



Parade at Angels Camp, California.

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

"I HOLD they are not worth a dollar." That is what Daniel Webster thought of California, and other southwestern lands, when it was proposed that we take them as indemnity after the war with Mexico. "What sympathy," he added, "can there be between the people of . . . California and . . . the Eastern states . . . ?"

Webster gave that opinion of California in the senate only 88 years ago.

Today it is the wealthiest state west of the Mississippi, and has some 6,158,000 people. One of them said to a visitor: "It took my folks 200 years to get to California. They landed in Virginia about 1650, and moved west with the frontier. My father got here in the 1850s."

Up in Humboldt county at a "Forty-niner's ball," for which men grow full beards, a sweet, bright-eyed lady said: "My dress must be all of 130 years old. It was old when my mother brought it around the Horn, from Nova Scotia." Her men fought grizzly bears and Klamath Indians, panned gold, and cut timber to build schooners. Only once in 15 or 20 years did they get down to San Francisco, and then by sea; no railroad reached northwest California till long after she was grown.

"My father was general Mariano Vallejo, the last Mexican officer to command this post," proudly asserted Senora Luisa V. Empanan of Sonoma. "He was born at Monterey. Here are his silver mounted saddle, his sword, spurs, and pistols. After America acquired California he became a patriotic, influential citizen of the United States."

In such ways came the whites who people this land—divergent races, from sources far apart.

**Many Came From Foreign Lands.**

In Napa county you see how French, Italian, and German grape growers form yet another racial strain. In 1890 one-third of all people there had come from foreign lands, a fact which was profoundly to influence the human and economic geography of this oldest and largest of all Pacific Coast states.

Seek quiet country lanes that lead to long established homes of both native American and foreign stock, and you sense the social maturity of this complex yet mellow land. Monterey was a seat of Spanish culture before Washington, D. C., was even surveyed. Russians had built Fort Ross, and were growing wheat and trading counterfeit wampum for other skins before peace ended the War of 1812.

Ever since Hubert Howe Bancroft's painstaking researches, writers have told and retold the story of early California—and they still make use of Bancroft's incomparable source material, preserved now at the state university in Berkeley.

To see what the white man has done with work, tools, and science in developing this region as it is now, consider the place where his labors began. Ride through the "Mother Lode country," where the first pick marks on this now lush, opulent land were made by the gold seekers. Every hillside, gully, and stream bed shows the scars of shafts, tunnels, and frantic digging.

Ruined huts and half-deserted "ghost towns" dot these gold fields

from which bearded men in red-flannel shirts gouged nuggets and panned the yellow dust. Melancholy Columbia is adumbrative of all these early camps. In its old Wells-Fargo stagecoach office you see the clumsy scales on which, records prove, more than \$30,000,000 in gold was weighed. In boom days 15,000 people lived and worked here; now the village is shrunk to a bare 250.

**Ghost Towns Are Numerous.**

All through Sierra foothills you find these fading towns, with such names as Rough and Ready, Slug Gulch, You Bet, and Grizzly Flats. At Hangtown (now Placerville) long stood the big tree on whose stout limbs two men could be strung up at once. In Tuolumne county is the cabin of Bret Harte, whose characters in "Tennessee's Pardner" and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" were drawn from hereabouts.

Another shack is labeled "Mark Twain's Cabin." Violent, murderous, and thieving though life in these diggings was, Twain was able later to say: "Always do right; it will gratify some and astonish the rest!" In those halcyon mining days he wrote "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County." Each spring now the once hedonic town of Angels Camp stages a "jumping frog" contest; entries come even from distant Arkansas. Guests with what Pope called "nice foppish gusto" look with gluttonous avidity on the fat legs of these prize-winning frogs.

Though from these gophered hills some gold seekers took their dizzy millions, the real contribution of the Gold Rush to California's destiny is often overlooked. Think of the blacksmiths, carpenters, cowboys, farmers, doctors, lawyers, and teachers who came with the gold-hunting horde. They cleared land, built towns and roads, sent East for wives, raised husky "Sons of the Golden West," and spread the raw canvas for this 1936 picture of northern California at work.

Few, comparatively, got rich in the mines; that wasn't economic production, anyway. They simply found the gold, at first, and took it. In time, mining settled down to a business of deep shafts, stamp mills, smelters, timbered tunnels, roads, and towns. All this meant more food, machinery, lumber, transportation, clothing, amusements. To supply these, farms to grow meat and grain developed; towns with factories, schools, and music halls grew up to take care of mines, of farms, of each other.

Law grew, too, from this pioneer experience—the doctrines of appropriation and use, the laws of mining, water rights, and grazing. Students of jurisprudence say it is seldom that the customs of a people have had their origin, development, and final adoption by a legislature all within one lifetime, as came to pass here.

**Sutter Founded Sacramento.**

John A. Sutter, Swiss adventurer, built a trading post on land given him by the Mexicans. That was the beginning of Sacramento, in 1839. It was a strategic location; soil was rich, the river afforded easy transport to San Francisco, and the new town was right in the path of settlers coming from the East through Emigrant Gap. Sure, swift steps in the rise of that town epitomize the American conquest of

this region. First Sutter fought the Indians, then hired them to farm his lands, run his cattle, and work about his "fort."

Kit Carson and John C. Fremont came here for fresh horses.

Into Sutter's Fort (now Sacramento), in 1841, drove the first immigrant wagon train to cross the Plains. From here men went, in 1847, to rescue the Donner party, snowed in an' fighting starvation.

Sutter's hired man, digging to build a sawmill, found gold at Coloma in 1848, and started the great stampede. This lawless horde robbed and ruined Sutter; he died poor. Others held the fort, and traded furiously. They charged \$64 to shoe a horse; \$2,000 a ton to haul freight to the mines. It cost a pinch of gold dust to buy a drink of whiskey, and only men with big hands were hired to tend bar! Dance halls never closed; even today one advertises itself as "Bon Ton Dance Hall, Beautiful Girls Galore." Miners, coming to celebrate, brought their gold in an old sock, or in yeast cans! Modern youths buy a strip of tickets, each good for a dance with a "taxi girl."

California became a state in 1850. That year more than 42,000 miners swarmed through Sutter's Fort, from the East. About it a wild lawless town was growing, a town of tents and rough boards, of saloons, eating places, stores, and blacksmith shops. Most goods came first to San Francisco by sea, and then up the Sacramento river.

**State Almost Divided Once.**

Jumping from Monterey to San Jose, Vallejo, and Benicia, the state capital got to Sacramento in 1854. Many a bitter battle has been fought at this capital, none more exciting than that which once almost divided California into two states. Only the diverting advent of the Civil war prevented this.

From Missouri came the Pony Express in 1860. Next spring riders carried Lincoln's inaugural address through from "St. Joe" in seven days and seventeen hours—the fastest trip on record. Then a half-ounce letter cost \$5; one now is flown by overnight plane for six cents.

Building east from Sacramento in 1869, the Central Pacific met the Union Pacific railroad at Promontory Point, in Utah; Senator Stanford drove a golden spike. Isolation was ended. Men and goods moved west at unheard-of low rates, at speed thought miraculous.

Today Sacramento railroad shops are among the world's largest. About the old fort, where pioneer blacksmiths shod mules, filed saws, and whittled out pick handles for the miners, rises now a busy city of more than 500 factories, including colossal canneries of fruit and vegetables.

**GABBY GERTIE**



"When you grossly sum up a girl's clothes the net total isn't much."

**STAR DUST**

MOVIE AND RADIO  
By Virginia Vale

IF YOU are still sighing with regret over Helen Jepson's departure from the "Showboat" program on the radio, you will be delighted to hear that she is going to make a motion picture.

That ambitious young company Grand National that went over big with "Great Guy," in which they brought the too-long-absent Jimmy Cagney back to the screen, is going to star her in a musical. And Victor Schertzinger, no less, who piloted Grace Moore to screen fame, is going to direct Miss Jepson.

Movie officials are so jittery about having Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers careen around on roller skates for their next picture "Stepping Toes," they have taken out one quarter of a million dollars insurance against production delays due to accidents. They know how dangerous it is to give Astaire a new toy like that.



Fred Astaire

He's likely to skate right up walls. So they are protecting themselves from any spur-of-the-moment antics he may indulge in.

If good wishes make good pictures, "Steel Highway" will be one of the bets of the year. It was rushed into production in order to keep Ann Nagel so busy that she could not brood over the tragic death of her husband, Ross Alexander. In this picture she plays a leading role for the first time. Another good reason why everyone is pulling for the success of this picture is that a newcomer is playing opposite her. And the newcomer is none other than William Hopper, son of Hedda Hopper.

A few years ago, every visitor to New York made a bee-line for the Hippodrome, just as nowadays the Radio City Music Hall is number one on any list of sights to be seen. Buddy de Sylva has been brooding lately over all the young folks who grew up too late to see one of the thrilling, dazzling, Hippodrome shows, and has decided that something must be done about it. So, he is going to make a picture called "Hippodrome" for Universal.

The amiable lunacies of the Burns and Allen pictures and radio program go right on in their more private life. Just now they are having a wonderful time sending telegrams to Tony Martin, signed by the casting director of Twentieth Century-Fox, telling him that he must mend his ways and live a more quiet life. And the handsome six-foot Tony couldn't be more proper.

When Burns and Allen transfer their broadcasting activities to N. B. C. April first, Tony will go right along with them.

ODDS AND ENDS . . . Errol Flynn insists that he is going to Borneo as soon as he finishes "The Prince and the Pauper." Lili Damita may think otherwise, just as she did the last time he got all ready to start . . . Romantic rumors about Marlene Dietrich and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., may be just rumors, but nevertheless when she arrives in Hollywood soon to film "Angel," Junior will be on his way here . . . When friends borrow books from Humphrey Bogart and keep them more than two weeks, he charges them five cents a day, and gives the considerable sum thus collected to charity.

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