

**A ROD, A HOOK, A TROUT  
A MOUNTAIN STREAM**  
You'll Find Them Waiting a  
Week End Visit at Santa Cruz

# THE CALL

**A BOAT, A BREEZE, A SAIL  
A DIP IN THE SURF**  
Ready Waiting for You to Join  
in the Frolic at Santa Cruz

VOLUME CV.—NO. 179.

PART TWO

SAN FRANCISCO, FRIDAY, MAY 28, 1909.

PAGES 17 TO 24

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## SANTA CRUZ · THE PLAYGROUND OF CALIFORNIA

A GROUP of men and women, with a brass band, will assemble at the Southern Pacific railway depot at Santa Cruz tomorrow morning at 11:10 o'clock. A locomotive drawing a train of cars will puff in, amid cheers from the passengers and those awaiting the train. The brass band will strike up a stirring air, and the party will march up the main street of Santa Cruz, led by a score of honking automobiles, and flanked by cheering, laughing faces in doorways and windows.

It will be a simple ceremony smacking of the circus to the outsider; but to the residents of Santa Cruz the cheering, the tooting of horns and the merriment will have a deeper significance, and the date will be marked as a red letter one in the history of Santa Cruz.

It will be the reopening of the Mayfield mountain cutoff of the Southern Pacific railway. It will mean San Francisco 78 miles from Santa Cruz instead of 120. It will mean frequent train service and the doubling of the summer tourist population of Santa Cruz. To San Franciscans it will mean the beauties of the mountain, wilds and seashore delights laid at their doorsteps.

The new mountain scenic route has been entirely reconstructed. Before the earthquake of 1906, which blocked the tunnels of the line, it was an unimportant narrow gauge line. The new line has been broad gauged and entirely rebuilt. It will be the principal line to the Santa Cruz mountain resorts which, for variety of attractions, are unsurpassed in California.

The new line goes down the main double tracks of the coast line through Los Altos to Mayfield, where it branches off to Los Gatos. Here it leaves the fertile plains of the beautiful Santa Clara valley and mounts upward into the heart of the wild and enchanting Santa Cruz mountains. On every hand from the time he leaves Los Gatos the delighted traveler views purling brooks and dashing mountain torrents. He finds leafy bowers, craggy knolls, verdant hollows, ideal for camping and the charm of unfettered nature.

Los Gatos, the first town on the new line located in Santa Cruz county, is a beautiful city of homes and live business houses. It nestles snugly in under the protecting wing of the foothills of the mountains.

The first station beyond Los Gatos is Alma, where many residents of San Francisco and San Jose have their summer homes. Camp Curry is near here and easily reached. Farther on up the line between the stations of Wrights and Patchin are located the Summit hotel and The Anchorage, two of the most popular resorts in the mountains.

Then comes the entrance of the tunnel which caved in during the fearful grip of the earthquake and has since been cleared out again by the hand of man. The entrance to the tunnel is a summer resort of itself, with hotels, cottages, stores and rural mail service.

At Felton, some distance down the line, passengers change cars for Ben Lomond, Glen Arbor, Brookdale and Boulder Creek, and this district is almost universally acknowledged to be the prettiest place in the hills. The San Lorenzo river, which finds its outlet to the ocean at the city of Santa Cruz, bursts from the heart of the mountains here, 390 feet above sea level. At Boulder Creek a regular line of stages, meeting all principal trains, leaves for Big Basin, a huge government forest reserve, a favorite haunt of campers who like to take their nature in the raw. For those who demand the comforts of life, however, there are tents and cottages and stores for supplies.

The mountain scenic railroad continuing from Felton winds down the mountainside through the famous Santa Cruz grove of Big Trees. Here the mighty monarchs of the forest are to be seen more conveniently than in any other place in California where the big trees are to be found. The passenger alights from the train to step into the grove and at once is lost in the grandeur of the scene.

Creeping with what seems perilous ease downward through the San Lorenzo canyon the railway continues with the roaring San Lorenzo stream, disappearing far below the railroad track and again plunging and splashing close by the train windows.

Arriving in Santa Cruz, the traveler finds himself in one of the prettiest cities in California. Broad streets, fast trolley cars, and innumerable summer resorts and hotels beckon him on every side.

The cliff drive he will first be urged to take. This is without doubt the most beautiful scenic drive to be found on the coast of California. Fronting directly on the Pacific ocean the road winds for several miles. The cliff drive has been excellently macadamized, and sweeps broad and inviting along the wave washed shore.

The drive is directly along a cliff, blown by sea breezes. Many fine residences are located there, among them being a summer home close to the lighthouse point owned by James D. Preelan of San Francisco.

The San Lorenzo river winds directly



SEASHORE and mountain, creek and forest glade, combine in Santa Cruz county to make it the playground of California. Thousands of visitors throng the beaches and the camps in the hills every summer. Favored with nature's sweetest smiles, there is nowhere a more delightful vacation spot.

The opening of the Southern Pacific cutoff via Mayfield will mean a great deal commercially to Santa Cruz. Santa Cruz is a city of homes. It is a city of views and beauty, of trees and flowers and gardens.

Every one who throws off for a time the dulling bondage of workaday routine for the pure delight of play finds somewhere in Santa Cruz, city or county, the place that suits his fancy. From her gayly crowded beaches to the farthest dim nook among her green mountains she meets in every varying phase some desire of the pleasure seeker.

In the cool, quiet depths of her forest hunter or angler finds a paradise. Trout lurk in the gay little mountain streams. Shy, fleet deer nibble the tender twigs in the flickering shadows of the trees. The sudden whir of the grouse underfoot startles the silence and wild ducks flap about the little lakes.

There is a soothing, strengthening influence about the life of out of doors. Tired nerves relax and rest, the dulled mind gains fresh strength in the companionship with shy, wild things of stream and forest. The camper in the Santa Cruz mountains feels the strong, gentle hand of nature in her kindest mood, lifting quietly the weight of years and giving him again the fresh joy of boyhood.

The mountain brooks glitter in the early sunshine. The twitter of little birds, busy with their breakfasts, and the clean, new feeling of morning in the woods tempt the camper from his tent. With rod and fly he will test the truth of the tales he has heard of the Santa Cruz trout.

Quietly he works his way through the underbrush, following the little stream. It pushes confidently through all the rocky obstacles on its way to the sea, laughing gayly as it tumbles over them. Here at last it slips smoothly into a little sun drenched pool, cool and green. Here is the place to let the flies fall lightly on the water surface, caressing, inviting. The rod swings high, the flies fall. Again and in a swift silvery flash from the silent depths comes the trout, a plucky fighter, too, every ounce of him. Up and down the pool he rushes, while every nerve of the angler tingles with joy at the fight. Brought to the net, the fish is at last safely landed—a speckled beauty, iridescent scales gleaming in the morning sunshine. What a tale to tell the poor fellows grubbing down in the city!

Farther on he finds another and another. Pushing on with infinite caution under the drooping tree branches, carefully casting his flies on the little pools, he rounds out his morning's catch and returns whistling to his tent. There over the camp fire he cooks the gleaming beauties. It is a breakfast for the gods; eaten under the rustling leaves, the sweet mountain air faintly pungent with the increase of clean wood smoke. Surely there were such trout streams on Mount Olympus.

Scattered over all the world, wherever true sportsmen are found, are stories of hunting days in the Santa Cruz mountains. To one who knows it there is no joy like the morning tramps down the forest glades, with gun on shoulder and eager dog at heel. There is a sudden thrill, a taut steadiness of nerve that comes with the glimpse of a graceful deer quietly nibbling the tree twigs at the end of a shady valley. The slightest suspicious sound or scent will startle her. Quietly with infinite caution the hunter steals nearer. A twig cracks. Suddenly bright eyes gleam, the dairy nostrils twitch, every slender curve is rigid, alert. The gun booms on the silence. There is a bound, a crashing fall. The branches of the underbrush crackle with the dead weight upon them and a deep hush falls over the little valley. A clean shot.

There is no rest like that of the evening around a camp fire. Returning exultant, with well filled bag or trout string, the campers cut a generous supply of firewood, rouse the smoldering embers in front of the tent and settle down in comfort for the night.

What is better than supper cooked in the open air and eaten by the flickering fire after a day's hunting? There is a flavor in the food no world famous chef can create. The brooding quiet of the darkness outside the firelight, the soft rustle of innumerable leaves, the foaming of the brook, softened to music, blend into a feeling of restful quietude. Lying back among the blankets, smoking a goodnight pipe, the camper feels the sense of struggle and effort and change fade into peaceful tranquility. And so falls asleep beneath the stars.

The one who loves more than field or forest the mystery of the sea finds in the beaches of Santa Cruz an endlessly varying delight. Here in the splashing surf the tumbling waves gayly buffet laughing bathers. Here you can challenge the sea itself to a wrestling match, feel the sting of the spray in your face, its salt breath on your cheek. It is a gay bout with the breakers. Afterward there are the broad, smooth beaches inviting rest in the sun. Endlessly the ocean charges the shore. Column after column the waves rush valiantly up, break into foam and fall back. Then in the tiny pause there is the soft sound of the retreating bubbles on the sand. It is a faint indrawing of the ocean's breath, then as the sound of snow falling quietly in the winter woods. Then comes the roar and crash again. One who knows the sea can never tire of it.

In the afternoons and evenings at the Santa Cruz beaches there is all the sparkle and glitter always found at gay pleasure resorts. The magnificent hotels and charming cottages are filled with witty and beautiful women and well known men. To the allurement of nature's own charms they add the quiet gleam and shimmer of wonderful games, the soft laughter and music of cultured people merry making.

### THE LURE OF SANTA CRUZ: By Rose Wilder Lane

To one who would go gyping  
Through leafy forest shades  
I offer haunts of dappled deer  
In silent mountain glades.

I offer depths of cool green pools  
Where silvery fishes flash.  
The treasures of the joyous brooks  
That down my mountains dash.

To one who loves the splashing surf—  
The salt spray in his face—  
I give my beaches broad and smooth,  
Where foaming breakers race.

And if he likes a merry crowd—  
Good fellowship and cheer—  
This broad old world has sent its best  
To spend their playtime here.

But best of all my gifts I give  
To one who knows its worth:  
I let the tired soul feel again  
The kinship of the earth;

The free man's deep tranquillity,  
Away from bolts and bars,  
Where wood smoke rises faintly blue  
Beneath the quiet stars.

through the city of Santa Cruz. It is a beautiful stream and streets intersect it, while others go along with it. It is an ideal and a favorite spot for moonlight boat rides. Seabright, a part of Santa Cruz, is on the east side of the river. Seabright is a section of pretty cottages. Streets there are well cared for. Furnished places ready to rent to summer visitors can be found during the season.

Santa Cruz has all the modern improvements. A bond issue for sewers was recently voted, and an extensive system is now being installed. Santa Cruz has one of the best electric railway systems of any small California city, and other public conveniences are above the average in efficiency. A modern postoffice has been granted by the government and construction will shortly be begun. A site has already been selected.

Watsonville, another important city of Santa Cruz county, is located at the mouth of the famous Pajaro valley, and it will pay visitors to make a

trip there. The Pajaro valley is the most famous apple producing region in the world. Great canneries and fruit packing plants are in Watsonville, and it is of much interest to visit them. Watsonville has the best straits in California of any city of its size. Its homes are beautiful and well representative of the prosperous Pajaro valley. Santa Cruz is a patriotic city. The naval militia has a large and enthusiastic division there under the command of James Willey.

Giving in detail the wonderful agricultural, industrial and other resources of Santa Cruz county with its 509 square miles, Charles G. Miller of Watsonville, statistician of Santa Cruz county, filed recently with the county clerk his 1909 report. The figures tell a remarkable story of fertile lands, fat cattle, great forests and the working of machinery in prosperous factories.

Reliable authorities assert that Statistician Miller has been highly conservative, even underestimating the true facts in a few cases. He devoted

much time to going over the ground, getting his figures in all cases at first hand and making an exhaustive report of the conditions.

In his statistics on the agricultural and horticultural products, the berry acreage, the number of apple and cherry trees and other similar products Miller includes only that part of the wonderful Pajaro valley in Santa Cruz county. This beautiful crop laden valley runs into Monterey county.

Santa Cruz county, reports the statistician, has 1,765 farms. It assesses 262,928 acres. The entire county contains 320,000 acres.

These farms produce annually 114,954,945 pounds of fruits and vegetables, with a valuation of \$1,860,030. Thus the average annual income of each farmer in Santa Cruz county from fruits and vegetables alone is more than \$1,053.

Apples comprise 93,000,000 pounds of the total fruit and vegetable production, with a valuation of \$1,448,000. In the list of fruits strawberries

come next to apples with a total annual production of 2,460 pounds, having a valuation of \$178,000. The annual grape production brings to Santa Cruz county \$52,800; peaches net the county \$37,995, while cherries with 20,665 and blackberries with 37,250 follow in value on the list of fruits. Potatoes lead the vegetables, 8,000,000 pounds being produced annually. These have a value of \$10,000.

A total of 3,494,000 pounds of dried apples, considered to be worth \$209,000, leads the list of dried fruits and vegetables. Apricots yielded \$97,500 from 1,500,000 pounds, while dried beans, of which 1,500,000 pounds were produced, brought \$52,500. Onions valued at \$19,800, prunes valued at \$30,500 and walnuts valued at \$13,250 are also included in the list of dried products.

The value of the cereals produced in Santa Cruz county each year is \$85,510. Cereals are planted on 2,600 acres. Alfalfa hay and grain hay are

planted on 6,215 acres, producing annually 11,467 tons, which have a valuation of \$157,637. Grain hay brings \$147,000 of this amount.

Poultry and eggs produced in Santa Cruz county annually are valued at \$212,318.

The livestock of the county is valued at \$662,890. Horses make up \$431,725 of this total, while the mules of the county have a valuation of \$10,875.

There are 4,760 dairy cows in Santa Cruz county and they are valued at \$142,800. The beef cattle are considered to be worth \$32,000.

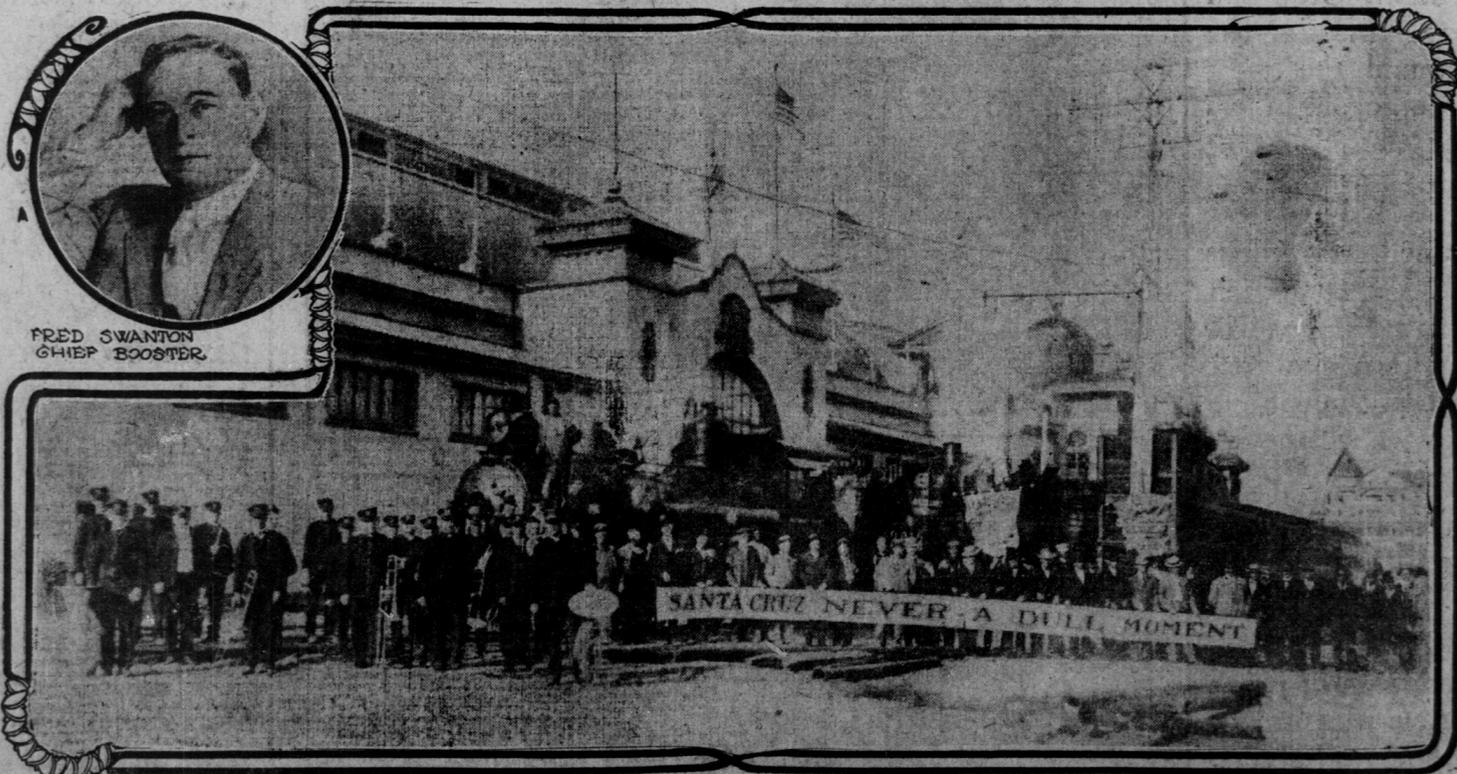
The county's dairies produce 245,535 pounds of butter, valued at \$76,115; 475,600 pounds of cheese, valued at \$47,560, and 11,195 gallons of cream exclusive of the cream used in the butter and cheese. This cream is valued at \$12,315.

From the forests of Santa Cruz county come products which bring annually \$881,822. Fuel wood is the most valuable of the forest products, \$1,000 cords being sold annually for \$238,500.

## The Famous "Boosters" Train Leaving Santa Cruz, Fred W. Swanton in Charge



FRED SWANTON  
CHIEF BOOSTER



The picture shows the Santa Cruz Boosters' train leaving Santa Cruz for a trip through inland counties to carry the message of Santa Cruz to her California neighbors. This is an annual enterprise of Santa Cruz. Each trip costs the public spirited men of the city \$20,000. Fred W. Swanton is in charge.