don Francisco Maria Ruiz, and stood on the slope of what to-day is a part of the golf links, where the old building is now the clubhouse. This was in 1820. Ten years later there were thirty-odd houses still farther down, around a square, the Plaza. It was in this Plaza that the Stars and Stripes was first raised officially. Officially because at Ballast Point the Yankee skippers or whalers used to fly a home-made flag, just in case one of their own breed looked round the corner of Point Loma. Near the flagstaff to-day is another of the ancient brass cannon, *El Capitan*, and in a corner of the Plaza a bronze plaque marking the end of the Kearny Trail has been placed. This trail was the one followed by General Kearny and his men, after the start of the war with Mexico, the take-off being Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. At that date Old Town had some six hundred citizens. A number of the old *casas* are still standing and in use. The most imposing is the Bandini House, built by Don Juan Bandini, who sympathized with the Americans during the transition period, and gave his dwelling for the use of Commodore Stockton. To it one day came Kit Carson to get the Commodore's help for Kearny, in difficulties on the battlefield of San Pasqual. It is a lodging-house to-day, run

by a grandson of the first Bandini, and has had a second story and a balcony added since the old days.

At the southern end of Old Town is the little adobe chapel, built as a residence in 1850 by an American cattle man, later bought by Don Jose Aguirre, who had it altered into a church, and whose body was buried near the altar. This chapel is linked to the great drawing-card of Old Town to-day, more romantic than historic, the story of *Ramona* by Helen Hunt Jackson. She had come, late in the sixties, to study the Mission for a series of articles she was writing, and she called on Father Antonio Ubach, parish priest, who told her of the white girl and the young Indian who had come to him to be married. The story fascinated her, and was the theme she used for her masterpiece, so everlasting a favorite. The priest himself served as model for her Father Gaspara, and it was in the chapel that Ramona of the story was married, not in the fascinating old Spanish home known as Ramona's Marriage Place. This was built by Don Antonio Estudillo in 1828, and apparently has no connection with the book. It is none the less a charming example of the Mexican-Californian home, and was restored by the Spreckels' from a ruinous state, in 1910. The long line of linked rooms, the tiny family chapel, the thick adobe walls and tiled roof, the patio garden with its ancient vines and fig and olive trees, its wandering jasmine and its roses, the fountain in the center and the shallow well in the back, all are typical. The wishing well, as it has become, shows under its clear water the twinkle of a large number of silver coins, mostly dimes, but there is many a quarter and even fifty-cent pieces among the lesser coins. You drop your bit of silver and make a wish, surely and certainly to have it fulfilled. The house is completely furnished with period pieces, with old paintings and photographs, orna-

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ments, household utensils, all that went into a home before the gringo came, a veritable little living museum.

The Derby House in Old Town, too, has its bit of story, this time authentic. For six weeks, while superintending the building of the dike to deflect the San Diego River permanently into Mission Bay, Lieutenant George H. Derby, of the Engineer Corps, who made this house his headquarters, amused himself and the whole of Old Town by editing the San Diego *Herald*, the town's pioneer newspaper, started and owned by Derby's friend, John Judson Ames, who was away on a visit to San Francisco. Ames had given the young engineer *carte blanche*, and Derby had a whale of a lot of fun. Signing his articles and editorials "John Phoenix," saying just what he chose and saying it well, he had the place pretty well by the ears and made a considerable reputation as a wit, a species of the *New Yorker* of his day. Ames, hugely tickled by his friend's performance, later printed it in book form and sold it widely.

On the whole the old town is rather forlorn and dusty. It suffered severely from fire in 1872, after a long losing struggle with New Town, growing up since 1867 on the edge of San Diego Bay. After the fire little was done to rebuild, those who had lost their homes preferring to move to the more flourishing, and for that matter more logical site. It has its small population left, its few stores, its historic and romantic interest. In the museum above it on Presidio Hill a very complete collection of the past to which it belongs, and of pioneer American days, is excellently catalogued and displayed. Mr. John Davidson, the curator, who is also very largely the creator, if not of its treasures, at least of their presence here, is making it the guardian of everything connected with San Diego's history. His collection of books and manuscripts, of drawings and paintings

alone is without counterpart in its special kind. A delightful man, in love with his work, he can make old San Diego live for you as he shows his treasures and relates them to each other and to the present, to what went into the making of San Diego, and so to what it is to-day.

The history of San Diego is on the whole a quiet, sleepily prosperous yarn, with here and there a spot of excitement. In 1813 the fathers embellished and enlarged the church; their flocks and herds increased steadily, until thousands of cattle and sheep, under the charge of their Indian herders, fed over the rolling pastures. In 1818 there was a week or two of anxiety, for the pirate Bouchard had ravaged Monterey, cleaned the town out, gone on to take the wine and food stored at San Juan Capistrano. But either he hadn't heard of San Diego or thought her unworthy of his attentions. A little later, calm restored, the Mission of Santa Ysabel was set up, forty miles inland, to take care of the many Indians in that section. Meanwhile the Presidio was quietly crumbling away, its garrison growing steadily less; the salaries of the men being practically mythical, they made their homes in Old Town, took up jobs, became vaqueros, helped the fathers. In return the Mission clothed and fed them.

Mexico had freed herself from Spanish rule in October, 1821, after ten years of struggle, and during the next year she had named the successful leader, Iturbide, Emperor. News of these events reached California some months later without creating any particular excitement. Mexico was far away and there had not been much interchange between the two countries. Now and then, with parties and a good time all around, a new governor had been appointed in Spain and arrived at Monterey. Now the job of appointment simply

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went to Mexico. Far more interesting was the visit of the Yankee trader, the *Sachem*, that same year, wanting hides and tallow and willing to pay for them. This marked the beginning of the profitable trade in these items which made possible the pastoral magnificence of the Dons. The secularization of the missions that followed, with the ostensible return of the mission lands to their original owners, the Indians, including the cattle that ranged them, but the actual division of these rich acres, acres measured in square miles, among the politicians and their friends who were at the head of the new régime, soon established the enormous ranches, some of them falling into the hands of Yankee traders married to Spanish women.

San Diego had its brief turn at splendor in 1825-30, when it sprang into first place as the capital, not only of Upper, but of Lower California. Mexico appointed Don Jose Maria Echandía as governor of both. With the excuse that San Diego was the more central point from which to govern these two realms, but really because he preferred both the climate and the señoritas of the more southern town, the new ruler insisted on transferring the government to the preferred site. Monterey fumed and rioted. San Diego accepted her new honors with a natural pride and pleasure. Her wealth rose with her new position, customs receipts touching the dizzy sum, in one year, of thirty-four thousand dollars.

With 1830 a new governor, Manuel Victoria, took over the reins and drove the whole equipage back to Monterey. But for another four years San Diego went on increasing in population until she had enough of it to incorporate, with her own alcalde (mayor). But all this sort of thing did not really belong to the sleepy town. By 1836 so many of her citizens had gone north that she lost her alcalde and for

the next eight years was governed by remote control from Los Angeles. What difference did it make, she asked, with a shrug. After all, what governing was needed? By 1840 she only had a hundred and fifty inhabitants, including the handful at the Presidio. The Mission had ceased to function, its Indians scattered, its fathers gone. While the rest of California seethed and intrigued, swapping governors between one and another of its own sons, rising against the Mexican importations, San Diego just went quietly along doing nothing. Micheltorena, last of Mexican appointees, stopped off there in 1842 as he went north, his soldiers making a devilish lot of noise and stealing whatever was loose. Three years later he sailed back from Monterey to Mexico, remarking to William Heath Davis, one of the Americans long settled in California, that he did not believe Mexico would be able to keep her troublesome colony. It was too far removed from her own capital. He was right. But she did not lose it to the Californians. It was the United States that gathered the large plum, with its still unsuspected golden stone.

Nor did it take long to fulfil the prophecy.

On July 29, 1846, San Diego woke to the sound of martial music and the tread of rhythmic feet. Running out to see what it all meant, she found a body of one hundred and fifty men raising the stars and stripes on the staff in the Plaza. Stephen C. Rowan, a handsome young Naval lieutenant, was hauling those colors to the masthead, Commodore Samuel F. Dupont, commanding, and present were Kit Carson and Captain John C. Frémont, the Pathfinder, with a few Delaware Indians as bodyguard. Good rousing American cheers followed the ceremony and the Commodore's brief address. Then the sloop of war *Cyane*, which had brought the party and the flag, sailed off with one large division, Frémont marched off with most of the rest, and Captain Ezekiel

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Merritt, with the small handful of men remaining, was left to hold the fort.

But though Juan Bandini, whose house we have already visited, and Miguel Pedorena, another citizen, were heartily with the Americans, the rest of the town felt annoyed. The soldiers on Presidio Hill, who outnumbered the invaders, made a dash on the Yankees. Fortunately a whaler had dropped into port, the *Stonington*, they scrambled aboard, and were safe. But Captain Merritt was unhappy. He talked possibilities over with an American, a sail-maker, Albert B. Smith, who had been living in San Diego for several peaceful years.

"I think I could sneak up to-night and spike those guns on the Presidio. With them out of commission—"

"We can handle the rest," agreed the Captain. "But hadn't I better send a guard with you?"

Smith thought not. He wanted no ostentation.

"Guess I'll manage better alone, sir."

He managed perfectly. Next morning Merritt led his men, including Mr. Smith, back to the attack. Two cannon in the town had been hidden by Bandini. Town and Presidio were soon captured, but while the firing was still going on Smith climbed the pole in the Plaza, whose halyards had been cut when the fleeing foe hauled down their flag, re-attached them, and once again our banner took the breeze. So far as record shows, no one was hurt in the affair.

Peaceful penetration, American style.

Through the next three months Merritt hung on. Then, in November Commodore Stockton arrived with a hundred men, to strengthen the fort on the slope above the town, which since has borne his name, and there was no further danger. Troops continued to occupy the Presidio, and some were quartered in the deserted Mission, which was not im-

proved by their presence, until well into the 1860's. The town was too near the Mexican border to take any risks.

The story of American occupation in San Diego for the next generation is like that of the rest of the state, a mixture of creative energy and of rascality. The gold find of 1848 turned a seething torrent of men into California, a muddy torrent, which spread slowly over the length and breadth of the land, at once staining and fertilizing. That human flood cheated, lied, stole, murdered. It also made roads, planted the wilderness, bridged streams, saved the Union cause with its virgin gold, raised cities, established schools and universities. It was mean and scoundrelly; it was also fine, it was generous, it had vision.

In 1850-1851 an Army lieutenant, Andrew Gray, member of the commission marking out new county boundary-lines, noted with approval the sandy ledge back of the fine harbor, and thought that was the proper site for a new San Diego. He was perfectly right, only this time the thing didn't jell. Even though he interested that old-timer, William Heath Davis, with plenty of money and good business establishments both in Monterey and San Francisco, as well as another rich American, Ferrell, and two native San Diegans, Aguirre and Pedronena, together with the United States Government. Davis built himself a house and imported from San Francisco lumber, bricks, fittings, even portable houses. They were put up, sold, lived in. Ferrell did his share, the Californians were enthusiastic, and the Government erected a military base with rows of barracks. Some one started a school, and Ames moved in with his paper, the *Herald*. But it was a case of water, water everywhere and not a drop to drink. A line of mules carried the only supply from the river, three miles away. The defect proved fatal.

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Davis's Folly, as it came to be called, withered and blew away. By 1860 not even the military element remained. Across the harbor La Playa, a new settlement, began to struggle with Old Town for supremacy. The population grew, stage-lines were set up, there was talk of a railway. The Civil War ran its course, and Davis and his Folly were forgotten.

Until 1867, when a small, tight-lipped man, as New England as a wooden nutmeg, Alonzo Erastus Horton, since known as the Father of San Diego, came there one day and strolled about. Strolled down to the vague ruins of Davis's Folly, where he stood some time in thought. Like most Yankees he was good at asking questions and he had already asked several. Now he returned to Old Town and wanted to know why the City Fathers were still on the job, their time of office, so he understood, having expired quite a while ago?

"Well, you see, Mr. Horton, there really isn't any money to pay for an election, so we just let them stay on."

"I'll pay for a new election," replied Mr. Alonzo Erastus Horton.

He did. When the newly elected governing board met, it was Horton to a man, although that gentleman himself had refused to accept any office.

Presently Mr. Horton suggested that he thought it would be a good idea to auction off that land by the harbor. The suggestion was followed, and Mr. Horton bought it in; a thousand acres running to an average of twenty-one cents an acre. And then the fun began.

He plotted those acres, and he built a fine wharf at what is now the foot of Fifth Avenue. He sunk wells, he started the building of a small hotel. "Horton's Addition" he called the two hundred and twenty-six plots, and they sold so fast



he grumbled that his fingers ached from raking in money. He gave away fine lots for a court-house, for churches. He even gave a lot to any man he liked, if that man promised to build on it. He built steadily himself, letting it be known that he favored Republicans as laborers. San Diego had hitherto voted the Democratic ticket, but overnight she became predominantly Republican.

People went mad over real estate. Anything sold. When next year a new addition, the Sherman, opened on the east side of Fifteenth Street, though it was a mere tangle of ravines and sand hills, the crowd raced to invest. The new city was already a flourishing concern, with its shops and its bank. Water was still a difficulty, until in 1873 a large reservoir filled by artesian wells was made available.

In 1870 Horton built his second hotel, and this time it was as swanky as any in the state. He selected a good architect, he spent one hundred and fifty thousand dollars and he ended in possession of a building, wide spreading, two stories high, with high-pitched, dormer-windowed roof, dignified, finely proportioned. It had a hundred guest-rooms, the only lady's parlor south of San Francisco, a noble lobby and large dining-hall. People came to look and marvel from miles around, confiding to the folks when they returned home that old man Horton had over-reached himself this time. "It's too far from the center of the town and it's a mile too big," they asserted. As usual it was Mr. Horton who was right. His hotel was a success from the first, standing in front of its plaza, now Horton's Plaza, all complete with fountain in center. To-day the Hotel U. S. Grant stands on the same site, foursquare, solid, comfortable, with an excellent dining-room, called for some mysterious reason, like most of the dining-rooms connected to hotels throughout California, a coffee-room. Like the rest it, too, serves

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its salad in the place of an hors d'oeuvre at the beginning of the meal, and it also follows the regrettable custom of presenting the lettuce in the shape of a tightly clenched fist over which is dribbled a pinkish concoction libelously called "French dressing." For the rest its food is first-class, and you won't find a finer slice of properly roasted beef anywhere, nor more delicious broiled or fried sand dabs, both the test of a good cook.

Back in '68 Horton's City Fathers were responsible for the creation of one of the loveliest of all city parks. They did not realize this future miracle, but Mr. Horton thought a city should have a park, and so mentioned it in one of the confabs he had with the body. Why not set aside a hundred and sixty acres of mesa and cañon north of the city? Way things were moving it wouldn't be so far out of the town some day, and it was so rough and barren that Sherman's Division to the south was a park compared with it.

It sounded fine. It would cost none of the Fathers anything. They rode up to look it over. No doubt about it, it was bleak and barren, and there was that deep cañon cutting through it.

"Say, boys," remarked one among them, with a wide-embracing gesture, "why not give 'em fourteen hundred acres while we're doing it?"

The rest grunted approval and there was the park. Somewhat later on, the state ratified the City Fathers' act, setting the entire section apart as a city park in perpetuity. None too soon, either, for already the land-sharks were nosing about.

That was all there was to it until 1902, when a yearly program of tree-planting was inaugurated, and some grading in the part nearest town started. But in 1915 came the third stroke of luck. San Diego decided to have her World's

Fair, jointly with San Francisco. Looking around for a good site, none proved better than the wilderness park. And so Balboa Park, one of the most varied and enchanting in this world, came into being.

The engineers, the architects, the landscape gardeners got busy. They threw the flying arches of a glorious bridge across the cañon, having selected the plateau beyond, with its dropping cliffs on all sides, as the place to build the Fair City. They called the bridge after Cabrillo, though locally it has earned the title of "Suicide Bridge," because so many have chosen to leave this life by leaping from its white balustrade. Strange, is it not, to wish to die in the midst of such perfect beauty, beauty all yours for the mere trouble of looking on it?

Just beyond where the bridge lands are the great gates admitting you inside the Exposition Grounds, noble gates fit for an entrance into enchanted territory.

Alone, so far as I am aware, of all the expositions built in various parts of our country and out of it, San Diego had the good sense and the opportunity to preserve her buildings and to make of them a cultural and civic center that is unique. She has kept her Fair *in toto*, its buildings, its arcades, its fountains and pools, its winding paths and rustic bridges, all the setting of oleanders, hibiscus, giant ferns, palms, flower-studded vines haunted by humming-birds, down-dropping precipices rugged with pine and spruce.

The inspiration of the architecture is based on the Spanish, as it should be. Some of the buildings are more satisfactory than others, but there are few jarring notes. Ford's Transportation Building, erected for the second Fair in 1936, placed well off at the end, luckily, a gigantic white oil-tank with blue hoops, is one. On the other hand he presented the outdoor auditorium, hanging over the cliff's edge, where

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symphony concerts are given throughout the summer. Another music gift is the largest organ in the world, presented by the Spreckels', with recitals four times a week, and you can choose your seat in the pretty Plaza that faces the mighty instrument at your will.

In the Fine Arts Building there is a good collection of canvases by Spanish, French and American artists. Other buildings contain archeological and anthropological displays; there is a fine Natural History Museum with a scientific library and laboratories as well as birds and animals mounted in the modern manner, with their natural backgrounds. There is a zoo, containing among other rarities one of the few gorillas in America. There is a charming outdoor restaurant with hanging gardens, a Spanish Village where artists can rent studios and where there is an Art Club, an Indian Village devoted to uses of the Boy Scouts, who camp there. And all held within the atmosphere of charming loveliness, of outdoor peace, in the fragrance of flowers and within the reach of singing birds. There is much more—in one secluded corner, for instance, you come upon an English village green with its encircling Elizabethan cottages, its tavern, The Falstaff, its theater, The Globe. They give plays there, produced by the Little Theatre Group of the city.

And this great park, for the plateau and its buildings are only a small part of it, is no longer far away from the city, but in its heart. You can walk to it in half an hour from the shopping and hotel district. All around it are the homes and gardens of citizens. Its many acres hold playing fields, tennis courts, a swimming-pool, roque courts, bowling-greens. There are winding trails through woods and lawns, secluded dells where, with Andrew Marvel, you may sit "annihilating all that's made to a green thought in a green

shade." Collections of exotic trees and shrubs occupy entire acres. There is a riding academy and horses for hire. You can ride over rough chaparral-covered hills for miles on trails twisting and doubling through the wild eastern section. What can't you do in that park or see in it? Winter, to be sure, has no entrance there, so you can neither skate nor ski nor make snow-balls.

On a high mesa overlooking the park from the south are the Spanish-Moorish buildings of the United States Naval Hospital and still more to the south the ivy-covered gray stone Senior High School, and behind that there is a city stadium where sixty thousand throats may cheer as one.

With its park and its water-front, its bathing-beaches, golf clubs, yacht clubs, and flying fields, one is not surprised to find San Diego to-day an outdoor city. It keeps, too, some of the old Spanish quality of leisure. Its people don't scramble and elbow. They do not act like the slaves of time, but as its masters. They dress well, too, and coming from San Francisco's cool summers you look with pleasure on the smart white linen suits of the men and thin dresses of the women. It has a comfortably prosperous look, due in some measure to the many who have come here with settled incomes, the retired officers of the services, the many businessmen and farmers, also retired. But youth is here in plenty, too, and baby wagons with babies in them are pushed along the sidewalks.

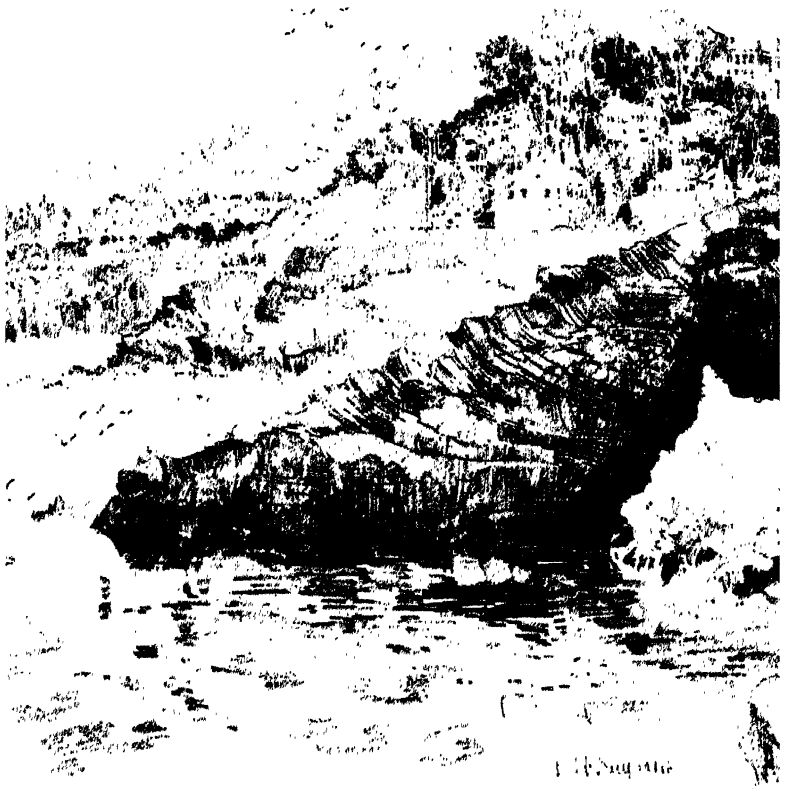
One abiding impression is the neat cleanliness of streets and of the water-front, and the innumerable gardens. Many old-fashioned houses, dating back to the end of the sixties and the seventies, still serve their purpose amid the new buildings. Not all that was built by the Father of San Diego and his friends has vanished. There is a pretty new post-

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office in a green square of lawn on Fifth Avenue, with the public library across from it, doing excellent work and largely patronized. It has indeed outgrown its building and badly needs a new one. The plans are ready, and excellent. Up on a bluff with gardens dropping down to the street level a new hotel, El Cortez, rears a striking profile. There are night clubs and amusing bars, picture-houses, good shops.

A friend brought her car to take me to the summit of Mount Helix, where on each new Easter morning a sunrise service is held. We drove through the lemon orchards and tomato fields, past serried rows of dark green avocado trees, up, up in swinging grades 1,380 feet. The mountain stands alone and gives you full value. What an outlook—mountains, lakes, forests, ocean! The winding San Diego River, the harbor, Mission Bay, the smiling city. We stood at the foot of a huge cross, in front of a vast amphitheater of seats that seemed to be waiting for the thousands who would come next Easter. The height is a bare dozen miles from Broadway, main artery of San Diego, just west of the city's corporate limits. On the same western edge lies the little town of La Mesa, a veritable bower of green as you look down upon it.

We sped back to the coast, past Mission Beach and Pacific Beach on to La Jolla, on its cliffs above the blue sea, fourteen miles. The town is planted on the last slope of Mount Soledad that bulges out in a promontory with high black cliffs and white beaches. A wide boulevard runs along the cliff top, following the curves. Underneath are caves gnawed by the sea. Once again there is a paradise of gardens surrounding private homes and delightful hotels. They climb on up Soledad, whose long slope is a medley of greens, golds and purples, as the sea mingles blue and silver. Even



LA JOLLA: ITS ROCKY COAST AND MOUNTAINS

the business and shopping streets are as lovely as the rest of the town; no hideous great signs in their raw reds and yellows to hurt the eye and enrage the soul.

The town owes much to the late Miss Ellen Browning Scripps, member of the famous newspaper family. The Memorial Hospital, the Bishops School for Girls, the splendid library building, the La Jolla Women's Club, a Nurses Home, a pool for children, playgrounds, community houses, these are among her many gifts. The Institution of Oceanography is another and most valuable one, now under the charge of the Regents of the University of California, with a staff of twenty experts.

The climate is as good as anything you are likely to find anywhere, and, any citizen of the place will tell you, better. The hotels have terraces where you can lunch or tea or dine. Windows stand open to the soft sea wind, but you can enjoy the full vigor of the sun in the scrappiest of bathing-suits down on the shining sands. Most of the houses have patios, where a large part of the family life is spent. There is an eighteen-hole golf-course on the slope of Soledad where not only the greens but the fairways are grassed.

Artists and writers come to La Jolla and are trapped. It seems silly to live anywhere else. Many names among its citizens are familiar the world around in art, scientific and literary circles, yet the place escapes the taint of being a "colony." It is cosmopolitan, free and easy. You can work here, or play or do nothing, as suits you, and nobody cares. You can hug your solitude, or go to a round of parties, mostly outdoor ones.

We had been asked to luncheon by one of La Jolla's writers, Walt Mason, a cherished friend of my father. He has made the place his home for many years, and explained why in a few simple words:

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"There is no better place in this world for a sensible man *to* live, Hildegarde."

"Does that go for a woman, too?" I inquired.

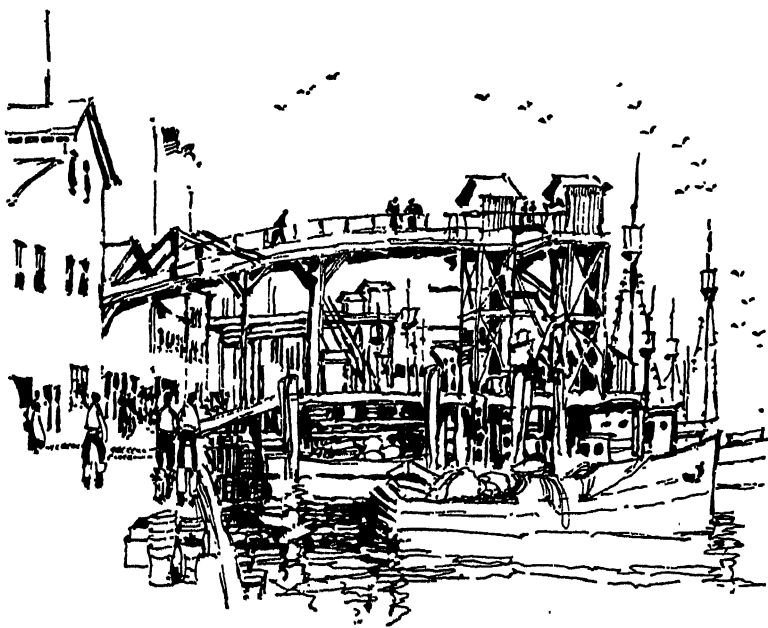
"It does," he answered me.

Since the town is credited with a population of five thousand, and the rest of the world—but work it out yourself.

Some forty-odd miles northeast of San Diego, just beyond La Jolla and the Santa Ysabel Indian Reservations, where once the old Mission stood, is the Palomar Observatory, on Palomar Mountain, 5,568 feet above the sea. Here the man-made miracle of the great 200-inch telescope mirror with the vast paraphernalia of the great instrument is almost ready for work. When the time comes the Universe will be paying us many a neighborly call, losing a lot of its stand-offishness. Merely to visit the dome, 135 feet in diameter, and to look at the machinery is to be stirred with the sense of sublime powers. The crest of the mountain continues to rise another six hundred feet, covered with a splendid forest of pine and white oak. The climb to this crest is itself an adventure, up precipitous slopes. The California Institute of Technology combined with the Carnegie Institution of Washington to erect the plant, the Rockefeller Foundation appropriating the money. As to the site, Professor Hussy, who chose the one for the Mount Wilson Observatory, thirty years earlier, would have preferred Mount Palomar, but considered it too far away from access to be advisable. Now the site has come into its own, easily accessible by a fine road, yet far from any possible crowding of cities with their unwelcome lights crashing the gate to the stars. Perhaps it does not belong with the story of San Diego, but I did not know how to leave it out.



• 2 • Laguna and Long Beach •



WHERE BEAUTY AND THE BEAST GET MIXED

THE coast drive from La Jolla to Los Angeles is a succession of beach towns, each having particular features, each its charm. After passing Torrey Pines, a height whose special pines are found nowhere else, the Santa Fe Railroad sweeps close above the beach and highway until you reach San Juan Point, when it bends inland once again, happily, and gets out of sight. Back of

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San Juan Point some five miles lies the little city of San Juan Capistrano, with its old Mission near-by. The Point juts well out, a rocky steep that, to quote Richard Henry Dana, who visited it in 1835 in the ship *Pilgrim*, "overhung the water twice as high as our royal mast-head." The cove in the lee of this high point is usually spoken of as Dana's Cove, and even the Point shares that name locally. The Boston ships, the traders, used this cove frequently in spite of the fact that it offered very little protection. None from the southeast winds, often strong. The surf pounds and leaps at the foot of the piled rocks to-day as in Dana's times. He felt the wild beauty deeply, and even set down that "San Juan is the only romantic spot in California," a remark that has never been seconded.

Beyond the Point you pass the striking three-arched rock that gives its name to a little bay. What fascination natural arches hold, especially when they walk out into the sea. I imagine few ever pass without stopping their cars and telling each other to "Look at that," before spinning on for Laguna Beach.

Laguna is a child of that deathless search, particularly by persons who devote their lives to painting or writing, for some place where beauty and cheapness and a trifle of remoteness hobnob together in a delightful companionship. Found only to be lost, forever and forever found and lost. For once the artist has happily settled himself, or quite as frequently herself, in some such discovered spot, put on sandals and a smock, or an old shirt and dungarees, lighted a pipe or a cigarette and begun to work and to live, no sooner has all this occurred than in drift alien folk, raising prices and bringing in the very sort of thing the artist has been escaping from, he hoped, for all time to come. The sad sweet music of humanity gets jazzed, the terrifying

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word "resort" lifts its hideous syllables—and shacks are abandoned, tents folded, and sandaled feet stump angrily away, off again on the everlasting search.

Once in a moon's age this does not happen. Laguna Beach is one of the happy exceptions, even though the early simplicity has to some extent vanished. The shacks have given way to the most delightful of cottages, those of the earlier comers set in among the trees that crowd close to the edge and down from the high cliffs above the ocean beach, a scalloped beach, each scallop separated from the next by the rocky pointed feet of the cliffs stretching toward the water, giving just enough of a barrier to emphasize the sense of seclusion. Seclusion and solitude are too often lost in America, but Laguna prefers retaining both. Her cottages are often tucked behind walls or hedges as well as trees, and though they may be fairly close to each other, they remain out of sight. Not so very long ago a person who put a wall around his property was looked upon as a snooty creature whose name must be Percy or Wilbur, certainly a freak if no worse. This attitude is disappearing; it has never existed at Laguna Beach.

There are studios to be had and there is an excellent gallery where good shows are held. Thousands of canvases have been painted in the little town, and many a one has held its bit of the wild loveliness of the beaches and the heights. There is a Little Theatre, too, where the "natives" give plays, writing, producing and acting them with enormous enjoyment and no small skill. There is a considerable all-the-year population among the artists and writers, as well as plenty of people who merely like what Laguna has and gives and makes possible. Its quiet and peace, its easy, pleasant intercourse, its blue and green and silver charm. Cottages increase, climbing the long slope of the Temple

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Hills, beyond the winding, climbing, dipping road which runs back of the woods and cottages that occupy the top of the cliffs. They increase, and during the summer season crowds come to stay in the little boarding-houses set on the streets stretching back from the sea, which then hang out smug signs stating that they have no rooms left to let; or to fill the smart hotel down at the beach, with its own private bit of the stretch of sand decorated with brilliant umbrellas. A comfortable hotel with verandas overhanging the sand, and a great lounge glassed on the sea side. There are shops in the business section of Laguna Beach selling the latest in sun-suits, sport frocks, slacks that are perfectly cut and actually becoming, bathing-suits, shade hats, all the feminine togs of the seashore. Selling fine prints, too, water colors, wood carvings; there are lending libraries, there is even an English tea-shop with real to goodness tea properly served with the proper sandwiches or toasted muffins to go with it, an oasis in many a weary mile of coffee-shops and ice-cream parlors that mark the California scene with pitiless frequency.

Nor is a public beach missing with bath-house and a life-saving station, having its lookout tower and tanned life-saver complete, a small restaurant, a hot-dog stand, but there are no noisy concessions, no shrieking hordes drowning the music of the surf. There are plenty of places for that kind of thing, and not far from Laguna Beach, though out of sight and out of hearing. For herself, she likes quiet, and insists on it. And after September 9th, which is celebrated as Admission Day in California, commemorating her achievement of statehood, the rush, such as it is, is over. The lovely place is left to its own, to its marvelous fall and winter climate, to its ocean which is good for a quick swim even in January, the coldest month, to the artists who paint or think about paint-

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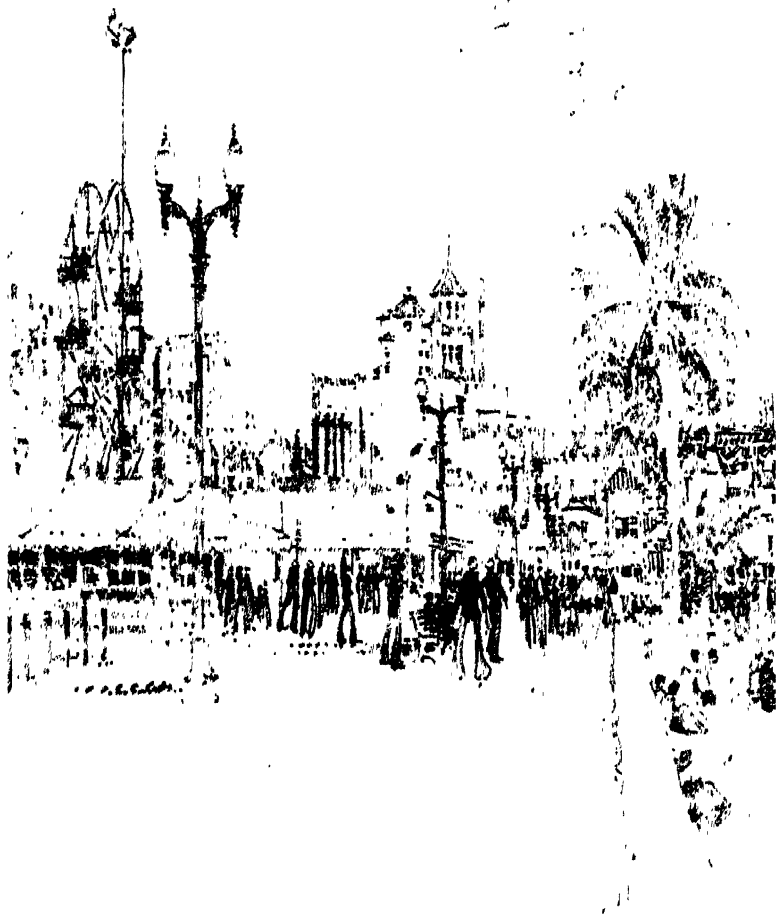
ing, a fascinating occupation, to the writers with sea-looking studies who write, or read other writers' books. The tea-shop has a cozy fire on its wide hearth; the little sunny streets are cheerful, the pines, having dropped their old needles for bright new ones, greener than ever. You do not need a fortune to live here; the rent you got for your cottage during the two lively months will bring you in enough even though you do not sell a story nor a drawing. The big bad wolf has got himself so entangled with his sheepskin that he has become harmless. Beauty sits at your doorstep, playing with her moon and stars, her sharp sun-shadows, the glitter of tossing white plumes on the golden strand, the curve of a bough in the wind, the slant of rain, acacias in bloom. . . . Laguna Beach.

I will drop this lyric note and take the road for Long Beach. A few turns down the slope and a broad extent of flat, often marshy, land, with the road running between sea-beach and a nondescript scene dotted with a few ugly little towns, camps, and presently with an advancing army of oil derricks, many jerking awkward arms, drawing up the viscid black stuff that stains the soil and lets off an unholy stench, ranks of greasy skeletons before which every lovely thing shrinks in terror. Sometimes they even shove in between road and ocean. Then they draw away inland, leaving the beaches free and beautiful once more. Up a rise to pretty Del Mar, above the inlet to Newport Bay, separated from the ocean by a long slender peninsula with Balboa at its tip and Newport at its base. Balboa is a fascinating, a true waterside town, white houses fresh as sea-gulls, boat-building, isles in the lagoon and small yachts bending to the wind, piers running out into the sea, rows and rows of summer shacks, tidy and in trim lines under numerous trees, and a long boardwalk all the way to Newport, where you can

watch the herring nets drawn in to shore and buy your fish still leaping with breath from the sea in their gills.

Farther and you come to Huntington Beach, cram-full of concessions, which always means concessions to the Coney Island plan of amusement; noise, a fun fair, an elbowing jam of men, women and children busy out-yelling each other. Here the derricks come back, almost to the cliffs, feeling at home in the racket as they clank and sweat. Then all are left behind and your car is running between a row of pretty houses landward, and seaward a fine, parked esplanade with broad walk lined with grass and palms, bordered by a white stone balustrade guarding the edge of the steep cliffs. Steps lead down to the beach at convenient intervals, a broad beautiful beach. There are several hotels, many well-designed apartments as you draw nearer to town, and both sides of the Boulevard are built up. Where it ends, the towering mass of the Riviera Hotel lifts its innumerable stories at the border of the sea. One could wish it elsewhere.

Long Beach is an astonishing place. It is a thriving metropolis of nearly a hundred and fifty thousand people, squeezed between the ocean and the oil-wells. On its eastern border, rising from the miles of level mesa forested with derricks, is Signal Hill, up which these creatures swarm, panting and gushing. The first gusher burst out here in 1921—there are more than a thousand wells on that hill to-day. It got its name because Frémont used it for that purpose and for a lookout in the days of the Battle of San Pasqual and the fighting between Americans and Mexicans for the pueblo of Los Angeles. Near it is a big country club, where the beautiful adobe, Los Cerritos, perhaps the finest left in Southern California, remains in perfect preservation. It was built in 1844 by Don Juan Temple on land that had been a part of the great grant given to Don Manuel Nieto



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in 1784, the second private citizen to receive a land grant in Spanish days. Don Juan, one of the American traders who had married into a Spanish family, bought the site. Twenty-two years later it was sold to the Bixby family. A son, Jotham Bixby, founded Long Beach in 1882, and was called Father by that city in grateful acknowledgment as it grew and flourished.

Long Beach has its great harbor, man-made after the discovery of oil, visited at times by the United States Fleet, a harbor largely lined by huge factories. The Los Cerritos Channel connects it with the Harbor of Los Angeles, or San Pedro. Behind the large yellow Municipal Auditorium atop the cliff that terminates the Boulevard coming from Los Angeles a clever, semicircular pier encloses a peaceful lagoon, with row-boats and launches for hire, and fishing for the trustful, who are rewarded almost unexpectedly with an occasional catch. There are miles of beach running between ocean and Alamitos Bay, with either surf or still-water bathing as suits your whim or your skill. Out of this bay opens the Marine Stadium, through a narrow channel, and here in 1932 the Olympic boat races were rowed, along the two-hundred-meter course of almost unruffled water. Regattas of various kinds are a frequent amusement in the various waters about Long Beach, and the city is adored by conventions. A large, energetic Amusement Beach takes up much space, the hotels are good and it is an all-year resort with plenty going on. The climate keeps fairly even, more so than the land has been known to do. But earthquakes are soon forgotten, are defied by architects who appear to have solved the problem of perpetual perpendicularity in spite of rocking foundations. When, after all, has the race of man bothered overmuch about volcanoes or earthquakes? They explode, they rattle, they destroy, but back comes

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man, and builds higher and stronger than before, reaching down to deeper anchorages, linking steel and concrete till the buildings can sway like a pine, clear to the roots, unharmed, or erecting dams that deflect the lava and leave him untouched.

Beauty and the Beast certainly walk hand in hand throughout this stretch of country. The Beast is, of course, though terrifyingly hideous, a good, kind, generous beast, hero of a fairy story as amazing as any of giants and dragons. Perhaps some day a method will be discovered of changing the Beast back into the Prince, and the mesa behind Long Beach and Signal Hill and many another town and village will be free from the witch's curse. The clanking skeletons will be swept away, taking their evil breath with them. When that time comes, if ever, the sad little clusters of buildings which one passes on the way from Long Beach to Los Angeles may share the transformation and show washed and shining faces and plant gardens that bloom. Now there are lines of drab and dreary bungalows, of shabby shops for a good many of the score of miles. Where the wells withdraw, small towns spring up, each much like the other, with a Spanish-style school-building, an upspring of trees and greenery around each home. Not far from Long Beach I noticed a curious string of wild-looking yellow Turkish mosques that turned out to be a mausoleum, part stucco, part brick, just beyond a horde of clanking derricks. Along the route it seemed to me that never had I seen huger or more garish sign-boards. Perhaps they are a form of escape, these large smiling faces showing endless rows of snowy teeth, these picnic scenes with elegant cars in the foreground, these inane appeals to buy this bread and that cleanser and the other kind of soda-water. Once in a while one amuses you, like the enormous lettering on

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one, spelling COLORED FRYERS, or another, extra large, sideways to a very small, neat, white bungalow in a rectangle of lawn, which stated that so-and-so, "World Famous Psychologist and Medium," was to be found inside, presumably ready to solve all your troubles and link this world with the next. They have to believe in magic, I daresay, so near the Beast and his magic.

Well away from the Beast, twenty-five miles from Long Beach, lies Catalina Island with its towering heights surrounding the sheltered scoop of Avalon Bay. The pretty town is spread out where the cliffs have slid away from the beach, leaving their headlands behind them. Roads and trails reach up cañons and over the hills, mountains indeed, noble in contour, forested or covered with chaparral. In those mountains you can hunt wild goat and boars, on that sea you can fish for the big or small game fish; horseback riding is delightful, hiking a constant temptation if you still retain the power to walk, lost to so many these automobile-governed days. The island is for enjoyment alone, outdoor enjoyment. Beauty looks across the blue-water miles at the Beast coming down to the very coast over there on the mainland to stare at her in vain longing. She is secure.

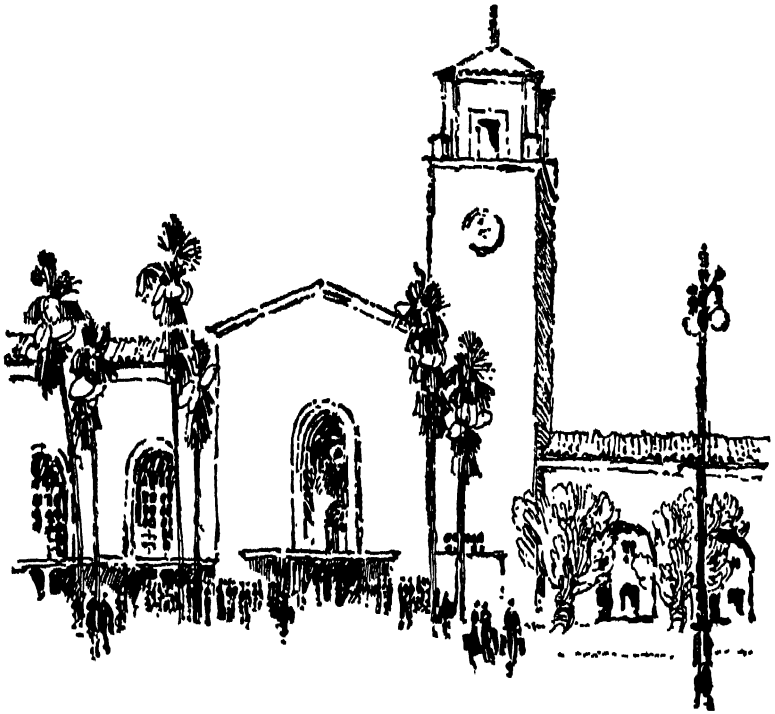
The glass-bottomed boats float over the submarine gardens which, if not as radiant as those off Honolulu, are strangely fascinating, animal or vegetable or both at once. Farther out, on a warm day, you may see flying-fish and think yourself off Mexico. Then there is the Bird Park, a refuge of the finest, where security for years has bred, not contempt, but trust. Golf if you want, on a lively links as interesting as any on the whole coast, or swim if you prefer, and what is preferable? I wouldn't believe what people told me of Catalina, but it was true. I thought of it as we dashed past the last of the derricks before entering the

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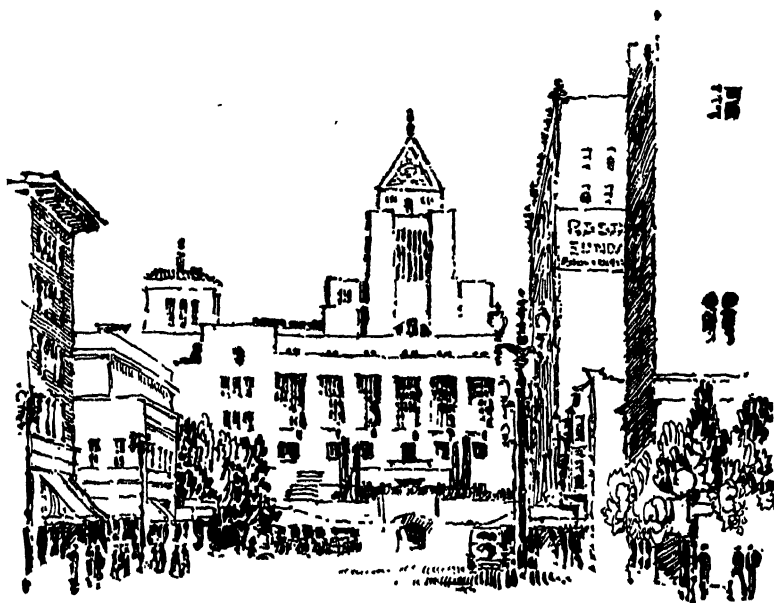
city streets, and for a moment I almost loved those scarecrow things. It was so satisfactory to be in a world full of contrasts, with innocent loveliness so neighbored by useful ugliness. I have had the good fortune to know many lands bordering on the seas of the world, but contrasts as sharp as these I had never met before.

Good, honest, ugly Beast.

Exquisite, alluring, adorable Beauty.



• 3 • Los Angeles with Hollywood •



VAST HOI POLLOI

AT ONE particular point in the City of Los Angeles there is a juxtaposition of utterly unrelated and unlike quarters which is a significant index. For the city is a grab-bag; you never know in turning a street corner what you'll pull out next. The special index I mean here is the combination of the Civic Center, of the old Spanish quarter circling the Plaza, and of the faded and

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shabby quarter that hangs somehow to the cliffy hill on the opposite side of the Center, where there is a considerable Negro settlement.

The Center is new, much of it still in process of construction, much merely planned. It occupies the wide top of a hill, once known for good reason as Gallows Hill. What is already finished is beautiful; white-walled, many-windowed buildings in the modern fashion, finely proportioned, completely satisfying. The great Federal Building, the Hall of Records, the California State Building, the Post Office, these are either completed or very nearly so. In the middle, lifting its great square tower, pointed at top, far above everything else, is the City Hall. Surrounding these buildings is a landscaped park with fountains and pools, flourishing young trees, wide marble steps cutting the sloping lawns, the whole a joy to the eye and a triumph of efficiency of which any city in the world could be proud. The handsome new Union Station, separated from the Center by Alameda Street and the Plaza, is part of the whole plan.

From the top of the City Hall tower you should get a lot of view. The park below is more or less hidden by the wings and bulk of the Hall, however, so that all the near scenery consists of flat blackish-gray roofs stretching away desolately with not a tree to give them life. Los Angeles has a number of parks but they make little show from the tower balcony. The near ones are small and Elysian Park, which does not fulfil the promise of its name, lying along the dusty track of Los Angeles River, is surrounded by houses and hills that obscure any clear effect. It seemed to me that the roofs had it, for miles. North and east beyond the city dim hills raise an uneven horizon line; westward the flat lands spread, southward, too, to where Long Beach lies behind the oil-wells, all looking flat and dull and vast.

The moderate skyscrapers of the business part of town, five or six blocks from the Center to the southwest, prod the sky with gray walls rising high above neighboring structures. Breaking in eastward are raw cliffs, looking as though they had been rudely torn apart, blank spaces where only one or two buildings still stand. Railway tracks trace straight lines up from the south. To the north there are plenty of mountains but the city haze obscured them, though the day was clear. Alhambra Avenue, part of the Ocean-to-Ocean Highway, crosses the river from the east just above the Center, a double row of automobiles following along, nose to tail, as far as I could see. The river curves slightly as it comes down from the north, running through the meaner streets of the city, past its factories and big storehouses, during the dry season without any water at all as a rule, but when the rains come turning into a yellow flood.

There is plenty of beautiful country round about that is Los Angeles, but you cannot see it. You have to go to it.

Before long I discovered that seeing Los Angeles consists in a very large extent to getting out of it. Like going to Yonkers or Montclair, or the Long Island beaches in order to see New York. The result being that at the end you don't feel that you have been visiting a city at all. The joke that Los Angeles is a lot of suburbs looking for a city is an old one, but it continues to strike close to the truth.

A few steps down from the hill and you are in the old Plaza, a rather untidy oblong of park with large trees, an ugly old fountain, benches and criss-cross paths. Mexicans and Chinese lie on the grass or fill the benches, there is a blur of foreign tongues. Round about is a frame of shabby, dirty old houses and stores, with a few that still keep their Spanish charm, and among them the gentle-looking little

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church with its gabled façade, arched portal and small domed bell-tower containing two bells. Across from it in the parked area is a statue raised to Don Felipe de Neve. He it was who founded the pueblo of our Lady the Queen of the Angels on September 4, 1781.

The church, dedicated in 1822, was rebuilt in 1861 but does not seem to have suffered in the process. Inside the ancient pictures, the wooden choir, the hand-hewn beams are as they were. There are benches now in rows filling the body of the church, but the altar remains archaic and delightful. On the right side of the Plaza from the church is the Pio Pico House, now the National Hotel, an old adobe, built by Pico, the last Mexican governor of California. Another is the Lugo House, the only two-story adobe, partly concealed behind boardings and small shops. Don Antonio Lugo, who built it in the forties, was one of the great figures of the transition period. His home was famous for its grand parties in those gay days of the great Dons.

The show-place of the old section, however, is the block of Olvera Street east of the Plaza, with a great carved cross at its entrance, which has been partially reconstructed from the old adobes remaining, partly rebuilt in the same style, completing a most entertaining little street as Mexican as anything not below the border, narrow, sun-filled, paved with red tiles and lined with little adobes, Spanish as a vaquero's spurs. Some have balconies and second stories, some peer from under thatched porches, there are courts in front of others also protected by thatch from the sun, where chairs and tables are set and where you can have Mexican food or Mexican drink. Down the middle of the street runs a row of booths selling all manner of Mexican toys and trifles, hand-made silver ornaments, wrought iron, hats, sandals. The people who live in the street and carry on its

trade and restaurants are Mexican, the language all about is the same, the tinkle of a guitar and a voice singing an old song—all are in harmony. There is a theatre, too, where varieties belonging to the place, old plays, dances are given. Dancing in the street, too, on fiesta days, and in the Plaza with the bells of the church tolling softly. In this street stands the Avila House, oldest remaining, built in 1824, with much of its old furniture, including a piano. Stockton stayed here, and Kearny.

Oldest and newest Los Angeles side by side. Near-by is a new Chinatown, made to look old, full of amusing Chinese shops, even a rickshaw or two to ride in if you like, queer dried ducks and fish and other strange foods in the food stores, excellent Chinese meals in the restaurants. The Chinese had to be moved from their old situation with the changes in the city and came here, or were established here. They fit in comfortably enough with the Mexicans, and the tourist can take in both without trouble. Here, also, there are celebrations on Chinese fête days, processions, banging of drums and gongs. It is all a thousand years from the white, immaculate Center, but very thoroughly alive.

West of the old Plaza and the Civic Center are the old houses of the worst period in the seventies that still exist, and have become boarding and lodging houses for the Negro population, or a small part of it. This is the Bunker Hill section and it has a lot of history attached to it. Once called Fort Hill, because Fort Moore was built here to guard against troubles from the Mexican element in the unsettled condition of affairs after American troops took the city. To-day all vestiges of the fort have vanished, and Bunker Hill itself is bored through with tunnels for the electric cars; climbing over it is a job no one willingly undertakes. The fort was built under the direction of Lieutenant J. W.

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Davidson in January, 1848, taking six months to complete, hurried a bit toward the last when there was a report that Bustamente was on his way from Mexico to retake California. He never came, but the fort was handy to have close to the heart of the then city. There had been a deal of fighting and threatening among the hills back of it, Pio Pico, Californian Mexican, having his set-to in Cahuenga Pass with Governor Micheltorena, the importation from Mexico, a bloodless affair which nevertheless determined the Governor to return to Mexico. That was February, 1845. A mountain north of the city overlooks the great valley, and the story runs that while this battle was in progress a large part of the population climbed to the top to watch the affair, and to pray for Pico and his men. To-day it is known as Lookout Mountain, either for that event, or because it is a good description.

Kearny and Frémont took their turns popping off guns and skirmishing in the same territory, and from it Kit Carson rode to San Diego to get aid in the San Pasqual battle. It was in this battle that Captain Benjamin Moore was killed, after whom the fort was named. A boulder with bronze plate marks the site.

The first white men to look at the scene where Los Angeles now stands were the party led by Governor Portolá and Fray Crespi on the search for Monterey, and the date was August 1, 1769. August 1st is the holy day dedicated to Our Lady of the Angels, and particularly revered by the Franciscans. Therefore a halt in the march was called, every one rested, bathing in the river, hunting, visiting a small Indian village off in one corner of the flowering plain, and getting somewhat excited at an earthquake, three shocks occurring. Mass had been celebrated in the morning and the plain named in honor of Our Lady of Porciúncula, Queen

of the Angels, to give her all her title. The hunters came back with an antelope, which was roasted for dinner, and next day Portolá led the way again on the long march destined to end at San Francisco Bay. All that remained was the long title of the Queen of the Angels, and all that remains to-day of that is Los Angeles. Fray Crespi found the plain delightful and set down sweet praises regarding it in his journal.

But the pueblo itself, second in California, was not founded until Neve undertook that job in 1781. Some dozen miles out from Los Angeles toward the east and about the same distance southward from Pasadena the Mission church of San Gabriel was carrying on in the valley of the San Gabriel River. To this Mission a party of twelve families had come the long land route from Sonora, Mexico; the last to come that way, as it happened, for this party, led by Rivera and his soldiers, was attacked by the Yuma Indians, forty-six soldiers being killed. The rest, with some of the live stock and the settlers, had been sent on ahead across the Colorado and escaped. It was these who were to start the future city of The Angels.

Reports are a trifle hazy, but the general impression is to the effect that Governor Neve came to San Gabriel from Monterey to lead the march to the promised site. He had superintended the marking out of the Plaza a year earlier, when the plan to call for settlers was first made. The Plaza, then much larger, and about it the small square lots where the adobe houses must be built, and farther away acreage for stock and crops, so much to each family. The settlers, already months on the way, must have come to feel that they had been doomed to perpetual motion; they were not eager to go farther. San Gabriel, with the fathers and their fields and cattle, looked good. However, they, and the live stock,

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with ox-carts laden with agricultural tools, household necessities, provisions and probably with a few babies piled on top, set off on foot at dawn, the Governor and an escort of soldiers going on horseback.

It took quite a while, at ox pace, to cover those twelve miles. When at last the whole party arrived they gazed about the plain, where lines and stakes marked their future home, but where nothing else yet existed. There was a grand march round the Plaza, some words of good cheer from the Governor, prayers by the padres, then every one who was not a settler departed.

Next day these got to work, for there was adobe in plenty, reeds for thatch, even Indians who could be made to work. The settlers, coming from Mexico, were accustomed to handling all three. Before so very long houses were up, cattle were pasturing under the charge of Indian vaqueros, other Indians were tilling the soil. Other settlers kept arriving, a thin dribble, made up of all sorts and kinds, many of them exiles from Mexico for minor offenses, some deserters from the presidios, others, old, who were looking for a quiet place to die, some even ill, and induced to go to the pueblo because of the easy climate they had been promised there. Before long a jail was built. But it was not until 1814 that the priests at San Gabriel could persuade the Los Angelenos to begin building a church. Long before that, in 1799, the Mission church supplanting the first one, and which we see to-day, had been erected and dedicated.

The Franciscan fathers promised to pay the population in brandy for the labor of raising the church. Seven barrels of brandy was the sum agreed upon. But only the foundations had been completed when the brandy gave out and work stopped. It was six long years before that parish church was completed, two more to its dedication; whether

the laborers had been urged on by more brandy, or whether sheer shame was the cause of the happy consummation I cannot tell.

There is a story about its bells that bears telling, and which makes a romantic link between Los Angeles and San Diego. The heroine was a daughter of the Carrillo family, who owned the four-room, square house on the slope of the present golf-course, thought to be that first residence built outside the Presidio in San Diego by Don Francisco Maria Ruiz, and now the clubhouse there. It still bears the Carrillo name. Josefa was a beauty, and she was one of the lovely girls held responsible for the stubbornness of Governor Echandía in refusing to leave San Diego for Monterey. She also had a more pressing suitor, Governor-to-be Pio Pico. But it was to an American, Henry Fitch, mate of a Yankee schooner, that she gave her heart. Mr. Fitch was destined to become an important man in the approaching political changes, and was one of the delegates who met at Monterey some years later to work out a constitution for the State of California. At this early period he was simply one of those Boston ship Americans, however, and Josefa's family forbade the match and warned the young man away from the house.

Josefa was not the mild sort that says, "Yes, Mamma," and lets it go at that. She was of the Juliet strain. Determined to marry her Henry, she called in the aid of the devoted Pio. He knew his own passion hopeless, but at least no other Spaniard, and least of all Echandía, should have the girl, if he could manage a bit of foiling. Young Fitch was due to sail on a certain morning and plans were laid between the three young people. An hour or two before dawn on the fateful day Don Pio was outside the fair one's window mounted on his fleetest horse. She slipped out, set her small

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foot on that of the caballero, was swung to the saddle and they were off.

Somehow the Governor had been warned and a pursuit was on. But what rejected suitor ever caught the fleeing fair? Not Echandía, at any rate. The lady reached the shore of the harbor, where a skiff waited with Henry and two stout and interested sailors. Don Pio kissed her hands and delivered her to his successful rival. In a few moments the excited girl was safe aboard the lugger, the anchor was up, the sails filled. The captain took the two to Peru where they were married by a priest, remaining for a year, Fitch having resigned his mate's position, and decided to go into trading.

Hoping that anger at home had cooled, the young pair finally sailed back to Monterey, intending to negotiate from there with the family. But the moment they landed both were arrested, Henry charged with abduction and sent to San Gabriel to the jail in that little mission town. Mrs. Fitch was given into the care of an American at Monterey, Captain Cooper, himself married to a Spanish woman. Much hullabaloo ensued, followed by the triumph of love, a pardon—with a penance attached. Don Enriquez with his señora must recite the rosary together on their knees in the Mission San Gabriel for thirty consecutive mornings, and appear for three fiesta days (there were plenty of those) at high mass carrying lighted candles. Last, a bell weighing not less than fifty pounds was to be presented to the parish church of Los Angeles, which had no bell.

Henry, in happy generosity, gave double, and the two bells hanging in the belfry to-day are the very bells that signaled the pardon of the runaway girl; if you listen carefully you will hear, in their mellow voices, the name "Josefa—Josefa—Josefa" when they ring for a fiesta.

The first American to come to Los Angeles did so unwillingly. Shanghaied on the Boston water-front, he had been taken as far as the Sandwich Islands, but succeeded in escaping at Honolulu. There he fell in with a Frenchman who had turned pirate, Hippolyte Bouchard, flying the colors of Buenos Aires. Bouchard was preparing for his descent on the Californian shore, and Joe Chapman joined him. He had been a ship-builder in Boston and had no desire to be a pirate, but he wanted to get away from the Islands and possible recapture.

Bouchard passed up Los Angeles as well as San Diego but when, after his raid on Monterey, he attacked Rancho Refugio, near Santa Barbara, Don Antonio Lugo gathered together a party of horsemen from the ranchos lying about the pueblo and galloped to the aid of the Ortegas, owners of the ranch, and friends of his. The caballeros swept down on the pirates and drove them helter-skelter to their boats. As they pushed off lariats circled after them, two winning prizes, one a Negro, the other Boston Joe. The two were yanked back to shore, the boats made off and after tying up their captives the Spaniards first made sure that the coast was really cleared, then came back to decide upon just how to treat their pirates. The Negro was a good haul; he could be set to work on Refugio Ranch. The white man was another matter. What about fastening him to the tail of a horse and dragging him to his death? That was always good sport.

But Don Antonio liked the look of the young captive. He thought he was justified in asking for some return, considering the speed with which he had come to aid his friends. So he demanded, and received Joe Chapman.

It was a lucky investment for the Don. Chapman was true Yankee, handy at anything. He made a grist-mill for grind-

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ing corn, he cured the current governor of a wound, he built a boat to be used by the padres of San Gabriel in hunting otter. And he helped to put up the rafters of the parish church at Los Angeles, then—this was in 1818—still in process of construction. In consideration for all these good deeds Don Antonio gave him his freedom, he became a Catholic, set up in business, and finally, handsomely dressed in the Spanish style and mounted on a fine horse, a present from his old master, he rode back to the Ortega ranch and asked for the hand of their daughter, Señorita Guadalupe. The story runs that while he lay bound waiting for death, the ladies of the rancho had come down to applaud their victorious men, and that the young señorita had gazed down upon the captive with scorn mixed with pity. He was of course a pirate and a villain, but he was a handsome young man, tall and well-made, and he was making no fuss over his approaching fate. Joe in turn looked up at her, and thought he had never seen anything more enchanting.

So they were married! The Ortegas presented the young pair with a fine big ranch near San Gabriel, built them a house and supplied them with cattle and servants. Joe became Don José and a citizen, one more link between the two races which occupied the east and the west coasts of the United States.

From then on a thin Yankee line kept trickling into the Los Angeles district. Most came the old sea way, but a few made their entrance overland, trappers and hunters. Those who remained were decent men, made sound citizens, married into the families of the Dons, becoming in that way imitation Dons themselves. One of the overlanders, coming with a small party in December, 1826, was Jedediah Smith, who discovered the Cajon Pass, to-day the chief gateway

into Southern California. He got some rather rough treatment at San Diego, for the Californians were becoming alarmed at the increasing flood of aliens, but after Governor Echandía had interviewed him and the rest of the party they were allowed to purchase needed supplies and take their own time as to leaving the country. Jedediah came to Los Angeles to remain until spring, but some of his party preferred to stay for good.

In this year, 1827, Los Angeles demanded permission to set up its own city government, and an election of officers took place. Governor Echandía, however, declared the election void, because, as he remarked, "all the chosen candidates were vagabonds, drunkards and worse." One cannot but notice that past echoes ring on to-day, and that the city continues to have trouble in getting the best men into important positions, and to speak out on the matter with a good deal of the old Governor's frankness.

In 1836, when the population, counting in the outlying ranchos, mounted above two thousand, the pueblo finally achieved self-government. She was even, for a brief time, provisional capital. But her citizens had no great opinion of her. One of them wrote that her appearance "was dark and forbidding, of a gloomy and melancholy aspect."

The endless squabbles between factions during the end of the Spanish and through much of the Mexican rule did not touch the pueblo to any extent, but Micheltoarena, last of the Mexican appointed governors, had given Los Angeles her first school, and to-day one of the many in the city bears his name in honor of that gift.

On August 13, 1846, following the ceremony at San Diego, Commodore Stockton, commanding a small body of marines and soldiers, marched into the Plaza of Los Angeles and ordered the flag raised on the staff. The day be-

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fore General Castro, who was in possession of the town, had sent a messenger to warn the Commodore that he would advance at his peril. Stockton replied that he intended to enter the place the following day. He had far fewer men under him than Castro possessed, but they were incredibly better armed. The bluff having failed, Castro marched away for Mexico, and Los Angeles became an American city.

It also became in due course one of the worst in the whole state, which was going some. First came the stealing of the ranches belonging to the Dons, this robbery being greatly helped by an Act passed by the Congress of the United States in 1851, which the *Los Angeles Star* of that date described as an act that should have been entitled "An Act to confiscate the private lands belonging to the inhabitants of California." The lowest kind of cheating was employed, with the result that while in 1848 eight of the ranches surrounding Los Angeles and reaching far into the country were owned by Americans who had married into Spanish families, by 1852 eighty of these ranches were in the hands, chiefly extremely dirty hands, of Americans.

Six years later the four Protestant churches in the town, Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, Episcopalian, closed their buildings and the ministers left. They had endured all they could. The general attitude was cynical, and the popular name during these salubrious decades for the city of Our Lady of the Angels was Hell Hole. Murders, either of the straight variety or called "lynchings," were daily occurrences, and Gallows Hill where the shadow of the City Hall now falls was perhaps the busiest spot in town. The wholesale murder of Chinese in the horrible Nigger Alley affair in October, 1861, followed by looting which extended to cutting the clothes off the dangling corpses for the chance of finding something of value, pushed the Chicago Fire off the

front pages of the newspapers of the whole country. Not a single criminal was executed, or even punished by more than a day or two in jail.

This sort of thing was followed by the railway scandals of the seventies, and every one who has read Frank Norris need not be told more. If anything, the more one learns, the more sickening the whole enterprise becomes. Even Leland Stanford delicately chalked up a record that all the multitudinous seas could not wash white, nor all the university buildings in the world quite smother from memory. But it fitted with the times.

In 1876, when the railways finally reached Los Angeles, it was a dusty, unpaved town, with wooden sidewalks where there were any. In the winter rains it was a sea of mud. Small horse-drawn street-cars, ox-carts, covered wagons and one- or two-horse surreys and phaetons took care of the traffic, where the saddle was not preferred. Outside town limits the orange groves spread haphazardly, the vineyards vying with them. Here and there in the American section fussy wooden buildings, surrounded by lawns decorated with iron fountains and dogs or deer, housed proud owners. In the Plaza, surrounded by its rows of clipped Monterey cypresses, huddled the idlers of the Mexican part of town, Sonora Town as they called it then, to distinguish it from the ever-extending American section. The Mexicans were still far the more numerous, but the Americans were richer and they were the ruling class. Along the river houses were scattered on both banks, and in the center of town there were several three-story business blocks. At night street lamps, each fed from its own small gas tank, made illumination.

Minor financial panics held the city back for a while after the longed-for advent of the railway, droughts did deadly work, smallpox took its toll. But gradually things brightened;

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out in the broad valleys the farmers were producing increasing crops on the fertile land, irrigation projects increased. By 1882 oranges, lemons, peaches, olives, plums and almonds were bringing in splendid returns. There were apples, plums, pears, figs and walnuts, great orchards of them. Wheat, corn and hay to feed both the people and the domestic stock, grazing as it did over the grass and wild oat pastures of the hills before the sun burned them dry, flourished. Six wineries were turning the grapes into wine, one of them the largest in the world. Milk, butter, eggs, honey—a list to make any country jealous. Desert stretches lay between the productive areas. But the promise was great, and greatly it has been kept.

With 1883 the Southern Pacific's advertisements of the home advantages of that part of California began to take effect. In that year five thousand new settlers came into the region, Los Angeles benefiting in trade and wealth. In 1885 the Santa Fe Railway came into the city and immediately set out to bring the Southern Pacific to heel in the matter of rates for passengers and freight. The first rush, the gold rush, had drawn men to San Francisco. The second rush, the land rush, brought families to Los Angeles. The war of railroad rates went on, until you could get to Los Angeles from the Mississippi River for fifteen, for five dollars. The hordes poured in, real-estate values leaped, the boom was on. This became vast by 1884.

Hoop-la!

Before the end of 1887 the population had risen from 1,200 to 100,000. Subdivisions sprang up while you turned your back and people crowded into them, paying incredible prices for lots. Landowners were chased by eager purchasers, lots changed hands even in the now returned churches. Orange and other fruit groves and orchards were ruthlessly

cut down, and on the bare ground shanties gave evidence of the new crop of houses about to sprout. Towns, so-called, were laid out in every direction—later to become that extended and scattered Los Angeles we know to-day. San Diego's boom was a shy violet compared to Los Angeles'. The newspapers laid the groundwork for later Hollywood advertising in their impassioned phrases. Excursions with lunch and ice-water thrown in were offered free, even a band included. Prices rose with the yells, and the Los Angeles throats were sounding brass. Suddenly, in 1888, the boom went bang. Within a month or two the fools who had been on the way in were on the way out. The climate took a hand, turning vicious in several ways at once, and a couple of earthquakes shook already shaken nerves. Three thousand persons a month were fleeing Los Angeles. The owners of untold acres of land listed for taxes in the papers could not be found, were for that matter unknown. Rank weeds covered agricultural land, the trees planted on it died for lack of water, the houses crumbled. The real-business men and honest bankers of the city were on the edge of despair. Woe, woe, woe!

It was then that the Santa Fe Railway for one, and Harrison Grey Otis for the other, took hold in earnest to create a real population, real homes, real farms and to bring in a sane population. In the late fall of 1888, Otis formed the Chamber of Commerce of Los Angeles, first in the world.

A couple of years later the famous "Permanent Exhibit" of Southern California produce was set up in Chicago. It was a whiz and met with instantaneous success. The Santa Fe did its bit by carrying all the stuff free in a baggage-car attached to its best train. The Chamber did the selecting and packing, and Los Angeles engaged herself to pay ten thousand dollars for a continuous display during the first

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year. Orators stood beside fruit and vegetables talking, handing out literature, generally making whoopee. Pamphlets were spread over the entire country.

By 1900 Los Angeles was back in the hundred-thousand-population class again, none of them fly-by-nights, most of them good solid Middle Westerners. Not an exposition in any city but carried a grand splurge from Los Angeles, with every sort of delicious fruit and giant vegetable, and the climate was praised as far as high heaven. The Middle Westerner especially was fascinated, he who had endured the blizzards of winter, the deluges of spring, the burning summers of his own whatever state. If he had money and youth, he came to buy and to grow. If he had money and was old, he came to rest and go right on living. If he were an invalid he came to be cured—and usually was. He brought his wife and family along if he had them. Often, too, he or she brought some queer religious leaning along, or a whole sect came in a lump. They began coming in 1890, they have been coming ever since. But the Middle West itself does not care for Los Angeles, calls it names, tries to call its bluffs and to nail its lies, for the City of the Angeles does not always keep itself pure of sin in these directions. No matter. The farmers and little shop-keepers, the businessmen who have given up business, the delicate who dread another frozen winter, continue to build bungalows or statelier mansions according to circumstances all the way from the edge of the Civic Center to the foothills and the sea, there to abide until death does them part. A very large percentage among these people know only two places, the one they came from, and Los Angeles. Like all converts they have a fanatic devotion to their new love. From their throats flow unending songs of praise, and if you do not agree with them that Los Angeles is the greatest, wisest and



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PERSHING SQUARE AND HILL STREET, LOS ANGELES

most beautiful of cities their rage can become quite noticeable.

I started out to see downtown Los Angeles on a morning that San Francisco would have thought sweltering and Fresno unseasonably chill. There was a breeze and the shady side of the street was comfortable, though the air was soggy. The first impression I got was of a vast procession of suspenders over crumpled shirts holding up pair after pair of unpressed pants. Never in all my life put together had I seen so many suspenders. The display is really unique. No other city, warm as it may be, and there are plenty a great deal warmer than Los Angeles, has anything of the kind, and no one can fail to notice it, nor refrain from comment. Before long you find yourself amazed at a trig figure in linen, or with smart shirt and a belt. Visitor of course, you mutter. With the suspenders go women in terrible slacks, and so many very stout women. High-heeled shoes and fancy waists too often are combined with the slacks. Yet these individuals pass shop windows where the smartest of summer garments, for male or female wear, are bewitchingly displayed, so it isn't for lack of opportunity or even familiarity. The effect is indescribably untidy. The streets, littered with pieces of paper, enhance this effect. And Pershing Square, that centers this part of town, does its bit. The dusty-looking trees overhang crowded benches, largely occupied by elderly men reading newspapers or engaged in what appear endless discussions, sometimes rising to altercation. I had the impression of a sort of club, where each man had his own time-honored seat, and where he felt more at home than in his own bungalow. A large ugly fountain centers the square and at one side there is a memorial to the soldiers of the Spanish War, with an ancient and cosmopolitan can-

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non near it, a cannon cast at Douay, France, in 1751, and taken to Spain during the Napoleonic campaigns, where it was left in 1813. Later Spain took it to Cuba, and in the war we captured it and there it is to-day, at rest, let us hope, for all time.

From this square the business, financial and store buildings radiate north, south, east and west, and are making their way farther with the years. There are no real skyscrapers, as an ordinance forbids an elevation above one hundred and fifty feet for all private construction. This works out to thirteen stories on the average, making the general skyline harmonious. It is a fortunate decree, since the streets are narrow and already traffic congestion is verging on plethora. There are shops as distinguished as any in the world in this neighborhood, especially those along West Seventh Street. The Biltmore, "largest hotel in the West," stands close to the Square. It is a handsome hotel and has an excellent grill-room and coffee-room, one of the escapes offered in this section from the flood of cafeterias that clash their trays on every side. The cafeteria was born in Los Angeles, and must, I'm sure, have attained here its greatest popularity.

A beautiful little theatre is in easy reach, and of course motion-picture houses bristle numerously, with gaudy signs and gilded decorations. One is advertised as the Million Dollar Theatre, and conceivably, if that's what you want, you could spend a million getting it made.

Also in this quarter is the beautiful Public Library on its little hill. It is a jewel of a building, lifting a pointed tower and fine columns and spreading its façade behind the greenness of lawns and trees, curving white paths and steps. Terraces run along at either side, with an admirable sculptural decoration along both the Flower and the Fifth Street

frontages. Back of the crest of the hill the grounds drop once more, wider in extent and with a series of cascading pools planted with lotus and lily. Birds are singing, are taking fluttering baths on the large lily-pads, ring-doves cooing, their voice very like the murmur of the trickling water. It is a most entrancing place. Inside, the library is beautifully planned and its decorations delightful. The Rotunda on the second floor has a pageant of California history painted on huge canvases by Dean Cornwell; in the History Room the story is carried on by Albert Herter in his procession of colorful murals. The Children's Room has an inside court with its own fountain and murals. The reading-rooms are spacious and well-lighted; there is much besides books to be enjoyed here. It is in truth a liberal education in beauty. The work of the library, in this building and its many branches scattered all over the city, is carried on with that alert intelligence and careful devotion that make the Californian library system one of our best. In spite of the fact that it is always more difficult to get money for library purposes than for other public institutions, the libraries are run with as near an approach to perfection as this erring old world is likely to see in any public service.

But, as I've said, to see Los Angeles you have to get away from her center, from the dreary streets that impinge on the small quarter containing her first-class buildings, and to drive in different directions for longer or shorter distances.

Follow Figueroa Street southwest to its end at Exposition Park. Enough to keep one busy sight-seeing there for several hours. On the north side of the park boundary reaching back for several blocks are the buildings of the University of Southern California, founded in 1880. Many of the older and rather stuffy buildings still stand, but the new ones, in an Italian Romanesque style, are beautiful. The University

is growing like Jack's beanstalk, graduating enormous classes. It overlooks the upper half of the park, with its three buildings surrounded by sunken gardens that are a real Garden of Eden. The variety of bloom is amazing. The Exposition Building, Mission in style, contains a permanent exhibit of the industries and natural resources of California. Then there is the National Guard Armory, and above all else, the Los Angeles Museum. The southern half of the park includes the Coliseum, with its stadium capable of holding a hundred thousand, where the Olympic Games were held in '32. It is the scene of the big football games in the autumn. Still farther south is a grove of trees surrounding the swimming-pool and its stadium.

These things you can find, smaller or bigger, in other cities. But not what the museum contains, a collection of incredible prehistoric beasts dug out of the private preserve of Los Angeles. The Brea Pits (*brea* is Spanish for asphalt), way out on Wilshire Boulevard at Hancock Park in the western part of the city, contained, still do, I presume, many of the most astonishing bones on earth. Here are mastodons, saber-toothed tigers and other huge cats, the biggest of all wolves, whose very skeleton can still affright not only a pig but a man, extinct varieties of the horse, queer camels, towering bears. And in this museum, reconstructed by scientists, they loom before you and dare you to believe that once they roamed this very region. There are other exhibits in the Los Angeles Museum, natural history objects properly mounted and displayed and there is a gallery of contemporary American painters which is alone worth the trip, as well as the Coronel Collection of historical relics of the early mission and pueblo times. But it is to Brea's monsters you return, to gape and to wonder and to thank your stars not one of these creatures is still abroad on the range. Though

come to think of it, I did see rather an astonishing sight the morning following my visit to the museum. Walking up Hill Street in its stateliest portion I saw advancing toward me a long line of elephants, trunks grasping tails, eighteen or twenty of them, with a man wearing a scarlet cap on the head of the first in the most nonchalant, cross-legged position. On they came and past they sauntered with that curious sway of the four-kneed beasts, and no one but myself cast even a glance at them. I realized this was no cause for surprise. Brought up, as it were, on the lip of the Brea Pits a stray horde of elephants on one of the main streets must be mere chicken-feed to a Los Angeleno.

Another interesting museum, the Southwest, is miles to the northeast just above Sycamore Grove in the Arroyo Seco Quarter, toward the other end of Figueroa Street. The Grove itself is a splendid planting of trees from every state in the Union, with great picnic-grounds where people come together in groups that, like the trees, draw from widely scattered points of the country, to celebrate on days consecrated to their old homes. The museum, on high Museum Hill, looks over this grove.

The preponderating interest here is in the Indians and the early, pre-white-man story of the great Southwest. The museum was started by Charles Lummis, who worked for and gave much to it. From the west you can enter through a tunnel lined on both sides with small dioramas reproducing Indian life and the coming of the white men. I got so fascinated with these I could hardly bear to leave them and take the elevator that rises through a shaft cut up through the heart of the hill to land you in the main hall of the building. Then in turn I was refascinated. To any one interested in the old story of this country this museum is a must on the sight-seeing list.

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Close by, below the hill, is a reproduction to the smallest detail, of the home of a California Don, the Casa de Adobe. One room of the house is a museum, the rest are furnished with Spanish home furniture brought together from different sources and arranged as they should be. There are some fine old paintings on the walls, dating as far back as the end of the seventeenth century, once hanging in Franciscan missions. Of course there is the patio, a mass of bloom, with its fountain and pool.

To see the second of the city's universities, you have to make the long run along Wilshire Boulevard past Beverly Hills to Westwood, where the campus of the southern division of the University of California is beautifully set on a rolling hill-crest. Dominating the various buildings, an harmonious group in the Italian Renaissance style, is Royce Hall, with twin rose-tinted towers lifting against the sky. This Hall has a fine arcade, and contains a magnificent auditorium. Opposite is the Library with its great dome.

Wilshire Boulevard is only one of a number of great avenues leading away from the city's center to its far-flung borders. Starting east of pretty Westlake Park, a sunken garden circling a lovely little lake where you can hire a boat and row yourself about and listen to a band concert at the same time, the Boulevard goes all the way to Santa Monica. Some of the finest private residences in Los Angeles, as well as luxury hotels and apartment-houses, are strung along the route, and Beverly Hills is famous for its beautiful homes. Both there and at Santa Monica many famous motion-picture stars have bought land and built houses with all the trimmings of pool and park possible to easy millions. Driving about this miraculous neighborhood you experience that effect of pleasures and palaces suggested by the line in

"Home, Sweet Home," with its concomitant assertion that after all they are preferable for roaming through, rather than abiding in. You look at an almost unreal perfection and hold your breath lest it disappear.

South from Santa Monica are Ocean Park and Venice. The latter was started as an imitation of the well-known city by a rich man, who built a great tangle of canals and even imported gondolas to float on them. But the thing failed and the canals and the lagoons, which bred mosquitoes instead of dollars, are filled in and the place is now the imitation Coney Island of the Pacific. Further down is San Pedro, the harbor of Los Angeles, more than twenty miles from the ever-remote Civic Center. The making of this harbor is a heroic tale, with its villains and all complete. Back in 1805, when the *Lelia Byrd* was pursuing her contraband trading along the coast, here as elsewhere, San Pedro was just a great area of mud flats. Later it was a port for hides and tallow, and Dana has his bit of description: "The desolate place we were in furnished more hides than any port on the coast... thirty miles in the interior is a fine plain country filled with herds of cattle, in the center of which is the Pueblo de Los Angeles, the largest town in California." Adds that the harbor was a death trap, exposed to all but the north wind, and the ship forced to anchor miles from shore, "like a vessel bound for St. John's, Newfoundland, coming to anchor on the Grand Banks."

In 1889 Los Angeles decided to get the United States Government to help her make a real port of the desolate place. The famous Chamber of Commerce got busy. A deputation headed by Senator Frye came from Washington, took a look-see. Frye made some caustic remarks:

"As near as I can make out you are asking the Government to create a harbor out of whole cloth... it will cost

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four or five millions to build, you say. Well, is your whole country worth that much?"

That was a wicked one. The Senator further remarked that the names of the islands in the so-called harbor were enough to keep any sensible sailor out on the high seas—Rattlesnake, Dead Man's Isle!

There was much truth in Frye's words, but he may also have been influenced by his friendship for Collis P. Huntington, who with a number of his friends had bought much land at Santa Monica, certainly as fit a site, and wanted the harbor there. By 1891 the fight was started in earnest. By 1896 it involved the city's three papers, the two railroads, Southern Pacific and Santa Fe, a divided Chamber of Commerce and practically every man, woman and child within the farthest limits of the area. Thousands of letters poured in to Congress, for an' ag'in. For days on the floor of the Senate the noble Senators yelled fiercely at each other. At last the end came, and Congress awarded the harbor to San Pedro. Huntington licked at last! Los Angeles got up a huge and splendid parade, fireworks blazed, orators spoke themselves hoarse.

To-day Santa Monica is left to her beauty; the only traces of the battle are some rusty iron rails close to the cliffs, hidden in long beach grass. San Pedro can't claim any beauty, but they have made a fine harbor, the mud flats are gone, the sinister names with them. A narrow strait connects it with the harbor of Long Beach, just south. It has cost twenty millions. On the sandy hill to the north which once made its sole defense from the elements, the little town of San Pedro is grouped along the climbing streets. Over the long narrow neck of land connecting it with the city run the highway and the rails of the electric railway. Freight and passenger ships from the Seven Seas, as well as our

own Navy, come to anchor within the vast curve of breakwaters and jetties. Los Angeles has her harbor, but it cannot make a real sea-coast city of her, for all and all.

Another of the city parks set on her rim is Griffith, with its splendid observatory and planetarium for popular use. The park is large, three thousand acres in the hills at the end of the Santa Monica Range, to the northwest, and much of it is left wild, with bridle trails and roads running through it for miles. There are clear streams and a fine stand of native wild oak, meadows covered with wild flowers after the rains, all sorts of playing fields, picnic-grounds and archery greens. One of the first municipal golf-courses of the West was laid out in 1910 here, and just north is the municipal airport. An old adobe, once the home of Don Anastacio Feliz, is an interesting item. From the top of Mount Hollywood, on whose western slope the Observatory stands, there is a great view over most of Hollywood. Stars of earth and stars of heaven—here they all are.

There are small parks, Lincoln, largely for the children's delight, on Mission Road, with botanical gardens and conservatories, and close at hand the alligator and ostrich farms, and a zoo, and Echo Park, with a beautiful artificial lake, both fairly near the middle of the city. Home sections display a tremendous variety; you can go from a street that looks as though it had been brought bodily from an old New England town to one that is all stucco and patios, or to shabby, unpainted relics of the worst taste of the nineties in queer, untidy gardens. There are houses on hills that overlook yawning gashes where half the hill has been cut away, and everything seems on the point of collapsing. Indeed, I imagine any taste or lack of taste can be satisfied in Los Angeles.

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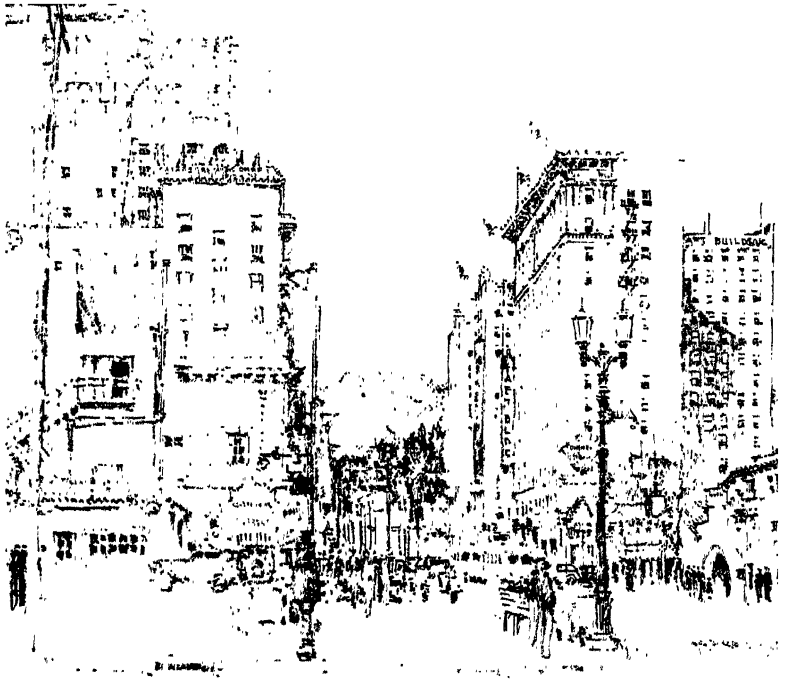
And then, of course, we have Hollywood.

Hollywood is now part of Los Angeles, but it began as a suburb of the Middle West, when, during the great land boom of 1886-1887, a Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox of Topeka, Kansas, came, bought land, built a house, planted orchards of lemon, orange, fig and apricot trees, and settled down to enjoy country life and the climate. When the boom collapsed they were not frightened; they bought more land, less than dirt cheap, had it laid out in lots, presented free lots to churches, wrote home to their neighbors, and gradually collected a pleasant group of persons like themselves, naming their incorporated town Hollywood, probably because of the toyon which grew wild over the place.

Hollywood had its own rules and opinions. When moving-pictures began to be talked about, it took its stand against them. Even after almost every small town had at least one movie house, Hollywood remained spotless. Then, in 1910, two young Jews rented a barn and set up benches and a screen. It was the beginning that still knows no end. The conservative folk sent up vain protests, and Hollywood proceeded to grow, to spread, to be.

Cahuenga Valley, where it is situated, has a peculiarly even climate and is very fertile; even to-day wherever there is not a studio or any other contraption the groves of citrus fruits bear their crops, vegetable farms spread their greenness. Walnuts flourish here. But not to the same extent as the Hollywood growth itself, which began to get big in 1920.

To-day it is a mixture of many diverse elements, though they all hook up. The great boulevards sweeping off with their burdens of fine homes. The smart shops lining the business quarters. The endless picture-houses from small to huge, each doing its best to be seen, like signs along a highway. Some cannot be missed a mile away. Here are the



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**THE CENTER OF HOLLYWOOD: VINE STREET LOOKING
TOWARD HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD.**

scenes of the first-night absurdities, when adoring crowds press to see the stars passing into the auditoriums through a flood of light and the clamor of loud-speakers. Here are every type of restaurant and night club, Hollywood Boulevard especially lined with them. No shape is too fantastic, no name too far-fetched. But it has all been told *ad nauseum*. The working units are not so easy to see, especially since sound has come. They make a world of their own, extraordinary and fascinating.

Bits of history push in oddly. Opposite the entrance to Universal City stands a memorial house in pioneer style, logs and all. It marks the spot where General Andreas Pico, brother to Pio, on January 13, 1847, signed the truce with Captain John C. Frémont, later to be ratified and to deliver California to the United States. There was plenty of maneuvering all about here. Cahuenga Pass is just above, where Micheltorena lost his battle (and a mule) to Pio Pico, and withdrew to the ranch of Don Anastacio Feliz, near Santa Monica. Lookout Mountain is a few miles above Hollywood up a serpentine road leading out from the Pass.

But of all Hollywood has to show, all she is, one September night remains in my memory, very clear, very perfect. On that night I went to the Hollywood Bowl to hear the last symphony concert of the summer season. Thousands were going the same way, streaming up the incline through many trees without hurry, quietly, so that I heard them more like a stream flowing softly than a horde of people. There were lights enough and not too many. I entered and looked up and away at the vast slope of the bowl rising from the stage where the musicians were beginning to gather, as I might have looked into infinity. I climbed easily to my place, sat down, and in a pleasant peace watched the stream flowing steadily in and up, filling the innumerable

rows of comfortable seats, fading away into the dimness on either side and up beyond me. A pale tapestry of faces.

There were tree-tops mounting outside the circling wall and there were the tiny voices of crickets, and once, far off, the faint hooting of a little brown owl. There was a smell of sky and eucalyptus. And presently there was music.

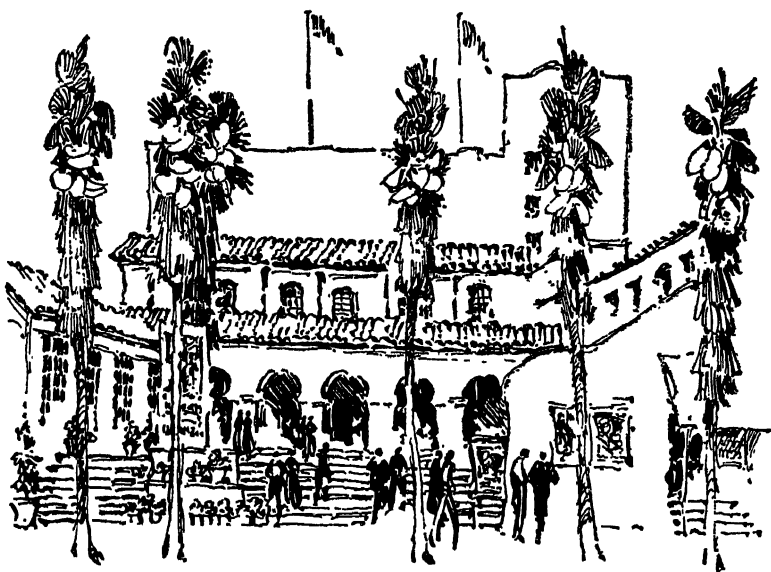
Great music, gloriously surrounding me. The waxing moon was high now, its light falling on the vast, silent audience, evading the lighted stage where the musicians created their magic; in the pauses, again the silver rhythm of the crickets. No human sounds at all. It was a miracle, no less.

This, too, is a part of Los Angeles. As, the concert over, we all streamed away through the trees, past the outdoor restaurants, now dark and silent, down to where the electric cars and the automobiles waited, I knew that through whatever life is left to me the memory of this evening would abide, a pure, exquisite memory that held no marring note. And I thought of the untidy crowds milling around Pershing Square, the miles of oil-wells stretching to the sea, the horrors of Venice, the blank dreary streets of the lower part of town, treeless and dirty; I thought of the lovely avenues, the gardens, the charming terrace of the Women's Athletic Club downtown and the excellent luncheon served me there. I thought of the ring-doves on the library lawns. I thought of all these and many other items of the past few days, and unconsciously I remarked, aloud, surprising myself:

"An extraordinary city, Los Angeles."



• 4 • Pasadena •



“THE CROWN OF THE VALLEY”

BACKED on three sides by the glorious Sierra Madre, Pasadena looks down the long slope of the San Gabriel Valley to the sea. Her name signifies, in the Chippewa tongue, “crown of the valley,” and must have been given by one of the members of the Eastern company which bought the land for settlement in 1873. This company was organized in Indianapolis under the title of the

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California Company of Indiana, but the name was presently changed to the San Gabriel Orange Grove Association. Originally this fertile stretch of country had been a part of the great San Pasqual Rancho, granted to Don Manuel Garfiaz in 1843.

The orange groves were planted, and up the lower slopes of the hills beyond the city they sweep in dark green rows, each tree looking as though it had been scrubbed and polished that very morning, not a weed on the beautifully cultivated soil, the golden fruit displayed to the best advantage—for mile on mile. Farther and higher to the northeast lies the Angeles National Forest cut by deep cañons.

We've heard of the stately homes of England. Pasadena is one immense garden enclosing more of the stately homes of America than any other area of its size. Beauty is its passion and civic pride its blazon. The very entrance to it over the curved bridge that flies on winged arches across Arroyo Seco is heart-stirring. You look down on the groves and the gardens of the Arroyo, and across the rising slope to the rim, where Colorado Street leads to the heart of the city, and you see enough sheer loveliness to fill a lifetime. And it is but the beginning.

The Civic Center of Pasadena is an accomplished piece of work, and for all I know to the contrary started the idea. The noble dome of the City Hall is a triumph, and lovely as the building is in the sunlight, in rain, when the moon silvers it or evening flushes it, it acquires a special enchantment under the skilful flood-lighting at night. Night in the city of Pasadena is, anyhow, an enchantment, so beautifully are the lights set amid its innumerable trees, to fall on the buildings, on the flower-beds. Then, too, the exquisite perfume of scented shrubs and moth-alluring blossoms are heady.



CIVIC CENTER, PASADENA

Within the gardens of the Civic Center are included the Auditorium and the main Public Library. The Spanish-Colonial architecture is the inspiration for these buildings, and very largely for Pasadena in general. It suits the situation and the climate, the plants and trees that flourish here. The great patio of the Library, with its palms lifting their frondy boughs above the wall and rustling to the breeze with that sound of a silvery shower so soothing, would make the noisiest go-getter who never read anything but a bill-board into a dreamer and a poet, I verily believe. To sit here with a book in your lap and watch the moving shadows is as satisfactory a way of studying happiness as any one can find.

Stroll where you will, you are safe. Beauty is queen. A few blocks and you are before the Community Playhouse, that center and pulse of the city's cultural existence. There is a great procession of magnificent palms in front of this really perfect building. No one interested in the theatre but knows of the work done by this community. A school is conducted by the theatre that embraces all the branches involved in playing, producing and managing a play; graduates have made their mark on the legitimate stage and in Hollywood. The work is strictly amateur, no salaries are paid the players, but the training is thorough.

The theatre was started some twenty years ago by Gilmore Brown with a small group of interested persons. Soon the city grew interested, and the magic wand waved. The result is worthy of Pasadena, and none of us need ask more.

Saunter now to where Orange Grove Avenue crosses Colorado Street and enter Carmelita Gardens, filled with the rarest of plants, trees and shrubs. You simply have to saunter in that garden if you never did it before. Nature and man make a marvelous combination where both are at their

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happy best. Those winding walks and tended flowers; the long, patient, enthusiastic work that has brought about such developments of form and color from the wild forebears Nature offered. Or her own *chef d'oeuvres*, left to their loveliness, but guarded and fed like beloved children.

In the middle of this garden is the Art Institute, containing a gallery of its own well worth seeing, and presenting in addition various exhibitions through the year. It is of course admirably lighted and planned for its purposes, and itself a picture.

Orange Grove Avenue and the newer Oak Knoll district with its winding tree-bordered avenues are the two sites where Pasadena's most beautiful homes are gathered. "Millionaires' Row" they call the Avenue, but what makes it worth-while is the taste and the judgment that saw to the spending of the millions. Oak Knoll has given a great deal of attention to the sunken garden with results that are *hors concours*. A garden is a lovable thing, God wot, we were told nearly a century ago, and here "rose plot, fringed pool, ferned grot," prove it true again in a thousand different combinations.

A drive that takes you up past the Rose Bowl and its park to Lina Vista Road and then down through Chevy Chase Country Club is one amid a hundred pleasant things to do in Pasadena. Splendid links here, glorious outlooks. One side of the drive through Chevy Chase borders the municipal course, the other the private course, both in tip-top condition.

A distinguished member of Pasadena's collection of schools is the California Institute of Technology, which has its campus on East California Street. The new Atheneum, which bows to the classic, is the most impressive of the buildings housing the institute and its faculty. At the head

of that distinguished body of scientists is the president, Dr. Robert Millikan. This gentleman and his friend Einstein occupy the same rank in their world of creative science, and Einstein has worked here. One branch of the school is interested in aëronautical experiment, joining with the Mount Wilson Observatory in these studies.

If for nothing else but New Year's Day Pasadena would be known all over the country. It has given a new panache to the holiday with its Tournament of Roses and its East-West football game. Through the city along Colorado Street to the turn-off up the park in Arroyo Seco containing the famous Bowl, marches that five miles of flower-decorated floats. The flowers must all be home-grown, nor leaf nor bud not from Pasadena is allowed. As to the girls, I think a wider limit is permitted. As many as a hundred thousand flowers are used, I'm told, on a single float. You can watch the gorgeous sacrifice with pleasure, however, for new flowers will bloom where these stood, and not a bush or vine or plant has been harmed. If this were true of the trees brought into our towns and cities at Christmas by the thousands, that custom would not seem so barbarous.

It is a great show, with symbolism raising a troubled but still lovely head, even though some of the more briefly appareled maidens sometimes look a bit bleak. Winter is gentle in Pasadena, but one should not presume too far or perhaps too bare is the proper expression. On the sunny side of the street and protected from the wind amid the many observers it can be hot enough for you to use a fan, and yet out there on the flower-float trying to be a naiad—

The climax is the game after luncheon in the Rose Bowl stadium, which has room for more than eighty-five thousand spectators. All the decorations and music of a great game are present, all the enthusiasm. If the West wins, there is

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more of a roar, but should it go the other way Eastern visitors and sympathizers manage to do very well. With the game, college football ends until next autumn.

The park south of the Rose Bowl has an open-air theatre, a number of play-fields and several swimming-pools. Walk down to where you get a view of the bridge from below and savor all its splendid grace.

In Pasadena's suburb of San Marino, four miles from her Civic Center, is the estate of Henry E. Huntington, nephew of Collis, which, with its art gallery and its library, he left to the public. There are two hundred acres of rolling land much like an English private park, with grand sweeps of lawn and fine trees. But the cañon that holds the cactus garden, and the collection of palms, comprising trees from every palm producing country on earth, could not be duplicated there. There are groves of various other trees, water-gardens, secluded glades enclosed by yew hedges where replicas of well-known statues gaze pensively at turf or flower-bed. At one place you come upon the marble mausoleum where Huntington and his wife, Arabella, are buried together. The long view down the valley from the lawn in front of the house is one of the great beauties. Seats are placed under old oaks. All is so large and so open to the sky that even with many visitors Nature appears at peace, untroubled. You can wander by yourself over the soft grass.

The most precious thing of all is the library, with its incredible collection of rare books and manuscripts. The white building, of pure classical design, with terraces before it and a long row of columns ornamenting the façade, was built by Mr. Huntington to contain his already rich collection and give room for much more. Inside the exhibition rooms contain glass cases and shelves where some of the finest treasures

are displayed. One singularly interesting series told the great story of the Book in case after case, from the earliest examples printed by Caxton to exquisite volumes by great French and Italian masters of printing and binding. The Gutenberg Bible lies open by itself. Manuscripts, too, are shown; when I made my last visit many American specimens were among these, Whitman, Bret Harte, Longfellow. The manuscript of Thoreau's *Walden* is one of the library's treasures. Only a small part of the two hundred thousand books and millions of writings of one type and another can be shown. Most are in safes only to be taken out for special reasons. Students from many parts of the world come here to study, for here is much that may be seen nowhere else. But even a casual visitor will find these still, calm rooms providing a rare delight. In the exquisite volumes under your eye it is impossible not to be impressed with the love for the book felt by their makers which is revealed so sensitively. In such books the writer and the artist and the craftsman unite into a trinity that produces perfection.

The art collection is shown in the Huntington dwelling, a squarish structure having a large porch at one side and narrow balconies in front. Some very great canvases are here brought together, notably the paintings of the English school at its height, with work from the brushes of Gainsborough, of Raeburn, of Reynolds, Hopper and Lawrence. In a wing upstairs a special gallery for the chief treasures was built, but the light is not very good there. There must be some fault in construction. In this wing the grand procession is led by the Gainsborough portrait of Mrs. Sarah Siddons as the Tragic Muse. Every canvas in the room is a master-work. There are other great paintings in the halls and in other rooms, including one small chamber that is crowded with Italian work, not the great but the very good. The

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celebrated "Blue Boy," which Huntington bought from the Duke of Westminster, and Lawrence's "Pinkie," a lovely thing, portrait of Sarah Moulton-Barrett as a child, are two other superb paintings. There are also valuable pieces of porcelain and glass, with examples of fine craftsmanship in other mediums. Among these are five great tapestries designed by Boucher, "La Noble Pastorale," in his most exquisite vein. Four are hung in one room and one in the hall.

The estate was once part of the enormous possessions of Don Benito Wilson, already mentioned in the Los Angeles chapter. This gentleman was one of the early pioneers, coming from Tennessee, who married the daughter of one of the great Spanish families and was granted many square miles of the rich valley land. The Institute of Technology is built on another part of his property, and he gave the land for that first school in Los Angeles fathered by Micheltoarena. His name was given to Mount Wilson, highest peak in that part of the Sierra Madre, because he was the first to blaze a trail to its summit.

I had almost forgotten another of Pasadena's museums, in the Oak Knoll quarter. It is an adobe built from bricks and other parts of many old houses in the Mother Lode, including a splendiferous bar with all the trimmings except the liquor, brought intact from a gambling-house in Mariposa. It is known as the Pony Express Museum and has a really remarkable collection of old-timer material, most of it brought together by Parker Lyon. From stage-coaches to gold scales, fire-arms to gambling machines, everything is here, and it is a most interesting and entertaining place.

In South Pasadena there is a real old adobe, carefully restored, which was built in 1839 by Don Jose Perez for his home. In the insurrection after the American occupation

General Flores made it his headquarters, and after the Battle of the Mesa he and Colonel Garfiaz met in the house to discuss the unhappy business of surrendering to Commodore Stockton and Captain Frémont.

San Gabriel touches hands with San Marino, inside the six-mile circle about Pasadena. Enormous pepper and eucalyptus trees shadow the houses of the old town, many among them adobes dating back into the early years of the forties. Over one scrambles a very old, very large vine. The Mission is unique in appearance among the churches built by the fathers. It is made of gray stone and adobe bricks with an open-arched bell-tower like the one at San Diego, having six arches but only four bells, ancient, sweet-voiced reminders of the hours for prayer that still call the faithful. From the tower the long façade of the narrow church extends, supported by ten strong pillar-buttresses, each topped by its sculptured capital, rising above the roof-line. The effect is strong and striking. The roof was arched before the restoration, and there was a tower. Both went in the earthquake of 1812. The bell-tower was put up in place of the original and more interesting one, and in the last restoration to be done a commonplace shingle roof is a sad mistake. A fine stone staircase mounts to the choir on the outside of the church, with a gnarled old pepper beside it. Inside, the ceiling is of oak paneling, there are old statues and pictures brought from Mexico. The patron saint, San Gabriel Arcángel, stands above the main altar. There are old books and priestly robes in the museum room, and the church records, intact from the beginning. In front of the altar is buried Fray Jose Sanchez, among the first to serve the Mission here, and later President of the Missions in California. The Mission was founded in 1771, fifth in order, by Fray Angel Somera and Fray Benito Cambon. Later the site,

three miles nearer the San Gabriel River, was changed because of flood danger, and the present church built in 1776, and several times more or less reconstructed. Four other fathers are buried within it, while the small cemetery holds thousands of Indians, buried one above another in the deep graves. In the lovely, large garden is an ancient climbing white rose, all starred with bloom when I saw it.

Fray Sanchez planted an orange orchard here in 1771, a few of the old trees still standing said to be his. Probably they are much younger, but they are old enough in hoary beauty to fit the story. It was the first planting of orange trees in the state, but not the foundation of California's orange industry, which had another root and whose story belongs elsewhere in this chronicle. San Gabriel Mission was one of the most flourishing in all the lovely line, and proudly bore the title, *Pride of the Missions*.

Close at hand is the Mission Theatre, where each year since 1910 the play by John Steven McGroarty is given a number of performances. The community does the work of producing and acting, the costumes are authentic, the story, in three acts, relates incidents of the first Spanish period, the scene in the first act being at San Diego. The second act, at Carmel, pictures the heyday of missions and social life, with dances and processions, while the last act shows the effect of the secularization, the ruin of an era, and is laid in San Juan Capistrano. The building is in the Mission style, set in a charming garden.

A mile and a half from the Mission is the Old Mill, built by the fathers in 1810 to grind their grain, and the first such mill in California to be run by water-power. It has been restored by Huntington, though its massive stone walls and tiled roof withstood the years fairly well. A legend of an underground passage between mill and church lingers, im-



E. H. Supt

THE HUNTINGTON ART GALLERY AT PASADENA

pervious to proof that it never existed. Hundreds of miles of tunnels as imaginary are scattered over the world.

Where the mill-pond once spread its silver shield there is to-day the pretty city park belonging to San Marino.

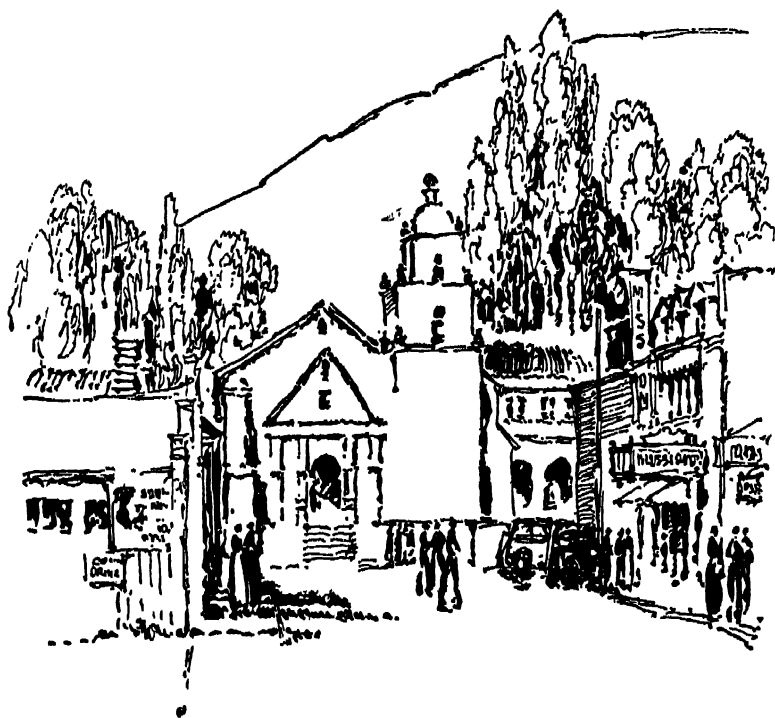
All through this part of the valley the tremendous growth of the suburbs is shown by the new streets and the new little homes, each with its frill of garden, each smart and attractive. Between the built-up regions the groves and orchards extend. The northernmost suburb of Pasadena, Altadena, is also one of the oldest, as its double line of fifty-year-old deodars bordering Santa Rosa Avenue prove. These trees make a magnificent mile of evergreen giants, and during Christmas week they are lighted with thousands of small electric lamps. They are the sweeping, down-dropping variety and the effect as the wind moves among those graceful boughs glittering above the dark roadway, whispering, rustling, with tiny clinkings and ever-moving shadows, is as eerie as beautiful. A breathless moment more, an intenser vision—and you shall hear the choiring cherubim and catch the flash of silver wings.

There are two great peaks accessible from Pasadena, Mount Lowe, reached by a cog-wheel railway from Altadena, 6,100 feet above the sea, and Mount Wilson, two hundred feet higher and twelve miles distant. Lowe has its Tavern, Wilson its hotel, and both are vacation spots, with swimming-pools and private cabins. But it is the great Observatory, under the charge of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, D. C., that makes Wilson notable as a point to visit, beyond the grandeur of the scenery. Until the new telescope begins work at Palomar the hundred-inch one here is the largest and most powerful in the world. It will distinguish the light of a candle five thousand miles away, if

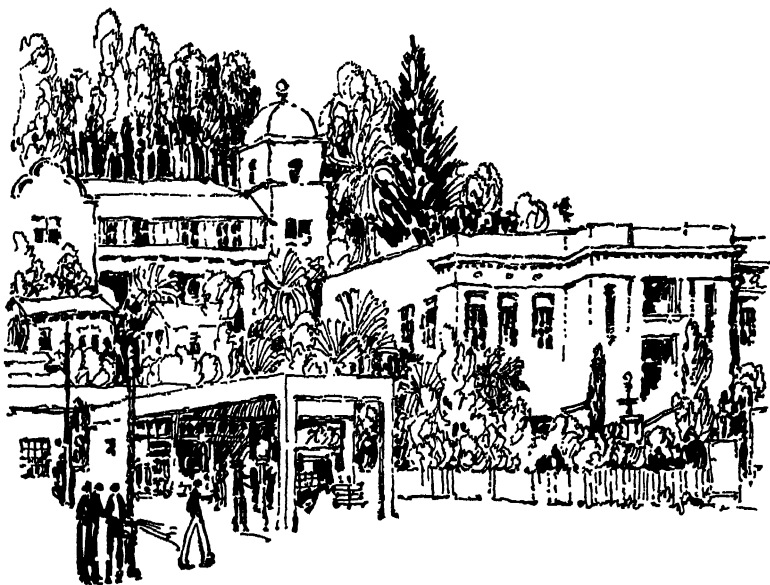
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you will but hold it high enough. The mountain was reached only by a difficult private road until of late when the fine Angeles Crest Highway leading up from the Foothill Boulevard at the small town of La Canada was completed. The last miles are especially glorious; you do not need to gaze at star or planet to feel the majesty of creation after those superb outlooks. But if you are able to get a horse and permission, the ride up the old road is still grander.

From the summit you overlook everything, on every side.



• 5 • Ventura, Ojai, Santa Paula •



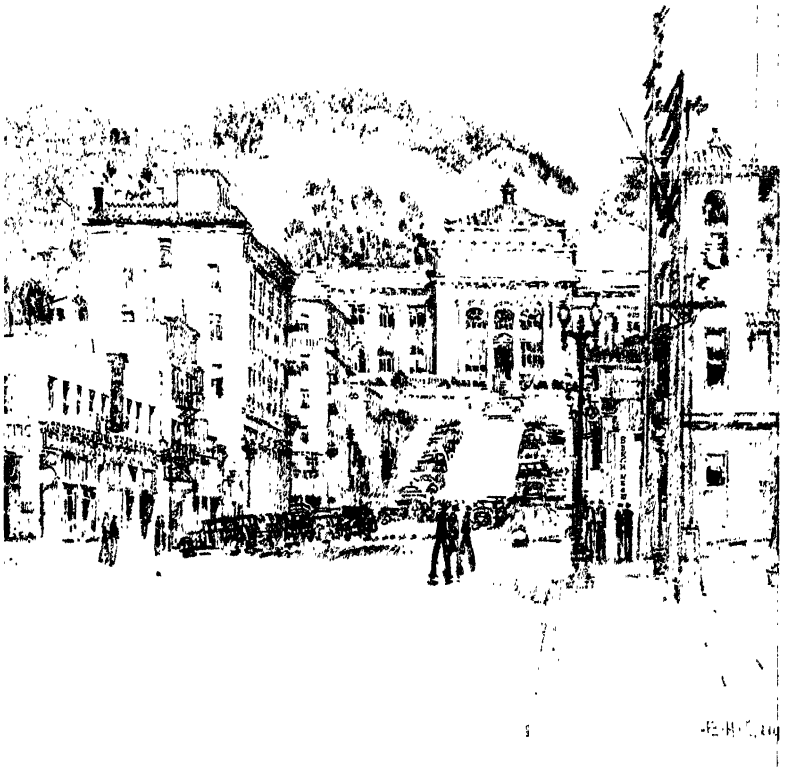
THE LOVELY TRIANGLE

NORTHWEST from Los Angeles, along the slope of the coast, the highway skirts the foot of cliffs and palisades which lean back from the ocean at varying degrees, now almost precipitous, now only a gentle inclination. For some miles there will just be room for the road between cliff and beach, in other places there is space for bungalows or larger houses, each in its spot of garden.

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The beaches are covered with people, long lines of cars stand parked, and a great stream of traffic pelts along full tilt. Breaks in the cliffs give glimpses inland. Presently the mountains rise higher, sweep away, leaving lovely valleys and tipping hills covered with bean-fields, some deep green, others harvested in long brown lines. The mountains return, wild heights covered with chaparral, prickly pear, sage, thorny plants of many species. Now more houses, their porches shaded by huge banana plants, brilliant bougainvillea pouring over a slanted roof. More bean-fields, mostly limas, in a broad flat valley. Beside the fields run citrus groves, peach orchards. Wind-breaks of eucalyptus waving long, slim boughs, runlets of irrigation glittering between the trees. Again the mountains have marched eastward, leaving groups of little hills behind, like children lingering to play while their elders have gone back home. We are nearing Oxnard, in Ventura County, and if anything in nature man needs or wants cannot be found in this particular section of California's coast-line counties, I haven't been able to think of it.

They tell you there is a plain of a hundred and eighty square miles about Oxnard, which contains some of the richest agricultural country in all California, and for once you believe them absolutely. The city is five miles inland, but the sea's freshness reaches it, keeping the summers fairly cool—the winters mild. Oxnard is a manufacturing city, and a busy one, but it manufactures things you like; sugar out of the enormous beet-fields in the second largest sugar refinery in the world, and farm implements that it ships to the whole world. It has an enormous ice factory, too, icing the cars that take out its millions of lemons, its fresh vegetables, its peaches and apricots, oranges and grapefruit. Walnuts—the best in the world. And beans, beans, beans! Then take



VENTURA: THE WHITE COURT HOUSE AT THE HEAD
OF CALIFORNIA STREET

flowers. Go to see Mr. Richard Diener, close to town with acres and acres of flowers raised for seed, but just as lovely and leisurely in bearing bloom as though they were not expected to be a money-making asset. Oxnard has its community center, and it has its handsome wide streets lined with trees and homes. A pleasant, solid-looking town.

On to Ventura, however, the county-seat, where I was stopping for a few days.

Like so many places along the coast Ventura began by being blessed as a Mission. Father Serra did the blessing, and gave his Mission the name of San Buenaventura on the last day of March, 1782. It was near the end of his life, and the last to be dedicated by him. To-day the mission stands, right in the heart of the town, the same in general appearance as when this particular building, following the smaller, temporary chapel, was dedicated in 1809. It took fifteen years to build, with its walls six feet thick, its heavy rafters of hewn wood. For a brief period in 1812-1813 it was so shaken by earthquakes it could not be used, but before the year was out the front façade and the tower had been rebuilt, and it has been in constant use ever since. It is particularly interesting because of this fact, since so much of what was, still is. Unfortunately the old painted rafters have been covered by an ugly modern ceiling, and so, too, the tiled floor is hidden under boards. It is the details that remain that are worth seeing. The extremely interesting door on the east side, with its Indian carvings in the River of Life design, the hand-wrought nails that stud it, and the plaster relief over the door, also the work of the Indian neophytes. Then the old paintings in the sanctuary, the fine altars, the typical statues of saints and the Madonna, all older than the church itself. The central crucifix came from the Philippines in 1808, and is Spanish, and, still rarer, the pictures of

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the stations of the cross are the original ones which were hung on the walls in 1809. The baptismal font is also the old one, and back inside the baptistry there are remains of the original decoration of the church.

The outside is very attractive, with its square, three-tiered tower where the four old bells hang, two cast in Spain in 1781, two in Mexico in 1805 and 1815. They have their names, St. Peter, St. Francis, St. Joseph, Ste. Mary of Sapopa. While in the museum, across the patio from the church, the original odd wooden bells, sounding like clappers, that once summoned the worshipers to mass can still be seen, if not heard. I was told no other mission in the country had wooden bells. In the middle of the patio is a fountain, rebuilt on the same spot as that once occupied by the old one. In the old time the Mission was surrounded by considerable orchards, olive and pear, and the olive press is still to be seen, as well as the reservoir built by the fathers. The church, patio and all, stands some feet above the level of the street, and back of it is the frame of hills.

When Fray Junípero set up the first temporary Mission he also raised a cross on the steep hill behind the church, and to-day a cross dedicated to him stands on the same hill, looking out across the little city toward the sea. The surrounding land has been made a park, the Grant Memorial Park, with a winding drive leading to the plateau, or you can, as I did, walk up by a trail, a beautiful little climb. It was sunset when I reached the cross and sat down at its foot, quite alone in the soft glory of color, and wondered whether the great Franciscan had ever sat here to watch the sun sink, and collect himself under that pure sky for the work ahead. Gone, all his padres, all his Indians. But the clay walls of his missions still stand, priests of his faith still chant the immortal words, and his memory abides. Why, I won-

dered, had Fray Junípero Serra not been raised to sainthood by the Church he so honored?

Ventura is a small, a simple town, but it holds a great deal that is worth seeing. To me at least it appealed at once; Ventura was, as it were, immediately my friend. We meet persons like that, know them at once as kith, feel at home with them. I felt at home with Ventura. On my first night I went strolling about her tree-bordered, quiet streets, across her lovely park, past the homes of people unknown, and I was content and happy. The moon was not yet quite full, but in the dim, leaf-shadowed streets she made her immemorial patterns, and in open places beamed gently on the white walls of a church, of a school. On the terrace of the hill slope back of the hotel where I slept spread the wide wings and the square central portion of the County Court House, with its parking and an interesting modern statue of a padre at the head of broad steps leading from the blind end of the street to the terrace. The wild hills swept up behind; the building was flood-lighted, giving it an unreal effect, a stage effect, that was somehow peculiarly charming in that setting between trees and ordered planting and the wilderness.

Ventura was notable for its beaches some time ago, but several wild storms did a vast deal of harm, and to-day most of the sea-coast is forlorn, with railroad tracks running close to it, an ugly bar between the town and the beach. A little way south of the town, where the railroad turns inland, one small portion is still kept up, though there are no real facilities for bathing. You have to drive down in your suit and go in from your car. A small piece of parking and a sea wall exist, and back of all, on the level top of the cliff, is the Pierpoint Inn, a charming old place in its own large park-

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garden, run chiefly on the American plan, though some rooms without meals are available. But as there is only one restaurant that serves really good meals in town, most people prefer to eat the good home-cooking of Pierpoint Inn, in the big dining-room with its sea-scape windows, its wainscoted walls and great fireplace.

The good restaurant in town is a part of an extremely well-done bit of Spanish architecture, The Patio, reached by its own passage and steps from Main Street and containing several delightful buildings framing the small square. There is a smart little cocktail bar at the back, the restaurant on one side, spilling chairs and tables into the patio, with its tubs of flowers and ferns, its vines, its brick pavement and tiles. Two or three shops, one selling flowers, and a lending library with an excellent collection of the year's books are among the charms of the place; in the evening a guitar strums in one corner, you can dance. You couldn't find a more attractive spot to meet a friend, chat over a cocktail, linger over dinner, sit there in the little square, and finally walk off to bed with a book under your arm.

They call Ventura the Poinsettia City, but these shrubs do not put out their scarlet leaves until December. Many were killed in the severe weather of the winter of 1936, and it is only now that the new ones are ready to make a show for the brightening of the coming season, and so re-establish the right to the title. The town has flowers enough, however, surrounding her homes and her public buildings, and you do not miss the poinsettia in the blaze of zinnias and asters. Many of her houses are in the prevailing Southern California stucco style, especially the new ones. The rest are of wood or brick, with New England antecedents, small and cozy or handsome and roomy. The Public Library is a four-square building of brick with a fine portico adorned by two

white pillars, commodious, dignified, in charming grounds. The Chamber of Commerce houses itself in the half-basement, and there, too, are the rooms where the County Library keeps busy sending out packets of books to all the towns in the county that have no free library of their own. There are no skyscrapers, blissfully, but there are a number of handsome stone business buildings and banks. On one street corner stands the new Telephone Building, a beautiful adaptation of the Spanish style so lovely that it must be a pleasure to go to it to pay your bill. On another roomy corner is the Lincoln School, which has been constructed on the general plan of one of the Don's ranch homes, the main part in two stories, the wings forming two sides of a square, arcaded at one side, enclosing the playing field. The bricks are laid to simulate adobe brick, the coloring is a subtle greenish gray that is very attractive, the whole effect is original, and charmed me so much that I returned more than once to look at it. Whoever has done the Spanish buildings in the town has done them well. The Community Church, up on a hill slope where some of the town's most beautiful homes are situate, has a Mission tower airy and strong, the body of the church is finely proportioned. Behind this church, in a little court snuggled among trees, one of the most amusing homes in the world has been built by the owners' hands, with its patio, its main part and its wing, the cost of the entire building coming to \$27.50! The bricks of the patio were picked up from piles left after pulling down old houses, the thin, uneven leaves of golden-hued stone used for the walls, chimneys and the roof were gathered from the hills, the long, irregular tiles that floor the living-room came from a deserted miniature golf-course, the tall wooden fence separating the house and patio from the narrow lane running between it and the church, weathered

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silver, was found on an old farm. Windows consist of irregular pieces of glass mortared together, the mortar painted white, making a fascinating pattern. Of course the pair who built it are artists, with the result that they have created a house out of odds and ends, out of what was considered rubbish, that has coherence, plan and beauty, inside and out.

It is things of this sort that make Ventura charming. Its citizens have not been afraid to experiment. They even have one church built modernistically, with its front façade lifted tower-high and resembling an organ, that is perhaps more startling than beautiful, but it is worth having, it adds its bit. Main Street in the business section is like most of the small-town main streets, except that the Mission rises over it, and that it soon turns into an avenue of palm trees. Plaza Park, in the heart of the city, a block down from Main Street, spreads wide lawns with well planned planting and a water-lily pool with a fountain in the square bowl from which a long oblong reaches, reflecting the near-by trees. Within easy reach Ventura has an all-grass municipal golf-course, plenty of tennis courts.

Ventura has several "firsts" on which it prides itself. As a beginning, it likes to remind you of the punctuality of the Portuguese explorer, Cabrillo, who dropped anchor in Ventura Harbor on October 10, 1542, remaining four days, so that he spent the fiftieth anniversary of Columbus's discovery of the Western World on the shore not very far from Main Street; then, gold was mined in the San Felicia mines of Piru Cañon as early as 1837, and sent to the Philadelphia mint in 1842, quite a while before Mr. Marshall got busy above Sacramento. What's more, the first discovery of petroleum was made in the county, and wells dug back in the early sixties are still yielding. To-day there's gold in them

thar hills, not only in Piru but close to Ventura and through the Ojai Valley, but it is black gold. As you drive up the cañon of the Ventura River on your way to Ojai and Santa Paula you pass many a well sticking its pump crazily into the air on the hills above you, and now and then the oily stuff seeps out of the slopes at the edge of the road.

No one should say good-by to Ventura without taking the famous Triangle Drive around that amazing Ojai Valley to Ojai and Santa Paula. It isn't only that it is one of the beautiful drives of this world, but it holds so much sheer interest. You turn past the Mission and run out along the valley of the Ventura through a jumble of hills, past a large Girls' School followed by a larger oil-field, and toward the glorious Sulphur Mountains, where the first oil was found, then past ordered groves of enormous lemon ranches, more bean-fields, endless pastures where huge oak trees make circles of dark shade, now by a climbing, twisting road with a new view for each moment, then on a level stretch. A ranch that specializes in blooded horses, another that is developing the native Spanish stock, marvelous for endurance, sure-footedness and intelligence, as well as beauty. There are remarkable schools for boys, with immense grounds, their own stables, a progressive method of teaching that appears miraculously to combine modern methods with sound good sense. One orange orchard has trees sixty years old and still bearing. The "county families" who live in this valley on their great ranches are of the type of the landed gentry in England, paternal, taking care of the people, building them little villages, entertaining each other in their great houses, going off suddenly to New York, to Hawaii, to Europe, but never very long away, for the work of superintending the ranches is as fascinating to these true lovers of their country as it is important and difficult.

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In the village of Ojai, and a noble village it is, with its houses peering at you from behind high green hedges, from under bowing trees, or sauntering off to hide themselves completely from any passerby, in this village there is a bakery run by Mr. Bill Baker, a great man, too. Each year, through one régime after the other, he bakes a mighty cake for the Christmas of the President of these United States. It takes a special guard, a special truck, a special reservation in a railroad car to carry that cake to its destination, but there it is at the accepted hour, a thing to wonder at, to stare at, but assuredly also to eat. Ojai has a magnificent golf-course; it also holds one of the great tennis meets of the country each year in spring, to which all the stars go, to play for enjoyment, for the fun of it, with all of Ojai looking on, entertaining, half of them playing, too.

Santa Paula, point of the Triangle, Lemon capital of the world, with five enormous packing-houses for that fruit, two for oranges, two more for walnuts. A California walnut grove is a beautiful thing, the graceful trees standing in long rows, each with ample room to spread its boughs, in plowed land exquisitely tended, the same color as the nutshells, once they break from their green shards. Looking on these ordered ranks, that march dizzily in a changing pattern as you rush by, I remembered the great walnut trees of the country round the Lake of Annecy, in France, where for the first time I saw men on ladders beating the branches with long, supple wands to make the nuts fall, and understood the foundation for the nursery rhyme, whether or not I accepted all its thesis:

A woman, a dog and a walnut tree,
The more you beat them the better they be.



POST-OFFICE AND ARCADES AT OJAI

The citrus groves are planted in the same way, but since the trees are smaller they stand closer together. The orange trees look for all the world like line on line of Queen Victorias, close-huddled in capacious shawl and skirt that often touches the ground, a little bent, with an air of determination, devoted to duty.

The town of Santa Paula carries on the tradition of charm. It too is a place to love. So much of America creates an impression of homelessness—of being merely a wayside stop, a temporary lodging, a clutter of apartments, of housing a stream of wandering folk, not of being an abiding place, cherished and cared for. It does the heart good to realize that it is also a place of homes, where the very land is loved, is petted and made much of. It has its beautiful public library, the Dean Hobbs Blanchard Memorial, with its own bookplate and the friendliest service under the leadership of Mrs. Gladys Kennedy.

There is a sense of space given by the wide avenues, tree-shaded, by the wide outlook, lifting to the mountains, by the spread of the valley. Its citizens naturally have breadth of view, there is nothing small-town nor parochial about them. The excellent airport is symptomatic—they are close to the great cities, yet free of them.

Between Ojai and Santa Paula are the Santa Paula Mineral Springs, which will certainly be developed as a spa one of these days. You can drink and bathe there now, to be sure, but they deserve a greater exploitation. This seemed to me the final touch of perfection.

“What haven’t you got?” I demanded of my hostess, at the luncheon where I met an alert and interesting group of women.

“Well,” she answered, “I remember a woman who was staying at the Glen Tavern across the street saying to me

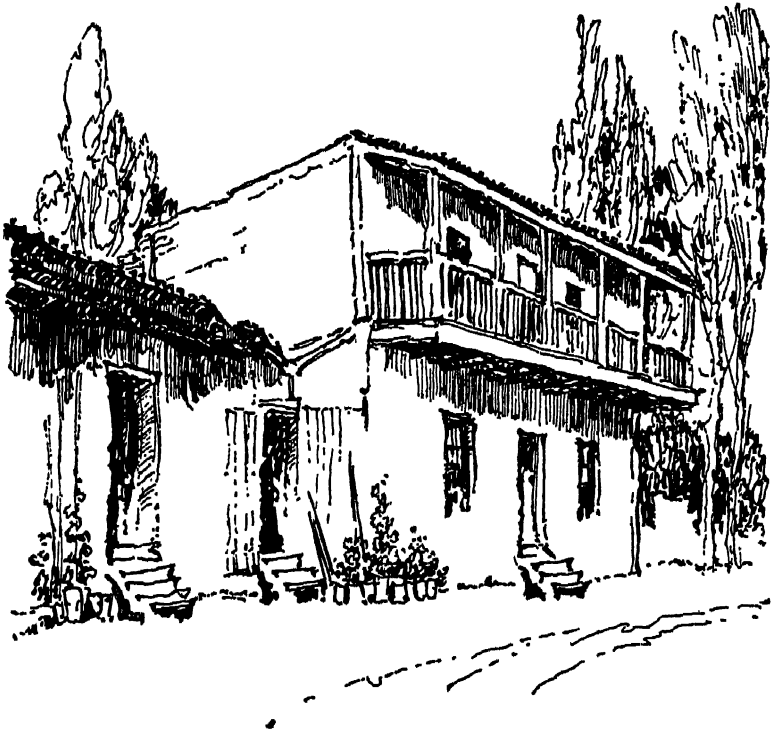
once, 'I don't suppose you ever get any snow here,' and I had to admit we didn't have skiing or tobogganing, you had to drive into the mountains for that, but we did have snow once in a while, and if you want to see a lovely sight, go look at an orange grove with snow trimmings, and up at these hills under a white blanket. It doesn't stay more than a few hours, or the groves would suffer, but we do see it, and the children all scream with joy over it."

I had seen the so-called business section of Ojai, the beautiful arcaded street in Spanish style, with its towers, its charming shops, proving that it is quite possible to be both good business and handsome. Now my friends ran me about to see the buildings belonging to the Limoneira Company, which owns the great lemon ranch, the County Agricultural Building, the modern packing plants, the banks and blocks that take care of Santa Paula's trading concerns. They too are a joy.

"You must come back, and really get to know us. There are more hot springs and sulphur springs north on the highway out of Ojai—there is marvelous fishing—there are the most enchanting trails for horseback riding—and some of the camping places—"

The last leg of the Triangle Drive runs down the valley of the Santa Clara River, with South Mountain beyond, taking you back to Ventura.

Come back? Of course I'll come back! Bothersome business, not having eternity available. One more place added to the many on this old earth of ours to which I must certainly return, where I must linger—or know a lasting regret.



· 6 · Santa Barbara ·



WHERE GRINGO AND CABALLERO CLASP HANDS

ALONG the winding satin ribbon of the highway on a morning lost out of Eden we drove between the rugged cliffs and the sun-yellow beaches, where the surf was at its everlasting game of pitch and toss, toward Santa Barbara. The black claw of progress showed at Summerland, or a mile or so beyond, where oil-wells appeared to be pumping their viscid stuff right out of the ocean water,

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perched high on zig-zag scaffolding running far out from shore. We were on the Camino Real, traced by the padres as they walked between mission and mission. Travelers followed the same route then as now, but then sure of free bed and board, a hospitality gentle and unasking. You could stay as long as you pleased, and when you would be on your way once more, there was a fresh horse, a guide if you needed one, provisions to last to the next mission, a roast chicken, boiled eggs, a boiled tongue, good bread, a bottle of wine, a flask of brandy.

A two-hour run and we reached Montecito, Little Mountain, where the great estates edge each other, separated only by winding lanes, garden vying with garden, the houses barely visible behind trees and hedges, set back from the roadway. Next we passed the Biltmore and its cottages, the Country Club, the charming bird refuge on the edge of a lagoon, and sped on past the bathing beaches to Anacapa Street and the balconied inn right in the middle of town where we were putting up. Trees along the sidewalk, and just beyond the green and white of the Court House and its park.

Santa Barbara loves its Spanish background, cherishing the old names, building its new homes and shops and business houses in the old style. It presents you with a leaflet giving not only the derivation of its street names, but their pronunciation, a custom that must have set a good many traveling minds at rest. Faced by Gutierrez or Arrellaga, for instance, you might hesitate to inquire your way of a native-born, unless with the leaflet in your clutch.

Fray Lasuén founded Santa Barbara Mission on December 4, 1786, four years after the founding of San Buenaventura, the last of the missions created by Fray Serra, who had died in 1784. The grand period of the missions began at

this time, the great beauty of Santa Barbara reflecting the growing interest in architecture. By now the fathers were beginning to reap the benefit of the long years of settlement, their Indians were becoming more and more skilled in the handcrafts; Governor Fages had asked for carpenters, masons and blacksmiths, not only to work but to teach, capable men sent him at the royal expense both from Spain and Mexico. Bells cast in Spain or in the Philippines were being hung in the bell-towers, the temporary structures of the past disappeared by degrees, the land not only supported enormous herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, but it raised corn and wheat and oats. Orchards of olives, pears, oranges and lemons multiplied, vineyards climbed the hills, spinning-wheels buzzed, weavers increased. The instinct for art in the neophytes was encouraged, they painted the beams of their missions, carved their wooden statues, their doorways, made painted stations of the cross to hang along the white-washed walls inside the churches. Fortunately not all of their work is lost.

Not only the appearance of Spanish days, I thought, as I walked through the streets of the city toward the Mission, between beautifully clipped hedges, under great trees and past gardens as full of flowers as any in this world, into which the houses fitted as harmoniously as a pretty face into the frame of a pretty bonnet, not only its appearance but its manners, its spirit, hold something of Castilian flavor in Santa Barbara. With what an unwonted courtesy the cars paused to let me pass, how gently they were driven, even as though the drivers controlled the hour with their automobiles. The cars strolled, not only agreeably, but intelligently. Why hurry, in the heart of beauty?

Portuguese Cabrillo was the first European to look upon these rising hills back of the sea, drawing lines of strong

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grace against the sky. Out in that harbor he had died, and in his lost grave on the steep island of San Miguel his bones might still be lying. Before the Great War, in 1913, a movement was started to raise a monument to his honor, but the war put an end to the plan. For some reason the Point where the Hopkins Marine Station of the University of Leland Stanford now stands, at the southern end of the bay, was at that time given the great navigator's name, though he never made his way to that part of the coast-line, and here the monument was to be placed. A white cross with the name "Cabrillo Point," stands there to-day, but I could not find out who was responsible for putting it up.

Although Serra did not found Mission Santa Barbara, he did found the little chapel of boughs that was erected when the Presidio of Santa Barbara was inaugurated on April 21, 1782. The approximate site had been in view for some time; climate, fertility, the beauty of the place, the excellent harbor, all called for settlement. Led by the gallant Ortega, now Captain, commanding a body of fifty men, accompanied by Fray Serra and our Los Angeles friend Governor Neve, the exploring party started from San Buenaventura toward the middle of the month, traveling by Indian trails until it arrived in what to-day is the center of the city, the four squares bounded by Figueroa, Cañon Perdido, Garden and Anacapa streets. The Court House borders on this territory, the library and art gallery are close to it, so is the Federal Building. Father Serra helped select the place and Captain Ortega set his men to work at once to fell trees and gather brush for the temporary barracks and Presidio chapel. In this chapel Fray Serra, having, as he has told us in his brief account, written in the baptismal book which Santa Barbara cherishes, "adorned it as well as possible," blessed water, and then blessed with this holy water the land

itself. Then a high cross was erected and mass celebrated. A low mass, for the Franciscan had come alone. Serra then asked permission to choose the site for a mission church, and to found that. Neve refused, no one knows why. It was not until Governor Fages, two years later, became chief of California, that Serra's wish was granted, the news reaching him a month before his death, and giving him happiness. But it was not until December 16, 1786, that Fray Lasuén, assisted by two other priests, having selected the site and put up a structure of boughs, was at length, in the presence of the Governor, able to consecrate the new Mission. A high mass was celebrated and a short sermon preached by Lasuén, who then returned to Monterey, leaving the two fathers who had come with him to establish the church. Their names are sheer music—Antonio Paterna and Cristobal Orámas.

With the small chapel at the Presidio it continued to serve for another three years. Then a larger clay and bough structure was put up, finally replaced in 1793 by a building with three side chapels that merited the term of church. That lasted until the severe earthquake of 1812, when it was so badly damaged it had to be pulled down. There seemed to be a jinx around somewhere.

But in 1815 the beautiful church we see to-day was begun, taking five years to build. On September 10, 1820, the dedication took place with great pomp of church and state. The evening before the populace, including the Indian neophytes, danced in the Plaza; there were fireworks, singing and general rejoicing. Next morning the bells sang out gaily, visiting priests came from Carmel, Buenaventura, San Luis Obispo, San Juan Capistrano. The Governor and his suite, resplendent in their uniforms, accompanied by their wives and daughters, attended the high mass celebrated by Fray

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Sarria, President of the Missions, Lasuén having died in 1802. The Indian choir sang. After the ceremonies were over there were parties in the houses of the Dons, dinners and balls. It was a superb occasion.

The new church, of mortared dressed sandstone, was built to last. The walls were nearly six feet thick, strongly buttressed. The two towers were built of the same stone, and in the niche above the central entrance stood a stone statue of Santa Barbara. Inside the walls were plastered, the columns and cornices frescoed, the ceiling lathed and hard-finished. It was exquisitely decorated with designs cut out of cedarwood and painted. There was a floor of polished red cement. In 1827 the Frenchman, Duhaut-Cilly, who was sailing around the world, stopped in the harbor for a visit. He wrote a description of the Mission and the Presidio in which he reveals considerable admiration for the church, and some amusement for the fortress. He tells us that, like the one in Monterey, the Presidio was a quadrangle enclosed and surrounded by houses and sheds of a single story, that the residence of the Commander, at the northwest corner, had a belvedere and was a trifle more conspicuous than the rest. He concludes "At the opposite corner, which guards the descent to the shore, it is seen that the intention of the engineers in California was to construct a fortification; but to think they had succeeded would be too optimistic."

So much for the fort. When it came to the church, Duhaut-Cilly is filled with admiration, even with wonder that two ecclesiastics, Fathers Suñer and Ripoll, with only Indians to do the work, could have succeeded in producing a result at once so solid and so beautiful. In Europe, as he remarks, there would be architects and trained workmen, materials already prepared for use, but here everything had to be done from the very beginning. Men trained and



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IN SANTA BARBARA, FIGUEROA STREET LEADS
TOWARD THE MOUNTAINS

taught. Tiles, bricks, formed out of the soil, baked in ovens built for the purpose. Wood had to be brought from far away along narrow trails through the mountains, and lime made from the shells gathered on the sea-beach. Yet, he exclaims, "the boldness of the conception and the constancy of its execution are striking. No motive, except his unbounded zeal for the spread of religion, could have sustained Padre Ripoll in overcoming so many and so great obstacles. Yet it took him no longer to finish the work than it would have taken in Spain."

The voyager adds a word of praise for the "extreme cleanliness" of the whole place. He tells us, too, that he visited the woolen works, large sheds where some two hundred Indians were employed, preparing and weaving the wool into blankets and a heavy serge cloth. The simple machinery itself had been made at the Mission, which had built the workshops for blacksmiths, carpenters, stone-cutters and masons. Everything needed was provided right on the ground. This of course was the rule in all the missions, but few among them were built of stone and cement.

This is the church which we see to-day, and for my part I too looked upon it with admiration and wonder. How much it has withstood, how beautiful it is! Here, and here alone among the mission churches the sanctuary lamp has burned from the foundation, December 4, 1786, twelve days before the formal ceremony attended by the Governor.

Mission Santa Barbara has another distinction. On April 27, 1840, Pope Gregory XVI established the diocese of Upper and Lower California, appointing Fray Garcia Diego y Morena as its first bishop. The new bishop, one of the fathers serving at the Mission Santa Clara, set out late the next year to choose the site for his see. He went first to San Diego, perhaps attracted especially by its name, but an

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inspection of Old Town convinced him it would not do as the seat of a bishopric which extended from Cape San Lucas in the south to Santa Rosa, above San Francisco Bay, in the north. Hearing of this decision Santa Barbara decided to win the bishop, inviting him to pay the place a visit. He came on January 11th, to be greeted with the wildest enthusiasm. The whole town had crowded to the seashore, and as he stepped from the boat to the shore the multitude fell on its knees to receive his blessing. A carriage was in waiting, the Commandante of the Presidio met him, music blared, soldiers presented arms, the guns at the fort thundered, the ship on which the new bishop had come fired its own cannon, echo meeting echo in the astonished air. Under arches of flowers, to the ringing of the Mission bells, Bishop Diego was driven to the house of Don Jose Antonio to dine. At four o'clock he proceeded toward the Mission, the cheering people taking the horses away to drag the carriage themselves. Flags waved, vaqueros galloped their horses, many people wept with joy, babies were lifted up to be blessed, and again the guns roared and military music filled in the gaps. At last His Excellency, in full pontifical robes, swept into the church, crowded to its last inch, to be met by the priests. After the Angelus the bishop made an address and the great affair was over.

At the end of April Santa Barbara became the Episcopal See, and so remained through the life of Bishop Diego, who died in 1846. Until 1850 the see remained vacant. Then Diego's successor, Bishop Alemany, removed it to Monterey. By that date Americans were filling California and great changes taking place.

The church to-day continues to carry on its fine record with dignity. It stands at the crest of a slight rise, with plenty of space, surrounded by its gardens and plaza. The wide

semicircular steps that mount to the platform before the entrance are very fine. Three slender half-columns rise on either side of the arched entrance to support the triangular gable above which lifts the cross, flanked by twin two-storyed towers with domed tops surmounted by lanterns. The arcades extend to the left. An extraordinary effect of lightness combined with strength delights you. In the Plaza is the fountain, surrounded by a flower-bed, and to one side a pool which reflects the church, a fascinating detail.

Inside much of the old remains, in spite of the needed work of reconstruction carried out after the earthquake (the preferred California word for this phenomenon is "fire") of 1925, which laid a good deal of the city low. Santa Barbara saw to it that the labor on the church was well done, and unlike San Francisco she used the opportunity given her by rebuilding what had been destroyed in the center of town far more beautifully than before.

The Mission Museum is filled with valuable relics, ancient carvings and paintings, time-honored books, rich vestments. There are volumes of manuscript music with the notes variously colored, to help the Indians who were taught from these pages to sing in the choir or play in the orchestra. Surely a lovely idea!

On the right, of the high altar Bishop Diego is buried, and under the nave Governor Figueroa lies in his coffin. But the cemetery is behind the church, surrounded by high walls, and there four thousand Indians and five hundred whites lie under the soil, with trees and shrubs and flowers above them. One vault holds the Mission fathers, among them that Padre Sanchez who was the original of Father Salviederra in *Ramona*. In the middle of this graveyard a willow flourishes, grown from a slip taken from the tree beside Lafayette's grave. Beyond the wall on the side of the ancient

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aqueduct are two fine old sycamores, planted to give shade to the Indian women who used to wash for the Mission in the flowing water.

As of old, Franciscan fathers move about the old place, tend the church and its needs, lead the visitor gently about the beloved building and its grounds. The old bells ring, the old and hallowed words are spoken. A faint fragrance of incense mingles with the breath of flowers, of myrtle bushes, whose very leaves are sweet, and before the altar flickers the enduring flame in the sanctuary lamp, ready for the next hundred and fifty years. A timeless spot, the old Mission Santa Barbara, with the evergreen mountains behind it.

A twisty road leads up to the Natural History Museum, tucked into a well-wooded cañon and filled with exquisite displays of innumerable specimens of birds, animals, fish, flowers, as well as replicas of the Indians who once owned the land, in their natural habitats and apparently pursuing their several interests. All that lacks is motion, and almost you are fooled into thinking you see even that. Farther up are the Blaksley Botanical Gardens, past Rocky Nook Park, just like its name, and the handsome Women's Club. The Gardens have been developed in a way to preserve the impression of natural beauty: you wander along trails, past pools and trickling streams, under great trees, with birds singing and frogs sitting on wet stones. The old dam that supplied the Mission and was built by Indian labor in 1799 still sturdily does it duty.

The hills above Santa Barbara fairly drip gardens, estate after estate owned by people who can afford to build and plant gloriously. Water murmurs and reflects on terrace after terrace, planning its way to the sea, which lies in splendid view beyond the sloping fall of hills, plain and beach.

Santa Barbara is above all a city of homes, with hotels planned for visitors who mean to remain for months. Hotels with charming cottages in their own gardens, linked by hedged paths, hotels like the Biltmore close to the sea, or like El Encanto (The Enchanted) up on the hills. Among them all you can find something that will suit your purse without unsuited your love of beauty and comfort. It is a city of taste and good sense.

Naturally, in such a climate its citizens and its visitors expect to enjoy outdoor amusements, and all are available. The hills and mountains for riding, the sea for bathing and sailing, golf-links, polo-grounds, tennis courts, hiking, motoring, lazing in gardens, eating outdoors. There is a flourishing cricket club, there are hard-court and grass-court croquet fields. There is a little trout-fishing and a lot of sea fishing, and excellent hunting in the season. Rocky Nook Park carries on serious work at its School for Nature Study. There are picnic-grounds with barbecue pits and grills. There are many playgrounds for children, there is the County Bowl at the hill end of Anapamu Street where musical shows, concerts and light operas are given through the summer months, and there is the large Peabody Stadium adjoining the high school on the same street. An interesting event is a five-day riding and stage-coach trek over the mountains and through the Santa Ynez Valley conducted by the Ranchero Visitadores Club, repeating the custom of the Dons to visit on horseback one rancho after another; and of course there is the ever-famous Fiesta, Old Spanish Days, which begins on the day of the full moon in August and is a dazzlingly lovely affair. One of its glories is the show of horses, which include the great *palominas*, magnificently beautiful cream-colored, golden-maned horses that were bred by the Dons and which alone are worth coming across

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the continent to see. Spanish songs and dances, Spanish dress and decorations, the Spanish spirit of those care-free days revisit the glimpses not only of the moon, but of the sun, for four enchanted days.

There is an earlier fair and another horse-show, usually in July, with water sports, including sailing and motor-boat races. And if you are tired of all this, you can still go walking amid orange and lemon groves for miles on miles!

I sat on the terrace of the home of friends and listened while they chanted this litany. Some of these events I had shared in, not all. You must stay the year round to "do" Santa Barbara.

"Do you ever stay indoors?" I inquired, watching two humming-birds poised before a fuchsia bush ten feet tall.

"There's the Lobero Theatre; we get the cream of everything that comes to the Coast. The Community Arts Association brings the great musical events and the fine plays to it, and produces things of its own. A beautiful building."

I knew that. It was close to my inn.

"We've a School of Arts, you know. And plenty of artists in every branch, which means writers, too," and they grinned at me.

I upped and away, hating to leave that softly shaded, softly sun-bathed terrace with the humming-birds and the friends. But if you want to see something really well, you have to see it alone.

Santa Barbara built herself a new Court House, surrounding it with a park that includes a sunken garden enclosed by the two great wings that make the building, after she had cleared away the wreck of her earthquake. On the two remaining sides of this garden steps lead down from the lawns of the park. But the best approach is through the great archway that passes under the center of the main wing,

over which the square tower lifts its enormous clock and upper gallery. Walking through this superb entrance you get the mountain background caught in the huge sweep, a picture to which I came back many a time, and at many a different hour. So on, down steps to the garden. This side of the Court House is by far the lovelier, not fretted with overdecoration as are the street façades. The general theme is Spanish throughout, but a greater simplicity of detail would have pleased me more. However, I felt I ought not to growl at minor defects as I stood looking at the white walls, the tiled roofs and rows of windows, some arched, some oblong; and the tower is entirely satisfactory. In the corner where the wings join is another low round tower that just overtops the roof, and has a most engaging circular stair that is partly out and partly inside the building. There are touches of clear, vivid blue on window-sashes, and terra-cotta curtains match the tiles. The shadows of trees on the walls are exquisite, the palms and shrubbery emphasize and enhance the warm white tone of the building, crimson bougainvillea lends splendid splashes of color. There is above all a grand impression of space, the satisfying conviction that this building is absolutely in harmony with the climate, with the tender blue of the skies, the varying tones of green, green that is largely indifferent to such trifles as the changing seasons.

The side wing has its own arched entrance to the ground floor, with a terrace above it reached by stairways at either side, leading to a second entrance, square and with a broad, deep, overhanging tiled eave that has distinction. Coming back that night to see the effect of the flood-lighting I found a symphony concert just beginning, the musicians placed on the wide lower terrace in front of the arched door. The night was very still with no breath of wind, cool with a per-

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fect mildness. The pale light on walls and tower, the swelling music, the people on chairs placed in a large semicircle or moving noiselessly as people in a dream over the thick sod gave a strange pleasure. All seemed dream, it was as though I had drifted into the world of Peter Ibbetson, and I felt I could not be sure whether the music created the scene, or the scene the music.

The rooms and corridors of the Court House have been splendidly handled. The passages are paved with mosaic in interesting patterns, and their length is broken by bays, by steps, by a piece of sculpture or a painting, or a great lantern of hand-wrought iron. Tiled wainscoting and painted beams add effective color notes. The Assembly, or Supervisors' room, is the show-place, and worth it. Fine murals decorate the vast walls, telling the story of Cabrillo's landing, of Indians building the Mission, showing picturesque Frémont and his wild followers. The great beams of the ceiling are painted with geometric designs, and the furniture is of hand-carved oak. It is a room of truly grand proportions and harmony.

In this remarkable building even the court-rooms are beautiful, with carven jury boxes and judge's bench, draperies of crimson velvet, leather-covered doors. The hand-wrought iron grills of the lower floor, and to the prison, for there is a prison, too, are very good. If, by some chance, you feel like committing a crime, it would be a good idea to commit it in Santa Barbara, and so be tried in this Court House and imprisoned in the jail, where you could listen to symphonies under the moon.

The view from the top of the high tower takes in all the city, miles of ocean, the islands, which are mountaintops riding the bay, the mountains north and east in their long ranges. Look, and praise God that you are alive.

Neighboring the Court House, in its own lawn and garden, is the very lovely Public Library and art gallery building. The gallery has, I think, no permanent collection as yet. At the moment when I visited there it was showing a group of foreign colored prints illustrating the art of landscape garden from the early Italian backgrounds to religious pictures down through the ages to our day. Inside and outside, gardens!

The adjoining library surrounds its readers most alluringly with well lighted, airy rooms softly toned. Albert Herter is painting the murals for the main room, two panels finished, eight still to do. The theme is the story of expressing thought visually, from primitive rock-painting to the printing of the daily papers to-day. A glorious story, and Herter is making a grand job of it.

Miss Burke, who has charge of the Children's Room, makes it a part of her work to lure them into the library by little entertainments appealing to youth, such as puppet shows, story-telling, exhibitions of pictures; and the head librarian, Mrs. Linn, holds an open-house reception at Christmas, with a huge bowl of apples on the desk to tempt the youngsters. Children get a deal of attention in Santa Barbara; the schools are tip-top, the playgrounds not only numerous but well-distributed; the library makes pets of them, the Arts Commission considers them. It seemed to me that the children responded magnificently. Lusty, lovely, smiling, well-mannered, and brimming with happy life.

There are a number of things Santa Barbara does not have. There are no slums, no dirty, untidy sections, and no street-cars. Buses in plenty take you where you wish if you have no car of your own. There are no skyscrapers, though the chief business street, State, has its big, fine, modern buildings. Noise is notably absent.

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One of the city's great charms is the Paseo, with four entrances to a medley of little streets and patios on which the swanky shops of the city look out. This Spanish section adjoins the de la Guerra adobe house and garden patio, which was not harmed by the earthquake, and in which the family still lives, occupying the private half of the original home, the other half now containing several shops. In this beautiful old house young Dana danced with a de la Guerra bride, of whom he wrote delightfully in his famous book. Years later, he met the lady again, grown old, still lovely, still adorable, and she thanked him for the pretty things he had said of her so long ago. The house is one story, U-shaped, surrounding on three sides the green patio, and through this garden is the prettiest way to enter the Paseo. There is a flower-shop entrance, too, that leads to a narrow archway you mustn't miss. The entire section is Spanish, with its sunny courts, its white-washed walls over which trees bend and vines clamber, its balconies and outside stairways, arched doors and windows. There are treasures from every part of the world in its shops, specialty shops in the modern style. No one should miss luncheon or dinner in the excellent restaurant, occupying a large flagged patio near the center of the Paseo. This court is surrounded with balconies over the arcades that border its four sides, and is open to the sky. Terra-cotta colored awnings can be pulled forward at will to shield the guests from sun or shower. The balconies are reached by a broad curved stair, and here, too, tables are placed. Bunches of scarlet peppers hang against the walls, there are palms and ferns in tiled pots. And you can order either American or Spanish dishes with the certainty that whatever is served you will prove delicious.

The mountains behind and the sea in front both belong actively to the life of Santa Barbara. Three miles from



GARDENS AND SHOPS IN THE PASEO, SANTA BARBARA

the heart of town the beaches stretch in golden miles. They slope almost west and east. At the western end is the yacht harbor, protected by long breakwaters and a wharf which leave only a narrow opening to the ocean. This harbor is apt to be crowded with small sail-boats tacking back and forth toward the sea-way, gay and seemingly as erratic as a flock of butterflies. Cabrillo Boulevard runs the length of the sea-front, from the harbor to the reserved bathing beach belonging to the Biltmore, past East Beach with its bath-houses and pavilion. At the harbor is the municipal beach, backed by a row of little shops, hot-dog stands, a fried fish and chips stand, as English as you please, and even a tea-shop, also English. Behind is a pretty park named after Pershing, and still further back a particularly attractive cottage and garden addition.

The mountains are threaded with drives, each with its own glory. The Skyline, reached through Romera Cañon, along the high ridge beyond the Santa Ynez Range, is the most amazing for the extent and variety of its scenery. The nearer Goleta Foothills Boulevard guides you through exquisite valleys and pastures, by stern precipices and forested peaks. Near the Danish town, Solvang, neat as a pin, the Santa Ynez Mission makes lovelier a lovely glade. Eastward from the Ynez Crest you see pale cliffs and rocky heights going on forever and forever. This is the Coast Range in all its magnificence and variety. Coming back, you slip by small villages centering hundreds of acres of cattle-ranch country, and catch, through cañon clefts, glimpses of stone pinnacles washed with faint rainbow hues.

Back to town by way of Gaviota Pass, the road finding its way between dark precipices to the coast. Presently you catch sight of the bold headland El Capitan, and reach the little green cañon with its clear stream that seeks the sea

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over Refugio Beach. It owes its name to the fact that the first pacifists of California, a small group of Spanish Californians, managed to hide away here and so avoid having to fight Captain Frémont's Americans. Above was the great Ortega Ranch, and here it was that the unwilling pirate, Joe Chapman, came so close to death at the tail of a horse, but was saved for happier things.

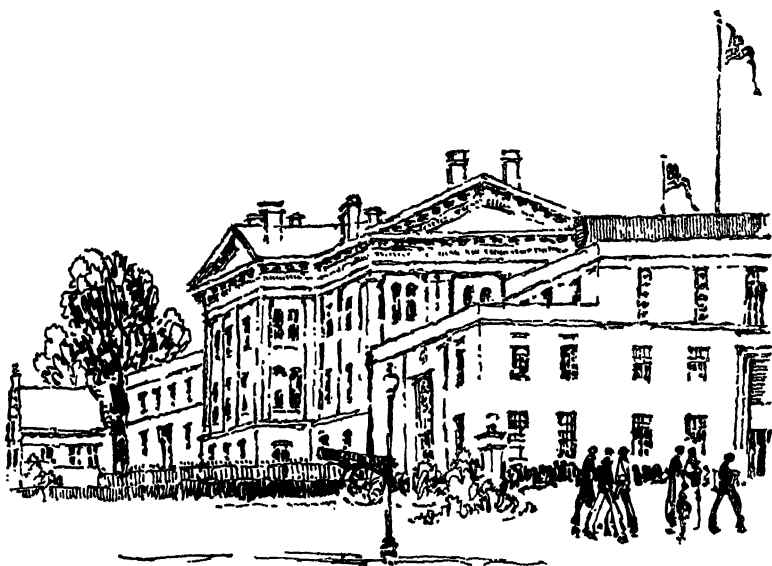
To-day Refugio Beach is a remote and attractive picnic spot, with greensward and trees, pellucid drinking-water, and perfect bathing.

The last miles reveal an ever-increasing cultivation of the sharply folded hills, the widening valley. Attractive, prosperous-looking farm-houses isolated in their acres, country houses in gardens, and the city begins gradually. The sea as evening comes is streaked with color like the sky. Dumpy fishing-boats churn wallowing toward the port.

Santa Barbara has surely laid a gracious spell upon her city in its elemental frame, a city where Gringo and Caballero have clasped hands and smile happily into each other's eyes.



• 7 • Santa Maria, Lompoc, and
San Luis Obispo •



MUSTARD AND SWEET PEAS

WHERE Point Concepcion shoves its mighty shoulder into the ocean the roads turn in, below the village of Las Cruces, and presently, on the way to Lompoc, you begin to run between seas of flowers, and the salt sea is forgotten. The valley of Lompoc lies on both sides of the Santa Ynez River, which reaches the Pacific at Surf. The city is on the south bank near the coast. Mountains

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protect this valley on three sides from harsh winds; it is a sloping, shining place, growing on hundreds of acres about all the mustard used in the entire country, and where it doesn't grow mustard it grows sweet peas. Lompoc sends the seeds raised on these fragrant slopes all over the world. That is the plain fact. But to try to tell the effect on eyes and nose of this truly incredible paradise of bloom is something that would have staggered Ruskin himself, that master of turning impressions into words that make his pages windows through which you see what he saw and feel what he felt.

We all know the mustard plant, branchy, practically leafless, crowned with small clusters of smaller blossoms, a pale yellow tinged with the faintest green, as the branching green stalks are faintly tinged with yellow. And the fragrance, faint, pleasant. But when you take miles of this combination, intensified too by culture of the finest, you find yourself swimming in all that delicate perfection, drunk with a heady rapture, marveling at the harmony of sky and field, murmuring silly words in an effort to say thanks for it all. Then, the sweet peas. You cannot get the same distant sweeps of color from those acres, that are more green than all the colors of the rainbow they reveal close by, but the sweet smell of the flowers lives like a spirit on the breeze, breathing becomes an ecstasy, you realize what the words "breath of life" mean as perhaps you never did before.

Add to all that the glorious views of the mountains, the distant ocean, the pleasant old farm-houses, white and roomy, long strips of other flowers, snapdragon, stock, asters—a various list also planted for seeds—a day full of gentle sunshine, with just an occasional cloud sailing the blue and amusing itself with its shadow, doing delightful things as it slides over the flowering acres, and believe me when I



SAN LUIS OBISPO—CITY OF THE MOUNTAIN PEAKS

say that by the time you are in Lompoc you, like Falstaff, will be babbling of green fields, not to mention fields magicked with color.

Lompoc is busy and prosperous, the slope on which it lies set with large oaks, and its streets are shaded with many trees. Back in the days of the Dons the valley was a vast cattle range, the ranchos touching each other. Near the coast, Lompoc was a trading center between Yankees and Spaniards, the ships unloading luxuries, from Chinese silks and muslins to French perfumes, and sailing away with thick bundles of hides and tubs of tallow. The town had a different smell then, only it was not a town. Just a group of sheds. The Dons all lived in their scattered hospitable houses, the padres at Mission Purisima Concepcion, well away from the port. To-day, too, the newly restored Mission is surrounded by fields and rolling, gentle hills, only itself and its attendant buildings within view.

The Mission is a State Historical Monument, the work of restoration going far beyond the mere rebuilding of the ruined church. So much of ruin that a crumbling adobe wall or two, overgrown with rough wild shrubs was all that remained. A whole period has been brought back, Indians restored to their former occupations, the priests' house rebuilt, the gardens replanted. Everything used in the reconstruction has been made by hand, is as nearly identical with the old materials and objects as possible. The timber is hand-hewn, the very nails are hand-wrought, the plastered walls were smoothed on by trowels copied from the old tools. It is a real mission, not only a church, that has been brought into being. The work has all been done by the C.C.C., and well done. An interesting item among the many is the fact that California wild flowers, shrubs, trees for that matter, though these are not so uncommon in gardens, have been

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especially featured from the beginning. These and the olives beloved by the fathers, with palms and one or two old pepper trees, and also the striking purple-flowered artichokes, majestic thistles, which one so seldom sees in bloom—for off come their heads before that time arrives. All sorts of pains have been taken, additionally, to get slips and grafts from descendants of the original mission trees, the pear orchard consisting entirely of young trees grafted with slips taken from old trees growing in several mission gardens, and the figs too come from ancient trees. Roses, the charming Castilian rose of course among them, are growing gloriously, and the whole place is becoming more and more the image of what it must have been in the old days. The inside of the church and of the priests' house or monastery has been as carefully, as beautifully treated. Even the L-shaped row of work-rooms, carpenter's shop, weaving-room are here. The work is still going on, but it is close to completion, and in a few years it will be one of the great attractions in California—its promise already so well fulfilled to-day.

There are several good reasons for stopping at Santa Maria, between Lompoc and San Luis Obispo, besides the inn, whose praises I had heard chanted as far away as the island of Corsica. And it wasn't a Californian who did the chanting, either, but a French friend who had lived two or three years on our West Coast.

"You say you know California, and yet you have never been a guest at the Santa Maria Inn? But, that is absurd. It is an inn whose owner has taste and imagination, as well as a great cook. Promise me to visit there after you return."

And now, some years later, I was on my way to keep that promise. But before I got to the inn we reached the center of the town, and there I saw the tallest flagstaff, marking that center, where the two main streets cross, than

ever, till then, I had seen lift our flag skyward. But even before I saw the staff I had been amazed by the great width of the tree-lined streets. They are magnificent, cross-streets as fine as the main thoroughfare. Once only had I seen a broader street, the great street that is Old Deerfield, Massachusetts, with its four rows of giant elms.

It was not until the following day that I was given an explanation of this spaciousness. I had wandered to a park on which two new buildings in an old style, Spanish-Colonial, faced. The park was almost as new as the buildings but already a blaze of bloom, with a fountain and large pool, winding paths, lawns. In the wide doorway of the nearer building, a school, stood an old man, and him I approached.

"Why are the streets of your lovely town so wide?" I asked. "They must always have been so, for the pepper trees that edge them are the oldest and gnarleddest ever I saw."

"You're right, ma'am. Santa Maria has the widest streets in the state, and they've always been that way. Why? Well, this was a farming country in the old days, same as it is now, but the wagons was drawn by hosses then. Six to a team. Something to see," and here his eye grew reminiscent. "Something to see, that was. And we liked to swing 'round without backing and filling, so we cut our streets to fit our wagons and teams."

It was a grand explanation, and it may have been the true one. The old man's eyes were true blue, and I believed him. After all, there were the streets—automobiles were lost in their breadth, but a long wagon and six horses! I could almost see the swing, the turn, horses galloping, long reins in strong, skilful hands—the old man was right.

I walked on, after learning that the second handsome building was the new Veterans' Memorial, with halls and

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assembly-rooms for many civic uses, thinking to myself how far more pleasant as a place in which to live was a town with the widest streets as compared with one that possessed the highest skyscrapers.

Santa Maria is a clean, thrifty-looking, comfortable city. A city of homes, and there must be a home for each of its families, so many line those noble streets, each in its garden, each with its trees. Some are old, some so new they are still building, all have an attractive, friendly air. Her commercial plants share this aspect. She has large seed-packing plants, seeds gathered in her own fertile valley, for there, too, flowers are raised, all manner of garden flowers in the vast quantities that obtain throughout this region. Vegetable-packing plants, too, and great refrigerating houses, for her fruits. More, she has one of the richest oil-fields in California, fortunately far enough from her gates to be out of sight and out of smell. No doubt the oil comes in handy for building the new homes, and the new public buildings. Besides the Veterans' Building, there is a smart little City Hall with a clever tower centering the tiled roofs of its wings, prettily flood-lighted at night. Back of another park is the General Hospital, looking like a particularly well-planned country club. Also in Spanish-Colonial style is the High School, and near it, and harmonious in design, is the Methodist Church. The Public Library is one of the older buildings, with lofty pillars to the porch in Southern Colonial manner, and square, commodious reading-rooms.

The town has plenty of amusements for its citizens or its vacation visitors. A fine golf-links, good horseback riding, hunting, shooting, fishing, and sixteen miles away at Point Sal a splendid bathing-beach with towering cliffs. Farms surround it, hay, pasture, grain. There are poultry runs, dairy interests, beef cattle. Virgin forests clothe the mountains

near it to the east, and it has its own natural gas for light and heat. There is a municipal plunge right on Main Street in a small stone and stucco structure, there are several motion-picture houses, and the city has its airport. Evidently the farmers of California like flying. Many of them here own their own planes, and this is true of Santa Paula and Ojai, too, though I forgot to speak of it before. There is nothing thin about the life in Santa Maria. As for the climate—ah well, it is the same story! It is a grand climate, rarely misbehaving, keeping its rainy season for the winter months, its sun and tempering breezes for the summer, and having a long and lovely spring.

I've kept the Santa Maria Inn for the last. I suppose, after quoting my French friend, I've really set down the essentials. None the less I want to add a little personal comment. For instance, the trout (two) that I enjoyed at my first luncheon. I instantly knew that they catch trout in the little streams back there in the hills edging the golden valley; I had been told it, now I knew it. It had been but two leaps for those beauties to spring from the water to the creel, from the creel to the frying-pan, and then, happily, not into the fire but into me . . . and all the rest is like that. Chef and service complement each other, attaining a perfect whole.

The Inn is more like an exquisitely run country house than an hotel, where all the little amenities that mean so much are unobtrusively observed. The lovely bowl of flowers on the table between the windows of your bedroom; and they opening through a frame of scarlet and white fuchsias on a strip of garden and clipped hedge, trees beyond; the engraving on the wall, the filmy curtains, the perfect bed, the great chintz-covered arm-chair, the cunning arrangement of the lights, the bath salts completing the furnishing of the bath-

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room, the pretty note-paper in the desk, these and other items. It is the same in every part of this hostelry. One of its specialties is flower arrangement, each table in the dining-room with its own selection, color-scheme, grouping, the living-room, large but admirably divided into comfortable sections by artfully placed furniture, offering another opportunity perhaps even more charmingly fulfilled to display this pride of flowers. And, of course, a wood fire burns in a wide fireplace. The inn stands in its own gardens, and though it is close beside the main highway it is so well hidden by hedges and trees that you never suspect its presence in passing. A broad two-story building with gabled ends, hung with vines, it is as modest as any violet by a mossy stone, and equally certain of renown.

Thirty miles of ranch land separate Santa Maria from San Luis Obispo, and you catch glimpses of cowboys loping over the long slopes, of black and white Holsteins and red, white-faced Herefords. Near Arroyo Grande is the flower-seed valley, brilliant when I passed with late summer and early fall bloom, dahlias especially striking; patches and strips of solid color. Then the sea again, at Pismo Beach, one more of the "best beaches on the California coast," and further distinguished as the home of the luscious Pismo clam. You'll enjoy getting acquainted with that clam.

Inland again for twelve miles, and within its circle of mountains, San Luis Obispo, county-seat and old mission town. The situation is superb, one striking peak among the seven to be seen having suggested, it is said, the name of the Mission. It is split like a bishop's miter. The saint was a bishop of Toulouse in the dim past, and here, it seemed, was a sign. The range from which this and the other odd pointed peaks stick up abruptly is volcanic, and long ago they spouted



THE OLD MISSION AT SAN LUIS OBISPO

lava. One rather wishes they would now; it would be a display worth watching.

The Mission, which makes the center of the town, was founded in 1772 by Junípero Serra, fifth of the nine to be blessed by him. In its museum a cope and stole worn by the father is one of the many treasures. There is a cross, too, used in the first mass, and over the main altar a fascinating ancient statue of the sainted bishop. The present church was finished in 1793, after fire had demolished earlier and less stoutly built structures. The Indians hereabouts were hostile for some years; it was their torches thrown on the reed roof that brought about the use of tiles, one of the fathers at the Mission discovering the method of baking the adobe clay and shaping the curved tiles. Before long the missions all followed San Luis's example.

The church stands on a terrace raised some feet above the street level. It has been well restored, though the long wing extending to the left still needs a lot of work. The fathers are raising money for that purpose and some day, not too long distant, the entire building will be brought back to its former condition. The San Luis Creek runs underground through the heart of the city to-day, although it is left to flash through gardens in the home sections, running merrily, well fed from its mountain roots. In the old days the orchards and meadows surrounding the Mission spread on both banks of this creek. It must have been adorable beside that country stream, which perhaps reflected the façade, with its three tall arches below and three arched windows above.

The city that to-day surrounds it is compact, small, with the hills rolling up from it and two creeks running through, under, and around it. You look up in all directions, past ranch houses under gigantic oaks, far apart yet meeting over

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their wide pastures, to the barren peaks, the more beautiful for that barrenness. On the north just where the foothills rise is a group of fine buildings amid tall trees, the Polytechnic School, and not far from that is the Senior High, very effective with broad two-story wings centered by a huge arch. In the town proper there is nothing of special mark—the County Court House is attractive, but its old symmetry is somewhat spoiled by the new wing going up, necessary of course, but regrettable. There is a pleasant City Library, doing effective work, and the County Library, busy filling the wants of the many scattered places through the region which depend on it for their books. I asked whether the City Hall was worth seeing, and where it was, for I had by then walked all over the little city without noticing anything of a hallish appearance. The man I asked shook his head, grinning.

“Why no. It never was worth looking at, and since the fire—but there it is, a couple o’ blocks down the street.”

We were on the main business and shopping street, and following the indication of the gentleman’s gesture I was able in a moment’s walk to see the place. It was a flat-faced, common, pinkish structure, partly gutted, with the fire-station on the street floor. My informer’s comment had been entirely correct. Perhaps the fire-station shared his opinion, and had refrained from a too strenuous effort to save the building. The new one is sure to be better.

It is, as I said, a small place, San Luis Obispo. You can walk over it in an hour or two. But it seems to be large, because it reaches away to those ranches, it looks away to its hills and mountains.

“It’s always been a great cattle country,” the owner of the Anderson Hotel, the leading hotel of the city, told me. “When I was a small boy here the bull-fights were still being

held. The ring was out at Exposition Park, where we have our cattle and horse shows to-day. The Mexicans were allowed to have them, only they mustn't kill the bull. When the show was over, he had to be turned out again on the range. But they'd worried and nagged him till his disposition was spoiled. If one of those bulls that had been in the ring ever caught sight of a man he'd come after him lickety-split. Made it mighty uncomfortable. So they stopped the bull-fights and the critters calmed down in time."

In the hills to the southeast a battle had been fought between the famous bandit Murieta and a posse on his trail. Both sides lost a number of men, but Murieta slipped away after nightfall, unharmed. This was all the bloodshed I heard of in the city's history.

From San Luis Obispo you take the highly picturesque Roosevelt Highway, only lately completed, for Carmel and Monterey. It is a true corniche for a full fifty miles, cut out of the precipitous mountain flanks that plunge down to the ocean, divided by wild cañons. Before reaching that part of the road the route runs close to the beaches, after meeting the sea at Morro Rock, which lifts its mighty form and dome-shaped crest high out of the water just below tide-mark. For mile after mile that Rock keeps in view as the highway turns with the coast-line, and the farther you get from it the more gigantic it appears, black against the sky on its black shadow in the water.

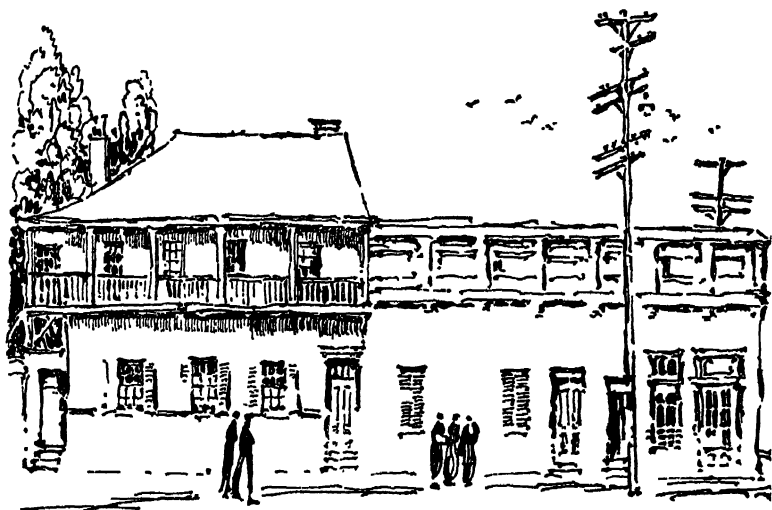
The bus halts just before entering the new part of the road at a point where you can see San Simeon, Hearst's inappropriate castle, clinging to a far-off mountainside. From here the road narrows, becoming for considerable stretches only wide enough for a single car. There are spots where you can draw to one side and let the other fellow by, however, and as the road bends and twines like a snake in a

hurry, you can see an approaching car a long while before you meet it. As we climbed back into our seats the driver turned round to us and warned:

"If any of you folks feel nauseated as we go on, let me know at once, and I'll stop and let you out. No use waiting. We keep twisting every split second for the next forty miles."

There was a laugh, somewhat uneasy from two or three among the passengers. But although the driver had not exaggerated, none halted him with desperate demand. On we went, sounding the horn pretty steadily, our eyes feasting on the glorious panorama of precipice, surf, forest, foaming waterfalls and deep cañons, our stomachs untroubled. We sped across dizzy gulfs on slender bridges I do not know how often, until we came over that which crosses the Big Sur, and reached Cambria Pines Lodge, beside that tumbling, clear stream. The wide-verandahed, roomy structure, built of logs, is a vacation spot with cottages on the other side of the road mounting up between pines within hearing of the rushing water. We were back again on the broad highway. A few miles farther was Carmel Highlands high above the road, a delightful hotel-and-cottage settlement, then came the long bridge across Carmel River. With that came the sunset, flooding sky and the calm water of the bay with a marvelous procession of petunia pinks and purples which, I hoped, every artist in Carmel was gazing upon.





OLD CAPITAL OF SPANISH CALIFORNIA

MONTEREY is proud of its past, and lets the visitor know it. Available at her hotels are folders with a map of the city on one side and notes on the other. These notes are numbered to correspond with numbers on the map, on which a dotted red line, twisting and turning through the streets, leads from one point of interest to the next, each with its prettily designed sign-board hung from a

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slim standard. The signs carry a bit of description, corresponding briefly with the information given in the notes. It seemed to me that the only item lacking was the numbering of the signs, which would be simple and an aid in hooking together the note and its object, especially helpful for the wanderer not intent on following the dotted line.

Beside the gates of Monterey Presidio stands a large white cross, dedicated to Sebastian Vizcaino. Behind the cross rise the green slopes and the curving driveway of the fort, in front of it the highway continues around the point, and across the road the ground drops sharply to Vizcaino's "noble harbor." Here, where the cross is placed, stood the splendid oak under which on December 16, 1602, Fray Antonio de la Ascension celebrated mass, blessing the land in the name of the King of Spain, for whom it was then claimed. Vizcaino named it in honor of his patron, the Count of Monterey, who was then Viceroy of Mexico, carefully noted the landmarks and position, and sailed back with his report and his glowing praises. But, as we know, the old Spanish custom of *mañana* manifested itself, so that a hundred and fifty years passed before anything further occurred. Tut-tut, how the centuries slip by!

Then came the expedition led by Gaspar de Portolá and Junípero Serra, when the Governor of Lower California chased pretty much over the whole of Upper California looking for Vizcaino's harbor and oak tree. At last, June 3, 1770, a second mass was celebrated here by Fray Serra and Fray Juan Crespi, before an altar surmounted by a statue of the Virgin, attended by Portolá, Pedro Fages and the company of soldiers, marines, sailors and Christian Indians brought with the expedition.

The tree that had witnessed these widely separated ceremonies flourished until 1903. It was then killed by an inva-

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sion of salt-water following on some badly handled improvements. For another two years the dead giant stood guardian, but when the ground was being prepared for the monument the laborers cut it down, throwing the pieces into the water. One of these great pieces was rescued twelve miles out and towed in. To-day it stands in the patio of the parish church of San Carlos de Borromeo. Other fragments of the historic tree are scattered among various fortunate possessors.

This parish church is the descendant of the one raised by Serra, who intended it to be the Mission. But a year later, for several reasons, the father decided to move the Mission to Carmel, leaving the first church to become the Presidio chapel, and to serve the inhabitants of the capital which was to be established. The fathers founded four such chapels, but the one at Monterey is the sole survivor. In 1795 the present building was erected, the site being changed to the other side of the town, close to the big lagoon, El Estero. There have been some changes from the original structure, and some restorations have been required, but the church was never allowed to fall to ruin, nor has the flame on its altar ever been extinguished, an honor it shares with the Mission Santa Barbara. It is a beautiful and interesting building, set in a fair garden, fenced with wrought iron. Between the tall gates and the chapel itself a broad, short walk is strangely paved with irregularly sized whitish-gray blocks. They are whale vertebræ. Unfortunately it has been found necessary to cover them over with a wooden path. Even a whale's back will break under the constant tramp of tourists.

Rare as whalebone pavements may be in the rest of the world, there is another in Monterey, at what was once the old whaling station and is now a private house.

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While Serra was busy building his chapel, Portolá set his men to work felling and shaping pines for barracks and storehouses. Once all was well started he appointed Fages first military governor of California and returned to his own job in Lower California. Good-by forever.

The site of the old fort is indicated by a marker. None of the old buildings are left. But on the heights is a statue of Serra, looking out to sea, as well as a monument in honor of Commodore John Drake Sloat, who raised the American flag on the staff beside the Customs House on July 7, 1846. He was not, however, the first to run our colors to the top of that pole, for on an October day four years earlier Commodore Thomas A. Catesby Jones, urged by the hot impatience of his Welsh blood, had floated those bright stars and broad stripes to the clear morning air, having heard, or perhaps only dreamed, that war was on with Mexico. When he learned otherwise he hauled the flag down and apologized like a gentleman and an officer.

The heights of the Presidio make a wonderful viewpoint over bay and ocean and city. It is a finely cared-for headland, with broad drives, attractive quarters, swelling lawns, and lively with artillery and cavalry regiments. The horses make a picturesque addition to the town's life; on my first morning I was awakened by an unwonted, delightful clattering of hoofs, and leaning out of my window watched a long line, three abreast, of the animals, a slim khaki-clad figure mounted on one of each trio, as they trotted past. The morning sounds of Monterey, by the way, are amusingly different from the usual sounds of a city. Earliest are triumphant crowings of innumerable cocks, challenging and answering each other from near and far. Sad wild cries of gulls mix in, and then the Presidio's lively trumpets sound reveille, upon which a frantic barking of many dogs is let loose. Finally,

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after the clattering hoofs, long-drawn cries from the whistles of the sardine canneries, and with them, as though carried on their own wind, a fishy odor. All these sounds, excepting the packing-plant whistles, must have been familiar to Monterey for something like a century and a half.

Monterey was the most important town in California during its Spanish and Mexican periods. It was the capital, it was the sole legitimate port of entry for trading vessels, it was the social center. Little came to disturb it, for when there was any fighting it went on elsewhere. A town of pleasant houses joined by straggling, dusty trails rather than streets. As late as 1871 Robert Louis Stevenson speaks of it as "economically paved with sea sand." The Plaza was its heart, the business houses and the little shops facing upon it on three sides. The sea side was open, with the Customs House at one corner. Back of it the homes of the citizens wandered up the slope haphazardly. People rode from one to another on horseback, though one roadway broad enough for the passing of an ox-cart wove in and out from north to south. Most of its adobe buildings were plastered and white-washed inside and outside. The roofs were of terracotta tiles. Some few houses were built of the soft white stone quarried in the mountains. Sometimes the adobe bricks were gaily decorated with designs made of colored pebbles and shells pressed in while the clay was still moist. The timbers were usually redwood logs, hewn and adzed by hand. All but the very poor had patios, around which the four sides were built. A verandah circled the patio, and here a large part of the family life was spent. A fountain muttered and dripped into a large pool in the middle, much of the remaining space was filled with trees, shrubs and flowers whose seeds had come from Mexico. Castilian roses and jasmine climbed the verandah posts and overhung roof

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and sides. Patio and house were always scrupulously clean. The Indian servants were numerous, each trained to a particular task and doing that only, and doing it well. The ladies of the house oversaw this work, planned each day's labors, and themselves made the exquisitely stitched and embroidered garments worn by the gentlefolk, male and female.

On the side of town nearest the Presidio was El Cuartel, long adobe, two story high, for married soldiers and their families. In the afternoon, when the siesta was over, there was military drill and music in the Plaza. The Presidio itself was a quadrangle of buildings with outside walls and earthworks. A cannon stood at each corner, seven more guarded the bay. Specially prized was the largest, mounted on the edge of the steep slope above the beach. Four hundred pounds of silver had gone to its casting, giving it a musical note when fired as salute or farewell to some distinguished visitor, the only use to which it was ever put.

In the morning the señoras and señoritas went to mass at the chapel, each with her servant, carrying the folded rug on which her mistress would kneel, and a mat of tule reeds for her own knees. On Sundays and fiestas there was high mass, with singing. And there were many parties, dances in the moonlight, followed by refreshments, the murmur of the soft Spanish voices especially remarked upon by Yankee visitors because of their musical quality. Weddings were gay affairs, the wedding cavalcade a charming sight. The bride's father carried her with him on his horse, in all her white attire, seated sideways in the saddle with a loop of gold or silver braid as stirrup. He sat on a folded, strapped bearskin behind, his arms about her. All the friends and relatives of both families in fine raiment and mounted on their best horses, came along behind, and after the cere-

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mony they returned to the bride's home, she on her new husband's horse, for singing and dancing and feasting, often lasting through two or three days, sleep being caught on the wing.

Monterey had her mayor, the *alcalde*, and her town council, with minor officials. They attended to the managing of the city, while the governor ran the state in general, and the President of the Missions took care of the Indians, the vast cattle and sheep possessions, the teaching of the children by his assistant fathers, and all religious matters, of which he was head. It all worked out very comfortably. Nor was life idle. There was plenty for the women to do managing house and servants and children. The men oversaw their lands, governed, directed the workmen in building new houses, trained their sons to run the estate in due course. Every one rode, babies were carried about on horseback before they could toddle. There was much hunting, fishing, boating on the calm bay. A free, open-air, active life, full of gay companionship, courteous, complying with Spanish rules of custom and ceremony, healthy and happy.

Monterey's one great scare came with Pirate Bouchard in 1818. His advent was heralded by the arrival of the American brig *Clarion*, which dropped anchor in the bay and sent a small boat ashore with the news that two pirate ships were following them from the Sandwich Islands with the declared intention of taking and robbing the mission towns, starting with Monterey. Governor Sola, calling the Commandante of the Presidio into consultation, made what plans were possible. A lookout was sent to Punta de los Pinos, the less than a hundred men at the Presidio were warned to be ready for attack, *vaqueros* and Indians from the Mission sent for. On the eighteenth of November the two vessels were sighted. They came to anchor outside the bay,

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Bouchard, from his frigate, the *Argentina*, and the English captain, Corey, of the second vessel, the *Santa Rosa*, with a well-armed bodyguard, coming to shore to demand the surrender of the town, or else . . .

“Do your worst,” cried Sola, in the accepted tradition. “We will never yield.”

Shots were exchanged between the cannon on the ships and those ashore without any damage reported, but early the next morning the pirates landed two hundred men and four field-guns. Lieutenant Jose Estrado, in command of a reconnoitering force, exchanged shots with the attackers, but had to retire. Meanwhile the entire town had been getting on horseback, led by the Governor, with the archives, provisions and soldiers. The women and children were sent with one escort to Mission Soledad, in the Valley of the Moaning Winds, the men remaining at the Rancho del Rey, in the Salinas Valley some twenty miles from Monterey. Here came recruits from San Jose and San Francisco until the army had, counting Indians, nearly two hundred men. At the end of a week Governor Sola considered himself strong enough to oust the pirates and off they all set. But when they got to Monterey it was to find it deserted, partly burned down and emptied of everything of any value that had been left there. Captain Corey set down this bit of description in his log book :

Monterey was well stocked with provisions and goods of every description, which we commenced to send aboard the Argentine. The Sandwich Islanders, who were quite naked when they landed, were soon dressed in Spanish fashion ; and all the sailors were employed in searching houses for money and breaking and ruining everything.

It took many months to rebuild and put the town in order and be able to recall the women and children. Between the



THE LARKIN HOUSE AND GARDENS, MONTEREY

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two ships there had been nearly four hundred men armed with guns and pistols, and perfectly ready to kill any one they met. In their attack they lost only three men killed and three taken prisoner.

This was Monterey's single affair of a bloodthirsty character. When Mexico sent the information that it had driven out Spain and was now the boss, Monterey took it with composure, receiving her governors from that country with the same fiestas of welcome she had given to the Spanish appointees. Later the squabbling between native and Mexican politicians, the Pio Picos and the Micheltorenas, did not disturb her. Let the winner come and make himself at home. When, still later, the Americans took possession, she behaved to them with her wonted, exquisite courtesy whose grace and kindness Mr. Walter E. Colton, first American mayor, praised so enthusiastically in his account of those days. This was in part due to the fact that among her citizens were several brilliant, honorable men who had come from New England years earlier and had proved their value to the community.

Thomas Oliver Larkin stands foremost in this group. He came to Monterey in 1834 with money enough to set up as a trader, a well-bred and college-educated man who was liked from the beginning. Before the year was out he began the building of the distinguished house which remains to-day one of the ornaments of the city, and where Mr. Larkin's granddaughter now makes her home. By that time the American had become a Catholic, and soon married into the great Vallejo family. The home of the pair became important in the social life of the town. Both husband and wife delighted to give parties, especially the *cascarone* balls, as they were called, because of a pretty custom obtaining at these gala affairs. The gentlemen carried blown egg-shells that had

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been filled with fine French perfumes, or with little sparklets, which they broke over the head of the chosen fair when requesting the honor of a dance, with the most fragrant and shining results. The reigning governor often came to these parties, or to dine, together with officers from visiting Yankee ships. Larkin knew all the political gossip of Monterey perhaps better than most. This proved a help in the days to come.

In 1840 there was a break in these pleasant relations. The new governor, native-born, General Alvarado, decided that altogether too many Americans were in California, that they were usurping the trade, and in general that he thought his country would be a great deal better off without them. So he gathered the whole lot except for three or four who had been long associated with his people, Mr. Larkin among these, and shipped them in irons to Mexico under the charge of General Vallejo and a company of soldiers. It was a tough journey and by the time the ship reached its destination the fury of the prisoners was beyond description but perfectly easy to understand. However, no sooner were they disembarked than, with profuse apologies and every attention to their comfort, together with promises that each individual would be reimbursed for the indignity and any pecuniary loss he might have suffered, they were sent back to Monterey, wondering what it was all about.

Mr. Larkin was the explanation. Even before the prisoners had been taken aboard for their exile he had got a messenger away to Washington by the swiftest routes available. From there orders were instantly dispatched to the American minister in Mexico City to get to work. He got into touch with the commander of the U.S. sloop of war *St. Louis*, lying in the bay of Mazatlán, which sailed at once for Monterey, crossing the prison ship *en route* without sighting

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her. Meanwhile Mexican officials made ready to retrieve the Californian Governor's error as completely as possible. Alvarado, with a vessel bristling with guns in Monterey Harbor, saw the light like a blazing sign in the heavens, and the trouble was over. The promised reimbursements were made, properties restored, and the Americans agreed to let bygones be bygones. For this peaceful solution Larkin deserved credit, for it was his sane, calm advice to his countrymen that helped to soothe them. Washington rewarded him four years later by establishing its one and only consular office in California at Monterey, appointing Thomas Larkin as consul, a post he held until the country became American.

Before that came about Mr. Larkin had done a lot more building. His home included a large, high-walled garden, and as his business grew and he wanted more room he added two other structures, both facing inward on this garden. The larger is known as the House of the Four Winds because the four-sided roof, ending in a point, is topped by a weather-vane, probably the first in all Monterey. Later this building became the first American Hall of Records in California. Between this house and his stands a smaller adobe, used for office purposes, and that too did its bit for America, for here young Lieutenant William Tecumseh Sherman established his headquarters while he was serving as adjutant to the American military governor, Colonel Mason, himself a guest in the Larkin home.

Nor was this all. Close to the Customs House stands the largest of the Larkin buildings, the Pacific House. For years this was Monterey's finest hotel, and it remains one of her loveliest buildings.

Both Larkin's hotel and his home are in the style known as the Monterey House, quite different from the usual adobe and patio style. There is a memory of New England in these

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houses, two story and oblong, with beautifully proportioned doors and windows. But the Monterey house consists not of wood, with a shingled roof, but of stone and adobe with tiled roof. Also it is surrounded, or partially surrounded, by an upper gallery, usually with arcades below. Each of the Larkin houses had its large, walled garden, and these buildings and the gardens remain in their perfection to-day. The Pacific House has become the home of several clubs. Its garden, now called Memory Garden, is open to the public, a place of rose-covered pergolas, flower-bordered walks, old trees, peace and charm.

Though there was no fighting in Monterey over her secession to America, there was something of drama. Before this happened came the Bear Flag incident in Sonoma. Ever since the first emigrant train entered California in 1841 Americans had been coming in by land as well as sea, looking for homes. In 1845 Captain John C. Frémont was commissioned by the United States Government to prospect the territory in the foothills and valleys with a view to its fitness for settlers. He marched and countermarched, having an occasional argument with Mexican authorities, who naturally felt suspicious of these goings-on. The fate of Texas was not unknown to the Californians; Americans had sifted in there until they were numerous enough to take it for themselves. It was that which had prompted Alvarado's action in 1840. But neither had Texas been forgotten by the Americans. If she could declare her independence in 1836, why not California in 1846? There were some three hundred Americans in the country then, a large portion settled in the glowing valleys of Napa, Sonoma and in Sacramento, where the Swiss, Captain Sutter, had established his New Helvetia.

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So, on June 14th, a party of thirty-seven Americans, whether or not with the backing of Frémont, but certainly in full accord with his plans, hauled down the Mexican colors and ran up the Bear Flag on the staff in the Plaza of Sonoma. They cheered themselves hoarse and made proclamations to the effect that California was now a separate republic.

While this was going on Commodore Sloat was on his way from Mazatlán, Mexico, where he had been informed of the outbreak of war and the hint given that something had better be done quickly in regard to California, or perhaps England would grab that fine slice of pie. With his two ships, the *Cyane* and the *Savannah*, he reached Monterey on July 2nd.

Consul Larkin instantly went aboard the flagship, where he had a long talk with the Commodore. Larkin had been doing his best to quiet the anger and alarm of his Californian friends over the affair at Sonoma, but he knew the time to act had come. This nonsense of a separate government for California must be ended, and the risk of English seizure also nipped. Pio Pico, current governor, was at Los Angeles. Moreover, a large part of the Spanish-Californian population was heartily weary of the constant bickering and fighting going on between the political factions, and believed the best answer was to accept American rule.

The Commodore hesitated. His orders had not been definite, and also, he was ill. But finally, on the evening of July 6th he yielded to the advice and pleading of both Larkin and his own officers. Next morning Captain Mervine, of the *Cyane*, landed with two hundred and fifty men and the ship's band close to the Customs House, marched to the staff just north of that building, and the flag was hauled up.

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The marines fired a salute, the band played the national anthem, "America," the ships thundered a salute, every one cheered.

After the flag-raising the band led the way to the Larkin home, where Commodore Sloat was waiting to read the proclamation. He stepped out on the gallery overlooking the street to do so. It was a brief, friendly address. The band then played patriotic airs, ending up with "Yankee Doodle." The troops next marched off for Presidio Hill, where a picnic meal was served. After that they began the work of building new barracks, setting up guns and generally refurbishing the decayed old place for American occupancy. The officers remained to dine with the Larkins and discuss future action.

So far as Monterey was concerned, the business was settled. Two or three days later the *Collingwood*, British war vessel, anchored in the harbor. When her commander, Lieutenant Walpole, saw the colors flying in the corner of the Plaza and from the Presidio, he probably grinned or cursed, according to his temperament. The Yankees had turned the trick. He and his officers were also entertained at the Larkin house and by other Americans as well as several Spanish hosts. They were in time to see the arrival of Frémont, Walpole having left a description of that event, from which I quote this bit:

Frémont rode ahead, a spare, active-looking man, with such an eye! He was dressed in a blouse and leggings, and wore a felt hat. After him came five Delaware Indians, who were his body-guard. The rest, many of them blacker than the Indians, rode two and two, the rifle held in one hand across the pommel of the saddle. Thirty-nine are his regular men,—principally backwoodsmen from Tennessee and Missouri . . . the dress of these men was a long, loose coat of buckskin, tied with thongs in front, and trousers of the same. The rest of the gang were a rough set . . .

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They rode in in a cloud of dust and presently rode out again, to camp out of town in the woods. Shortly afterwards Commodore Stockton arrived to relieve Sloat, whose illness was increasing. And with Stockton another American who has left his mark in Monterey enters the scene. This was Mr. Colton, chaplain of the Commodore's ship, *Congress*, who was appointed alcalde in place of the Mexican official, Don Jose Joaquin de la Torre, who had resigned. No better choice could have been made. Walter E. Colton was, as they put it in those days, a man of parts. He was also friendly, delightful, and instantly became an admirer of his little city. Here is a sentence or two expressive of his feelings:

Generous, forbearing people of Monterey! There is more true hospitality in one throb of your heart than circulates for years in the courts of capitols and kings . . . in health, in sickness you are treated as a brother dearly held; and not only the highborn lady, but the cottage girl, are alike in this.

Then, the climate! Never before had the parson experienced such a winter, during which

the soft air has lain on the landscape like a golden slumber, . . . the hills and valleys since the recent rains are mantled with fresh verdure, and here and there the violet opens its purple eye to the sun. The children are out at play as in June; their glancing feet are unshod, and their muslin slips but half conceal their limbs.

That last bit makes you think of the beaches to-day. Mr. Colton died too soon.

But he left more than sentimentalities behind him. At the top of the public garden, Friendly Plaza, which slopes up on the side of Pacific Street opposite the Larkin house and garden, stands Colton Hall, a beautiful, dignified building of which Colton speaks thus with modest pride:

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It is built of white stone quarried from the neighboring hills, which easily take the shape required. The lower apartments are for schools; the hall above them—70 feet by 30—is for public assemblies. The front is ornamented by a portico, which you enter from the hall. It is not an edifice which would attract attention among public buildings in the United States, but in California it is without a rival. It has been erected out of the slender proceeds of town lots, the labor of convicts, taxes on liquor shops and fines on gamblers. The scheme was regarded with incredulity by many; but the building is finished and the citizens have assembled and christened it with my name, which will now go down to posterity with the odor of gamblers, convicts and tipplers. I leave it as a humble evidence of what may be accomplished by rigidly adhering to one purpose, and shrinking from no personal effort necessary to its achievement.

Parson Colton's convicts were small transgressors sent to jail for a week or two, but he had not employed this odorous labor in the beginning. The Hall had got well started when the news of Marshall's discovery of gold at Coloma swept Monterey clean of every able-bodied man who could possibly get away, including even many of Colonel Mason's soldiers. The Colonel-Governor, with Lieutenants Sherman and Loeser, took horse and rode to the place to see what it all meant. They returned with a small can filled with nuggets, and Loeser was sent hell-for-leather to Washington, with the hope he could get the news there in time for it to be incorporated in the Presidential message. He was too late for that, but it was added as an appendix when the message was printed, and set the country, the world, humming.

Since Colton's day a pair of stairways have been slanted across the front of his Hall, from the ground to the railed-in portico on the upper floor, without detracting from the beauty of the façade. In this building, and it was only finished just in time, having been dedicated on Washington's Birth-

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day, 1849, the convention called to make a constitution for the State of California met on September 1st of that year. It was a pretty poor constitution, and so remains in spite of having been considerably amended; indeed, it has been said that Arizona and California are tied for the lead as to which of all our states has the worst constitution. Anyhow, the extraordinary mixture of pioneers called from every section of the state, and including a few native Californians among them, finished the work on October 13th. California was not then a state, nor did it become one until September 9, 1850, but the proper optimism was shown by the election of two senators, Frémont and William C. Gwin, state representatives, and a governor, Democratic, Peter H. Burnett.

There are other lovely old buildings close to Colton Hall, and one much newer, the Few Memorial City Hall, that fits in exquisitely with its neighbors. Its wing consists of a fine old adobe which encloses on three sides a sunken garden with a fountain and pool and flagged paths bordered by flowers and shrubs. Several of the city offices occupy this wing. One old house was the home and court-room of the last native alcalde, Torre, another belonged to the sister of Monterey's home-born bandit, Tiburcio Vasquez, who is supposed to have visited her here. Then there is the Gordon House, built in the fifties from lumber coming all the way from Australia. There are others, each in its garden, each framed in trees, all old and very lovely; a pretty lane runs between them, and the park drops away in front, with brick walks and steps, seats under an enormous oak, lawns and flower-beds. This section is only one among the number of Monterey's fine relics from its past, cherished homes to-day as they were then, often still in the possession of descendants of the families which built them.

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The Customs House is the oldest government building in California. To-day it is a museum. The long, one-story central part is the oldest, built in 1814. William Heath Davis, who, like Larkin, was one of the first Yankee pioneers to become a citizen in Monterey, tells in his *Seventy-five Years in California* how he used to sample his goods on the table running the length of this room—forty feet the table measured. He admits having paid as high as ten thousand dollars on his consignments. The old house then stood closer to the water, land having been filled in after the building of the long breakwater to guard Fisherman's Bay. But business was not the only concern in those days, for when work was over and ships in, grand fandangos were held there, with Chinese lanterns slung along the balcony, and music from a piano and guitars.

When the Mexican régime came in 1822 the north wing was built, and the Americans in 1847 added the south wing. The two wings are nearly identical, one story higher than the center, and in the same style. A verandah runs round the front and two ends with balconies above it for the two wings. Adobe and stone, and a tiled roof, all toned with time to warmth of faint grays and tawny and brown, with a few old cypress trees in front, make a lovely picture. The museum contains not only relics of Spanish and Mexican days, but also valuable records of the writers and artists who lived longer or shorter times in Monterey. There are also fixtures and fragments from the wrecked *Natalie*, cast on the beach in a wild storm in 1833. The *Natalie*, that once was the French sloop of war, *Inconstant*, on which Napoleon made his escape from Elba.

The old house came near being lost. It was closed by the Government in 1860 when San Francisco became the important port, Colonel T. C. Lambert being put in charge.



OLD CUSTOMS HOUSE AT MONTEREY

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For the twenty years following, until his death, all was well, but after that it began to fall into disrepair. Finally, early this century, the Native Sons acting for the State, took it over, paying the United States Treasury one dollar a year as toll. The first of these dollars was especially coined in San Francisco. Gradually the building was restored, a museum installed, and on July 7, 1929, anniversary of Commodore Sloat's capture of the city, it was opened to the public. Two of the cypresses were christened in a gay ceremony, one for Sloat, one for Portolá.

Jutting into the bay near this place is picturesque Fisherman's Wharf, as busy a spot as you can wish to see, with fish as king. Here, too, is the famous restaurant of Pop Ernest (Ernst it used to be) which is worthy its renown. The bay itself is crowded with boats of all sorts and sizes, and the Portuguese fisherfolk are everywhere.

Other old houses, of historic or literary interest, are clustered in the neighborhood. One ugly barrack painted a sickly green and known as the Casa Verde was once the abode of Charles Warren Stoddard, and in it he wrote many of his Californian poems and sketches. He is buried in the Catholic cemetery, on the bank of the lagoon under a cypress tree. He loved Monterey, and the Mission Carmel, and owned a tile from the old church, which was placed under his head in the coffin. He and Stevenson used to play chess together at the restaurant owned by Simoneau, that lover of the arts, philosopher and chef in whom both delighted. The restaurant has gone but the chessboard and men are on view in the Customs House museum. The Old French Hotel where Stevenson stayed, a pale-hued, gracefully proportioned building, is near-by. Stevenson always remembered his Monterey days with pleasure, and would send Jules Simoneau his books as they were published, with friendly

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inscriptions. They are to-day in the library of the University of California in Berkeley.

Among the most interesting of the old structures is the First Theatre, which was first not only in Monterey but in all California. The long, low adobe was built in 1847 by Jack Swan, a sea-cook who had left his ship to settle in Monterey. He made pies for the town's delectation so good that in four years he had saved enough from their sale to permit his buying the piece of land and building a boarding-house and saloon for sailors.

El Cuartel, the old soldiers' barracks, had been made over and was used as his capitol by Governor Mason. The building has gone, the attractive little Chamber of Commerce occupying a part of its site, but then it was more or less of a center for the Americans established at Monterey. Officers and their wives, men also from the disbanded New York Regiment, raised by a Captain Stevenson, gave entertainments there, and some of them with a turn for the drama, began to put on amateur plays. These were so successful that the small room available at El Cuartel proved inadequate. Scouting round for something better they decided on Jack Swan's adobe. A bargain was struck and the long room turned into a theatre. There it is to-day, with its stage a few inches above the floor, its rows of seats mounted on increasingly higher pedestals to permit those in the rear to get a clear view. The curtain was made of planks, and slung on hinges, a cord and pulley making it possible to haul it up flat against the roof over the heads of the audience. The first play given there was *Putnam, the Lion Son of '76*, netting the company five hundred dollars. Behind the rows of seats on a raised platform were tables and chairs and a bar. The whole place has been restored to its original appearance and Monterey delights in producing the old

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melodramas during the summer season in the appropriate environment where, ninety years ago, villain and hero and gentle heroine tramped or tripped the boards.

One of the most beautiful of the old homes is the Amesti-Elkins House, with two fantastic little lions crouched at the entrance, and its fine garden. Another is the Cooper House, built by Don Juan Cooper, Yankee arrival of the early thirties who married one of the Vallejo señoritas and built this home for her. Like the Larkins, this pair delighted in giving grand parties, and were moreover favored in that their rear balcony overlooked the Bear Pit, where bulls and bears fought each other to the death.

Constantly, as you stroll about the town, you see one or another of these pre-American homes. One is now Caldematori's Restaurant, serving delicious Italian dinners, and still owned by a descendant of the Serrano who built it and was one of Monterey's early alcaldes. There is another, removed from its old site in the heart of the city to the mesa above, long known as the Sherman Rose Cottage. The story, invented by an Irish newspaperman, Dan O'Connor, related how young Sherman, passing back and forth before the Bonifacio's home, had fallen in love with Maria, the beautiful daughter, a love she returned. When orders came for him to return to the East he came to say good-by, and to promise to return and claim her for his bride. As a parting gift he left her a slip from a climbing rose. She planted it, and it flourished, until the cottage was almost covered with its green and golden veil. Maria grew old, refusing marriage to the many suitors who came to ask for her, and died at last, still faithful to her lost lieutenant, and greatly beloved by the poor of the city because of her good works. The truth of the matter was that the lady and the soldier had never met, and that Sherman was going back home to marry his

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fiancée, who was really waiting for him. When a bank bought the site of the house the present owners moved it, brick by brick, to where it stands to-day, transplanting the rose with it, and its glamour, too.

Monterey's past is thus interwoven with her present, the old homes lived in often by descendants of the first families, proud of their Spanish blood. In the old Catholic cemetery are names dating back to 1832 on ancient tombstones, names still living in the town. The streets still wander, though they are paved to-day, and new buildings have risen, stone and brick business blocks on the main street, motion-picture houses, hotels. For all that Monterey remains unique, more Spanish than any other Californian city. Behind, on the rising land, new homes in their gardens have greatly extended her boundaries, but she remains within the ten thousand tally of citizens. Back still farther rise the beautiful Santa Lucia Mountains, named by Cabrillo, who also gave Point of Pines, at the furthest limit of the square peninsula at whose root Monterey lies, its name—Punta de los Pinos.

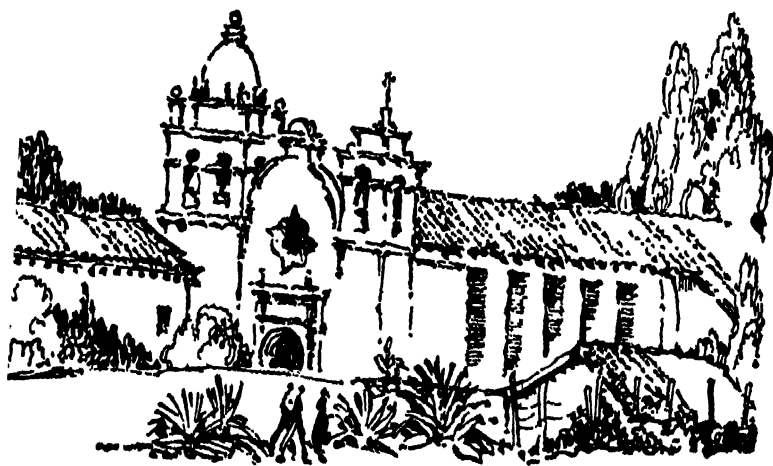
On that peninsula is the suburb of Pacific Grove, a cottage and bungalow home village with a magnificent beach, camping-grounds for automobiles and trailers, picnic-grounds. Also, if you are interested in the curious loveliness and queer monstrosities of deep-sea life, you will find a marvelous collection on view in the museum there, as well as comprehensive collections of the fauna and flora of central California very beautifully and naturalistically exhibited. There are magnificent golf-links, six in all, on the peninsula, including the famous course belonging to the Del Monte, the great resort hotel, one of the very first laid out in the west. That hotel, its cottages, its grounds, the Del Monte forest, where deer are common, the pools and plunges, the collection of

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trees and shrubs which includes a vast variety, is one of the finest in setting and management in all California.

There is a lighthouse built in 1855 on Point of Pines, still keeping its bright and watchful eye on the ocean. And alongside Spanish Bay, the resort of Asilomar, an agreeable collection of cottages and main house built from native stone and redwood in a setting of white dunes and pines. The most interesting item about Asilomar, however, is the fact that sometime in October flocks of black and orange monarch butterflies arrive to make their winter home in its pines and flutter their lovely wings all over the place. Monterey has protected them from the raids of collectors, a charming gesture, and quite safe since the butterfly's caterpillar, in spite of outcries from the uninformed, is harmless.

On the main highway, as you approach Monterey from the south, a huge sign stands before an extent of wild, chaparral-clothed land, proclaiming that here is the site of the future capitol building of California. Mindful of past glories, the city seeks again to become the capital of the state, and has spent, so I was told, some twenty-five thousand dollars in the effort to educate Californians to that point of view. The sign is more startling than convincing. This is a comfort to a great many persons, who do not want to see Monterey changed, who love her as she is.



• 9 • Carmel by the Sea •



THE DETERMINED VILLAGE

CARMEL'S triumph, in a California where three houses, a ruin and a few rods of roadway are enough to be known as a city, is to have remained a village. It has taken unswerving determination, hard work and a lot of fighting, but so far she has won all along the line, and you still wander at night down paths paved only with native sand, lantern in hand, to find some of her more

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retired cottages under their canopy of pine-limbs, with the owls hooting overhead and the sea-breeze playing its insistent accompaniment. It is good to do these things, to feel the slip of the sand, to listen to the silent-sounds that are never noise, to breathe sea and pine air mingled, and to catch the wavering gleams of your lantern—not a search-light—making patterns of the nature which surrounds you. Carmel has her Main Street, certainly, Ocean Avenue, with trees and grass running down its middle, partly lined with shops, pretty, haphazard shops where you can buy paints and sandals, slacks and sweaters, big floppy straw hats, bright-colored bathing-suits and tunics, California pottery, hand-wrought iron, Indian work—as well as groceries, meats, fish, excellent bread, or find an attractive place to eat, serving savory meals, or an amusing bar if your tastes run that way, after a morning on the beach and in the cold sea. A charming village is perhaps the most civilized thing in the world if it is the home of people who know cities and have come and gone about the globe, and have adopted the simplicities because they choose to, and because they like them.

The Seventeen Mile Drive between Carmel and Monterey is the proper way to go to this village, though if you are in a hurry it is but five miles by the highway. But the Drive, a private toll road, swings and curves over the peninsula and runs along the sand dunes and rocks of the beaches, or through the forest, and shows you views you won't forget. Lone cypresses as old as time, gripping gray rocks and resisting the fury of storms through centuries, noble headlands, rocks in the foaming sea from which the pointed heads of sea-lions rise and weave, roaring at the sea-fowl screaming back at them. Pelicans wing past in long lines, one after the other. Deer leap away. Then you run past charm-

ing houses hardly to be seen because of the hedges and vines that protect them. If you like, you can swing back and forth through Pebble Beach on its high cliffs over Carmel Bay with its swanky villas, many of the Monterey type, secure behind walls of the gray-white Carmel stone. Then another cypress, then a grove of them—the Monterey cypress, confined to this peninsula and a few points near it, built to battle the wind and nourish its tough beauty on barren rock, with the salt spray dripping from its needles. The botanists say that it is of an ancient type not belonging to our era, and it looks it.

There are stretches of marshland and sand covered with beach plants that take every sunset color with the autumn and winter, and spread many-petaled, brilliant flowers in spring and summer; and the surf, never still, runs its white lines up sand almost as snowy as itself.

Seventeen miles? That Drive is at once the shortest and the longest of roads, crowding so much together, spreading so much apart. You leave it near the top of the long slope down to Carmel with a feeling that neither distance nor time really mean very much; it is quite possible to escape from both.

The story of Carmel begins, not with the village, but with Serra. When he decided that the Carmelo River was a better place to build his permanent church and start his grain-fields and pastures where water was available, he only waited for the arrival of new Franciscan brothers from Mexico to make the move. He not only wanted to be near a river, but away from too close contact with the political branch of the Spanish immigration. He did not care to be subjected to the constant interference of the large military thumb of the commandante nor the sullen opposition of Fages. Nor could he get into close contact with the Indians

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if the soldiers were all about, soldiers not under his control. These factors obtained pretty generally in the missions.

Serra had selected the site for Mission San Carlos de Borromeo, or Carmel, as it came to be familiarly known, after looking over the ground carefully. It could not be more charmingly placed, in the little vale back from the sea but close to it, with the wide delta of the Carmel River before it, and the fertile green valley sweeping inland for miles. Up that valley to-day lie great fields of artichokes, a large part of the entire crop of those delicious vegetables coming from this section of California. But in the fathers' day grain-fields and pastures, with some orchards of fruit trees, occupied the land. Serra started work on his temporary church and enclosure the very day he arrived, with his handful of Mexican Indians, three marines and a few soldiers, as well as two or three of the padres who had joined him in May of this year, 1771. It was now June.

Having seen the beginning made Fray Serra crossed the Santa Lucia Range to the Jolon Valley where he had decided to found another mission, San Antonio de Padua. The Indians in the neighborhood were friendly and gentle, the valley itself well suited to mission requirements. A small chapel was built and dedicated on July 14th, two of the new brothers left there with some Indian helpers, and back came Serra to find the Carmel work had rather loitered during his departure. He soon got things going, and a clay and stone building to house the fathers, with a chapel in it, was finished by the end of November. A great white cross was planted close by. In the chapel the first Indian christened in California was baptized. Conversions went on nicely from that moment, small houses were put up for these converts, huts of clay and branches. A beginning had been made.



Su place

CARMEL: OCEAN AVENUE

Next year however, Fages' interference continuing, the indefatigable priest made the long journey afoot back to Mexico, where he talked with the viceroy, Bucareli, an intelligent man quite capable of realizing the padre's worth. Bucareli confirmed Serra's supreme authority over all mission matters, furthermore he sent Rivera to replace Fages. But this was no improvement, for Rivera was a stupid, obstinate man. With the Mexican Government back of him Serra refused, however, to be hindered in his work.

In 1773 he sent Bucareli this description of his Mission:

The mission has a stockade of rough timbers, thick and high with ravelins in the corners, something more than seventy varas long and forty-three wide. It is closed at night with a key, although it is not secure because of the lack of nails. The main house is seven varas wide and fifty long. It is divided into six rooms, all with doors and locks. The walls are of rough timber, plastered over with mud. Those of the principal rooms are whitewashed with lime. One of these rooms serves for the present as a church. Near to this building is the guardhouse and barracks of the soldiers, and adjoining, their kitchen. All these buildings have flat roofs of clay and mud. There are various little houses for the Indians, with roofs of hay or straw. All these buildings are enclosed by the stockade. Attention was later given to a garden, but for want of a gardener it has made little progress.

A vara measures two inches less than a yard, so the establishment was quite sizable. When Fray Palou joined his superior some months later he took the garden under his charge, and soon had it flourishing. Each year brought improvements, new buildings, fields under cultivation, a great oven for baking bread beside the main kitchen, and artisans sent from Mexico came to instruct the Indians in weaving, in stone-cutting and blacksmithing. Between 1776 and 1781 many herds and flocks of cattle, sheep and goats were driven over the Anza Trail and divided among the missions. The Indians easily learned to watch over them.

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When Serra paid his visit to Mexico he had met Don Juan Bautista de Anza, one of the great leaders and explorers of all time. Fearless and prudent, loving the wilderness and adventure, a great executive and soldier, Anza was anxious to discover a route between Mexico and California with its starting point at Tubac, in Sonora. Such a route would remove the need of the dangerous passage to Lower California across the treacherous gulf for land parties, and be, if it proved feasible, infinitely better than the sea route. Ships were too small for the transport of cattle, too uncertain.

Bucareli and Serra agreed. If there was to be close communication between the two countries, it must be by land. Settlers, women and children, could go that way, taking their time, eating and living on the march. And if California were to be the great colony hoped for, then women and children must be sent there.

Anza gave months of 1774 to discovering the best way to make the trek. He had a small party, well mounted and well armed, and after much trial and error he found the pass across the Sierra Nevada which leads into the shimmering loveliness of Riverside County. A bronze marker in that pass attests his achievement to-day. Once he had worked out his line of march he hurried back to Mexico and set the proper men to work to collect his settlers, provisions, cattle, et cetera. On October 23, 1775, he left Tubac with a train of two hundred and forty-four men, women and children, most of them white, together with over a thousand head of cattle, reaching Monterey March 10, 1776. The only death *en route* had been that of a woman in child-birth. Her baby was saved, and brought to Monterey with four others born on the way. It was a tremendous achievement.

Anza made but a brief stay at the capital and at Carmel

before continuing on to San Francisco Bay with a small party, to select the sites for a mission and presidio.

Along the course Anza had laid out came other trains of beasts and of new settlers until the last, the one with the families destined to found Los Angeles which was attacked by the Yumas with such fatal results. The Anza Route was closed from then on until many years had passed. But it had served its purpose. There were colonists enough to build up the California of the Spanish-Mexican era, and to make it certain, or so Mexico believed, that no foreign invasion would snatch the country from her. They could now get on comfortably in California with such intercourse as occasional ships gave them. Their governors came and went by sea, other vessels visited them, they had all they required. The soldiers did not get any pay to mention, but the missions looked after their material as well as their spiritual needs. From 1781 onward California was largely isolated from the rest of the world, and perfectly content to be so. It was the increasing advent of the Americans that finally put an end to this strange interlude.

Serra had the satisfaction of seeing his work blessed. Nine missions were founded by him, thousands of Indians came under the wings of the church, natural pastures supplied grazing for innumerable cattle, sheep and goats, a pastoral existence blossomed. He oversaw the building of Mission Carmel, not the stone building he hoped for, not the beautiful church we see to-day, but none the less a fair and efficient building. He paid visits to his various missions, and also went again to Mexico, keeping in touch with everything. In 1776 Monterey had been officially named as the capital of the country, as Carmel was the capital of the missions, where the Father President lived.

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"It is time," he told Fray Crespi in 1781, "that we began our stone church here. It must be large and beautiful."

They talked it over. The white Carmel stone was just what was needed.

And then, with the coming of the New Year, Crespi died. It was a deep sorrow to his friend and old master, and from then Fray Serra began to show his age. During the next year, 1783, the old priest decided to make a farewell visit to all his southern missions. He sailed down to San Diego, where he confirmed a large number of neophytes. Then, partly on foot and partly on muleback, came slowly back to Monterey, stopping at each mission on the way to rest awhile with the fathers, to bless the people. At last he was back in Carmel, in the little cell still to be seen where he slept and worked. At once the fathers noted that he had failed. They sent for his beloved Fray Palou, to the joy of Serra, who had not seen him in a long while. The two had much to say to each other, and it was a happiness to both to pray beside the tomb of Crespi, buried on the gospel side of the altar in the church.

"When I am dead, bury me beside Fray Juan," Serra requested one day.

On August 27, 1784, the old man knew himself to be dying. Nevertheless he managed to get into the church for a last mass, which was attended by the Commander of the garrison and all the Indians of the village, who followed him into the sanctuary, Palou tells us, with the greatest tenderness and affection. The next day at noon he went to hear the Angelus, leaning on Palou's arm. Back in his cell he lay down, wrapping his brown habit closely about his frail, small form. He smiled gently at his friend, and murmured that he felt better. Sitting by him Fray Palou waited until he had fallen into a doze, having persuaded Serra to drink

a cup of hot broth. Then he slipped softly out, hoping the sleep would do the sick man good.

But when, a little later, he came quietly in, Fray Serra had left his beloved Carmel for a place nearer the Lord whom he had served and worshipped so long.

The Mission bells tolled his passing in slow and measured notes that spread out over the valley to where the Indians were working, over the hills to Monterey, where they were clearly heard, over the water to ships anchored in the bay. The Indians came in from the fields with garlands of wild flowers, purple and gold, to gather in the patio and about the church, where they remained to wail all night. From Monterey, too, came many who loved their Franciscan father and wished to pray near his coffin.

At the funeral next day there was a great company, Indians, and citizens of every degree, soldiers, sailors, officers and dignitaries. The coffin was placed close to Fray Crespi on the same side of the altar, and Palou became President of the Missions. But he resigned soon, to return to Mexico and then to Spain, where he wrote his life of Junípero Serra, as well as his history of California, both of which were published there, and which since have been translated and made available here. When Palou departed, Fray Lasuén became President, last of the four friends who had come together to the New World to begin the work of civilizing and converting the Indians of California, and to make the land blossom and fruit.

Strangely, almost nothing of the Mission as Serra knew it remains. A few stone terraces and old adobe walls, part of the cell he had lived in, not much else. The stone church he had hoped to build was erected on the same site as the adobe one where he had celebrated mass and blessed his people. But after the secularization ordered by Mexico and

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confirmed in 1823 it was gradually deserted. It had been finished in 1797, taking four years to build the church as we see it to-day in form and loveliness, but it had fallen into ruin, the roof collapsing in 1852, ten years after the last of the old padres had been forced to abandon it, their living-quarters having crumbled away. In this new church Fray Fermin Lasuén had been buried, at the epistle side of the altar, the other graves not having been disturbed, and later a young priest, Fray Lopez, was laid at his side. All four tombs were lost under the débris of the roof and walls. Wild shrubs thrust in to cover the wreck. Carmel Mission was only a great heap of dust and stone inside its broken walls. People picnicked there, poked about looking for relics, carved stones, the baptismal font, which was carried off to decorate a garden.

In the year 1882 the parish priest at Monterey, who had read the records of Carmel Mission and knew that Serra and his friends were buried there, began to seek through the wreck for the lost graves. He sought for weeks. On the second of July he discovered the slabs that covered them, and rode back to Monterey, where he cried out joyfully to the loiterers in the Plaza, "I have found the grave of Junípero Serra!"

The next day Father Angelo Casanova returned to superintend the official opening of the grave. A guard of honor was provided by a corps of cadets from the St. Patrick Church School, in San Francisco. A crowd of vacationists, picnickers, citizens stood about in silence while the grave was uncovered and the crumbling coffin revealed. The bones and much of the priestly garments remained intact.

It was not until 1884 that the work of reconstruction which had been agreed upon was begun. That was the cen-

tenary of Serra's death. It was found that substantial portions of the strong sandstone walls still stood, stone quarried in the Santa Lucia Mountains. Five feet thick, these walls incline slightly inward as they rise to meet the arch of the roof with an effect of subtle grace that is extremely attractive. In the first reconstruction this was ruined because the roof replacing the old one was a commonplace, sharply inclined shingled affair, with a flat plastered ceiling within. This has been swept away and the church brought back to its former plan of construction.

In its frame of sea and sky and garden the restored church makes one of the most perfect pictures among the entire group of missions. The two dissimilar towers with the fine sweep of the arched façade rising between them, the differing windows and lofty entrance and the stained pinkish stucco of the old walls all join in to a harmony of tone and outline. Much of the garden and its surrounding buildings have also been restored, the holy vessels, pictures and statues the fathers had carried with them to Monterey returned. Even the font was returned and stands in the original baptistry. More than five thousand Indians were christened there. Its ceiling of groined sandstone remained unharmed, and is the sole Gothic touch in any of the missions. Among the paintings is a Pieta painted by Señor Rodriquez in 1777. It was this artist who founded the Academy of Fine Arts in Mexico City. One window, the first to the left as you enter, is the only original one left, the glass having been brought round the Horn in the thirties by one of the Boston trading ships.

Within the altar railing are the four graves, two on each side of the restored altar. On Serra's, lying flat, is a wooden cross, twisted somewhat oddly. It is a natural growth, and was brought by an Indian at the time of his burial. When

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the church was deserted it was taken away by his son, and kept in the family until the day of restoration, when a great-grandson, an old man, brought it back.

Two other men are buried in the church, their graves outside the altar rail. One was Governor Roméu, one of the Spanish governors, the other Commandante Sal, of the Presidio of Monterey, after whom Point Sal is named. They also are preserved.

Half-way down the church a carved doorway leads to the mortuary chapel, decorated by the Indians with a fresco painted with vegetable dyes, over which a Spanish prayer is inscribed, which withstood ruin. From this small room you pass into the patio, on which the shops and work-rooms once opened. These too are being reconstructed. Serra's cell was restored and rededicated on the anniversary of his death in August, 1937. The little window, the tile floor, the furniture, a narrow plank bed, a table, a crucifix, a rush-bottomed chair. Next to it is the library, with over a thousand ancient volumes on its shelves.

Besides this library there is a museum, placed in what was once the fathers' gathering-room. Many treasures relating to the mission's past are displayed in the glass cases, and dominating the room is Jo Mora's monument, with its life-size figures of the four priests buried in the church. On a sarcophagus of Californian marble lies the bronze image of Serra, wrapped in his funeral garment, the hands clasping the cross on his breast. At his head stands Fray Juan Crespi, at his feet kneel Lasuén and Lopez, in their Franciscan habits, with tonsured heads. It is a fine piece of work, reverent and moving. The unveiling in 1920 was the occasion of a pageant that marched from Monterey to the church, every one wearing Spanish costumes.

So much for the birth, death and resurrection of Carmel

Mission. Carmel Village is another story, but it too had its dedication.

More than fifty years ago a young surveyor was working down the coast for the United States Government. When he came upon the snow-white crescent of Carmel Beach, with the Bay so firmly held within the reaching arms of Cypress Point to the north and Point Lobos to the south, he sat down and gazed, under the spell of a delighted admiration that later found expression in an article published in *Scribner's Magazine*. That young man was David Starr Jordan, and he never forgot the silver bow, with its frame of dark trees and strong rocks and sandy dunes. Fifteen years later he was a professor at the University of Leland Stanford, Junior, when two men of vision, James Frank Devendorf and Frank Powers, began the leisurely development of what they intended should become an artists' settlement in the pine woods lying back of that remembered beach.

Professor Jordan was one of the first to buy a lot; in addition he interested some of his professional friends, who did the same, creating an approximate Professors' Row among the painters, poets and story-writers of Carmel Village.

Both Mr. Devendorf and Mr. Powers were men who cared for several things besides, and far more than the making of money. They would willingly sell one of their lots to the right person for a few dollars; the wrong person, from their point of view, could not buy a foot of ground at any price. That is the spirit which has guided the growth of Carmel and has been strong enough to preserve its special character in spite of concessions grudgingly yielded to modern demands, few and on the whole unimportant. The paving of Ocean Drive, the main street, and of the Roosevelt Highway where it passes through from San Luis

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Obispo to Monterey were necessary with the increasing traffic. Other streets have had their surfaces treated to keep the dust down. Some street lights have been set up. Of course all gas-stations could not be kept out, but they are few and placed where they do the least harm to the appearance of the village.

Besides its painting and writing contingents Carmel has always, and naturally, been interested in the theatre. The Golden Bough, as beautiful as its name, was more or less ruined by fire a few years ago. It still remains an adornment to the town, for the harm done was rather to the inside than the outside; it served as a motion-picture house after the fire, but since a new and more convenient building has risen for that purpose I think it has remained merely a very handsome and distinguished white elephant. Until the fire the Golden Bough, under the expert management of Edward Kuster, did some remarkably good work. He has been snatched away from Carmel by Max Reinhardt, and his house near Robinson Jeffers on the rocky coast south of Mission Carmel will probably see him no more. But the Carmel Players remain, and every year they give several plays in the very best tradition—tradition as much in the sense of experiment as accepted formula—under the direction and with the help of professional actors and actresses. Much of the excellence of this company is due to Charles McCarthy, who went on the New York stage at the age of twelve, and has appeared with people like Frank Morgan and Pauline Frederick and Otis Skinner. Many of us will remember his work with Eva Le Gallienne in her gallant seasons at the old Fourteenth Street house in New York. What splendid things were done there. It is that sort of material on which Carmel draws for her theatrical seasons. The delightful Forest Theatre, in its natural amphitheatre among

the pines, has rather languished lately, but the word is that it will resume hard work soon, and again take its place among the foremost outdoor playhouses, if a forest and a plateau can be called a house. For the present the company uses a small playhouse for its performances.

There are plenty of writers in Carmel, plenty of painters, too. I mean the real thing, not the type which is always waiting for to-morrow. Georges Duhamel in his last novel in the Pasquier series, speaking of a youthful genius, says that he had all the gifts, "*même celui du travail, sans lequel tous autres ne sont que vapeurs et fumées.*" Smoke and vapor is so often the total of the young person who likes the idea of being an artist in whatever *genre*, but dislikes the hard work, that the excellent work being done in the village is a proof that it has not lost its ancient realities. The exhibitions are important, frequent and varied.

Perhaps the most important thing is that Carmel is a pleasant place in which to live. If there is a good deal of fog in summer, there is an amazing amount of sun in winter. Its sea is cold, but not too cold for the hardy, and its white sands are warm. The trails and the roadways lead to a great many delightful homes, from the very simple room or two under a peaked roof with a pine in front, one of the rooms usually having a large north window, to comfortable country houses that remain simple but spend considerable money doing so. There are terraced gardens, patios, sun courts and flower-boxes. There are pools and fountains. There are many adorable living-rooms. Some of the homes look out on the sea but for the most part they are tucked into the pine woods. Great talent and ingenuity has been spent on many of these houses, and many are merely banal. Even a person who really loves to live where trees, sand dunes, a wooded cañon, a pine flat have the place of honor,

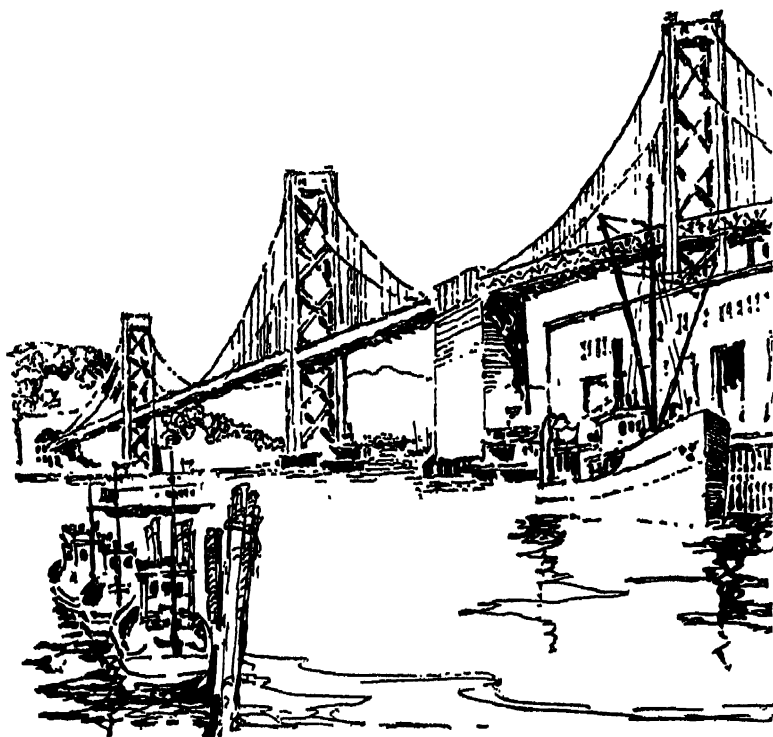
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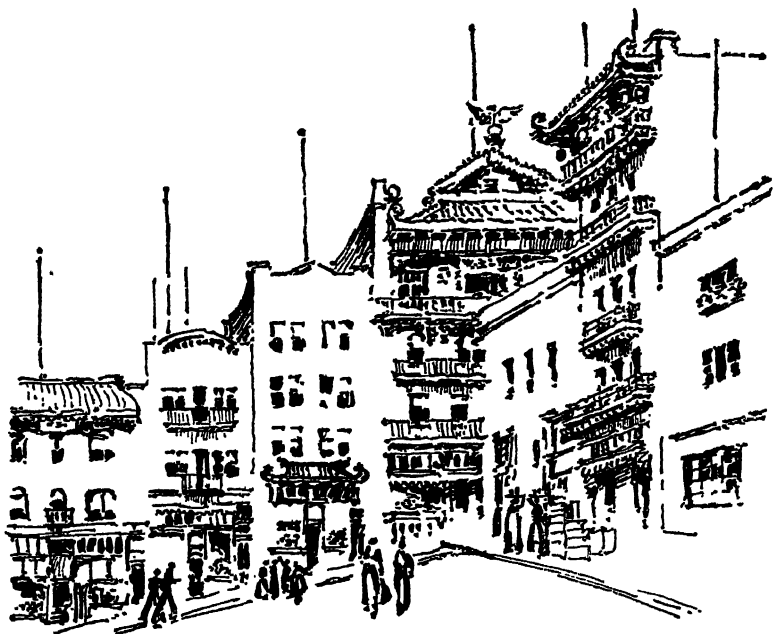
may go a trifle hay-wire or a bit dull in building a house. It doesn't matter. Each is pretty much secluded and you need not bother with those that don't attract you. Carmel is a comfortable place. You live your own contentment there. On the whole, I would say that Carmelites know the value of money. They do not overestimate it, which is so easy and common a defect. They realize that it is stupid to make two dollars where one dollar will give you what you want. The point being that the dollar you refuse to make may buy more for you than ever its making could.

There are inns where you can put up for as long as you like, among them Pine Inn on Ocean Drive not far from where that delightful street reaches the beach, with cottages of the rural English type, and excellent food served in the main building. There are many houses that take in a guest or two in a studio annex, there are plenty of nice places to eat, or you can get a housekeeping apartment that is quite unlike an apartment and very much like a small cottage. You stay at Carmel unconsciously looking about for the place you intend to build on; it is extraordinary to find how many a casual guest has been transformed into a householder there.

The walks are glorious, through the woods, along the coast. Point Lobos on a windy day is indescribably, wildly splendid, with the great breakers surging up and in between the crevices of the riven rocks, spouting high into the air, roaring and sighing, while the cypresses lean away and pant against the storm, shuddering but unconquerable. It is wonderful in fog, too, and in the soft light of a calm, moonlighted night. Robinson Jeffers, who lives under a pile of gray rock not far away, wrote a lyric long ago to the setting planet, Venus, as she suddenly revealed herself to him one summer night on this coast. It has caught a flash of the rap-

ture that waits here. Evening and morning, night and day Carmel wraps herself in beauty, a beauty that existed before the first cottage was built, before Serra himself came walking over Carmel Hill to look for the site of his mission, a beauty she seeks to keep as far as possible untainted. Devendorf, Powers, David Starr Jordan are dead, and Mayor Peter Newberry, stormy petrel waging war to the last for Carmel ideals, but their vision persists. Carmel-by-the-Sea, indomitable village, stick to your guns. Surely California has a right to one open and above board village that only asks to remain a village, and to have the persons who don't like villages stay away from it.





PHOENIX OF THE PACIFIC

YOU cannot do better than follow the old way in making your first visit to San Francisco—the sea way. A blue and silver morning when the last wisps of fog are idling away through the trees, playing tricks with the heights. Coming from the south the ship steams past Seal Rocks, close to shore, with the Farallones lying some twenty miles out in the ocean, sharp peaks with a lighthouse

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topping the tallest. Then comes the turn and you sweep in between the rough steeps on either hand that make the gateposts of that stupendous Gate. Point Lobos to your right, Point Bonita to your left, wild, rugged, precipitous, with a harsh chaparral clinging as it may to every little ledge or level. Coast Guard stations watch that entrance on both sides, lighthouses spell warnings after dark. Unseen fortifications crouch behind old forts that smile out of green lawns and clustering trees. The Presidio lies farther along, a sea of eucalyptus trees, trim buildings and parade-grounds. Before you reach it the green slopes of Lincoln Park introduce a golfer or two, climb to the summit where the Palace of the Legion of Honor can just be glimpsed. A mosaic of stucco houses set in gardens, rose, lavender, green, terra-cotta and yellow comes next, and then, past the Presidio, and beyond the level strip of the Marina you see the city on its hills, pale towers and cupolas and walls, glittering under a flash of sun, with more hanging gardens, crowding trees—and then, straight ahead, the Golden Gate Bridge making its tremendous leap from bridgehead to bridgehead across the shining straits.

That tawny-red span is light and sure as the wingspread of a falcon, and appears to soar toward you, and then over you as the ship moves onward. An incredible effect that takes your breath.

Straight ahead is the island of Alcatraz, a medieval mass of gray walls piling above each other. Great splashes of brilliant pink ice-plant pour down the rock-slopes and a toss of surf marks the meeting of stone and water. But the ship swings right to pass under Telegraph Hill crowned with a white, cigarette-shaped tower. Now the streets rise until they seem to stand on end between the rows of brick and granite buildings, and the piers and wharfs of the Embar-

cadereo shove fanwise out from shore. You go on and the vast stretch of San Francisco Bay spreads north and south. East the Contra Costa displays its white cities and lifts its long range of noble hills. Look back across to where, beyond Alcatraz, on the mainland, Sausalito pours its gardens down terrace after terrace to the border of its own little bay, sheltered to the east by the lofty green or golden slopes of Angel Island, with Tamalpais lifting its long shoulder northward.

And now, ahead, the western half of the Bay Bridge, swinging its pewter-colored span from four tall towers that glint softly, resting an instant at the great stone bulwark that centers the flight between city and Yerba Buena Island, where it plunges through a short tunnel to continue the long east section onward to the Oakland terminus.

North of the hill that is Yerba Buena and connected to it by a narrow neck, is flat, man-made Treasure Island, supporting the exposition buildings for the Fair celebrating the bridges, those bridges which, in Robin Lampson's striking phrase, are "mending a continent." The tinted structures, the slender tower topped by a great golden Phoenix, the stylized decorations, the lagoons, the fountains and gardens and palm trees making a strange loveliness, isolated like a child's toy city, will all vanish, giving place to an airport. Just another quick change story, characteristic of San Francisco.

In the tremendous game of hide-and-seek played between man and the earth, San Francisco Bay won a marked success in keeping itself hidden for centuries, in spite of its huge size and the fact that great explorers sailed back and forth across its doorway, discovering everything else along the mighty coast-line. Barely twenty miles lie between Drake's Bay and the Golden Gate, that bay where in 1589 Sir Fran-

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cis Drake nailed a "Plate of Brasse" to a "firme post," declaring unto all men that "By the Grace of God and in the Name of Herr Majesty Queen Elizabeth of England and Herr Successors forever I take possession of this Kingdome," at the same time naming it Nova Albion. Only twenty miles, yet the immortal explorer, although making a close study of the coast, never guessed what a royal harbor lay so close at hand. A curtain of fog at the right moment effectually closed the Gate. Much later, when the Spaniards entered Drake's Bay, they gave it the name San Francisco, and it was not until after Ortega's discovery, on that unwitting march of Gaspar de Portolá's so many miles beyond the "noble harbor" of Vizcaino for which he was seeking, that the name was transferred to the larger body of water.

Finding the Plate of Brasse was also the sport of chance. No one was looking for it, few knew of it, nearly three and a half centuries had passed since it was set up. Then, one day in 1932, a chauffeur waiting for his employer idled about the shore of Drake's Bay. He kicked up a heavy square of metal, looked at it casually, finally tossed it into his car, hardly knowing why. A few days later he as casually tossed it away again, near San Quentin's Point at the north end of San Francisco Bay before it takes the name of San Pablo. And there it lay for about four years.

Came the day when a young man from Oakland, Beryle Shinn, driving that same way, had a blowout. After changing tires he amused himself strolling about and shying stones into the water. Under one chunk of rock he picked up he perceived nothing less than the brass plate, which he studied with some curiosity, taking it home finally. Scrubbing the grime from it, he found the roughly cut inscription. Quite a souvenir. One of his friends to whom he showed it thought that Professor Herbert E. Bolton, chair of American His-

tory at the University of California, might be interested, and advised Shinn to take it to him, saying that possibly it might be worth something. But with one thing and another time slipped along until it was more than a year after having made his find that Shinn took the plate to Dr. Bolton. With that, things happened.

The professor, a specialist on the early history of the Spanish occupation and all that concerned California, was fairly certain from the first that here was the very piece of brass set up by Drake, and described in the explorer's book, *The World Encompassed*, written some fifty years after the event. Details tallied. The only thing that did not tally was the place where the brass was found. It was impossible that Drake would have ignored the discovery of San Francisco Bay if he had really entered it. However, an Indian might have moved the plate long ago.

Anyhow, photographs and Mr. Shinn's story were published, speeches made, the California Historical Society to which Dr. Bolton belonged interested itself in tests likely to assure the genuineness of the find. Suddenly the chauffeur turned up, having seen the story and thinking it likely that the plate was the identical object he had first found and tossed away. When he saw it he had no doubt but that it was the same.

Since then every possible scientific tryout has been given Drake's Plate, satisfying the experts that it is exactly what it appears to be. As one of them remarked, "If it's a forgery, it was forged at the least three hundred years ago." The plate, now in the possession of the Society, is on exhibition in the University, proving once again that truth continues to be stranger than fiction. As for Mr. Shinn, he was given the sum of three thousand five hundred dollars. If he had been a young man more according to pattern, he would probably

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have shied the brass after the stones, and Drake's Plate would have disappeared forever.

Anza had reached and explored the peninsula on which San Francisco stands in 1774 according to his plan of establishing a settlement there. With the assistance of Fray Palou who had come with him he selected the sites for the future mission and presidio. On his return to Monterey he broke with Rivera, and returned to Mexico. But before leaving the peninsula Anza had visited the headland where the Legion of Honor Palace now stands, and Palou had there raised one of the great crosses beloved by the fathers. The Gate lay directly below; a ship could now find the way in.

The first ship to make the entry was the *San Carlos*, Captain Juan Manuela de Ayala, in 1775. The Captain sailed under orders to explore the bay as far as possible, find safe shelter and convenient landing. He was to stay as long as was necessary for this purpose.

On the morning of August 5th the *San Carlos* reached the Gate, and sent a small boat through it to take a few soundings, while the ship tacked about outside. Time passed until evening was near, but no sign of the boat. Finally, the tide being with him, Captain Ayala decided to take a chance; he did not care to run the risk of a possible gale outside with no port available. It must have been an exciting progress, for the wind was brisk, but all went well and presently the ship was anchored off what is to-day North Beach. Next morning the boat found her, bringing news of an excellent harbor off Angels Island, or, to give it Ayala's sonorous title, the island of Nuestra Señora de los Angeles. At the same time the Spaniard named Alcatraz, which signifies "pelican," Island, because of the flocks of those birds hovering about it.

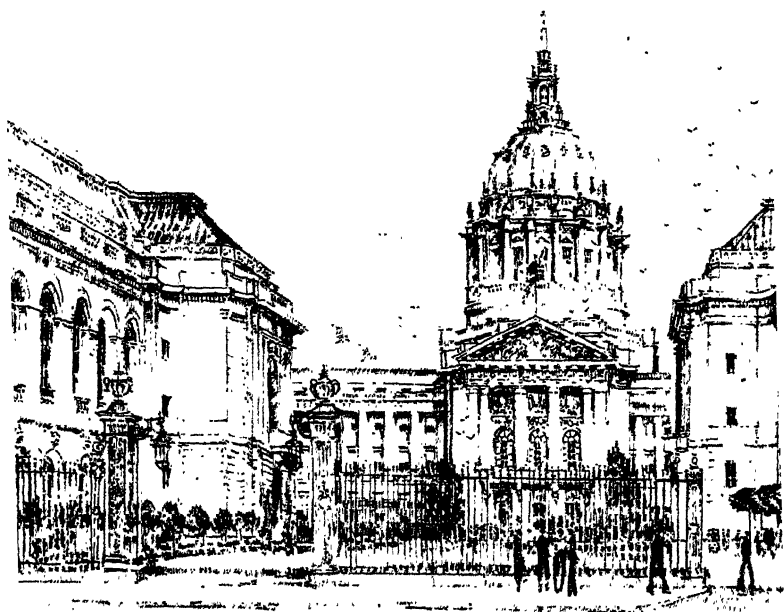
The ship stayed until September 18th, exploring pretty thoroughly. The plan had included meeting a land party, under Ortega, discoverer of the bay, to assist in the founding of a settlement, but Rivera's jealousy of the young lieutenant had so delayed the expedition that it was not until June 27, 1776, that the Ortega party finally made camp at the Laguna de los Dolores, with Fray Palou as one of its members. He it was who founded the Mission San Francisco de Asis on October 9th in the lovely glade beside the stream of clear water which flowed into the lagoon from Twin Peaks. Three weeks earlier, September 17th, the Presidio of San Francisco had been started, near the Fort Scott of to-day, at the point where the strait is narrowest. There were several miles between the two establishments, which suited the padres very well. The Mission, which unofficially but generally came to be known as Mission Dolores, never was one of the great, but in its fertile vale, with pasturage for many head of cattle, it prospered comfortably. Years later enormous grants of lands were made to citizens and soldiers who had deserved well of the country, across the bay where Oakland and Berkeley lie, and about Suizan and San Pablo Bays, and back of Sausalito in Marin County. But until after 1820 the missions owned the land and the cattle in peace.

On or about 1793 the Castillo de San Joaquin was built by the Spaniards on the Presidio, where already the quadrangle with officers' and soldiers' quarters and the usual row of storehouses and work-rooms were lined up. But as yet there was no thought of any pueblo. In 1835, when Dana paid his visit to the Presidio he relates that the only building, a "rough shanty put up by a man named Richardson, who is doing a little trading between the vessels and the Indians," stood close to shore in a cove between Presidio

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and Mission. William A. Richardson was an Englishman, his trade was in furs brought by the Indians and more especially in hides and tallow, some from the Mission herds, others collected from the Dons by one or two clumsy flat-bottomed boats paddled back and forth across the bay. The very next year an enterprising visitor from Ohio, Jacob P. Leese, realized the possibilities and built himself a large warehouse-and-home-in-one near Mr. Richardson's shanty. Leese started with a bang, giving a grand house-warming on July Fourth to which were invited the officers and their ladies from the Presidio as well as the families which circled the Bay. The whoopee lasted for three days and nights. Dancing, picnics, feasting in the long room of Leese's mansion, singing, salvos from two or three Yankee ships in harbor, all contributed their share. So far as known this is the first party held on the site of the future city of San Francisco. On January first of 1835, the town of Yerba Buena had been founded there, so far as laying out a plaza (Portsmouth Square to-day) and marking a street or two on a sheet of paper goes. Not until four years later was the plan actually carried into operation, and a few mud huts began to appear facing the Plaza and trailing along the Calle de la Fundacion, now Montgomery Street. The bridle trails between Mission, Pueblo and Presidio had developed before this into rough tracks for the ox-carts, and deer, antelope, bear and wild-cat had withdrawn a trifle. There was nothing precipitate about the growth of the new town. By 1846 it contained a dozen houses of sorts and possibly sixty inhabitants. But in that year suddenly things happened. The starting gong was sounded by the outbreak of war between the United States and Mexico.

Yerba Buena realized that fact when the American sloop of war *Portsmouth* came sailing through the Golden Gate



E.H.S.

SAN FRANCISCO'S CIVIC CENTER

on an early June morning, guns bristling, and anchored smartly just beyond Telegraph Hill. On the ninth, to the gay roll of drums and shrilling of fifes Captain Montgomery, commanding, led a body of his men into the Plaza and ran the Stars and Stripes to the top of the flagstaff with no opposition, and apparently no criticism. There it was and there it stayed, and the only man to express annoyance at seeing it there was an American.

Not for unpatriotic reasons.

On board the *Brooklyn*, six months out from New York, as she sailed into San Francisco Bay July 31st, stood her owner and head of a party of settlers numbering some two hundred, men, women and children. Mr. Sam Brannan, elder in the Mormon Church of New York City, had set his heart on the founding of the first American settlement in California, and had his flag all ready to haul up as a sign of that achievement. They'd beaten him to it.

Nevertheless he trebled the population of Yerba Buena and very soon became one of its leading citizens. He had laden his ship with agricultural implements, two flour-mills and a printing-press, garden seeds and lord knows what not of value to a young pioneer group. He had brought his wife and two children, and lost no time in building a fine house of redwood close to the Customs House just off the Plaza. The Customs House, known as the Old Adobe, had been built by Mexico in the 1820's after the Government had thrown open the ports of San Diego and San Francisco, to the disgust of Monterey.

Presently Mr. Brannan was publishing the town's first newspaper, the *Star*. He also set up the first of his flour-mills. His settlers built themselves homes and Yerba Buena began a nice gentle boom.

About this time Captain Frémont, during those counter-

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marchings of his, had stood on the heights above the future Oakland and had named the opening where bay and ocean met, as he set down in his notes, with that touch of drama as natural to him as breathing, in these words:

“To this Gate I gave the name of Chrysopylae, or Golden Gate, for the same reasons that the harbor of Constantinople was called Chrysoceras, or Golden Horn.”

The name took at once—could there indeed have been a better? It pleased every one, including Lieutenant Washington Bartlett, of the *Portsmouth*, whom Captain Montgomery had appointed military governor before taking his ship and himself away. Possibly its fitness started the naval gentleman to thinking that Yerba Buena, “good herb,” was rather a silly sort of name for the town he governed, a town which would some day be a city. He pondered a while before acting.

Then, in January, 1847, with a proper escort and eminent solemnity Lieutenant Bartlett marched into the Plaza and in a ringing proclamation announced that henceforth Yerba Buena would be known as San Francisco, that the Plaza was to be Portsmouth Square, after the warship which had brought it into American hands, and that the Calle de la Fundacion was renamed Montgomery Street, honoring her officer in command.

Martial music wound up the affair, hands were shaken and drinks taken. Again, though, Brannan was disappointed. He felt he should have been consulted, given a part in the occasion. But his disappointment was nothing compared to that of two other men, Lieutenant William Tecumseh Sherman and Dr. Robert Semple, of Monterey, a friend of General Mariano Vallejo. Don Vallejo owned a vast estate spreading back in uncounted acres from Suizan Bay and

narrow Carquinez Straits, connecting Suizan with San Pablo Bay. The Doctor had persuaded the Spaniard to permit his laying out a town on these straits, with the private intention of boosting that town into the metropolis of California. He had brought his paper, the *Californian*, with him, and he had his name for the metropolis, Francisca, given name of Señora Vallejo, selected not alone as a compliment to the lady, but because the Doctor felt that it had good advertising value. Francisca, on San Francisco Bay. It would ring around the world.

Lieutenant Sherman had helped Semple, whom he had come to know well in Monterey, in planning and laying out his land, and he was as enthusiastic as his friend. Here was a site fit for a city. Plenty of room, nice flat land, good harbor.

Then that naval officer, Bartlett, lording it over miserable Yerba Buena, exploded his bombshell.

Sherman at least never got over it. As an old man, writing his memoirs, he was still able to express his disgust:

I am still satisfied [he writes] that Benicia [for Semple was obliged to rename his town and chose the second of Señora Vallejo's names] was the best natural site for a city, and had half the money, and half the labor bestowed on San Francisco been expended on Benicia, we should have had at this day a city of palaces on the Carquinez Straits. The name of "San Francisco" however, fixed the city where it is now; for any ship in 1848-49 which sailed from any part of the world knew the name of San Francisco Bay, but not Yerba Buena or Benicia; and accordingly ships consigned to California came pouring in with their contents, and were anchored in "San Francisco."

Page Shakespeare.

Surrounded by modern San Francisco, sitting here in Portsmouth Square, take a glance at the same city a year

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after she had been given her name. Historian Bancroft gives the glimpse:

The beginning of 1848 saw at the cove a thriving seaport town, which, with the surrounding shrub-clad hills and valleys, presented from Signal (Telegraph) Hill, a view of the thirty-five adobe public buildings, well-stocked warehouses, stores and dwellings, and a hundred and sixty snug frame buildings, with their respective outhouses and enclosures, glittering in whitewash and fresh paint. Builders now began to think of permanence, and began to put heavier timbers and better materials into their houses. More wharves were built, on which, as well as on the beach and temporary landings, were stacked and strewn bales, boxes and barrels of merchandise. . . . Barges with white sails skirted the Bay for hides and tallow, and ascended the streams with goods. Whalers, and Oregon and Californian coasting vessels entered and departed through the Golden Gate. The election of school trustees was ordered by the town authorities. Nor [adds Mr. Bancroft] were these preparations made a day too soon.

True enough! For on March 15th of that same year Dr. Semple's *Californian*, now the rival in San Francisco of the *Star*, printed a conservative bit of news, to wit:

In the newly made race-way of the saw mill recently erected by Captain Sutter on American Fork, gold has been found in considerable quantities. . . . California, no doubt, is rich in mineral wealth; great chance here for scientific capital.

But San Francisco didn't wait for scientific capital. And though Sam Brannan's paper, scornful not alone of its rival but of spelling, declared that this talk of a gold find "was all sham—a superb take-in, as was ever got up to guzzle the gullible," it was Sam himself who came bounding and shouting into Portsmouth Square March 29th, waving over his hatless head a glass jar filled with some glittering substance, arousing the loungers to startled attention.

"Gold!" he yelled. "Gold, *gold*, GOLD from American River!"

Within the next few days every male inhabitant of San Francisco was up on the American River with the exception of seven, who were probably ill in bed.

We all know what followed. San Francisco became the madhouse of the world. The peaceful scene evoked by Bancroft vanished utterly. By ship, by caravan, by mule-team, on horseback, afoot, men of all nationalities streamed toward the place, most of them young, many of them scoundrels. Between Christmas Eve, 1849, and June 22, 1851, six terrible incendiary fires swept the town. The first was the Gamblers' Fire, destroying the swankier gambling-houses, saloons, hotels, Dennison's fine new Exchange and other buildings around the Square; loss, a million. May 4th came the Merchants' Fire, bigger and better, eating up four entire blocks of stores and warehouses to the tune of four millions. Next, June's blaze took the greater part of the water-front buildings and much on adjacent streets, while in September a hundred and twenty-five structures, many of them just rebuilt, went up in smoke. The anniversary of the first fire was celebrated by what was known as the Biggest Fire, which burned ten hours, taking three-quarters of the city, most of it new buildings, and cost a million an hour. The last of these bonfires, the Poor Man's Fire, 1851, swept away the poorer section of the town, as well as gutting the Old Adobe, and Sam Brannan's beloved home back of it. Thousands of people (yes, by that time it was thousands) were left without a cent. Commenting, the *Alta California*, merger of the two earlier papers, remarked: "We are sick with what we have seen and felt, and need say no more."

Robbery and murder marched hand in hand through the city streets day and night, fit comrades of arson. During the four years beginning with 1850 there were more than twelve hundred murders, with one man convicted, and he a

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Spaniard who had killed a Mexican. The city government was in the hands of a villainous pack of lawyers and politicians. Most of the skullduggery was the work of two organized gangs, the Hounds, largely made up of ruffianly members of the regiment recruited in New York by Stevenson, who, reaching California too late to aid in taking it for the United States, were disbanded in San Francisco; and second, a horde of emigrants from the penal colony of Australia, called "Sydney ducks," or "Sydney coves."

No wonder the Vigilantes came into being.

The Hounds had dedicated their best efforts to exterminating and robbing all citizens not of the pure American, or at least Anglo-Saxon strain. Sounds familiar to-day if you substitute Aryan, doesn't it? A horrible orgy in mid-July, 1849, in the Chilian quarter on the lower slope of Telegraph Hill brought the first extra-legal action. It was led by Sam Brannan, who called a citizens' meeting in Portsmouth Square that cleaned up the Hounds pretty thoroughly, capturing a lot of them and kicking them out of the city. There were no executions, but the gang was broken up. It was not until February, 1851, that a second demonstration occurred, also led by Brannan. A merchant, well liked in the town, had been beaten and robbed of a large sum in the morning of a business day, and left for dead. It was but one of many such outrages, but it set off the match. A notorious bandit, James Stuart, and one of his pals, had committed the crime. Under Brannan's directions bands of citizens formed, one of them capturing two suspects, who came near being lynched. Neither was guilty. Fortunately Brannan and William T. Coleman, later to be president of the Vigilantes, prevented this; the men were given to the authorities and sent to prison in Marysville. One escaped, the other, supposed to be Stuart but really a

harmless gentleman called Burdue, was sentenced to hanging. He was saved when Stuart was caught, confessed, and was hung in his place. But before this happy ending the first Vigilante Executive Committee had been formed in Brannan's office June 9, 1851, with twenty members and a constitution, which announced that as neither life nor property were safe in San Francisco, the undersigned bound themselves together in order to perform "every lawful act for the maintenance of law and order." The next evening they arrested their first man, a Sydney duck called Jenkins, a huge snarling brute who had been caught stealing a safe. He was taken by his captors to the Committee's room in Sam's office building, while the fire-bells of the California Engine Company on one side of town, and of the Monumental Company on the other, tolled the signal agreed upon. The initiated arrived, whispered the password, were admitted. Jenkins was found guilty, sentenced to be hung, and hung forthwith in Portsmouth Square.

Before the Vigilantes gave up active service, two months later, they had done a pretty fair job of cleaning up the town. They had hung a few other outstanding criminals, they policed the streets, they deported the worst of the Sydney ducks, met every ship coming from Australia to see that no convicts were landed, and brought about a reform of the courts so that cases were properly tried and sentences carried out. There were no more fires after the one following Jenkins's hanging, though no fire-bugs were caught. But the criminals were terrorized at least for a time. On the day the Committee members disbanded they were presented by the ladies of Trinity Parish with a banner of blue silk and a Testimonial of Appreciation ending with the words "Do Right and Fear Not."

With incredible energy, after each of its fires, San Fran-

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cisco had rebuilt itself, rising from the flames refreshed and finer than before. To be sure, much of the rebuilding had been done with wood stolen from the great redwood forests of the Contra Costa ranches belonging to the Spanish family of Peralta. But after the last of its six conflagrations the citizens decided to look for more fireproof materials, nor did they care how far they looked. Granite, dressed for use, was imported from China, where the wash was already being sent, as the handiest laundry available. Australia, London, New York, supplied bricks, Honolulu blocks of lava. Strange tribal songs some of the walls of the city might have sung, could they have given voice. Not far from Portsmouth Square, where Washington, Montgomery and Columbus Avenue come together, you can see one of these buildings, the old Montgomery Block, built in 1853 by General Halleck, and then called Halleck's Folly. The first four-story building in San Francisco, and the first office-building to be built around a square, a patio. Its brick, plaster, window and door-frames, glass, iron fittings, everything, came round the Horn in sailing ships. In the beginning the lawyers had their offices here, and soon the politicians crowded in, while the bar and the gambling-rooms knew most of the city's male population. Some tell us the Montgomery was the first to serve the famous Pisco punch. The Bonanza kings all came here, and Casey and Cora, before being hung by the Vigilantes for murder, sipped drinks at that long bar. Later Robert Louis Stevenson and Ambrose Bierce, with many another of the writing clan, came to know it. It is shabby now, Chinese and Japanese lawyers have offices in the fine old building, small tradesmen their show-rooms. But it was stoutly built and has withstood the years, the great earthquake and fire, without damage. Its pale, old-fashioned face is pleasant to look

upon, and has gazed down at most of its city's short, violent history.

Paving the streets of the city was a slower process. In the dry season the ceaseless winds tossed up suffocating yellow dust, and when winter brought its rains the ensuing mud became an actual menace to life. Lieutenant Sherman mentions having seen a mule drown in Montgomery Street, adding that he hated to ride his horse through it "because the mud was so deep that a horse's legs would become entangled in the brushes below, and the rider was likely to be thrown and drowned in the mud." The brush mentioned had been tossed into the street to give some foundation. More solid stuff went in; sacks of flour and coffee, old stoves, old furniture, even a piano, anything handy. Interesting to wonder what lies beneath some of San Francisco's streets to this day.

Dust, mud, gold. They filled the city, until at long last gold drove the dust and mud out, as it transformed the flimsy tents, the mud huts and wooden shacks of the first crowded period into the solid business blocks and fantastically hideous dwellings of the Bonanza days.

It was the middle of May, 1856, that the following summons was handed to the old members of the Vigilante organization:

The members of the Vigilance Committee, in good standing, will please meet at No. 105½ Sacramento Street, this day, Thursday, 15th instant, at nine o'clock P.M. By order of the Committee of Thirteen.

The cause for this reassembling of the Vigilantes was one of those sordid tragedies marking the city's story through and beyond the gold-rush days.

James King of William, native of Georgetown, D. C.,

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almost as ferocious in his virtue as were the villains in their sin, had been shot down in Montgomery Street, close to Halleck's Folly, that very afternoon. Desperately wounded, he had been carried to his home, and the whole city was hanging on his fate. King, who had added his father's given name to distinguish himself from other James Kings, coming to seek his fortune in California in '48, ran into the first gold rush, struck it rich, started as a private banker in San Francisco, sent for his family, built himself a fine home, set up a carriage and pair, stood high in his city's estimation. Then, through a dishonest partner, though able to meet his obligations, he was ruined. After attempting two fresh starts, crushed by the panic in 1854-1855, he became editor of a small paper, the *Evening Bulletin*, and started in as the first of the muck-rakers. Plenty of material to rake, combined with a glorious vocabulary, made him and his paper the sensation of the town. He swatted city and county officials, including United States Senator Broderick, sketching their careers without a minced word; he sailed into the gamblers, the crooked bankers, the murderers, the bribed juries. He pointed out that Charles Cora, who had murdered Richardson, a United States marshal, because Mrs. Richardson had snubbed Cora's mistress at a public function, was living as a guest in the house of Billy Mulligan, keeper of the jail; and he appealed to every honest man to help clean up the city, warning his readers that it would take only a few hours to call the Vigilantes back into action, should conditions warrant it. "If Billy Mulligan lets Cora escape, hang Billy Mulligan, that's the word," he wrote in one of his editorials.

James King of Wm., as he usually signed himself, was utterly without fear. He never left his home unarmed, but he told one of his many threateners that he always walked through a certain deserted block each evening, and to mur-

der him there if he felt like it, printing the advice in his *Bulletin*. Of medium height, handsome, with a kindling eye, a small beard and longish hair, he moved about everywhere with perfect unconcern.

James P. Casey was the man who killed him. Ex-jailbird, shadiest of ballot-stuffing politicians, King of Wm. had had plenty to say about him in his paper. When Casey came into his office to demand a retraction of the disagreeable facts, the editor ordered him out. Later that same day Casey shot him in full view of several passers-by, was quickly surrounded by his henchmen and taken to the jail, where he considered himself quite safe, as he had friends in the right places. He and his friend Cora would be swallowing drinks at the Montgomery's bar once more in a few days, or at most a few weeks. Meanwhile Mulligan made him comfortable.

He had overlooked the Vigilantes.

After an amazing controversy with the Governor of the state and the city officials in which it became quite clear that justice would not be done, that body of determined men marched against the jail, at the head of three thousand aroused citizens, demanded the surrender of both Casey and Cora, and hustled the two to their own private lock-up.

It took five days for James King of Wm. to die. When the news spread, offices, banks, shops were closed, crêpe was hung on the doors of private dwellings, Vigilantes and a good many besides wore a black band on their sleeve. The dead man had been one of the 1851 Committee, and had remained a "member in good standing." Even the ships in harbor flew their flags half-mast, while the members of the Howard Engine Company to which King had belonged hung out a huge inscription:

The Great, the Good One is Dead. Who will not mourn?

Most of the city filed past his bier, where he lay exposed

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to view, and on the twenty-second of May, 1856, at the Unitarian Church, the funeral took place, the minister losing none of the opportunities offered by the situation in his sermon over the body. The bells of the churches and fire-engines tolled; as they sounded the Committee was trying the two murderers, and when the long procession started to follow the hearse to the burying-ground on Lone Mountain, another mass of people crowded together to watch the hanging of the convicted men. Cora took what came with a shrug of the shoulders; he had been married that morning to the woman for whom he had killed Richardson. She was but twenty-three to his forty years, yet devoted to him, and she died within two years. Casey whined, babbled about his old mother who had told him always to avenge an insult, complained that he was unjustly condemned.

Both lie buried in the little flowery graveyard of the Mission Dolores. Typically, many San Franciscans seem not to have visited the charming building. Who does see the sights of his own city? Yet it is one of the loveliest things the city holds. It is small, and it is simple, but it has its own perfection. Doric pillars support the balcony above the arched doorway, itself reached by several steps, and over the balcony six smaller pillars carry the out-jutting eaves, beautiful bells cast in Mexico hanging in alcoves between these highest pillars. The old timbers of the roof remain, the old tiles. Manzanita wood pegs take the place of nails, rawhide thongs bind the rough-hewn redwood logs. The adobe walls are four feet thick, white-washed within and without. Go inside and sit down in the quietness. Above you the heavy timbers keep their Indian designs in the dull-red, tawny-yellow vegetable dyes that are everlasting. The main altar at the far end is hand-carved, richly paneled, with niches for the quaint old saints standing in gentle attitudes.

Within the hand-wrought iron railing separating the sanctuary from the body of the church are two more altars, another outside the rail. All are in harmonizing tones of soft coloring, lovingly made and treasured. The Mission Dolores never fell into the ruin which partly if not entirely destroyed so many of the padres' churches. Number six in order of construction, Serra visited it the year following its dedication, or rather the dedication of the temporary building which preceded the one now standing, whose corner-stone was laid by Father Palou on April 25, 1782. Through all the cataclysms San Francisco has endured it survived, needing little restoration and practically unaltered. Dolores Street, on which it faces, is wide and quiet, parked down the center with a broad strip of grass planted with palms, bordered on each side by a row of trees.

It is pleasant to wander through the narrow twisting paths of the graveyard, which is crowded with bright flowers, with little trees, and with headstones and monuments. Under one lies the first alcalde of Yerba Buena, Francisco de Harò, and near him is buried Don Luis Antonio Argüella, the first Californian governor elected by his own countrymen instead of being appointed from Mexico. More romantically he was the brother of that Concepcion Argüella, whose love-story with the Russian envoy Rezanov has been sung and told so often, and best of all by Gertrude Atherton. Concepcion died, a nun, in the nunnery at Benicia, where she is buried.

On the opposite side I found the graves of the two murderers. Casey lies under an ugly brownstone monument, chipped and battered, to which a white marble plaque is attached, stating that the tomb was raised to his memory by his friends, and bearing what are said to have been his last words, "May Heaven Forgive my Persecutors." Charles

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Cora and his last-minute wife lie buried together, the grave marked by a tall flat headstone. There is something odd and typical in this flaunting of the memory of two criminals that belongs with the wild fifties of San Francisco's history. I do not remember to have seen, anywhere else, such a witness. On neither stone, however, is marked the manner in which each victim "departed this life."

Before the second Vigilante Committee disbanded for keeps, it had hung other men, cleaned the city up pretty thoroughly, done bad as well as good things. On August 18, 1857, it held its good-by parade. Military bands played, the streets were decorated, the Vigilantes in black frock-coats buttoned to the throat, black pantaloons, white gloves, white satin badges, cloth caps, marched in long rows, their officers mounted. Certain detachments carried muskets wreathed with flowers. There were infantry and artillery corps in line, two squadrons of cavalry, on a float drawn by four horses a miniature replica of the Vigilantes' stronghold, Fort Gunnysacks, with tiny cannon, sand-filled bags, peep-holes, a general impression of defiance and strength. The police too were represented. And so, farewell. Their story has been often told, they have been heartily praised and heartily cursed. But it seems fairly certain that the good government of San Francisco for the ten years following 1856, the People's Party which was composed of honest men honestly elected who ran the town honestly, owed its existence and its excellence to this group of determined citizens under the leadership of William T. Coleman, whose curious fate it was, the most law-respecting of men, to represent a body acting outside the legal departments of his city. There again is San Francisco.

In '59 came the discovery of the vast wealth of the Comstock Lode by Henry Comstock, or "Old Pancake" as they

called him, and the following Bonanza days through the sixties and seventies until, following the crash of '77, the great era ended in '79 with ruin pretty generally strewn about. Not for all, of course. The Big Four, the railroad builders, Collis P. Huntington, Charles Crocker, Leland Stanford, Mark Hopkins managed to hang on to their millions. The small fry went under, the in-betweeners varied, some going down, some going up. But from then on San Francisco lost her fever-pulse, took a more settled pace in her forward march to the city of to-day. Up to then her story was the story of individuals, of this man, that man, good or bad. For a while Ralston the Magnificent was her fairy prince, building a great bank, a fine theatre, the magnificent Palace Hotel, launching a hundred splendid enterprises, coming into the Montgomery bar for a Pisco punch like a king with his attendant associates, caught to the tune of a couple of million in the famous diamond hoax, shaking that off with a shrug, racing his horses back and forth from his fine home down on the peninsula to his place of business—then smashing, and going that very day, as he was wont to go, for a swim off Black Point, to be hauled from the water dead, whether suicide or accident the cause, never to be known. Stories, stories, stories! One could fill a thousand pages with them and yet the lode would not pinch out. Even the tale of transportation a series of miracles. The ocean path a way for heroes. And that by land one long bitter battle against Nature, against Indians, starvation, every hardship imaginable. On they came, first the scattered, hardy adventurers, the pathfinders, the trappers. Then mule-teams and horse trains, then the covered wagons (in the year 1846 fifteen caravans came over the Sierra), then the swift Butterfield stages and Conestoga freight wagons, then that wild race of horse and man, the Pony Express.

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Last the railroad, whose final spike, of solid gold, was driven into place in 1869, after six years of ceaseless pounding, grading, digging. Hardly a yard of those thousands of miles that is not marked by Death's notches.

Gazing eastward from the balcony round the top of the Coit Tower on a clear morning after a week of fog, I realized that there is much to be said for the road across the continent as the proper approach to San Francisco. The valleys, the plains, the rivers to cross, the deserts. Up, up. On, on. Past the vast sheet of Salt Lake, more deserts, up again, and at last over the top. The Sierra behind you and your covered—automobile twining down the verdant valleys to the Carquinez Straits, across on the toll bridge, to the Oakland terminus of the Bay Bridge. The first slow sweep from there to Yerba Buena, through the short tunnel, and then the rise and then the fall of the great span to the city. The bridge comes to rest its chin on Rincon Hill. From there the wide curving approaches swing down to the streets and you are in the midst of the city in a jiffy.

Rincon Hill in the fifties and through the sixties was the aristocratic section of San Francisco. General Halleck had his home here, so did Leland Stanford and William T. Sherman. Many another among the new rich came here, and there were old Spanish families on the hill whose forebears had ruled the Presidio. Gertrude Atherton was born on Rincon. But with the seventies people began to move away and to build on the heights of Nob Hill and back along the peninsula. This in spite of the fact that the Mission district, in which Rincon was embraced, had the best climate in the city. For San Francisco has a number of climates according to shelter from or exposure to the ocean wind and the fogs, or the level at which you build. It isn't a bit out of the way to ask a friend you may meet shopping, "How's the

weather with you? I've been buried in fog for the past two days," when you happen to live in different quarters of the city. Russian Hill can bask in sunshine while Sea Cliff shivers under a thick muffler of fog, or Nob Hill be having its head almost blown off when the avenues near Golden Gate Park are as still as an enchanted wood.

If you come to San Francisco by rail you are still able to cross, in fact you have to cross the bay by ferry. The Southern Pacific takes its trains to the Oakland Mole and ferries you to the old Ferry Building, a sad gray structure as shabby as an old hat. But you are repaid by the trip and the view it gives of the bridges. Twenty minutes of a panorama full of movement and color, with the gulls wheeling after the boat in endlessly changing patterns and the smell of the salt-water, the mountain island rising sharp from the ripple of the waves, the ships entering or departing from their slips along the Embarcadero, all the play and life of the bay, one of the finest in the world. You see it from the bridges, but differently and apart. Many a moan went up when the ferries ceased to work for the commuters, many a jolly little party used to meeting on certain boats, to play its game of auction or poker, to have a cup of coffee and a sandwich, or to sit outside and watch the light on the hills, or the innumerable lamps of the city, said, practically, good-by forever. Time is saved, but other things are lost. Yet to cross on the bridges has a touch of miracle, and its own rarely lovely views.

Modern San Francisco dates very largely from its rebirth after the cataclysm of 1906. That was the last reincarnation of the Phoenix, one may hope the final one, and that now the city will move on between the safeguards of a superbly efficient fire department and the skill of engineers whose buildings have the resilience of a pine tree and the

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toughness of an oak. "Our bridges and skyscrapers can thumb their noses at any earthquake," one of these magicians remarked, and that seems to me a statement as convincing as it is impossible.

Hills and sea! You don't think of a city in those terms, yet they are the words for San Francisco. It is sky and water and sharp, bold outlines that give her her character. It is buildings mounting like steps, it is hanging gardens, it is the far-off horizons painting the ends of innumerable streets. To climb those streets is like breasting the waves of a strong sea. Some turn abruptly into flights of steps, some dive through tunnels, but as a rule they go up and they go down at incredible pitches, and you are swallowing your heart with horrid frequency on your first motor trips about the city. Hurtling up to a crest with only a void beyond, you gasp, "Surely they don't mean to drive down that," but they do, passing a curt sign: "Dangerous when wet."

Naturally it was a San Francisco citizen who invented the cable-car, Mr. A. S. Halladie, and in 1873 his cars began to jerk up Clay Street from Kearny to Leavenworth. Presently he was carrying four thousand passengers a day, and some of the millionaires became interested, Leland Stanford among them. They built a line up and down California as far as Fillmore. Lesser hills were conquered by queer round cars with domed tops, called balloon cars, painted a lively red with yellow trim, and drawn by a pair of mules. They held six or eight passengers.

There have been improvements in Halladie's cars, but funny little affairs with open-air seats at each end set back to back, between which the conductor stands manipulating the great bar controlling the grip, chug swiftly up and down over the reconstructed grooves. There is a middle shut-in section to these cars but the fun is to sit outside, with your

feet overhanging the step and watch the passing scene. Tourists often spend hours on such joy-rides.

There was some talk after the fire—(There are two things you must remember in San Francisco; the first is never to call her Frisco, the second to speak of the earthquake as the fire. As they explain, it was the fire started by the earthquake that did most of the damage, if not quite all)—after the fire, then, suggestions were made to lay the city out on a new plan, zigzagging or circling up the hills, disregarding the checkerboard scheme. But difficulties were too great. The buildings went up on the old sites. Some sections changed character, notably Nob Hill, the millionaires all moving away. The Crocker gave the site of their enormous mansion for the building of the Episcopal Cathedral which is still under construction, only three of its six bays yet finished. Its theme is Gothic, but there is none of the Gothic spirit in it. Of reinforced concrete and steel, because of earthquake hazard, it is an imitation, with the dulling effect common to imitations. Within it has beauty, and there is fine glass to paint the light with richness. Also, there will soon be hung in its tower one of the great carillons, the fifth largest in America, the bells cast in the famous foundry in Whitehorse Road, Croydon, England. There are forty-four bells, the bourdon, gigantic, silvery-white, weighing five and a half tons, the glory of the set. Through the Fair the carillon hangs in the Tower of the Sun, on Treasure Island; when that closes it comes to Grace Cathedral, the gift of a Cornish-born San Franciscan, Dr. Nathaniel T. Coulson.

A square park surrounded by trees separates the Cathedral from the Pacific Union Club, standing in ample green grounds surrounded by a magnificent bronze fence. It is the only brownstone building in San Francisco, dignified and

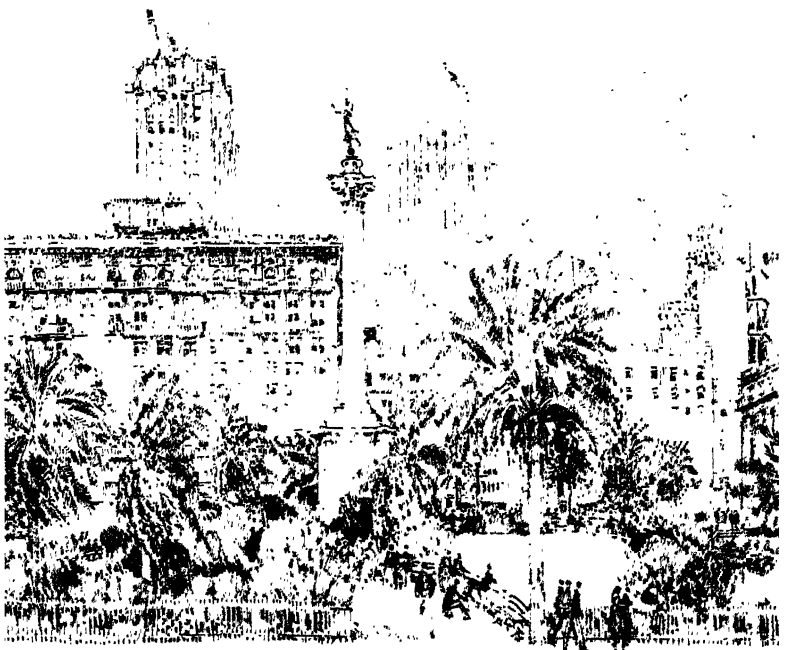
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portly, and was built, including the fence, by one of the nobles after a visit to New York City. It suffered only slightly in 1906, while its wooden companions disappeared.

Facing these buildings and park is a frame of handsome apartment-houses and the two luxury hotels, the Fairmont and the Mark Hopkins. The views from this hill are glorious, increasing in glory as you mount to the higher stories of the buildings. "For to be'old and for to see, for to admire this world so wide," as Kipling sings, a stay at one of the hotels wouldn't be a bad idea.

The hills and valleys of the city spread away on every side. North after several falls and rises is Russian Hill, which began as an artists' haunt with the building of the Willis Polk flats, bringing San Francisco her first ingle nooks, open fireplaces, studios with northward-looking windows and skylights, amusing balconies and flower-planted terraces. The Willis Polk flats have gone, but a lovely train has followed, flats or apartments or private homes, whichever you prefer, and a great deal of garden. The city loves flowers. On its street corners flower-booths bright as bouquets and as fragrant delight you, where you can buy your posies for a very small part of what you pay in the charming shops that deal in the same endearing merchandise. All the home sections are half garden, and hardly an apartment-house that has not at least a border of flower-bed, hedge and grass however narrow. Small parks are scattered about liberally, and Golden Gate Park, half a mile broad and several long, ending at the ocean—but more of that further on.

The westward view is rich with peaks. Twin Peaks, almost identical in shape and close together. Southward from them Mount Davidson with its great white cross where on Easter at dawn a service is held that brings thousands to climb the



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UNION SQUARE, SAN FRANCISCO

last slope afoot. Strawberry Hill, rising from Lake Stow in the Park. Lone Mountain, north of the Park, with its cluster of buildings, the Catholic College for Women, and other lower yet very real peaks, as well as the elevations that rise gradually to drop in steep cliffs to the sea. And on the way to these highest points a constant succession of here you go up, up, up, and here you go down, down, down. West along the noble streets, Pacific, Broadway, Vallejo, California, Green, which terminate at the Presidio, are some of the city's most beautiful homes and apartments. Eastward several of these streets break abruptly at the brink of a ridge and you have to take to stairs that zigzag down between public gardens. The houses overlooking this ridge are fascinatingly built to make the best of their unrivalled situations.

It is all this that makes San Francisco one of the beautiful cities of the world, in spite of the miles of drab gray wooden and commonplace stucco buildings that line the streets beyond Van Ness Avenue to the south for considerable distances, many being leftovers from the old régimes of scroll-saw and helpless wood. In spite, too, of the fact that there are no trees in downtown San Francisco and that Market Street, which ought by rights to be a splendid, handsome avenue is merely a wide street cluttered with four lines of street-cars, marred too often by cheap advertising signs and small, mediocre structures thrusting in between its skyscrapers, its fine business and shop buildings. A forlorn patch of green in front of the Ferry Building, that miserable structure itself, mark its start, while Twin Peaks close the end of the long diagonal it cuts across the city. It should be made to match the peaks, not the starting point, and doubtless will some day.

Half-way along its course Market Street skirts the edge

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of the Civic Center where a collection of buildings for city and Federal purposes are placed about large parked squares. Granite and marble are the substance used and the design is the favorite Romanesque type so adapted to the civic purpose and so effective in appearance. The City Hall, good to look at and with a very graceful dome, faces the flower-beds and fountains at the upper end of the park, not to forget the hundreds of gulls that come there to eat out of the hands of citizens, to waddle reluctantly from your path, and to wash in the large shallow bowls of the fountains with an inconceivable energy, a flapping and ducking and rolling, with hops into the air to get a good dive, that keep onlookers laughing and mayhap give overworked city officials a pleasing excuse to rest for a few moments from the ardor of their selfless toil.

Behind the City Hall is the Veterans' Memorial Building with an arch and colonnade connecting the two wings. It contains, besides the space given to veterans, a little gem of an opera house and a large art gallery where visiting collections are shown in addition to a permanent offering of real value. San Francisco is rich in art galleries, there are many private ones and two other public buildings, the Legion of Honor Palace and the deYoung Museum in Golden Gate Park, both gifts to the city. The Legion has a permanent display of French art and her finer crafts, including furniture of her best periods, and every year has several loan shows of the highest quality. The park museum after being worse than mediocre for a long while is now in good hands and entirely rearranged with important exhibits both permanent and visiting.

A few landmarks were left to Market Street after the almost total destruction of 1906, one being Lotta's Fountain, a small shaft of stone with four fluted basins into

which four lions' heads once poured runlets of water. But the lions have gone dry and modern contraptions fill the basins. Lotta gave this fountain to the city which adored her in 1875, when she was but twenty-eight, although a veteran actress. For Lotta Crabtree, who came to San Francisco from New York with her mother at the age of five and moved on to the Mother Lode, returned at nine or ten to give her songs and dances in the big city after making a huge success in the gold towns. She toured the whole country and was wildly acclaimed, a dark-eyed, red-headed little sensation at every place where she performed.

Until the coming of motion pictures San Francisco was one of the great theatre cities of the United States. Most of the great artists came to her, several made their start here. Both Joseph Jefferson and John Drew the elder played burlesque for long seasons; in the fine California Theatre, built by Ralston, Lawrence Barret and John McCullough headed a stock company where they produced the classics as well as the drama of the period. Patti sang and had a necklace of diamonds tossed over her head by the intoxicated (with music) audience. Edwin Booth was a welcome visitor. To-day there are two old theatres and a few good plays come visiting on tour, but the heyday seems to have gone forever. Opera and symphony, on the other hand, as well as the ballet, play long seasons in the Opera House, with great conductors and performers, while never one of the famous artists of violin, piano or dance overlooks San Francisco.

Another reminder of the past is the Palace Hotel, not the Ralston building, which was destroyed, but an excellent hotel, if without the splurge of the old one. That was the wonder of the whole country, the *Springfield Republican* giving it columns of praise, by no means a habit of that Massachusetts sheet. It was eight stories high, a whole block

wide and deep, and the guests drove into the center of the building through a vast arch in their victorias and barouches or even four-horse coaches. The new building has its points, nonetheless, among them the Peacock Room, and too its Ladies' Bar, Happy Valley, with old theatrical prints and programs on its walls, and murals recalling incidents and figures in the city's life. These small, attractive bars for women are a feature of San Francisco. You may take your escort in with you, but the lone man is barred, or disbarred.

From the northwest side of Market the streets climb, and keep on climbing. About Union Square and radiating from it are the finest shops and several of the famous clubs for both men and women. The handsome St. Francis Hotel occupies the whole west end of the Square. The Bohemian Club, founded on letters and the arts, is world-famous, its summer jinks, held in the Bohemian Grove on Russian River, probably the greatest entertainment given by any amateur association on earth. Of course they are not the productions of amateurs, since the roster of the club's members is a roll-call of men distinguished in all the arts. Then there is the Olympic Club, whose Winged O is the badge of many a winner in amateur sports. This club is the father of the innumerable sports clubs dotted all over the world, having been founded in 1860, and it retains all its prestige. In this same neighborhood are the Western Women's Club and the Women's City Club. The former, among much else, interests itself in art, especially the western art of to-day, giving exhibitions in its own galleries.

You cannot write of San Francisco without speaking of her parks. Of Lincoln Park, with the municipal links on its swelling uplands, and the Legion of Honor Palace crowning the height that looks down on Golden Gate, with views that

take the eye clear to Drake's Bay up the wildly beautiful coast-line running northwest, or cover the broad sweep of the city, the bay, the coast southward and all the green heights and home divisions lying inland. Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Spreckels built the exquisite structure with its forecourt and patios and colonnaded wings. Archer Huntington presented the equestrian statues, "Joan of Arc" and "Conquistadore," by his wife, Anne Vaughan Hyatt, which distinguish the terrace. Across a lawn with a fountain you lean on a marble balustrade overhanging the precipitous fall for a glance at the narrow rocky beach and not uncommonly find a wreck, to give a touch of drama, breaking up there by slow degrees.

Between Lincoln Park and the city proper lie the two thousand acres of the Presidio, largely a forest of eucalyptus planted a number of years ago, through which the broad roads wind. Superb parade-grounds, and all the necessary buildings are grouped toward the eastern end. The Golden Gate Bridge makes its leap from the coast here. Still eastward, running along the beach facing across the straits to Marin County, is the Marina, where the Exposition of 1915 was held. One lovely building is reflected in the artificial lake, the old Palace of Arts, the rest have given place to modern homes. The Yacht Club has its clubhouse and harbor on the Marina, the long slip of guarded water crowded with boats of many types, a fascinating display. A broad green with a drive on the very edge of the beach follows after the harbor, where the San Franciscans drive and park in order to see the sun set, a delightful habit that I do not remember finding in any other city. The Marina ends at old Fort Mason, a veritable landscaped garden, with Black Point, from which Ralston swam to his death, just below. Here

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the rise from the flat ground starts again, climbing to Russian Hill.

But the park that is not a park but a miracle is Golden Gate, the creation of the Scot, John McLaren, now in his nineties, hale, hard-working as ever, playing his game of bowls each afternoon, weather permitting, on one of the velvet greens that owe their being to him. Making this park was not merely a matter of planting and grading. McLaren had to catch his soil first, hold it down long enough to put fertilizers, seeds and plants into it. The whole district was shifting, blowing sand, with harsh salt grass or *yerba buena* doing their stuff in spots but not even a shrub that rose more than a foot or two at the best.

The long story of reclamation cannot be told here, though it makes one more thrilling account of man conquering Nature, and making Nature serve him in the task. But out of that waste McLaren has made one of the most charming and varied of parks, with wild sections, play-fields, zoos, flying cages, ranges for deer and buffalo, forest glades, lakes, cataracts, streams, hillsides covered with rhododendrons sent from the far wilds of the earth; he has made small particular things like a Shakespeare garden, and a dell with a brook whose sloping banks are filled with giant tree ferns. Azalea, hawthorn, heath, sheets of daffodils and tulips, trees of many species flourish, and there is a general plan of planting that hides the city beyond the boundaries of the park from view. McLaren began the work in 1887, with the backing of a splendid group of men who were willing to spend their own money in addition to what the city gave, and to do what he asked to have done. In addition individuals made individual gifts, such as Stow Lake surrounding Strawberry Hill which Mr. Stow made possible, or the notably interesting Steinhart Aquarium, also named from

its donor, with Spreckels' Lake, a broad shallow sheet for children to sail their boats on, one more such gift, and Lloyd's Lake, with the marble Portals of the Past, a charming colonnade, all that remained of one of Nob Hill's mansions. And there are others. The deYoung Museum looks across a flower-bed terrace and over a sunken square roofed with the clipped and trained boughs of lime, maple and plane trees, where concerts are held twice a week. There is a Natural History Museum with a remarkable collection of wild animals mounted in the lively modern manner, an endless source of interest to every one who cares for plants, animals or birds. Amundsen's *Gjoa* was presented by the explorer and is placed close to the sea-beach. There, too, are a couple of large Dutch windmills, not mere ornaments but lustily pumping water for every park use, including its brooks and ponds, from a subterranean stream. There are greenhouses. On a hill north of Stow Lake is a Celtic cross of granite commemorating the first religious service in the English language held in California, by Sir Francis Drake's little company in 1579, beside his own Bay.

The people love their park and use it constantly. No signs of "Keep off the grass" are permitted, the grass is watered and tended, and the people careful to refrain from spoiling the lawns. Children ride ponies, boys play ball-games, old gentlemen sit in a green shaded corner and play chess or checkers, the bowling-greens are much used, tennis, football—boats to row on the lake, horses to hire to ride the miles of trails through the woods. The people love McLaren, too, Uncle John as he is known to all San Francisco. He has had many a stiff fight with the politicians to keep his park free from aggression and spoliation, and he has won every time. All the many small parks in the city are also under his care, and he it was who moved the palms, full size, that circle

Union Square. McLaren was the first man to move full-grown trees, now become a commonplace, and the first to plant pansies in vast sheets, a most delightful thing. His returning birthdays are celebrated each year with rejoicing. May his century meet him smiling and may he take it as lightly as all the years before.

The beach on which the park rests its final green foot is free from obstructions though the fine Great Highway runs just back of the sand dunes. North are the concessions and many little restaurants, two or three famous for their cuisine. But the favorite place is the Cliff House, a popular resort for many years, four times rebuilt and but recently completely made over. It is a favorite Sunday treat to drive here for breakfast, a masterpiece, while you sit in the long line of windows overlooking Seal Rocks, with scores of the great sea-lions lummocking about on them, or plunging into the ocean. Dinners too are popular here, and a full moon is a good addition on such an occasion.

South from the park is the Fleishacker Pool and Zoo, both most popular, the zoo having specimens of animals rarely found out of their own distant haunts. People do bathe in the ocean, but the water is very cold and the currents dangerous. The safe and warmed pool is better, and usually crowded.

On the top of the height back of the Cliff House is another city park, Sutro's Garden, willed to the city by the family. Sutro was the man who spent strenuous months building the draining tunnel for the Comstock mine against every kind of ignorance and opposition, and made a fortune out of it. He built his home here with gardens full of rare plants and also decorated with absurd little statues of gnomes and sprites, or copies of the more sentimental Italian sculptures. It has an old-fashioned attraction.

Kezar Stadium is placed at the southeast corner of Golden Gate Park and is used for both amateur and professional games and athletic events.

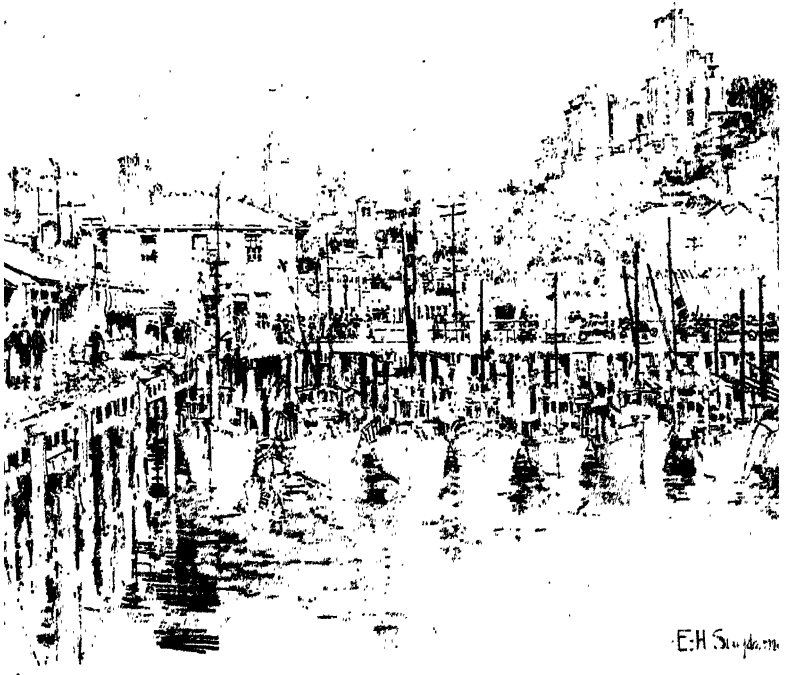
Way back in the days when you sank knee-deep in mud on a wet day, San Francisco began to make a name for itself as a city that liked and understood good eating. It has never wavered in that matter. To-day its restaurants include fit representatives from every civilized spot in the world. Many that charge a very small price serve delicious dinners—along Columbus Avenue in the French and Italian quarters, in Grant Avenue where the Chinese part of the city has its center. There is a Basque restaurant on Broadway just above Columbus where you can usually manage to get a table through the spring and summer months when the Basque shepherds are up in the mountains with their flocks. Don't miss it. And it is only one of many. The more expensive grills and fish grottoes can be trusted. Bernstein's Fish Grotto, which looks like the inside of a ship, knows all there is to know about cooking fish food, shell or scale. And no place can beat, though a few equal, San Francisco's fishy harvests. Solari's Grill is one of the old ones, and would not be unless it merited its age. Several hotels have tip-top chefs, not all. Practically all have amusing bars. Eating and drinking in the city is, at least can be, an art. Hawaii, Sweden, Mexico, Spain, each can make you wish to come again. But I admit I miss a good English tea-room, that knows what a serious thing tea is and squares off to meet the situation. There are no comfortable places for tea that don't tell you you can't be served after five o'clock, or perhaps not before five, and that don't make tea a secondary issue. That, as well as the fact that San Francisco is still in the Dark Ages as regards Daylight Saving Time, are two black marks against the adorable town.

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There are many places not to be missed. Fisherman's Wharf for instance, really two wharves, a scene of constant activity. A little breakwater makes a lagoon with the wharves, into which the fishing-boats crowd. On the wharves and the street are shops of every kind required to provide implements and articles for boats, nets, hooks, everything. Blacksmiths labor, tannage vats engulf new nets, old nets are being mended, fishing parties are buying what they require, trading is in full swing and so is talk. Talk, laughter, snatches of song; sturdy dark Sicilians shout to each other, picturesque in their sea rig and boots. Great pots boil, turning green crabs or lobsters or crayfish red, fish fry in pans, tables are set under awnings, or in rooms over the edge of the water, people are eating at them, nor could they be better employed, others are buying the fresh catch to take home. Rows of cars are parked, rows slip slowly by, just for the fun of looking on.

One of the newer acquisitions is the Aquatic Park west of Fisherman's Wharf. This is a place for swimming, protected from the currents by its retaining breakwaters. There is a stadium, there is the pavilion with three floors like decks, very amusingly shiplike in effect, which holds the restaurants and the bath-houses, its banquet hall engagingly decorated with murals partly molded and partly in flat color, using modern machinery designs allied to vessels. In the lobby, life under water is the theme, originally portrayed, a struggle, a swirl of fish and other creatures. There are some interesting mosaics, true mosaics, not the sort that bakes its pattern into tiles. Down on the lowest floor are the locker-rooms and the hot-dog stands, and this too is decorated with an appropriate design, a procession of smokestacks and spars and house flags, clever and, incidentally, informative.

Every one has heard of San Francisco's Chinatown. It has



E.H. Strydom

FISHERMAN'S WHARF

its interest, largely commercial, and its beauty, a beauty of color, of uptilted roof corners, banners, street-lamp standards twined with writhing dragons, odd windows, Chinese doors and endless shops, some filled with rare treasures, others of the usual catch-tourist type found everywhere. Chinese life pursues its way undisturbed, but for all that affected by Western ways. Chinese dress has largely vanished, the children and young folk rattle away in American. But the queer old smell persists, mixture of strange foods, strange scents. Marcelled hair for the women, business suits for the men. Yet gestures, sudden bursts of conversation, sloe eyes, slim brown hands, are Eastern. It is worth many a visit, and probably has secrets of its own not so agreeable as its soft crêpes and lovely embroideries, its jade ornaments and carvings, its incense lamps, but it belongs to San Francisco of to-day, a part of her business life, a part also of her social life. In one sense it remains Oriental, but it clasps hands naturally and in friendship with the white city about it.

The time to see it at its most Chinese is on the Chinese New Year's, when the great dragon trails through Grant Avenue, firecrackers explode in garlands hung along the balconies, branches of blossoming peach, plum, cherry and quince flame along the sidewalk, treasure from the February rush of bloom in the long central valleys. The gongs, the voices, the other unfamiliar musical instruments, the dances and posturing, the fun.

Take a clear winter day for the top of Coit Tower in the middle of tiny Pioneer Park on the flat pinnacle of Telegraph Hill, old Signal Hill that was, where first flags and later a semaphore gave notice to the town of an approaching sail. The park has a group of wind-blown pine and eucalyptus trees and a balustrade. An immense flight of steps, one

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thousand of them, goes down one side to Filbert Street. A winding road sweeps up on the other, past and between the little houses clustered over the steep slopes, some of them mere shacks, others as pretty as a new hat and sometimes as odd. Coit Tower was built out of a sum of money left the city by Lillie Hitchcock Coit, with which something was to be erected there in her honor. She was a lively young woman, rich, of fine family, a great rider, a passionate lover of fire-engines, never missing a blaze if by any means she could reach her own engine company (she was an honorary member) in time to gallop beside the galloping engine and stand by while the work was on. That was the day of volunteer firemen, each company with its own pet engine and house, its name, and each a good deal of a social club.

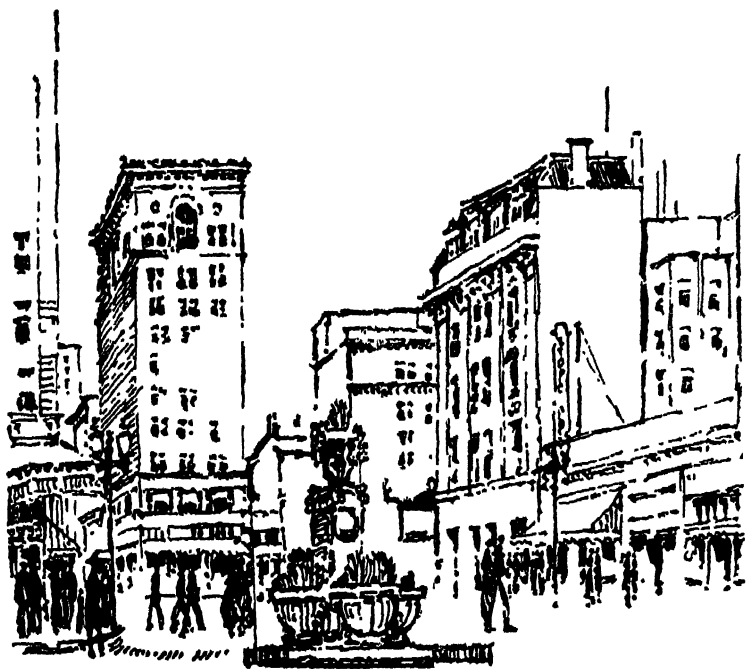
Telegraph Hill is a haven for artists, but they are being squeezed away as the stolid buildings creep upwards. Already it looks tidy. At its foot the first citizens of Yerba Buena built their house or two. Later it was Chilian, Italian, Irish. But it is rapidly becoming just a part of the city. The view from the tower is tremendous. A corkscrew staircase and an elevator are both available. If you at least walk down, you will be able to study the somewhat muddy but not unattractive murals along the walls, a work project over which the young artists had lots of fun being proletariat. Why not?—it belongs with youth.

San Francisco. What a history, what men making and marring it, what courage, what luck it had! Mecca of the whole world, mad on a treasure hunt. Hilltops covered with millionaires, many of whom hardly knew how to spend a hundred dollars before the gold stream overwhelmed them. A medley of rascals slowly pushed out by the following inroad of normally honest and normally intelligent citizens. A city that was never in doubt about itself. A small city as

cities go, but a cosmopolitan city from the beginning, never smug, never small-town, never mean. Forever fascinating. A virile, masculine city. The only city to which the folk from the country round about come in summer to keep cool, yet a city that rarely knows a frost. A city from which you raise your eyes to the everlasting hills, or the far horizon of earth's widest ocean. A city for whom Nature has done everything fine, very little that is soft. Foggy, windy, hilly, hardy, stout of heart, humorous, a city that has been the home of many of the great in art and letters through most of its existence, a city that made much of the people it liked, that let a harmless lunatic name himself its Emperor Norton for years, cashing his worthless checks, bowing to his boasts and his orders, smiling, but with kindness, on his absurd uniforms, following him to his grave with affection touched with amusement. City beloved by Bret Harte, by Clemens, by Bierce, by Jack London, by Joaquin Miller, and that has a long list of later story-tellers born within its gates. I for one bless Lieutenant Washington Bartlett for saving San Francisco from the palaces and banalities of a Benicia and setting her there above the Golden Gate with the salt sea about her, and the salt gale shrieking in her ears.

Of course, there are some things that might be improved. Street signs, for instance. "O, wad some Pow'r the giftie gie," not "to see oursels as others see us," but to see name or number on a San Francisco street corner after dark, or even in the blaze of noonday from a street-car.

One must, I suppose, pardon the idiosyncrasies of the great. But one may moan over them.



• 11 • Oakland and Berkeley •



LOST RANCHO OF THE PERALTAS

IF you want to see the glitter of wrath in a human eye, watch a Berkeley citizen confronted by the placard that appears occasionally in the street-cars which serve both Berkeley and Oakland. This placard reads, "Don't say East Bay. Say Metropolitan Oakland." Only the other day a letter from a Berkeley woman published in Berkeley's *Gazette*

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complained about this "hateful phrase, hateful at least to old Berkeley residents."

Oakland and Berkeley lie cheek by jowl, their avenues merging into each other without a break, but they are separate cities with separate and very different civic governments, the two largest of the string of towns along the shores of San Francisco Bay east of that city. In Spanish days this was the Contra Costa, the Opposite Shore, to-day it is the East Bay, and such it seems fairly certain to remain in spite of Oakland's placards. Long years ago, after Berkeley had established herself as a university town, Oakland attempted to merge the two under one city management, but was sharply turned down. There must be something in Oakland's make-up akin to the spirit of Los Angeles, whose far-flung municipal claims are source material for jokes in San Francisco's papers, one being that stout perennial, the story of a stranger entering California from Oregon to be met at once by a large sign announcing: "North Limit, City of Los Angeles."

Nevertheless Oakland is the largest as it was the first, of the East Bay cities. Its business quarter has its skyscrapers, its handsome shops, the transcontinental trains unload on Oakland's mole, its home sections are widespread and beautiful. Innumerable commuters to San Francisco live there, preferring its milder and more sheltered climate, surrounding their pretty houses with lovely little gardens; while Oakland's own commercial and industrial activities employ their thousands. Her population runs close to the three-hundred-thousand mark, yet she has air and space, tree-lined avenues, parks, fine hills back of the wide, almost level slope where her business interests and the older home section are concentrated.

The story of her beginnings, if not entirely ethical, is

interesting and typical of the days that changed California from one world to another, one civilization to another. You blush with mingled shame and pride at these stories. Chicanery, ruthless expropriation, disregard of other people's rights; but also the thrill of creation, with the wonder and the beauty of creation; and a devotion not all self-seeking, for love and pride entered in. When Edson Adams drove the first stake to mark the hundred and sixty acres on which he intended to found Oakland, his primary object was to make money, and the fact that the land was a part of the great Peralta estate on which he had no claim whatever did not trouble him. But on the day when he rode his horse over that Contra Costa country seeking a fit site for his unborn town, drawing rein on the gentle slope studded with great liveoaks that lay close to a long arm of the sea, and dismounted to handle the light, sandy soil promising good drainage, while his horse cropped the excellent pasturage, on that day he must have felt more than the desire for fortune. A good place, this. A fair place for homes and the families who would live in them.

This was early in the year 1850. Up to that year the whole East Bay from El Cerrito Creek, to-day the northern boundary of Berkeley, south to San Leandro Creek, running through the center of the present town of that name, belonged to the four sons of Luis Peralta. It comprised roughly forty-eight thousand eight hundred acres running back indefinitely over the hills, a grant from the King of Spain to Don Luis in 1820 as reward for the services of that gentleman, soldier and officer in California. Don Luis had retired to the pueblo of San Jose in that year, and never lived on his grant, although he ran his ever-increasing herds of cattle over it, in spite of a squabble with Mission Dolores, whose padres had early seen the advantages of water and grass

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on the east side of the bay for their own herds. But Peralta's claim to the land was confirmed in 1824 by the new Mexican Government, and two years later he divided it among his four sons. Ygnacio got that part lying between San Leandro Creek and the Fruitvale of to-day, Antonio the acres from Fruitvale to Lake Merritt, including the large island of Alameda, Vicente all that extended northward from that line to Berkeley's southern border, Jose Domingo the rest as far as El Cerrito. In time the young men established their ranch houses, married, increased their flocks and herds, gathered about them their Indian servants and their vaqueros, lived that large, free, simple, pastoral life which made a kind of Golden Age, paradoxically destroyed by the discovery of gold itself. There were other such estates touching hands up and down all Spanish California, exchanging hospitalities, meeting for dances, for rodeos, for all manner of care-free, joyous entertainment that knew nothing of sophisticated pleasures, was sufficient to itself and the natural expression of an outdoor, generous people.

For years the Peraltas sold hides and tallow to the Boston ships, as all trading vessels from the New England coast were known, vessels that brought fine silks and laces and shawls from India and China as well as dollars for their trading. After the Mexicans won their independence Yerba Buena had its own Customs House, the Old Adobe, which made matters much easier as well as ending the smuggling, or most of it, that had been going on. Two or three Yankee traders had settled across the bay from the Peralta ranch, the San Antonio Rancho, as the whole tract was called, named after Don Luis's favorite saint, and the arrival of a ship was always the occasion for a party; but that was all America meant to California until . . .

Until the year 1846 when William Heath Davis, who

had made a fortune as a trader in Monterey, and who had come north to look over the prospects there, made Vicente Peralta an offer for practically the identical piece of land Edson Adams, four years later, preëmpted for himself. The offer was a fair one, five thousand dollars cash for a two-thirds interest. Davis intended building a town, setting up a ferry service to San Francisco, still Yerba Buena at that date, and selling lots of which one-third the price should go to Peralta; he had several influential men interested, men with money, and was confident the scheme would be a success.

Don Vicente, however, could not be persuaded. Not though his brother-in-law, the British consul, advised him to close with so excellent an offer, not though his father confessor agreed in this advice, and his wife pleaded with him to the same effect. No. He liked his wild free rancho with its golden hills and dark, superb forests, he wanted no settlers on it, no town building there. Bitterly he would regret this refusal; one can only hope that the Señora his wife restrained what must have been an impelling desire to say, "I told you so." For in 1850 he was no longer asked to sell his land and to share in the resulting profits; he was to have it stolen from him, he was to see his cattle slaughtered by hundreds and their meat sold in the markets of San Francisco, his trees cut down; he was to spend large sums in the American courts to prove his title to his lands, only to see the new Government pass the shameful Squatters' Act in 1851, practically confiscating thousands of acres belonging to himself and his countrymen.

In the same year that Adams staked his claim, three brothers named Patten, coming across the bay in a whale-boat to look over the redwood timber with an eye to felling it for lumber to sell in San Francisco, found a compatriot ill

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in a flimsy shelter, Moses Chase, who had come to hunt the wild game. They stayed to nurse him back to health, fell in love with the place and decided to make their homes there. The piece of land they wanted was on the estate of Don Antonio and is now East Oakland; the three brothers went to him to get a leasehold, which the Don agreed to let them have for eight years, they to pay whatever sum was agreed upon. After the passage of the Squatters' Act next year they paid no more. In December of the same year two other men offered Don Antonio fourteen thousand dollars for the whole of the Encinal (the island of Alameda). Their offer too was accepted. By now it was pretty clear which way the cat would jump, and Antonio was not going to repeat his brother's mistake.

Meanwhile Edson Adams had gone ahead with his own scheme. After staking out his hundred and sixty, he brought two friends over, Andrew Moon and an attorney, Carpentier, who staked out claims on either side of Adams. The three men built themselves a cabin, and while they were at work on this a band of Don Vicente's vaqueros rode clattering up and ordered them off.

Adams blustered. The land was now American, he had a right to settle there, and though he was ready to talk over a lease with Don Vicente, he would certainly not move off, neither he nor his friends.

Vicente, informed, set a day for the interview. Adams and Carpentier rode to the hacienda with a train of two hundred men recruited in San Francisco and a lease drawn up by Carpentier in which all the advantages were on the squatters' side. The Californian refused to sign it, warned the men that they were trespassing and that unless they left he would take the affair to court.

That didn't worry Adams and his friends. After all, the



OAKLAND SEEN FROM LAKE MERRITT

courts were American, and Carpentier was quite sure that Americans would receive generous treatment from them. The three went to work with vigor and brains on their project. They fetched a surveyor from the city to help them lay the town out, and to make a map which could be shown to possible buyers. The planning was well done, with a proper feeling for space and order. Broadway, the central avenue, was given a width of one hundred and ten feet, the other streets eighty. Each block measured two hundred by three hundred feet. Two of the new streets were named, one Julia, after Adams' only sister, the other Alice, after Carpentier's. Settlers began coming fast. Cabins and houses rose, there was a busy sound of construction, young men brought their young wives. In 1852 Carpentier got himself elected to the new Legislature of Contra Costa County, created in 1850 by the Governor, and introduced a bill incorporating the town of Oakland. The next thing was to elect a Board of Aldermen, with Moon, Carpentier and Adams among the members. Carpentier did not qualify for the post; he was altogether too busy in other ways. The Board, acceding to his request, had given him control of the entire water-front in return for the promise to build a school-house and three wharves. The franchise was for thirty-seven years and made Oakland plenty of worry later on. It permitted him to collect all docking and wharfage fees. He also petitioned successfully for the right to build a toll bridge across the estuary, where it thrust to the south, separating the eastern portion from the rest of the new town. He was now sitting pretty, for what with his bridge and his docks, it was difficult to move about Oakland without paying Mr. Carpentier toll.

And Don Vicente?

In 1852, after paying law costs that had run well above ten thousand dollars, the Spaniard had established the fact

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that his lands belonged to him, and to no one else. But this did not mean he could get the squatters off, nor that any check was placed on the scoundrels who were stealing his cattle by the hundreds, selling the meat in the San Francisco markets, nor on the others who were rebuilding the city after her fires out of timber taken from his forests without a by-your-leave. The best he could do was to accept an offer from a San Francisco real-estate firm, Hayes, Hammond and McAllister, of ten thousand dollars, and clear out. The one tiny bit of retribution coming to Edson *et al.* was that they had to buy their city lots from the new company before they could insure a clear title. That was irksome, and they cursed the Don for kicking up all the row he had, but things were going well by 1854 and they could afford it.

That year they incorporated Oakland as a city, with Mr. Carpentier as her first mayor. Oakland was quite a town by now, with a church and a public school, wide avenues, frame houses. There was even a collegiate school started and headed by Professor Henry Durant, opened June 30, 1853, in a rented room on Broadway and Fifth Street with three students. The tiny seed from which the University of California was destined to spring.

Mayor Carpentier was a forward-looking man with big ideas, just the man for a new-born American city. In his inaugural address he called attention to plans for deepening the outer bay, largely a mud flat at the moment. He praised the value of the estuary, with its wharf where flat boats unloaded cargoes from San Francisco, and took away lumber and meat. And they were talking, up in Sacramento, of a transcontinental railroad. Well, wasn't Oakland, our fair city, the logical, the only terminus for such a railroad? It was. Why not get a railroad through to Stockton and Tulare

County, without waiting for Sacramento? And the rich pueblo of San Jose not forty miles distant, in its fertile valley, with tremendous opportunities for trade! He spread his arms abroad, you could almost see the whole world coming, laden with treasure, through the gates of Oakland. Cheers.

Oakland's first paper, the *Contra Costa*, appeared in time to print the Mayor's address, and next year a lad of fourteen, Bret Harte, arrived with his mother from Albany, New York, Harte senior having died, to make their home with an uncle in his fine house, the first in Oakland to sport lathe and plaster walls. It had a large yard, and Mrs. Harte planted seeds brought from her garden in Albany with magnificent results. Harte was the first of the literary line who were to make Oakland their home for a shorter or a longer period. Jack London, Edwin Markham, Joaquin Miller, George Sterling, Ina Coolbrith were numbered among them. Miss Coolbrith was Oakland's first librarian and guided the boy London into the world of books, Markham taught in her schools, Miller built himself a succession of cabin homes in her hills, and is buried there, while London spent most of his youth in the city, struggling with the ups and downs of fortune and adventure which made his existence then and always.

Lotta Crabtree danced at a school celebration with great success. The *Gazette*, a county paper, commented: "Lotta will reach a high position in life if properly trained and kept as pure as she is now." She was then ten or eleven.

As early as 1850 Contra Costa County had been created, including practically all the transbay territory. Three years later Alameda County was cut from it, making its southern half, and containing the Berkeley to be, Oakland, Alameda

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and other towns. It took its name from Alameda Creek, which in those days ran between two fine rows of trees, *alameda* being Spanish for a roadway bordered by trees. In 1856 San Leandro was named the county-seat, although it was nothing more than a stage station between Oakland and San Jose. It lost no time, however, and by 1860 was a thriving place with a good school, a couple of churches, plenty of stores and many homes. Alameda Island also had its growing town. Everywhere settlers were coming in, looking about for sites. North of Oakland on the lower slope of Berkeley's hills ranches and farms were spreading, reaching down over the flats. Ferry service between Oakland and San Francisco in row- and sail-boats was fairly regular. In 1855 Professor Durant quitted the rented room and built an Academy, incorporating as a college. Perhaps Oakland did not grow as fast as some of the gold towns in the Mother Lode, but it was doing pretty well. Five years ago wild pasture land, now a city with an ever-increasing population brimful of enterprise. Indeed, she was growing so fast that Professor Durant doubted whether it would not be wiser to select a site for the college of the future farther from her busy marts.

He talked with a friend of his, Captain Orrin Simmons, retired, who had built himself a ranch house on Strawberry Creek, several miles to the north. The Captain suggested that there was an excellent site just below and to the north of his ranch, and drove his friend over to see it.

Durant was delighted. The ground rolled pleasantly, sloping toward the bay, with two small streams that met on the western side. There were fine oaks scattered all over, and the views of the Golden Gate were superb. Eastward the hills climbed almost frantically heavenward, making a barrier not likely to be invaded by builders, and that in any

case could probably be bought up cheaply. While in front and on either side home tracts could be developed easily among the shade trees and pastureland.

"I cannot imagine anything better," Professor Durant told his friend. "I'll get the board of trustees together and see what we can do."

There were doubters, as always. One man thought it might be better to choose Napa, or, if that were too far away, East Oakland at the foot of the hills. Another suggested that the creeks were small; perhaps the water supply would not prove adequate. Engineers were called in, giving their opinion that there would be no trouble on that score. Finally, on March 1, 1857, the site was formally approved and a small tract of land contracted for. But building a university was a far slower process than building a city. Not until next year, on April 16th, was the ground dedicated to its future purposes by Professor Durant, who was already chosen as the future first president, with the Board of Trustees and several other men who had supported the undertaking or were interested in it. The spot where the ceremony was held is at the northern boundary, where a huge mass of rock rises among the trees. In 1896 this rock, Founders' Rock, was marked with a bronze plaque engraved with the date and an appropriate inscription.

Four men besides Captain Simmons held the land on which the university would rise, F. K. Shattuck, G. M. Blake, William Hillegasse and James Leonard. Each of these did his share in contributing to the founding and growth of the university.

It was not until 1873 that the first Commencement Exercises were held on the Berkeley campus, and even then the two first large buildings were still under construction.

Meanwhile the town itself had been growing. In 1864 the

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Reverend S. H. Willey, one of the members of the site committee and deeply interested in the college, came forward with a plan for raising the needed funds to build the institution. His plan was adopted with the result that three hundred acres of land surrounding the campus, and two hundred more in the hills were purchased by the College Homestead Association, incorporated for the purpose. One hundred and twenty-five lots, an acre in size, were laid out and each member of the Association was obligated to subscribe for one, the purchase entitling him to a share in the corporation. The price of each share was five hundred dollars. A sub-committee was chosen to select names for the streets and for the town.

Not until May 7, 1866, did the committee hand in its report, by which date most of the lots had been subscribed for, and the plan of the future city sketched out.

The committee proposed that the thoroughfares running north and south should bear the names of scientists, and be known as streets, while those going east and west were to honor literary celebrities and be known as ways. The name selected for the town was Peralta, in recognition of the old Spanish family which had once been masters of the whole territory.

The first two proposals were accepted, but the trustees were not satisfied with the name Peralta. The dons, though they had their virtues, were never distinguished for academic learning. Most of them had never laid eyes on a book.

The way Berkeley came to its name has its touch of sentiment.

Two weeks later in that same month of May a number of the Trustees had met at Founders' Rock, after strolling about the campus, still in its native state, to compare notes and plan the sites of future buildings. Among them was

F. Billings, a lawyer friend of Captain Simmons, the two having come from the same Vermont town.

The morning was exquisitely clear and Mr. Billings climbed to the top of the rocks for a good view of the Golden Gate. Suddenly, waving an arm to include the whole scene the lawyer declaimed the following lines:

“Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The first four acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama of the day—
Time’s noblest offspring is the last!”

There was an appreciative murmur while Mr. Billings returned to earth.

“By the way, who wrote those lines?” one among the group asked. “They are familiar enough, but—”

“Bishop Berkeley, an Irish churchman who spent several years in Rhode Island. He had come hoping to found a college in the Bermudas, but was disappointed. He wrote the poem, one of whose stanzas I quoted, just before leaving England. Finally he returned there and was appointed Bishop of Cloyne, in Ireland. A great man.”

There was a pause, then Mr. Billings, an eager note in his voice, broke it:

“Look here, gentlemen. We’ve been trying to decide on a name for our college and town. Why not Berkeley? After the man who wrote those prophetic lines, and who was cheated of his hope to found a college in a West so far east of our West?”

The suggestion struck fire and at a Board meeting a day or two later, May 24th, the name was adopted, and Berkeley was christened.

Few cities have a lovelier center than Oakland’s Lake Merritt. The lake, the park, the driveway surrounding the

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water, and the buildings standing well back and surrounded with their own gardens make an exquisite sylvan heart to the thriving city. More, the Lake is a wild-bird refuge, a fact that salt-water passenger birds have discovered in the miraculous way they do. Literally hundreds of species and their varieties crowd the water, especially in autumn. Rare birds, swans and geese you are never likely to see elsewhere, unless you travel into distant Alaskan wilds, paddle and fly and swim, seem to lose all sense of fear and eat the grain scattered twice a day for them like barn-fowl. Ducks, comprising every breed that flies, dozens of varieties of gulls, gannets, divers, here they are. One of the interests of Oaklanders is to go to the Lake and stroll its beautiful banks, throwing bread to favorites, while bird clubs revel in the opportunities offered. Many small birds are happily at home in the park, too, songsters, bright-plumaged wanderers, some staying a few days, some for months, some making their home there. And all are charmingly tame and safely trustful.

It was in 1868 that the current mayor, Samuel Merritt, started the work of reclaiming the estuary from its mud flats and tide-water condition, getting the city to build a dam and buying up some portions of the waterside. It was in that year the Federal Government named the lagoon, called Lake Merritt after its creator, a bird refuge. But a great deal of evil-smelling mud remained in private hands; in 1884 citizens, sportsmen and health authorities joined in protests loud and long, and some of the worst of the fetid swamps were cleaned up. Not until 1891 however did the entire territory come within city boundaries, and it was seven more years before the last of the draining was done, everything put into proper condition, and planting of the surrounding park begun. By the end of the next year the

city had bought out the last private owner. A section of the paved drive was completed, and from then improvements have gone forward steadily.

To-day a large causeway and a movable dam keep the lake shut off from the bay, yet permit water to enter if required. You can walk around the lovely sheet by garden paths close to the shore, or winding in among the trees and flower-beds. Three miles around, and of irregular shape, it is large enough to allow little sail, power and rowing boats, as well as canoes to ply the smooth surface. The birds have a protected section that cannot be entered. On the Lakeside Park area there is a conservatory, on the Peralta Park side a large, handsome Auditorium of granite and concrete kept busy all the time by conventions, athletic shows, theatrical productions; while on the top floor there is an art gallery. The newest building is the County Court House, an excellent addition to the beauty of the shore-line view.

Other city buildings on the Lake are the Oakland Municipal Museum, with a very rich collection of California Indian material as only a part of its ethnological exhibits. In the basement is a fascinating early Colonial New England kitchen and bedroom full furnished with articles brought round the Horn, treasures of the pioneer families. Near this drab old building, once a residence and built of wood, that must some day be replaced by a new fireproof structure, is the small but very adequate Natural History Museum, and, adding its touch of life to the stuffed animals, skins, and so forth, in the cases of the museum, is a large aviary adjoining the building, with the Oakland Zoo in the southern part of Sequoia Park, four miles from the center of the city, as another source of animal study. It was Henry A. Snow who gave Oakland most of the collections in the museum, and it is his own house, a charming white one,

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surrounded by well kept lawns, that houses them. His daughter, Nydine, is the curator, and an enthusiast in her subject. Mr. Snow spent several years hunting in Africa, bringing back not only trophies but live animals, lions among them, which he kept in a small zoo near his home.

The views across the lake to the hills, the plantings of pine, eucalyptus and many varieties of deciduous trees, with a vast collection of flowering shrubs that frame the water; and at night the Necklace of Light, a festooned line of amber globes swung from bronze standards that circles the lake, presented to the city by a group of her citizens in 1923, make Lake Merritt an hourly delight. At night, too, the reflected lights in the hotels and apartment-houses and private homes about the park add magic, while the winding roads and countless homes in the hills join in with their far-off illumination.

Sequoia Park and Joaquin Miller Park make an unbroken extent. The former is largely planted with redwoods, many nearly a century old but still mere children, noble as they are. Miller lived in the park named after him, having built his cabin, which he called the Abbey, a play on his wife's name, Abbie, about a year after coming to Oakland in 1886. The seventy-acres estate as a whole was The Hights, a long slope sweeping upward with decision. Here he lived until 1913, when ill-health forced him away to die in April the next year. The hill was bare when he came, but covered with trees of his planting before he departed. In addition he occupied a good part of his time in erecting his own funeral pile on the summit of the hilltop north of his cabin. Before this a round tower in honor of Robert Browning, a pyramid in honor of Moses, and still another monument to Captain Frémont were built by his own hands, but these have disappeared. Miller always believed that where Fré-

mont's monument stood was the spot where the Pathfinder had looked across the bay to name the Golden Gate. There is no way of knowing whether or not this is true, for it might as easily have been on the higher range back of Berkeley, where the view is more direct, but Miller got a lot of satisfaction that harms no one out of his conviction. The Hights was bought by Oakland in 1919.

Below this park is the campus of Mills College, for women. It was founded as a seminary in 1870, and now ranks with the leading Eastern women's colleges. It has one of the most naturally diversified sites of any college in the world, with cañons, forest, streams, a lake, sharp slopes, and the greatest taste has been used in keeping this natural beauty while at the same time planting formal gardens and terraced lawns about the college buildings. The few old ones are of the seventies, and enough said, but the newer ones are fitted to their scene and their use. The Bell Tower is Spanish, rising beside the fine Library, and the Music House and the Art Gallery are of a like beauty. Each new structure adds to the beauty of Mills. Lake Aliso is used as foreground for the annual pageant, reflecting the processions and colors enchantingly. Mills leads all the institutions of the higher learning for women in the West. It has a particularly strong art and music department. In its gallery Western artists are featured, from William Keith, Maynard Dixon, McComas, on to younger men and women.

High above the campus over the forests of the slope, stands Chabot Observatory, another Oakland municipal institution, under the management of the public schools, greatly appreciated by her citizens. And all this is within a few miles of the middle of the city, where the City Hall, one of California's tallest buildings, shoots up from the

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little park at its feet. There is a sizable view from the cupola of that Hall! The park is known as Memorial Plaza, containing an oak tree said to have been planted by Jack London—and maybe it was!

Oakland has certainly more than fulfilled the vision of its first mayor. Mr. Carpentier did not exaggerate. Oakland's harbor is now one of the best on the Coast, and it does a heap of business. The railroad has made Oakland Mole its terminal point, as he foresaw. Factories have sprung up and a vast industrial town lies back from the shore in a dull gray sheet overhung with smoke. Oakland is the third city in size of its state, rapidly mounting toward four hundred thousand souls. Its hillsides and outlying sections are filled with delightful residences; its streets, thanks to the early fathers, are wide and handsome. The little acorn has become the mighty oak. It has quite forgotten that it was planted on stolen ground, but stealing ground was the fashion in those early years, was indeed regarded as something of a patriotic, if a lucrative, duty. And come to think of it, the Dons had stolen from the missions, the missions from the Indians—ah, well!

The public library service under Mr. Kaiser in Oakland is particularly efficient. The main building needs a lot more space, and should be given a fine home on the lake. As it is, it has had to spill over into buildings near-by for much of its work and some of its reading-rooms. But with its branches it fills every demand made upon it with a speed and intelligence that mark a high point even in the very high average obtaining all over the state. The County Free Library is established in the basement of the County Court House, a well lighted and planned set of offices where the needs of the county are thoroughly taken care of. The Oakland Library Association was started by Mayor Samuel Merritt

in the same year that he took the estuary under consideration. And back in those stirring years, as early as 1863, T. D. Judah, the engineer who laid out the right of way for the Union Pacific from Sacramento to the top of the Sierra, suggested the possibility of building a bridge to Yerba Buena, greatly shortening the ferry trip. For three years men talked over this scheme, and it was even hinted that the bridge might be carried on to San Francisco. But of course the practical souls laughed them down.

And what of Berkeley through these decades? She was not standing idle.

At the Commencement Exercises of the College of California, now the proud designation of the old Durant Academy, on June 5, 1867, Frederick H. Low, Governor of California, addressed the assembly. The exercises were held in Oakland, since no beginning for any such event had yet been made in Berkeley.

The year before California had accepted her part of the monies accruing from the sale of public lands, which were to be received by each state meeting certain requirements, according to the provisions of the Morrill Land Grant Act passed by Congress in 1862 and signed by Abraham Lincoln. The requirements included the founding of a state university, pledged to teach the mechanical and agricultural arts and to give military instruction, the rest of the curriculum being left to the decision of the different institutions. Four years' grace was allowed each state to register its acceptance and take the first step, the creation of a prospective university.

This was much too sweet a plum to be thrown away, and in 1866 California in the nick of time brought into being a Mechanical College, securing the money even though the

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college itself was but an airy nothing without a habitation, a professor or a student.

It was apropos of all this that Governor Low made the following suggestion which was enthusiastically accepted by every one who had a say in the matter.

"You people here," said the Governor, "have in your college scholarship, organization, enthusiasm, reputation, but no money. We have none of these things, but we have the money. What a pity the two should not be joined together."

Hurray! Every one beamed. These were words of wisdom.

March 1, 1868, the College of California deeded its lands to the state and became the University of Berkeley, or rather of California, though the homelier name, Berkeley University, clings to it yet in informal converse. It received its charter on March 23rd, and soon the building of South Hall, still standing, was begun, and here in 1873 the first class to complete its four full years of university tuition was graduated. It numbered twelve, and the members congratulated themselves, with broad grins, as being graduates of the smallest university in the world.

To-day the University of California is the largest in the world, and there are more than twelve thousand students attending classes on this campus alone, thousands more in the various branches established in Los Angeles and in other parts of the state.

South Hall, of red brick and granite, makes a dark but not unattractive mass amid the light-colored buildings that have by degrees supplanted what an article in *Harper's Magazine* described in 1896, when Mrs. Phoebe Hearst offered a prize open to any one for an architectural-landscape plan for a reconstruction of the University campus, as "the

wretched crazy-quilt of discordant buildings that disfigure the beautiful site." Bacon Hall, on the east side of the Plaza centered by the exquisite shaft of Sather Tower, is another of the first buildings, lacking the dignity and fine proportions of South Hall, but fortunately in a less conspicuous position.

The Hearst prize was won by a Frenchman, Monsieur Bénard, and his plan has been generally followed through the years of building and grading, Architect B. H. Maybeck being selected to carry out a large part of the work. The campus proper is a parallelogram sloping gently to the west. East of it the hills rise sharply upward to culminate in Grizzly Peak, 1,800 feet above the bay. Much of the land in these hills is University property, some left wild, some used by the agricultural branch for experiments and breeding purposes. West it abuts on the city's business center, while on either side are private homes as well as properties owned by the University, especially on the southern side. Among these are Fraternity and Sorority houses, the Students' Infirmary, Bowles Hall, a particularly beautiful building serving as a men students' dormitory, set in a crook of the hill, and International House, a Rockefeller donation which is dedicated to the use as a home and as a social center for students at the University from foreign lands. This enormous house mounts up a steep slope and is very effective, with a domed tower and fine frontage. Behind it and still farther up is the California Memorial Stadium, dedicated to the memory of graduates who died in the World War. This too is a tremendous structure, an oval that can hold more than a hundred thousand spectators, and does when the climax of the California football season winds up with the Stanford—University of California game.

The beautiful center of the campus is the Campanile,

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raised to the memory of Peder Sather by his wife, Jane. The architect was John Galen Howard. He once said that in designing this tower he had in mind the tall stalk of a lily with a single tightly closed bud as its crown. The tower is square, slender and proud, the top comes to a sharp point above a balcony with four finials. Below the balcony are the high narrow arches of the upper room, reached by an elevator, and overlooking all Berkeley, the bay, San Francisco and the ocean. A clock with four faces is below the arches and tells the time to the whole city, tolling the hours. In addition there is a carillon of twelve bells cast in England that has been rung for years by Mr. Weigel, reminding the students that time is flying at certain fixed hours of the week, and playing once on Sunday to remind all Berkeley that there is an eternity, too.

The various levels and slopes of the campus bestowed by Nature have been respected in making such changes as had to be made to accommodate it to its purpose. Terraces, esplanades, playing fields, winding drives and walks have been artfully contrived to develop what Nature began. The Campanile stands in the center of a bricked terrace surrounded by a marble balustrade. Steps descend on three sides, toward the south leading to a grassy slope planted with pines, to the north to another terrace planted with pollarded plane trees in rows, and from that to the roadway, while west they reach a wide esplanade, and descend again to the levels beyond by a broad walk, flanked by four white granite buildings, also the work of Mr. Howard. A memorial stone to this fine architect has been sunk in the pavement directly in front of the entrance to the Campanile.

This section is the most formal part of the University grounds. Below the walk leads on past the vast Life Science Building where a great many styles appear to have met and

struggled, the Egyptian possibly dominating. Still farther is the Eucalyptus Grove, in its midst a circle of benches cut from giant logs surrounding a fire or a heap of ashes, as the case may be. The trees of this grove are slender and very tall, making a landmark only a little less striking than the Campanile. At the foot of the grove the north and south forks of Strawberry Creek meet, after pursuing devious and delightful paths throughout the length of the campus, to go on together for a brief run before reaching the end of the campus and diving underground through the city.

The newer buildings are all in white, or at least in light tones, and most are framed in trees. A few of the old oaks standing when the college was first planned still stand, but they are going. New oaks are taking their places, with yews, Lebanon cedars, redwoods, pines, magnolias and eucalyptus. A forest of the latter tree sweeps up behind the last of the college buildings, with the Greek Theatre framed in it. This theatre has seen notable performances and great actors, dancers and singers. Kreisler has played, Nordica has sung and Bernhardt performed here, to choose three greatest among the great for mention. It used to be the scene for the Commencement Exercises, but a graduating class of several thousand proved too much, so it has abdicated to the Stadium.

The south side of the campus, at the eastern end, has used a most enchanting glade bordering on the creek for its Faculty Club, absolutely bowered in trees, and south of that the Women's Faculty Club, with terraced garden. Largely hidden from observation is a ghastly row of sickly yellow-green galvanized iron or wooden buildings given up to various student activities. West from all this is a group of Tudor-style halls, Stephens Union and the offices for the student publications, with a lovely archery field to the south.

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The Women's Gymnasium is just above this field, with a fine plunge, tennis courts and every other requirement, a Hearst Memorial, while the Men's Gymnasium is farther west on the same side, also a thoroughly equipped affair, large and handsome.

The north side of the campus collects together and strings out the buildings devoted to agriculture, engineering and mining, there is a row of greenhouses, a tiny observatory, an architectural class-room or two. A baseball and football field take up a lot of green space to the west. Haviland Hall, for instruction in education, is on this side, too.

The campus as a whole is really a varied and lovely park, where handsome buildings have been allowed, but where Nature itself still rules the roost. Most of the planting is in massed shrubbery occasionally bordered by narrow flowerbeds, with many trees and plenty of lawn. The creek banks are curtained with vines and thick with iris, lilies and anemones. Rustic bridges span the streams, and many of the shrubs have fragrant leaves so that winter and summer are each sweet of breath. Birds, squirrels, rabbits live in the thickets or the trees. Berkeley enjoys its outdoor University. In addition there is a series of lectures and other events open to the public at Wheeler Hall, and the Library Building is free to any citizen under certain restrictions. This building contains not only the University library, largest in the West, but the Bancroft, specializing in Californiana and without an equal in its field, the French Library, and the Morrison Room, with a great collection of general reading in a princely apartment. Both Wheeler Hall and the Library belong to the quartet built by Galen Howard. Add to these items the performances given at the Greek Theatre through the summer, with many important musical events offered in the Men's Gymnasium during the rainy season, and it is

evident that the city of Berkeley, not less than the students and professors and graduates of the University, owe the founders an ever-renewed gratitude. Berkeley is not only a big University, moreover, but it ranks with the great ones, and in research is constantly producing valuable results, while its faculty contains men renowned in the world of education.

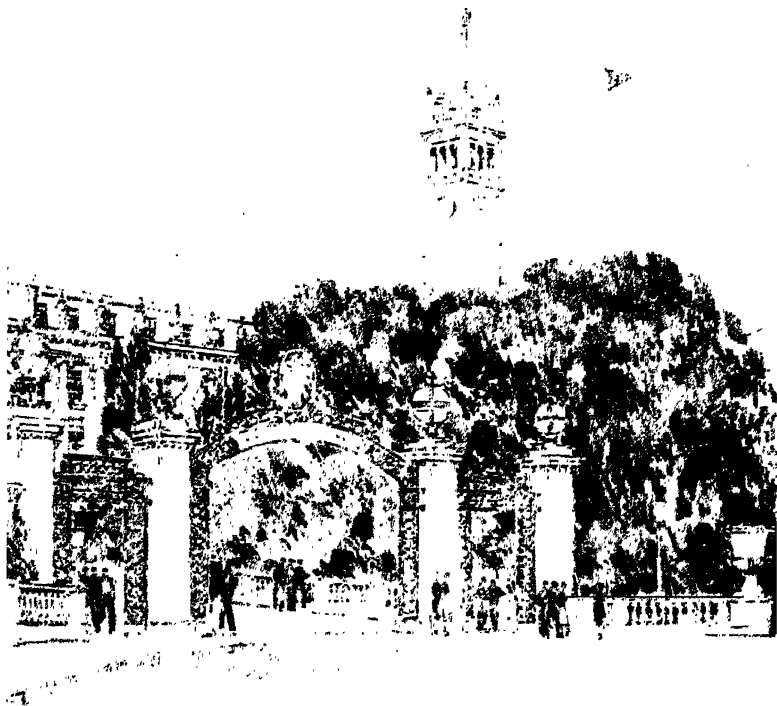
Its main, indeed its only actual gateway is also a memorial to Peder Sather, a granite and wrought-iron entrance of the utmost grace, approached across a granite bridge over Strawberry Creek and leading south to Telegraph Avenue, a lively shopping street that turns its chief attention to student needs, male and female, but combines excellent markets, a hotel or two and the best and largest book-shop of all the East Bay cities with its more specialized appeal.

Although Berkeley is a university city, owing its very existence to Professor Durant, after whom one of its broadest and most agreeable streets is named, and to Durant's Academy and ambition, without which it would surely never have been more than the north end of Oakland, yet the city is no mere adjunct to the college. It is above all a home city, and one of the pleasantest in the world. Trees border its avenues and streets and ways, gardens are considered a necessity by every householder, several of its public ways are beautifully parked, everywhere there is space, air, beauty. Life is simple and charming, given a cosmopolitan flavor by the University, whose faculty numbers men from many parts of the world as well as from all over the United States. It is the center of the largest literary club in the state, and the oldest, the California Writers Club. It is within less than half an hour of San Francisco, and it lies between its wild and splendid hills and the glory of the bay, looking out across the water to the metropolis, the bridges, the islands,

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and beyond all to the Pacific. Its home sections have spread and climbed, from the early houses of the first professors close to the campus to the lofty ridge of the first range, and north by Northbrae, Cragmont, Thousand Oaks downward to the edge of Richmond. South of the campus they stretch in unbroken lines to Oakland. The line between the two cities is oddly cut, running out in long fingers from the older city, so that you step in and out of Berkeley and Oakland in some places in a bewildering way. On this side, too, the hills rise steeply, and the houses with them. At Claremont is the hotel of the same name, lately renovated and in new hands. It makes a fascinating sight from the streets below, painted white, and contriving, with its square tower and innumerable gables and unexpected turns to look like some little high-perched hill town in Europe, rather than a residence hotel. It stands in large gardens looking down on one of the city's loveliest quarters.

The business part of Berkeley lies west of the campus, the center of the shopping section being enormously wide Shattuck Avenue, which is desolately ugly as it takes its way southward toward Oakland, and by way of Adeline Street to the Mole. The few shopping blocks in the center of town have some very good-looking buildings, a few in the modern stream-line type that are as successful as any to be found anywhere, but no effort has been made to achieve a harmony. One lone skyscraper sticks up like a sore thumb, increasing the similarity at night, when what is an untidy-looking scaffolding by day transforms itself into a flaming red sign. The decent and considerate skyline of the street is made to suffer, as well as the view from every house on the hills behind. An achievement not only in bad taste but in poor psychology, for many a Berkeley citizen rages against the insult to the city's beauty.



ydarn.

SATHER GATE AND CAMPANILE, BERKELEY

Toward the bay from Shattuck Avenue is the City Hall, a refreshingly original change from the usual type. With its slender spire, its high-pitched slate roof and delicate proportions, it reminds you of the Hôtel de Ville in many a French provincial town. The new Civic Center is rising in front of the Hall, two buildings already under way, the Hall of Justice and the Farm Credit buildings, both promising well along the more usual lines. The granite Post Office is several years old, solid and effective.

Berkeley is one of the two or three best governed cities in the whole of the United States. It is run under the City Management plan with Mayor Ament at the head, beloved by the community to which he has given so honest and effective a service. Unhappily, he is now to retire. The Mayor is the son of a pioneer family and was born at Arcata, a few miles north of Eureka, at a time when Berkeley was barely making its real start. He and the men who work with him have succeeded in maintaining the town-meeting spirit in Berkeley in spite of its hundred thousand population. It invites every citizen to its Municipal Open House each spring, where you have the chance of seeing how the various city departments work and of chatting with the officials. So great is the attendance that several days are devoted to it. There is a Thanksgiving Dinner close to the holiday where you can go and enjoy a friendly association with neighbors near and far. The end in view of course being that it is important for a community to be in close touch with the management, to see how the job is done, and to feel that the citizens in general are a coherent body. Many graduates of the University enter the police force, which is not only efficient but courteous, and there is no better fire department in the country.

Berkeley was incorporated in 1874 but the City Manage-

ment plan was not inaugurated until 1923. Efforts to change it are simply swamped, for which success its excellence is of course responsible.

In 1869 the first continental train coming from the east tore through West Berkeley with eldritch shrieks on to its terminus in Oakland at Broadway and Seventh Streets, where it was greeted by a glorious celebration, all noise, fireworks and cheering citizens. Three years later the first street-car service was started between the two communities, taking an hour and a half to make the trip, a pair of horses or mules doing the hauling. In 1876 came steam-car service to the Mole, with ferry-boats waiting to complete the journey to San Francisco. But Berkeley even in 1898 was still largely rolling meadowland where footpaths led from house to house through the wild oats that take the place of grass over most of the hill country. Grain and hay patches were scattered about, people kept their own one-hoss shays or whatever else in the way of a carriage they preferred or could afford; the stable, not the garage, being then part of each home lot.

In 1867 young Bret Harte, already the editor of the San Francisco *Californian*, in which he was publishing his amusing *Condensed Novels*, came across the bay to read a poem of his, "Our Bethsaida," at the ceremony attending the laying of the corner-stone of the School for the Deaf and the Blind, on a hundred-odd acres of land, half of which were in Oakland, half in Berkeley. In 1875 its first, pseudo-Gothic building was burned down but new buildings were erected at once. Since 1929 the two branches are separate, the blind occupying the Oakland half, the deaf still in the older buildings at the Berkeley end of the large grounds, planted with eucalyptus and orchard trees, and with fine playing fields. The new buildings are of the Spanish-Colonial

type and a vast improvement over the rest. The institution is not an asylum, but a specialized school, receiving children from all over California to train them to take their full place in life and permitting them to spend their summer vacations in their own homes. A Butte County farmer, Robert Durham, added to the school's scope by leaving it a bequest under which promising students can be sent elsewhere for finishing work. Douglas Tilden, the sculptor, was sent to Paris by virtue of this gift. The Paris Salon exhibited several of his works, and there are groups by him in most American museums. On the campus of the University his "Football Player" is a fine example of the artist's notable talent; his, too, is the figure of Junípero Serra in Golden Gate Park, and several groups in other parts of San Francisco.

Berkeley beat Oakland in starting her public library in 1882 in a cheerful room on Shattuck Avenue, but it died within six months for lack of funds. Not until 1893 did the town recover from that shock, when the Holmes Library, named after the Autocrat, came into being in two rooms near where the first had died. One was called the Fireside Room and held tables for games like checkers and authors. It gave sociables, price of admission a book. Three years later it was taken over by the city against a good deal of opposition, one tax-payer complaining that it was nothing more than a place for lazy people to go to and sit. In 1905 Mrs. Rose Shattuck gave the lot where the present building stands, on that avenue. It is a good-looking, green stucco structure of ample size with pleasant rooms, and space for three hundred thousand books, supplanting an earlier Carnegie building which was too small. It does a tremendous deal of work and has flourishing branches scattered about the city.

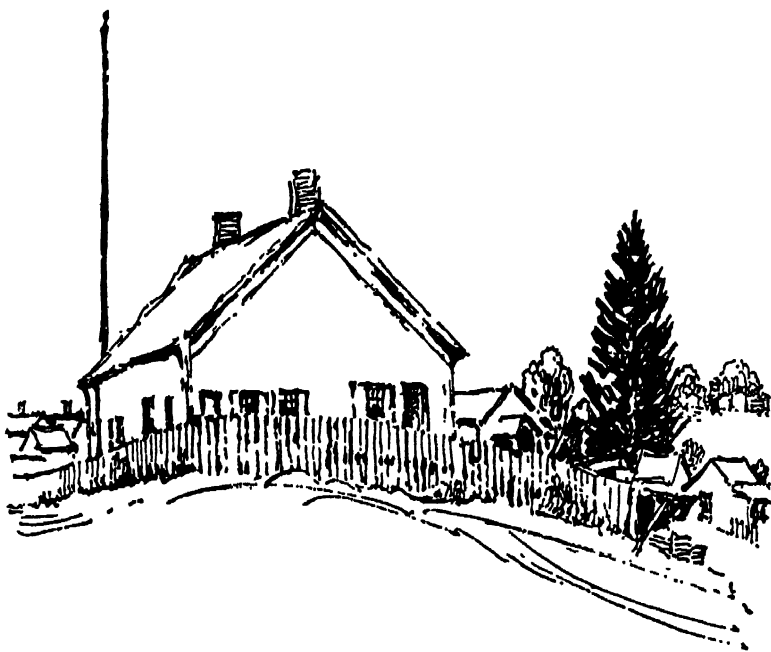
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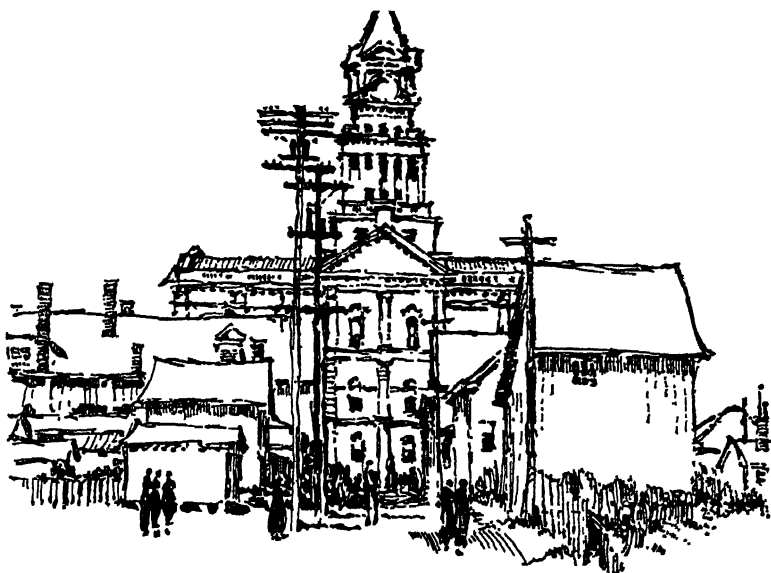
The women have the edge over the men both in Oakland and Berkeley when it comes to their club buildings. The Women's City Clubs in both cities are buildings of unusual beauty outside and inside, and carry on a succession of interesting as well as valuable events in which civic affairs, literature, art and music all have their share, as well as purely social entertainments. Oakland's Women's Athletic Club is a masterpiece of a building, and by no means confines its interests to athletics. In Berkeley, besides the Faculty Club, there are the Women's College Club and the Town and Gown Club, both in charming structures, and independent of the University. Many of the fraternity houses are notably fine, adding a good deal to the ordered beauty of the city. Here and there among the new stands an old-timer, a wooden home of the old days, filled with innumerable rooms, more or less dolled up with scroll-work, balconies and turrets, and usually though not always turned into a boarding-house for students. Each year sees one or two of them pulled down, for progress is steadily on the march, but one hopes they won't all go. One needs a bit of the past, even when it lacks the smart efficiency of to-day, just for sentiment.

The rest of the East Bay communities are all cities in their own right, the most amusing being Piedmont, a circle of no great size on the hill slopes completely surrounded by Oakland. Piedmont might be called a luxury city. Its homes and gardens are all of them lovely and many are supremely so, and as for stores, they are kept to the minimum of a block or two. At Christmas time there are displays of outdoor decoration that draw admirers from the entire East Bay. Contrasting with Piedmont's ups and downs is the flatness of Alameda at whose large airport the transcontinental planes have their station and passenger service. Ala-

meda has kept her water-front, her homes edge the pretty beach, there is swimming and an amusement center.

The flying hoofs of horses ridden by the Dons and their vaqueros over the wild pastures and under the great oaks and redwoods are gone from the Contra Costa. But there is a pastoral quality which lingers, despite factories and the rush of modern existence, bringing perhaps more than is guessed to the satisfactions of life there.





WITH INTERLUDE OF TREES

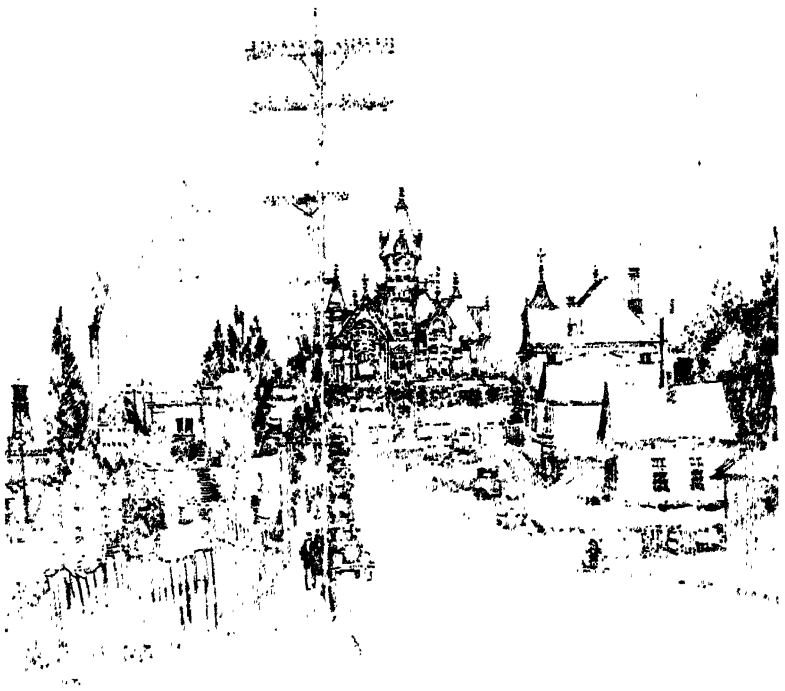
WE all know of California's Golden Empire; not so many of us of her Redwood Empire. Yet of the two the latter is her glory, her unique possession, or at least hers and a little of Oregon's. The redwood tree, the oldest and finest and greatest of trees, next to her *Sequoia gigantea*, grows only on the seaward-looking slopes of the Coast Range, and in particular it flourishes between San

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Francisco and the Oregon border. Only a few years ago the great Redwood Highway through the noblest groves of these incredible trees was completed. This drive links up with older roads, but the long stretch between Ukiah on the south and Eureka on the north is the real Redwood Highway, not to be missed if you can possibly take it.

The two cities that thus form its pendants are very unlike. Ukiah is nestled in a flower-filled valley, east and west of her long mountain ridges, the center of a farming district since her beginning, when a Mr. S. Lowry pioneered upon her site in 1856. Already, since 1850, farms had been occupied through the valley, when the county of Mendocino was created out of the huge area of Sonoma, but all county matters were conducted through Sonoma until 1859, when Ukiah became the county-seat, with a population of a hundred. She took a long while to grow, and it was more than thirty years before she mustered a thousand, and it was not until 1906 that she was incorporated as a city, with a population of twenty-seven thousand.

The name came from the Indian word Yo-*kia*, signifying Deep Valley. Apparently there was little trouble between the new settlers and the old inhabitants. Ukiah was always a peaceful valley, watered by the clear-flowing Russian River and innumerable springs and rivulets, with a soil so fertile that all you need to do is to stick a dry twig into it to possess a vineyard. This fertility and the soft climate made possible the work of one of the world's great floriculturists, Carl Purdy, whose Terrace Gardens, eight miles out of town, are a miracle of bulbs. Mr. Purdy was a school-teacher with no notion whatever of making two plants grow where there had been only one. A sister of his came to join him, bringing in her baggage a lot of tulip, daffodil and lily bulbs which she proceeded to plant. Carl helped her, began



LUMBER AT EUREKA

to grow fascinated with gardening—don't many of us know that creeping fascination, which steals your time and blesses your soul? He spent his vacations in the garden. He began to talk garden to a friend of his, Alexander McNab, collector of rare seeds and plants, a fey Scot to whom such things spelled all the mystery and happiness of a man's life. One day a great seed firm in the east sent McNab a letter asking for native California plants and seeds. He handed it to his young friend:

"Maybe this'll interest you, Purdy. I've no time for the wild growth, myself."

Purdy was interested. He had done a good deal of ranging in forest and field, especially seeking the exquisite wild lilies of the region. In time he sent off a few bulbs, receiving for the lot \$1.50. But his hand was in the trap. From that simple beginning he went on, giving up the school work, winning every member of his family to the chosen field, until The Terrace was among the greatest of bulb and wild flower gardens in the world. He grew innumerable other fine plants, but his specialty was lilies, with the rest of the vast bulb family, and always the wild flowers of the West. From the eastern slopes of the Rockies to the Pacific, from British Columbia, from Mexico, he gathered his plants, establishing stations under his chosen lieutenants after he had studied the ground. He ships his bulbs all over the world, even to Holland, thirty thousand daffodils, ten thousand tulips in a single season. But lilies remained his heart's love, for lilies are the natural children of Ukiah, and with these he performs miracles of selection and cross breeding.

Hops are a main crop in the valley, and during the picking season Ukiah is crowded, her hotels full, camps in the environs, a gay, hard-working crowd as brown as October

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ale. Then in June for three yip-yipping days she holds her rodeo, and once again her tree-lined streets are full of stir and noise, cowboys dash by on earth-scouring hosses, every one wears a bandanna round his or her neck, there's a lowing of cattle throbbing in the air, chaps and saddles, spurs and lassoes become part of the city regalia.

The rest of the year Ukiah is a quiet country town with comfortable homes nicely spaced along its tree-bowered streets, each house in plenty of garden and most of them hung with vines. It has good hotels, excellent schools. The site for the high school was given years ago by one of the valley pioneers, Daniel Gobbie, and the building is a fine one. The Court House and City Hall dignify their stations. But the charm of Ukiah is a country charm. In the spring there are not only the blooming orchards, but the marvel of rhododendron and azalea under the trees of its mountain slopes, the earlier dogwood and redbud, in the fall the rich reds and golds of its vineyards, and all the flaunting colors of the deciduous trees that mingle with the evergreens along its roadways in any direction. The city lies in the middle of a great vacation land, Clear Lake a few miles east, with a magic collection of hot springs, geysers, sulphur deposits, borax mines, deep mountain tarns blue as the eye of an angel; westward the ocean, Russian Beach State Park, lovely old Fort Bragg. And the highway between San Francisco and herself is one long stretch of lovely scenery and varying items of interest, beginning with the Golden Gate Bridge, continuing with Sausalito, that foreign-looking town climbing high on its terraces, hiding its houses in greenery, peering down into the clear water at its feet where house-boats, yachts and fishing vessels lie at anchor and the islands opposite float double on the wave. Then on, with a stop at Mill Valley to visit Muir Woods at the foot of Mount Tamal-

pais, that three-thousand-foot peak whose mighty shoulder keeps you company for miles, where the great stand of redwoods bearing Muir's name hints at what's ahead. Petaluma, called the egg-basket of the world, where the white Leghorns are like "the mask of new, soft-fallen snow upon the mountains and the moors," or at least the hills and vales of clucking and crowing Petaluma. Later you catch glimpses of snow-crowned Mount St. Helena, after passing through Santa Rosa, where plant-wizard Burbank lived and died and left the record of his work. He lies beneath a great twin cedar of Lebanon planted by himself. A winding, climbing road between vineyards, old stone wineries, white homes of Swiss and Italians, the changing mountains countermarching on every horizon, is the route to Ukiah.

After leaving Ukiah on the way north, you run through splendid ranch land up the long valley of the Russian River, then the scenery grows wilder and the redwoods begin to step down to the highway's edge. Not until you've passed through Laytonville, however, is the first great grove achieved, at Lane's Redwood Flat. It was the owner of the camp here, George Lane, who bought this magnificent stand to prevent its destruction, and it was Lane who was among the very first to recognize the necessity of doing something if the entire redwood empire were not to be sacrificed to the lumber gangs who cared for nothing but their own pockets. This was the start of the Save-the-Redwoods League. Mr. Lane, like Shakespeare in this, needs no monument raised by man, no labor of an age in piled stones, to immortalize him. Walk deep into that forest grove, let its green shadow close over you. You are in the forest primeval, and what a forest! Trees that rise above three hundred feet, that have lived for more than three thousand years and are as vigorous as though their prime were still ahead. Nobly

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spaced apart, their rough reddish bark painted with lichen and moss, their roots reaching down through layers of needles and soil over which ferns crowd closely, each tree springs upward to the sky till it seems to be carrying earth to heaven in a great soaring of trunk and branches. Lie on your back there among them, alone.

From then on small bronze markers tell the name of the societies or the individuals whose effort and money saved the various great groves which, linked together and stretching back on either side, have made safe for the generations at least this long strip of immemorial forest. Here and there are camps, attractively built and placed, where you can stay, well housed and well fed. There is an inn or two. The most magnificent stretch is the Humboldt State Redwood Park, which extends from just beyond Hartsook Inn to Dyerville. At this spot is the tallest tree in the world, a short walk from the highway. For another ten miles the forest holds its glory, through the lower Eel River, Pepperwood and Mordan Creek groves. The Eel is mindful of its name, and from one point on the road you are given a view of five of its graceful loops as it disappears from your eye-range.

Scotia is a lumber town, busy chawing up sublimity for matchwood or what will you. On beyond is the dairying country, with its spreading grassy fields, its white dairy-farm buildings, its cows. This is one of the great butter-producing areas in all California, and looks it. So down to the sea again and into Eureka.

Eastport, Maine, and Eureka, California, are farther apart than any other two communities in the United States. One the easternmost, the other the westernmost of all her towns and cities.

For a long time, except by sea, Eureka was remote from the rest of the state. There were stage-roads and trails from



EUREKA'S WATERFRONT

Weaverville and Trinidad and other roads, but no continuous highway from San Francisco, and no railway. Not until 1910 did the Northwestern Pacific decide upon extending its lines into that part of the state, to the wild rejoicing of the citizens. It kept its promise and continued as far as Arcata, at the top of the Bay. To-day there is the highway, too.

This bay, Humboldt Harbor, is the only land-locked haven on the Californian coast north of San Francisco, and in the old days the entrance was fearfully dangerous because of the totally unmarked twists and turns of the tricky channel. Shipwreck followed shipwreck, as did petitions to Congress for the proper buoying and lighting of the roadway in. Yet in spite of all the difficulties involved in getting to her, Eureka became the most important city of all northern California.

A silver-gray city, almost treeless, for she fronts the sea-winds and breathes their salt, so that her face is weather-beaten, like some fine old sailor's whose life is tied to wave and wind. Her average rainfall mounts to fifty inches in spite of the dry summers. If you love the sea, you love Eureka from the moment you begin to range her streets and wander along her water-front. She is all herself, fruit of her long isolation perhaps, as well as her situation. A great lumber town, the wood yards hedge the cove, you lean over the parapet and look down into them, busy sawing and shaping the raw timber into lumber, rolling the huge logs, breaking your heart to think of the trees that are gone, yet full of fascination, of fragrance, of the beauty of the new-cut and sawed wood. She is a city of contrasts in time, too. I walked through her streets, now on new-laid cement sidewalks, now on ancient boardwalks that suddenly expired to dust, then were once again smoothest white stone. Lovely

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little modern cottages with gardens behind a sheltering wall, snuggled well down, and then a gaunt relic of the past in fuss and furbelows grown sadly shabby and worn. Solid rows of fine shops, the City Hall, the Federal Building, schools, two splendid libraries, one serving the city, the other the county—and Humboldt County would make three Rhode Islands! The County Library is in possession of an old house and has made a most interesting thing of it. The offices busy, the books in endless procession—really in procession, for they are on an endless march out to all the little towns asking for them, and back again to go out once more, neat parcels of the work of innumerable writers through the ages. The City Library is roomy and well arranged, attractively planned, and under the charge of one of the oldest men still in service, Mr. Henry Kendall, up in his eighties, vigorous, full of energy, knowing all there is to know about his city and reaching all over the world in his interests. With him I scrambled up and down the wild glens and break-neck trails of the city's Sequoia Park, with its springs and creeks, its lovely wild pool, its great redwoods, he watchful of my step, easy with his own. He loves trees more than books, or books more than trees, he cannot be quite certain which, and what he loves he knows.

So far as any one is aware Humboldt Bay was first entered by an American captain, Jonathan Winship, commanding a Russian ship, in 1806. The next time a white man surveyed the scene was in 1849, when the scientist Dr. Josiah Gregg led a party over the mountains and down along the Trinity River, with the idea of founding a port to handle the trade for the mining towns back of them. Gregg camped on the plateau above the northern shore of the upper bay on Christmas. He remained there about a week, making observations, then went on to a point some eight miles north

from where Eureka lies to found the town of Union, named after the company for which he was working. This name later was changed to Arcata, the same little town where Berkeley's mayor was born. In May another company, the Mendocino, also arrived by way of the mountains, seeking a settlement with the same notion that had brought Gregg and his people. After some wrangling, for the Union Company claimed all the eastern shore of the upper bay, the rival associations agreed to a division. Each company took three quarter-sections of land, to be divided into lots, with the requirement that certain buildings must be erected, the Mendocino settlers calling their town Eureka.

Eureka had the best of it as a port, for Arcata looked across two miles of mud flats, across which a wharf had to be built, with a funny little railway whose small cars were dragged by a slow-moving white horse. Eureka could load and unload at her gate when the tide was at flood; for all that Arcata was tops until '56, when, after all manner of chicanery at the polls, as many as a thousand more votes being cast than there were voters in the district, Eureka won the position of county-seat, which she has retained ever since. By then the trade with Weaverville, wildest of mining towns and plenty rich, was growing more and more important, a trail uniting the mountain city to the sea-coast. One branch, the better, led out of Arcata, the other from Eureka. Some talk of making a wagon road arose, but the difficulties were so great that it was 1858 before a stage-coach could make the trip. In 1859 Eureka was incorporated. Trinidad, farther up the coast, was also settled in 1850-1851, and it, too, was growing fast, egged on by the possibility of getting ready-washed gold from the ocean bluffs.

All this time Indian battles were making things grim. Set-

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tlers in the valley, who were starting farms and cattle ranges were attacked and many killed. The fault, as usual, was with the Americans, who began to hustle and ill-treat the hitherto friendly Indians. Things got so bad that the Government decided to establish a fort on a small plateau south of the city of Eureka called Humboldt Heights. This was in 1852, and the next year a young man, later to be of some use to his country, was sent there as captain under Colonel Buchanan. He had been a bother, somewhat intractable, apt to be sullen, and he was shipped off to get him out of the way. He did not like it, neither did he like Buchanan, he got drunk as frequently as he could, he pined for his young wife. Early in 1854 he returned to Washington, and to the whole-hearted relief of the War Department resigned from the Army. He hoped to find more congenial work in civil life, but he was poor, an obscure man of thirty-two who had made a failure in his chosen profession, and things did not go too well for the next few years. But later—well, the Captain's name was Ulysses S. Grant.

Fort Humboldt was occupied by troops until the end of the Civil War, after that being allowed to fall to ruin. Nowadays little of the old stronghold remains, but the site is marked by a bronze tablet.

Another well-known name is linked with the locality, that of Bret Harte. Between 1858 and 1860 young Harte was living more or less in Arcata. A large part of the time he was traveling into the mountains and back again as a shotgun messenger aboard the stage that heaved and struggled up and down that wild road, which even to-day remains breath-taking. He also worked for the local weekly paper, the *Northern Californian*. Both experiences were excellent for his future career.

The miners and gamblers have gone from Eureka and

Arcata to-day, but the lumberers remain; the city is prosperous, busy, modern. It has two fine hotels, one a newly built inn set in lovely gardens, an attractive adaptation of the old English timber and stucco type, with fine views from its windows. The food is not distinguished except when the crabs and clams that are one of Eureka's natural assets, and a wonderful one, are in season. They are luscious. The other chief hotel is the Vance, old-fashioned, with big square quiet rooms, down in the business section of town near the water-front, a delightful place. It has a pleasant lounge and the usual coffee-shop.

Exploring on foot, one of the most engaging of occupations in a new place, and strolling up from the shopping center along the lively waterside, I suddenly stood still in my tracks, confronted at the end of the way by a really astonishing relic of the dead and gone days, the Carson home. Built by the first Carson to make Eureka his residence, it has all the intricate elaboration of the late Victorian era as it found expression in wood here in America. Nothing is missing. The scalloped verandah, its roof supported on fantastic posts, the innumerable decorated gables, the tower with its sharp-pointed top, its balconies and tiers of small windows. The roof has a square portion surrounded by a railing, the windows of the various floors almost disappear behind columns and porches, there is a turret, and there are many pinnacles. All is meticulously emphasized and picked out with darker and lighter shades of brown and tan and white. Lawn and formal flower-beds, a palm or two, shrubs and a wide curved driveway are contained within the wrought-iron fence. It is a perfect period piece, beautifully kept up, and is still lived in by the family, and has somehow the appearance of a very fussy, over-dressed old maid full

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of character and knowing her own mind. It is a house not to be missed by a collector.

A very different, amusing spot is the Stump House, which consists of the log and stump of a huge redwood transformed into a shop where you can find a lot of pretty and useful things made out of the burls of the redwoods, those rounded protuberances which stick out from the great trunks and can be cut off to make bowls, trays and such. The burls take a high polish that brings out the fascinating grain and pattern of the wood, its rich hue.

The State Teachers College is eight miles away at Arcata, on the slopes above the flats, a well-handled group of stucco buildings with arcades and courts, evergreen lawns and good planting. It is a lively, interesting place to visit with a first-class reputation for scholarship. The site, the views, are perfect. The rest of Arcata is now immersed in the dairy business. The railroad and the highroad reach San Francisco in an easy day's run. Nowadays you don't need to go by sea, and you don't need to go by the mountains. You ought to take at least one drive up the magnificent coast on toward the state parks that edge the ocean, Little River, Patrick's Point, as far as the second state Redwood Park at Prairie Creek. But the glory of that wild coast begins right at Arcata after crossing Mad River Bridge. Mad River? They tell you the name was given it by Dr. Gregg's party because of the rage which possessed that gentleman when his companions wanted him to cut short his setting up of the necessary instruments to determine the exact latitude of the mouth of the river, and when, in hurrying, he came near losing the whole outfit. Dr. Gregg may have been mad; the river is as placid as a river can be.

But there is nothing placid about the drive to Weaverville, up the Trinity River cañon on what was once the old

trail out from Arcata, and is now described as scenically dramatic. It is all of that. There is nothing lacking for your delighted eyes. The only nuisance is that you have to keep swallowing your heart.



• 13 • Weaverville •



THE BASIN FILLED WITH GOLD

TRINITY COUNTY occupies more than three thousand square miles, large parts being more or less mixed with the sky. Mountains, mountains, with wonderful valleys, fine rivers, countless creeks, incredible forests as full of flowers as of trees. In and about are the old gold towns, ranches, orchards, dairy-farms, grain-fields. From almost the start the folk there raised all they needed,

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one reason being that it was easier and a lot cheaper to roll your own than to get anything up from Sacramento over the early trails. Large portions of the county are now part of our National Forest, and the lookout stations, each of which is occupied all through the dry season by vigilant watchers, are a comfortable guarantee that the Forestry Service is very thoroughly on the job of fire prevention and suppression.

Up in the northeastern section, on the north side of a great natural basin around which the Trinity River makes a huge sweep, is Weaverville, county-seat to-day and always since the early fifties. There was nothing hesitating about Weaverville's growth and importance after the building of the first cabin in 1850. A man named Weaver built that in July, on the site now occupied by the Union Hotel, which is all any one knows of Mr. Weaver.

In that year the gold-hunters were pouring into the section, crossing the mountains east of the Trinity River from Shasta, coming up that river from the little settlement on Trinity Bay down on the sea-coast, trickling in from the south. By the end of the next year men were washing gold at every rock bar along every tributary creek and the twisting reaches of the river itself, for miles around Weaverville. The fertile valley lands of Hayfork and Hyampton were being cultivated. Weaverville in 1851 was already holding court in a shanty court-house, and gold to the value of thirty thousand dollars a week was being shipped out by two express companies in 1852.

John Carr, one of its pioneering citizens, set up a blacksmith shop in the town in '51. He left a man to handle it, early in that year, to go East to visit his family. When he left there were some twenty-odd squatter tent and shack homes, but by the time he returned, six months later, the



THE OLD TOWN OF WEAVERVILLE LIES DEEP IN THE MOUNTAINS

town had a population of two thousand, most of them young men, town lots were selling for eight hundred dollars each, saw-mills were hard at work supplying lumber for the new buildings rising overnight, or at least overday. John Carr brought with him his wife, his brother's wife and a married pair, the Levi Reynolds. Three ladies at one swoop, come to join the population! Such a dense crowd of femininity had never before arrived at one time in Weaverville, which turned out every inhabitant to greet the three women. That Christmas Eve the first grand ball of the town was held in the largest room available, tickets selling at ten dollars each. Mr. Carr has set down in his comments upon the occasion that "more boiled shirts were worn that night than ever before... at Weaverville." He explained moreover that they circulated. The men owning one were generous. Shirts were swapped all night long, so that practically every fellow had at least one dance in full regalia.

There had been another event less commendable in the year 1852, not many miles from Weaverville at the remarkable natural bridge where Hayfork Creek runs into the South Fork of the Trinity. A man called Anderson, a butcher, had been murdered as he drove a few head of cattle toward Weaverville. The cry went out that the crime had been committed by some Indian, with the result that the brave citizens surprised a camp of Indians at the bridge and murdered all of them, over a hundred and fifty men, women and children, except two tiny girl babies only a few weeks old. One man, two possibly, of that contemptible horde had at least that glimmer of decency. The two were given to women who cared for them, and one, named Ellen Clifford, grew up to womanhood. She indeed lived to be old, and was one of the few living Indians in the whole of Trinity before she died. "My country, 'tis of thee...."

There were the customary killings and bar-room fights and impromptu hangings in old Weaverville; nothing missing in that line. But there were also plenty of citizens of the best pioneering type, men who meant to make something of their city, who wanted to establish homes, to start sound businesses, and these were presently in the ascendant. After a very bad fire in 1854 which destroyed the greater part of the little town, the houses were rebuilt with brick, brick made from clay deposits found scattered through the basin where Weaverville was planted, and it is these that still stand along Main Street and the older part of town, some in gardens first planted by pioneer women. With the same initiative which had given the community its own wheat and vegetables, fruit trees, cattle, sheep, all the necessities, men who knew how, or learned how, made the door and window frames, the iron doors of business houses—as a still further protection against fire—the furnishings and fittings. Look at them to-day and admire and wonder. All this, remember, before 1860. In 1858 the Court House was built, one of the oldest in the whole state, costing the young city thirty thousand dollars, and a triumph. In 1856 she started a weekly paper, the *Trinity Journal*. The first issue appeared on the last Saturday of January, and from then on it has not missed a single week. It is a lively, well-written, interesting newspaper, with that personal quality lost to the average American newspaper, lo, these many years!

There was an earlier paper which seems not to have endured, the *Trinity Times*, that printed an editorial description of Weaverville in December, 1854, addressed to the world at large, that gives an idea of the exact position of the place, of the difficulties of reaching it, and of its wealth. Of this wealth the writer says that Weaver is “on the north side of a large basin which is literally a field of Gold.”

He goes on to give the town's distances from Sacramento, two hundred and twenty-six miles, and from San Francisco, three hundred and fifty-one, with the time and money spent in making the journey: "Express time from Weaver to San Francisco from forty-eight to sixty hours...traveled on mules from Weaver to Shasta, by stages from Shasta to Sacramento, thence to San Francisco by steamboat." The fare was forty-three dollars, not including meals. But: "If any parties should be induced to travel the above route we can assure them they will find something to do and something to eat when they get here."

Another early institution in Weaverville was her brass band. Almost from her start she had her band. This made the parties she gave particularly attractive. The announcement of one to be given at the Diana Saloon on February 17, 1855, includes a list of seventeen dances, opening with a polonaise and waltz, closing with a German cotillion, numbering in between just plain cotillions, probably Virginia reels, schottisches, polkas, more waltzes and, whatever they were and they sound good, Gallipades. By now there were between thirty and forty women in Weaverville, and even class distinctions. The leaders of society wore silks and satins, white kid gloves and perfume, as Mr. F. A. Buck, one of the dancing crowd and a chronicler of early Weaverville, notes with pleasure. This group gave smaller, very select, affairs.

By the middle fifties a good many Chinese had come to the place, establishing themselves on the outskirts in Chinatown. They were about equally divided between two tongs, none too fond of each other. Finally this dislike reached a pass when war was the only settlement possible. The announcement was made, followed by preparations taking several weeks, preparations that included orders to John Carr,

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the blacksmith, from both sides, for long spears with three-pointed heads, for shields, for great curved swords. Word went round that there was going to be something worth seeing and on the appointed day men from the neighboring farms and mines and camps came pouring into the already excited and noisy town. Out marched the two tongs, several hundred on each side, bearing scarlet and gold banners, all the dreadful weapons, and drums, gongs and charms. They drew up on either side of Five Cent Gulch, crossing Main Street, but to-day practically filled in, and proceeded to create a most prodigious racket. The white audience, grouped back of the lines, numbered close to two thousand. They added their cheers and a lot of cussing to help matters on, but after quite a bit of this harmless yelling and clashing, leaping up and down and shaking of arms, began to ask each other disgustedly when the fighting was to begin. Finally they began to hurl rocks, to threaten to start something themselves, one young Swede firing his pistol into the ranks. This finally mixed the two sides in a wild frenzy which ended in a few minutes, one tong withdrawing speedily from the field of battle. Seven dead were picked up, one, with poetic justice, being the Swede who had come to see more than "just a lot of yellin' and prancin'."

All the rattly-bang of the past is remote to-day, though Weaverville is still the center of a gold-producing section. They are dredging the streams; La Grange hydraulic mine, ten minutes from town, one of the world's largest, still makes its profits, the basin full of gold has not been emptied, though it can no longer be described as a field. The mining goes on, destructive and ugly, tearing down instead of building up. But the farming also goes on, stock-raising, dairying, hardy fruits, the gold of the ripened grain, alfalfa, vegetables, easily shipped now by the splendid roads down

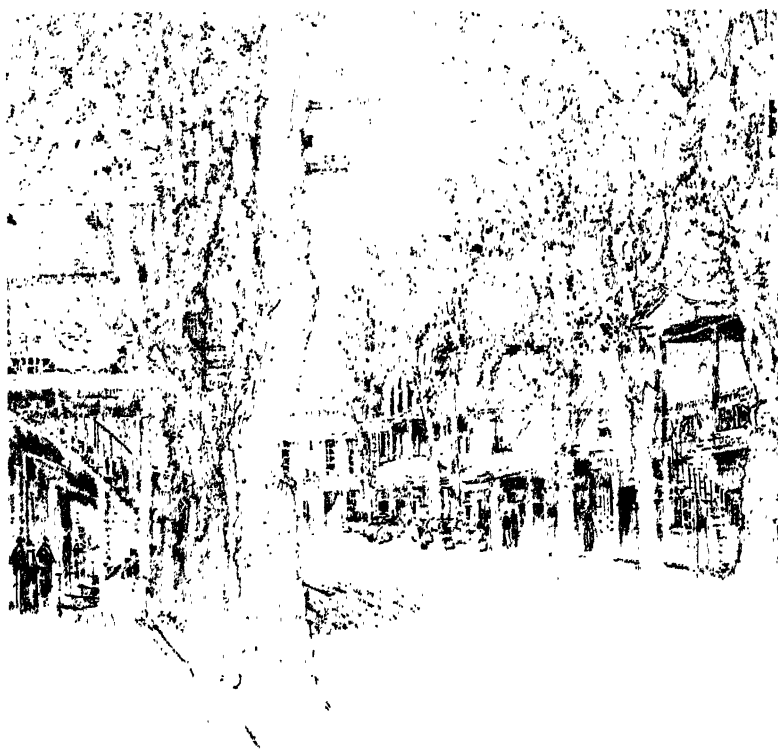
to Sacramento and the further cities, parcel post being a great aid for marketing the cream and butter and eggs raised by the farmers. The beauty of the country itself is another asset, a true basin of gold and peaks of silver. The tourist is bound to be one of the most important assets in the prosperity of Weaverville and its county. California is rich in vacation fields, and here is one of the finest, easier of access every year, already able to handle its visitors comfortably. And if you want it wild, there is, among others, the primitive area of the Salmon-Trinity Alps, directly north of Weaverville, crossed by only two or three trails accessible to horses; its wild heights, its living glaciers, its everlasting snows, rushing torrents and skyline lakes—these you must track down afoot. Thompson or Sawtooth Peak rises close to nine thousand feet, a bare, gleaming summit of pale granite, overlooking the tremendous wilderness.

But the charming, peaceful, contented old city itself, as you drive up Main Street after that climb from Arcata, how gently it takes you to its heart! Not that the highway is dangerous; it is merely alarming with its hair-pin curves and a habit of running close to the edge of dizzy precipices, especially for those miles that mark its midmost length. Indeed, as we remarked to each other, mountain roads are really the safest—it's the smooth straight highways that take their toll of lives. Yes, yes, indeed.

However, the lovely level of Main Street, running under its great shading trees, most of which were bright yellow—as what other color should they be in that basin, though autumn had her hand in it?—how sweet it was! How beautifully it moves toward the old Court House at the end, between the pleasant houses, the hotels and shops! And there on either side, one of the famous spiral staircases that spin their grace between the street level and the balcony of the

second story, the only two left of seven. Wordsworth might have been inspired to a greater flight of poetic expression if he had known of this tragedy, the loss of five, and such a five! The two houses adorned by the surviving stairways belong to fraternal societies, and are, thanks be, likely to be treasured. Weaverville owes them to builders from the Bavarian Alps homesick for their native villages, nameless creators, artist craftsmen. These two are the only ones in America since Columbia, many miles south on the Mother Lode, lost the two she had.

There is another relic of the past which is almost alone in California to-day, the Chinese Joss House, built in 1864, when the Chinese population had swelled to more than two thousand, in what was the center of a Chinatown now utterly vanished. It is a small building with a great porch between the extending side walls and projecting roof, a roof that is decorated at either end in a characteristic style, and which once had wooden fish on the ridge-pole, now removed to the interior. The place is under the guardianship of Mr. Lee How, an old Chinese with exquisite manners, who meets you and shows you his treasures. They are many, including the main altar itself, opposite the great entrance, with its carved and painted gods and heroes, single and in groups. Displayed at either side are silken banners, vases of feather-paper, red prayer papers in Chinese characters, to be burned in the little porcelain stove beside the altar. The table before the altar supports three marvelous paintings on glass, two being framed in carved teakwood. And there are fascinating gongs and drums—one wonders whether some were present at that great battle of the fifties. Several kinds of incense used in different ceremonies are part of the rarities, as are the odd carved plaques, names of members of the tong which built and supported the church. It is a strangely rich



**LOCUST TREES AND WINDING STAIRS ON MAIN
STREET, WEAVERVILLE**

place, full of the color, the delicate detail, the boldness of Chinese art.

There are two other structures made by Chinese, business houses of no particular interest except that they were the first fireproof ones in Weaverville. The walls, of mud and rubble, were tramped down between removable wooden frames, such as we use with reinforced concrete to-day. When the rest of Weaverville went up in smoke they resisted the flames, just as their kin in China had for centuries.

Memorial Hall is another point of interest, with its collections of pioneer treasures. Sauntering through it you get a vivid sensation of that great trek. Of the gathering up, before leaving the old home, of heirlooms and valuables, household goods, ornaments, all manner of paraphernalia dear to the affections or merely useful. It is a good and pleasant thing that such things are being kept and are shown in these old towns, where the history is short enough, as to years, but where the changes have been so great. They bring a depth that would be lacking to life without such mementoes.

And here again Weaverville possesses one of California's rare antiques. It is one of the first three fire-engines sent around the Horn in 1850. Up to that time buckets and arms were all there was to fight a fire in the whole state. An amusing little machine, rather toylike, but it has done its bit valiantly. The firemen were of course all volunteers, their drills and exercises a sort of social function as well as a civic duty.

Sons and daughters of the old-timers still make their homes in this delectable mountain town. They run down to Sacramento in a day now for recreation or on business when they want more than their own town can provide. The summer climate is delightful, the autumns magnificent, and

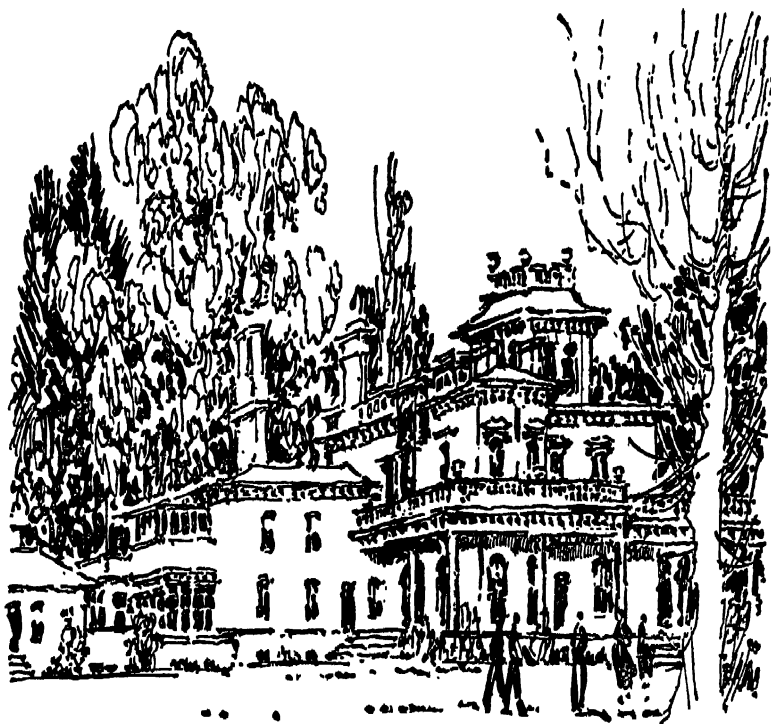
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only once in a while during occasional winters does the snow pile up on Weaver's streets. They tell you stories of the great falls of the old days. Of how the town, during the winter of 1852-1853, was practically buried, was cut off from the outside world and nearly starved, living for six weeks on barley cakes and barley mush, like lost princesses in fairy-tales. Motor-snowplows to-day take the drifts like playing a game, and every one rejoices when they pile up, as it means full streams and a soaked land for the crops and the fishermen. Then spring—

“This whole place is just a sheet of flowers!”

I mean to go to Weaverville one spring, to walk all over that basin which was once a field of gold and then will be a basin of flowers, to wander on the forest trails under the new green of the deciduous trees and see the apple trees in bloom on the shoulders of the hills and listen to the rush of the creeks, filled with their singing waters. But can Main Street be more beautiful then than now, in the colors of fall, toning in with the old brick houses, the marigolds and zinnias?

I don't know. But I shall trust the old editorial. “You will find something to do and something to eat if you come here,” to which I will add: “And a great deal to see.”





WHERE JOHN BIDWELL BUILT HIS RANCH

ALTHOUGH the name of John Bidwell is associated with Bidwell's Bar and the Butte above it, on the Feather River in Butte County, where he dug gold in 1848, and might, if fortune had played her game differently, have dug in 1844, beating James Marshall to the post, it is Chico that was really his joy and pride. Chico, which he had bought in the early forties, after first laying eyes on

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the fair valley of Chico Creek in 1843, when he and two companions were chasing a party bound for Oregon that had unceremoniously attached a horse and a mule of Bidwell's to their outfit. One of the men with him was Peter Lassen, after whom the only active volcano in California is named. In his reminiscences Bidwell gives a glimpse of Lassen that is amusing. A man always sure he was right on the trail, yet always getting lost, and then furious with those who had been right. On the way back, after catching the Oregon party and retrieving the animals, Lassen insisted on going the wrong way at a debatable point, left his two companions, lost himself in a tule swamp, walked all night, eaten up by mosquitoes, and finally reached his party so enraged he never forgave them, sulking and cussing all the way back.

Bidwell was one of the party who were the first white men to go direct from the east to California, and except for Booneville's party in 1833, the first to cross the Sierra Nevada. Not only this, but it was he, a lad who had only just passed his majority, who got the party together, a job that proved to be something like trying to gather up a pool of spilt quicksilver. The start was made in May, 1841, and ended November, that same year, on Dr. Marsh's ranch in Contra Costa County, about six miles east of Mount Diablo.

The story of Bidwell is one of the great American sagas, to use a word that creaks on its hinges but is occasionally useful. You cannot go around in Chico without thinking of it, and I cannot refrain from an outline here, it so enchants me. For it has everything a pioneer story should have.

The boy left his home at the age of twenty during the spring or summer of 1839 and hitch-hiked ninety miles to Cincinnati, determined to go west. Not California—he hadn't as much as heard of California then—but west.

From Cincinnati he took one of the river steamboats downstream to the Mississippi, and then up that river to St. Louis. During the next year his fortunes were various but in December, 1840, he was teaching school in Platte, Missouri, when a Frenchman called Roubideaux turned up, full of tales about California, which he had reached by way of Mexico. Roubideaux, in the sloppy, freezing, snowing winter of Platte, would discourse by the hour on the climate of California, on its glorious ranches, its blissful life. What a paradise, what a heaven on earth!

No ancient Mariner ever held his hearer more spellbound. Young Bidwell listened and longed. He had been cheated out of a land claim already, he did not think much of Missouri. It occurred to him there might be others of like mind, and going about he collected a half-dozen men in the town and had Roubideaux make them a talk. Was that the first boost speech on California in the East? It surely was the first in Missouri. After the talk questions were called for. Bidwell says the first question any Missourian asked about another place was, "Is there any fever and ague there?" and it came as per schedule.

Chills and fever in California? Roubideaux answered yes. There was one man who lived some eighteen miles out of Monterey who had chills. He was an object of amazement to all who knew of him, and people would ride miles from all the country roundabout to see him shake. He had arrived in the country with this great asset, and became famous.

Every other question was answered favorably. There were no drawbacks. Why, you didn't even pay for food and lodging. You were even given a horse to ride, the only means of travel used, and where you chose to stop you were received with open arms, like an old friend.

"You've got to show me." Perhaps Missouri had not so

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early in its life begun to insist on that. Anyhow, the men formed a company then and there pledged to meet in May with all that was needed to get to California, a team, wagon, provisions. Each was to recruit others and the tryst was to be Sapling Grove. Great excitement ensued and in a short while five hundred were pledged, men, women and children. Bidwell was busy getting ready, so were others. Then came a change. Adverse reports began to circulate. A man in New York had written a piece telling of bad treatment to Americans in California, how they were expelled in irons, imprisoned. Recruits ceased to arrive, those who had signed the pledge began to find excuses. When the time to leave for Sapling Grove came, not a single man in or near Platte promised to the exodus but had disappeared. Even he who had promised the horses to drag the wagon Bidwell had bought was not to be found.

John was not one to take his hand from the plowshare's handle. Somehow he got horses and drove to Sapling Grove, where he found two or three other wagon loads. Each group had its flour, sugar, molasses, cured meat of one sort or another. Bidwell took an extra ration of flour, because he had been told that by the time the party reached the Rocky Mountains there would be no food available but meat, and he was sure a meat diet would not agree with him. Before he reached Dr. Marsh's ranch he was glad to eat coyote and crow, mule or horse. But six months of wilderness travel had changed a number of opinions.

Sixty-nine individuals finally arrived at Sapling Grove ready for the start. There were single men, there were families, including children. The teams were mixed, some using oxen, some mules, a few horses. A captain was chosen from among them, not that Bidwell or any of the others thought him any good, but because he had brought several men with



MAIN STREET AND PLAZA OF CHICO

him, and refused to go unless he were captain. The only trouble now was that neither the captain nor any one else knew where to go. West, of course, but there was surely some sort of trail at least for the beginning. Bidwell had bought some maps, not too accurate. They showed a lake about where Great Salt Lake actually lies, and from it two long rivers which poured finally into the Pacific. A friend counseled the young man to take along with him tools which could be used to make canoes. "If the going gets too rough for your wagons, seems to me you could float down on one of these streams. They look to be near as big as the Mississippi." But how to get to this lake and its rivers?

Luckily a party of Catholic missionaries on their way to the Flathead Indian country reached the camp, with a Captain Fitzpatrick, a Rocky Mountain guide. They threw in with the Bidwell crowd, proving to be a fine body of men, French Canadians going out to settle or to trap, the missionaries, and one adventuring Englishman, and they led the way as far as Soda Springs, Idaho, where the two parties separated.

Impossible here to tell the rest of that amazing, that heartbreaking trek. In the end some fourteen or fifteen members of the original party, the family groups having turned back very early in the game, made their way over the mountains and down into the San Joaquin Valley, without any idea that they were now in California. It took them quite a lot more time and travel, chiefly afoot, for the animals had for the most part given out and been eaten, to reach the Marsh place. Marsh was a greedy old curmudgeon, a fake doctor, who held them up for all he could get out of them, even bars of lead, their remaining guns, powder. He told them they must have passports, which he would procure at the Pueblo San Jose, for the price of five

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dollars each, their cost. A lie, as passports were free. But he got either five dollars or all a man had if he hadn't that much. All except Bidwell, for whom he did not bring one. He wanted the youngster to stay on as a hand at the ranch. Bidwell thought differently, and in the end the robbed and exhausted company got away. Marsh was the only American in all Contra Costa. Before long the pioneers came into contact with the Californians, and began to discover that Roubideaux had not been a wild romanticist. In time Bidwell reached Sutter's headquarters on the Sacramento River and was employed by the Swiss in the work of bringing the material Sutter had bought from the Russians to his own ranch.

Bidwell became Sutter's chief reliance during the next few years, helping him in the work of developing New Helvetia with an energy and intelligence that matched Sutter's own. He has left a fine appreciation of the elder man, speaking of his endless generosity and kindness. Sutter was having a hard time, was deep in debt, but he could not bear to turn away any one who came seeking work, and paid out money in wages for many a man he could easily have spared.

As soon as he could manage it after his first view of Chico, Bidwell bought it. Although the name, El Rancho Chico, means "the little ranch," the acreage was really enormous. That clear creek, those fields of flowers and of grass and clover growing from two to four feet high, those grand groups of mighty oaks that were scattered over the valley, he had loved them from the moment he first drew rein to look about him, and he loved his Chico to the last. The town reveals this at every turn.

When the Mexican War broke, Bidwell left Sutter to volunteer and was in the thick of all that happened for the duration. Then he went to his ranch and was hard at work

developing it when Marshall's discovery broke. The young rancher rode down from his lonely home about six weeks after the gold-find to visit Sutter, and then heard what had occurred.

With a shock he remembered something that had happened to him four years earlier, when he was managing the Hock Farm for Sutter. A Mexican working under him had been away without leave for a few days and when Bidwell called him to account the man told him he had an interesting bit of news, if he was let off any penalty.

"Well, Pablo, what is it?"

"There's gold up on Bear River."

Bidwell didn't believe him, but he went to the place with the Mexican two or three days later. No gold was to be seen.

"Go on, find some for me."

But the Mexican answered that you couldn't get gold without a *batea*.

The American had no notion what that might be, and Pablo insisted he would not be able to get such a thing except in Mexico. But Bidwell was afraid to let him go, for he was a good worker.

"Tell you what, Pablo, we'll save our earnings for a while and then get on a boat and go round to Boston. The Yankees are very clever, they can make anything, and I can interpret your directions to them."

Pablo thought that would be fine, and promised to keep the secret. Before the two were ready to leave, however, trouble between the Americans and Californians had broken out with the coming of the Mexican War, and the gold in Bear River was utterly forgotten until that March morning in 1848. By that time Bidwell knew more than enough Spanish to realize that all Pablo's *batea* meant was the pan in

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which miners washed the golden specks out of the river sand. Now at least he lost no time. Within a few days he was on the rocky bar of the Feather River busily at work. He was joined by a half-dozen, then by a hundred, and by mid-summer the town of Bidwell's Bar was started. Hangtown was still in the future, the outside world was still to arrive when Bidwell was piling up his gold dust and getting ready to build himself the Chico of his dreams. Bidwell's Bar became the county seat of Butte before it lost importance and the rich river's neighboring bars with it. To-day you cannot miss it, for the high bridge across the Feather's south fork leaps the water within a few hundred yards of the old site. The nice smooth golden sand is a favorite bathing resort for Oroville through the summer. As for the town, there is a marker beside the road pointing out where the old courthouse once stood, and in the Picnic Park stands a frame building once a part of the town, now occupied by the caretaker, that is used as a store and a bathhouse. In addition, across the road from the store there is an old, old orange tree with its own marker, declaring it to be the tree which was the mother of California's great orange industry. This is not quite so, though the tree, planted by Bidwell during the time he was washing for gold on his bar, has been and still is a valuable source for nursery seedlings. But in 1841 William Wolfskill had a commercial orchard in Los Angeles, developed from the orange orchards belonging to the missions, while in 1873 Mrs. Eliza C. Tibbits planted the two little trees she had received from the Department of Agriculture in Washington, D.C., down in Riverside. These were navel oranges, brought from Brazil, and are the parent stock of the enormous orchards of the Washington Navels. Bidwell's orange tree has played its honorable part, but it is only a part.

Where Bidwell Built His Ranch 307

Back of the caretaker's house is a very large fig tree, spreading its branches an incredible distance. I have only seen one other resembling this practical grove of a single tree, and that in Brittany.

We ought to get back to Chico, which to-day is the county-seat and chief city of Butte, however, and where the big stone house with its wide verandahs and galleries and its square tower still remains the Bidwell family mansion. It was erected in the middle part of the sixties, near the creek that still runs shining through the grounds, and here General John Bidwell, with the Civil War done and his duties as brigadier-general of the California Militia ended, came to build the home he had long craved, there to bring up his family and to begin the work of plant introduction that was his passion in later life. In 1864 he was elected to Congress, and his enthusiastic adherents nominated him for the Presidency on the Prohibition ticket in 1892. That did not greatly disturb his Chico existence, however.

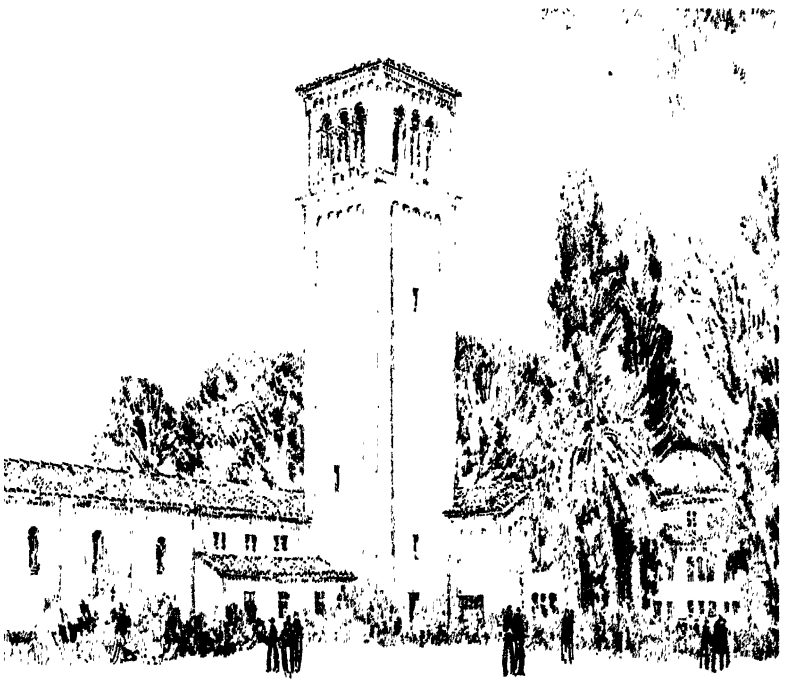
The city is a constant witness to its founder. Right to its heart extends the vast city recreation center, Bidwell Park. In this park there is a beautiful forest of splendid great oaks, among them a giant, the Hooker Oak, visited by the botanist Sir James Hooker in 1877, and pronounced by him to be the largest oak in the world. Its measurements are impressive: height, 110 feet; circumference, 28; branch spread, 150. These oaks are those on which young Bidwell gazed with such delight on that ride into unknown territory in 1843, and in his gift of them to his city he has assured the permanence of the groves for all time. Another gift of the family's is the lovely woodland bordering Big Chico Creek, which is now a part of the State Park System. And two miles out from town there is the United States Govern-

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ment Experimental Garden, carrying on the General's work of plant introduction.

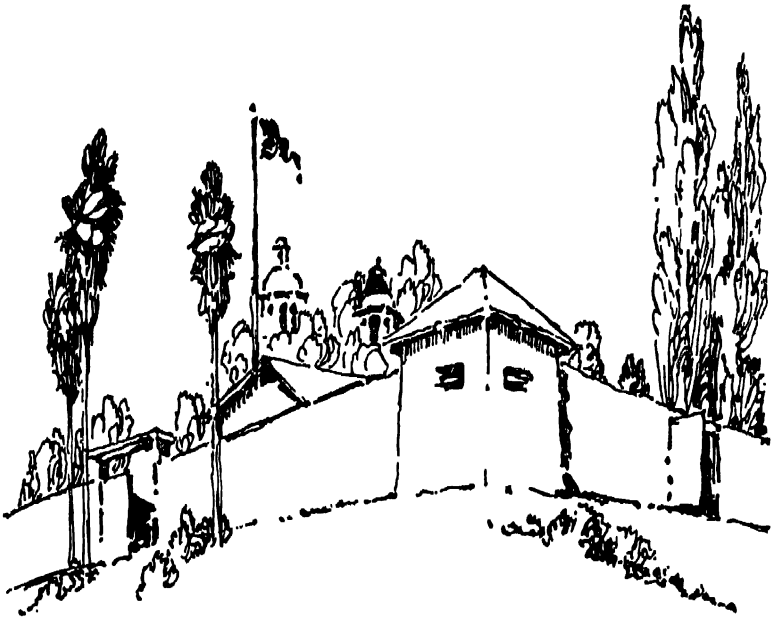
The Chico of to-day is a solidly built, prosperous, lovely city with plenty of room and a consuming pride in its rose gardens, which are numerous and in which roses of every possible variety flourish and bloom almost the whole year through, certainly in every month of the year. It is primarily built and planted to be a city in which it is good to live. Its lumbering interests, that range from the making of matches up through anything you might want for building a house or a boat or any other wooden structure, are the chief of its industries, but it, like other towns and cities scattered up and down the valleys of these rivers which were once only interesting because of the gold you got out of them, is also an agricultural center.

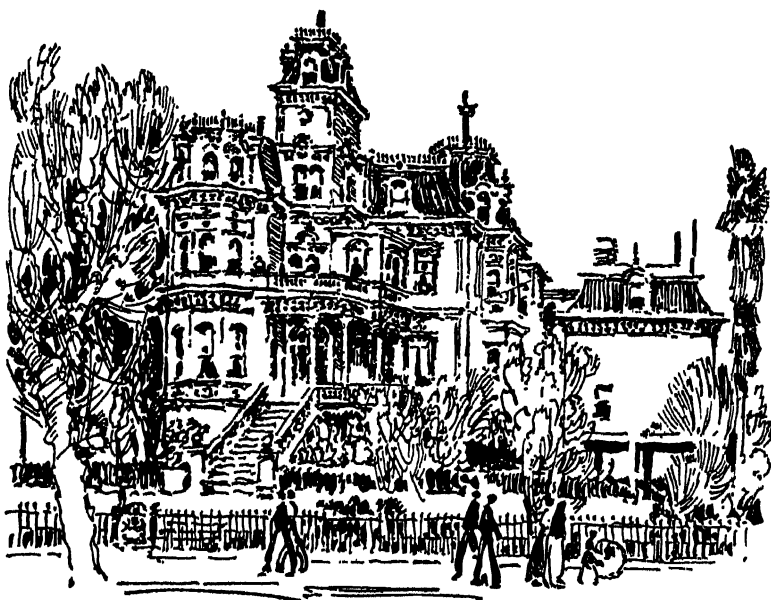
Nor is education left out of the sum. Chico State College is a handsome collection of dignified brick buildings that make a very handsome and stately group centered by a really glorious tower. Its high school is a beauty. And you feel that it is a city beloved by those who live in it, who cherish its appearance, who enjoy its broad esplanade, the wide, tree-planted principal street, its cleanliness and homeliness, in the old sense of the word. Chico is proud of the old pioneer who was its father, and General John Bidwell could be proud of it to-day, as he was from the moment when he began to make a city out of his ranch, the Little Ranch he bought when he was hardly more than a boy.



E.H. S.W.

THE STATE COLLEGE AT CHICO





QUEEN OF THE GOLDEN EMPIRE

BEAUTY, like some other things, is where you find it, and beyond a doubt you find it in Sacramento. An individual beauty, although the city is built on flat ground, only about twenty feet above the Sacramento River. But it has a majesty imparted by its wide streets not only lined but roofed with trees, for the branches meet overhead and you walk or drive through green or gold tunnels. Lofty

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tunnels, all shot through with sunny gleams. It is centered by the amazingly beautiful Capitol in its exquisitely planned and perfectly maintained park, it is adorned by other public buildings, and is almost surrounded on three sides by the two rivers which flow about it, the Sacramento from the north, the American from the east. Nor is the Capitol Park the only one, for the city turns as naturally to parks as a bird takes to the air.

The rivers can be fierce and dangerous, for they come leaping down from mountain eyries to rush through their fertile valleys, gathering strength from every torrent-filled cañon and distant declivity when the snows begin to melt on the high peaks and the rains soak the lowlands. In order to keep from being drowned out Sacramento has had to build a circle of levees; times have been when she was almost swept away, and floods are still a threat, but she is gradually conquering it, in so far as man can ever quite conquer Nature when she goes on a rampage. As a rule her rivers to-day pass on down the valley to San Francisco Bay without doing any damage. They shake their wild locks and mutter and roar, boiling with yellow mud, but they are at least cowed, and the days when they swept away buildings and came lapping into the heart of town are long past.

The story of Sacramento begins on August 12, 1839, a century ago. It is a vivid, quick-change-artist kind of story, and the hundred years must on the whole have enjoyed the excitement. Not one of them has had a dull time and some of the old fellows among them were kept hustling every moment, and some were pretty black sheep.

But to get back to the beginning. On that August day John Augustus Sutter, recent citizen of Switzerland, ran his boat against the bank of the American River just above where it flows into the greater stream, deciding that here

was his future home. In his pocket was a grant of land from Governor Alvarado giving him ninety-nine square miles wherever he chose to take it, so long as he did not clash with other grants. Captain Sutter decided there might be possibilities up the valley of the Sacramento, nor was he disturbed when he was laughed at, told the Tule Indians would kill himself and his party in no time, and that anyhow. . . . When he could not get a guide to take him up the great stream, he bought a boat and with a party of six white men, several of them Swiss like himself, and eight Kanakas from the Sandwich Islands, here he was. The boat was loaded with every possible provision for creating a settlement in new and dangerous country, and the men with him could work.

A slight rise about a mile and a half from the river bank appeared to be the logical place to build the fortress home, and work was started at once. Adobe and rubble was used to build a temporary house, roofed with tule reeds, and a stout high wall was raised to guard an oblong compound. Cannon were brought up from the boat and things were presently in fair shape.

From that point on development went on methodically. Trips to San Francisco were needed, more men were brought to the New Helvetia which Captain Sutter intended to turn into a fruitful inland empire, a home for himself and his family and for hundreds of farmers, who would share in the work and the profits.

He came close to realizing his ideal; indeed, he did realize it in all but one important detail. He had expected it not only to reach his vision of fair fields and countless herds and increasing homes, but to go on, to endure, to be a patrimony for his sons, a happy home for his old age. For nine years everything went well, perhaps even better than he had dared hope.

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Within five years Captain Sutter owned the largest and most flourishing trading-post in the West. He had strengthened his fort, snug within high and thick walls with bastions at two diagonal corners, the central building two stories and an attic high, twice as long as it was wide, and commodious. Circling the walls inside were shops, offices and his own living-quarters, a blacksmith shop, a distillery, store-rooms. Wagons could be driven under the great arched gateway into the compound. He had made a deal with the Russian Governor at Sitka for the stores gathered at various points in Sonoma County, paying thirty-five thousand dollars for the lot. It was these goods that John Bidwell was busy bringing across country to New Helvetia in 1842. The purchase took all of Sutter's ready money, but by 1844 he was again growing wealthy, trade increasing, settlers coming. Sutter started a small town, Suttersville, about three miles south of his fort where some of the settlers began to build, but most preferred to stick near to headquarters. The new town was on higher ground, above flood level, and now forms one of the attractive home districts of Sacramento. Among the first of the houses put up there was another of several "first" brick structures scattered about California.

By 1847 Sutter was at the top of his career. He was employing hundreds of men, he owned twelve thousand head of cattle, two thousand horses and mules, uncounted sheep, a thousand hogs. He raised wheat on a vast tract so fertile that a hundred and fourteen bushels to the acre was an average yield. He had a great stock of merchandise, sufficient in variety to meet all the needs of the caravans now coming pretty steadily down through the mountain passes and heading always for Sutter's Fort to renew supplies, to rest, to hear the news, to rendezvous with other trains. In the winter of 1846-1847 it was from the Fort that the

search-parties went out to rescue the remnants of the Donner party, whose ghastly story resembles the cannibal tales of castaways on the high seas, in its human if not its scenic aspects. The survivors were made welcome at the Fort with all the warm generosity typical of Sutter.

Life at Fort Sutter was interesting and agreeable. Plenty of good hard outdoor work, but plenty of company, and then the parties arriving from the East, with their stories of danger and hardship, their jokes, their news. Kit Carson was a visitor there, Frémont, too. Sam Brannan came in one day and got permission to open a shop in one of the sheds; he served drinks there, made money, got items for his paper, the *Star*.

Everything was thriving so well that the need of buildings at Suttersville became more urgent. A saw-mill to provide the lumber was the next step, and Sutter called in one of his men, James Wilson Marshall, a boat-builder and blacksmith, one of those clever, handy men who can make anything. What about finding a good place somewhere up along the American River amid the fine timber and building a mill?

Marshall, a man not given to words, nodded. Good idea, and he was the man to bring it to reality. This was in the summer of 1847. Marshall departed on his search for the right spot and discovered it at a place the Indians called Kolooma, but which the world was soon to know as Coloma. It had everything required, and work was begun as soon as possible, log cabins built for the laborers, provisions sent up, work on the mill itself begun. By the end of the year the mill was finished, Sutter having spent twenty-five thousand dollars on the project, and Marshall was completing details on the mill race.

January 24, 1848. Marshall was splashing about in the

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race fussing with the gadgets when, under the ruffle of the water, he saw something very bright and reaching down he picked up—

If Marshall had been a man of imagination and a man who knew music, he should have heard, at that instant, echoing down the cañon, those three great blows struck by Fate at the opening of the Beethoven Fifth.

Before the coming of the next year all Sutter's bright hopes were dead, so was most of his live stock. His men had gone, his crops stood unharvested, the garnered grain lay unthreshed. Everything that could be taken away in the Fort had been stolen, much of what remained had been ruined. The tide of ravening beasts was more like hyenas than men. It swept on, leaving Sutter a ruined and broken man. Gathering what bits were left, collecting the Indians, who had remained faithful to him, the Captain rode away to Hock Farm which young Bidwell had helped to develop, and the first phase of Sacramento's existence was over.

On July Fourth, 1849, there was a celebration in an oak grove standing on the site of the future Capitol. Quite a number of the men who had left the Fort and Suttersville and their farms were back, some with gold, some with the determination to get hold of the gold other men would wash from river sands. It had dawned on these men that a great many people would be coming into the gold-filled hills and that what had been New Helvetia lay right in their path. Traders had begun to follow the gold-diggers and these, too, thought that here, at the head of navigation, was the best place to develop a city. It was not long before ramshackle hotels, gambling dens, outfitting stores, sheds, dance-halls, began to straggle up from the river toward the oak grove, and this combination, now known by the name of the river on which it perched, was soon the center of an ever-

increasing multitude, gathered there before spreading away on their prospecting, or returned there to get some fun out of the dust in their pokes.

In the July following, the sounder group among the hoodlum crowds decided that the new city needed something in the shape of a government; they formed a City Council that worked hard and long to bring order out of disorder and decency from something very different. A more solid style of building was begun, city planning appeared. There was plenty of money to be had, and the advantages of Sacramento, with the ocean reaching to her gates through the long arm of the river, with the gold camps in her very foothills, and her site in a broad, fertile valley capable of producing grain and fruit and sustaining herds and flocks enough to feed a world, could hardly be overestimated, though the boosters started to do their best. On September 9th of that year, 1850, California became a state in the Union. John Bidwell had been one of the delegates the year before to the convention in Monterey called to write a constitution, which finished its work in October. On December 15th the first State Legislature, although as yet there was no state, had met in San Jose, where it remained after statehood was attained, making the old pueblo the first capital of California. When it adjourned in May, 1851, a scramble to become the permanent capital began among the cities. Sacramento joined in this scramble with whole-hearted enthusiasm. In 1854 she won the fight over Vallejo and Benicia, each of these cities having housed the wandering Legislature for varying periods. Poor Benicia. Governor Alvarado did his best for the ill-fated little city, only to lose again. Sacramento was declared the State Capital on March 1, 1854. Except for that large sign on the highway into Monterey her title has been undisputed ever since. In 1859 ground was broken for

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the building of the Capitol. The second phase of Sacramento had passed.

The new decade really made things hum.

Sacramento already had the first railroad west of the Rockies, connecting the city with Negro Bar (now Folsom), some twenty miles east in the foothills below Hangtown. Begun in '54 the Sacramento Valley Railroad was finished two years later, the event being celebrated at the Bar, already a flourishing gold town, on Washington's Birthday. There was a big dinner with plenty of champagne, three trainloads of railroad men, politicians and general public coming from Sacramento to help with the wine and the rejoicings. Speeches were of course included in the latter, one heart-moving flight by Senator Flint containing, amid a great deal more, this paragraph:

Then [the recent past] toiled on afoot the lonely miners armed to the teeth and delving for glittering gold or struggling with the painted savage for empire. To-day, how different! The Iron Horse, the mightiest triumph of human art, pants along the metallic way, tireless and uncurbed in his strength and impatient to dare the far-off.

The important thing about this Sacramento Valley road was that it had been the means of bringing Theodore Judah to California, Judah, whose mind had been long obsessed with the idea of building a railway across the continent. The work on the short road done with, the engineer turned to the far more difficult task of persuading men who had capital to invest that such a railroad was possible. Of its value there was no need to talk, in California. It took Judah six years to do this, culminating in a long discussion in a room over a hardware store down close to the river at No. 54, K Street, in a battered old building that still stands. The engineer had been turned down by San Francisco's wealthiest businessmen and capitalists. Now he was talking to Sacra-

mento citizens, none of whom was important in the state, none really a rich man. One, Leland Stanford, was a wholesale grocer, who had made his start trading groceries in the gold camps, and who had become quite a political figure in Sacramento. Older, nearing fifty, was Mark Hopkins, and with him his partner, Collis P. Huntington, who owned the store below. A fourth was another shopkeeper, Charles Crocker, who owned a dry-goods store. Another was a jeweler, Bailey, a sixth Lucius Beebe. And it was these men who came forward with pledges for enough money to incorporate the Central Pacific Railroad Company.

Again on Washington's Birthday, in 1862, there was a celebration; a mild one. The first spadeful of earth was turned up and Judah began to run his lines, amid more jeers than cheers. "Crazy" Judah! Looked as though he'd actually got some others as blankety-blank as himself to believe in his fool schemes.

On May 10, 1869, at Promontory Point, Utah, Senator Leland Stanford hammered in the spike of solid gold marking the completion of the road. The spike was removed and an iron one put in its place, but the gesture was nevertheless a pretty one and it had its touch of symbolism. Judah was vindicated. To be sure, he had died of yellow fever in '63, after bitter differences with the Big Four, Hopkins, Stanford, Huntington and Crocker; he was altogether too honest a man to please the ex-tradesmen, who were after profits, the bigger the better, and who did not care how much the Government was cheated in the process of acquiring them. But it was Judah who had carried the lines over the Sierra, and so masterly was his work that when, later, double-tracking and other improvements were made, there was no need to seek a better right of way.

The sixties had other achievements that affected Sacra-

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mento. The telegraph had arrived on October 24, 1861, putting an end to the Pony Express, whose terminal still stands down on the levee at Second Street, now an interesting museum filled with relics of that romantic service, in which man and horse conquered combined time and distance at a speed never elsewhere achieved. In that same year the corner-stone of the Capitol building had been laid, on May 15th. The work had been progressing for rather more than a year on the land deeded to the state by the city supervisors, between L and N, Tenth and Twelfth Streets, but got bogged down until in 1867, when, the basement finished, built of granite as the plans called for the whole building, it was decided to use brick for the rest—the best quality of brick, like the Mad Hatter's butter, but brick. Late in the autumn of 1869 the Capitol was finished, though a number of improvements have been added in the years since then.

While the Capitol was being constructed, the Legislature met in rooms appropriated for its use in the Court House, built on the ashes of a previous one, in 1854, and occupying the same site as the present building.

Two houses tied up with that decade are still standing and still in use. In '61 Leland Stanford had bought a new home, a handsome house near the Capitol. He was elected as the next governor in November, the inauguration ceremony being set for January 10, 1862. On the ninth the biggest of Sacramento's floods broke through the levees with serious results, not only in the city, where whole blocks were swept away, but the farmers too suffered huge losses. Stanford was rowed from his house to the *pro tem* Capitol. He stepped into the boat from his porch, but when he got back he climbed in through the second-story window. Down below a new piano was bobbing about, having proved too large to get upstairs with the rest of the furniture, por-



ELEVENTH FROM J STREET, SACRAMENTO

traits and bric-a-brac. Naturally the house had to be abandoned for a while, but as the Legislature adjourned to San Francisco on the twenty-third, the Governor and his lady were able to go there while things were put to rights again.

In this house, so Mrs. Stanford told friends in later years, the pair passed the happiest period of their lives. Here their adored son was born, Leland Stanford, Jr. and here he spent his childhood. He died in Europe at the age of sixteen. In 1900 Mrs. Stanford, by that time widowed, gave the property, furniture, family portraits and all, together with the income from a sum of money for its maintenance to the Catholic Diocese of Sacramento, stipulating that it should be "an orphanage for all time to come." How finite mortals love the infinite gesture! When, a few years ago, the splendid new Catholic Orphanage just outside town on Franklin Boulevard was completed, the question as to what should become of the Stanford-Lathrop house (Mrs. Stanford had joined her maiden to her married name in making the gift) had to be settled. It has been most successfully done in making the place a greatly needed Settlement House under the charge of the Sisters of Social Service. The orphanage clause was met by providing in it a home for sixteen orphan girls of high-school age, no longer eligible at the Orphanage, yet homeless and needing guidance and care. The girls attend school, are permitted to have their friends in to see them, with a party every now and then where boys are invited. They assist with the housework, and are made to feel that the place really is a home, and that their lives are like those of their schoolmates.

Every form of settlement work is also carried on, and the high, comfortable basement, added by Stanford after the flood, has been altered into a men's club; upstairs there is a

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large long room transformed into a banquet hall and auditorium, with an excellent little stage at one end, and at the other a smaller dining-room which can be separated by sliding doors. There is a pleasant reception room and a chapel. It is amusing to see the chandelier globes with locomotives engraved in the glass, and in the small dining-room the bookcase that held the choice volumes of the Stanford library sporting a metal inlay representing a whole train. That's what the railroad meant in the sixties to one member of the Big Four.

The house had got extremely shabby, for the income received by it was far too little, in later days, to keep it in proper condition. But new money has been found and by degrees Sister Lucille, head of the sisterhood of six, is superintending the complete renovation and restoration of the place. She has already done much and has excellent plans for what is still to be done, keeping the house in character, and yet thoroughly modernized. The banquet hall is available for women's clubs or other organizations, and it is there that the Stanford alumni of Sacramento meet for their annual dinner on March 9th, Founders' Day. Under the new régime the old house is becoming an important part of Sacramento's civic life, and there is a cheerful, smiling atmosphere to the place that would, one hopes, have pleased the bereaved mother who gave it as a home for bereaved children.

The other house is the Crocker Art Gallery, and is really two houses, one bought by E. B., lawyer brother of Charles Crocker, from B. F. Hastings, one of the first bankers of the city, some time after he came to Sacramento in 1852. When the railroad company got started he was made its attorney, and in 1862 Governor Stanford appointed him to a vacancy on the State Supreme Court. The house was on a terrace at

O and Second Street, with a lovely garden, and had plenty of verandah and was two storys high. Here the family lived and here the many daughters were born, and there were dinners and parties. Money was rolling in and the Judge enjoyed spending it. Then came the inevitable trip to Europe and when the Crockers came home the Judge had acquired a large collection of paintings and drawings, bought more or less *en masse* from dealers and at auctions. The next thing was to build a gallery. Not only a gallery, but a kind of amusement palace where he could entertain liberally. Work started at once on the lot adjoining the home.

The place was the wonder of the city when the housewarming took place in 1873. A great square house, with high basement and two lofty stories, with a portico in front supported on arches and reached by a double flight of steps. Inside everything was of the best. Floors of inlaid wood or tile, paneled walls, sliding doors moving like a feather and big enough for a cottage wall. Great rosewood and mahogany stairways sweeping in noble curves from the wide hall to the floor above, and a huge ballroom directly across as you entered, filling the whole middle of the building. Down in the basement a roller-skating rink, billiard tables, bowling-alleys. Pictures hung in a long gallery back of the ballroom. All the finishing had been done by craftsmen brought from abroad, together with the hand-made hinges and locks, the precious woods, the window-fittings, the chandeliers. Breathtaking, that was what it was, and how well people looked in the silks and satins and broadcloths of their period moving in the great rooms and up and down the stairs, or passing through the new connecting room that linked the two buildings.

But within two years the Judge was dead, and the gallery and the big house fell silent. Ten years after his death

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his widow presented it, collection and all, to the joint ownership of the City of Sacramento and the California Museum Association. A young artist, W. F. Jackson, was made curator, holding the position until his death, fifty years later.

Mr. Jackson had been an old man for some years, without sufficient help to keep the collection or the big house in proper order. It had grown dusty and sad; there was a lot of trash among the good stuff Crocker had bought and much of this trash was on display. Visitors were few. The gallery stood down in the shabby part of town, near the Chinese quarter and the docks. Instead of being an asset, the Crocker House was a forgotten anachronism looking queer and lost amid its surroundings.

After Jackson's death a search was made for a new curator and the choice, by good fortune, fell on Mr. Harry Noyes Pratt, who had done a splendid piece of work as curator of the Louis Terah Haggin Gallery in Stockton. Mr. Pratt accepted the offer made him.

He has worked miracles. The old home has been completely made over into an excellent modern gallery, with perfect lighting and pale, neutral walls. Nothing of the past remains there but the marble fireplaces, even the floor above being removed. A new passageway connects this wing, as it now is, with the gallery built by the Judge, and that handsome period piece has been put into spotless order, the dark papers of the past replaced by lighter tones that give the right background to the canvases displayed.

Not only that, but Mr. Pratt has discovered a treasure in the drawings laid away in great cases and drawers for all the years. Masterpieces by such men as Fra Bartolomeo, Murillo, Rembrandt, Correggio, Dürer and many another. Old pictures have been cleaned, bringing some de-

lightful surprises on canvas, on wood, in tempera to the light again, excellent examples of the grand periods of Italian, Flemish, Dutch and French schools. Hung as they are now, with the correct spacing and grouping, in which art the curator is a master, they form a truly astonishing collection, placing the Crocker Gallery high in the rank of America's foremost art museums.

With the seventies Sacramento became to a large degree the city one sees to-day. To a really amazing extent her streets are lined with the homes built then and during the eighties by the comfortably off citizens who meant them to last, to go down to their sons. Great, roomy houses each in its garden, facing the wide tree-lined streets or the parks, many of these having been given by Sutter, city blocks that are playgrounds or shaded, peaceful squares full of birds and flowers. Walk through these streets and you get a sense of life as it was lived fifty and sixty years ago, and even though many of the houses are fantastically overdressed, they have a certain queer charm. I admit that it seems as if perhaps there had been five-and-ten-cent shops in those days where Mother would drop in for a few yards of wooden lace, half a dozen pinnacles, assorted gables and suchlike clutterings, to be taken home and stuck on wherever space permitted. Perhaps the top-notch in this type of house is the Governor's Mansion on H Street, once the home of Lincoln Steffens in that boyhood he has described so entertainingly in his autobiography. Painted white, it seems a high-shouldered ghost out of that past, its harassed façade decorated to the last inch, a high tower and pinnacles starting up from the steep roof, railed-in here and there by gilded fencing. Balconies of many sizes join windows as various, eaves overhang, verandahs spread. Grecian flower-urns and marble window-boxes put in their unexpected bit.

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And beside it, smaller and less ornate, is the little white daughter, in the same style as Mother, but not yet grown up enough to carry all the splendor. Once the stable, this is now the garage. The whole makes a treat not to be missed.

But many of these homes are dignified and simple, livable and gracious. They combine to lend Sacramento a charm I hope she will retain for long. She has her lovely share of modern houses, already stepping in along her old streets, and making her beautiful newer residence sections, which keep the same delightful habit of planting trees and being within reach of a park.

The great attraction of Sacramento, naturally, is its Capitol, so magnificently set in its park, and both right in the heart of the city. The building is reminiscent of the Capitol at Washington, but it has its own individual quality, it is no mere copy. From whatever point of view, you see it between branches, the dome soaring above. Never were trees better planted about a building than here. It was built according to the plans of a Mr. M. F. Butler, who deserves a niche in some hall of fame. Perhaps it was fear of floods, perhaps genius, but the building is set above the level of the park on a fine terrace, artificially made, reached by wide steps in several levels. In front, at street level, is an avenue of Indian deodars, old and noble; the sight of the flood-lighted dome at night through the boughs of these trees is an unforgettable joy.

The approach to the Capitol from the front is exactly what it should be. A wide way, crossing two streets, one lined with palms, the other with elms, the deodars on beyond. This approach circles a fountain in the center of a Plaza and leads between flowerbeds, lawns and more trees. On either side, at the limit of the park and well away from the Capitol, facing each other across this Plaza and foun-



COURT HOUSE AND STATE LIBRARY, SACRAMENTO

tain, stand the Library and Courts Building, and the Capitol Extension Building, twin structures in the classical style harmonizing with the Capitol, square, flat-roofed, with porticoes carried on pillars; the effect of the entire composition is beautiful in the extreme.

Inside the Capitol is finished with native stones, onyx and various marbles, with white Utah sandstone lining the long corridors. The rotunda has a large marble group by Larkin G. Mead representing Isabella of Spain and Columbus striking their immortal bargain. The walls are covered with dim murals telling the history of California with a mixture of fact and allegory a trifle confusing. On the fourth floor there is an exhibit of material relating to the California Indians, some of which reveals a far higher artistic and crafts skill than the writings of the early commentators would suggest. Still higher and you reach the balcony about the cupola and get a magnificent view.

The Library Building has a foyer dedicated to the soldier dead with columns and facings of onyx that give it a grave and simple beauty fitted to its dedication. The library itself is on the second and third floors. It was initiated in 1850 by the gift of a hundred volumes from Captain Frémont. Ten years later it numbered twenty thousand volumes, both law and miscellaneous, and it has gone on from there. The California Room on the third floor is particularly interesting to the visitor. It is a finely proportioned, large hall with windows along one side. Down its center are arranged displays in glass cases placed on tables, full of photographs, newspaper clippings, illustrations, manuscripts, private letters dating from the very beginnings of American history in California, and other items that aid in bringing back the past. Books line the walls, and thousands more are in the racks beyond the room. There is much material here not to

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be found elsewhere, newspaper files and pictures especially. The place is incredibly rich in its speciality and is under the charge of an enthusiastic head librarian, Miss Wenzel, who appears able either to answer any question you may ask about California, or to lay her hand instantly on the required information. She knows where everything in the cases is, and the story connected with it, and keeps this display on the move, bringing out succeeding treasures from the wealth in the vaults. You feel that California's past and present are alive in this room, and to work here is an inspiration.

The Public Library near the old Plaza, on which the City Hall looks out, was opened by the city on June 15, 1879, building and books being bought from the Library Association which had been in existence for seven years. There had been an abortive effort to start a free library as far back as 1857, but it only gasped feebly and presently died. To-day there are numerous city branches, charming little buildings, one at least surrounded by a fine park.

The Capitol Park is a masterpiece even without the great distinction of the buildings about which it lies. It is two blocks wide and six long, and Sacramento's blocks are fewer to the mile than is customary, for it covers forty acres. It is not only laid out with consummate art, but it contains remarkable collections of trees and shrubs from all over America and many parts of Europe. Its Irish yews are as large as any I have seen, its camelias, oleanders, European myrtles and box elders, not to leave out the southern magnolias and innumerable varieties of laurel, even the loveliest and most difficult, *Daphne*, flourish gloriously. In one part there is a planting of trees brought from every one of the southern battle-fields. There are avenues of orange, lemon and grapefruit trees, of sequoia *gigantica* and redwood, of

spruce and pine from all over the world. Numerous deciduous trees share in the beauty—it seemed to me that I could not think of a tree which was not included. They are clearly marked, every species and variety. The walks wind among them, past lawns and flower-beds and pools and fountains, benches are conveniently placed. And everything is in perfect order, beautifully cared for. Not a scrap of paper, not an ugly track across the lawns or gnawed-off corners to distress you. Would that one might say as much of the campus in Berkeley, much of which is badly littered and worn. The Sacramento citizens love their park and show that love by treating it with the utmost affection and courtesy, yet they use it and enjoy it to the full. There are no “keep off the grass” signs, only here and there a small polite request not to make footways over flower-bed or grass. Nothing more is needed. Here is true citizenship. The city also watches over her more than sixty-five thousand trees with meticulous care.

The streets that frame Capitol Park are not yet completely rescued from every incongruous relic of shabbier days, but this is being accomplished, and for the great part the building is distinguished. Particularly on N Street where the state and city buildings have been added as business increased, well planned modern structures with stream-line windows, plain surfaces, minimum decoration making a most attractive effect. Sacramento has selected her architects and her landscape men from the beginning with discretion and they have served her well.

Her shopping streets are much like those in other California cities, though even there you are never out of sight of trees. She has some very good restaurants, and the “coffee-rooms” of the Sacramento and Senate hotels serve delicious meals. The city is blessed with a number of really

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good hotels at various levels of luxury from the swanky to the plain. There are some handsome apartment-houses, but for the most part the people live in their own or in rented houses rather than on separate floors.

Levinson's Book Shop has been a feature of Sacramento for a number of years. It is a small place, devoted to books alone, and every book-lover in the city knows and likes Mr. and Mrs. Levinson; it is quite the thing to drop into their shop merely for a chat and to turn over the new arrivals, discussing book club selections, authors, publishers, critics or merely the state of the weather, as preferred.

Along the levee many a shabby, interesting old house speaks of the old days. Brick, most of these old places. Here is the hardware store where the Big Four met while they were nothing but a little four, and listened to Judah. There an old waterside hotel. The Pony Express station, with its arched door and windows and galloping horse and rider in miniature on its doorpost. The warehouses, the piers, the gray streets, the smell of the water, boats of all varieties, big and little. The trip down from here to San Francisco on a fine summer night is enchanting. The view of the great white bridge crossing the river, especially when the middle section goes up between the tall towers with the effect of an immense elevator is most striking, and there is a pretty harbor for yachts on the opposite bank.

South from here but still near the river is Sacramento's oldest cemetery, with its grim reminders of the terrible scourge of cholera let loose on the town in 1850. It was brought to San Francisco aboard the same ship that carried the news of California's admittance as a state into the Union, and to Sacramento October 20th when a man crumpled up on the levee and died. That was the beginning. Before it ended, on November 10th, the town had passed through a



THE SACRAMENTO RIVER AT SACRAMENTO

delirium of terror and hundreds had died. They died so fast they were tumbled helter-skelter into graves without even a piece of cloth to cover them. They died alone, untended. The few brave doctors and devoted nurses were swamped, of volunteers there were fewer still. Brother deserted brother, fathers left their sons or the son walked away from his stricken parent. All human feeling disappeared, except fear, horror and the desire to save self. There were no trustworthy records and no one knew how many had died, nor, too often, who the dead man might be. But among the known was the young son of Alexander Hamilton, but lately come to seek his fortune in the Mother Lode. His gravestone stands amid the rest of the graves given gravestones. Before the force of the plague died the Levee City was almost depopulated, and some thought it would never recover. But in a curiously short time everything was buoyant again, new-comers arriving by every boat, the memory of the horror fading.

Sacramento held its first Agricultural Fair in 1852, and nowadays the annual event is one of the big shows of the state. The fair, or rather the exposition, grounds, are a magnificent expanse of race-track, fields, stables, buildings, the sanitary modern structures for the animals in themselves a visual lesson to farmers. All the amusements belonging with a state fair are in full swing and the crowds that come to join in these and to see the showings of animals, of produce, of preserves and home crafts, to cheer and doubtless to bet at the races, are tremendous. A great deal of valuable work is done, important business transacted. Nor is the comfort of the visiting throngs overlooked, with restaurants and picnic-grounds, meeting-rooms scattered about in various buildings, plenty of shady corners with benches, vast parking areas. This fair is the second

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largest in California, but the Sacramento friend who told me this merely grinned when I asked which was the biggest. If I didn't know, so much the better.

I thought what delight Captain Sutter would have taken in such a show, and of how marvelously his agricultural vision has been fulfilled. And having begun with Sutter, I am going to finish with him, or at least with his Fort.

As usual in such cases, it was one man who saved Sutter's Fort for Sacramento. It was General James G. Martine who published an open letter on June 14, 1889, in the Sacramento *Record-Union*, and spoke his mind in regard to the destruction of the historic place. In that letter he recalled to his co-pioneers what Sutter's Fort and Sutter himself had meant to them in the strenuous days when they crossed the continent in wagons or on horseback and often reached the Fort half-starved and worn with fatigue. Did they not remember how the Captain would meet them, welcoming them, saying, " 'Come, my sons, you are strangers in a strange land, and while you are here, make my house your home and what is in it yours?'"

The general asked for a few dollars from each of those who were unwilling to see the building swept away. He was not a rich man, he said, but he would subscribe fifty dollars toward such a fund, concluding passionately, "It is a burning shame to have Sutter's Fort torn down."

For a good many years the old Fort had been falling to pieces under utter neglect. Its walls were cracking, many of the tiles of its roof had fallen. Hogs and chickens were kept in the ground floor. There had been a half-hearted effort to cut the land on which the Fort staggered into house lots. But a man living in the East owned it, a Mr. Merrill, and he simply let it alone. Now the city planned to run a

street from K to L streets which would pass directly through the Fort. It was the end.

There had always been people who regretted that Sutter's Fort was being left to decay; but all they did was to say what a pity it was. Now General Martine's letter roused public opinion and results were quick and fine. Charles Crocker sent fifteen thousand dollars from himself and his family. Mrs. Stanford sent five hundred and her husband pledged himself to make up any deficiency in the sum needed to buy the place. The Native Sons bestirred themselves, went around canvassing. Merrill agreed to take twenty thousand for the property and to return two thousand as his own subscription. Small donations flowed in. The old Fort and the land about it was saved.

In 1891 the Legislature voted twenty thousand for the work of restoration, which was begun immediately. The walls were reset, using the old bricks or where these had gone replacing them with new ones made in the same way, of adobe and straw. In the relaying of one part of the wall of the Fort the corner-stone was discovered, deeply marked with Indian masonic signs. The tiles needed for the roof were all of old Spanish make, and every exact detail of the old building was recovered. The double adobe walls were finally covered with concrete plaster to preserve them, but here and there they are permitted to show through. The high porches were restored and the ladder leading to the attic, where in the gold-rush days men used to lie rolled in their blankets, close packed. John Bidwell came from Chico to direct much of the restoration work from his clear memory of the old days when he was Sutter's financial agent, after having been his hired help; especially he was useful in recalling just what the small buildings inside against the outer walls looked like and were used for. Slowly the whole

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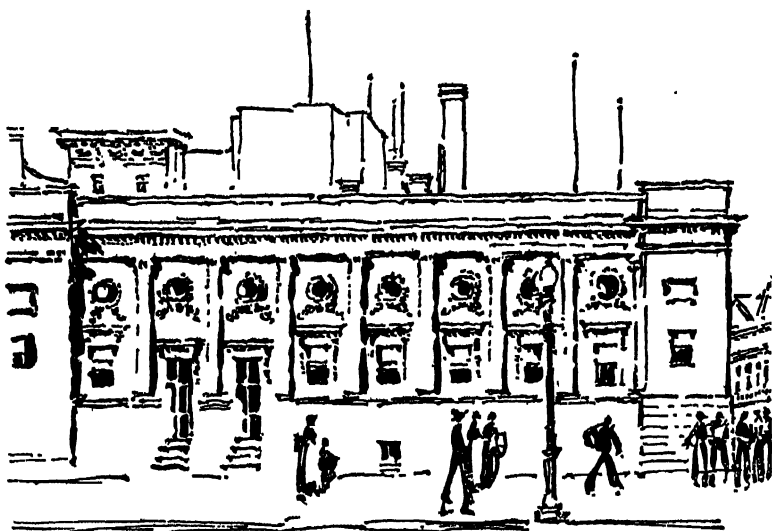
compound was returned to exactly its old appearance. Even the cannon were retrieved and put back into place. One, bought by Sutter from the Russians' Fort Ross, the heaviest and largest, had stood for years before Pioneer Hall on Seventh Street. The Native Daughters next planted flowers and vines—the vines cover the walls of the compound completely now. And last the State laid out the park, planted trees, placed a charming irregular lake with a small island on one side. The curator to-day is Mr. Petersen, who is said to resemble Sutter strongly, with his white beard trimmed to a point, his kindly eyes, his trig figure. He loves the place almost as much as the maker of it could have loved it, and is gradually finding fittings and old material with which to refurnish and re-equip each of the workshops and store-rooms. Already under the sheds are one of the old stage-coaches and a Conestoga wagon, with horse and mule saddles, pack saddles, ox yokes, et cetera. While inside the fort are exhibited household utensils, printing-presses, guns, knives, a world of interesting relics, both upstairs and down.

General Martine may not have lived to see all this done, but he did have the very high satisfaction of knowing that Sutter's Fort was saved for all time, and the "burning shame" averted. It must have given him considerable happiness.

And surely Sacramento owes the General her whole-hearted thanks. It cannot be many cities that still possess, after a century, the first of their buildings, the cradle and beginning of their existence. Not only is Sutter's Fort Sacramento's first building, but it is a beautiful item in a very beautiful city.



• 16 • Stockton and Mokelumne Hill



THE GATEWAY CITY AND THE MID- MOTHER LODE TOWN

AT the head of tide-water navigation on the San Joaquin River, which was given its name by the Spanish explorer Gabriel Moraga in the year 1813, stands the rich little city of Stockton, a city that "has everything." It centers the county of the same name, around it extend the most Hollandish of diked fields with rows of willows framing veritable isles. Burbank spoke of this part of the great

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valley as "the most fertile soil the sun ever shone upon." And the farmers and horticulturists have proved him right. Asparagus, barley, alfalfa, corn, contented cows, blazing acres of flowers, lettuces, cabbages, all the long succulent list is numbered here, painting the flat land with every tone of green threaded with silver canals and ditches. One longs for the slow-moving arms of a picturesque windmill to set the final touch on the shining picture. Much of this peaty country was studded with huge oak trees at the time Bidwell's party crossed the valley without knowing they had reached their goal, and one among them, Charles M. Weber, who had been born in Germany, liked the look of it. That was in 1841.

French Camp, four miles to the south of the city, had been a tiny settlement of French Canadian fur-trappers since 1830, terminus of the Oregon Trail, for the river was then haunted by beaver, mink, bear and other pleasantly furry creatures. It was here that Weber had stopped. Two years later he and his partner, William Gulnac, a blacksmith of San Jose, where Weber had settled, decided to form a colony at the Camp. They were doing a good merchandising business in the Pueblo and ranching in the valley. But Weber kept thinking of the San Joaquin, hankering to get back there. The two men formed a company with ten others to make a start. Gulnac, who had been in California since 1830 and was a Mexican citizen, begged for a grant from the Governor and was obliged with a hundred square miles which included French Camp and the site of the Stockton of to-day, with fringes roundabout. Gulnac led his company to the new property in August, 1844, the first white men to take up land in that section of California, for the trappers used their camp only in the hunting seasons.

But matters did not go nicely. A man named Thomas



E. H. Smyth

STOCKTON

Lindsay picked out a site which attracted him at the west end of the avenue that bears his name to-day in Stockton, just back of the City Hall. There he built himself a tule hut. There were more tules in the region then than leaves in Vallambrosa and they came in handy for many purposes. Next spring, however, poor Thomas was killed by Indians, his hut burned and his equipment stolen. This dampened enthusiasm and settlers got the habit of trekking back to the Santa Clara. Gulnac next bribed them with the offer to each house-builder of a square mile of land. First taker was a man named Kelsey, who came with wife and two children *en route* for San Jose down the Oregon Trail. He built himself a cabin where Lindsay's hut had stood, caught smallpox, died, one child and his wife following him to the grave. The only survivor, a girl whose name was America, had nursed her family through the fearful scourge with courage and devotion, all alone, and was surely of the great pioneer strain. But the tragedy did not improve Gulnac's prospects of founding a flourishing colony, and utterly disgusted he sold his entire grant to Weber for a grocery bill he owed his partner amounting to sixty dollars. A hundred square miles of the most fertile land that ever the sun shone on bought for that price, paid to a white man, must come near being a record. Purchases made from Indians being *hors concours*.

This was on April 3, 1845, when politics were lively between American and Mexican forces. War broke and Weber did his bit, which included helping to raise the Bear Flag and later meeting Commodore Stockton in Los Angeles, taking a great fancy to him. Back at French Camp, which the French had deserted for good, he had a fight to have his right to his grant recognized by the American land commissioners. But as he had given a large part of his claim to colonists in

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order to induce them to make their homes there, and as these settlers did not care to have their titles interfered with, pressure was brought to bear and Weber's claim to his grant legalized.

Captain Weber, as he now was, ran cattle on the green pastures, cared for by his vaqueros, who built themselves a long hut on the south side of Stockton Slough. In 1847 Weber plotted his town, calling it Tuleburg, evidently liking the obvious, and by the spring of 1848 settlers were increasing, building houses and corrals and sowing grain, especially wheat.

Gold. Off went Weber, organizing his Stockton Mining and Trading Company, named in honor of his favorite Commodore, and operating successfully a creek near Hangtown in El Dorado County which was soon known as Weber's. An Indian, Jesus Maria, chief of the Stanislaus tribe with whom the Captain had made a treaty in 1844, starting a life-long friendship, sent a number of his young men to help Weber's company wash gold. As the Indians did not care for the gold themselves, all they asked being food, this added appreciably to the profits. But Weber did not care for mining, he still panted for his city. More than that, he was shrewd enough to realize that Tuleburg was in a strategic position. A gateway to the southern mines, reachable by water from San Francisco, overland from San Jose by the Livermore Pass, people were bound to turn up there.

Therefore September, 1848, saw Weber back home, wasting no time in getting ready. In the spring he had his townsite resurveyed, at the same time changing the name to Stockton, as his highest expression of esteem for the man he admired. By the winter Stockton numbered a thousand citizens, and was growing fast. Next year, 1850, it was incorporated and became the county-seat. All through the early

fifties the gold-hunters poured through the city, which was soon wallowing in prosperity. Freightage, up stream by boat, up hill and dale by mule and wagon, grew tremendous. Stage-lines were inaugurated and flourished. The marching Argonauts, each and every soul, pressed by confidently to the fortune, the Golden Fleece hung there in the mountain land beyond, spending freely, when they weren't broke, on the return trip. Weber had certainly not visualized this aid to development when he first saw and loved the oak-studded and tule-crowded country, but he was a man of vision and adaptability who deserved his good fortune.

By 1851 he had built himself, with lumber and bricks brought round the Horn, a charming two-story house on Weber Point. That finished and furnished he went to the ranch of Martin Murphy, who owned many acres in the Santa Clara Valley, to marry Martin's fair daughter Helen and bring her to the new home. Mrs. Weber loved flowers and soon started a flower garden that became, with the handsome house, one of the show-places of Stockton. Life was lived there largely and comfortably, children arrived, and the Father of Stockton had the pleasure of seeing his city develop in grace, beauty and wealth, build itself churches and schools and hotels, establish a great trade and begin to count as a manufacturing center, as well as the agricultural city its site had promised from the first. Captain Weber died in 1881. A few months after his death his house burned to the ground; but the family rebuilt, a second house of much the same style as the first, placing it in another corner of their property facing upon Stockton Channel. When that location ceased to be attractive with the growing mercantile interests of the city, it was moved outside and beyond the Diversion Canal to West Lane. It is still in the Weber family, Charles Weber III making his home there.

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Stockton is almost as wedded to water as Venice. Stockton Channel pierces right to the city's heart, the large boat-pier facing El Dorado Street. It is lined with utilities, wharves, docks, coal bunkers; mills throb, warehouses bulge. Up and down through the murky water boats of all kinds jostle and push, ferries, barges, steamers. Ocean-going ships touch at the port of Stockton these days, coming up from San Francisco, and down along the water-front it is difficult to realize that ninety miles lie between the river city and the Golden Gate. Smaller channels and canals snake in and out delightfully.

The city has not kept many of her old landmarks. On the corner of Main Street where it crosses Center stands the old Weber Hotel, later known as the Occidental, brick-built in 1853 and stanch as ever. It was remodeled early in the present century, however, though some of the furniture brought to it round the Horn remains. There are two other brick buildings dating from 1852 and 1858, the latter the attractive two-story Franklin School, built as the first brick school-house in Stockton, and still a haven for studious youth, the other being known as the "Old '49 Drugstore," which prides itself as the first in all the county to be built of brick. There is really quite an astonishing feeling about this brick record business all over California.

Stockton was as wild as you like during those fifties, and it was also one of Murieta's calling places. They tell a story to the effect that after one of his raids a reward of \$5,000 was posted up conspicuously as a reward for the bandit, dead or alive. One morning the town awoke to find scrawled below the announcement: "I will give \$10,000. Murieta." But is it likely that the bandit knew how to write, thinks I to myself? And were there no practical jokers in Stockton?

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It has its beautiful Civic Center to-day, with an interesting City Hall and other city and county buildings. A smart business and shopping section, good hotels, well planned streets. The fact that you are apt to catch sight of a vessel as often as not in looking down one of the streets adds to the pleasure of the place. The home sections, hidden under flowers, are of course charming—no one can beat Californian cities in that direction. And with that fertile soil to work with!

The town is not only the gateway to the Mother Lode but to the San Joaquin Valley, and to the Yosemite *via* the wonderful Big Oak Flats road, wonderful as to scenery, that is, not so good as a highway yet. Much can be done to widen and grade it and should be done, for there is no finer approach. The Hetch-Hetchy Valley and the Calaveras Big Trees—it opens to them all. The Sierra foothills are reached by way of vineyards planted with the lush Toquay grapes, sandwiched with cherry and plum orchards.

As for its manufacturing interests, it makes pretty nearly everything, from mouse-traps to tractors. It was Stockton that created the track-laying caterpillar tractor, forerunner and pattern of the tanks that scared the Germans stiff when they first came trundling into view in the days of the Great War.

Nor is higher education overlooked. A short distance from town is the College of the Pacific, which moved out from San Jose some years ago, chose itself a beautiful campus site and proceeded to build thereon a group of halls that are a joy to the eye and most efficient for their uses. Planting has been handled with the same care and success, and the many young trees are growing fast. It is a Methodist institution and one of the oldest colleges in California. Among other items there is a small theatre where the stu-

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dents do some excellent work, writing plays as well as producing and acting them.

Near the college is Victory Park, with a fine museum of pioneer relics and an excellent little gallery. It is a memorial to Louis Terah Haggin, of a pioneer family and one of California's best known collectors and connoisseurs of painting. The collection left by Mr. Haggin has been enlarged since his death, and it as well as the museum were raised to their present excellent position by the devoted labors of Mr. Pratt, now the curator at the Crocker Gallery in Sacramento, as we have seen.

Nothing could be more different than Stockton and Mokelumne Hill, but they are near each other, and at the time when Stockton was forging into fame and fortune as the, shall we say, toll-gate, for she took her toll, to the gold country, "Moke" Hill was achieving her proud position as the liveliest and richest of the middle Mother Lode towns. To-day it is one of the most picturesque.

The town is on top and straggling down from what anywhere in the world but California would be called a mountain, pitching its way down along the rugged bank of the Mokelumne River with the sure-footed ease of a mountaineer. From 1852 to 1866 it was the county-seat of Calaveras County, and the leading town in all the middle Mother Lode. To-day it is re-occupying some of the solid brick and stone buildings of that era, which have stood empty for years, as the price of gold has made it worthwhile to wash along the creeks again through the old Lode. But it is on the ghost side, and fascinating. Spend the night in Leger's Hôtel d'Europe, as the Frenchman who built in the days of the town's vigorous youth called it, and which is ready for guests and treats them well. The floors of the fine old place

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are on different levels, and some a trifle wavy, but a stairway in the grand manner leads up from the lobby to narrow halls and large rooms on its second floor. It spreads over to include a part of the old Court House, through a heavy iron door cut through the wall. There are modern bathrooms here to-day. Then there is the beautiful United States Hotel with its balconies, built in 1854, and another, the first three-story building on the Lode, one of the Wells-Fargo buildings, now headquarters of the Odd Fellows. Plenty more relics of the crowded past, their iron doors and windows closed on the darkness inside, and ruins, too, gaping to the sky. Moke Hill was not only a rich gold mine itself, but a freighting point from Stockton to other mines farther back in the hills, places with names full of imagination and color in the old days, like Whiskey Slide and Poverty Flat, tidied into humdrum Clear View and McDonald Flat as the rip-roaring died away on the breeze into a prim old-maidish decorum. This was the Bret Harte country, but the business of pointing a designating finger to this or that particular spot has had to be given up, when it comes to identifying his stories with a local habitation and a name. He used his fictional freedom. But Calaveras County and adjacent Tuolumne County were certainly his country during some eight or ten weeks of wandering, looking for a chance to teach school, and gathering impressions whose results we know. The Stanislaus River was his river, as it was Mark Twain's, whose Jumping Frog yarn was set in Angel's Camp, due south from Mokelumne Hill some ten crow-flying miles. There is a slight but telling portrait of Harte in December, 1855, related by William Gillis, whose brother Jim had a cabin on Jackass Hill, in Tuolumne County. Says Mr. Gillis: "A very dead-beat young man came limping up. He was in city clothes and wore patent leather shoes which were

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punishing his feet. The young fellow gave his name as Harte and told a hard-luck story." What a sight he must have been; one hopes his were at least the only pair of patent leather shoes that ever tramped those mountain trails.

Mokelumne Hill was as wild as any and more than most of the camps round about. Even as late as 1881 it claimed to have five murders a week as the average, and never missed a Saturday night for seventeen consecutive weeks. In the fifties it does not appear to have bothered keeping tally. But it had its good heart, and when one woman decided that a church would be nice she stationed herself on the path up which the miners returned to town each day from their job of picking up gold, holding a large pan in her arms. In dropped the nuggets and the dust, and the little white church where services are held on Sundays now as then, was built out of the proceeds she collected in a single hour. Bayard Taylor, who was at the camp sometime during 1849 tells of an old hermit who had his cabin on the edge of town, and worked alone, who spent all his gold on food, delicacies of the best, price no object. A good deal of it had to be canned, and peas and corn at ten dollars a tin, hams at a dollar-fifty a pound, canned oysters, and whatever else could be shipped in from San Francisco graced his pine board. Also champagne. He never failed of a bottle of the real, the true for every dinner. He did his own cooking and knew how.

A sister of Bandit Murieta lived on the Hill, and brother used to ride up every so often to swap family news with her. He sometimes rode in on a jaded horse but he never rode out on one. Corrals were handy.

As early as 1853 a stage service was operated by two of the town's young men between Moke Hill and Sacramento, making the trip in a day, and for a goodly while the only



COURT HOUSE SQUARE, STOCKTON

one to cover the distance in that space of time. Never mind if to-day we can make it in a couple of hours.

The camp started in 1848 with a single store stocked with miners' supplies for the men going on into the hills beyond. Then nuggets were found on the Hill and the scramble began. It makes one think of chickens at feeding time. You scatter grain and the clacking, greedy horde rushes for it, crowding out the smaller and weaker. Then you scatter more, in another place, and leaving the first spot still rich with corn, over comes the pack, fearing that another chick may get hold of something bigger or fatter. The horde at the Hill did a particularly ugly bit of this scrambling. Higher than Mokelumne was French Hill, where a company of French had set up their camp, still known as French Camp. The French were lucky, their diggings rich, and after experiencing a good deal of trouble with the Americans they put up a small fort. Over this, it is said, but was never proved, they raised the French flag, thereby defying the American Government. The greedy miners rounded up every American in the country round, shouting that their noble patriotism couldn't stand for that. The French saw that they would end by being murdered and cleared out, leaving their rich claims to be grabbed by the robbers. Later inhabitants of the region admitted that the performance was sheer robbery, and didn't feel too comfortable over it.

I had a particularly charming experience at the Hill. The friends with me spoke of a stone oven, one of the oldest in the Mother Lode, and which had been in use constantly since it was built. It stands a short distance from the end of the bridge across the river. We drove to it, and the Italian who now runs it welcomed us as though we were old friends, and showed us the huge thing with its wide, low opening, still warm from the last batch of bread. And such bread,

real Italian, long, slender crusty loaves, fragrant as clover. One lay on a scrubbed wooden table, cut in half, and I asked him if I might have a piece. He beamed. "You like it? Sure. Your friends, too, they taste." My friends had been buying a loaf or two, not for the first time, but they had not until then passed through the little bakeshop in front and so become, not mere customers, but "amicos." The baker ushered us into chairs round the table, cutting the bread, then rushing off to return with a jug of his own home-made red wine, and there we sat, crunching the bread, drinking the pure, almost new wine, and talking of the past and the present as they affected Mokelumne Hill.

"The Hill, she begin to get goin' now once more. They find the gold again in the river, sure. Fine town, Moke Hill," our host assured us, as we stroked his big striped cat before leaving. "Sure, she come back, you see."

Mountain hospitality. Let no one tell you it isn't as kindly, as instinctive, as ever. As for me, I can never think of Mokelumne Hill without remembering the taste of that bread and that wine, and the pleasant, friendly face of the baker. A memory truer, by and large, than all the tales of killings and robbings told up and down the Mother Lode.



• 17 • Coloma and Placerville •



THE MIDAS TOUCH AND OLD HANGTOWN

THE white man's story, so far as California is concerned, began in San Diego, but it was in Coloma that the wild man's story began.

Oddly, in both cases, almost the very moment is known. The now and the here are clearly set down, so are the names of the men who started each of the two stories. The first, led by Junípero Serra, was inspired by the love of God, the

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second, inaugurated by James Marshall, by the love of gold. The first developed into a pastoral society where crime was almost unknown, where men trusted each other's word, lived simply but well, kept open house, made friends as well as servants of the Indians, and used the land only to pasture their cattle, raise their grain, their olive and fruit orchards, their vineyards. The second ran up a record of violence, of murders, of lynchings, of cheating, robbery and political debauchery that has probably never been approached elsewhere by civilized men, and to get what it wanted it practically exterminated the Indians, it tore whole mountains apart, ruined streams, flooded fertile lands with a débris that left them desolate forever, chopped down forests, built towns only to desert them.

Came the Day that James Wilson Marshall, blacksmith and wagon-builder, having finished the saw-mill for his employer, Captain Sutter, was working on the mill race. Wading in the shallow water he caught a glitter, and bending down picked off the uneven surface of a rock a few bits of yellow stuff that felt heavy for their size.

His heart must have plunged for a dizzy moment while he stood staring at the bright particles, not daring to believe the truth, and yet—and yet believing, knowing. This was gold, pure shining gold.

He took it to Sutter's Fort next day, a forty-five-mile ride, and after asking the Captain to lock the door of his office, showed him his find. The two made the tests and had the proof. Sutter was excited, but he was also disturbed. The day following both men rode back to Coloma and discovered more of the rough particles, as had the other men living at the mill. That night, as Sutter told the historian Bancroft, years later, "the curse of the whole thing burst upon my mind."

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It was impossible to keep it a secret. Already half a dozen knew it. Within a few days a Swiss who worked for Sutter, carrying provisions up to the mill, returned with bits of gold he had picked up in the stream. Going into Sam Brannan's store, inside the Fort compound, the man offered the dust in return for whisky. Sam was in San Francisco and Gordon Smith, a relative of the Mormon prophet, who was "tending store," refused to accept it. Sutter, appealed to, had to admit the truth. The cat, or a million of her, was out of the bag.

By May there were eight hundred men at Coloma, by June two thousand, by July four thousand. There were more than three hundred "regular built" houses by midsummer, the saw-mill being kept busy. On Main Street a "magnificent hotel" was going up, and tents strewed the landscape on both sides of the American River, now spanned by a rickety wooden bridge which charged twenty-five cents, two bits in western parlance, to every man who crossed. The bridge had supplanted a ferry, a flat boat of the simplest, but the first ferry in the Sierra Nevada. They were getting the gold out faster since the arrival in May of Isaac Humphrey, a miner from Georgia, who set up the first rocker. From then on even the air was thick with gold!

And what of Marshall? He whose touch had turned the sands and rocks to gold, the magician who was surely hiding far more than he had revealed? The wild men crowded him, hustled him, spied on him. If he squatted to fill his pan with sand they swooped, shouldering him aside, preempted the spot. They laughed at, they jeered, they threatened him. Before long he developed a whale of a grouch, which he carried through the rest of his life. This King Midas of the Sierra, like his Greek predecessor, fell under the curse of the golden touch and all that saved him from starvation for the

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final thirteen years of his life was a grant allowed by a grateful, if not too generous state, amounting to a hundred dollars a month. On August 10, 1885, thirty-seven years after his discovery, a dirty, whisky-bedeveled old man, Marshall's body was found, fully clothed, on his bed in a small room at the Union Hotel, Kelsey, which he had once owned, and where he had made his home since the end of the sixties. A few old cronies who shared his drink when the money came, and one stout friend, Miss Margaret Kelly of Kelsey, who knew him during the end of his life when she was a young girl, were all that grieved for him. Miss Kelly had got through the crust of bitterness and misery to the kindly core in the heart of the old man, and was quicker to pity than to blame. He had been badly treated and had broken under it, lacking the fiber required to beat the ruffians at their own game. There may have been more of virtue than of fault in this. Thanks to her, one may visit to-day a most complete museum of pioneer times, contained in the building raised over Marshall's blacksmith shop in Kelsey, a pretty little town of less than two hundred souls. It is a state museum, but almost everything in it was collected by Miss Kelly, who is its curator. Coloma and Kelsey are less than five miles apart. Kelsey was one of the many prosperous mining towns crowding that whole section in the fifties and sixties, and to-day has its post-office and store, its school, its churches, its Main Street with homes reaching away to scattered farms.

But Coloma is a real ghost town, and if the ghost of old Marshall may not haunt it, his statue does. He lies buried atop the hill rising above the river, under a clumsy monument of stone crowned by this statue, a bronze effigy in the garb of a miner standing with extended left arm, pointing a finger downward to the spot where the gold was found, as



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though mutely quoting Shakespeare's "Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither." The fatal spot itself is marked, not with a cross, but with a pile of river stones erected on the site of the old mill. Part way down from the grave on the slope of the hill is the small frame cabin where Marshall lived till the end of 1867.

Fourteen acres of state park surround Marshall's grave, bought and presented by the Native Sons of the Golden West. Within these acres are included the ruins of the old town which in its heyday numbered ten thousand population and was the county-seat of El Dorado from 1850 to 1857, when Placerville, after a lovely story of political skulldugger, won the honor, which has remained with her.

Still standing is the Meyer House, last of thirteen hotels, the old post-office, a battered hulk that was once the armory of the California National Guard; there is the jail, half hidden in a pleasant grove of trees. Two small iron-shuttered buildings were once a store and a bank, both Chinese. In the store the Heathen Chinees used to charge two dollars a pound for beans, five times that for as little of ham. As for the bank, who could estimate how much virgin gold was brought to it for safety?

A number of cottages still stand amid gnarled fig and almond trees, with garden flowers run wild in their door-yards. In the middle of its little plot of holy ground, where a few crosses and headstones mark the dead, is the Catholic Church, the first to be built in the Sierra Nevada. Great colonies of bees which it has been impossible to dislodge occupy the building, so that wild honey may be gathered where once the priests sang mass. Another church, built in 1856, the Emmanuel Episcopalian, looks out on one of the several side streets, and high on a hilltop is the Sierra's oldest Protestant cemetery, a peaceful place and friendly, with

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lovely tall trees and exquisite hand-wrought iron palings surrounding a number of the plots, several headstones dating back to the early fifties.

There are less than a hundred inhabitants of the Coloma of to-day. The river gold is gone, and all the wild men and wild days with it. Peaceful farms lie back among the hills in the little valleys, for the soil is fertile. The trees have grown again on the steep hill slopes, the river runs clear and undisturbed. The tunnels of the old quartz mines sink deep into the slopes of ravines. One of these old mines, the Grey Eagle, in Kelsey Ravine, belonged to Marshall, but he made little out of it. Names of ghosts, ghosts of many a roaring camp, linger in a wide circle—Fleatown, Yankee, Spanish Flat, Irish Creek, Stag Camp and many another. Gone with the gold, leaving hardly a wrack behind.

But there is nothing ghostly about Placerville, eight miles south of Coloma, though it has a pleasant look of age, in spite of its pretty modern cottages, churches, schools, club buildings, even its packing plants, the huge Pacific Fruit Growers Association among them, that handles a quarter of all the Bartlett pears grown in California. This time-honored look comes partly because of the fine old buildings still adorning Main Street, partly because that street itself has a charming irregularity, following the twists and turns of Hangtown Creek, that runs gurgling at the bottom of the ravine bridged at half a dozen points. On both sides hills rise pretty abruptly, with the result that all the side streets have the same careless rapture, taking the easier way, following the tracks laid down long since by the miner and his burro, while seeking a claim or the site for a cabin. Green hills to-day, for once again the trees clothe them. Native pines, but many others, too, poplars, maples, locusts, fruit and nut trees. A soil fertile with far more than gold, this

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soil of El Dorado County, and the county town takes pride in proving this fact with her tree-bordered streets and flowering gardens.

Takes pride, too, in her past, marking the sites of vanished portions of her story, as well as the fine old buildings remaining, still serving the citizens' needs to-day as in the earlier days. No ruins here, and only one building dating before the fire of 1856, which practically wiped the town out, but there is many a good stout relic of the sixties. One is the old brick Ivy House, an ancient ivy vine covering it thickly to the second story, where the first of the two balconies that surround the house interposes a firm obstruction; it was built in 1861, and is typical of its time. Erected for an academy by a Professor Conklin and his wife, it fulfilled its scholastic purpose under various changes, the public high school taking it over in 1894, until the building of the handsome County High School near the Bennett Memorial Park, at the western end of the town on the hill beyond the creek, put the old academy on the market. Since then it has been the most picturesque of Placerville's four hotels. The newest of these, the Raffles, occupies the site of the famous old Cary House, which was built in 1857 by William Cary. Here Mark Twain lived for a while, during the *Roughing It* period of his life. In that fascinating record Twain describes the bringing of Horace Greeley to the Cary by the great stage-driver Hank Monk, when Greeley made his overland journey to San Francisco in 1859. Hank always changed horses at the Cary House, and Twain's repetitions of his promise "Hold your seat, Horace, I'll git you there on time," has roused laughter for generations. Horace was to speak, and had no desire to disappoint his audience, even at the price of having his bones broken on the rough and frantic road.

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The road is smooth and fine now, and Hank Monk has driven his last stage toward eternity long ago, and the Cary House is no more, which is a pity. The Raffles is a good, well-built, comfortable hotel, but it has no glamour of the past; I felt sorry that a little imagination had not been used; the hotel could so easily have taken for pattern the architectural beauty of the early sixties without thereby sacrificing a snip of modern comfort or efficiency.

The oldest of Placerville's buildings, raised in 1852, is the beautiful present-day office of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company. Native stone was used, laid in the horizontal, rather narrow lines much used in that time, the sunken entrances and well-spaced windows, the slightly sloping roofs of the three units all belonging to the period. In the old days it was known as the Mountjoy House. Near-by is the marker for Studebaker's blacksmith shop. This was where young Studebaker made wheelbarrows for the miners, his heart set on building wagons and stages. He did it, too, and as automobile-makers the Studebaker line carries on to-day, though not in Placerville. As soon as Johnny S. had saved enough money to make a start, he left for home and made it there. Mark Hopkins drove up the muddy street one of those same early days with a load of groceries, and after him it was Phil Armour, who built a little butcher-shop in the middle of the new town. Youngsters, not caring to wash for gold, wanting to trade, to build up a business.

Most of Placerville's churches were built in that same decade; one old ivy-covered structure was dedicated in September, 1861, with the Reverend Adam Bland as pastor. A nephew of his became poet laureate of California not so many years ago. The Catholic St. Patrick's was put up in 1865, and the lovely tones of its deep-voiced bell still call the worshipers to mass. Another church dating from the

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same year stood opposite the Court House, where the Bedford Street Bridge spans the creek, until recently, but the site is now disgraced by a filling-station.

The Court House neighbors the City Hall on the slope above Main Street, attractive stone and stucco buildings of a far later date. Across the façade of the Hall is the word CONFIDENCE in large letters, which somehow amused me, considering its double meaning.

On the little Plaza about half-way up Main Street stands the Bell Tower, not much of a tower, but an interesting relic of the days when the volunteer fire company raced at its summons, usually, alas, without much success in subduing the enemy. The old bell for some reason has been moved down to the end of the street. It was used in the past to call the town's vigilantes when trouble raised its head and hanging was to be done, more often than for a fire.

For Placerville no less than its creek bore the name Hangtown at one time. First they called it Dry Diggin's, because of the gold found up the draws and small ravines dust-dry in summer, then, when a number of other places used the same term, it became Old Dry Diggin's. There is a dispute concerning who it was that located the Diggin's. Marshall claimed the honor, but apparently every one else gave it to a man named Daylor, one of the company who crossed the Sierra in 1841 with Bidwell. Daylor owned a ranch in New Helvetia (Sacramento), and thinking he could do with a little extra money to help build up the ranch, was among the first to answer the cry of gold and head for Coloma. Like others, however, he prospected on his own, and with Perry McCoon and Jared Sheldon, helped by some Indians, washed out more than seventeen thousand dollars worth of gold in one ravine, described as "Not more than a hundred yards long." As to Marshall, there appears to be no record

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of his working that part of the country, at least not in the early spring of '48.

By the autumn of that year the Diggin's was a fine hustling camp, and what's more astonishing it was a decent one. With the spring of '49 matters had altered for the usual worse, the influx of riff-raff at full flood leaving its scum there as elsewhere. Early that year came the event that gave the town its name of Hangtown.

A Frenchman, Cailloux, waked up in his cabin to find three men rifling it of the ounces of gold he had been at considerable pains to collect. It didn't seem just the moment to object, however, as one of the robbers held a sharp-pointed knife disagreeably close to his windpipe.

"You keep mum about this," Cailloux was warned, as the three departed with the plunder. "Just try to start anything, and at the first holler you're a dead man, unnerstand."

He understood, but he didn't agree. Next morning he told a bunch of his friends what had happened, and they decided to get on the trail of the trio. They didn't need to go far. Apparently feeling that the threat had been enough the three were still hanging about the camp, little dreaming how soon they would hang in earnest.

The next thing they knew a bunch of hearty miners was hustling and kicking them down Main Street, yelling for horse-whips.

"An when we've done lickin' the hides offen you, you clear out o' this town for good an' all, see!"

Just then a posse from the southern mines, dusty and looking fagged, rode into town. They paused to watch the scene, and then, grimly:

"Guess them's our men," the leader remarked.

They were after three horse-thieves, and these were



MAIN STREET, PLACERVILLE

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those. But to make it all right and proper an impromptu trial was held, the villains were adjudged guilty and condemned to be hung. Close at hand, on the edge of the street, stood a fine oak, one arm stretching almost across the road. "At your service," the gesture seemed to indicate, and within a few moments the three bodies were swinging, careless at last of gold or horses.

From then on Old Dry Diggin's was Hangtown, and the oak Hangman's Tree, for Placerville was getting good and sick of its bad men. The trials were short and, weather permitting, held in the open, with any of the folks interested given a chance to butt in on the testimony or act on the jury. Then for Hangman's Tree and a short shrift.

The town kept the name officially until 1854, when it was incorporated as the city of Placerville, beating Coloma three years later for the county-seat. By then it was a center of importance, with regular stage service to Sacramento, mail coming in from San Francisco every day, solid building going on, good stores increasing. So far as voting strength went, only those two cities exceeded Placerville in population. Women and children naturally did not count.

Unofficially the town retained the sinister old name for a long while. It is Old Hangtown even to-day for many. As for the tree, that was cut down long since, only the bronze marker indicating where it stood, near the post-office, almost opposite the vanished Cary House.

In spite of being made the county-seat Placerville had a slump started by its big fire and the wearing out of easy mining. Then with '59 came the discovery of the incredible riches of the Comstock Lode up in Nevada. This spurred the building of the Placerville Road across the Sierra, part of the old Emigrant Trail linking the little city with the east as well as the south and west. By then Wells Fargo

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had a branch office on Main Street built of brick and stone with a double arched entrance. The Pony Express came in 1861 for its eighteen months of existence—a marker places the site of the station at the lower part of town—and from then on Placerville began to assume the appearance it has to-day.

The old Emigrant Road had its hero, Snowshoe Thompson, a giant of a man formed like a Viking and coming from Scandinavia. He did most of his work on skis, and grand work it was. For almost twenty years he carried mail through the wild winters of the Sierra to tiny camps and lonely miners, breaking suddenly into their isolation with the world in his sack. He lived on a ranch at the head of Carson Valley just inside the California line, southeast of Lake Tahoe in Alpine County, and learning of the impossibility of getting mails across the Sierra once winter arrived, decided to take the thing in hand. His first trip was made in January, 1856, a journey of almost a hundred miles from Placerville to Carson Valley, in Nevada. Once at least he carried the mail for the Pony Express when a combination of Indians and snow held up that service for a while. Imagine the delight of seeing him shouldering his way through mountain storms into camp, his friendly blue eyes shining under his fur cap, swinging along on the only pair of skis (home-made) in California, with news and letters and talk from the outside. He measures with the mercy flyers of to-day who brave the Alaskan winter fury to bring succor, and like them he saved many a life.

It is difficult to drag yourself away from Placerville.

A buried creek meanders down from the upper part of town to the Raffles Hotel that was so rich men grew weary of washing gold out of it. One man, Wiley, in the spring of 1850, found fourteen hundred dollars worth of it in a single

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pan, behind what is still called the Round Tent, and then was a tent, where you could gamble away all you'd found in a day's work during the following night. When the Raffles was rebuilt out of the Cary an excavation for the extension in the rear yielded enough gold to pay for the work. Stories like that.

There is a jeweler on the street near the post-office where the miners used to stand in line waiting to have their gold weighed. The son of the Mr. Burger who started the shop owns it to-day, and shakes his head with a smile when you ask how much gold his father weighed. "At least a thousand ounces," he says, and lets it go at that.

The gold was all overhead when I was there, millions of shining leaves against the blue. Delightful to climb the winding, sharply turning streets between the new cottages and the old-fashioned homes. Gutters three and four feet deep run along one side of these streets, steps at intervals leading you down to the road level. Many of the gardens are terraced. You look down at the creek, at neat, pleasant Main Street, which in the early fifties was a narrow lane full of mud in winter, strewn with half-submerged litter, hats, boots, bottles, pots and pans, while every ravine was a confusion of heaped up dirt and stone, of deep holes. Tiny huts neighbored imposing gambling-houses within which were shining mahogany bars, glittering chandeliers and huge gold-framed mirrors. There was even a hotel which covered its tables with white table-cloths. Now Placerville is as tidy and clean, as orderly as a New England kitchen.

One of the modern, and very lovely, buildings is the Shakespeare Club, just above the creek on the right bank. The building was dedicated in October, 1930, but the club had been a part of Placerville life since 1897. It has greatly broadened its scope since the foundation, having sections

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devoted to Travel, to the Garden, the Drama, which includes producing and acting plays on the well-equipped stage of the auditorium. Music, Current Events, Literature, each has its section and its chairman. The club is a vigorous contribution to the intellectual life of the city, a fresh spring of lasting enjoyment, not alone to the women who make up its membership, but to the whole town.

The men have their own clubs, and a monument stands at the point where Main Street and Cedar Ravine join, commemorating the fact that the first grove of the Druids in California was here established. The local branches of the Native Sons and Native Daughters of the Golden West have done a noble work in rescuing for the present the relics and the story of Placerville's past. In one of the old buildings is the office of the monthly, the *Pony Express Courier*, which was founded in 1934 for the express purpose of gathering and printing everything interesting pertaining to the Mother Lode and is making a big success not only in the finding of old stories and incidents of the past history, but in telling them and picturing them either with new photographs or old drawings.

There is a daily and there are two weekly papers besides. A county hospital, a sanatorium, a community playground with a fine swimming-pool are parts of the city's advantages. So are a lively Ski Club that has graduated prize winners, and an airport. For a while I thought that the town lacked nothing for a full, satisfying existence.

But one more illusion glimmered and went out.

For though I tried up and down the length of Main Street, nowhere was it possible to get a Hangtown Fry. Yet it is one of the really delectable dishes created in America, and was first served by one of the town's chefs in the great gold days right here in Placerville. The fame of it



BLACKSMITH SHOP IN BENHAM STREET, PLACERVILLE

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went all the way to New York, and in one or two restaurants in San Francisco it is still served to perfection. Score one against Placerville, I thought, but only one. You can still dig out your poke of gold, along the slope of the creek, doubtless, but the great Fry has flown the old nest.



• 18 • Auburn, Grass Valley, and
Nevada City •



OLD TOLL ROAD CENTER, THE BOTTOM- LESS MINE, COYOTEVILLE

AUBURN unconsciously picked for itself, back in 1848, a strategic situation as the center of what was to be a perfect mesh of trails that presently became toll roads and finally the highways of to-day. In and out of Auburn long lines of pack-mules driven by Mexicans and loaded with miners' supplies trotted, walked, or else balked for the pleasure of hearing the shouts and curses of the

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muleteers. As the fifties advanced, the early roads, result of private capital and therefore charging a price to every one who scrambled over them, superseded the trails. To be sure, they were mere vague sketches, sublime examples of a confidence in the powers of wheel and horse, but they served, thanks to the drivers they bred. Along these roads, no doubt partly sustained by the clouds of dust they kicked up, the stages swung around the turns and skinned the edges of precipices at a speed on the downgrades that made a believer in miracles of every hapless passenger trapped in their heaving interiors. The great Conestoga freight wagons drawn by six, eight, even ten horses or mules moved more quietly, since it was necessary to keep all four wheels on the road to assure the safety of the heavy loads, so much more precious than human lives, and since the road-bed was only just wide enough to make this possible, and because the leading pair or two of beasts were apt to be completely out of sight around the next corner, speeding was really out.

This tie-up with east, north, south and west insured Auburn's prosperity as a trade center, but she was also rich in gold. Gold cropped out almost anywhere in Old Town, kicked up in the street by a mule, under a cabin plank, in a backyard. To take a stroll and not come back with a nugget or two rather marked you in the community. Finding the stuff was indeed almost inadvertent. Take Mr. Jenkins. He had a claim that was panning out nicely and to help in his work he piped down water from a spring he found above it. One morning the flow stopped; climbing the slope to find what was the trouble he discovered that a gopher hole had deflected the stream, which was running wild in little rivulets, each of them glittering with coarse gold. In a month Jenkins had collected more than forty thousand dollars worth, called it a day and left for wherever home was.



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OLD TOWN, AUBURN—THE COURT HOUSE AND
ORLEANS HOTEL

It was a Frenchman, Claude Chana, who rambled down the long gulch in May, 1848, with a small retinue of Indians, to discover the first of Auburn's placers. A marker has been set up by the Native Sons to mark the spot where this occurred. Naturally Chana was not left alone long. By the autumn he had plenty of companions, by the spring they were calling the place Rich, or North Fork, Dry Diggin's, by summer, 1849, it was Auburn. Auburn because a bunch of prospectors had come there from the city of that name in New York, via that same Stevenson's Volunteer Regiment, disbanded to follow their various fortunes up and down the California coast. The town had rows of cabins now, saloons, gambling-halls, this and that a man needed. Why not become the county-seat of Sutter County? A contest with several other fast-growing towns in the county was launched in 1850, won by Auburn with so overwhelming a majority, that it exceeded in numbers the entire population of the whole county. In those Arcadian days endurance in voting was a great asset to a town's citizens, an asset upon which Auburn could justly pride itself. When, the next year, the western and larger portion of Sutter became Placer County, Auburn retained what she had so diligently won.

By Mother Lode standards Auburn was an unusually well-behaved community. She had a few impulsive hangings during the first year or two, but take it by and large she was an orderly town, busy getting out her gold and building her frame and log houses. There was one dramatic affair, however, involving a certain Rattlesnake Dick, Pirate of the Placers, as he called himself, which shows that the town was as quick on the trigger as any when necessity called.

The Pirate was strolling along Main Street on the day in question when he came face to face with the tax-collector, a man with a natural talent for remembering a face. Conceal-

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ing his recognition the tax-collector moved swiftly on to the sheriff's office with his information.

To horse! A clatter of hoofs, and the pursuit was on. Something must have told Dick, or perhaps he, too, never forgot a face, because he was already leaving town on his fleet steed by the time the law got going. The tax-collector rode along with the sheriff and the sheriff's assistant, and before long they had the Pirate within range, and the guns began to pop. The first to fall was the tax-collector, then the sheriff was wounded, but managed to drill Dick before he had to yield to the flow of blood. The bandit galloped off as the second sheriff went to help his boss. But death rode with him, and next day his body was found under a tall pine, one stiffened hand clutching a piece of paper on which was scrawled this grim bit of information:

“Rattlesnake Dick dies, but never surrenders, as all true Britons do.”

To-day Auburn consists of two distinct sections, Old Town, down in the gulch, New Town up on the ridge. It was in Old Town that the miners lived, and the Chinese; it was there the gold lay. Little remains of the past glories. Like her innumerable sisters Auburn was burned out several times, until she too adopted brick, iron doors and shutters. Main Street has a row of these old structures, sad and shabby. Shabbier still is Chinatown, a row of small brick houses with rickety wooden porches. Trees stand thick and tall, crooked little streets twist up among them along the steep slope of the ravine above Main Street, leading to rambling old houses. There is no more gold to pick up in Old Town, and it is difficult to believe that many of the miners who lived here in past days would collect as much as ten or fifteen hundred dollars worth in a single day.

Up the sloping highway a short way and New Town be-

gins, with handsome white public buildings, fine schools, pretty homes, in green lawns and under shade trees. The new City Hall neighbors the old opera house, and near the top of the hill is the Freeman Hotel, old and good, with a noble terrace. The business section looks prosperous and tidy, and up the steep streets that lead to the ridge above the American River Cañon, and along that splendid crest are enchanting homes, looking out on a mountain and river view as glorious as any in this world. From the crest the wild, forest-clad cañon wall drops down to the noble river, whose sharp curves now flash into view, now vanish behind a precipice. The opposite bank is another magnificent wall of rock and forest, and on beyond, range after range, the blue mountains tower until the farthest white peaks shine along the horizon. Gazing down the breathless steep you can catch the windings of a road making its way down to a bridge, then up and away through a break in the rocky wall for Coloma and Placerville. Imagine what that drive was in the stage-coach days.

Auburn to-day is the trade center for a large agricultural country, her olive orchards especially notable in size and for the quality of their fruit. The best oil in California is produced here from trees carefully selected and imported from Italy years ago, and now multiplied into the long, well-ordered rows of the great orchards. The silvery green mantle makes a beautiful variant with darker orange groves and brighter deciduous fruit trees.

Quartz gold mining goes on in the vicinity, especially at Ophir, three miles westward, where there are important mines. Ophir is a charming village practically hidden under enormous old fig trees, and largely surrounded by vineyards. These fertile lands and their growing value put a stop to mining for a long period. The washing away of the hillside by hydraulic power in order to get at the gold-bearing

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quartz was not only clogging streams with the detritus, but flooding the rich fields and valleys, and a law was passed to end this. It is owing to one of Auburn's engineers, James D. Stewart, that the ban has been removed. He perfected a scheme of intricate dams and sluices that keep the waste under control, and then succeeded in having a new law passed permitting mining where this plan was followed. I saw specimens of gold extracted from one of the mines. It is of unimaginable beauty, delicate sprays resembling flowers and ferns and seaweeds, or frost patterns on a pane of glass, and all shining, stainless, purest gold.

It was in Grass Valley, twenty-five miles north of Auburn, that quartz mining began. In October, 1850, George McKnight, sliding in his hob-nailed boots on what would soon be known as Gold Hill, in the middle of what was presently to be the city of Grass Valley, kicked off a piece of rock which proved to be stuffed with gold. Gold, gold inside of a rock! How'd it git thar?

But there it was, and kicking became general, almost every likely bit of quartz rewarding the kicker. A stampede to Gold Hill resulted and within a brief space of time Grass Valley was changed from a quiet hamlet of some twenty cabins to the usual Mother Lode metropolis with all the trimmings. Before long every foot of space on the hill was staked out and a swarm of banging, hammering Argonauts was whacking away. For seven years that hill yielded gold, to the amount of more than four millions, and it was, of course, only one among many. There it is to-day, a vast heap of crushed rock, an incredible tangle of excavations and deep scars, the hoists standing over it, ruined timbers marking it. Stroll down Church Street and look at the monster. A monument has been erected on it, under a group of pines, carrying an inscription that tells the story and



NEW TOWN, AUBURN

honors McKnight. His piece of gold-bearing quartz was not the first to be found, but it was the one that brought realization and started the new form of mining.

Grass Valley was given its green name in 1849 by a Dr. Saunders, who with five other men reached it by way of the Truckee Pass trail, driving their starved cattle before them to find themselves in the well-watered meadows of the Valley, rich in springs and deep in grass. The men built themselves a roomy cabin, deciding to settle in the place. This was in August. A month later another, larger party, led by a minister, the Reverend H. S. Cummings, overland from Boston, arrived and built four cabins in another section of the city of the future, which they called Boston Ravine. A few days later a single man staggered in, only to die just as he made port, and the first funeral was held, Reverend Mr. Cummings preaching a little sermon over the new grave. Later other settlers drifted in, to make the small settlement which was so suddenly to be transformed into a great gold town.

Perhaps because of its start Grass Valley developed steadily toward the happy, thriving city of to-day without the dark stains on so many Mother Lode towns. Not that it didn't have its bars and dance-halls and rowdy goings-on, and a death now and again not due to old age. But it was a town that soon grew mature, and not only large.

One of the town's great excitements was the two-year visit paid there by Lola Montez, ex-mistress of Louis of Bavaria, banished from Court and her country in 1848, covering a lot of distance in more ways than one since then, and arriving in the gold town in '53, accompanied by a pet bear led on a silver chain, a basket of champagne, trunks of glittering garments. She had plenty of good looks left and was fresh from a season in San Francisco where she had

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shown the rugged citizens a thing or two in the way of dances new but pleasing to them. The men of the gold camps were accustomed to women with a past, but not the precise type of past that Lola had experienced. She was a brilliant, fascinating creature who had met most of the distinguished men of arts and letters as well as rank in the various capitals of Europe, and she knew her way about. Taking a house near the center of the town she began giving gay parties, to which not only men but some of the respectable women of Grass Valley were glad to be invited.

Close to this house was another, a boarding-house run none too well by a Mrs. Mary Ann Crabtree, fresh from New York, having sailed in the early spring of the year to rejoin her husband, a consistent failure who had come the year before to find himself a fortune in the Mother Lode. He had found nothing, being that sort in California as well as New York, and had induced his wife to supply a family income in the manner indicated. The two had a child, a lovely, red-headed, dark-eyed little girl, Charlotte, called Lotta, and for this child the mother cherished ambitions. For some unguessable reason these ambitions centered on the stage. Lotta was only recently past her sixth birthday, shy, friendly, graceful. Her mother, during the pause in San Francisco, had taken her to a school celebration near the Presidio, where she was to sing "Annie Laurie." Instead, the little creature, at sight of all the strange faces, burst into tears and had to be led away.

This had not dampened Mrs. Crabtree's intentions. And when the wonderful Lola, who liked children, encouraged them to come to her garden, to see her bear, to play and dance while she sang to them, Lotta was permitted to go with the others. It was not long before Lola noticed the unusual intelligence, sense of rhythm and lightness of foot in

the mite, and began seriously to teach her to dance. Lotta soon lost her shyness and became devoted to her laughing, lovely new friend. Lola not only taught her to dance, but to ride, and took her sometimes, always with Mother's permission, to visit some of the camps near-by. Nearest of all was Rough and Ready, and one day Lotta was stood up on top of an anvil in that lively town and danced a jig for the enraptured blacksmith and his friends. Already she knew a number of ballet steps, the fandango, the Highland Fling and the Irish jigs, and though at times she was scared in a new place, once she started dancing she was completely at ease, mischievous, adorable.

But the next year Pa Crabtree called to them to come to Rabbit Creek, a raw little camp deeper into the hills, and Grass Valley knew Lotta no longer. Lola, before she left for Australia in 1855, rode to see the little girl and begged to be permitted to take her along. "I will make a great dancer of her, she shall be like my own child." But Mrs. Crabtree would have none of that. Lotta was hers, it was she who would form her and launch her in the career that glimmered ahead like a vein of gold. She did it, too, and Lotta became a favorite not only in the Rough and Readys of the Mother Lode, but all over America.

Lola's one-time home, surrounded by fine poplars, has been utterly changed and built over. The small square stable where her horses were kept is falling to pieces amid a litter of vines—Lola's flashing visit is only a memory. It had its touch of melodrama with the rest, for when the editor of the Grass Valley *Telegraph* published a slanderous article on her, she went to his office and gave him a beating with her horse-whip. He left the city next day and later killed himself.

For contrast, when Ole Bull, on his tour among the mining

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towns, came to Grass Valley it was Lola Montez who entertained him—they must have had many an old friend to talk about.

About the time Lola left, a baby was born in Grass Valley whose name was Josiah Royce, who became famous as a philosopher and historian, particularly a Californian historian. In the Public Library of San Francisco a tablet to his honor was dedicated in 1933 by the Harvard Club of that city.

Grass Valley to-day is still a mining town, and looks like one in spite of all its modern fixings; well-paved streets still keeping their narrow, crooked character, scars of old shafts and diggings still to be seen, the Gold Hill Mine in its midst, and many a fine old brick structure of the sixties still standing. One of these, the Episcopal Church, built in 1858, has been a place of worship ever since. Not far away is Catholic St. Mary's, still tolling the same bells that first rang for mass nearly eighty years ago. Another interesting church, though only the rear end is of the fifties, is the Methodist Church. The first preacher, and indeed the first commissioned minister of that faith in California, was Isaac Owen, who arrived by ox-team in September, 1849, soon after the Reverend Cummings, to preach his first sermon under a great oak tree on what was then Clark's Ranch. The present church was erected in 1872, superseding a smaller one on the same site. But Owen's great work was the founding of the College of the Pacific in the Santa Clara Valley, which we saw at Stockton in its new incarnation.

The fine Western Hotel is said to be the oldest building in the city, a roomy, interesting place that will serve you a good meal and give you a delightful room. The newest is enchanting Bret Harte Inn, of red brick, with a lovely garden and a long pergola.



E.H. Searles

THE GOLD HILL MINE, GRASS VALLEY

Less than a mile from town are the two great mines that make Grass Valley the most important gold town still flourishing on the Mother Lode. To-day they are consolidated under one management. The Empire, to the south, the North Star to the east, have been producing steadily since they were discovered, the first in 1850, the second the year following. More than eighty million dollars worth of gold have been taken from the two miraculous mines, and production goes on unfailingly, deep down now, and with every modern development used in hard-rock mining. The Cornish miners who began coming in the fifties were the teachers in the quartz regions, and Cornish men work there still. In the Empire one of the shafts drops straight down for five thousand feet, then slants for another two thousand. Miles and miles of tunnels, shafts, cross passages, run through that under-world, while above are vast hills of the tailings and a forest of hoists, sheds, bridges, fantastic, titanic, with the clatter of the stamp mills making a curious rhythm that remains with you long after the distance has killed the actual sound. You gaze appalled. All the beautiful gold being wrenched out of its mile-deep cradle, only to be melted into bars and carried over the mountains to the other side of our country, there to be buried again! Talk of Alice in Wonderland!

These mines are among the deepest in the world, and most of the great mining engineers have found Grass Valley a wonderful school for their profession. John Hays Hammond mined here, and George Starr, and it was from this place that Judge James Walsh led the rush for the Comstock in 1859. The first claim located on the Empire was George D. Roberts', although he only went down a few feet.

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But it was in the Ott Assay Office in Nevada City, established in 1853 and doing business ever since, that the mysterious black ore brought from the Comstock which started the stampede was tested. The tests showed sixteen hundred dollars in gold, thirty-one ninety-six in silver. Enough said.

It is a four-mile run from Grass Valley to Nevada City, passing on the way a filling-station with the name Town Talk. All that's left of a lively little camp with that engaging name which flourished for a while in the fifties. The fine highway slopes from here on a slight grade down to Nevada, as it used to be called before, to its disgust, the state to the east stole the name, the extremely articulate protestations from the Californian town and county of Nevada producing no effect. After that the town tacked on the word "City," but it likes to have the truth known. The view as you drive toward it is fascinating, the town, on Deer Creek, a lovely agglomeration of roofs and white spires and gleaming walls bowered in trees. It clings to the cañon walls of the creek, it scrambles up steep hills, it looks out from little plateaus, it is a mixture of old age and extremely modern youth that is both amusing and delightful. Of course those hill streets—they tell you that Nevada City like Rome is built on seven hills—are paved now, and parts of some are steps, but for all that Nevada City recreates the past for you as vividly as an old engraving.

At one time the town bore the dull name of Caldwell's Upper Store because a Dr. Caldwell, who opened the first of the town's stores on what became Aristocrats' Hill, had another seven miles down the creek. But the northwestern section was known as Coyoteville because of the innumerable burrows dug into the banks in search of gold, and one of the streets still has that name. In the ravine back of Coyote Street the first family to reach Nevada City, the Stampses,

Mr., Mrs. and her young sister, made their home. Six years later the first directory of the town made this comment in regard to Mrs. Stamps: "She was the first lady that graced this rough part of creation with her presence. Now, thank Providence, Nevada is blessed with the society of a large number of the 'dear, bewitching creatures.'" That seems to me a delightful way of writing a directory. The lady's husband had been elected mayor of the city in 1850, one year after his arrival.

James Marshall had panned gold in Deer Creek in 1848 near the site of the future gold camp, but he had wandered on, leaving Captain John Pennington and two companions to build the first cabin in 1849, just above the Gault Bridge of to-day, which crosses Deer Creek below where Gold Run enters it. In October came shopkeeper Caldwell, then the Stamps family, and next one of the Mother Lode characters, a Madam Penn, who worked at her rocker as steadily as any male miner, and ran a boarding-house besides, which she built in the spring of 1850 on the site where the Union Hotel now stands.

Nevada was a typical town of the gold-bearing hills and streams. It grew with familiar speed. It was burned down and flooded out. It rebuilt. It even built a theatre, the Jenny Lind, in 1851, propped up on piles over the creek. Four months later theatre, bridge and other structures sailed down the raging creek to destruction. Nevertheless by 1855 the city had a thousand houses, seventy-five of them saloons, many of these awe-inspiring in their glittering and expensive decorations. It had a newspaper, the Nevada *Democrat*, and George Hearst, father of our well-known William R., helped to save the paper's offices from being burned in one of the big fires. One of Nevada's citizens was William M. Stewart, who became the greatest mining lawyer of his cen-

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ture and was United States Senator for forty-two years. Richard Ogglesby, a pioneer in the town, became Governor of Illinois.

It has one record which must be undisputed on the Mother Lode. Only one man was ever killed in Nevada City, a Dr. Lennox, from Missouri, who was shot while chatting with a friend, no one ever discovered why or by whom.

The whole section ran with gold. They dug it up in the streets until an indignant citizen with a store on Commercial Street, weary of falling into unexpected holes, walked up to a miner who had just made a good start with his pick and told him to clear out.

"There ain't no law ag'in mining in the street," objected the digger.

"Here's the law ag'in it," the storekeeper retorted, pulling out a loaded gun, "and it's goin' to have plenty to say any time any one of you starts turnin' our streets into man-traps."

That settled street mining. No sense arguing with a fanatic.

But shucks, there was plenty of gold to be had in other places. On the slope of Lost Hill, in the outskirts of the town, the Coyoteville quarter, the gravel yielded so much that the miners measured a day's catch by the quart. And a quart of gold means six thousand dollars. It was all placer mining in the beginning but quartz mining followed the discovery in Grass Valley, with the quick development of a number of remarkable mines whose names were apt to recall the distant homes of the men who found them: the New England, the Wyoming, the Pittsburgh, Canada Hill, Providence. Two, the Murchie, and one in the Blue Tent section are working busily to-day, with the new machinery that does such wonders.



GRASS VALLEY: MILL STREET

Nevada City has been fortunate in keeping so many of its old houses, with steeply inclined roofs, many being four stories high, three stories quite common. Others are broad and low, and in one of these the Public Library has its home, at the abrupt end of one of the funny little streets. A trifle higher on the hill and near the Library is the new County Court House, so very modern with its flat mounting façade, not unlike the pipes of a huge organ in outline, that it almost knocks you over, and looks like a white elephant lost in a barnyard. Another modern building is the beautiful school right on top of one of the seven hills, low and with long wings, softly tinted, a little dream of perfection, suited to its environment and uses. But the old houses are the joys, standing under enormous chestnuts, with apple, plum and peach trees in the yards, rose hedges, or white-picket fences, tangled vines covering porches and verandahs. Brick is the usual material, while in the downtown streets you find again the iron shutters and doors so familiar in the Mother Lode. Down here are the two firehouses spaced well apart with peaked, amusing steeples in which the old bells still hang, ringing out an alarm when necessary with all the hurried frenzy of the past. The Native Sons have set a marker on the building next to the assayer's office, the site of a Wells Fargo office, built in 1853, like the firehouses.

The National Hotel, on the main, Broad Street, is a honey. The gallery across its front, the great lobby with a noble stairway, the cool, spacious bedrooms, reception-rooms, the glassed-in bridge connecting the upper story with the newer wing, filled with bright flowers and palms, all are enchanting. There is, too, a very large dining-room, and a good cook somewhere in the rear. An interesting exhibit was the old register of 1869 with advertisements on the back of each page, and on the front the names of guests registering

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from all sorts of camps: Snow Tent, Bannerville, Salathail, You Bet, Gouge Eye, Wallaposa. The advertisements offered goods not so common to-day, among them buffalo robes, horse blankets, miners' picks. Also you were told that you could get your gold and ores melted and assayed, "melting done in the presence of the depositor."

There is an unexpected link in this astonishing little town with the University of California in Berkeley. The first church there was built in 1850 out of money raised for the purpose by Mayor Stamps and a Mr. Lamden. It was a simple little structure of shakes, hand-split shingles, to be followed in five years by a larger structure, of clapboards, with its predecessor's fine bell in the little steeple. The big fire of 1856 destroyed both church and bell. In 1863 a brick church was put up, which, with a library of close upon a thousand volumes, also vanished in flames, only to be replaced with the one standing to-day, raised the next year, under the energetic inspiration of its parson, H. H. Cummings. It is to-day a mortuary chapel.

But the event which makes the church important occurred in 1853. In May of that year Professor Henry Durant, so soon to make his home in Oakland, arrived in Nevada City. On the ninth, in the little wooden building, a meeting was called between representatives of the Congregational Association of California and the Presbytery of San Francisco to discuss and inaugurate plans for an institution of learning. This was the seed to be planted in Oakland, destined to flower into the great University on San Francisco Bay.

That pioneer shingle church was the first to toll its bell for worship in the entire Sierra, and because contributions toward its building were received from miners whose various homes were scattered through every state in the Union, it became known as the Washington Monument Church.



A. DEARBOR

NEVADA CITY

Wandering about the town I asked a passer-by to tell me which was Aristocrats' Hill, where the smart families had built their homes in the past.

"Snobs' Hill? Follow right up that street there," and he gave me a cold glance.

I climbed up between the comfortable old houses in their bright lawns, behind their New Englishish stone walls, red with Virginia creeper, under lime and maple trees, for a fine view of the tumbling hills, dark forests and glittering streams of the Mother Lode. Across a little ravine a magnificent group of the tallest poplars I had yet seen raised their golden plumes against the almost black screen of pines behind them. The air was crystal clear and had a lift to it that made you want to shout with the mere delight of being alive and having eyes. The wild men who had raged through these hills were all gone. But the real men had remained, built homes, planted trees, raised families. There are ghosts in the Mother Lode, haunting ruins and ravaged lands, there are endless tales of savage murder and even more savage justice. More enduring is the sturdy life, the heroic pioneer spirit, the beauty, the new growth forever springing.

Snobs' Hill? Possibly. Aristocrats' Hill? Of course.

For whom shall we call aristocrat if not the man who creates homes out of hovels and beauty out of ugliness, who brings honor and decency to replace lawlessness, who has learned the real values of life and abides by them? And if ever a part of our globe witnesses to that transformation, certainly and surely it is the Mother Lode.



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brief pause or two flashes through the miles of pasture, orchard, vineyard, cotton, oil and grain, unrolling a panorama matchless in its kind.

Half-way down from Stockton is Fresno, center of its county, county-seat, as near as may be the center of California, an agricultural city with a cluster of skyscrapers that seem incongruous with so much room to keep closer to earth available on every side. Why climb twenty stories above the street when you don't have to? It is a singular passion, and gives a gawky look to the business section, most of which stands opposite the green charm of the Court House Park of sixteen acres, thickly planted with trees, surrounding the classical white buildings where Fresno's justice is administered and her criminals jailed. The graceful dome of the Court House, lighting a blazing lamp atop when night falls, ought to be the highest thing in Fresno, if harmony were all. The rest of the smart, attractive city borders its tree-lined streets with homes and churches and schools built to that scale, and most of the business structures follow suit, but the main street is like thousands of other main streets, smaller than many, larger than some, a medley of signs and of giants and dwarfs of buildings. The pity is that so many visitors see only this part of all Fresno has to show. But get off the stream-line train, put up at one of the several excellent hotels, and leave the business center for the area of gardens and cottages, of parks, of wide avenues that swing along under noble elms or between palms, and you will draw a deep breath, for the air is laden with fragrance, and each step is framed in beauty. Here, under a cloud of tiny yellow roses, is a flagged court, with a sunken pool at one side, a group of willow chairs and a table, a few great terra-cotta jars holding pink or blue hydrangeas; a step or two along, and a garden path wan-



NEVADA CITY CLINGS TO THE HILLSIDES

ders toward a couple of stone steps leading to an arcaded porch over which hangs a wooden balcony protected by the tiled eaves of an ashrose house that stretches its wings behind acacias whose golden sprays toss gray and faint blue shadows down on the lawn, irregularly framed in borders bright with primroses and narcissi.

I'm simply picking out these two to act as samples. There are hundreds and hundreds, some Spanish, some old English, some this and some that, but all these homes, it seemed to me, as I strolled happily forward, were more garden than house, more flower and leaf and fountain than walls and windows. Many lie within larger gardens, country houses out of sight behind elms and live-oaks, guarded by stone walls hidden in creepers, with wrought-iron gates thrown open on a winding approach; many are tiny, two or three rooms, a side porch, white stucco, red tiles; but all stand as thick in flowers as children in a June meadow in New England; yet February has not quite passed out of the valley.

Fresno had its beginning in a manner unique, so far as I know, from any other city.

In 1856 all Fresno County was included in Mariposa County, a vast extent. Up along the San Joaquin and Kings rivers gold camps were scattered, Texas Flat, Grub Gulch, Coarse Gold Gulch, many others. They wanted a county of their own, and a county-seat. Down in the lower foothills was Millerton, on the San Joaquin River, named after the army post near it, commanded by Major, later General, Albert S. Miller. It was made county-seat of the new county, which was named Fresno, the Spanish word for ash tree. Lieutenant Gabriel Moraga, that great explorer and pathfinder, had called it this because of the many mountain-ashes growing in the foothill country, when he led an

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expedition here in 1813, chasing a band of Indians which had been raiding the coast settlements.

With the 1870's the mines were scratching rock bottom, and an ever-increasing number of men began to turn their thoughts toward agriculture as the safer and more profitable way of earning a living. Then, in 1872, the first railway was built to run down through the middle of the valley, about mid-way between the old Stockton-Los Angeles road east and the road followed by the Butterfield stages, west. This is the railroad line on which my train had come, then known as the Pacific Central.

In 1874 the folks at Millerton decided to move their county-seat to the railroad, selecting a site about twenty-five miles southeast, a mere point on the road, flat and treeless. There wasn't a shack on it, there wasn't even anything with which to build one. So Millerton moved, not only bag and baggage, but lugging its houses to the new site, like a lot of turtles. The town ought to have been called Turtle Town, but they gave it the county's name, and Fresno sprang into being, like Minerva from the brow of Jove, full panoplied and ready for action.

Having thus been created by united action, the town continued to work as a body. Headed by an energetic, forward-looking man, M. J. Church, it developed a community farming plan, building an irrigating plant that made use of the water of Kings River, roughly enough, compared with today's magnificent system, but bringing her farmers success, and starting the beginning of her huge production. She incorporated in 1885, and in 1921, quite in character, adopted the commission form of government. To-day her vast "Garden of the Sun" provides almost all the raisins eaten in the United States, and is first in the state for table grapes. Her other specialties are figs and peaches, and she is fourth in

wine grapes. The sight of these enormous vineyards in the autumn, when the leaves have turned, is one of the Valley's great glories, and when the grapes are in blossom, early in the summer, the perfume is exhilarating. Raisin grapes are all white-skinned, which means also thinner skinned, the Muscat, the Thompson Seedless, the Sultana. They are dried in the sun, which gives them the golden brown or ruddy color we know. The rows of trays drying are another of the fascinating sights of this valley of plenty. Figs too are sun-dried here, and some prunes. But there the San Joaquin yields to the Santa Clara.

Coöperation again. The largest dried-fruit packing-plant in the world is the Sun-Maid Raisin Plant in Fresno, which is owned by a coöperative organization of growers. The ingenious machines, the spotless cleanliness, the efficient running of this great raisin plant is one of the exciting things to see in Fresno. The sun-maidens handling the fruit are all dressed in white, with white caps over their heads, and most of them are pretty, there being, as an inveterate punster friend insisted on telling us, many raysons for that.

One other delightful joint action is the Farmers' Market held three times a week alongside Court House Park, when flowers, fruit and vegetables are sold in the open. At noon a great bell rings and the market ends at the final stroke, disappearing almost instantly, like a daylight Cinderella.

In the year 1903 Mr. Frederick Roeding, citizen of Fresno, deeded his city an estate of one hundred and seventeen acres for a park, and ever since the city has been adding and improving until Roeding Park is one of California's best-equipped and loveliest of city parks. Forty more acres have been added to it, and there is a remarkable collection of trees and shrubs whose forefathers hailed from almost every or anywhere in the world. The tropics have

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yielded flaming rarities, there is much from all over the temperate zone, even the arctic regions have been searched for plants that will flourish here. In addition to the general planting there is the Washington Memorial Grove surrounding a lake, all of its trees planted by school children. This park has excellent tennis courts, lighting four of them at night, so that playing can go on in the hot months, a baseball diamond, a zoo, with a large aviary and duck pond, and even a pier on the lakeshore where casting can be practised. In the newer part there is a very beautiful Japanese garden with all the trimmings of humped bridges, waterfalls, lotus pools, curious trees, bright azaleas and cherries and flowering quinces, as well as a building looking as though it had been magically taken out of a print, enlarged and made actual.

There are two or three small parks inside the city limits in addition, with swimming-pools and playgrounds. Kearney Park is seven miles west of the town on Kearney Avenue, almost a park in itself, lined with magnificent trees of several varieties, eucalyptus, southern magnolia, and palms predominating, linked together by oleander and other flowering bushes. This noble roadway runs alongside the Municipal Airport part of the way. Martin Theodore Kearney, one among the first men to start the raisin industry, bequeathed his entire estate of more than five thousand acres to the University of California for an experimental farm, and an enormous amount of valuable work is carried on there; but the central two hundred and forty acres, surrounding the amazing wooden Gothic house, have been kept as a park for the use of the city, enchantingly laid out and planted.

In the opposite direction and nearer, is the Sunnyside Country Club, with everything, including a most perfect

clubhouse; and to reach that you pass the Fair Grounds, which lie just beyond the city limits. Fresno emphasizes the outdoor life, shade, water and plenty of space. The San Joaquin Valley is hot in summer, very hot and very dry. Air-cooling is spreading from business houses and hotels to homes, and a swim in the evening is one of the major enjoyments the city offers. During the past summer apropos of temperature, I came across an amusing item in one of San Francisco's papers. That city had just gone through what it calls a hot spell, the thermometer reaching eighty for a day or two, so that you were comfortable on the shady side of the streets without a coat. This was terrible. Articles were run telling of some old man who had died of heat exhaustion, of how the beaches were thronged with people seeking the coolness there, etc., etc. Then came this item under the heading, "Coolness Threatens Crops":

Fresno, August 19. Agricultural officials here warned today that prevailing low temperatures are causing alarm among grape, fig and cotton growers, who need hot weather to ripen their crops. The average temperature for the last few weeks has been approximately 90 degrees, as compared to an average of 98 during August of last year.

California, as the Californians are glad to explain, has everything.

The outdoor Christmas lighting of an avenue of evergreens is part of the Fresno city doings, and house-owners join in the display by decorating their own gardens and trees. Winter is close to the city in the Sierra until well into spring, with its camps and skiing courses, its huge masses of snow, its skating on numerous lakes. The city's central position brings vacationland close to her doors, and the best of roads lead to it. Up in the Kings River country you are in some of the finest scenery in the state, some of its best fishing and

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hunting. A two-hour drive and you are in the midst of towering trees, cañons through which the shouting rivers race, heavenly meadows deep in flowers edging lakes that reflect lofty peaks of sheer granite. And since Fresno is forever going toward these mountain resorts and wildernesses, one cannot write of the city without mentioning them, even as you gaze over the vineyards to where the pale heights rise, white with snow, from the very edge of the busy streets.

Fresno, too, has not forgotten the cultural side of life. The State College tops her excellent and handsome schools with well-planned buildings on a campus of twenty-seven acres that make a stately collegiate appearance along University Avenue. Already the college needs more room, and the latest structures, beginning a new unit for its science courses, are superb. A new college library is another fine addition. A little way east, on Blackstone Avenue, is the stadium and athletic field, occupying ten acres.

A unique, delightful idea has been most successfully carried out by Fresno State College. Instead of holding its summer session in its city plant, it has built a school seven thousand feet above the sea in the High Sierra at Huntington Lake, in the far eastern section of the county, amid glorious scenery. Here you can study for your A.B. or B.E. degrees, or qualify for a teaching certificate in California between hiking, swimming, boating, fishing, lying under the stars or sun-bathing on a flat hot rock, and other such really worth-while occupations of body and soul. Needless to say that as many as can come do so, and from all over America. It doesn't seem far-fetched to imagine that the graduates of those sessions take away not only the sheaf of wisdom gathered from books and lectures, but some quality of those tidings of great joy that abide on the remote heights, to which it is good to lift our eyes and our hearts.



FRESNO: THE COURT HOUSE AND PARK

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The Memorial Auditorium takes up an entire block a trifle to the east of the business quarter and is as handsome, dignified a building as any in the whole state, and that says a great deal. The auditorium seats thirty-five hundred, the stage is very large, everything is smoothly, beautifully modern. Fresno is a Convention City, and she has plenty of use for her auditorium. She is also a city addicted to clubs, both for men and women, literary, sport, theatre, business and professional, includes even an Optimists Club in her long list, and she has the second largest County Free Library in the United States, with branches distributed all over the county and in the schools. The library itself was built as far back as 1902 and appears to be adequate and comfortable, but a new one would do no harm.

Roger W. Babson, that wonder of mathematical and statistical knowledge, lately set down as a fact that Fresno is the most prosperous city of its size in the whole of our country. Certainly it is spending its money well in civic matters, and appears to the visitor to be happy and wise as well as wealthy.

On down the great valley, the train flying through plum orchards in bloom for a while, then through the dry cotton-fields and endless pastures. On both sides the barrier mountains draw nearer as the valley narrows slightly. Slopes and crests are white, and on the Sierra side behind the first ranges great peaks lift up sharply against a dark blue sky. Tulare County, through which we were rushing on to Kern County and Bakersfield, contains the mighty groves of Sequoia National Park, where the largest trees in the world and the oldest have drawn together in god-like majesty, or stand alone defying the centuries, indifferent to time, steadfast as granite against the depredations of nature, safe now

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from the greedy destruction of base men capable of sacrificing far more than their miserable souls for a mess of pottage. Marching along the eastern border of Sequoia Park are the three great peaks, Mount Barnard, Mount Whitney, highest in the United States excepting only Alaska, and Mount Langley.

Kern County takes its name from the river that runs south from this park, its sources in the eternal snows of those peaks, then southeast through Bakersfield and on to Buena Vista Lake, that strange lake whose lovely water lies over wheat-fields known only a little while ago as the Bottom of the Lake wheat-fields, with a more prophetic verity than was suspected. For the lake had been dry so many years that it was just a part, and a wonderfully fertile part, of the farming land outside Bakersfield. But, like America, it suddenly ceased being dry and became wet. Became again and rapidly, mysteriously, the lake it had been, with its green border of tule reeds, its fresh, cool waters, spreading to an almost circular diameter of some six or seven miles, between the counties' two largest cities, Bakersfield and Taft, some fifty miles southwest. Taft is in the middle of a vast oil-field on the lower slopes of Telephone Hills and the flats at their feet, extending south to Maricopa. Not the only oil-fields that have made Bakersfield the rich city it is. As you come near it from the north the farming lands disappear and the forlorn scenery of oil derricks champing on their bits over the stained and ravished soil meet the discouraged eye. Oh, dear, thinks I, the city will smell of oil and look of oil, and I shall hate it.

But I was utterly mistaken.

Friends waited for me at the pretty station and whisked me to El Tejon Hotel, in the center of the city, spreading its two long wings to frame its own garden, a community-

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owned hotel, comfortable, spacious, charming, with, wonder and delight, a most excellent restaurant and coffee-room. They do exist, these combinations, though they are not common. But I had lunched on the train and was ready for sight-seeing. It was a day all shine and balm, a day to be outdoors in. Leaning from the window of my room as I unpacked, I gazed at a clock tower, centering the intersection of two main business streets, a square tower rising from four decorated arches to a tiled roof meeting in a point above the large clock-face, the hands marking ten minutes less than the correct time. That was pleasant in itself. And the tower was attractive, with double-arched windows giving on balconies below the clock, and diamond-shaped openings below these surrounded by a bit of carving. Carving emphasized the different stages, just enough of it. A little Gothic, a little Spanish, quite itself, the Beale Memorial Tower is exactly right.

"And who was Beale?" I asked, as we sped along the imperceptible but steady rise of Golden State Highway toward Lebec, thirty-five miles from town but intimately tied up with any story about Bakersfield.

Beale was, it appears, a good deal of a man.

He rode with Kit Carson from the battle-field of San Pasqual to San Diego to get the aid of Stockton in the disaster that had fallen on Kearny, a hazardous ride through enemy country at the time when the Americans were meeting trouble back of Los Angeles. He was one of the West's early explorers and pathfinders. It was Edward Beale, too, who took the first unofficial gold east after Marshall's find. In 1852 he was made Superintendent of Indian Affairs for California and Nevada, and greatest marvel, he was honest and kind, made the Indians his friends, employed them as vaqueros on his huge ranch. This was the historic Rancho

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El Tejon. Beale had tried to establish an Indian reservation here, had even put up stone headquarters for the agency buildings, one, erected in 1856, still in use as a store by the present combined El Tejon Ranchos, that cover a quarter of a million acres of pastureland. As far back as 1776 Fray Francisco Garces, coming alone, as was his way, to look the valley over for a possible missionary site, found there a thriving Indian village, which he named San Pasqual, and today Indians still live in their little adobe houses on El Tejon Rancho, descendants of these early Indians, and of those who had come to make their homes here under Beale. When the rancho was sold, the General (he had become a General during the Civil War) made it a condition that his Indians should remain in these homes of theirs, and be well treated. The large cluster of ranch buildings is plainly visible, at the foot of the rising, tumbled hills where the last slopes of the Sierra Nevada meet the Tehachapi Range, which make the southern boundary of the San Joaquin, extending east from the declining Coast Range. Only to the northwest Bakersfield is not surrounded by mountains, mountains still beautiful with snow on that glorious spring day.

"And that isn't all about Beale," I was told. "He was the man who brought the camel caravan to the Southwest. He thought the camel was the answer to transport across the deserts, and after they arrived escorted them fifteen hundred miles, swimming them across the Colorado River, to Fort Tejon, which you'll see a little farther on. The camels were all right, had made the trip in fine shape, but the idea never took hold. The ordinary man, American, Mexican or Indian, knew nothing of camels, and what's more, had no intention of knowing anything about them. They did use them for a couple of years or so in a half-hearted way. Then the Civil War came along, and in 1861 Beale was appointed

Surveyor-General of California and Nevada. He had already surveyed roads and built some of them, knew the passes through the mountains, having explored considerably. In 1863 he sold his camels at auction, probably to circuses and traveling shows. Anyhow, they all disappeared, though every once in a while some fellow would ride into camp saying that he'd seen a bunch of them back somewhere—never did seem able to tell just where. They have the skeleton of one in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, however, just to prove that the story's true."

"General Beale must have been a delightful person," I answered, "and I'm going to look at his tower with greater pleasure than before."

"He was smart, too, and while he was United States Surveyor he surveyed his own Rancho El Tejon, making quite an involved pattern in his attempt not to miss any of the good land lying about. He bought it from the original owner, Don Jose Antonio Aguirre, who received it as a grant in 1843, the largest Mexican grant in the valley, close to a hundred thousand acres. But the Mexicans never paid much attention to boundary-lines. The Dons just calculated roughly from one hill-top to another, or creek bed, or rock, or cañon. That was one reason why most of them found they didn't own much of anything a while after the Americans got busy over land measurements."

The Beale Tower was erected by his widow some time after the General's death, and she also presented the pretty building which is now the Children's Free Library as a memorial.

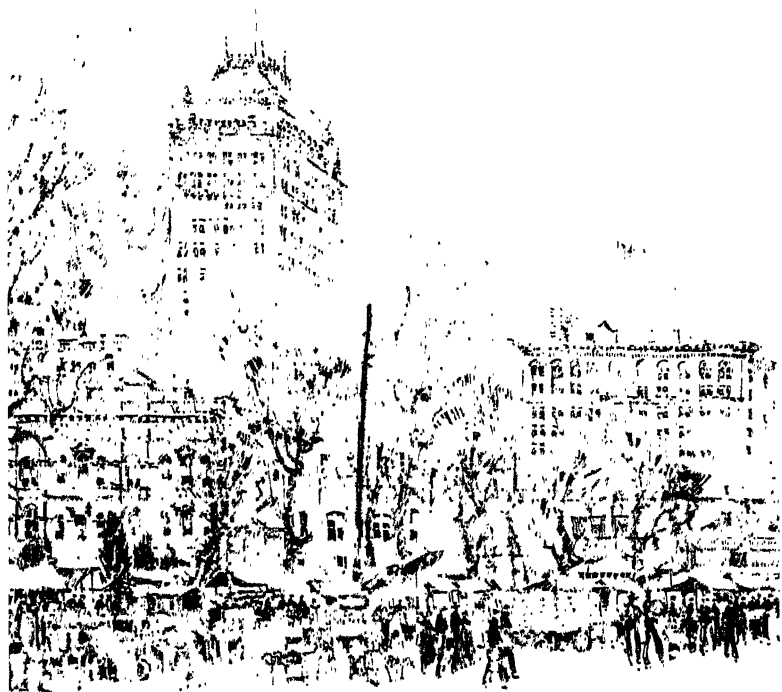
By now we had reached Grapevine, at the opening of the cañon which the Spaniards had called la Cañada de las Uvas, *uvas* being the word for grapes, a proof that Nature had decided that grapes would do well in this part of Cali-

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fornia long before the Americans started with them. Here the road began to lift and to twist, first between the rolling and grooved hills, those slopes that now were green, but which in another month would be completely covered with wild flowers, set close as the stars of the Milky Way, and running through every shade of blue, yellow and orange, a display famous all over the state. Then we were among trees, the cañon narrowing. We stopped where Grapevine Creek came down through a side valley, small and lovely, widening out into a little plain covered with fine sycamores and old, old oaks. Under these, burdened by a heavy and hideous corrugated-iron roof, crouched what remains of Fort Tejon, established in 1854, but still in the process of being built when, next year, Bishop Kip paid the place a visit, as he has related in his *A California Pilgrimage*. At least some of the oak trees he admired are the same we see to-day, and there is one with a story that has its value and its wonder.

It stands off in what was a corner of the old parade-ground, scarred and ancient, and beneath it lies the skeleton of Peter Lebeck, a French voyageur, who was killed on or near that spot by a bear in 1837. His companions had rescued and buried the mangled body, and in the wood of the tree, whose bark they had stripped off for a space some three and a half feet high and less than half that broad, they cut the letters I H S, with a small Greek cross below, and his name, thus:

PETER
LEBECK
KILLED
BY
A BEAR
OCT. 17
1837



THE FARMER'S MARKET IN COURT HOUSE SQUARE,
FRESNO

Naturally many a trapper and hunter ranging over the Far West in the service of Hudson's Bay Company in those days was killed or died, and was buried, probably, where possible, under some sign. But the remarkable thing about Lebeck is that his monument, or at least the inscription on it, disappeared, to reappear strangely to a party of picnickers, who were spending a fortnight in the little valley on the old parade-ground. The site, by the way, had been selected in 1852 by General Beale as the proper place for a fortress, the one convenient approach from the southern coast. But at the time, 1890, of this picnic it was already a deserted and ruined spot, where even the soldier cemetery was neglected, the graves unmarked except for a solitary, broken and uprooted slab of stone bearing the name of First Lieutenant Thomas F. Castor, who had died at Fort Tejon aged thirty-five.

The Bishop mentioned the tree and its inscription, adding that the bark was beginning to grow over it on all sides. By the time of the picnic party the tree had long completed the job, but one of them noticed what seemed a letter; getting an ax, and surrounded by the interested company, he cut away a piece of the newer bark. Under it the wood had rotted and left a cavity. One of the women in the party thrust her hand into this hole and felt on the back of the remaining bark, letters in relief. Great excitement followed, the entire piece, bark and the rotting wood back of it, was cut away. There, just as they had been carved, only in relief instead of incised, stood the inscription, somewhat harmed by being ripped away, but clear enough. Peter Lebeck and his tragic fate were suddenly brought back into the human story. To-day, in the County Library at Bakersfield, those portions of bark are exhibited in a glass case, a queer freak of Nature, as amazing a piece of writing as you can expect

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to see, the work of perhaps the only tree on earth that ever copied the words of an epitaph written upon it fifty years earlier.

The bear was certainly a grizzly, for even on the Bishop's visit they were plentiful in the Cañon of the Grapes, their tracks were all over the place. And as certainly Peter was French, not only because of his name, but because the two sevens in the epitaph had the French cross, used to-day as it was then whenever the figure is written by hand.

The following year the same group of vacationists, who had adopted the name of the Foxtail Rangers, elected a captain and officers, amusing themselves with the pretense of a military organization, returned to the tree and reverently dug down on the side of the inscription and presently found the skeleton, that of a man over six feet tall, who had lost both feet, both hands and the right forearm to the fierce brute who had killed him. But there was nothing to indicate who he had been or where he had come from. The bones were not disturbed, the earth was replaced, and the ladies and children covered the mound with flowers.

Eight miles farther up is the village that bears the name of the French voyageur, in the more usual spelling, but we went no farther, for sunset was approaching and my friends wished me to see the sweep of the vast valley as it lay spread beneath us when we took the last turn in the cañon on the way back. I got out of the car and walked out to the edge of the tiny plateau where the old Grapevine road turns off, twisty as a grape tendril. Behind me the Tehachapis rose, on either side the hills spread away, lifting higher and higher, the snow on their crests turning coldly blue. The valley was like a vast saucer, greenish gold, shimmering, almost round, hemmed in everywhere by the ridges and slopes, veiled by a haze to the north that took on the effect of mountains. In the middle

distance lay the white city. I do not think I have ever felt a greater effect of vast serenity.

As we started once more, down the last long slope, my companion waved a hand:

"All this," he said, "is an ocean of flowers at the end of April; some seasons even at the end of March. Remember, and come again."

Another rendezvous to keep with Beauty.

Bakersfield began as an island, and was called Kern Island. The sloughs that stretched from east to west, thick with tules, bordered all of it not circled by Kern River on the northern side. You took a ferry across the river at the foot of China Grade, or swam your horse, to reach it in the sixties. The Baker family took the ferry and came with the intention of settling, September, 1863, the Colonel, his wife, sister Nellie and brother Tom, junior. Colonel Thomas Baker had bought what was then called the Montgomery Grant of thirty thousand acres—they had a nice feeling for elbow-room back in them thar days—which took in Kern Island, and decided to move there in order to fulfil the requirements under the Federal law which would make the purchase terms legal. The family moved into a cottonwood and tule cabin abandoned by the first settler in the Bakersfield to be, a man called Christian Bohna. Two or three other families were living near-by in the same type of cabin. An elevation called Reeder Hill stuck up out of the slough where the Santa Fe railway station stands to-day, the hill having been leveled into the slough, which has vanished. A few Indians lived on it, watching while Colonel Baker climbed to the top to take a look at the surrounding country.

"It's a land for great farms," he decided. He was glad he had bought the land, for though he had come to Cali-

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ifornia in 1850 on the heels of the gold-seekers, he was a farmer at heart.

The Baker family had been in their new home only a few days when a man drove up in a two-horse wagon loaded with two hogs, six hens and a rooster. This was Captain Elisha Stephens, who had brought the first train of twenty-six wagons and a hundred and five pioneers overland to Sutter's Fort in 1844. He had brought the live stock as a friendly, pioneer gesture. "It will make a start for you," he said.

Next year the Bakers built a house of adobe and moved into it. That year the Colonel planted the first alfalfa in Kern County right in the middle of the city of to-day. Corn too, the stalks growing to be twenty-two feet high, as his son has written in his memoir, the ears shelling a quart to the cob. By '66 the first business houses, the first stores, were appearing and people were coming in. Presently a hotel was put up for travelers going through, or stopping to take a prospecting look. Colonel Baker used to feed the horses ridden or driven by these strangers free from his tremendous yield of alfalfa and the wild feed to be had for the reaping. He also built a grist-mill, the farmers grinding their wheat there free of charge. It was a rich land, there was plenty of wild game, plenty of fish in the streams, plenty of pasture for cattle. There were wild pigs in big droves, which the farmers shot to provide hams and sides of bacon.

In 1866 Kern County was formed out of Tulare County, with the mountain town of Havilah as the county-seat. The name Kern, given to the river, and now to the county, was that of a lieutenant, Edward Kern, topographer with Frémont's party on one of the Pathfinder's treks. Kern came near being drowned in the river, and Frémont named it for him. It had been known as the Rio Bravo. Reaching back into the highest Sierra, of course it was subject to floods,

and the settlers suffered considerably. But in spite of this Kern Island kept on growing, with what was called "Baker's field" in the middle of the settlement, and presently the two were joined to make the name it holds to-day. It became the county-seat in 1873, and was that same year incorporated as a city, but this was premature; it quickly disincorporated until in '98 it tried again, this time for keeps.

Next year oil was struck north of the city, along Kern River. To-day Kern County is called the Oil Capital of the world, with over nine thousand wells, which between them supply one-fifth of all the petroleum being used. The oil-fields are close to the city, they almost ring it about. Yet the agricultural interests continue, the wide, low-banked canals twist and wind ready for the tremendous work of irrigation required by a fertile country that has less than a six-inch annual rainfall. Strange are the contrasts of the country round about the pretty city. The great groves of orange trees, the endless fields of onions, of potatoes, the wine grapes, the cattle. And the black soil, the slim, frame-work towers, row on row, the later ones having a fierce beauty of efficiency, a hungry grace as compared with the cluttered earlier structures. One of my friends, Miss Knief, head of the County Library in Bakersfield, drove me out from town to Maricopa and Taft, in the brimming wealth of the oil. A ghastly ugliness, mile on mile, I thought. Even the loveliness of Buena Vista Lake shadowed. The canal was left behind, and left behind the river, and we were on the slope of the ridge. The two towns are well built, the houses small but neat, the shops lively, but hardly any green thing meets you. Some trees, a little grass, struggling plants in the few gardens, for water is hard to get, not rashly to be poured out on the thirsty ground. But rich towns, these. With marvelous schools, excellent branch libraries, cottages for the teachers, an inno-

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vation in these oil towns, for everywhere else teachers have to room with local families. But here they are given thoroughly equipped, small houses, for one or two persons, and can have their privacy, their own lives, free from invasion.

We drove back, just at sunset.

And behold, all was changed. I could not believe that light would work such miracles. The dark earth was radiant, the lake glimmered with reflected sky-glory, the lean towers sprang beautifully upward, hung out a light, a row of lights, everything was golden or rose, with deep purple shadows, the canal, the river, were silver. How difficult it is to know where beauty shall be found! That drive in the fall of the evening was one never to be forgotten.

"How wonderfully beautiful it is," I said.

My friend nodded.

"Yes, I was sure you'd see it."

Close about my hotel was the Civic Center of the city, just where Colonel Baker had had his home and his farm. The streets cross at right angles, stretch away to end presently in the country, where farm or oil-field begins. Across one, directly opposite a wing of the hotel, is the very good-looking County Court House, completed in 1912, opened to the public on Washington's Birthday, and standing in its own parked square, built of white stone finely handled by an architect who knew his business. In the basement is the Public Free Library and the County Library, on the upper floor, handy to the lawyers, the Law Library. A new building is soon to be erected which will be entirely devoted to library purposes. It is badly needed, for the work has outgrown its quarters. Much interesting material relating to the old days has to be kept out of sight now, reading-room space is contracted, so is working space, and how the staff man-



BAKERSFIELD: LOOKING TOWARD THE CLOCK
TOWER

ages to carry on its big job of supplying the numerous branches scattered over the county, as well as keeping the city branches attended to, is a little miracle.

The near-by City Hall, once the Court House, is another beautiful building, delightfully original with its entrance at one end, and the balustraded roof, long and narrow. The effect of a tower over the arched entrance is very clever. The little square Hall of Records, with its deep porch behind lofty pillars, is another triumph, so is the Chamber of Commerce Building. Budgets are balanced in this city, and she can plume herself on the excellent judgment and good taste with which she has spent her money. Her schools are ornaments to her streets, the High School and Junior College being not alone a superb collection of modern structures, but standing in the forefront of educational renown. And she loves trees, planting them along her streets and about her buildings with a generous hand. She has, with all the rest of her state, her "largest," her "first." The community hotel, El Tejon, was the first to be air-cooled in the world—and Bakersfield's main swimming-pool, right close in town, is the largest fresh-water pool in the state, or the country, or both, I forget which or what. Personally, I believe she can also claim to have the most agreeable, comfortable "motel," as the Californians call their swanky automobile camps, in many and many a long mile. It is made up of linked one-story, one-, two- or three-room bungalows, that are fitted with all the gadgets, charmingly furnished, set in courts and gardens of the fairest, and it runs a restaurant that serves tip-top meals perfectly. They tell you that people have stopped there for a night, on their way to other parts of the globe, only to stay, and stay, and finally become citizens, perfectly content in one of these motel bungalows, which, too, are air-cooled.

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There are no big parks in Bakersfield; the citizens are near enough to the mountains to run their cars up the cañons to the coolness above the valley in summer, and as the town is full of trees, and the homes are set in gardens, and they have fine play-fields connected with the schools, there has been no need for them. There are small squares, however, one of them named Beale's Park, and I decided to walk to it, for it was certainly not more than a mile from the hotel. So I set off idly, asking my way, and being sent by various friendly informants this way and that way, for no one seemed to have a very clear notion of just where Beale's Park was situated. It didn't matter—the streets were broad and quiet and shady, the air was indescribably fresh and exhilarating, walking was a pleasure. Some of the yards I passed were fenced, reminding me that between 1870 and the early '90's the cattlemen were king to the extent of passing laws to the effect that if you had a yard or a field or any planted area where you didn't want cattle roaming, it was up to you to fence them out. Later the law, as cultivation steadily increased, deserted the cattle-kings and they were forced to fence their cattle in, and barbed-wire fences bounded the pastures. This, of course, happened all over the West, and brought plenty of excitement of the gun-firing sort with it. Another item connected with the late '80's and early '90's had left its traces in and close about Bakersfield. Every now and then, sometimes in the most unexpected places, double avenues of trees, usually cottonwoods, palms or peppers, a few hundred feet in length, leading half the time from nowhere to nowhere, surprise you. These were planted by the English colony of remittance men who for a few years were a lively and well-liked part of Bakersfield and its environs. They built themselves homes and fenced their grounds, and set out trees on the short

avenues from house to road. Sometimes they set out the trees before building, to have them well started, and then never built. They brought a new conception of life to the pioneer element. Blooded horses, pedigreed dogs, polo, cricket, delightful parties and charming manners. Then they disappeared, either because the inheritance at Home came to them, or because the Kern River about that time went dry for a while, and the heat of the summers was very great, or perhaps because their remittances stopped. . . . Anyhow, to-day all that is left is a pleasant memory among old-timers and those odd parallel plantings of trees close to town out on the flat brown plain spreading off north and east.

I did find Beale's Park finally, a square of a couple of blocks each way, not much of a find, in spite of the little Greek Theatre in the middle with its amphitheatre of seats facing a columned stage, its nice swimming-pool, its wading-pool for children, and tennis courts. The trees were small, there were no flowers, but the grass was green and a lot of children enjoying themselves with see-saws, chattering and laughing. All about this part of town the homes were lovely, spacious, in big gardens. Most of Bakersfield is privately owned, though there are a few apartments, a few rented bungalows and houses. But people come here to settle, and to settle comfortably. As with Fresno there has been little trouble with the panics and the variously named depressions of the past. Bakersfield is thoroughly well-to-do. Its hospitals, churches, schools and its business blocks are all fine structures. It has good shops, and the shopping district has none of the silly advertising blah-blah that spoils so many in the Californian scene. It has some handsome club buildings, the Women's Club, a stately, country-house type in the middle of lawns and trees is most attractive, and the different

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clubs for men, especially the Masonic Temple, add to the city's good looks, and very certainly to the pleasure of life there.

Naturally the city has its paper, the *Bakersfield Californian*, heritor of various earlier sheets, the first being the *Havilah Courier*, started in 1866 soon after that gold camp became the county-seat of the newly created county. Havilah was started and named by a man who had been a Southern sympathizer in the Civil War, and who had even fitted out a small vessel at San Francisco to do what it could for his cause in western waters; finally he had to run for it, ending up in the Kern River country high above the valley, where he discovered gold in the sands of Clear Creek. He knew this meant that very soon miners would be crowding in, and he decided that since a town would be the next step, he might as well lay out that town first. So he chose a site, a fine long piece of level ground framed by the high cañon walls, and he called this site Havilah, out of the Bible verse, "A river went out of Eden . . . which compasseth the land of Havilah, where there is gold."

This was in '64, and within the next twelve months Havilah was on the map as one of the big gold camps in the Kern country, the stage line was extended to it from Whiskey Flat, which had just about then changed its name to Kernville, and next year its founder, his name was Harpending, rode to Sacramento and successfully petitioned for the creation of Kern County, with Havilah as county-seat.

The newspaper was the next thing to arrive, the first in the county. A man named Tiffany drove into the town with a small hand-press, set it up in an office on the long street which was Havilah, a rough street with wooden sidewalks along the closely crowded shanties and cabins of the miners. For six years it served miners and stockmen, as well as the

increasing village on Kern Island, until that village started its own paper in the interval between the *Courier's* birth and end, which came with the end of Havilah in '72, as the gold gave out. Another gold town gone bust. The Bakersfield paper, the *Southern Californian*, took the *Courier* unto itself, adopting the earlier paper's birth date. To-day over the entrance to its building is carved THE BAKERSFIELD CALIFORNIAN, ESTABLISHED 1866, which is its final name after various changes. Havilah itself is hardly even a ghost town to-day, reached by a steep and difficult road. The paper is a lively, well-written, well-edited publication with a long list of subscribers, and has survived several rival sheets during the years.

I wanted to see a bit of the old gold camps up the wildly splendid cañon of the Kern River as a sort of extension of Bakersfield itself. The Kern is a glorious stream, and in summer Bakersfield uses its clear swimming-holes, its cool heights for rest and refreshment much as New York City uses Coney Island. But that is the only possible comparison. Bakersfield fishes for trout, camps under the trees in Sequoia National Forest on the left bank, rides horseback over wandering trails, breathes mountain air, finds solitude and peace. Mr. Wemmen, head of the research department of the County Library, drove me up. I could fill a whole chapter with the interesting details regarding Kern County, old and new, he told to me on that drive. It is an all-morning drive up to Kernville and back, along a fine road whose only drawback is the occasional signs that mark some portions, to-wit: "Danger, Falling Rocks." Men were at work clearing away signs of this danger, and rather large ones, rocks as big as a roomy dog-kennel in one spot. They had fallen with the rains of the preceding week.

Mr. Wemmen appeared utterly unconscious of the fact

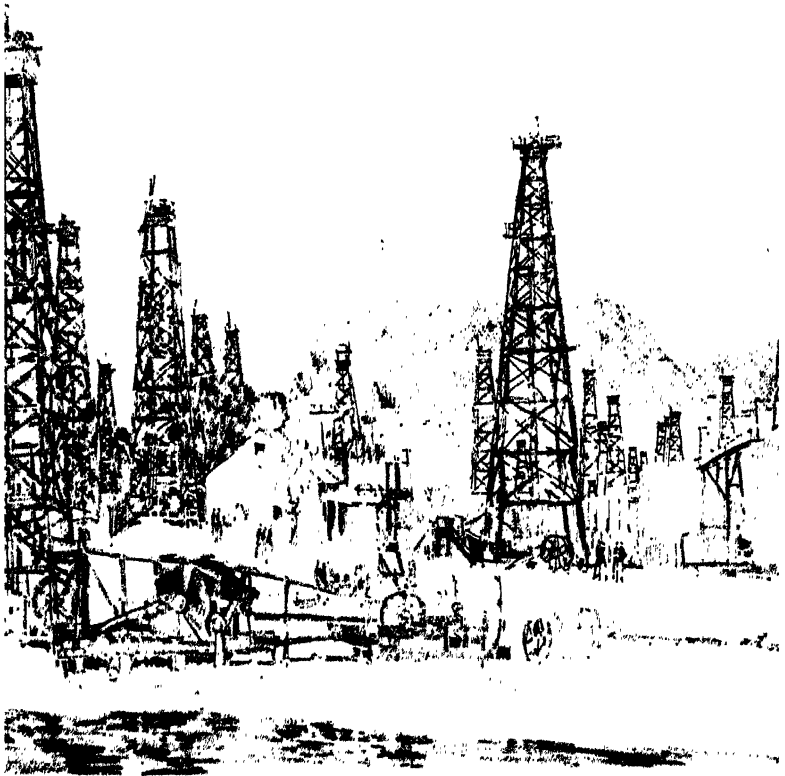
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that others might follow, and I kept my eyes on the river and tried to forget the precipice beetling on the other edge of the road.

Waterfalls tumbled down every little while, some fairly high, all white with foam and sparkling. The tall stalks of yuccas, dry and dead, reared high above us. Fields of them scramble up the steep slopes, a heavenly sight in summer. The Candles of the Lord the Spanish called them. The speed with which those giant stalks push skyward is one of Nature's wonders; you can almost see them move! From nothing they spring ten, fifteen, eighteen feet into the air, and then shake out the dazzling fronds of white bells sometimes for as much as half their length. There are very many off to the south, about Lebec, as well as here in Kern Cañon.

At Bodfish, a tiny place, we passed the old road to Havilah, and on the other side of the river, somewhat farther on, was Keysville, up in a gulch of the long ridge of Greenhorn Mountain. That was the place where a Mr. Keys made the first gold-strike in Kern County, in 1853-1854. For the next ten years the district between Keysville and Whiskey Flat was all the mining land being worked, and it was rich enough for a dozen hard-working years. There is still some gold-digging going along, but nothing to inspire even a feeble rush. Whiskey Flat got its name in 1860, when a new find had proved a bonanza, the best yet on the Kern, at Big Blue Ledge. A town sprang up at once, Quartzburg its uninspired name, and when one of its citizens, Adam Hamilton, opened a barrel of whisky to help the new camp celebrate he was sternly ordered to get out, barrel and all. He took it to a flat a little below, followed by the more convivial spirits, and thus as Whiskey Flat, began the Kernville of the future.

It is a fascinating little place to-day, with its frame houses



OIL WELLS AT BAKERSFIELD

strewn about the flat, amid trees and much greenery. A fertile flat, a peaceful flat to-day, which was not true once. But trade sprang up there, two breweries arrived, fields and gardens were planted to serve the needs of the fast growing community, a toll-road was built connecting Whiskey Flat with Visalia, and soon the stages were running, and the Conestoga wagons carrying in freight of all sorts.

It was near Whiskey Flat in 1863 that Company D of the Second California Cavalry stained the honor of their regiment by a foul massacre of Indians. Having by a lie got the Indians to lay aside their arms and collect together, they shot them down, thirty-nine defenseless braves, in cold blood. The crowded skeletons were discovered in 1901 when excavations for the Borel canal were going forward. The officers at least ought to have been branded on the forehead with the mark of coward.

Part of the pleasant town of Kernville has been reconstructed exactly as it was in the old gold-rush days by one of the Hollywood companies, and many a moving-picture of the good old times has been taken there, and the hotel then fills up with Southrons, who have also built a very charming winged dwelling of wood, that surrounds on three sides its bit of lawn and flower-bed. Close to this is the big general-store, the A. Brown store, that has been part of Kernville life since its beginning. Andrew Brown came to California in 1852 from County Donegal in Ireland. Soon he and his brother found their way to Kernville and set up a small store. Brother died but Andrew kept on, soon had stores in Weldon and Havilah as well as Kernville, and presently put up the large building of bricks baked in a kiln just above the town that is as good as ever, and still a center of trade to-day. The grandson of the original Brown now runs the place, living in a big comfortable frame house in

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plenty of orchard and garden near the store. In the old days the Brown firm carried on a once-a-week delivery service to all the scattered cabins. Nor was this all. For Andrew grub-staked many a miner, gave credit to stockmen and farmers, his wagons acted as messengers between the scattered mining folk; he was a very important and much loved part of the whole mining area of Kern River. To-day Mr. Brown and his wife remain faithful to Kernville, although they have traveled widely abroad and at home, have endless connections in Bakersfield and up and down the great valley. To go into the big store with its vast variety of merchandise and have a chat with either of them is a delightful and a very Californian experience. They link up all the picturesque history of Kern County, helped to make it, and can talk of it vividly.

"Glad to have seen you; come again," said Mr. Brown, as we shook hands. "There's a lot of fine country round about worth getting to know."

We drove away down the ever-twisting road close beside the wild river and I was sorry to go. Up a little north of east from Kernville, on one of those roads that go back almost as far as they go forward, so looped they are, a graded dirt road, is Kern County Park, almost at the summit of Greenhorn Mountain's 6,800 feet. And there is Keyesville, and Isabella, and many hot springs, and noble scenery. Who will mind the hot valley summers when all this lies at hand? Week-ends among the gold creeks, the great pines, the basins and peaks, the yuccas—

We reached the plain too soon. The Kern Cañon begins instantly, the river breaking through mighty cliffs to the lowland. In no time we were running through orange groves, then past farm-houses and ranch-houses, then in East Bakersfield, created in a huff by the Southern Pacific Rail-

road and then named Sumner, when the line was refused a right of way through the middle of Bakersfield. It remains a good deal of a railway town to-day, though part of the city now. I caught a glimpse of pretty school buildings and a very good-looking branch of the County Library. A little while ago I had been picking up a handful of snow in Kernville just for the nice feel of it, and here I was, with the palms and the oranges and children in sleeveless dresses, back in the pleasant city, nodding to the nice old Chinese who was forever puttering about the garden of Hotel El Tejon, where the narcissi were nodding their sweet-smelling heads in long rows.

“Off to the east there, along the edge of the foothills where you were yesterday at Taft, runs the old road from Los Angeles to Oakland, El Camino Viejo, which the Spaniards used from the very beginning of the nineteenth century. There’s a story that the first to follow that trail, to make their way through the tules and from water-hole to water-hole, were a pair of young lovers who had eloped from Chili in 1822 and were being pursued by the girl’s enraged father. They had an ox-cart, a *carreta*, and finally got as far as Fort Ross. But *carretas* had been passing along the old route through our valley long before that. It’s a story—”

But there must be an end to stories, and an end to my Bakersfield visit. I had one other pilgrimage still to make, another chapter to write.

“This squeezing California into one book,” I muttered, “or for that matter into one life—”



• 20 • Palo Alto and San Jose •



HIGH TREE, HIGHER EDUCATION AND THE FIRST PUEBLO

THIRTY miles down the Peninsula from San Francisco, and a trifle west of the lower end of San Francisco Bay lies Palo Alto. The Bay narrows a short distance to the north and here Dumbarton Bridge crosses to Newark and the Contra Costa, which brings Stanford University, to which Palo Alto owes its creation, close to Berkeley and the great rival University in that city. This

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makes things pleasant on the day of the annual Big Game.

Berkeley and Palo Alto would very probably have come into existence with no collegiate reason back of them, but in both cases the universities came first and the towns followed, presently achieving a separate being, certainly, yet remaining a close part of the schools, having a character and a flavor which distinguishes them from other Californian cities. It is an agreeable flavor and a good character, as the governments of both cities testify. Both too are distinctly home cities, country cities, where every natural beauty is emphasized, and every house has its garden. But Berkeley's mounting hills and glorious sea-view become, for Palo Alto, a flat extent of fertile land reaching into the foothills, and spreading away south into the lovely valley of vast orchards that in late March and early April are a glory of bloom beyond any reach of fancy.

Japan started the fashion for plum blossom heaven knows how many centuries ago, but neither Japan nor any other place equals the display of Santa Clara Valley's miles of snowy bloom. It is marvelous to drive through it, it is breath-taking to look down upon it from the hill-slopes; and the delicate perfume blown by the breeze must, one imagines, reach the Celestial regions to add one more bliss to what is all bliss.

These plum trees are of the prune variety, whose fruit can be dried. It's an old French custom and appropriately introduced into America by a Frenchman, Louis Pellier, in 1856. Coming from the region about Bordeaux, he brought slips and roots of young trees to set them out in a small orchard at Evergreen, a little east of San Jose, where the Diablo Range reaches its final slopes. Pellier did so well with his prunes that others followed his example, coming to him for slips and seeds, until to-day the trees are legion and

the prune industry one of California's most important agricultural sources of wealth. Pellier died quite recently, at the age of eighty-five, a splendid old man who deserved well of his valley and his adopted country.

Long before Pellier the old mission padres had introduced the vine, the fig, the pear, and the olive. Soon came the apricot, which comes second as a valley crop. And though the glory of spring is supreme, yet the glory of autumn, too, is excellent, when miles of flat trays are set between the ordered rows of trees, or collected in large open spaces, to dry in the sun and color the face of the earth purple and gold, like the robe of a mighty monarch.

Palo Alto got its name as far back as 1769, when Portolá, in the course of that great mistaken march of his on the search for Monterey, arrived here in November. The words mean Tall Tree, and were given to the camp where the expedition rested for several days because of a great redwood towering near the small creek, which was named Francisquito. That tree still stands, though age has done deadly work, and it will probably disappear before very long. There is a drawing made in 1864 of the first train to make the run between San Francisco and San Jose, as it paused before the bridge over the creek, almost under the tree. In this drawing the redwood is a double tree, towering far above everything else. The engine with its bulbous smoke-stack, large bell and plenty of cow-catcher, drawing behind it a freight and two passenger-cars, is being admired by ladies in flowing skirts and shawl-draped shoulders, escorted by gentlemen in frock-coats, while a victoria waits near-by, and a few saddle-horses held by grooms look on with extraordinary calm at the new monster. One wonders whether this composure endured after the engine let out a shriek, tolled its bell and began to puff on its way.

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This railway line became rather specially Leland Stanford's, since it provided carriage between the city and his huge farm of seven thousand acres, where he had the biggest stock-farm for blooded horses in all the West, with vast training quarters, stables, two race-courses, a trotting field of fifty acres, employing a hundred and fifty men. But that was later. The Stanfords left Sacramento for San Francisco in 1874, where the ex-Governor set about building his huge mansion on Nob Hill, all hung with gold and purple velvet, decorated with marble, and with a yellow glass dome seventy feet above the ground floor. Always interested in horses, he bought his estate and began breeding thoroughbreds, but did not go to live at Palo Alto, where he built himself, on the Farm, a country mansion, until after his son's death.

After an abortive attempt to establish a technical school in conjunction with Berkeley University, as memorial to the lost boy, getting himself appointed a trustee by the Governor, only to be turned down flat by the state legislature, Leland decided to have his own university, and to put it on the Palo Alto farm, The Farm, as it was called. Since the institution was to be a memorial, all the better that it should be a new creation.

On the birthday anniversary, May 14th, of the lost son, three years after his death in 1884, the corner-stone of the first of the new university buildings was laid. It is in the nature of a minor miracle that the architectural plan for the institution was what it is. When one thinks of the sort of thing Stanford might have built, of the overstuffed horror that could have been perpetrated in that decade, one gasps at the ordered beauty of Stanford University, which followed mission styles at a time when no one was adopting Spanish models to show what money could do.

The sandstone used for the construction is somewhat hot in color, the red tiles of the roofs accentuating the effect, but this is a minor defect. The buildings form quadrangles one within another, having long arcades, surrounding patios and courts planted with shrubs, trees and grass. The lines of low buildings are very effective, broken occasionally by a higher structure with fine arches and columns, but all within the mission scheme. Much of the University has been built long since the death of both Stanfords. Among the newer buildings the Students Union is particularly good. And with the years the trees have grown, throwing their shadows over walls and roofs. Various separate structures extend the plan, like the Art Gallery and the Museum, and the handsome new Library, which contains, amid its other great collections of books, the remarkable war library gathered and presented by Herbert Hoover, who is one of Stanford's trustees and who lives in a Pueblo-Spanish house set in a walled garden overlooking the campus from a bluff where the foothills rise, and where many of the professors have homes, inside the grounds and yet apart.

On the southern side of the inner quad is the chapel erected by Mrs. Stanford after her husband's unexpected death in 1893 as a memorial both to him and their son. This building has a glittering façade of Italian mosaic that is out of harmony with everything else, and inside, too, these mosaics and the stained glass give an excessive blare of color. Yet this chapel does really express Stanford's own love of glitter and show, so perhaps it belongs in the general memorial plan.

The dedication at the opening of the Leland Stanford Junior University in October, 1891, was conducted in a pouring rain. There were four hundred and fifteen students

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ready to begin study, and a mass of visitors from San Francisco and San Jose, and probably from farther afield. Stanford read a long dull speech, with the President, David Starr Jordan, holding an umbrella over both their heads. Dr. Jordan had been imported from Bloomington, where he was head of the University of Indiana, a stroke of luck, for it was certainly largely owing to this great man that Stanford became the splendid institution it is, taking rank with the best during its first president's guardianship, which lasted almost forty years.

The dedication ceremonies included other speeches, of a somewhat fulsome note, for millionaires were still taken with awe in that time. The University was described as "the noblest gift in the history of mankind," by one fervent admirer, and there was a lot more guff of that kind. There were songs, hymns, the closing one telling the Lord "We give Thee but Thine own," for the Stanfords mingled God easily with their personal affairs. There was something pathetic, something ridiculous about the large, ponderous man, vain, longing always to be a great leader, failing because of an inherent weakness of character that kept him from being more than second-rate. His big houses jammed with expensive truck, his governorship, his presidency of the railroad, his senatorship, his desperate desire to amaze the neighbors, mixed with the inner consciousness that he did not quite make it—pathetic and absurd, so much of it. In the museum of relics, among young Stanford's own collections and mementoes, was one extraordinary exhibit, a replica to each detail of shape and color of the boy's last breakfast, fried egg and all, that stood under glass in the room in one of the main buildings for all to see. It is impossible to describe the sensation you got from that incredible display, vanished now into some recess of the Museum Building. The two



MEMORIAL CHAPEL, STANFORD

extremes, that ghastly petrified meal, and the great University itself, perhaps sum up the man's character.

Stanford had borrowed against future railroad profits in building his University, but there were no profits. He died just before the debacle, though he knew he was in for difficulties, increased by the enmity of Huntington, that man described by one of those who knew him as having the heart of a shark. Had it not been for his widow, who was made of stout stuff, the institution might have closed its doors, never to reopen. But she set herself heart and soul to save it, cutting her personal expenses to the bone, selling everything she could, including her jewels, making every possible sacrifice to tide over until the law-suits could be settled and the debts paid. She loved the University, not only, as she wrote Dr. Jordan, because it stood as a memorial to husband and son, but "for the sincere hope I cherish in its sending forth to the world grand men and women who will aid in developing the best that is to be found in human nature." She meant this, and she proved it by untiring effort. In the end she won, and the University was once more solvent and a going concern. President and faculty had hung on through the difficult time, taking not their salaries, but whatever petty sums could be scraped up for them. The first class, among the graduates being Hoover, one of America's great engineers, not to mention his other titles to renown, was safely graduated and the following classes assured that all would go well for them.

Since then the endowment has not proved sufficient, generous though it was, including the innumerable acres of the Vima farm, which Stanford had intended to be the greatest vineyard on earth, but which became only an endless extent of dying vines, since cut up into lots and acres, bringing in a re-

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turn, but the whole not enough for to-day's mounting costs. Other means and other donations have been required. But assuredly Mrs. Stanford's cherished hope has been and is being fulfilled. It is, moreover, an excellent thing for California that she has not to depend solely on the state-controlled university, subject to political whims. Also both great institutions are scarcely sufficient to take care of all the demand made upon them.

Stanford, in the acres north of the college buildings, has room and to spare for all her playing fields and her great Bowl, seating ninety thousand. The Big Game is played there on alternate years, the Berkeley Stadium taking care of it in her turn. Highway and sidings of the railroad both run close to the campus at that point, so that getting the crowds on and off is comparatively easy. The eucalyptus trees that grow all around the Bowl make a pleasant approach; there is an informality in this part of the grounds suited to outdoor play. On the south side a very large aboretum extends from the main gates to the college quads, University Avenue running through the middle, a treasure grove of many species of trees. The ground beneath is bare, carefully cultivated, but this lack of grass is a deterrent to wandering, and makes the whole place look more like a commercial orchard than a private park. The long dry summers would call for an enormous amount of water if lawns were put down, however, so one must be content with the warm brown hue of the earth under the little forest, which has its own charm.

There is a fine swimming-pool for the students, and indeed nothing has been overlooked in providing for their well-being or their scholastic advantage.

As for the city of Palo Alto, its main effect is that of a country town where even the business section is agreeable

and leisurely. Ramona Street is a delight, with its arcades and balconied house-fronts in the Monterey style, its oaks, throwing their boughs from some inner court across a roof or a wall to shade the sidewalk, its tiled roofs and pretty shops. Yet how easily it could be ruined! Just a few of the glaring advertisements with their eternal young men and maidens grinning out at you, just a few blaring lights could do the job. But Palo Alto manages to keep free from that sort of stupidity. To be sure, she does not require a large shopping center, being near both San Jose and San Francisco, but what she has is good, and one can hope will stay good.

The city has a well-to-do population of taste and discrimination, both as to her University and her city inhabitants. Many of Stanford's retired teachers continue to make the place their home. They have learned to love the city, with its delightful climate, its pleasant social life. They have come to identify themselves with city doings, accepting positions in the management of her affairs. The townsfolk belong to the class that has settled incomes, not the millionaire but the middle class. Add the summer colony, renting the houses of the professors away for the vacation season, that comes largely from San Francisco, seeking more sun, less wind, and evenings where you can sit out on your lawn, or the professor's lawn, enjoying the balminess, the fragrance, and the stars overhead, and Palo Alto shows up as a peculiarly fortunate place economically as well as in other directions.

The old oaks that delighted the first-comers still line her streets and make shade in her gardens. Those streets are wide, and the houses stand back from them with plenty of space. Some have their patios in Spanish style, others remind you of New England towns. In spite of the young collegiate

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life the city is a restful, quiet place, pursuing her own interests, yet linking up with the University. She enjoys a beautiful golf-course on the Stanford grounds, opened for play in 1930, eighteen interesting holes, with good hazards, and plenty of fine trees. And there are other ties between town and gown, for instance the hospital.

The Palo Alto Hospital is an interesting and most successful triumph of partnership between a city and a university. Its modern, white, widely-reaching façade with many windows separated horizontally by intervening pilaster-like walls, looks out from a frame of eucalyptus and oak trees on the Camino Real from the University grounds across a space of lawn and shrubbery. The hospital began to operate in May of 1931 in this new building on the site provided by the University, the city having raised the money required to build and equip it; it is under the management of Stanford, which, having two other medical centers in San Francisco, the Lane and the Stanford hospitals, knows its way about. The University saves the city a good deal of money not only because of this, but because it buys supplies for all three buildings at a lower cost than could be managed otherwise. Thus the municipal-owned hospital is run by the University, doctors from the whole of the Central Peninsula send it patients, it has every possible medical service of the highest type, and it keeps costs low. One reason for this is that the present structure was built at the height of the depression when it costs less than half the money it would take to-day, another is the fact that there is practically no expense for rent (the city pays Stanford a nominal sum on a ninety-nine-year lease). Also the students and the faculty make use of Palo Alto Hospital in innumerable cases where an ordinary private hospital would not be patronized. Moreover, the citizens, out of taxes, are allowed a rebate of two dollars

and a quarter a day as a return for their responsibility in case of a deficit.

Palo Alto is utterly satisfied with its hospital. The net profit runs above forty thousand dollars a year, so that the tax burden for the rebate is being eliminated. Its management is as close to perfection as can be hoped for, since Palo Alto is used to running municipal-owned enterprises and is free of political graft for the simple reason that the city selects honest and intelligent men to rule it. All the public utilities, except for the telephone and a small transit system, are owned and managed by the city. One Stanford professor described Palo Alto as being a "political vacuum." There just ain't no politics in the handsome city.

It's really extraordinary what intelligence and decency can do, and still more extraordinary how seldom American city-government makes use of them.

Youth and age meet in this last chapter. Palo Alto is one of the youngest of Californian cities, San Jose is her first-born. The pueblo was founded on November 29, 1777, by that Lieutenant Don Jose Joaquin de Moraga, who keeps bobbing up in the early California story. At that date he was Commandante of the Presidio of San Francisco, and acting under orders of Governor Felipe de Neve, who, some time later, rode in procession to found the Pueblo of Los Angeles.

If the town was smaller under Mexican rule, the name was longer. San Jose de Guadalupe the sonorous syllables ring; and four miles away the Santa Clara of to-day was the Mission Santa Clara de Asis, founded in January of the same year. Between the two, twenty years later, the mission fathers planted an *alameda*, a broad avenue with four rows of willow trees. This street, still called The Alameda, one

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of the widest in the state, is about all that remains of the past, and there, each year, San Jose holds her Rose Fiesta and Parade of the Flowers. Fray Magin Catali, known as the Holy Man of Santa Clara, with a gift for prophecy, kept two hundred Indian neophytes at work setting out these trees, hoping that their shade as they increased in size would attract more of the villagers to attend mass in his little church. That church, too, has utterly vanished, a new one in mission-style standing on or near the old site. Incidentally, the padre's prophecies included foretelling the discovery of gold, the American conquest and the earthquake in San Francisco.

The pueblo was too near the Guadalupe River and some ten years after its founding was moved up to higher ground, where now the City Hall Park occupies what then was the Plaza. It grew slowly, starting with fourteen families; fifty years after its founding it could not count more than five hundred inhabitants. But in 1794 it opened the first school in all California in a barn, Manuel Vargas its teacher. This lead in education was steadily kept up, for in 1846 Judge Daniels started the first English-speaking school, and in 1862 the first State Normal School in California opened its doors. To-day, as the San Jose Teachers College, the old school is beautifully housed in a series of buildings that draw from the Spanish mission-style and are set in a park of nearly thirty acres, exquisitely landscaped. An unusual tower with high gabled top nobly dominates the rest of the college.

In 1814 the first man not of Spanish descent settled in the pueblo. He was a Scot, John Gilroy, and apparently was the sole representative of the foreign world until the American, Thomas W. Doak, arrived in 1833. After that the plot thickened. Ranches round about came into American hands,

business was more or less under their management, shops, smithies, carpenter establishments were established by the energetic new-comers. In the fighting period of 1846 the town was captured without bloodshed by Captain Fallon and his American soldiers, and the next year saw two Americans of Scottish blood, William and Thomas Campbell, surveying San Jose and measuring it off into lots.

In 1849 the city was the scene of the inaugural ball when the American Governor Peter H. Burnett came to California's first seat of American civil government. The capitol building was a large adobe that had been built as a hotel and bought from the builders; here the Legislature met December 15th, the ball taking place two weeks later. Captain Frémont and his wife assisted the Governor and the Governor's Lady in welcoming the guests. That first State Capitol to-day is only a marker on the east side of City Hall Square; San Jose has been thorough in getting rid of heirlooms.

The Legislature lost no time incorporating San Jose as a city, again a "first," May 7, 1850, being the date. Next came a post-office, and in the same year the first newspaper, destined to but a brief career, the *State Journal*. Already the old Spanish pueblo was vanishing, new buildings going up, homes, businesses. The year 1851 saw the Legislature leaving, going to Vallejo on the first leg of the journey that finally landed the government in Sacramento, but San Jose went right ahead developing. The year of that leave-taking saw the establishment of three important seats of higher education, the Academy of Notre Dame, the College of the Pacific, a Wesleyan foundation, the latter now, as we know, in Stockton, and the University of Santa Clara, a Catholic institution that accepts students of other faiths and has taken a high position among Californian universities. By 1871 when the first cannery was established in a woodshed,

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San Jose was a thriving, hustling city of ninety thousand. Long before that Louis Pellier had started the prune orchards that now stretch away from it, and nearby quicksilver mines had brought both settlers and wealth. The telegraph came in 1852, the railroad in '64. It is all rather breathless and amazing.

To-day Santa Clara and San Jose, though separate cities, run into each other indistinguishably. The wide tree-bordered avenues stretch, flat as tables, bordered by gardens and pleasant homes, for miles.

That little woodshed cannery, run by a Doctor James Dawson and his wife, has developed into huge modern canneries and packing-plants for dried fruits. All America eats the output with relish. The quicksilver mines appear to be the only thing to have fizzled out, never having come back after being deserted years ago. The Nuova Almaden, named after a mine in Spain, was the largest in the world, and operated as early as 1845 by the Mexicans.

The business streets of San Jose are lively and well built. The Headquarters Office of the California Prune and Apricot Growers Association has all the dignity of a bank, the shops hold fine displays and are handsome. City Hall Park right in the middle of town gives a sense of green space that is most pleasant, the hotels are large and comfortable and those I know are well run. The city is another favorite for conventions. Though it grows pretty hot in summer, nights are cool, and even the warmest days are apt to be freshened by a breeze coming down across San Francisco Bay. Like the rest of the valley towns, San Jose turns generously to the out-of-doors. She has a municipal rose garden, which, like Katisha's left shoulder-blade, people come miles to see, and for a far greater reward. It is easy to believe that not a rose that blooms but is represented in this exquisite

and beautifully displayed garden. San Jose calls herself the Garden City, and has a right to do so, either from the public or private viewpoint. Her streets even seem, in their width and their long vistas, to belong more to the country than to a city. Her County Court House, with its Grecian portico and dome, flanked by the Hall of Records of a totally different style, more like a big clubhouse, join to make another airy block, lawns and palm trees framing them.

In the neighborhood is the San Jose Country Club, placed under a group of oak trees in rolling country near the foothills, with an excellent golf-course, and the Hillview Golf Club has another splendid links and charming clubhouse. The Country Club course is one of the oldest in California, laid out in 1911. Both these are six miles out of town, and the municipal playground, Alum Rock Park, seven miles away, is another fascinating place, a cañon containing sixteen mineral springs, with a big bath-house and picnic-grounds under the trees and along the clear stream. An eastern city with a playground like this would be a miracle, but California with its outdoor-all-the-year climate has given a lot of her tremendous energy to developing these lovely spots, and always has a mountain, a cañon, a lake, a forest ready to her hand.

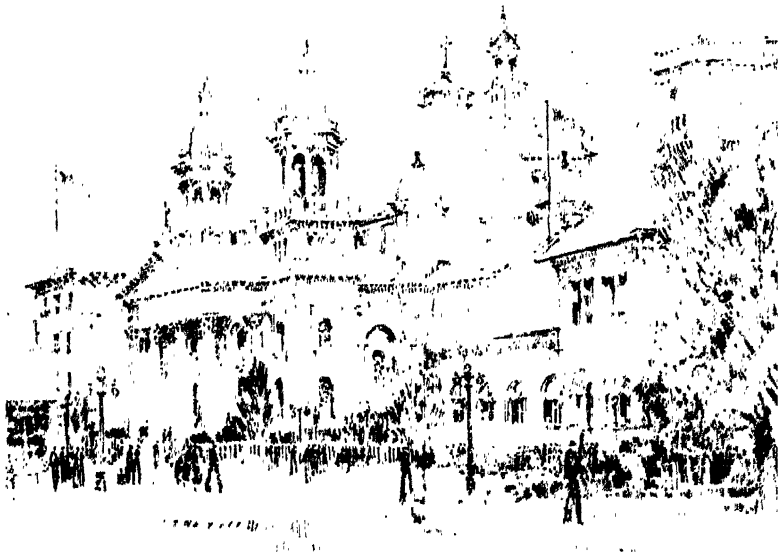
A great municipal airport is another advantage, in fact, two are available, one at Alum Rock and another where King and Story roads join. This latter has a shuttle service connecting it with the transcontinental landing-port at Oakland. Airports are scattered up and down the valley, at Gilroy, at Palo Alto, a great one, and a few miles from San Jose near Sunnyvale the Navy has a large air-base. This was the spot selected as the site for the dirigibles, and here the huge hangar, unbelievably long, where the unhappy

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Macon housed, was still to be seen when I passed there, a ghost-house if ever there was one.

Speaking of ghosts, San Jose has her Mystery House, west two or three miles. This extraordinary place, the Winchester Mystery House, was built by a rich widow who believed in signs and prophecies. Perhaps she had heard of Father Catali. Anyway, some occult being had told her that when she stopped building, then death would catch up with her, but so long as her house was unfinished she was safe.

At first it was fairly easy, and Widow Winchester interested herself and a builder in the construction of a nice, roomy, spready house with gables and cupolas. It took some time to bring it near completion, and then she started a wing. As the years went on the indefatigable woman went on with them, dragging her house from room to room, wing to wing, twisting it this way, then doubling on her tracks, only to dash away at right angles. She kept a happy, interested group of builders at work, well paid and sure, so long as their employer lived, to be kept employed. She asked advice as to which way to move next, but on the whole she had her own, unpredictable ideas. All sorts of stone, brick, wood, glass, tile and a number of different styles were combined. The house was always one structure, in that it communicated through doors or passages or rooms, up steps and down, with itself. It looks from the outside like a village jammed close, cheek to jowl, with a tree or bit of garden stuck in here and there between the walls. Inside, and a quarter admits you, it is an amazing tangle of steps leading nowhere, doors opening on blanks, rooms linked to each other in chains, others stuck out over the roofs, or one atop the other without rhyme or reason. There are fine woods, marbles, huge sheets of glass used in the construction, sometimes the windows take up more space than the walls, at



**LIBRARY AND CORNER OF CITY HALL PARK,
SAN JOSE**

others the window has been completely left out. Certainly, Death must have had quite a chase through that tangle, and for many a year the widow eluded him; but he got her at last, and now the empty, but for a care-taker, place stands alongside the road, with no close neighbor, product of a mind distraught, a mild maniac of a building.

To return to sanity, the County and the Public Free Libraries of San Jose measure up to the high standard set by California, carry on the work of many branches, take care of school and home needs, are alert to give help in research or to students. There is not a hamlet in the entire valley which needs books that doesn't get them. The Public Library has its big reading-rooms, its children's room. If you took San Jose with its schools and libraries and recreation centers and set it down in a complete wilderness, it could continue to lead a full and happy cultural and social life for a considerable time without difficulty. Throw in its prunes and vegetable gardens, the near-by dairies and chicken ranches, and—but I suppose nothing like this can happen, since the city has not the totalitarian necessity of becoming self-contained, so why pursue the obvious. Only it does strike you, as you get to know city and environs, that it is singularly well supplied with this life's needs.

And heaven lies about it, though it is no infant, but the eldest of all the flock of Californian towns and cities. For a dozen miles away, on top of Mount Hamilton, or twenty-five if you prefer the road to wings, is the Lick Observatory. Maybe the road is best, as it leads through the fertile country, swinging by orchards of plum and peach, fig and walnut groves, pastures where the white-faced Herefords munch the thick grass or range the brown hills as the season varies, through vineyards and potato-fields to the actual climb by a fine road that makes, so one is told, three hundred

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and sixty-five turns to reach the summit, one for each day of the year. The elevation is over four thousand, and since the mountain starts almost from scratch you get full value.

The Observatory with its white domes rising up against the sky above the tree-covered slopes makes a thing to look at from the valley. When you get there you find a little community of buildings housing the different instruments and the collections of books and photographs, as well as living-quarters for the staff. At the Lick Observatory the first photographs of comets and of the Milky Way to amount to anything were taken, and it was here that the second four of Jupiter's nine moons were discovered, Galileo, who knew the earth turned in spite of all Rome and the Inquisition, having discovered the first four in 1610 with a telescope made by himself. What a good time he would have had working at the Lick on top of Mount Hamilton, with the astronomers of to-day.

James Lick, who lies in his tomb under one of the supporting pillars of the large telescope, left a generous sum to build and endow this observatory in his will. He died in 1876, a very rich man, and in 1888, after careful surveying to discover the best situation, Mount Hamilton being chosen for various good reasons, the Observatory was opened, and it was four years later that the fifth of the Jupiter satellites was discovered by E. E. Barnard, with the 36-inch refractor telescope, then among the largest of its kind. Lick had come to California in 1847, carrying, so legend has it, a broken heart because his suit of the daughter of a wealthy miller was frowned upon by the stern father. So he never married, and never returned to Pennsylvania after leaving it, merely throwing at the hateful parent the statement that he would build a finer mill than ever that man had seen. And so, years later, near Alvison, he did finally build the most sumptuous

of mills, finished with costly woods and plenty of helpful and expensive gadgets. He made his money by buying and selling real estate, not bothering much about the gold rush, and as he grew older and richer he was famous for his kindness and his constant generosity. What turned his mind to observatories and telescopes I do not know. There must have been a romantic glow in him.

The Observatory is under the management of the University of California and is doing work of great importance.

One other place there is that must be mentioned in this San Jose recital, the Mission of the same name, which lies between San Jose and Oakland, about a third of the way from the former city. It was founded by Fray Fermin Francisco de Lasuén on June 11, 1797, and a temporary structure was built and occupied by the padres until the permanent building was ready, the corner-stone having been laid in July, 1802. Father Lasuén was the third President of the Missions, a really great man, exquisite in his manners, gentle and strong at once. He was dearly loved, and was called Fray Fermin by all California. Admiral Laperouse, the great French navigator, speaks of him as "of all the men I have ever known the most worthy of esteem and respect. His sweetness of temper, his benevolence and his love for the Indians are beyond expression." For eighteen years this fine priest ruled over his missions, establishing nine to add to the nine founded by Junípero Serra. His period was the heyday of the missions, whose prosperity increased and whose architectural style took on the true mission quality under him. The neophytes, too, were far better instructed, especially in the crafts, stock-raising and agriculture both went forward. The father died at San Carlos in 1802.

Mission San Jose de Guadalupe was one of the most prosperous. Great were its herds and flocks and by 1824 its

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population, including Indians, rose above eighteen hundred. Many buildings and the charming church stood here, and from it the exploring expeditions into the interior, as well as punitive parties sent out to catch marauding Indians, set forth. All about it the rich lands spread, tilled and planted. Orchards of pear and fig and olive flourished. Busy and peaceful, it seemed likely to endure for all time.

But with the secularization decay and desolation arrived, the Indians scattered, died, the fathers' work was ruined. To-day, close by the highway, only the monastery remains, long and low, with a verandah at one end behind slim wooden columns, with an olive orchard behind, vines climbing over the adobe walls, pear trees and rose-bushes. It is in excellent repair, and associated with it is an orphanage under the guidance of Dominican nuns. Where the old church stood, there is a new parish church, that keeps many relics of the days of the padres, among these two of the mission bells, one dated 1815, the other 1826.

To the imagined music of those old bells, silent now, this book comes to an end. It tells only a part of the unique story, unlike that of any other state in our Union, which is California's. What extraordinary changes, what different conceptions of existence, she has experienced. What beauty and what ugliness, what gentleness, what ferocity. Violent destructive forces and great creative ardor have gone to her making. Never was Nature kinder to any land, and yet that Nature, too, has shown cruel power to annihilate and ruin. "Give me men to match my mountains," is written over the noble portico of the Capitol Extension Building in Sacramento. Who can measure a man and a mountain? There rise her sublime peaks, clothed with such forests as no other mountains know, for all to gaze upon. But a man... the

man to match them may be some one moving almost unnoticed amid us, or he may make the world ring with his name. He and his companions, who are they, where are they? Perhaps we rub elbows with them in the street, perhaps we shall never see them. Perhaps some of the names appearing in this volume belonged or belong, to mountain-matching men, perhaps not.

Time only can tell, and time is never hurried.

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