



Parade at Angels Camp, California.

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THE GOLD STATE 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 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 shrunken 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 Outcast 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 hedonistic 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 \$4 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, and 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 on record. Then a half-cent 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.

Floyd Gibbons



Adventurers' Club
Hello Everybody!

"The White Hell"
By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

YOU know, boys and girls, in most cases adventuring is something that just happens to you all of a sudden. But Wendy MacGowan of Brooklyn, N. Y., went at it deliberately. Wendy was married in India in 1933, and she and her husband started out on the strangest wedding trip you ever heard of—a climb over the great Himalaya mountains, into Little Tibet.

The whole doggone trip was an adventure—but one part of it was even more so. They started out with eleven porters, carrying their kits and tents, rode horseback as far as they could, and then continued afoot into the mountains. At thirteen-thousand feet they ran into snow—and found that the pass they had intended to go through was ice bound.

They had covered most of the distance then, and they didn't want to turn back. They decided, ice or no ice, to push on through the pass. Right there, their porters went on strike. To go on was sheer suicide, they said.

Came to "The End of the World."

But after an hour of argument, Wendy's husband induced his gun bearer, Shaik Khan, and two veteran porters to accompany them. The rest of the porters they sent back to a rest house where they could pick them up on the way back.

"The place we had come to," says Wendy, "was called by the Hindus 'The End of the World.' Before us towered a huge rock wall culminating in twenty-thousand foot crags that shut off the whole horizon. Even the large scale map we carried was virtually blank beyond this point. Few people had ever been there before. Pathfinding was pure guesswork, and we had not even a compass with us, idiots that we were. But we pretended to know all about it to instill courage into our porters. We climbed for three hours up a rocky wall that led us into a ravine. Already our porters were beginning to grumble, but it was too late in the day to turn back. Then one of our porters missed his footing and hurtled down over the rocks. We rescued him, luckily, little hurt, but the experience was too much for our party and we camped for the night."

The next morning they tried again. They climbed for two hours to a spot where a waterfall cascaded down a natural rock staircase. Wendy and her husband elected to climb it, but the porters preferred to avoid it and try a way for themselves. "Dragging ourselves from rock to rock," Wendy says, "we wormed our way up. We were numbed and half dead with the cold when we got to the top. We had completely lost the porters."

They Slid Toward a Great Crevasse.

"Struggling over a vast ice field, we swept the scene constantly with our field glasses, looking for them. We had to decide whether to go right or left. I wanted to turn right. Had we gone that way it would have been our deaths in an uninhabited valley, but my husband in-



Down He Went, Straight Toward the Jaws of the Crevasse.

sisted on going left. Then we were pulled up by realizing that to get to the valley we now sought we must go down a solid wall of ice, more than a hundred-feet high and steeper than a ladder. I won't dwell on that nightmare. We slid, and with eyes shut, gave ourselves up to Providence.

"A tiny snow hummock at the foot of the wall, saved us from a yawning crevasse. With shaken nerves we began to cross a slightly sloping precipice. As my husband stepped on it, his feet slid off from under him, and down he went, straight toward the jaws of the crevasse. To my horror the whole hillside seemed to move with him. He managed to wrest a foothold from an inch-wide bit of rock, and lay there spread-eagle. By sheer luck I managed to reach him with the strap of my field glasses and haul him to safety."

By that time both of them were torn and bleeding. Was there was no escape from this endless, icy hell? Far below them they could see a tiny green valley, but they were cut off from it by a straight wall five-hundred feet high. Snow began to fall—quickly turned into a raging blizzard. The afternoon was wearing on. They sat there in dumb dismay. A night in the open in their light clothes would mean death. If they couldn't find Shaik Khan and the porters they were doomed.

Then, suddenly, they heard a rifle shot. Wendy and her husband started to yell. They focused their field glasses in the direction from which the shot had come—and sure enough—there were three tiny, black dots, a mile away, over on the other side of the glacier.

Wendy took off her jacket and waved it frantically. Whether they saw it or not, they must reach them. Evidently they had found a path to the valley. "We started off at a rush," says Wendy, "but remembering our narrow escapes, we slowed down and climbed high before getting on the glacier again."

"It took us half an hour to cross that mile-wide expanse of ice, for we had to detour around numerous crevasses. But nearer and nearer we came. At last we reached the porters, and there was general rejoicing when the two parties met."

Mystery of the Rifle Shot.

And now comes the part of the story that Wendy says she will never understand. Both she and her husband congratulated Shaik Khan on his astuteness in firing the rifle. He had saved their lives. They told him they wanted to hold a special party for him when they got back on the other side and joined with the rest of the porters. And to their amazement, Shaik Khan became most indignant and swore he had never fired the rifle.

Over there in India, no servant is supposed to fire his master's rifle without permission. It's a strict rule. Without it, the ammunition would dwindle unaccountably. Shaik Khan, good servant that he was, was hurt that anyone should accuse him of doing such a thing. Even the porters swore that they heard no shot, and when Wendy examined the rifle, not a cartridge was missing.

Where did that shot come from? Wendy doesn't know. But I've sort of got a hunch that old Shaik Khan risked his reputation as a servant to save the lives of his master and mistress, and then didn't want to talk about. Those Mohammedans of North India have some strange ideas about honor.

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Weevil Great Egg Producer
The female weevil lays 6,000 eggs a year. For each egg she makes a separate nest by piercing a grain of cereal. Even the deadliest poison gases cannot penetrate this "dug-out," where baby weevils safely hatch, eat their fill, then burst its way out, leaving behind a useless husk.

The Modoc Indians
A tribe of Indians called the Modocs was an Indian tribe formerly ranging about North Carolina. In 1872, after firing on the United States forces, they retreated to the neighboring lava beds, and there defended themselves till June, 1873. Their chief, Captain Jack, and three others were hanged.

They're So Simple to Sew!



NOT only the sun, but the moon as well, will rise and set on these new styles created by Sew-Your-Own. This timely trio is one of the most wearable ever offered the members of The Sewing Circle. Yet, and you'll love this, there isn't a complication or a single trick detail to bother with in the whole program.

Pattern 1981—Pajamas so comfortable, restful and entirely satisfying that the alarm clock will have to ring twice—no foolin'—that's the boast and even the promise of this newest two piece outfit. It goes through your sewing machine like a dream, and really is one made up in satin or one of the vivid new prints. For lounging, the long sleeved version in velveteen or silk crepe is a knockout. It is designed in sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 (32 to 42 bust). Size 16 requires 5 yards of 39 inch material, with short sleeves 4½ yards.

Pattern 1207—If your day begins at the crack of dawn with a standing invitation to prepare breakfast in nothing flat, or thereabouts, this is a house dress you can well appreciate. It's on in a jiffy and is just the thing for a two-handed expert breakfast maker. The lines are clean cut and slenderizing. It has a large pocket that's helpful, and general prettiness that is conducive to one's mental and physical well being. It is available in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, and 50. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 39 inch material, with long sleeves 4½ yards.

Pattern 1978—This blithe little blouse will add spice to your wardrobe at this time. Not only is it the essence of smartness and the last word in style, but the first word in simplicity, which is important to you who sew at home. It is feminine as to collar, delicately slender of waist and highly orig-

Burdens of the Day

It has been well said that no man ever sank under the burden of the day. It is when tomorrow's burden is added to the burden of today that the weight is more than a man can bear.—George MacDonald.

ADVERTISED BARGAINS

OUR readers should always remember that our community merchants cannot afford to advertise a bargain unless it is a real bargain. They do advertise bargains and such advertising means money saving to the people of the community.

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Burdens of Wisdom

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Muscles were so sore she could hardly touch them. Used Hamlin's Wizard Oil and found wonderful relief. Just rubbed it on and rubbed it in. Thousands say Hamlin's Wizard Oil works wonders for stiff, aching muscles. Why suffer? Get a bottle for speedy comfort. Pleasant odor. Will not stain clothes. At all druggists.



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Millions have found in Calotabs a most valuable aid in the treatment of colds. They take one or two tablets the first night and repeat the third or fourth night if needed.

How do Calotabs help Nature throw off a cold? First, Calotabs are one of the most thorough and dependable of all intestinal eliminants, thus cleansing the intestinal tract of the germ-laden mucus and toxins. Second, Calotabs are diuretic to the kidneys, promoting the elimination of cold poisons from the blood. Thus Calotabs serve the double purpose of a purgative and diuretic, both of which are needed in the treatment of colds.

Calotabs are quite economical; only twenty-five cents for the family package, ten cents for the trial package. (Adv.)