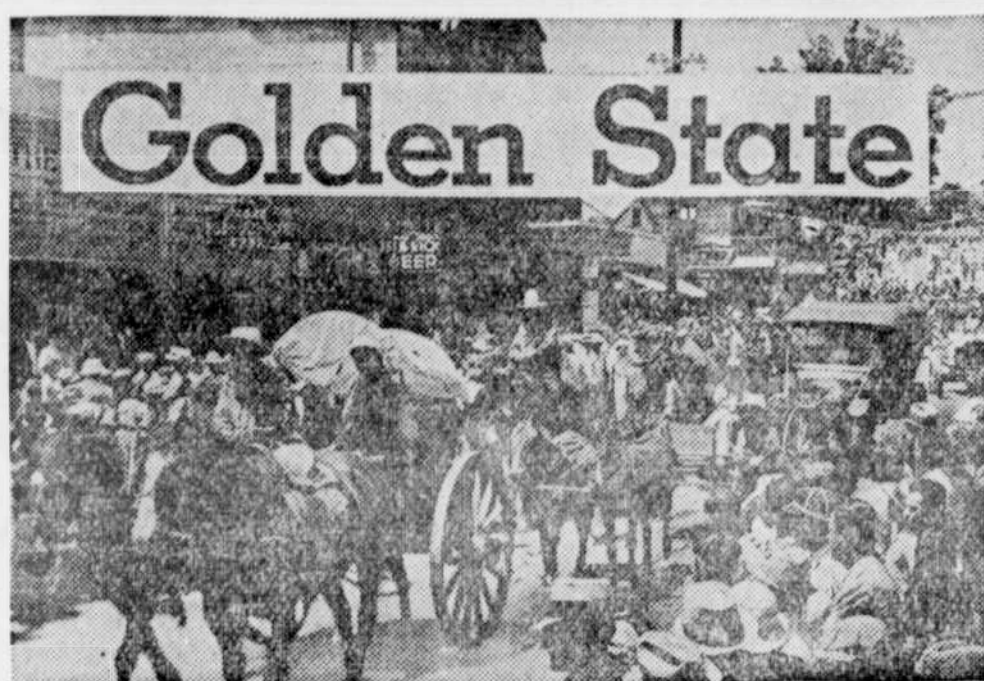




Parade at Angels Camp, California.

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

"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. Emparan 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 1880 one-third of all people then here 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 otter 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 and 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."

First Aid to the Ailing House

—By—

Roger B. Whitman

RENEWING WATER PIPES

THERE are many sections of the country in which the water is of a nature that corrodes ordinary metals, or produces deposits in the pipes that in time clog them completely. Both of these effects are greatly increased when the water is heated. When trouble of either sort develops in the water pipes of a house, the only practical remedy is replacement.

As a general thing, the need for replacement first appears in the horizontal water pipes in the cellar. Corrosion will result in leakage, which is visible. Clogging shows by the reduced force with which water runs out of a faucet—when the flow from an upstairs faucet is reduced on the opening of a faucet downstairs.

When clogging is suspected, the water should be shut off and a pipe in the cellar disconnected at one of its joints. This requires two wrenches; one for holding the pipe, and the other, the connection. With the joint open, the interior condition of the pipe becomes visible. On making that examination, I have frequently found pipes so clogged that even a slender lead pencil

would not enter. Under such conditions, the only practical remedy is to put in new piping. The deposit is too hard to be taken out by any method that would not be too expensive to apply.

If the material of the old pipes is not corroded, new lengths of pipe of the same metal can be put in. But when there is corrosion, the pipes should be of a metal that will not be attacked. The kind of metal that is proof against attack by the local water can be learned through inquiry among home owners, the owners of apartments and public buildings, and plumbers and steam fitters.

In many sections of the country, copper is resistant to the attack of local water. In the form of flexible tubing, it can be put in with little damage to floors and walls. This tubing comes in 60-foot rolls. It is sufficiently flexible to be pulled up through the walls alongside the old pipes, which are left where they are. A skillful plumber can put new piping in a house with little more disturbance than the cutting of small holes through bathroom walls.

© By Roger B. Whitman
—WNU Service.

BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

THE FARMER GUESSES THE TRUTH

IF BILLY MINK had known that he had been discovered by the farmer under whose woodpile he was living, it is probable that he would have moved on in search of new adventures just as soon as the Black Shadows had crept out across the barnyard that night. But Billy didn't know. He had been living there so comfortably that he had grown a little careless, otherwise he never would have ventured out in broad daylight.

That night he decided he would have another chicken for dinner, so he ran over to the henhouse, intending to slip through the hole in the dark corner just as he had done the night before. But the minute Billy poked his nose through that hole he knew that something was wrong. There was a queer smell. Billy tested it very carefully with his nose. It was the man smell. That was enough to make Billy suspicious.

In less time than it takes to tell it, he found a trap in that henhouse, so placed that he couldn't possibly get in through that hole without stepping in it. Right away Billy decided that he didn't care for a chicken dinner that night. He would go back to the big barn and try to catch a mouse.

Now, when the farmer had first discovered Billy Mink his one thought had been to catch Billy. He knew that Billy's brown coat could be sold for enough to pay several times over for the hen Billy had killed. So he had set a trap in the henhouse. That night the rats in the house were noisier than ever. For a while the farmer forgot Billy Mink trying to think of some way to get rid of those rats. Then his thought came back to Billy Mink and all in a flash he understood why those rats had deserted the big barn and come over to the house.

"It was that mink!" he exclaimed right out loud.

"What are you talking about?" demanded his wife whom he had awakened from a nap.

"That mink I saw today going under the woodpile, the one who killed the chicken last night," replied the farmer. "That fellow must have been living around here for some time and he chased those rats

out of the barn. There isn't a doubt about it. He hunted those rats in the barn until he frightened them so they moved over here. You see, he could follow them everywhere, and there was no getting away from him. The pesky robbers simply decided they had to move and our house was the best place to move to.

"It's all as plain as the nose on my face. If the rats had remained in the barn I don't believe that mink would have bothered the chickens. Probably he doesn't dare come over here to the house, or else he doesn't know where the rats went to. If he would just come over here for a while we would soon be rid of those pests, and I would forgive him for killing that hen."

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Dog Breeder of 6500 B. C.

Developed Fastest Type

Streamlining is an old story with dog breeders. Back in 6500 B. C. the desert sheiks used this principle to develop a type of hunting dog that is the fastest of all such animals, notes a writer in the Chicago Tribune. Tablets and other relics found in ancient tombs reveal dogs similar to our Saluki, Afghan hound, greyhound, and Russian wolfhound. These are the fastest breeds of dog in the world, according to the American Kennel club.

The Saluki's lines are flowing from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, with nowhere any definite breaks to offer wind resistance.

This is the breed credited with being the only dog fast enough to bring down a gazelle, supposedly the fastest of all wild animals. The others, the Afghan hound, the greyhound, and the Russian wolfhound, are very similar in conformation. That the ancient Persians, Arabians, and Egyptians aimed to breed such lines is evident, for these hunting breeds were the only dogs allowed inside tents and houses. Other dogs of those days were stoned away.

The dog of the vikings, the Norwegian elkhound, dates back to 4500 B. C., but this is a sturdier animal, bred for strength to cope with heavier, slower quarry. The Maltese, a tiny lapdog, is traced back to the island of Melita in 3500 B. C. The chow chow, the Great Dane, and the mastiff, all hunters in the past, were first noted in 3000 B. C., at which time those toys, the Pekingese and the pug, also appeared.