

A Trip to the
San Francisco Exposition
with Bobby and Betty

JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON

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THE GOLDEN GATE INTERNATIONAL EX
 AUSTRALIA · FRANCE · CHILE · GUATEMALA · ARGENTINA

ANNO D. 1939. TREASURE ISLAND SITE OF THE EX
 HAWAII · JAPAN · PANAMA · FRANCE · CHILE · GUATEMALA · ARGENTINA · DENMARK · BRITISH COLUMBIA · SWEDEN · BRAZIL · CHILE

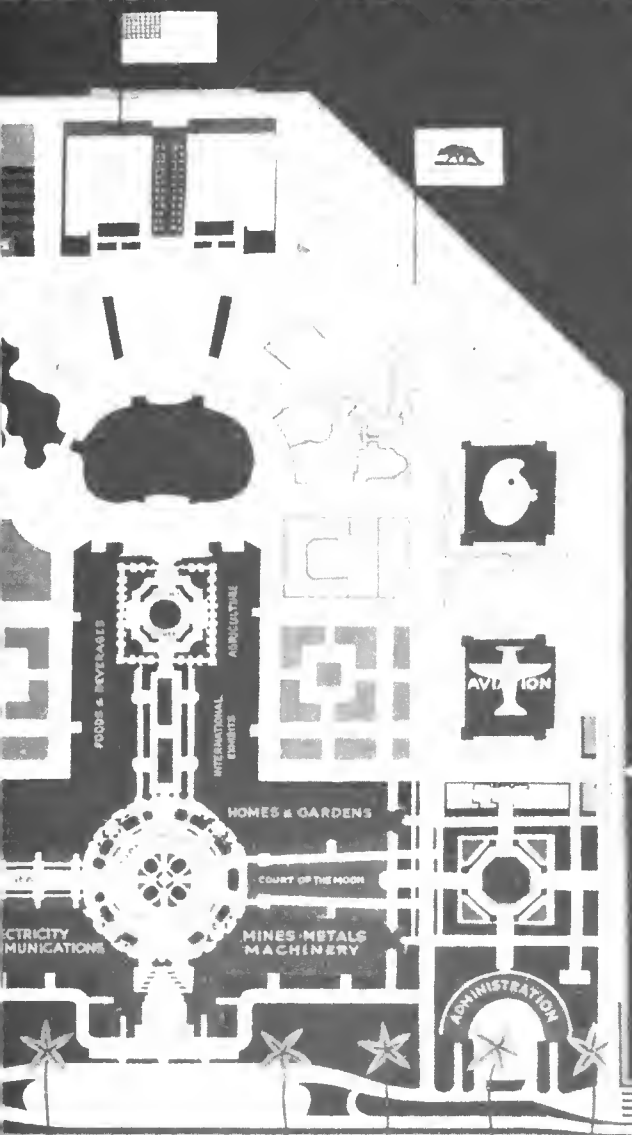


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DENMARK · BRITISH COLUMBIA · SWEDEN · BRAZIL · CHILE

EXHIBITION ON SAN FRANCISCO BAY
 COLOMBIA · NEW ZEALAND · VENEZUELA · PERU



SAN FRANCISCO BAY AND TREASURE ISLAND
 SHOWING THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY BRIDGE
 THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE AND THE MAIN
 TRANSPORTATION ROUTES AND FACILITIES

THE BASIN



YERBA
 BUENA

GROUND PLAN

SLOVAKIA · ECUADOR · EL SALVADOR · NORWAY

CALIFORNIA: A PAGEANT OF THE PACIFIC
 ITALY · NETHERLAND · EAST PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

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San Francisco, California
2007

A TRIP TO THE SAN FRANCISCO EXPOSITION
WITH BOBBY AND BETTY

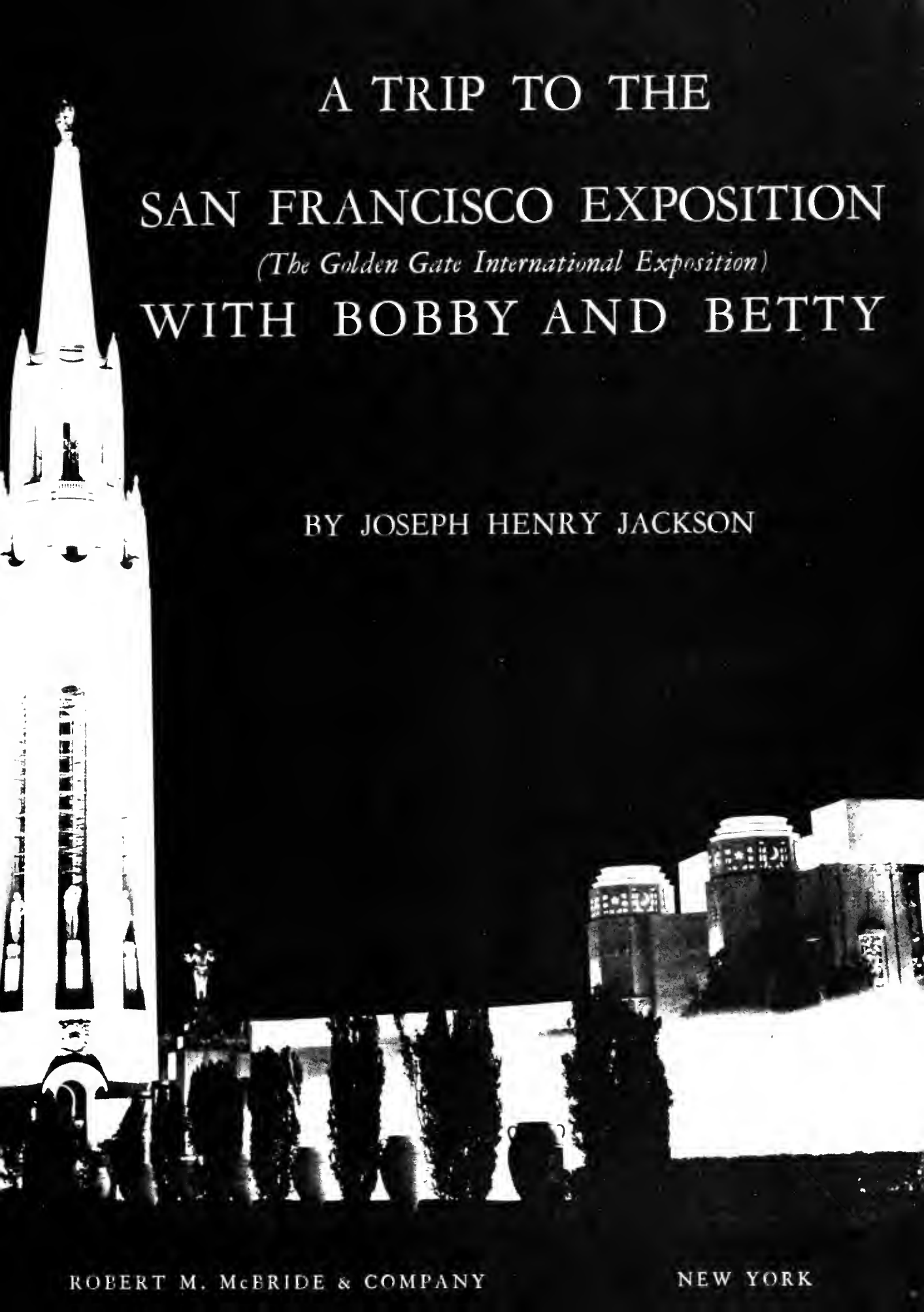
SEEING AMERICA WITH BOBBY AND BETTY

A Trip to Washington with Bobby and Betty
by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt

A Trip to New York with Bobby and Betty
by Lowell Thomas

A Trip to the New York World's Fair with Bobby and Betty
by Grover Whalen
as told to Elsie-Jean

A Trip to the San Francisco Exposition with Bobby and Betty
by Joseph Henry Jackson



A TRIP TO THE
SAN FRANCISCO EXPOSITION
(The Golden Gate International Exposition)
WITH BOBBY AND BETTY

BY JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON

ROBERT M. McBRIDE & COMPANY

NEW YORK

A TRIP TO THE SAN FRANCISCO EXPOSITION WITH BOBBY AND BETTY

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PROLOGUE

The Greatest Bridge in the World

“THERE it is!” shouted Bobby. “See? There it is!”

“Where?” cried Betty. “What?” Then she sat back in the seat again. Bobby always got excited about things. All she could see in the early evening dusk were the soft greeny-brown hills on both sides of the car as Dad followed the wide highway, swooping around the curves.

“Where? What?” mimicked Bobby. “Why, the bridge, of course! The Golden Gate Bridge!”

Then Betty did sit up in earnest. All the way across the country on this wonderful trip to the San Francisco Exposition, she and Bobby had talked most about the Golden Gate Bridge. Every minute of the last two days, ever since Dad said they had crossed the Oregon line into California, they had looked forward to seeing it. And now here it was.

Betty slid forward on the seat to look, and the first great bridge tower seemed to rise right out of the highway ahead of them. It was taller than any tower

either of them had ever seen, much bigger in every way than they had dreamed it could be. Enormous cables swung down from the top of it in a beautiful curve and, off in the distance, they swung up again to the top of the tower on the other side, which was San Francisco. Best of all, the towers and the cables were not a blackish, brownish color like most bridges, but a bright gay red. A scarlet bridge! What a wonderful idea!

Now they were actually on it. Betty felt very small indeed and very high up. The water was such a long way down, and over to the right the Pacific Ocean looked so huge that there couldn't be any end to it.

"This is the longest single span in the world," said Bobby in his telling-about-things voice, just as if Betty didn't know that.

"Of course it is," Betty answered. "Didn't we read all about it in the folder Dad showed us last night? But where is the Golden Gate, really?"

"Down below, silly," said Bobby. (Boys always like to sound important, even to their sisters.) "Right under us," he added.

"That's right," said Dad from the front seat. "If you look back when we drive off, you can watch for the two closest points opposite each other—Fort Point and Lime Point, they are called. They're the 'gateposts.' Every ship that comes in or out of San Francisco Bay has to go between them."

"Yes, and there's one now," Bobby said. "See, Betty? All full of lights! Maybe it's coming from Hawaii."

"How far is Hawaii, Dad?" Betty wanted to know. "Ten thousand miles?"

"Ten thousand!" said Bobby scornfully. "If you'd pay attention in geography class once in a while, you wouldn't say that. It's only five thousand!"

"Well, no, Bobby," Dad said. "Not quite five thousand, either. From San Francisco to Honolulu, as the steamers travel, it's just a little over two thousand miles. And it takes just a little more than four days."

"Maybe someday we'll all go and see Hawaii," said Mother. "How would you like that?"

"Oh, may we?" asked Betty breathlessly, and Bobby added, "When?"

Dad and Mother both laughed at that.

"Why," Mother said, "we've come all this way just to see California and the Exposition on Treasure Island, and now you want to go to Hawaii before you've even seen what we came for! Let's talk about it some other time."

But Bobby and Betty hardly heard her. Their sharp eyes had found another bridge, away off across the shining waters of the bay toward the left and ahead



“That’s it!” Bobby said excitedly, as the longest span in the world stretched before them—the Golden Gate Bridge.

of them. It wasn't very hard to see, now that it was twilight, because its whole length was bright with winking yellow lights, like a chain of jewels. It was the Bay Bridge; not the longest span in the world, but the longest bridge by the time you added it all up, one span after another—a little more than seven miles of it altogether. There was a tunnel, too, on that bridge, where it went right through an island. Bobby had been reading about both bridges and he knew about the tunnel and the island.

"It's Goat Island," he said, "or anyway that's what they call it now. It used to be Yerba Buena Island, though. The old Spaniards called it that, almost two hundred years ago, because a kind of weed they thought was a good herb grew there."

"*And,*" said Betty, "the Exposition is right at it—on a whole new island of its own that they built right in the middle of the bay to put the Fair on."

"Is that so, Dad?" Bobby asked. "How could they really build an island?"

"They could, and they did," Dad answered. "It was a shallow part of the bay, and they first built big bulkheads of timber, like a fence in the water. Then they dredged up sand and mud from the bottom of the bay and pumped it inside the fence, and after awhile there was the island, all made!"

"Tomorrow," Betty added, "we'll be right on it ourselves, won't we?"

"Tomorrow we will," said Mother and Dad together.

Ahead of them, as their car passed the last tall red tower and left the bridge, the lights of San Francisco began to come on, like a thousand fireflies in the dark. The way to the hotel seemed to be all hills. First they would climb one so steep that it seemed they would never get to the top. Then they would roll down the next one, only to find a steeper one ahead. It was something like a giant roller coaster; and Betty was just going to say that, when suddenly Dad turned a corner, and there they were at the steepest hill yet, all lined with red and blue and yellow neon lights and twinkling electric signs.

Then they were going down the hill, even Mother holding her breath. In front of them a tiny cable car rattled along, the conductor twirling the brake on the back platform and up ahead the gripman playing tunes on the jingly little bell. "Ding, diddledy-ing-ding, ong-dong!" went the bell, and then, "Diddy-dong, diddy-dong, diddy-dong!" Dad followed the car down slowly, until they came to a stop in front of a big gray stone doorway with marble pillars all across the front. A doorman in a blue-and-gold uniform swung open both doors of the car.



Off the Bay Bridge and onto the modern, foolproof highway completely round Yerba Buena Island to the man-made island on which the Exposition rests.

“Well,” said Dad, “here we are, girls and boys! San Francisco and the Saint Francis Hotel! Everybody out!”

Before they followed Mother and Dad into the wide doorway, Bobby and Betty had time to see that the park across the street was filled with palm trees. The night air was cool, and there was an exciting, salty smell in the breeze. This was San Francisco at last, all the way at the other side of America, on the Pacific Ocean. And tomorrow—tomorrow they would have their first day at the Fair.

“You mean the Golden Gate International Exposition!” said Bobby.

“I know,” said Betty. “It’s on the windshield sticker, isn’t it? But let’s call it just the Fair. It’s *so* much easier!”

“All right,” Bobby agreed, “we’ll call it the Fair. But just the same it’s really the Golden Gate Inter . . .” His voice trailed away as they went up the steps into the hotel lobby.



When they built the Exposition, they made this model first. Now pictures of it give



obby and Betty their best idea of just how the whole of Treasure Island is laid out.

Afterward, when they tried to remember what they ate for breakfast on that first morning, neither Bobby nor Betty could be sure. They could hardly wait until it was over, and they were actually waiting on the steps of the hotel for Dad to bring the car around. Mother had said that this first day she wouldn't come with them. Dad could take the car, and the three of them could go to Treasure Island. There were fine stores in San Francisco, and Mother wanted to see some of them. Tomorrow she'd come, too. But today was just for Bobby and Betty and Dad.

It wasn't far to the Bay Bridge, either, though crossing Market Street with its four streetcar tracks made both Betty and Bobby shout, "Hurry! Hurry!" because it didn't seem as if they would ever get to the other side. After they were over, Bobby said, "Hmph! What did you yell 'Hurry!' for? The streetcars wouldn't start again as long as the green traffic light was with us!" Betty didn't say anything. She thought to herself that Bobby had shouted "Hurry!" quite as loudly as she had. But she knew that boys don't like to be told those things, so she smiled quietly so Bobby couldn't see. In just a few minutes now they would be at the Fair! She told herself she couldn't wait.

Dad knew where to turn, because he had a map from the garage. Four blocks past Market Street, and there they were at the entrance to the Bay Bridge—a fine wide green parkway with tall trees in the middle of it and flowers and shrubs along the edges. They were none too early. Already there were hundreds of automobiles swinging round the wide turn through the parkway and onto the bridge. Dad pulled into line and began to drive a little faster.

The first thing Betty noticed was that they were getting higher.

As she looked out, she saw that now their roadway was actually over the big buildings on the streets below. She tried to tell Bobby, but he was leaning forward, his arms on the back of the front seat, straining for his first glimpse of the towers.

And there they were—not as heavy-looking as the towers of the Golden Gate Bridge, but very big just the same. But where the Golden Gate Bridge was scarlet, this one was silver—a bright, dazzling silver from one end to the other, towers, cables, and all!

Both of them were so busy looking down at the piers and docks and ships along the waterfront that neither of them noticed they were on the bridge itself until Bobby shouted, "The Fair! The Fair!" and pointed ahead and to the left.

There it was, gleaming in the morning sun, off across the water and right beside the green island for which they were heading. Behind waving palm trees, the buildings and spires looked like a fairy city, and in the very middle a tall shaft rose to the sky. On its very top something shone like gold.

"That's the gold phoenix," said Dad. "When they built the Fair, they put it up there in memory of the time that San Francisco was burned to the ground and they built a new city on the ashes, a finer and more beautiful city than the old one. The phoenix, you know, was a bird in an old Egyptian myth, and the strange thing about him was that every five hundred years he flew into the fire and was burned, but he always rose from the ashes again, even more beautiful than he was before."

"I remember about the phoenix," Bobby said. "We had it in school. But is this one really gold?"

"Not *solid* gold, no," Dad said, "but it's covered with gold leaf, thousands of dollars' worth of it."

As they were listening, Dad's voice was drowned out suddenly by the roar of a plane. It was louder than any Bobby or Betty had ever heard, and they knew it must be a big one. Then all at once they saw it, rising from behind Yerba Buena Island, higher and higher, swinging over toward San Francisco and then turning to head straight away from them. Dad didn't have to tell them what it was.

"The China Clipper!" said Bobby and Betty in the same breath.

"The China Clipper!" agreed Dad, "off to Hawaii, Wake Island, Midway Island, the Philippines, and China. All the way across the Pacific!"

Swiftly it grew smaller and smaller in the distance, the sun flashing on its silvery sides and wings. Bobby and Betty had one last glimpse of it as it sailed straight out over the Golden Gate, the bridge below it looking very small and unimportant beneath those great wide wings. Then the car plunged into the tunnel on Yerba Buena Island.

It was not a dark tunnel; that was the curious thing about it. The sides and roof were all glossy tile and two rows of bright yellow lights kept everything as bright as day—even brighter. And before they got used to it, they were out again on the other side and turning sharply off into the road that led round the island and down to the other man-made island that was the Fair. Bobby and Betty had just time to see that the Bay Bridge stretched away even farther on this side of the tunnel, and then they were winding round the island and out of sight of the

bridge entirely. They saw it once more as they came round again and their road crossed its cables and began to slope downward. Then they were on the straight, gentle grade that led down to Treasure Island and the Fair at last. At the very end of it, they crossed a short stretch of water.

“Look to your right,” said Dad, “and you’ll see where the China Clipper just came from.”

“I know,” said Bobby. “It’s called the Port of the Trade Winds. But come on, Betty.”

As Dad slowed down behind the line of cars ahead, Bobby and Betty chanted their words in chorus. “Here — we — are — at” — and as Dad let in the clutch and they slid over the very end of the causeway and under the arch, “—Treasure Island—and—the *Fair!*”

And they were!



Driving down to Treasure Island from the Bay Bridge, your road leads across the Port of the Trade Winds, where the China Clippers will arrive and depart throughout the Exposition.

CHAPTER ONE

NEITHER Bobby nor Betty would have believed that just driving onto Treasure Island could have made everything seem so different.

As Dad drove along the wide boulevard, following signs that said "Parking Area," everything round them was so beautiful that both children held their breath.

To their left was the bay, sparkling through the rows of tall palm trees, and beyond it was San Francisco, the high buildings catching the sunlight as they stood up straight against the blue sky. Along the edges of the road were flower beds filled with blossoms of every color, stretching as far as they could see.

To their right was a long, cream-colored wall as high as a big building and longer than a dozen city blocks. Behind it was the Tower of the Sun, the great phoenix at its top shining like pure gold. Spread in front of the wall was a flower bed bigger than any they had ever seen, planted in purple and red and orange blooms.

"It looks like the oriental rug in the hall at home, doesn't it, Dad?" asked Betty. "Only a million times bigger!"

"That's right," Dad answered. "It ought to, because they call it the Persian Prayer Rug! There are twenty-five acres of it, and the pattern is made by the way they put in the plants last year."

"How did you know that?" asked Betty.

"Well," said Dad, "I'll tell you. Last night I got a book all about the Exposition and sat up late reading so I'd know something about it today!"

"Did it tell what kind of flowers those are in the rug?" Betty wanted to know.

"Certainly," said Dad. "They're called mesembryanthemum! Can you say it?"

"Mesem— Well, no!" said Bobby and Betty.

Dad chuckled. "I didn't think you could," he said, "but they have an easier name—ice plant."

"*Much easier,*" said Bobby and Betty. "Ice plant it is!" And Bobby added, "Like calling the Golden Gate International Exposition just the 'Fair'!"

"All right," Betty said, "but you agreed to call it the Fair, and you have to!"

Bobby nodded, but said nothing because Dad turned a corner and there was the parking area. "It holds twelve thousand cars," Dad said. "Just a little parking lot!"

A smiling man in uniform came up to take the car, and Dad asked him which was the way to get to the Portals of the Pacific, the huge Elephant Gates that led into the Fair.

"Right back the way you came, sir," said the man.

Bobby and Betty turned. There were the two tremendous towers, each with an elephant head at its top, only a short walk back.

"Come on, Dad!" urged Bobby. "Let's go!" Betty slipped her arm into the crook of Dad's elbow and they headed for the elephants.

But when they got actually up to the gates, Bobby and Betty looked round in surprise. There didn't seem to be any doors—just a great, wide court with tall lamps like immense yellow tubes standing all about it.

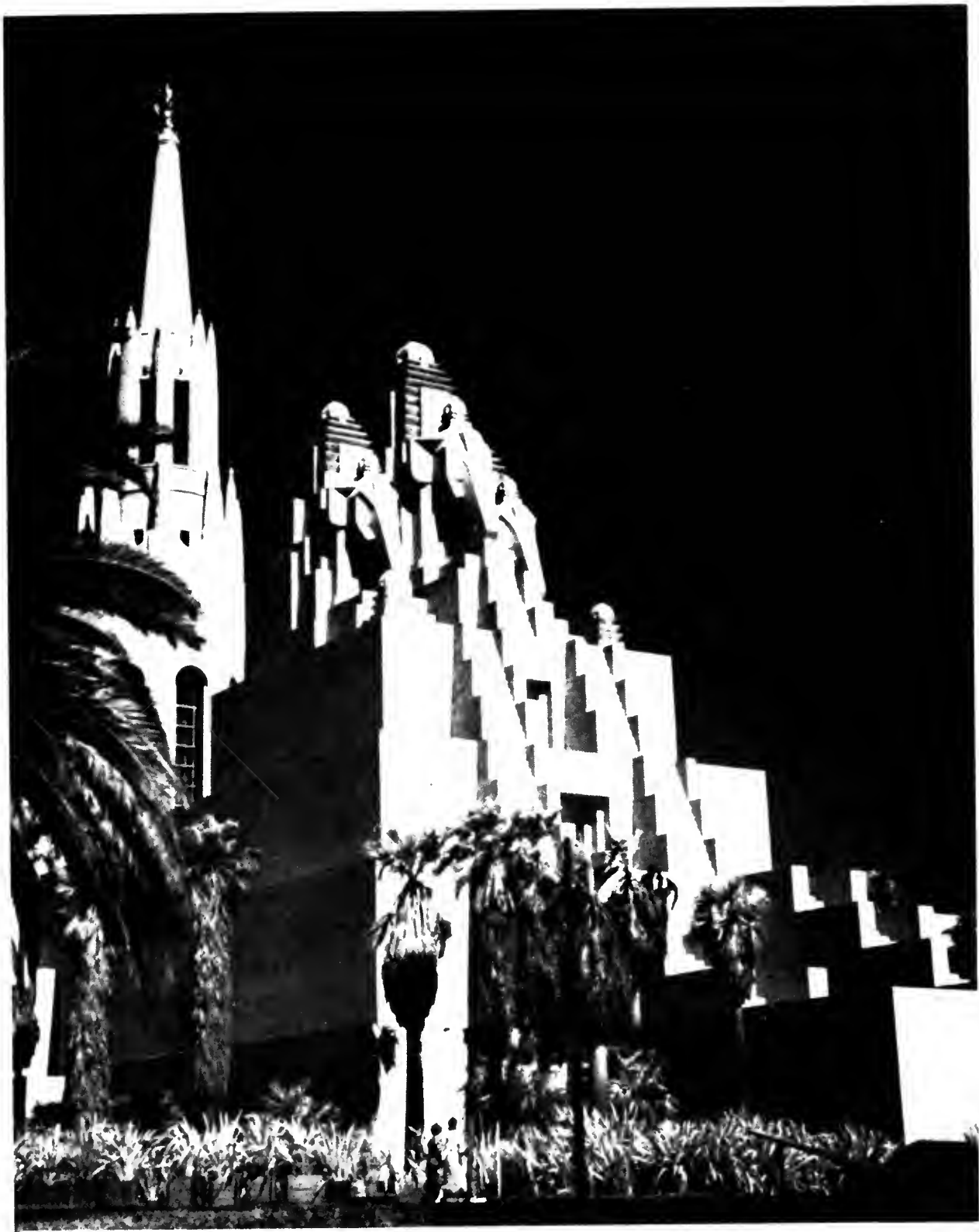
"Now what do we do, Dad?" asked Bobby. "These are supposed to be gates and there aren't any gates *to* them!"

"Wait a minute," Dad replied, "and you'll see." He began to walk straight ahead, down the court between the towers.

Still Bobby and Betty didn't see any way to get through the wall. The crowds ahead of Dad kept disappearing somewhere at the back, but the children couldn't see where they went. Then, as they came up to Dad, they saw the trick. It was done exactly like stage scenery. The wall jogged back in a series of smaller walls, and between each of these jogs was an opening and the crowd was pouring through these, out of sight. It was so simple that they both wondered why they hadn't seen it right away.

"You know why they're made this way, Betty?" asked Dad. "It's so the wind can't blow directly off the bay into the grounds. These small walls are called 'baffles' because they baffle the wind—stop it from getting through. The whole Fair is built like an ancient walled city. Inside, there's practically no wind at all!"

As Dad spoke, they came through the baffles and stepped into the real Fair at last.



The Exposition is built like an ancient walled city.

"This," said Dad, "is called the Court of Honor. And there in the middle is our friend, the Tower of the Sun."

Bobby and Betty tipped their heads backward to look up. For the first time, now they stood so close to it, they realized how tall the Tower was. The gold phoenix seemed a mile away, though Dad said it was only a little more than four hundred feet. Fountains played on all sides of the Court, sparkling in the sun, and the Tower itself looked light and graceful because the artist who designed it had built it in a series of pointed arches, one row above the next, all the way up. Just below the top row of arches were four carvings called "Gentle Wind," "Cold Wind," "Trade Wind," and "Storm," and below these at the points of the next lowest arches were eight beautiful statues. They were looking at them when the bells began.

Down came the notes from the chimes in the top of the Tower, silvery and clear, playing a light, sweet melody. It was a welcoming kind of tune: a cheerful, gay song that seemed to say how fine a day it was and that it was the best day of all days for Bobby and Betty to come to the Fair.

The bells were still playing when Dad said, "This way, children," and guided them to where a long avenue led away between two high walls to the left. "This," Dad said, "is the Court of the Seven Seas, and the book said that to walk straight down it is the best way to begin to see the Fair."



Took In All Heads'l. One of the mural panels painted by John Stoll for the Court of the Seven Seas.



Relief sculpture of the famous clipper ship, *Flying Cloud*, from the walls of the Court of the Seven Seas.

Bobby was the first to notice the carvings of ships' prows that lined the edges of the walls on both sides.

"Look, Betty," he said, "see? They're ancient ships, like the ones the Vikings had. And those are the sails!" Bobby pointed to the red and purple and gold banners of canvas that stretched tautly from rows of masts, all the way down the Court.

So they were. This Court was built to honor those brave sailor-explorers who took such big chances, hundreds of years ago, to learn what was beyond the horizons they knew. Bobby and Betty read their names: Columbus, Magellan, Sir Francis Drake—they knew them all from stories they had read. It was Betty, though, who spied the carving of one of the most famous ships of all. "There, Dad," she said excitedly, "do you know what ship that is? I do!"

"No," Dad answered, "I don't. What is it, Betty?"

"The *Flying Cloud*!" said Betty proudly. "She was the fastest ship that ever sailed round Cape Horn to San Francisco—and the most beautiful, too!"

"I know something else about her," said Bobby. "She was the best of all the ships they called the China Clippers because sometimes they sailed to China to bring back tea. And the China Clipper we saw this morning got its name from these very sailing ships!"

"That's right," said Dad. "They named the planes exactly that way. But look ahead of us. There *is* a statue for you!"

At first Bobby and Betty didn't see what he meant. They were looking for something of ordinary size. Then all at once it burst on them—the huge figure directly across the new Court into which they had come. And it *was* a statue! As they looked, too astonished to say anything for a minute, Dad told them about it.

It was the figure of a woman with hands upraised in the sign that means peace. *Pacifica* was her name, Dad said; she was carved by a famous Western sculptor to represent the Pacific Ocean and the countries round it. Eighty feet high she was: a tremendous, almost overwhelming goddess, bidding all visitors to enter and be at peace in the Fair.

The bells in the Tower of the Sun had stopped, and Betty said, "Listen a minute. Don't you hear music?"

Dad and Bobby stood quietly and immediately they heard it—a soft tinkling and chiming like thousands of tiny bells ringing at once.

"What is it, Dad?" they asked. "Do you know?"

"Yes," said Dad. "That's another thing I read about. It's just what it sounds like. Look carefully now and see if you can tell where the bells are."

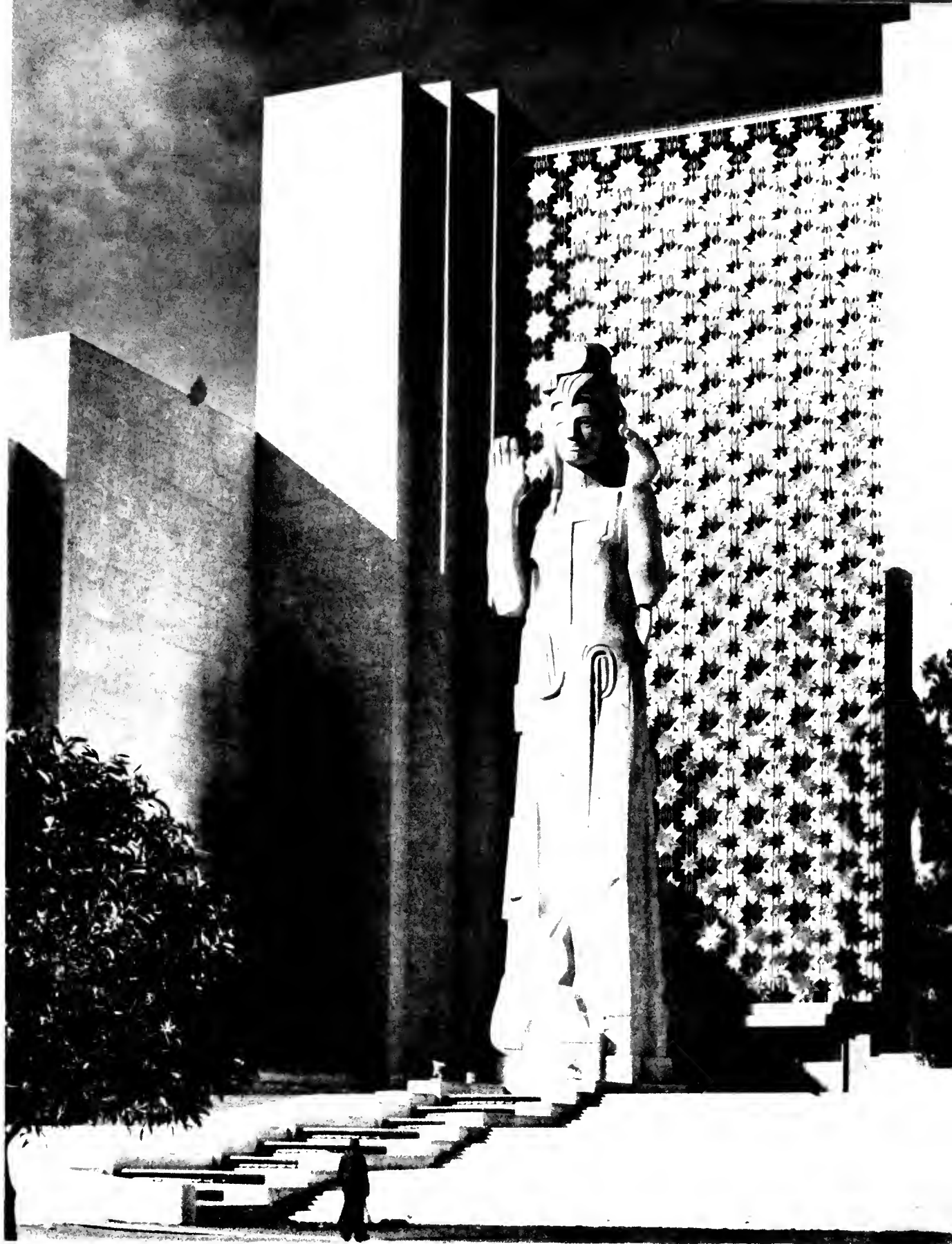
Bobby and Betty looked everywhere. It wasn't the fountain in the middle. Fountains didn't ring, and anyway they could hear the sound of the water, distinct from anything else. They could see it, too, as it flowed from around the feet of *Pacifica* in a clear blue cascade to the fountain in the center. But it wasn't making those musical sounds, they were sure of that.

Then Dad said, "All right, let's go over a little closer to *Pacifica* and see what you hear there."

They walked across the Court and up to the steps that led toward the great statue, the tinkling and chiming growing louder as they came closer.

Bobby was the first to catch on. "Oh, *now* I know!" he cried. "It's that curtain behind the statue! That's where the bells are!"

He was right. As they listened, Dad told them how the enormous glittering



Eighty-foot *Pacifica*, symbolic goddess of the Pacific Area, stands before her tinkling prayer curtain.

5/22/2017
curtain behind *Pacifica*, more than a hundred feet high, was put together out of cut-metal stars and how, between the stars, hundreds of tiny chimes were hung so that even a slight breeze would shake the whole curtain and make them ring.

"They call it the Prayer Curtain," Dad told them, "because it's an Oriental belief that each time a bell rings a prayer goes up to Heaven."

"Isn't it beautiful?" Betty breathed. "I could listen to it forever!"

Bobby, though, was restless. He had found what made the chimes ring, and he wanted to go on to something else. Boys are like that.

"Look, Dad," he said, "out beyond the gate. What's that thing that looks like a cash register?"

"Well, Bobby," Dad answered, "it *is* a cash register!"

It was, too; an immense one as big as a four-story building, but perfect in every detail. At the top there were tall black-and-white figures in just the right place, exactly as a small register shows the numbers of the sale.

"What does it do?" Bobby asked. "Does it show the money the Fair earns or what?"

"Not exactly, Bobby," Dad told him. "It shows the number of people at the Fair each day. Watch and you'll see the numbers keep changing. See—there's a new number now!"

The last figure on the giant register changed from a four to a seven.

"Three more people!" Betty said. "Probably that's us. Could it be, Dad?"

"It could be," Dad agreed. "Maybe it is. But how about this building here on our right? I don't know about you, but I'd like to see what's in it."

"So would we!" said both children together, and Betty added, "But what is it? Tell us!"

"There's where my book comes in again," Dad said. "Because I know. It's called Vacationland. And I think it would be a very good place to begin to see things!"

"It would! It would!" cried Bobby and Betty, and they turned toward the door that led into the Palace of Vacations.

CHAPTER TWO

EVEN Dad was surprised by the huge hall that was called Vacationland.

It looked as though all outdoors had been brought inside this building. Here were streams tumbling down from high rocks, mountains that looked real enough to climb. In the distance was a tall, intricate piece of metalwork that Dad told them was an oil derrick. Around it was a complete working model showing how men get oil from the ground, refine it, and make it into gasoline to run automobiles.

The automobiles were there, too, and Bobby began to reel off their names as he always did when he saw many different cars. Betty was just going to ask him to stop because they all looked the same to her, and anyhow it made her dizzy to hear him saying them. But she didn't have to. Bobby suddenly pulled Dad's arm and said, "Look! A railway!"

It was more than that. It was a whole railway system, with mountains and trees and rivers and bridges, stations and towns and villages, and miniature trains busily running through the tunnels and around through the hills and valleys.

"See, Dad," Bobby cried, "they're streamliners!" As he spoke, the little train just in front of them whistled, the gates at the nearest crossing came down, and an automobile stopped while the train went by.

Bobby's eyes opened wide. "How do they do that?" he wanted to know.

"Electric controls," Dad told him. "The whole system is intricately wired and it's so well worked out that everything acts as though there were actual engineers at the train throttles and drivers in the cars!"

Bobby might have stayed right there the rest of the day, if Dad hadn't suggested that with so much to see they'd better walk along through the hall. Perhaps they could come back to the railway.

As they strolled on, new scenes kept catching the eye. One was an electric map on which neon lights showed the different vacationlands scattered through the West. Beside it was a whole big display of Sun Valley. Bobby and Betty

remembered Dad telling them about that when they were coming through Idaho.

"See, Bobby," Betty said, "that's where they go skiing in the winter and then come back and go in swimming in an outdoor plunge!"

But when she turned to see if Bobby was listening, he wasn't there. They found him standing fascinated by a big automobile that was slowly turning over and over to show how it was made. Betty realized that boys preferred machinery to almost anything, so she smiled at Dad. "Anyway," she said, "you saw Sun Valley, didn't you?"

"You bet I did!" answered Dad and squeezed her arm. "And one of these days we'll take a trip up there and do some of that skiing ourselves."

It was more than an hour before they had seen everything in Vacationland. Some of the exhibits Bobby and Betty had gone back to see again—the electric railway, for one. Dad said they could come back another day if they liked and watch it some more, but that right now he was hungry and didn't Bobby and Betty perhaps agree with him?

They did. "Somewhere," Dad said, "we ought to be able to get a snack to hold us until noon, don't you think?" As they went out into the sunlight, Bobby and Betty were just going to say "Yes!" when they smelled something so good that they stopped right where they were and looked round to see from where it came.

It didn't take them a minute to find out. Just ahead of them was a brown man dressed in white, a wicker basket slung on his back and attached to it a small stove from which the wonderful smell was coming.

Dad saw the man at the same moment and beckoned to him. He came trotting over, set down the basket, and smiled. "You like *sat-tee*?" he asked.

"*Sat-tee*!" said Betty. "What's that?"

"Oh," Dad answered, "I know. You spell it 'satei.' It's a Malayan hot dog, or anyhow what they eat in Malaya instead of hot dogs. Shall we try one?"

"Of course!" said Bobby and Betty, and they waited to see what the little brown man would do.

First the man put three small chunks of meat on his little charcoal stove. They began to sputter and send out grand smells. While they cooked, he set out three palm leaves. On each was a slice of cucumber and a little round dab of sauce. Then he took up three long skewers made of palm-leaf ribs, neatly stuck one through each piece of meat, and handed them to Bobby, Betty, and Dad.



Walking in through the tower door, they all found themselves in the hall called Vacationland.

He showed them what to do, and they followed his instructions, sticking the long skewer into the slice of cucumber and then dipping cucumber and meat together into the sauce.

“Boy!” said Bobby, taking a taste. “This is even better than hot dogs, isn’t it?”

“Better than hot dogs *with* mustard!” Betty added. Dad just nodded. He was in the middle of a big bite and couldn’t talk.

“We’ll have to get one of these for Mother tomorrow, won’t we?” said Betty, and Dad nodded again. The little brown man lifted his basket and stove, smiled once more, and jogged away down the long court.

“Well,” said Dad, “that’ll hold us for awhile, won’t it? Right across here is the Science Building, where they have the Hall of Miracles. How about a miracle or two, just for a change?”

“Real miracles?” Betty asked and then wished she hadn’t, because Bobby

said scornfully, "Isn't that just like a girl! There *aren't* any real miracles, are there, Dad?"

"It depends," Dad answered, "on what you call a real miracle. According to what I've read, some of the things you'll see in here are just about as near to miracles as anything I ever heard of."

Betty felt better, and the first thing they saw when they walked into the great Hall was enough to reduce Bobby to silence.

They seemed to be on the floor of the ocean, going down. Through glass walls on all sides they could see the rocks and sand and strange fishes of the ocean depths. High above them was the shadow of a ship taking soundings; they could see the instruments dangling at the end of the long cable and finally coming to rest on the bottom. As they walked along, it grew darker. The water turned a deeper blue and the fishes grew more and more outlandish. To their right, an octopus had squirted out its cloud of brown ink; and just beyond it was a weird-looking monster, something like a flounder, only much larger, with a tiny mouth that didn't look as if it could possibly eat enough to keep alive.

"Aren't these the creepiest-looking things?" said Betty. But Bobby loved it all. "Do you know what it reminds me of?" he asked them. "It's just like looking through the glass windows in the *Nautilus*. Remember? In *Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea*?"

"That's right," said Dad. "It does." And Betty agreed.

But the undersea show was only the beginning of this Hall of Science. For when they came up to the surface again, there in front of them was an even stranger exhibit. This time it was the land they were looking at, but the land of ages long past.

On six stages, set around them, were arranged model scenes that were called "Pageants of the Past." Here were mammoths, saber-toothed tigers, shaggy wolves, herds of camels, bison, horses, and elephants, all gathered round a tar pit of the Pleistocene Age—about one hundred thousand years ago. The scientists did not just invent this, Dad told the children. The tar pit really exists. It was discovered at La Brea, California, in what is now the city of Los Angeles. And down in the pit when they found it were the remains of all the long-ago animals that had been trapped in its sticky depths and thus preserved, so that today's humans can see what they looked like.

But Bobby had seen another one and was urging them to look. This one took them back much farther in time. It showed what had once been a waterhole in



Crowds flocked to see the curious and wonderful exhibits in the University of California display in the Hall of Science.

northern California. Two and one-half million years ago, in the age called the Pliocene, there lived many beasts that have since entirely disappeared, and these were what Bobby and Betty saw now. There were two separate herds of horses, they noticed, both smaller than the horses of today. One kind was single-toed, while all the others had three toes. Near them was an elephant, much smaller than today's elephants, fat and short-legged, a kind of small mastodon. It had two tusks that elephants have today, but Nature had also provided it with two others in the lower jaw. Its trunk was different, too. It had a scoop-shaped end, with which the animal crammed food into its mouth. Oddest of all were the dozens of delicate-looking little animals scattered about the edge of the drinking place. They looked something like deer and, in fact, they were—a kind of antelope, full-grown but no bigger than a dog. What became of them in the age-long development of mammals nobody knows.

"Oh," said Betty, "I wish we had them today. Wouldn't they make wonderful pets?" Even Bobby had to agree they would.

Strangest of all these displays was the last one, which showed how the earth

looked one hundred and fifty million years ago, in what is now the state of Arizona. There were few trees and not much other growth. It was an age when the earth was undergoing many violent changes. Bobby and Betty saw wide flood plains being buried under great layers of hot mud and ashes. In the background a huge volcano spouted lava and smoke from its crater. In front, crouching on the flats, was the most fantastic assortment of animals yet, the survivors of the Age of Reptiles.

Here, for instance, was the *Episcoposaurus*, an enormous beast covered with heavy bony plates and with long horns on its shoulders. Beside it an eight-foot salamander sprawled in the hot mud, while just beyond it the *Phytosaur*, a fierce, crocodilelike animal, was half under the water, trying to escape the heat and the suffocating ashes.

Both Bobby and Betty felt creepy when they looked at the scene, yet it was so fascinating that they didn't want to leave until Dad said, "But look over here, children, and see what we've got!"

Bobby and Betty crossed over to where Dad was standing, and all at once it seemed as though they were in a different world. All around them was what looked like the real sky. Almost close enough to touch was the sun with its family of planets around it. Overhead was the Milky Way, sparkling and twinkling like thousands of diamond particles.

"Where's our own earth?" asked Bobby. "Can you find it, Dad?"

"Yes indeed," said Dad. "Look, Bobby, right over there." He pointed over Bobby's shoulder to a rather small and unimportant planet. "There we are!" he said. "And there, on the other side of the Earth is the Moon. See?"

Bobby and Betty looked, and they felt very small indeed. They had read about the solar system, of course, and had seen pictures in their schoolbooks. But here it was all so much easier to understand.

"Someday," Dad told them, "we'll visit an observatory and look at the real thing."

"Maybe," Betty said, "we could see that tremendous new telescope that's two hundred inches across or something. It's at Mount Palomar, I know, because we had it in a Current Event at school."

"Not yet," Bobby said, "because they're not even finished polishing the lens. But if you want to know how it's going to look when they have it finished just turn round!"

Betty and Dad looked round, and Bobby was right. There was a perfect model, on a small scale, of the biggest telescope in the world—the same one that would be in the observatory high up on Mount Palomar as soon as the lens was done.

“Yes,” said Dad, “and speaking of models, there’s one over there that we oughtn’t to miss.”

It was a model of the cyclotron, or atom-smasher, invented at the University of California to tear apart the incredibly small atom and smash it into even smaller bits. Bobby and Betty were impressed, but they didn’t understand it very well, and Dad admitted that he really didn’t, either. A sign said that a lecturer would speak there that afternoon and describe how it worked, and they agreed they’d come back then, or perhaps tomorrow when Mother was along.

“Anyway,” said Dad, “over here is something anybody can understand. And it looks as though a lot of people were busy understanding it, too!”

Bobby and Betty edged in closer, Dad with them, until they could see what it was.

It seemed to be just several rows of dolls—dolls with brown eyes, with blue eyes, red hair, blond hair; tall dolls, short dolls, fat and thin ones. In front of them, people were pressing buttons and looking at the dolls that would pop up for a moment and then sink back into place.

“Why are they doing that, Dad?” asked Betty.

“Well,” Dad said, “it’s a machine made to show people how the laws of heredity work. Do you know what ‘heredity’ means, Bobby?”

“Of course!” Bobby said. “It means inheriting things—the way I inherited the shape of your nose, for instance. Doesn’t it?”

“That’s close enough,” said Dad. “Suppose you press some of those buttons yourself now, and see how the machine works.”

Bobby looked doubtful, but he tried. First he pressed the buttons for light-brown hair and blue eyes, like Dad’s. Next he pressed the ones that were marked for dark-brown hair and brown eyes like Mother’s. Then he pressed the control button and a doll suddenly shot up out of the third row and looked straight at Bobby.

Betty squealed with delight. There it was: darkish-brown hair and brown eyes, exactly as Bobby had!

Dad chuckled. “All right, Bobby,” he said, “you see? It *does* work, after all!”

Bobby was fascinated. "I know," he said, half to himself, "it certainly did that time. Only what if I pressed these instead, and——"

But there were lines of people behind him, waiting their turns, and Dad said no.

There were hundreds of other new and strange things to see in the Hall of Science. Here, for instance, was a whole miniature farm, producing fine crops of vegetables without any earth! The plants were growing in what seemed to be just water—huge jars of it, filled with chemical solutions. A speaker explained it to the crowd and Bobby and Betty listened, hardly able to believe their ears when he said that some day it would be quite possible that farms would be a thing of the past and mankind would grow even finer vegetables and flowers in "factories," in which rows of glass jars would be the "fields" which produced the crops, year after year.

Near this exhibit was a lecturer explaining the making of artificial foods. In his hand he held a capsule, looking just like the ones with medicine in them, which Bobby and Betty often had had to swallow, and explained that in that tiny pill was as much nourishment as a whole meal of steak, potatoes, and spinach.

Bobby and Betty knew something about vitamins, but this was much more than that.

"It wouldn't be much fun to eat, though, would it?" Bobby said.

"No," answered Dad, "and that's why, probably, such things will be used only in emergencies, at least at first. Perhaps travelers and explorers will carry them, and so will soldiers—anyone who needs to have some extra nourishment or had to in case something happens, yet without carrying extra weight. But the rest of us will stick to the foods we're used to for many a long year yet!"

"Well," said Betty, "I'm glad! Even if it would save a lot of dishwashing, I'm still glad. I *like* to eat!"

"Who doesn't?" Bobby put in. "But what's that thing over there?" He raced to the other side of the Hall.

When Dad and Betty caught up with him, they found him standing in front of that very famous model of a human being—the Transparent Man. While they all watched, a speaker with a pointer showed what happened to the human system when food was eaten, when drugs or medicines were taken, or when sickness overtook it. All the nerves and muscles and blood vessels in

the body were plainly shown; and though Bobby and Betty had seen the pictures in their hygiene books at school, this was much clearer and ten times as interesting. After all, a picture in a book can't show, in actual size, the whole inside and outside of the human being, but the Transparent Man did just that. Both children felt they understood a great deal more about themselves and what made them work than they ever had before. And it didn't seem like studying, either, which was the best part of it.

Right beside them at this end of the Hall was another tall door, and over it was a sign which said "Hall of Electricity."

"Let's go in there," suggested Dad, "and see what we find."

"Oh, let's!" cried Betty. "That's where they have the Electrical Man that can really talk!"

"Another Current Event, I'll bet!" said Bobby.

"Why, of course," Betty said. "That's how you learn things, isn't it? Anyway, you want to see him yourself. You said so a long time ago, before we even started from home!"

"I know," said Bobby, "I was only kidding!" As they came through the door, he suddenly shot away from them. Dad and Betty could hear his voice floating back to them over his shoulder, "Here he is! Right over here!"

The crowd around Voder, the Electrical Man, was the biggest they had seen anywhere in the Fair, but the curious-looking figure was standing on a raised platform so they had no trouble seeing him.

There was a man standing on the platform, too, and as they came up he was talking to Voder.

"Say 'Okay!'" the man said.

The electrical figure opened its mouth. "Okay!" it said. Bobby and Betty gasped.

"Honest, Dad," said Bobby; "isn't there a phonograph record or something like that inside?"

"No," said Dad, "honestly there isn't. The sound engineers of the telephone company have worked many years on the problem of actually 'making' the sounds of human speech, and they have learned how to make this automatic figure, Voder, give out almost any sound or combination of sounds. The hardest is the letter L. He doesn't do that one very well."

As Dad finished, the man beside Voder said, "Say 'telephone!'"

Voder opened his mouth and said "Tehrwephone." You could tell what he meant, but it wasn't the true L sound. Still, it was wonderful enough even without L, and Bobby and Betty stayed there entranced until Voder had gone through all his tricks.

Then Dad had another idea.

"Bobby," he said, so Betty couldn't hear, "have you got your pocketknife with you?"

"Of course," said Bobby, wondering why Dad wanted to know.

"All right," said Dad, "walk over this way." He guided Bobby to the place where the electric eye was being shown. First he placed him right at the end of two broad white lines painted on the floor. Then he said, "Now Bobby, Betty doesn't know if you have your knife in your pocket or not. You walk straight ahead, between these two lines. You can't see the Electric Eye, but it's there. If you have the knife in your pocket, we'll all know it!"

Bobby walked straight ahead as Dad had said and suddenly a bell went "Zinggg!" Bobby jumped and looked round, and everybody laughed.

"There you are!" said Dad. "That's how they find out, in modern prisons, if the prisoners are carrying knives hidden in their clothes!"

"Jiminy!" said Bobby. "Isn't that something! And look over there. It says 'Television.'"

That's what it was, too; a demonstration of the newest devices in television, worked out in color, and more perfectly than any television instrument had ever done it before. Near it, electrical music was playing. Beside that was a model farm electrified in every possible way for everything that had to be done on a farm—from washing dishes to forced crop production. Across the aisle were electrical fountains, changing color every two minutes; and overhead were the new tube lights, the very latest development in lighting, which made it seem as if light came from everywhere around instead of from just one spot.

Even in this one Hall there were more things than Bobby and Betty could see in a whole day. Dad was just saying, "Hadn't we better be thinking about some lunch?" when the bells in the Tower of the Sun began to ring again. After the tune was finished, they struck the time. Twelve o'clock! Neither Bobby nor Betty would have believed it. But, now they thought of it, they *were* hungry. Dad was right. After lunch they could go on and see what was in the courts and halls on the other side of the great Tower of the Sun.

CHAPTER THREE

AFTER lunch they found the Court of Honor again without any trouble. The Tower of the Sun was a perfect guidepost. After all, you could see it from every part of Treasure Island.

"We're going to see the Hall of Mines next, aren't we, Dad?" Bobby asked. "Isn't that where they have a whole big mountain and you can go down inside it and see them mining gold?"

"But," said Betty, "I wanted to see the Court of Reflections and the Court of Flowers!"

"That's easily settled," said Dad. "We'll simply stroll through the courts while our lunch digests and then we'll walk back and see what this gold mining is all about. How's that?"

"Fine!" Bobby and Betty said, and Bobby added, "Just so long as we get down in that mine! And maybe we can see the Hall of Air Transportation too. Can't we, Dad?"

"I don't see why not," Dad answered. "All we have to do is walk straight over from the Hall of Mines toward the water—the Port of the Trade Winds, you know—and there it is."

As they talked they had walked half way round the Court of Honor, and Betty asked a guide, "Please, where is the Court of Reflections?"

"This is the gate right here, young lady," said the guide, smiling and saluting. "And if you go on through this Court and under the big arch, you'll be in the Court of Flowers."

Betty thanked him and the guide smiled and saluted again. "Isn't he polite?" she whispered to Dad, who whispered back, "He's trained specially for this job. Probably he's a polite young man anyway, but every guide on the island had a special course in telling people how to find things. And you see how beautifully it worked out!"

While Dad was explaining they had walked between two high columns, and suddenly they were in the Court of Reflections. Down the middle were two

long pools filled with clear blue water. Along the edges were trees covered with brilliant red blossoms.

“What in the world are they, Dad?” asked Betty.

“I’m afraid,” said Dad, “I just don’t know. Let’s find a guide and ask him.”

“There’s one,” said Bobby, “down at the other end. We’ll be near him in a minute and we can ask him then.”

They walked slowly down the Court in the sunshine. Everywhere around them were trees, shrubs, and flowers. Red was the color scheme. Red tulips, scarlet pansies, ruby violets, filled the low beds, and from high up in the corners poured what looked like waterfalls of vines covered with red blossoms. There were hundreds of other flowers and red-berried bushes too, but the trees with the bright red flowers were the greatest puzzle of all.

Now they had come up to where the guide was standing, and Dad asked him about those trees.

“They are eucalyptus trees,” said the guide. “The flowering type.”

“*Eucalyptus!*” exclaimed Bobby. “Then that’s the tree the oil comes from that they give you in steam when you have a cold!”

“Yes,” the guide said, “that’s it. But not from this flowering kind. The oil comes from the other type of eucalyptus—or from one of the other types, since there are a good many different members of the eucalyptus family!”

Bobby and Betty nodded. That was something they would remember when they got home. Nobody they knew had ever seen a eucalyptus tree. In fact, neither of them had been quite sure that eucalyptus *was* a tree! But just then Bobby looked back the way they had come and poked Betty to look too. Now they saw how the Court of Reflections got its name. From the long pools the Tower of the Sun looked up at them, reflected as clearly as in a tremendous blue mirror. All three of them stood and watched for a minute. The bright, clear blue of the water and the cream-colored reflection of the Tower, with the warm reds of the flowers all around, made one of the loveliest pictures the Fair had yet showed them. Then they stepped through the Arch of Triumph—and held their breath as they looked at the Court of Flowers.

This Court was gold—gold and yellow flowers everywhere, with the dark green of the shrubs and trees as background. Dad looked for a moment and then said, “You know, there’s something I remember reading about this Court. How many different plants do you suppose there are in here altogether?”

Betty said she knew she couldn’t guess, but Bobby said, “Wait a minute!



Standing by the Tower of the Sun, Bobby and Betty looked down the long vista of the dazzling Court of Reflections.

Let me look round first.” He looked all round the court, recognizing some of the blossoms as he saw them—yellow tulips, marigolds, golden violets and pansies, broom, and the bright calendulas that Mother had in the garden at home. Then he said, “I guess ten thousand plants altogether!”

“Aha!” Dad said, “I thought you’d guess low! It’s hard to believe, but there are forty-five thousand separate plants in this one Court and there are forty-six *kinds* of flowers and shrubs and trees. How’s that for a garden?”

“Forty-five *thousand!*” Bobby said. “Whew!” He couldn’t think of anything else to say.

They stood a little while watching the tall fountain in the middle, with the stone sea monsters spouting water from their mouths into the pool, and then walked back again through the bright-red Court of Reflections. After all of this sunshine and color perhaps it might be restful to try going down into a model mine, just for a change.

Dad told them what he knew about this man-made mountain in the Hall of Mines, but even then they weren't prepared for the hugeness of it.

It really was a mountain—no mistaking it—a mountain two hundred and fifty feet long and fifty feet high. But it was so cleverly designed that Bobby and Betty felt as though the peaks towered thousands of feet above them. Then Dad said, "Here's where we go up. Want to try?"

"Come on!" said Bobby, and they started up the hill.

The short climb led them to an underground hoisting station. Here were cages and skips going up and down in a timbered shaft. Water dripped from the timbers and rocks and pumps carried off the seepage, just as they do in an actual mine. Tiny cars rolled past them, filled with ore which was loaded onto the skips and hoisted to the surface. Beyond this shaft were other types of mines and mining—one area showing the "square set" type of timbering as developed in the copper mines of Butte, Montana; another showing the wide, flat "stope," typical of the lead and silver mines of Utah. Here drills were *bizzing*, as miners punched holes in the rock walls. Just beyond them a high-powered hose was demonstrating how hydraulic mining washes down whole mountainsides for the free gold in the gravel. Above their heads were power lines, bringing electricity for modern-mining methods across the highest mountain peaks.

Walking down again, Bobby and Betty followed Dad to the section of the mountain that showed how gold was mined in the famous California Mother Lode district. Here were five hundred feet of underground passageways, through which they went, following a vein of rich gold as it showed on the walls. It was real gold, too, loaned by the mining companies of the Mother Lode, which sent down some of their finest samples of "picture rock"—ore that is rich in gold. Most fascinating of all was a gold mill in actual operation at the end of these passageways, crushing the rock that was fed into it from the shafts in the mountain.

By contrast, the display at the end of the Hall was very queer. It was an exhibit of primitive mining methods used by the Igorrote Indians of the faraway Philippines. Working here were native Igorrotes, experienced miners brought especially for the Fair, crushing gold ore between stones just as their forefathers had done it and washing it out by the crude and wasteful process that they had used for generations in the Philippines.

Bobby and Betty were astonished to see that more than two hours had passed



Looking through the Arch of Triumph into the Court of Flowers.



Treasure Mountain, two hundred and fifty feet long and fifty feet high, built to show how mines actually work.

while they had been looking at all this, and they were just about to leave the Hall when a huge cloud of black smoke rose from one of the shafts. Bells began to ring and whistles blew, and for a moment they didn't know what had happened.

Betty was a little worried. "What is it, Dad?" she asked. "Is it an accident?" Bobby didn't say anything; he just watched to see what was next.

"No," said Dad, "I wasn't going to say anything because I wasn't sure if we would be here at the right time, but it's an exhibit of how mine rescuework is done when a real accident takes place. They show it twice a day, and we're just lucky enough to hit it right."

As Bobby and Betty watched, they heard the wail of a siren and a rescue truck whizzed by. It stopped at the shaft and the rescue workers, protected by goggles and gas masks, plunged in. A few moments later, out they came, dragging "unconscious" miners, carrying "injured" ones on stretchers. Doctors were waiting and they began to set "broken" bones in splints, care for "wounds," and use their pulmotors on men that had been "gassed." It was one of the most thrilling and realistic things Bobby and Betty had ever seen—so real that Betty was relieved to see the "injured" men get up and remove their bandages after it was all over. They left the Hall of Mines with the feeling that, so far, it was the best thing they had seen at the Fair. Or was it?

"I don't know, either," said Bobby when Dad asked him. "I liked that railway in Vacationland pretty well, too!"

"How about Voder, the Electrical Man?" said Betty. "And I noticed you thought a good deal of the Transparent Man too, not to mention the Electric Eye!"

"I guess that's right," Bobby agreed. "What did *you* like best?"

"Well," said Betty slowly, "I *think* I liked the Court of Reflections best of all. Or maybe the music of the bells in the Tower of the Sun. Or perhaps the Court of the Seven Seas, with the Court of *Pacifica* down at the end, and that huge statue with the prayer curtain behind her! But—oh, *I* don't know! I like it all!"

"And so do I!" said Dad and Bobby at the same moment.

When they came out again into the sunshine at the end of the Hall of Mines, they found themselves between two new courts they hadn't seen.

"The one on the left," said the guide they had asked, "is the Court of the Moon. The other, where that big fountain is playing with all the smaller ones round it, is the Sunken Garden. The Hall of Air Transportation? Why, that's it, straight ahead—the building with the rounded roof."

"That's right, of course," Bobby said. "Even the building looks like a hangar."

"Yes," the guide said, "because it *is* a hangar! That's one of the buildings that will stay right where it is after the Fair is over. This whole island, you know, is going to be a great airport, and that hangar and the one just beyond it will both get plenty of use then. And if you look over your shoulder, you'll see the only other permanent building on the island—the one with the glass tower on top. See, over there?"

Bobby saw it, a building shaped like a horseshoe, with the glass-enclosed tower right in the middle of the bend. He could see some men moving round in it too.

"What are they doing in there now?" he asked the guide.

"Weather," the guide answered, "making observations for the Clippers. And when the Fair is over and the airport is all developed here, they'll have nearly two years of complete weather records to go by. And that's a fine headstart for any airport."



In this horseshoe of concrete Bobby saw what would someday be headquarters for the airport that Treasure Island becomes after the Fair.

“That’s right,” said Bobby. “Of course! And thank you very much.”

“You’re very welcome,” replied the guide, smiling. “Hope you enjoy the aviation show!”

“Oh, we will!” Bobby answered, and Dad and Betty thanked the guide too as they turned down the road to the Hall of Air Transportation.

Inside, the first thing they saw was an enormous glass partition stretching completely across the building. On it was a large map, on which were blinking lights. Bobby pulled Betty over with him toward the map, to find out what it was and what the lights meant.

As soon as they were closer they understood. The map was marked plainly so everybody could see, “Flight Progress Map.” Each little light was one of the Clippers, and as it blinked it showed the exact position of the giant planes on the 9,000-mile journey between Treasure Cove and Shanghai. Behind the glass partition were a dozen or so men, some with earphones on listening and writing down messages, some pulling out and putting in plugs in the large switchboard that took up the farther wall, others making marks on big maps.

It was the actual dispatcher's office for the Clippers that Bobby and Betty were watching—not a model this time, but the real thing.

When they had seen all they could of this, Bobby and Betty walked on down the Hall. Against a wall was a platform built about two or three feet above the heads of the crowd. On it was a plane; not a very new-looking one, either. They wondered what it was doing here until they saw a sign on it that told them what it was and why it was at the Fair. It was the plane in which Douglas Corrigan had flown to Ireland—the wrong way. Beside the China Clipper they had seen that morning it looked like a very frail, insignificant machine. Both Bobby and Betty agreed that Corrigan had plenty of courage to try the long Atlantic hop, just as he had plenty of nerve afterward to stick to his wild story about flying the wrong way.

But down at the end of the Hall was the exhibit that gave Bobby his biggest thrill yet. There was a glass partition there too, but behind it was one of the great Clipper ships being overhauled! Nothing yet, in the whole Fair, had fascinated Bobby as much as this. Betty was interested, of course. The ship was such a huge thing; and the mechanics were swarming all over it, taking down the motor, testing the instruments, cleaning out the gasoline tanks in the wings and under the floor, checking every rivet in the hull—or so it seemed. She and Bobby stood there until their feet were tired, the mechanics working away as though there wasn't an outsider within miles of them, though there were hundreds of people, like Bobby and Betty, with their noses pressed against the glass watching every move.

Dad was interested too, but when they had seen every exhibit in the Hall and had come back again to watch the Clipper being put in trim, he suggested that there wasn't very much of the afternoon left and perhaps they'd better be getting back to the hotel before Mother wondered what had happened to them.

"After all," Dad said, "we're coming again tomorrow, you know, and Mother along with us."

"That's right, Bobby," said Betty. "We can't see everything in one day."

Bobby sighed, but said nothing. He was still looking back over his shoulder at the mechanics as they came out of the Hall and walked along with the crowd.

Now that they were outdoors again, Bobby and Betty realized for the first time that they had had a pretty full day.

"Gee," Bobby said, "I'm tired. Aren't you, Betty? This Fair takes a whole lot of walking!"

"All fairs do," Dad said. "I've seen two others, and I know! But I've got an idea that I think you'll approve."

"What is it, Dad?" they asked.

"Let's just walk down to the next corner," Dad replied, "and you'll see."

This side of the island was quite different from the section in which they had been spending the day. They were out from the big buildings and courts and walls now and were walking down a broad avenue lined with trees on both sides. The trees had curious greenish-gray leaves and didn't look like anything either of the children had ever seen.

"Dad," asked Betty, "what kind of trees do you suppose these are?"

"I looked that up in the book too," Dad said with a smile. "They're olive trees and there are miles and miles of them on the island. Almost all the main roads have them on both sides, from one end of the island to the other."

"Yes," said Bobby. "But, Dad, they're pretty old trees and pretty big. How did they grow them here, if this island is so new?"

"They didn't, Bobby," Dad said. "They brought them over in boxes—floated them on big barges across the bay from the nursery where they had gathered them from all parts of California. In fact, they're still boxed. All they did was to bury the boxes deeply enough so you can't see them. Then, after the Fair is over and the island is turned into an airport, all they have to do is to loosen the earth, hitch a big crane to them and pull! But—here's the answer to the idea I spoke of a moment ago!"

Both Bobby and Betty said, "Where? What?"

"Look down the road," Dad told them. "See what's coming!"

At first it looked as though a small and extra-long elephant was crawling down the road toward them with a row of cars hitched behind him. Then Bobby and Betty saw that it wasn't a real elephant, but an auto-truck that had been built up, like a float in a parade, to look like an elephant, and that people were riding in the cars it trailed behind it.

Dad held up his hand and the Elephant Train came to a stop.

"All aboard, children!" he said. "Here we go, right down to where our car is parked, and no more walking!"

Bobby and Betty lost no time. Sitting back in the long seats that ran sideways from front to back of each car, they draw long breaths and relaxed.

"Oh boy!" said Bobby. "I could ride on this all day!"



One of the many Elephant Trains that carried Bobby and Betty from end to end of Treasure Island.

Their seats faced east, across the bay to where the cities of Berkeley and Oakland were spread along the hills for miles and miles. The sun was low now and shone directly on the far shore, making thousands of windows along the foothills sparkle and glow like orange fire. It was such a magnificent sight that neither Bobby nor Betty paid much attention to the broad lagoons and beautiful buildings that covered this portion of the island. Dad had his map out, though, and was making marks on it.

“Right here,” he said to them, “is where we’ll come with Mother tomorrow. This part of the Fair is where they have the buildings for all the countries of the Pacific and where there are exhibits of the beautiful weaving and pottery their natives make. Over across the big lagoon is the Federal Building that our own United States Government has put up, and in that building is one of the finest exhibits of the whole Fair.”

Both Bobby and Betty woke up at this and wanted to know what it was.

“It’s the exhibit of the American Indian,” Dad told them, “and the government has invited Indians of dozens of different tribes to come and show how they live, how they weave baskets, hammer out silver, make their blankets, and do everything else.”

“Oh,” said both Bobby and Betty, “that’s something we mustn’t miss!”



Dad drove back across the Bay Bridge in the sunset. It was the end of Bobby and Betty's first day at the Fair.

"We won't," Dad said and added, "I'll make sure we don't miss it, because I want to see it myself!"

The Elephant Train buzzed along between the twin rows of olive trees as lights began to flash on here and there over the island. Both Bobby and Betty were so comfortable by the time they reached the parking area that they hated to get off. But the car was right there, and Dad had them snugly in the back seat and was driving down the Avenue of Palms before they knew it.

The sun was red now and just ready to drop behind the high buildings of San Francisco, which looked in the dusk like a silhouette cut out of black paper. As Dad drove up the incline, all the lights of the Bay Bridge flashed on at once—a double row of them, bright pink at first and gradually getting yellower and yellower as the lights warmed up. Then they were on the bridge itself and headed toward the city. A fine salty smell came up from the bay and somewhere underneath them a boat hooted once, a long, mournful whistle.

Their first day at the Fair was over.

CHAPTER FOUR

WHEN Bobby and Betty awoke next morning, they were astonished to find that they couldn't even see the palm trees and flower beds in Union Square across the street.

Over everything was a soft, white fog—not one of those unpleasant, wet, smelly fogs of which they had read in storybooks about London, but a mysterious, light, swirling mist that made everything look twice as exciting. It wasn't a dark fog, either. Up above they could see the sun almost coming through, and the tops of the near-by buildings caught the yellow light and sparkled brightly.

Betty could hardly wait to get out in it. But Bobby looked serious.

"Dad," he said, "you said that today we'd go over to Treasure Island on the ferryboat, but how can we do that if it's foggy?"

Dad laughed and said, "Don't worry, Bobby!" Then he added, "These morning fogs melt away very soon. Anyway, the ferry captains on the bay have had lots of experience. It was only a few months ago, you know, that trains began traveling over the bridge. Before that, the ferries had to run every day in all kinds of weather. A light summer fog like this isn't going to worry anybody."

Bobby's brow cleared. "Oh well," he said, "that's all right, then." Betty smiled too and said, "Yes, and we can feed the seagulls! Do you think we can buy something on the ferry to feed them?"

"I'm sure we can," Mother answered. "Everybody likes to feed the gulls when they come to San Francisco, and they'll have stale bread on the ferry for just that purpose, never fear!"

After breakfast they rode down to the ferry building in a big gray streetcar. Bobby and Betty could see that the fog was rising, and though the streets were

still dripping wet, a fresh breeze was blowing through the smoky curls of mist. Every now and then the sun shone through and glittered on the little puddles of dampness on the sidewalk.

As their bright orange ferry swung out into the bay, they discovered that the breeze had already cleared the water of mist, and though they couldn't quite see the top of the Bay Bridge, the Tower of the Sun on Treasure Island stood out sharp and clear in the sunlight. Their ferry hooted once—not a mournful note like the boat they had heard the evening before, but a cheerful whistle that seemed to say, "Here we come, Treasure Island!"

Betty lost no time getting a paper bag of bread, and as she stood at the rail tossing pieces out for the shrieking gulls to fight over, Bobby looked round for something to photograph. He hadn't brought his camera yesterday because, as he said, he wanted to get an idea of the Fair first. Today he had it with him and a pocketful of extra films beside. By the time the ferry came into the slip at Treasure Island, he had photographed Betty throwing bread, Mother and Dad standing by the rail (though Mother said her hair was blowing and she was sure the picture wouldn't be any good), and, as a final picture, a very inquisitive old seagull that had perched on the rail and twisted its head round as though wondering if that curious black box in Bobby's hands had anything to eat in it. Bobby had come up quite close to it and it hadn't moved, just twisted its head even more and squawked in its throat a little. Bobby was sure that would be a specially good picture, and Dad said he thought so too.

There was no fog at all by the time they landed at the Fair. The sun was shining as though it had never heard of such a thing as a fog, and Bobby and Betty could look over toward the Golden Gate and see their favorite red bridge stretching across it, looking bigger and more imposing than ever.

This time they didn't have to bother with parking the car. The Elephant Train was waiting, right where they got off the boat, and Dad said, "Now, Mother, we're not going to take you where we went yesterday. We're going round to the other side of the island and see the Pacific Area, the part of the Fair where they have the exhibits from South America and the Orient and all the other countries that border on the Pacific Ocean. After that—well, we'll see. We know our way round now, so you'll have to let us be the guides!"

"All right," said Mother, "I'm in your hands! You and the children are the bosses today—or this morning, anyway. This afternoon there's one thing I want to see, but I'll save it for then!"

The Elephant Train rolled along smoothly, and Mother listened while Bobby and Betty pointed out the buildings they'd learned about the day before, showed where the beautiful courts were, and Betty promised to take her to see the Court of Flowers, which she knew Mother would like. Then all at once the Elephant Train took a new turning and the conductor called out, "Pacific buildings! All out for the Japanese Temple!"

They got off, and the train buzzed on its way down the road.

They were standing in front of what looked like a temple hundreds of years old, and Bobby said so. A guide beside them spoke up when he heard Bobby's remark, saluting and smiling as he began.

"Yes," he said, "it looks old because it *is* old. It was brought over, piece by piece, from Japan and then put together again here. And if you're interested in seeing how silk is made, they have an exhibit in there showing the whole business—all the way from the silkworm feeding to the finished silk as it comes from the looms!"

Of course Bobby and Betty were interested, and when they went into the temple they were not disappointed. There were the silkworms, eating mulberry leaves just as though there weren't thousands of people looking at them every day. Beyond them were other worms in later stages, wrapping themselves in cocoons, actually making the raw silk. Small, active women and girls dressed in the Japanese kimono and obi, or sash, were darting here and there, preparing the silk, spinning it into thread, dyeing it bright colors, weaving it into silk cloth in beautiful patterns, then cutting it and making it into garments. At one end, the silkworm; at the other end, the finished kimono!

There were many other displays in the temple: miniature models of moun-

Japan's pavilion, a replica of an ancient Japanese feudal castle, complete with elaborate rock gardens and pools.





In this pavilion are the displays of the Dutch East Indies—Bali, Sumatra, Java, Borneo, and many others.

tains (including the famous snow-topped Fujiyama) and Japanese country scenery, with little waterfalls and dwarf trees and bushes and all the details of the landscape shown just as it is in Japan. But the greatest treat came when they went through the temple and stepped out into the grounds behind it.

Here was the most fascinating garden they had ever seen. Even the rocks had been brought from Japan. There were little bridges crossing streams, stone lanterns and figures of Japanese gods, and thousands of the most beautiful trees and plants ever brought out of Japan. The Emperor, a guide told them, had sent his own private gardener to San Francisco to lay out this garden, and months of work had gone into it. Now it looked as though it had been here on Treasure Island for centuries—a spot to linger in for days at a time in order to see all its beauties.

But there were other things to see, and though Mother promised herself that she would come back to this, they had to hurry on.

That whole morning was like living in another world. There was the building of the Dutch East Indies, for instance, decorated with lavish carvings copied from the world-famous Temple of Boro Budur. Inside were endless exhibits of

wood carvings, batiks, silver, and, best of all from Bobby's viewpoint, an aquarium of bright-colored tropical fish. Bobby took a picture of that. "Unless I have a picture," he said, "nobody at home will believe there could be such queer fish anywhere. Look at that one!" As he spoke a very small fish blew itself up like a football, swam over to the glass, and touched it with his nose, staring straight at Bobby and Betty while his fins waved slowly.

Betty giggled. "I know who it looks like," she said. "It's exactly like the fat man who gave us directions that time in Oregon when you asked about the road! Remember, Dad? He kept saying, 'Sure, folks!' and when we drove away he stood and looked after us with his mouth open, just like that fish—*exactly!*"

Mother looked as though she might be going to say something about making personal remarks, but when Dad laughed and said, "Exactly!" she laughed too.

There was music in this building also, but it sounded strange to Bobby and Betty. Dad explained that the little brown men who were thumping drums and playing those odd stringed instruments used a different scale from ours and that what seemed like whining and scratching to our ears was sweet music to them.

"Probably they wouldn't like our music then," Betty said.



The pavilion of French Indo-China, Oriental in style, with fine formal gardens.

"Maybe," Bobby put in, "but I'll bet that drummer would like Gene Krupa!" Betty admitted that perhaps he would.

Beyond this were the buildings of Peru, Ecuador, Colombia, Mexico, and Guatemala, in which the governments of those countries had spent thousands of dollars to show the visitors what their early history was and how they had made progress during the years since they were established. Here in the Peruvian building was a magnificent show of things that had been dug up by explorers and archaeologists who had discovered the remains of the old Inca civilization: curious statues, plates of pure gold with inscriptions on them, even some mummies wrapped in layer after layer of cloth, still showing all the designs that had been woven into it so many hundreds of years ago. Best of these, Bobby and Betty thought, was the Guatemala display, in which Indian women sat weaving brilliantly colored blouses and shawls and a group of men played all at once on five marimbas—instruments which look something like xylophones, but which are made entirely of wood instead of metal and are played with soft, padded hammers so that the notes are never sharp, but soft and mellow and resonant.

There were buildings, too, with exhibits from Brazil, Argentina, Costa Rica, Panama, El Salvador, Chile, and Venezuela. Australia was represented and so was New Zealand. They stayed in the New Zealand display longest, because the chief show there was a dance by very wild-looking Maoris, who sang war chants as they danced and who looked far fiercer than even the pictures Bobby and Betty had seen of them. Italy had a fine court all its own, faced with white, red, and green marble and containing a tall tower covered with mosaic designs in bits of glass which sparkled in the sun. The French Pavilion, too, was beautiful, though Bobby was a little bored with the way Betty exclaimed over the gowns and perfumes. Mother liked them, though, and Bobby and Dad winked at each other and went over to look at the section that showed a model of the arrival of the French pioneers in California during the days of the gold rush. As Dad said, after all, the women were interested in gowns and dresses and perfumes and such things, and you couldn't grudge them the chance to look at such special ones all the way from Paris!

But nobody was bored when they came to the exhibit that Norway had built.

It was a big building, made of logs in the form of a Norwegian winter-sports lodge. At one end was a huge fireplace and all around the room the walls were hung with skis, snowshoes, skates, guns, and the heads of animals captured by



Built like an old California Mission, this Mission Trails Hall showed Bobby and Betty the California of two hundred years ago.

big-game hunters. Down the middle was an enormous long table and on it were dozens and dozens of dishes, each heaped high with Norwegian foods: all kinds of pickled fish and cheeses and meat balls in sauce and other things that looked extremely good to Bobby and Betty. Even though they hadn't yet had their lunch, Mother said she didn't think it would hurt to try just a taste of some of these. Bobby and Betty were about to choose something when they had their biggest surprise and by far their greatest thrill of the whole Fair till now.

A voice beside Mother said, "Won't you try one of these?" and when Mother looked round, there was a lovely blonde girl holding out a plate of tiny fish curled up with their tails in their mouths and shining with oil. Mother said, "Thank you, indeed I will!" before she even looked at the girl who was offering them to her, but just as Bobby and Betty turned round, Mother realized who it was. "Why," she said, "excuse me, but aren't you Sonja Henie?"

The blonde girl dimpled and smiled the nicest smile. "Yes, of course I am!" she said. "This is one of the few days that I could get away and come up to the Fair to help visitors enjoy this exhibit from my country—and the food!"

Mother saw Bobby and Betty out of the corner of her eye and quickly said, "May I introduce my son and daughter? This is Bobby and this is Betty—Miss Sonja Henie!"



Norway's pavilion, a Ski Hut, where Bobby and Betty met Sonja Henie acting as hostess to welcome visitors.

"Oh," said Betty before she thought, "Mother didn't have to tell us. I knew it was you!"

Miss Henie laughed and said, "And how do *you* do, Bobby and Betty? Won't you have some of these?"

Bobby and Betty each took one and ate it without having any idea at all what it tasted like, and Miss Henie said, "It was very nice to see you, and I hope you'll enjoy the Fair! Good-by!"

As she went on round the table, Betty whispered to Mother, "Won't *that* be something to tell the girls at home!" Bobby didn't say anything. But afterward, when they were walking round the lagoon, Dad asked him why he was so quiet.

"Oh nothing," he answered, but when Betty said, "Come on, tell us!" he admitted it was because, until they were all the way out of the winter-sports lodge, he hadn't even remembered that he had his camera with him and could have taken a picture of Sonja Henie, like *that*! He snapped his fingers to show how quickly he could have done it if only he'd thought in time, and Dad said, "Oh well, never mind! There'll be lots of other pictures to take." It wasn't long before Bobby felt better. After all, it was Betty who was the real Sonja Henie fan. If it had been Jimmy Cagney now——!

But there were many other foreign countries to be seen. Afterward Bobby tried to remember them, but there were too many. Dad had the list in his book, though. Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Bulgaria, Greece, Sweden, Czechoslo-

vakia, Turkey, Portugal, Hungary—all outside the Pacific Area, but all with pavilions and so much to show that Bobby and Betty could hardly remember which was which. There was an Alaska building too, with two huge totem poles in front of it, nearly fifty feet high, and covered from top to bottom with dogs' heads and grinning faces carved in the wood and painted in blue and red and green. Near by was the Hawaiian buildings surrounded with beautiful trees and bushes and flowers brought specially from Hawaii. Inside it, while they sat and rested for a time they watched a color movie with sound showing Hawaiian feasts, weddings, dances, and, best of all, the famous beach boys riding their surfboards with express speed down the huge curling breakers at Waikiki Beach. That reminded Bobby and Betty of what Dad had said when they were driving over the Golden Gate Bridge.

“We really will go to Hawaii someday, won't we, Dad?” Betty asked in a whisper. Dad and Mother both nodded and Betty was satisfied. When both Dad and Mother said “Yes” to a question that way, they really meant it. After that, Bobby and Betty watched the movie with even more interest. It wasn't difficult at all to imagine themselves right there, swimming with surfboards, riding horseback up the mountains and through wide fields of pineapples like those they saw on the screen, looking down into the fiery crater of the volcano with the cameraman.



Hawaiian pavilion, where Bobby and Betty watched color movies of surf riders and volcanoes and decided to visit Hawaii themselves.



Pavilion of the Malay State of Johore, displaying animals, silver, and brassware from that rich country.

“By that time,” Bobby said, “I’ll have a movie camera. Dad said I could, as soon as I learned enough about it. And I’ll take colored pictures too!”

Before the movie was over, he and Betty had planned the whole thing—even how they would have a show of their own when they got back from Hawaii and how much admission they would charge!

As they came out again, Betty noticed a curious-looking building close by. It was covered from roof to ground with strange carvings, almost as ornamental as the doodads on a wedding cake, but instead of being white it was painted in bright colors: red and blue and even gold.

“That’s the building of Johore,” Dad said when Betty asked. “It’s one of the native Malay States and their building is filled with stuffed animals that the Rajah or someone has shot. Shall we take a quick look?”

It didn’t take very long to see what was in the building, though there were more kinds of animals than Bobby or Betty had ever seen—all the way from lions and tigers (looking as natural as life, snarling, and showing their teeth)

to smaller and less common members of the cat tribe, snakes, and birds with the brightest feathers they had ever heard of. On one side, too, was a large case filled with native jewelry from India, wonderfully carved pieces in silver and gold; and beside them, all kinds of trays, vases, and pitchers of intricately hammered brass. The walls were hung with Indian prints in soft colors, and Mother looked at these while Bobby and Betty went round the room and Bobby took a picture of Betty standing beside a rather ferocious tiger. Behind the animal was a mounting of bushes and grass, and Bobby hoped that in the photograph none of the walls or windows would show.

"If they do," he told Betty, "I'll cut them off the print, and it'll be a picture of you standing bravely beside a man-eating tiger in the jungle!"

"Yes, and it's the only way you'd get a picture like that!" said Betty, laughing. "Anybody'd know I wouldn't be standing still with a real tiger right behind me!"

"Well, that's a real tiger, isn't it?" Bobby asked in his arguing voice as they came out of the pavilion. Betty was just going to tell him not to be silly when she thought of something and asked Dad what time it was. She had remembered one special thing about yesterday and wanted to surprise Mother.

Dad looked at his watch and said, "In just—exactly—one—minute—it—will—be—twelve o'clock!"

Betty turned to Mother. "Now," she said, "in just a minute, Mother, you're going to hear something beautiful!"

Mother looked surprised, and Betty had hardly finished speaking before the sounds began to come to them on the breeze—the chimes in the Tower of the

One of the immense decorative sculptures that lend beauty to the Hall of the Western States.



Sun. Just as they had the day before, the notes from the bells floated over to them, softer and sweeter than yesterday because this time they were much farther away. Mother listened to the rippling melody, smiling until the last echo had drifted away.

"Well," she said, "I'm glad you prepared me for that, Betty. They're the most beautiful bells I've ever heard! And if you'll remember to ask me when we get home again, I'll play that same tune for you on the piano. It's called 'Flow Gently, Sweet Afton,' and when I was a little girl I learned it with a special chime arrangement that will really sound a lot like these very bells!"

Betty said, "Oh, *I'll* remember!" and Dad added, "Yes, and I'll remember to remind you about lunch too—if you need to be reminded!"

"Ha!" said Bobby, "*I* don't!" And Betty said, "Where are we going to eat, Dad?"

"It's both 'where' and 'what'!" Dad answered. "We'll see if Mother agrees. My idea is to eat in the restaurant that serves food from Java, *because* I read that they are having in there a very famous and special kind of meal called a 'Rijsttafel' that's known all over the world. The word means 'rice table,' you know."

Bobby and Betty looked at each other rather sadly. If Dad wanted to eat just rice, well, it was all right. After all, he did a lot of things *they* wanted. But rice didn't sound very exciting.

Dad saw that they weren't looking too cheerful. "What's the matter?" he asked, putting on a serious face. "Don't tell me you wouldn't like some nice, good, healthful *rice*?"

Bobby and Betty tried to smile and didn't make a very good job of it. But Dad couldn't hold back any longer. He laughed until tears came into his eyes. "If only you could see yourselves!" he gasped. "You all look *so* unhappy! Just wait until you find out what a 'Rijsttafel' really *is*! There's rice in it—yes. But—well, I won't tell you. Just come on and see!"

They were all mystified, but they did feel better. Evidently Dad knew more about a Rijsttafel than they did. And if there were other things beside rice, maybe it would be all right.

Bobby and Betty never forgot that meal as long as they lived.

When Dad got them all seated, he explained everything to them. The meal is a combination of Dutch and Javanese cooking, he told them. The base of it is rice—rice on your plate so you'll have something on which to put the



This striking building, made entirely of redwood, houses the exhibits of California's famous Redwood Empire.

many kinds of sauces and relishes and spiced meats and fish that go with it. Once Bobby and Betty heard that, they felt better and began to get hungry just thinking about it. The restaurant was a large one, holding four hundred people, but over the heads of the crowd and between the tables, Bobby saw their waiter coming and the others behind him. He nudged Dad. "Here they come!" he exclaimed. "Everybody get ready!"

It seemed as though the long procession would never end. As Bobby and Betty and Mother and Dad each took a helping of one dish—only a tiny bit because there were so many of them—the next waiter stepped up with *his* dish! Altogether, there were twenty of them, and by the time the four had finished helping themselves their plates were piled high with food. It didn't seem at first as though they could possibly eat all of it, but Bobby and Betty and Dad had learned the day before that Treasure Island was a good place to sharpen an appetite and Mother soon found out. Most of the flavors were strange and new, but good. And full as their plates had been, they finished up everything down to the last kernel of rice.

"Gosh!" said Bobby as they came out into the air again, "I don't think I'll ever want to eat again!"

Dad looked at him with his head on one side, in a way he had, and Bobby added, "Well, not for a good while, anyway!"

CHAPTER FIVE

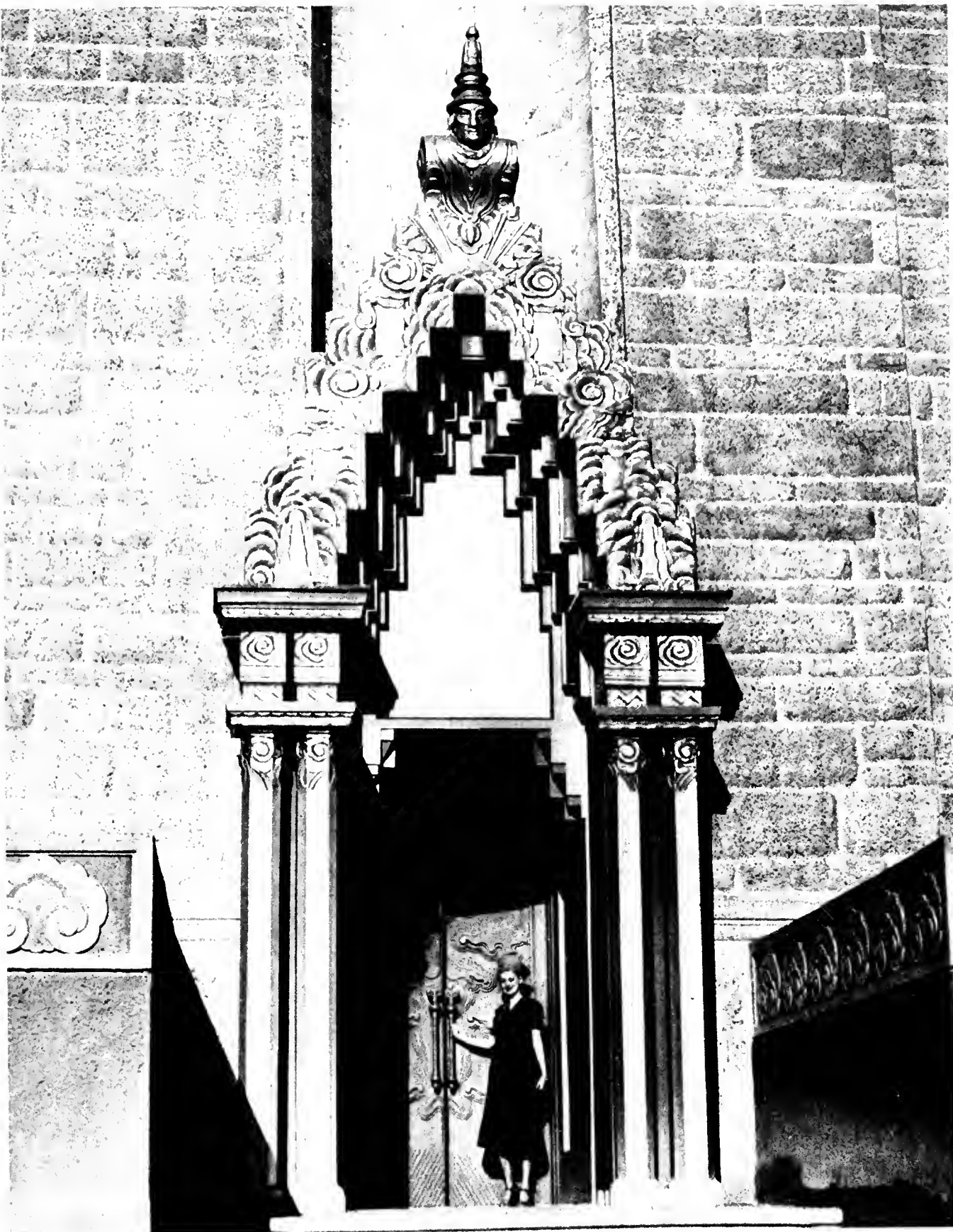
IT WAS Mother's turn now to say what she wanted to do and see. In the morning she had hinted about the one special exhibit she didn't want to miss, and everybody agreed that this was the time they would visit it, whatever it was.

"Well," Mother said, "what I would really like to do is to see just two displays—the Palace of Homes and Gardens and the Fine Arts exhibit. Don't you think that might be fun?"

"Of course!" said Betty enthusiastically and Bobby and Dad thought they would enjoy it too.

First they found the East Gates, the wide portals exactly opposite the Elephant Gates through which they had come on the first day. They were designed like the great temples of Indo-China, stepping back like pyramids and crowned with tall, massive towers covered over every inch of surface with carvings in red and gold. Beside each was an immense panel in the walls, raised carvings covered in gold. The one on the left represented the "Path of Darkness"; the other, the "Dance of Life." Both were dazzling to look at.

The East Gates led them into the Court of Flowers, and though Bobby and Betty had been there before, they enjoyed watching Mother gasp and hearing her exclaim over the wonderful yellow and gold blossoms that were spread on every side. Bobby got out his camera and took pictures of the sea monsters that spouted water into the fountain, and when Dad pointed out that the sun was just right to show a beautiful shadow on the Arch of Triumph, Bobby took that too. In the Court of Reflections, the water in the pools was as still and as smooth as glass, and Bobby found that by standing almost under the Arch he could photograph both the Tower of the Sun and its reflection. For the first time he wished he had color film in his camera. It would be such a wonderful chance



Lavishly carved and decorated, this East Tower is one of two which overlook the main lagoon and the Court of the Nations.

to capture the brilliant reds and blues and yellows of these two Courts. Still he wouldn't be able to have prints of them. Color prints cost far too much. Bobby wished that somebody would hurry and work out a way to make prints of color film as cheaply as black and white.

Then as they came almost to the central Court of Honor and the Tower, they found themselves opposite the door to the Palace of Homes and Gardens and turned to the left and went up the steps.

Bobby hadn't expected much that would be interesting here, but he soon found that though Mother and Dad and even Betty wanted to spend a good deal of time looking at furniture and curtains and such things there was plenty for a boy to look at too.

For instance, right ahead was a loom that was actually weaving cloth out of glass! Bobby wouldn't have believed it if he hadn't seen it with his own eyes. There were fine big machines that were stamping designs on long bolts of cloth, and beside these were exhibits of hand-blocking patterns on linen and tapestry weaving, both by the old hand process and by today's whirring looms. Here on the other side of the hall were long rows of cabinetmaking shops, each of them showing different methods of making furniture, from the old-fashioned, careful hand carving to the newest, streamlined ways. There was a show in which different floor coverings were exhibited: thick mulberry-paper carpets from Korea which are always kept waxed so hard that nothing scratches the paper and which last for generations, reed mats and carpets of wool from China, even some rich-looking ones woven of silk and gold thread. Bobby looked his fill.



One of the East Towers, with a glimpse through the gates into the Court of Flowers.



A close-up of part of the gigantic bas-relief, *The Dance of Life*, which decorates the gate by the East Towers.

He found Mother and Betty watching a show of home canning, in which all sorts of vegetables and fruits were being put up in glass. Next to them, Dad was looking at a booth that showed how the new kind of polarized glass for automobile windshields cut off all the glare from approaching bright headlights. Bobby thought that this display should be in Vacationland, where the cars were, but Dad explained that they had put it here because this part of the show was all about glass and it was simpler to have everything of glass in the same place. There was just about everything you could imagine being made of glass: tableware, pots and pans, glass bricks for houses, mirrors, table-tops, and dozens of other things.

But it was the Fine Arts Building that held most of the home-decorating exhibits, and Mother wanted to see those especially. That was the second airplane hangar Bobby had seen yesterday, right beyond the one in which he had watched the men overhauling one of the China Clippers, and he led the way.

Even Dad and Mother hadn't realized that the show of old paintings was as beautiful and as big as this. Bobby's mouth opened when Dad told them that this one part of the show—the exhibit of paintings and sculpture by old Italian masters—was worth something like fifteen *million* dollars! As he and Betty walked down the long galleries, they were surprised to see so many names they knew from books they had read or studied. There were paintings and sculpture by Raphael, Titian, Michelangelo, Tintoretto—almost everyone they had learned about in school. High on the wall was one that looked familiar to Betty—a tall, beautiful goddess standing on a sea shell which was being blown to shore by two winged winds flying over the gray water in a shower of roses. As she looked at it, Betty remembered where she had seen it. There was a reproduction of it in her history book at school.

“Mother,” she said, “see that painting on the wall? I know the name of it!”

“Do you, Betty?” Mother said. “What is it, dear?”

“It's called *The Birth of Venus!*” said Betty proudly. “And I know because we have a small picture of it in our history books at school. It was painted by an Italian named Botticelli!”

“Good for you!” said Dad, who had overheard them. “And do you know when he painted it?”

Betty's face fell a little because she couldn't remember that, but Dad smiled and said, “I didn't expect you to!” Then he added, “It was painted about 1485, which, as you remember, was just seven years before Columbus sailed to discover a new way to get to the Spice Islands—and found America instead!”

“And now the painting is here, in a country that Botticelli didn't even know existed!” said Betty.

That reminded her of her Current Events class, and she decided she would tell about this exhibit when she got home. But by the time they had walked through all the galleries, there were so many other famous statues and pictures that she didn't know how she could remember even a quarter of them. Anyhow, there was one thing she knew she would remember. This was the largest and finest collection of paintings of the old masters that had ever been shown in America. As she was saying this over to herself so she couldn't possibly forget it, Mother led the way into another room and beckoned them to follow.

The chief exhibit here made even Bobby perk up. He had been getting a little tired of the pictures, but this was different. It was a display of thirty-two rooms in miniature—on the scale of one inch to the foot—prepared by a



Around this lovely fountain in the Court of Flowers are fat sea monsters that spout water into the blue pool.

Chicago woman who had done the same thing at the Chicago Fair several years before. Each room was only about a foot and a half by three feet and two feet high. Yet each of them was complete and perfect down to the smallest detail. Living rooms, dining rooms, bedrooms—all had tiny models of every article of furniture that belonged in them, even pictures on the walls and rugs woven in delicate patterns just like large ones. There were rooms showing every style of furniture, ranging from the fifteenth century on down to 1900. A speaker was explaining various things about them, and as they came up, Bobby and Betty heard him saying that many of the objects—candlesticks, plates, pictures, and so on—were so small that they had to be put in place with tweezers, just as a jeweler repairs a watch, and that the workmen had to be *very* careful to hold their breaths while they were doing it, in order to avoid causing a hurricane!

Betty was reminded of the famous Colleen Moore doll house that she had once seen at home when it came to town on its tour. "Only," she added, "this is so much more interesting and there's so much more of it!"

But there was more yet in this section of the Fine Arts Building. One of the most carefully worked out displays on the whole of Treasure Island was the show of modern decorative arts: fourteen complete rooms (regular life-size, this time) showing different modern schemes of decoration.

"This," said Mother, "was what *I* wanted to see most of all!"

"And so did I," said Betty. Bobby and Dad looked at each other. After all, this was fine for Betty and Mother maybe, but they didn't see why two men should care so much about it.

"I'll tell you, Mother," Dad said. "What if Bobby and I did some other sightseeing and came back here for you and Betty in an hour or so? There are a few things we'd like to look at that wouldn't interest you as much as this, and while we're seeing those you can look around here to your heart's content."

"Fine!" said Mother and Betty together. "We'll see you in an hour, right here!"

"Okay!" cried Bobby. "Come on, Dad!" He had an idea what it was that Dad had in mind and he could hardly wait.

His idea was quite right too. Yesterday when they had seen the speedboats on the quiet water of the Port of Trade Winds, he had said something to Dad

about a ride in one of them and Dad had said perhaps they would. Now they were right near the water and Dad was heading that way.

That speedboat ride was one of the biggest thrills Bobby had out of the whole Fair. Behind them the exhaust popped and roared. Ahead of them the water split into two waves of white foam, rushing past them as their speed increased. Their pilot swooped round in a wide curve and there right beside them was one of the giant China Clippers, rocking a little on the waves their boat made, looking even bigger than it had inside the building the day before. Then they were outside the quiet Port of the Trade Winds entirely and shooting over the bay itself, along the eastern shore of Treasure Island.

The ride lasted almost half an hour and Bobby was breathless and pink-cheeked from the wind by the time the boat coasted slowly to the landing again. As they came to a stop, Bobby noticed beyond them something he hadn't seen before—a strange-looking vessel with colored sails, its sides painted with scales that made it look like a fish and with two great yellow eyes, one on each side of the bow.



San Francisco's own building, with the tall modern columns of its court, stands beside the main lagoon.

"It looks Chinese, doesn't it, Dad?" he said.

"Yes," Dad answered, "it looks Chinese because it is. It came all the way from China this spring as a special stunt for the Fair. Richard Halliburton—you have his *Book of Marvels* at home, I know—went over to China, had this 'junk,' as they call it, carefully reinforced and rebuilt, put engines in it so he wouldn't have to lose time waiting for the right winds, and came all the way across the Pacific Ocean to Treasure Island! Want to go aboard?"

"You bet!" said Bobby. "But first can I take a picture of it?"

He got out his camera and took two—one showing the angry eyes of the ship staring right at the camera and another from the side. Then he and Dad walked over, up the gangplank, and aboard the junk.

It was crowded with visitors and Bobby and Dad walked round with the crowd, listening to a sailor tell about the long trip and explain where and how they had picked up some of the beautiful Chinese carvings and embroideries and porcelainware that filled every available corner of the vessel. And when they got down into the main cabin Bobby met his second celebrity that day—Richard Halliburton himself, who was making one of his visits to see that things were going all right aboard the *Sea Dragon*. This time Bobby wasn't caught napping. He asked first, but he had the camera all ready anyhow, and when the famous author smiled and said, "Of course!" Bobby snapped his picture.

"That makes up for not getting Sonja Henie!" he said to Dad.

But their hour was up. Mother and Betty would be waiting for them, and they turned their steps toward the big hangar again. They had no trouble finding the rest of the family. Mother was resting on a comfortable lounge while Betty was watching some women working with fine leather, making bindings for books. As Dad sat down beside Mother to tell her where they had been, Bobby went over and joined Betty.

The bookbinding shop was only one of several. Here were men and women making fine vases and jugs, spinning them on wheels so that they were evenly rounded, sliding them into ovens to bake, painting them with lovely designs, and then glazing them and firing them again to make the surface hard. There were shops for weaving and for leather and for metalwork, and neither Bobby nor Betty realized how time was flying until Dad spoke behind them. "Don't you think," he said, "that maybe we'd better be moving along? After all, we do want to see the western states buildings and the exhibits of the California



The Yerba Buena Clubhouse, women's home on Treasure Island, has the beautiful pool of Treasure Garden beside it.

counties. And what is more, it's getting on to the end of the afternoon!"

As they came out, Dad had another idea. "How about a ride?" he said.

"On the Elephant Train again?" inquired Betty.

"No," Dad replied, "a different kind of ride this time." As he spoke, he signaled to two husky young fellows who were pulling empty rickshas—high seats swung on two wheels with shafts in front for the runner to pull, just like those Bobby and Betty had seen in picture books of China.

Mother smiled. It would be very pleasant to ride for a change. Dad said, "All right, then. You and Bobby here, Mother and I in that one!" Telling the boys to be sure not to lose sight of each other, Dad boosted Bobby and Betty into one and he and Mother climbed into the other.

It was a queer feeling to be scooting along just above the heads of everybody else. But it was very restful to sit and relax while the boys trotted steadily ahead, finding openings and turning and twisting to get through the crowd. Bobby remembered what Dad had told them the day before—that most of these ricksha boys were college students, working their way and doing this job to make extra money while they went to school. All of them seemed to be sun-burned to a fine brown shade and looked like athletes. Bobby and Betty wondered if they should ask their boy if he played football. He had big muscles and looked as though he could play on any college team. They didn't like to

ask though, and when they finally stopped in front of a building with a row of columns across the front and a big inner court, they just said "Thank you!" and got down. Dad and Mother were there ahead of them and the four walked into the big sunshiny court.

Ranged round it were more exhibits showing everything that the traveler might want to see in all the West: models of the Grand Canyon, Yellowstone Park with the geysers spouting just as Bobby and Betty had seen them when they came across the country, Yosemite Valley, and a hundred other natural wonders of the western states.

But the thing that interested Dad and Bobby much more was what they saw in the center of the large court. Spread out there before them was a great relief map of the whole West—thirty feet one way by forty feet the other, Dad said. Modeled by a famous artist, it showed all the mountains and rivers, the valleys and the plains and lakes and bays, all the way from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific. The highways were marked on it too, and Bobby and Dad found the very road they had taken down from Oregon through the redwoods to the Golden Gate Bridge that brought them into San Francisco. In fact, they even found Treasure Island itself, a tiny little spot in the blue-painted bay. It made them both feel a little strange to be looking at the very place they were standing now.

There was just time to skim quickly through the displays of the different California counties, each showing the thing for which it was most noted: dairy exhibits from one, magnificent specimens of redwood from another, gold from the mining counties, and oil from the southern parts of the state where the wells are; oranges and grapefruit here, apricots, peaches, plums, and apples there. It was a bewildering and splendid show, in which the visitor might see for himself, no matter from where he came, the things about the state of California that interested him most.

Then Dad said, "Time now for the last visit of the day, to what's really the Theme Building of the entire Fair—Pacific House!"

It was only a short stroll around the lagoon from where they were, over a little bridge and around past the Japanese Temple they had seen that morning. Pacific House stood on the shore of a smaller lagoon, its doors hospitably wide open, its walls mostly windows, so that the late afternoon sun came streaming in everywhere.

The center of the building was a great indoor court, four-sided, with semi-



The statue symbolical of the Evening Star is reflected in the pool of the Fair's most beautiful promenade—the Court of the Moon.

circular niches in each corner. At first Bobby and Betty simply stopped and held their breath at the blaze of brilliant color that met their eyes. Then they began to look at the walls more carefully.

Altogether there were eight huge mural paintings on these walls: four on the main sides and four more in the niches. Dad told them that they were painted by the great Mexican artist, Miguel Covarrubias, who had the distinction of being both a serious artist and a caricaturist—perhaps the greatest caricaturist in the world.

A bright blue was the predominant color in all these paintings, because their purpose was to show the Pacific Area—the ocean itself and the many countries that bordered on it. But after looking at the walls a minute, Bobby had a question.

“Dad,” he said, “why are these so different from other maps? They don’t look the same at all. I can tell the United States, for example, and South America and the Orient too, but it all seems to be in different proportions somehow. Why is that?”

“Good for you, Bobby!” Dad said. “I was wondering if you’d notice that! Yes, these maps *are* different. And the reason is that they’re all drawn from a different starting place from the ones you’re used to. You know how other maps are made: by considering the north and south poles as points of reference and by counting the lines of latitude both ways from the equator. Well, this map was done on a different basis. Instead of working that way and considering the

At the end of the Court of the Moon, Bobby and Betty found the doorway to the Palace of Homes and Gardens.





Beautiful Treasure Garden and its pool are surrounded by solid yet graceful columns that mark its boundaries.

whole world, the artist took just the Pacific Area and found the center of it. Then he drew his map from that center—just as if the Pacific Area was all the world there was! Geographically, in relation to the rest of the world, this map wouldn't be of any use. But it does show the relationship between the parts of the Pacific Area and far better and more truly than a map which has to consider the whole world. Do you see now?"

"Yes, I think so," Bobby said. "But there are other differences too. These maps have all kinds of pictures on them that other maps don't have."

"Right again," Dad said. "And the reason for that is that what the artist was after in this case was not merely geography. These 'maps' (you have to call them that, though it isn't the right word, really) are made to show *not* just geography but history. And not just history, either, in the way most of us have always learned it—in terms of dates and time—but history in terms

of the culture of the different races around the Pacific. For example, this map over here shows the history of transportation and communication. Here's another that shows the history of 'things'—of the making of things, which is industry. And so on. Do you get the idea, both of you?"

Bobby and Betty understood perfectly, and they moved along from one wall to the next, following the whole story of civilization in the Pacific, tracing the migration of peoples from Asia over by way of Alaska down through Canada and the United States to Mexico, Central and South America. They saw how the American Indian developed one kind of civilization and how the Aztec and the Maya and the Inca developed entirely different kinds. Maybe this sounds as though it might be something like studying in school, but Bobby and Betty found it quite different and the most interesting thing they had ever seen or done. In fact Mother and Dad had a hard time waking them out of the half-dream into which these extraordinary maps had put them.

"It *is* like a dream," Betty said when Mother and Dad joked them for not hearing the first time they were called. "It makes you feel just as if you were *there*, in whatever country you're looking at!" And for once Bobby didn't disagree or call her silly. He just nodded his head and said yes, it did.

The rest of Pacific House was filled with exhibits showing the history of different parts of the Pacific too, but in more usual ways. There was a miniature stage set showing some of the adventures of Captain Cook, for instance, and there were others in which were pictured the voyages of the great early explorers like Magellan and the old Dutch and Portuguese who were the first to be brave enough to venture into these new and strange waters. Here were models of some of the famous old clipper ships, including the *Flying Cloud*, and on another wall was a picture map showing how the native island voyagers crossed thousands of miles of ocean in canoes and other small craft. Once Bobby's eye happened to light on a very little speck in one of the maps and he started when he saw what it was.

"Look," he said excitedly to Betty, "it's Pitcairn Island! Remember *Mutiny on the Bounty*?" Betty remembered, of course, and she and Bobby traced the long voyage from Tahiti to Pitcairn and back again.

But the sun was getting lower and lower, and Dad and Mother said it was time to go.

Bobby and Betty turned toward the door by which they had come in, but Dad said, "Wait a minute. One more surprise! Let's go this way!"



Theme Building of the Fair, Pacific House is reflected in the blue waters of its own private lagoon.

They followed through another wide door in the opposite side of the hall, and suddenly they came out on a broad terrace from which a wide flight of steps led down to water. The lagoon they had seen when they came in broadened out behind the building into a wide and beautiful lake, with Pacific House forming one end of it.

Even though they could still see the sun low and bright orange color over the Golden Gate, the moon had begun to come up and it was reflected in the smooth water below them. As they were looking, a barge glided up to the steps and Dad handed them into it—first Mother, then Bobby and Betty, and finally himself. While they skimmed gently over the water, Bobby pointed out to Mother some of the things they had seen: the curious jigsaw roof of the Johore building, the tiny waterfall that poured into the lake from the Japanese rock gardens, and the curved eaves of the Temple beside them. Across the little lake the boat stopped again and they found a flight of wide steps just like the ones down which they had come. They walked slowly up them looking back



To these steps of Pacific House visitors come by water to see the magnificent murals by Covarrubias in the inner court.

toward Pacific House, in which the lights had now come on and were reflected, like a dazzling shower of fireworks, in the rippling water.

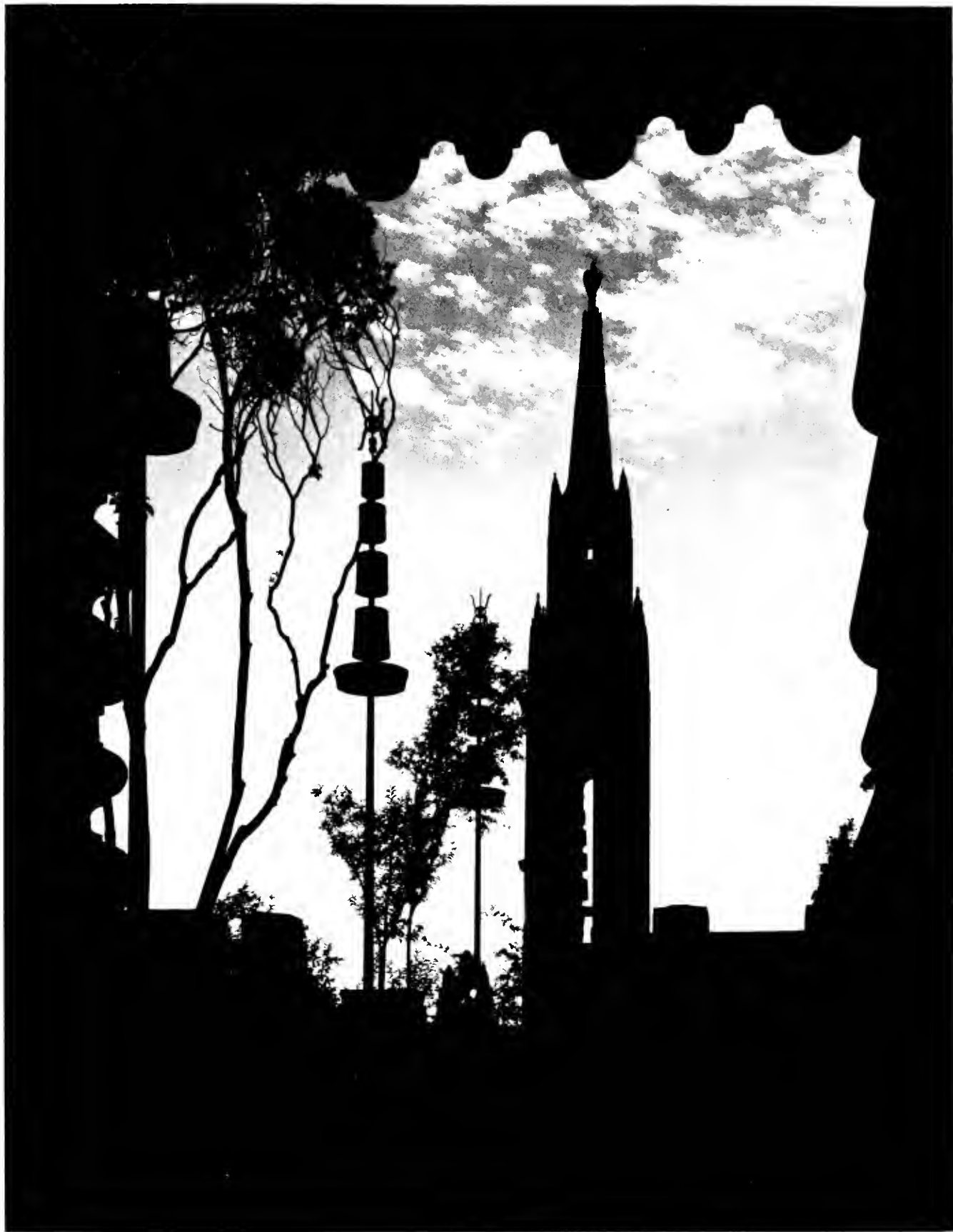
Then they were on the Avenue of Olives again and one of the Elephant Trains came rolling by. They were glad to climb aboard and sit back on the padded seats, and glad too when the train dropped them right at the entrance to the ferry. The boat was waiting and they were aboard in time to hear the whistle and see the walls of the slip disappear in the dusk behind them. Out in the bay itself, they watched the lights of San Francisco and the Bay Bridge almost above them. Once they looked back and saw the Tower of the Sun, flooded with rosy light, standing high over the Fair, the golden phoenix on its top shining far above everything.

"Tomorrow night we'll see the lights and everything, won't we, Mother?" said Betty sleepily.

"Yes indeed," Mother answered. "We'll stay over on the island until nine o'clock anyway, maybe even a little later, just for once."

"Oh boy!" Bobby said and yawned. "It was some day, though, wasn't it, Dad?"

Dad nodded his head and the ferryboat bumped its way slowly into the slip on the San Francisco side. They were back again. Tomorrow afternoon and evening—and then their visit to the Fair would be over!



As evening falls on Treasure Island, the Tower of the Sun rises dark against the sky.

CHAPTER SIX

FOR lunch on their third and last day Bobby and Betty had gone with Mother out to the Cliff House, famous old San Francisco restaurant, to eat in a glass-enclosed room while they looked out over the Pacific Ocean and watched the seals climbing and diving on Seal Rocks below them. Dad had business downtown, so Mother had said they would pick him up at the hotel at two o'clock. That gave them time to drive back slowly through Golden Gate Park, following the miles and miles of curving roadway through green lawns and small forests, hardly able to believe that they were still actually in a great city.

Dad took over the driving job as soon as they met him and they rolled across the Bay Bridge, Bobby and Betty pointing out everything to Mother, who hadn't made the trip before. There was no fog today and no breeze either. San Francisco and the bay lay flooded with warm sunshine, Treasure Island gleaming ahead in a faint hot-day haze. It seemed as though the weather had purposely done its best for Bobby and Betty's last day.

This time they hadn't far to go after parking the car. One of the main attractions of the Fair was the tremendous show called "The Cavalcade of the Golden West," and that was the first thing they were going to see.

Their way lay through the beautiful Court of *Pacifica*, which they had seen on the first day. Mother was surprised when she first saw the giant statue of the goddess with hands upraised and just as pleased as they knew she would be when Bobby and Betty pointed out the tinkling chimes that rang constantly on the huge prayer curtain against which *Pacifica* stood. This time they came closer to the statue than before—in fact, Dad led the way right up the steps that went beneath the curtain itself.

"Where are we going, Dad?" Bobby wanted to know.

"Just hold on a minute and you'll see, Bobby," said Dad.



The tall masts in the Court of the Seven Seas form an avenue leading to the giant goddess *Pacifica*.

Bobby and Betty had thought that the Court and statue of *Pacifica* marked one end of the Fair. It hadn't occurred to them that there was anything behind it. But now as they went through a swinging door, they found that they were in an immense outdoor theater. Long, curving rows of seats stretched out in a horseshoe shape, and out in front of these was the largest stage Bobby and Betty had ever seen. The seats were packed with people, but an usher quickly led the four to their places just as the music began and the "Cavalcade" opened.

The show was not quite a play and not quite a pageant, but something of both.

It was a living picture of four hundred years of the West's history divided into three main parts—Discovery, Conquest, and Colonization—and it brought the story of the West right down to modern times.

Afterward Bobby and Betty couldn't recall each scene—there were twenty-six altogether—but some of them were unforgettable. There was the one, for instance, in which the explorer Balboa, on his mountaintop, saw the broad expanse of the Pacific—the first time any European had seen that vast ocean. There were the scenes in which Cortes, with his handful of leather-jacketed soldiers, marched up through the valleys of Mexico all the way from the sea to the sacred city of Tenochtitlan, seven thousand feet high in the mountains, and captured that Aztec stronghold for the glory of the Spanish King Charles. One of those scenes, which showed the terrific battle on top of the chief pyramid in the sacred city, was the most exciting thing Bobby and Betty had ever seen.

After the Conquest came the building of the Missions, first in Mexico, then through our Southwest and up into California. There were short quick scenes of California under its seven different flags, and then in quick succession came the Gold Rush (with the music playing "Oh, Susannah!"), the building of the great transcontinental railway, glimpses of the Gay Nineties (which made Mother and Dad laugh), and the dreadful earthquake and fire that wrecked San Francisco in 1906.

When Betty saw on her program that they were coming to that, she shuddered a little and said, "Oh, I hope they won't make it *too* awful!"

"Aw!" said Bobby. "Girls!" Dad nudged him though, and he didn't say any more.

But it wasn't horrible at all, only thrilling and exciting, because the producers of the "Cavalcade" had worked out a new way to indicate the terrible



One of the Bruton sisters, creators of the relief mural, *The Peacemakers*, fits some small parts of the one-hundred-and-forty-foot painting in place.

disaster without really showing buildings falling or other shocking things. What happened was that a curtain of fire suddenly flamed up from the footlights, all the way round the front of the stage. Behind this fire music played and Bobby and Betty could hear loud shouts and cries, the cracking and crashing and rumbling that goes with earthquakes, and always the roaring of the flames and the fast, thrilling music. Then the fire died down, the music grew softer, and the “Cavalcade” moved on, bringing the story up to the building of the bridges and the colorful ending—a Spanish-style fiesta to celebrate the new San Francisco and the newly linked West.

“Gosh!” said Bobby when it was over. “I’m glad we didn’t miss *that!*”

“So am *I!*” Betty said. “And I’m glad, too, that we saved it for the last day!”

The Elephant Train was waiting as they came out of the theater and they all swung aboard. The Federal Building, with its exhibit of the American Indian, was next on their program, and Bobby and Betty both knew that it would be one of the highlights of the day.

The whole north wing of the building was Indian. When they came in the first thing they saw was another theater, a small one made to look like a clearing in the forest fixed up by Indians for their dances. As Bobby and Betty sat

down, a drum began to thump and ten Indians in paint and feathers leaped from behind trees and began their dance.

Bobby and Betty watched, entranced. These Indians did not smile like actors. They were very serious as they stamped round and round, shaking their head-dresses, raising their knees high, rocking from side to side.

"Betty," said Bobby after a few minutes, "does that drumming make you want to dance too?"

"Yes," said Betty, "it does. It's like being hypnotized or something!"

"Very much like it," said Dad, who had heard them. "The whole dance is like that, in a way. The wildest tribes of natives anywhere always know what a drum does, and they use it to get the people worked up until they hardly know what they're doing. And I feel it too," he added. "Drums do that even to civilized people."

Then the dance was over and the Indians disappeared as quickly as they had come. Bobby and Betty turned to see what the rest of the wing held.

There were six exhibits, one for each of the six great Indian civilizations: the fishermen of the east coast, the buffalo hunters of the plains, the woodsmen of the eastern states ("Like *The Last of the Mohicans*," Bobby said), the corn planters of the Southwest, the Navajo shepherds, and the seed and root gatherers of California—sometimes called "Digger" Indians.

Bobby and Betty found a hundred things to interest them, but it was the Navajo display that kept them looking longest. Here the Indians were spread out, working away on dozens of different things. Women were weaving blankets, old men were carving wooden bowls and other things. There was an Indian market, in which there were rugs, baskets, blankets, strings of beads, moccasins, and silverwork for sale. At the very end was a booth in which six or seven young men were industriously hammering silver into beautiful patterns.

Dad stopped here. "I think," he said, "that Bobby and Betty ought to have a real souvenir of the Fair, don't you, Mother?"

"Well," said Mother, a twinkle in her eye, "after all, they *are* pretty good children!"

"All right," said Dad, "what will it be? See, Betty, over there are all kinds of things for girls—rings, bracelets, earrings, almost anything you could want. And Bobby, here they're making things men might use—rings too, and watch



The pavilion of the American Indian in the Federal Building, where Bobby and Betty saw the Indian dances and handicraft displays.

fobs and stickpins and belt buckles and I don't know what else. Suppose you both take a look and then we'll choose!"

Bobby's and Betty's eyes shone and they looked at everything very carefully, Betty finally selecting a bracelet and Bobby a belt buckle. It didn't take long to make them, either; the Indians were marvelously quick, twisting and turning and hammering the silver until the article seemed to grow as they watched. When they were done, Betty had a bracelet of silver with a row of turquoises and her name hammered in it—one letter beneath each turquoise. Bobby's belt buckle had his initial in it—not a "B," because when the Indian workman came to that, Bobby told him that it should really be "R" for Robert.

"So," said Dad when that was done, "now you have something to remember the Fair by—and something useful too! But now I have a plan and I want to see what you think of it."

"What is it, Dad?" they asked.

"Well," Dad said, "Mother and I want to see the other half of the Federal Building. It's a complete show of all departments of our government: the Park Service, the Post Office, the Army and Navy, and so on. But it isn't a very lively display and you two might find it a bit dull. So I thought you might spend an hour or so in the Recreation Hall just having fun!"

"Recreation Hall?" asked Bobby. "I didn't know there was one!"

"Ah!" said Dad, "wait until you see!"

They walked down a wide, olive-lined avenue only a short distance, then turned half a block to the right. Before them was a big hall and playground they hadn't seen before.

"Now," Dad said, "you and Betty can have a grand time by yourselves while

Mother and I see the government display. Bobby can take care of Betty and Betty can take care of Bobby! How's that?"

Neither Bobby nor Betty needed taking care of, but they knew Dad was joking. "We'll be all right!" they said and ran into the Hall. A guide at the door spoke up as they disappeared. "They'll be fine," he told Mother and Dad. "There's enough to see and do in there to keep them busy for hours! And there's a whole playground outdoors behind the Hall too. They won't have to worry about what to do with themselves!"

The guide was right. The first thing Bobby and Betty came to was the Hobby Show—a whole room filled with exhibits of hobbies. There were stamp collections, coin collections, butterflies, everything you could think of. In one case there were more than six hundred objects no bigger than one inch in any direction: animals of all kinds made of glass, ivory, bone, wood, clay, and even one of jade. There were tiny chairs and tables and dressers, dishes, baskets, hats, a set of glasses and a decanter, an ox-cart complete with ox and driver, all smaller than one inch. There was even a whole bullfight, with none of the men or horses or the bull larger than one inch.

In another case was a collection of pictures of planes, big and little. They had been collected by a boy, the sign said, who had made it his hobby for nearly eight years. He even had pictures of French and British planes and one from Czechoslovakia. Bobby stood in front of that case until he had looked at every one.

The hobby Betty liked best was a collection of dolls, exhibited by a twelve-year-old girl from Seattle; dolls from everywhere, each in the full costume of the country. Dolls from China, from Japan, from Bali, Mexico, Guatemala, Hungary, Russia—there was no end to them. Prettiest of all, Betty decided, was a group of six Javanese dancers. They were dressed in silk and had gold bracelets and anklets and stood with their arms stretched out, just as they would if they were actually dancing in a temple.

"I wonder how you get to show your collection here?" Bobby asked, and a guide near by explained it to him.

"All you have to do," he said, "is to fill out one of these blanks and say who you are, where you live, and what your collection is. Then if there aren't too many ahead of you and if the Director thinks your hobby would be interesting, you'll get a letter telling you to send it on!"

"Oh boy!" Bobby said. "Do you think I could exhibit my collection of

soldiers of all nations? I've been collecting them ever since I was nine: wooden ones and iron ones and lead ones and tin ones—every kind you can think of!”

“It's a really good collection,” added Betty loyally.

“Why not?” said the guide. “It's up to the Director. Here, take these blanks, and when you get home fill one of them in and send it to the Hobby Room, San Francisco World's Fair!”

“Or,” said Bobby, and Betty knew what was coming, “The Golden Gate International Exposition!”

“Right!” said the guide with a smile. “Exactly right!”

But they didn't stay in the Hobby Room much longer. There were so many things to do that time went by like the wind. There was a theater here too, in which a puppet show was going on, and they looked at that for awhile. Outside in the playground there were rings, bars, a seesaw, a basketball court, and places to play volleyball and handball. Beyond that, in another wing, there was a room entirely given over to handicrafts. Here children were carving wood, building model planes, working in leather, weaving baskets. Next to it was a library and reading room. Betty said she'd like to sit there awhile and read. Bobby wanted to get in on the assembling of model planes. “Can anybody join?” he asked. A large smiling man who was in charge said, “Why, of course!” and began to show Bobby the plans for a model of one of the new big transport planes that engineers were building for the Pacific flights.

When Mother and Dad came back, they found the children both busy and absorbed. The lights had come on without either of them noticing it, and it was only when Dad said, “Who's hungry?” that they realized it was almost dinner time.

This million-dollar reproduction of a true Chinese community covers two acres and offers boys and girls a hundred kinds of fun.



"Where do we eat this time, Dad?" asked Bobby.

"This time," said Dad, "Mother is the boss! And when I asked her, she said that the place she would like best for dinner would be Chinatown!"

"You mean go back to San Francisco before we see the lights?" asked Betty, looking a little sad.

Dad laughed and so did Mother. "Not a bit of it!" he said. "Didn't you know that there was a whole Chinatown right here on Treasure Island as part of the Fair?"

"Oh, where?" exclaimed Bobby.

"Straight ahead of you," said Dad. Bobby and Betty looked and saw what he meant—a tall Chinese pagoda, towering into the air from inside a great wall. "There you are!" said Dad. "That's practically as complete a Chinatown as the real thing in San Francisco. It covers a whole city block, and what they haven't got in there isn't worth having! And you know how Mother likes Chinese food!"

Bobby and Betty did know. And they were both delighted that they weren't going to leave the island just yet.

"Come on then, Dad," said Bobby. "Ahoy! Chinatown!"

When they walked through the gate, they found themselves in a glittering golden city. Markets, shops, tea gardens, theaters, and restaurants lined the streets that wandered crookedly in every direction. One special exhibit they saw showed China's most famous private collection of art, furniture, robes, and jewels—the collection of the Princess Der Ling. She was there too and explained everything to them in a soft, sweet voice.

"Mother," Betty whispered, "she talks *perfect* English, doesn't she!"

"Of course," Mother whispered back. "And she writes books in English too. She has lectured on China in almost every country in the world!"

The dinner was delicious—Chinese dishes of delicate flavors new to Bobby and Betty—long, crisp noodles and crunchy bean sprouts and shreds of chicken all through them. Mother and Dad drank tea out of tiny cups without handles and Bobby and Betty had tall glasses of milk. Dessert was preserved litchi nuts and rice cakes as thin as paper.

"Not quite as filling as a Rijsttaffel," said Dad, "but just as good!" Bobby and Betty agreed.

When they came out of the Chinese Village and turned toward the Gayway, the whole island looked like fairyland. Colored lights blazed everywhere—



Two hundred feet in the air, the Gold Pagoda reaches its gleaming spire to remind everyone that a miniature Chinatown awaits his visit.

floodlights illuminating the buildings and rows of tiny lights outlining the shape of the roller coaster they could see ahead of them. As they passed the Cash Register Building, they could see the big black-and-white figures on top of the giant register busily adding up the people who came through the Elephant Gates. But it was the huge roller coaster that interested Bobby most at the moment. Dad saw what he was looking at and said, "What do you think, Mother? Do you and Betty want to join us for a coaster ride?"

"No!" said Mother quite firmly. "Not for me! I'm too old for that kind of thing and I'd be a sight when I got off! You and Bobby take your ride, and welcome. I'll stay on the ground!"

"How about you, Betty," asked Dad.

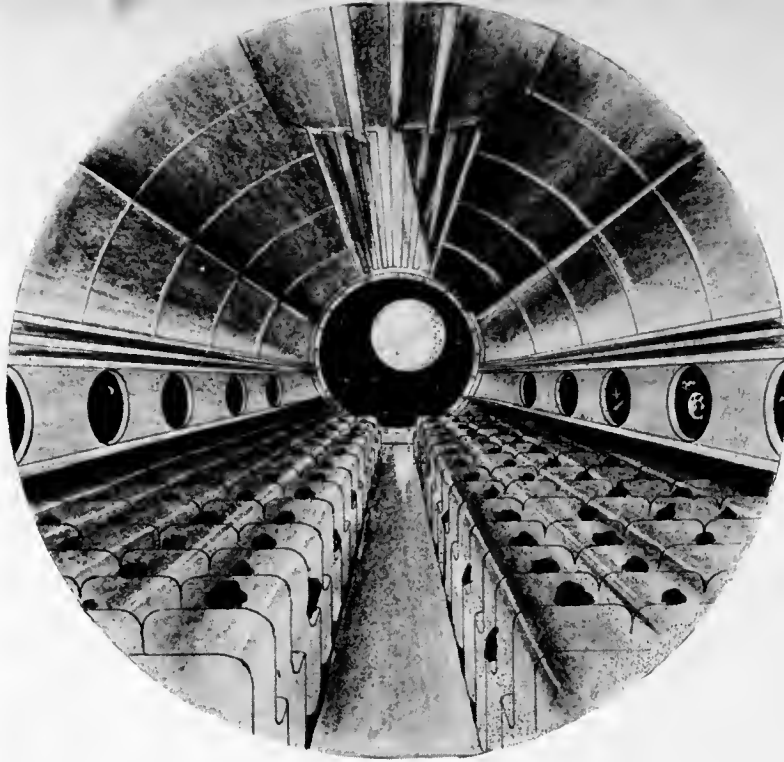
"We-e-ell," Betty said, "I think it would be nicer if I kept Mother company."

Dad and Bobby grinned at each other. "I didn't think they would," Bobby said. "Girls!"

"Never mind," said Betty. "You have your fun and we'll have ours, won't we, Mother?"

"Of course," Mother said soothingly. "We'll do our riding on the Miniature Streamlined Railway and you do yours on the coaster. Then when you come back, we'll tell you all about the Gayway and what will be best to see next!"

So it was arranged. Betty and Mother got aboard the railway that ran over more than two thousand feet of track and gave everybody a chance to look over the Gayway and decide what they wanted to see. And when they met



In this model of a Rocket Ship of the future, Bobby and Betty had all the thrills of an actual flight through space.

Bobby and Dad back at the station, they knew just what they wanted to look at first. Bobby was breathless from the "Ride Through the Clouds," but when Mother mentioned the Rocket Ship he cried, "Hooray!" Betty smiled at Mother so Bobby couldn't see. Boys *did* get excited!

The Rocket Ship was only one of the many things they saw that evening. After they had experienced the illusion of shooting through space a hundred miles a minute (and it was a fine, exciting ride too, with the stars flying past them and the whole "ship" vibrating and roaring as though it were actually moving instead of being firmly fastened to the ground), they tried the Diving Bell. That was real. It held fourteen people and it actually took them down forty feet under water, even though the water was in a tank. Through the glass windows they could see live fish swimming all around them. The Hall of Science illusion of walking on the bottom of the sea had been wonderful, but this—well, this was marvelous. Once a shark nosed over to the glass window and peered in at Bobby, showing its jagged rows of teeth. Betty shrank back with a little scream and though Bobby held his ground, it made him feel much queerer than he wanted to admit.

After that came the Scotch Village, where they walked through cobbled streets, saw an exact replica of the house Bobby Burns was born in, watched blacksmiths shoeing horses, and found a little teashop where Mother let them each have a buttered scone with strawberry jam. After all, as she said, they hadn't had a very big dessert.



Glowing floodlights stream over the East Tower and the golden bas-relief of *The Path of Darkness* beside it.

Best of all was the Midget Village. Real midgets from all over the world had come to Treasure Island to live in the tiny Midget Village that had been built for them. Bobby and Betty walked down the streets, feeling very strange and far too big, and saw a midget judge rapping a midget gavel on the bench before him as he sentenced a midget “criminal” to ten midget-days in jail. At a midget desk sat the midget Mayor of the Village, and all up and down the streets were midget restaurants, midget clothing stores, even the offices of a midget dentist and a midget doctor. What made them laugh more than anything else was a midget one-woman telephone exchange, where the midget operator sat listening in on all the midget conversations and gossiping midget gossip with all the subscribers on the line!

There was the zoo too, where Bobby and Betty saw many curious animals they had read about. There were lions and tigers and elephants, of course. But since this Fair was chiefly about the Pacific, here were all the animals from Australia, for example—the ones with the curious names—kangaroos, wallabies, koala bears, and one duck-billed platypus that looked like a combination of bird and animal. There was a huge python too, and his mate, one weighing five



Gleaming in amber, rose, and gold, the Tower of the Sun and the immense



Elephant Gates guard the Portals of the Pacific, main entrance to the Fair.

hundred pounds while the other was a mere four hundred. A keeper in the cage told them that each snake ate two pigs weighing fifty pounds each at a meal.

Bobby wrinkled his nose at that. "Food!" he said with a sigh. "Let's not think about things to eat!"

"Never want to eat again, Bobby?" asked Dad with a smile.

"Oh, all right!" Bobby said and smiled back. "But not until tomorrow morning, anyway!"

As he spoke they heard the chimes again from the Tower of the Sun and Mother said, "It *can't* be nine o'clock, can it?"

"I'm afraid it is," said Dad. "And that means—start our final tour!"

"Final tour!" said Mother. "Our final tour had better be right back to the hotel and to bed for both these children!"

"Oh, *Mother!*" exclaimed Bobby and Betty together. "You know we wanted to show you all the courts you haven't seen. And we wanted to see them with the lights on too!"

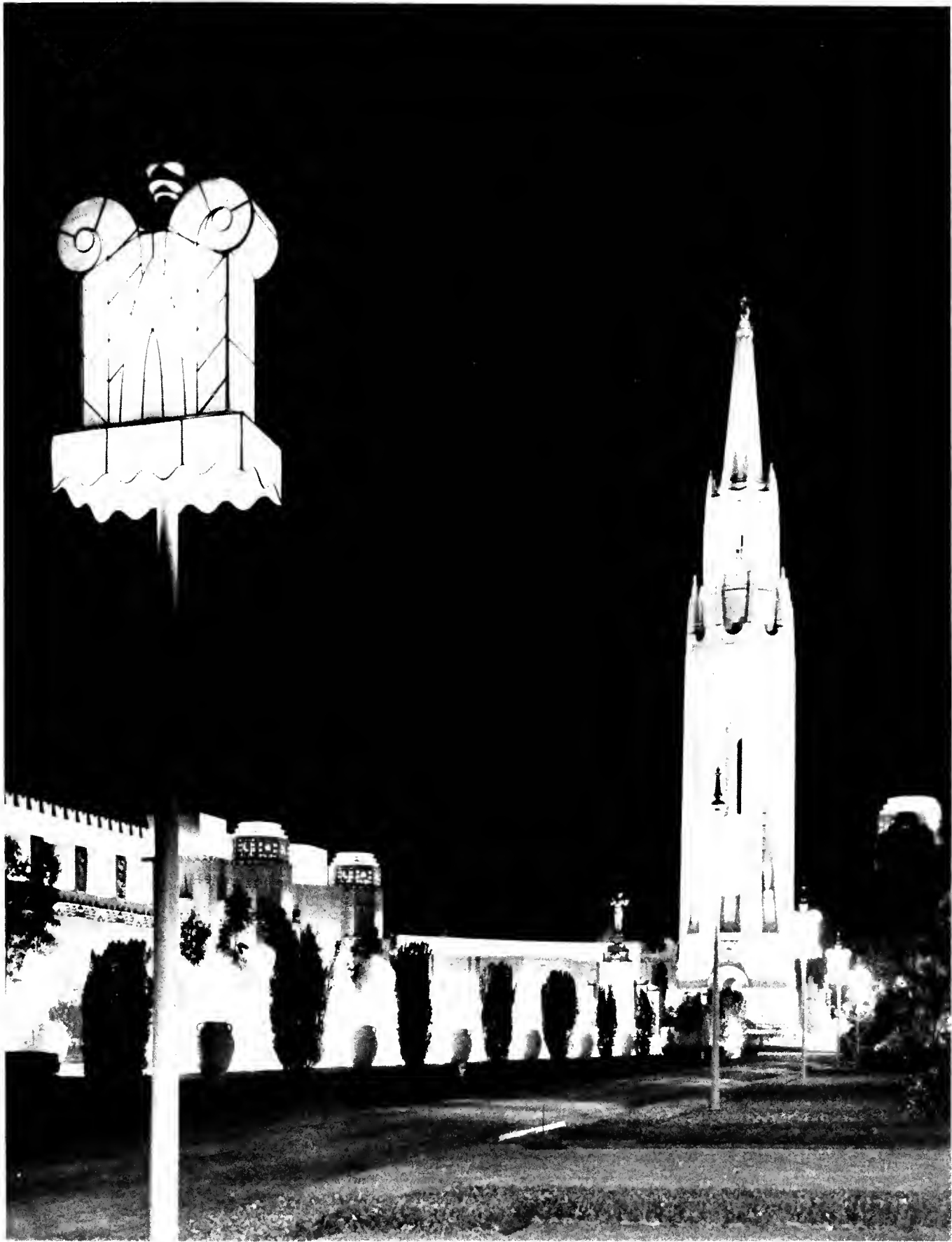
"That's right," Mother said. "So you did. Well, we'll do that, and then—home!"

Since the Court of *Pacifica* was nearest, they began there.

A white floodlight shone on the giant statue of the goddess, making her look even more towering and immense than in the daylight. Behind her the tinkling curtain of stars was a pattern of changing colors—red, purple-blue, pink and red again, one flowing into the next so gradually that you could hardly tell when the change took place. Next came the Court of Seven Seas, with its ships and sails leading them down to the center of the Fair. Now the colored sails were lighted with amber and pink floods, which made them stand out brilliantly against the pale sea-green illumination of the walls. It was Bobby who noticed something different now that the lights were on.

"Look, Dad," he said. "What makes everything sparkle so? It didn't do that in the daylight."

Dad asked a guide, who told them. When the Fair was built, he said, all the plaster and stucco was mixed with a light, shiny stuff, something like mica, called "vermiculite." It was these gleaming particles everywhere in all the towers and walls and gates that caught the lights now and made the whole Fair glisten and sparkle.



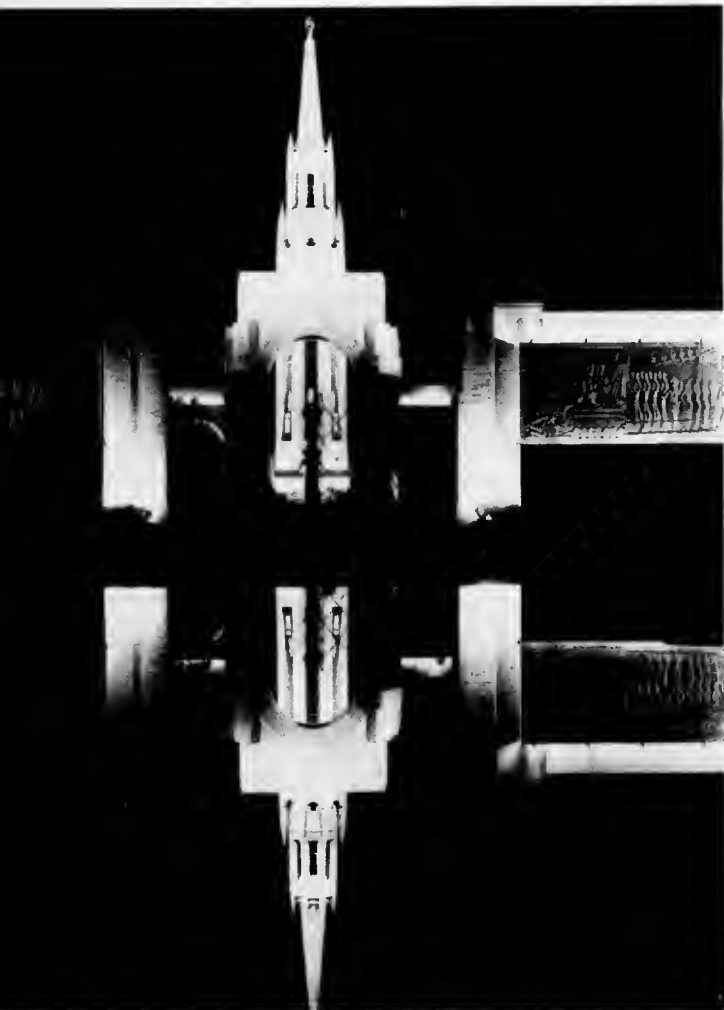
Lighted at night in mysterious blues and greens, the Court of the Moon has pale yellow lamps along its walks and fountains.

In the Court of Honor everything was a warm yellow, except the great Tower of the Sun. That was flooded from all sides with red light shading to a pale rose, and a special searchlight beam was focused on the golden phoenix at its tip. All around them people were walking slowly, drinking in the beauty of the lights, saying "Oh!" and "Ah!" as the colors changed.

Then they came into the Court of the Moon, and even Bobby and Betty said "Ah!"

Down the center of this Court was a long blue pool, lighted from beneath with pale yellow globes like dozens of moons in the water. From both sides of it spurted jets of water along its full length, arching high until they met in the middle and made a silvery screen of spray falling into the pool. The lighting in the Court was like moonlight, a shimmering blue-green that was just strong enough to let them see the paths that were lined with tall, dark yew trees alternating with immense jars that reminded Bobby of *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*. Everybody was quiet here. The beauty of the Court made people talk in whispers, and Bobby and Betty could hear the rushing sound of the falling water as they walked.

But at the very end of this Court was the most splendid thing they had seen



From far behind the Arch of Triumph, the great Tower of the Sun casts its reflection in the main lagoon.



In the Court of *Pacifica*, opposite the huge goddess, Bobby and Betty saw the illuminated Niche of Fame which calls the roll of the great explorer-navigators.

—the perfect climax to the best day they had ever had. It was the Treasure Garden, which in the daylight had looked like a sunken garden full of beautiful flowers and shrubs but nothing very special, except that it had a very large round still pool in its center. How it was all changed! The night air brought out the scent of the flowers and the vines in the garden. From the very center of the big pool rose a jet of white water, shooting fifty feet into the air and falling from that height in a brilliant cloud of dazzling spray. Around it were eight smaller jets spurting from the surface of the pool, each turning to spray at its top and cascading down again like a miniature of the towering central fountain. Here the lighting was a bright, vivid green, which made the whole Treasure Garden seem unreal, like something out of a fairy story—an underwater garden, maybe, from some old story about kingdoms under the sea. Crowds of people stood still there, watching and listening to the falling water, and in this one place no one even said “Oh!” or “Ah!” Everyone stood silently,



At night these baffle gates in the Portals of the Pacific make fantastic patterns of strong light and shadow.

breathing the perfume of the jasmine blossoms and absorbing the enchanted scene. Bobby and Betty never forgot it, and as long as they lived they never saw anything like it again.

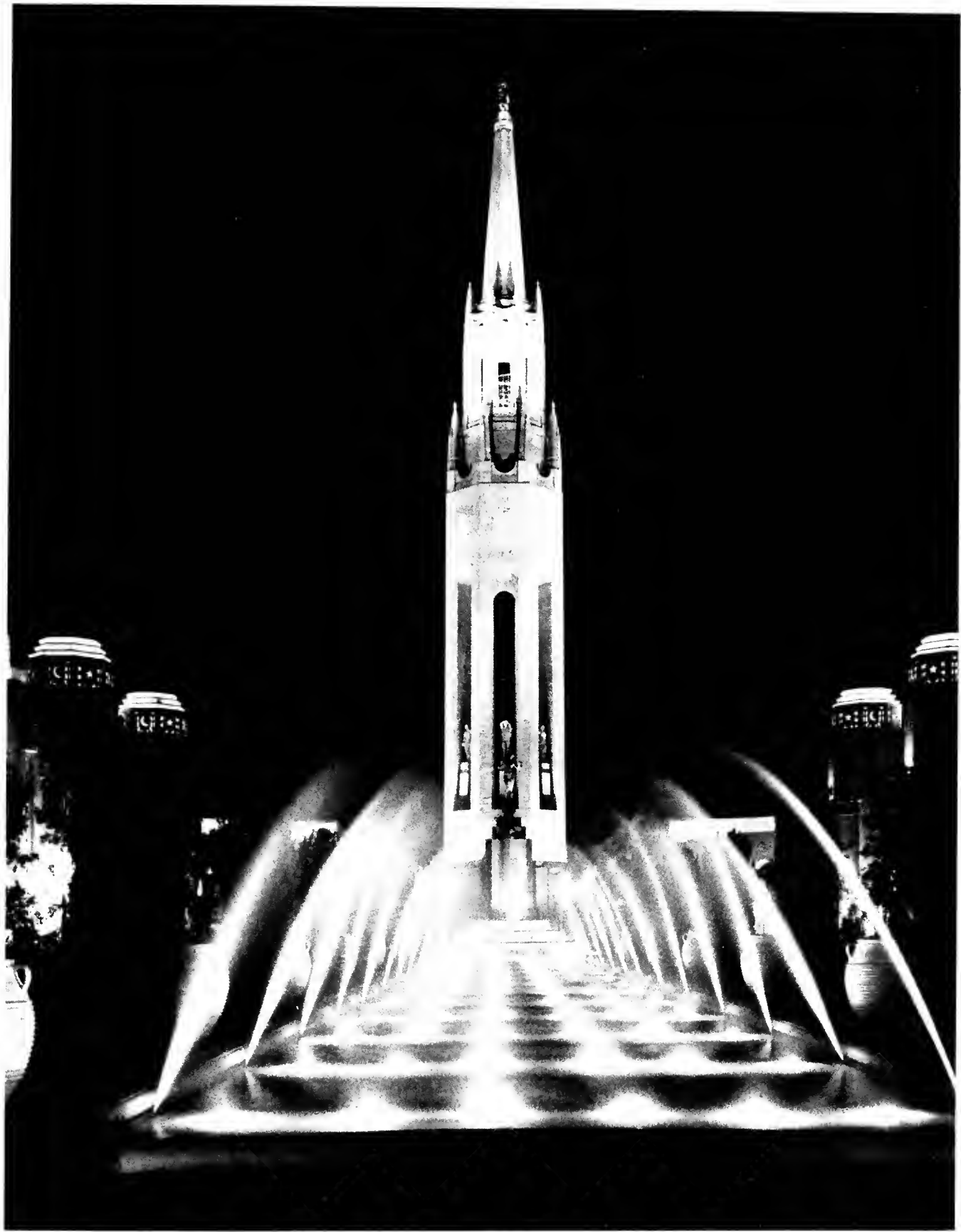
Perhaps it was the enchantment that lay over that Treasure Garden, or perhaps it was just that Bobby and Betty were sleepy, but they didn't even hear the Elephant Train as it coasted softly to a stop by them. Neither said anything as Dad helped them aboard. The train started quietly and they slid off down the long avenue of lights, leaving the magic behind.

When they tried to remember that last ride later, only bits of it came back to them.

There was one vivid scene as they passed the big lagoon on which the lighted barges were slowly moving to and fro. They remembered hearing music as the train rolled past the Chinese Village—curious, whining music very much like the strange playing they had heard in the Oriental temple on their second day. Once they were sure a lion roared; they could hear the echo of the sound come up to them from the brilliantly lighted Gayway in the distance.

Then they were in their own car and the tires were hissing beneath them as they slipped along under the yellow lights of the bridge. They remembered too the loud clanging and banging and the red-and-blue neon signs as they crossed Market Street, and then came the soft glow of the hotel lobby, the *whoosh!* of the elevator—and they were back again.

Their trip to the San Francisco Fair was over!



And Bobby and Betty's most beautiful memory of the Fair was this farewell glimpse of the Court of the Moon with its graceful lighted fountains.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

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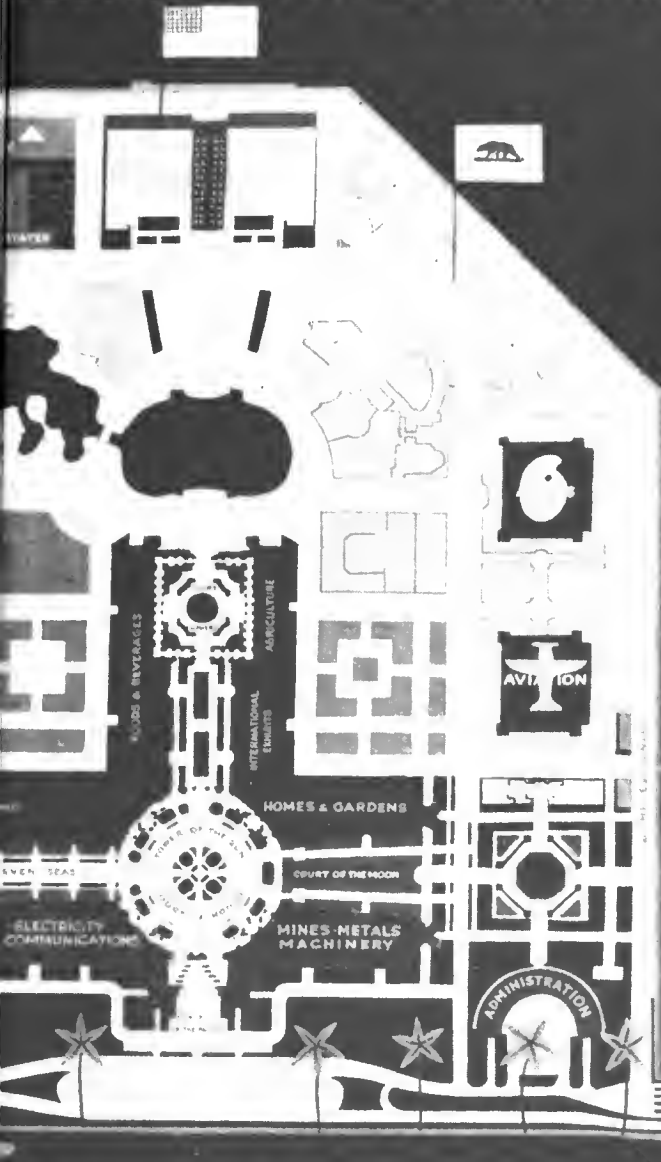
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