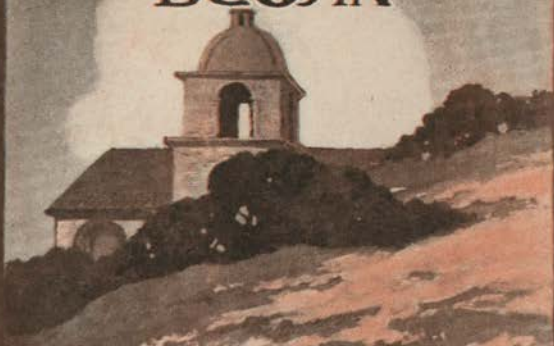
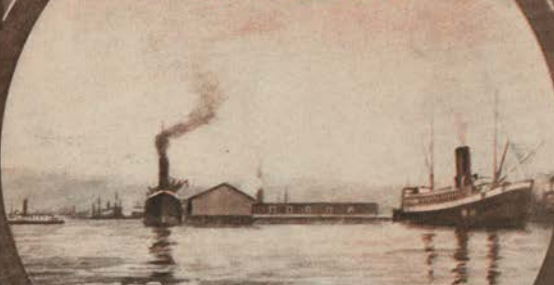


WHERE CALIFORNIA BEGAN



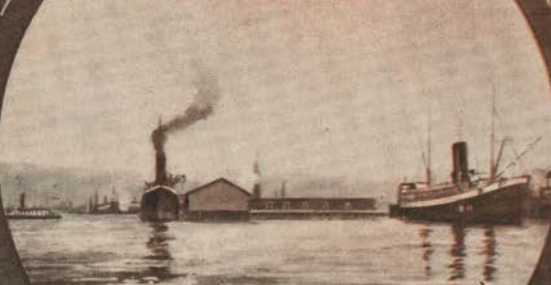
THE HARBOR OF THE SUN
SAN DIEGO

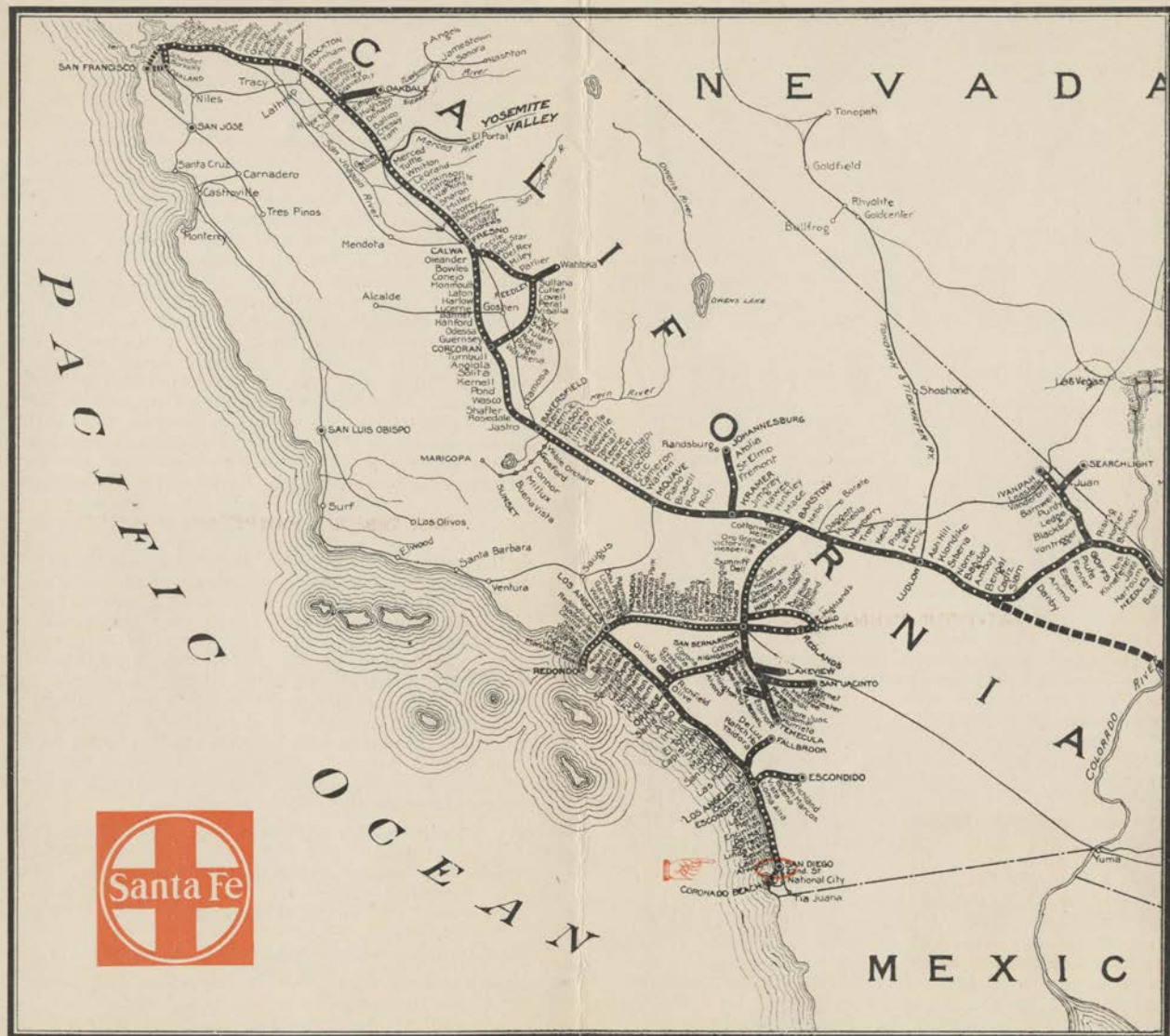


WHERE CALIFORNIA BEGAN



THE HARBOR OF THE SUN
SAN DIEGO





A. T. & S. F. RY — COAST LINES IN CALIFORNIA
 THE WAY TO SAN DIEGO — *Santa Fe*

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THE HARBOR OF THE SUN

By JOHN S. McGROARTY



THE place of San Diego de Alcalá, the Harbor of the Sun, is the Place of First Things, where California began. It was the first American harbor—as the United States is now constituted—to hail a white man's sail, as it was the first port of home on the Pacific to greet

and welcome the ships of the mighty armada that sailed from Hampton Roads, under command of the Fighting Admiral, on that epoch-making day of December 16, 1908. Here was reared on America's western shores the first cross; here the first church was built, and the first town. It was here, too, that sprang from primeval wastes the first cultivated field, the first palm, the first vine and the first olive tree to blossom into fruitage beneath a wooing sun from the life-giving waters of the first irrigation ditch. And here, also, was flung to the winds of conquest in the West the first American flag. The Harbor of the Sun will still be first, through the centuries to come, to greet the ships that sail from Ind or cleave the continents in twain with eager prows through Panama.

San Diego is very old in history, yet very young in destiny. She looks back on a past that stretches nearly four hundred years into the now dim and misty pathways of civilization. She knew the white man's wandering ships before Columbus was much more than cold in his grave. Her tiled rooftrees and her Christian shrines sang to the crooning tides before the Declaration of Independence was signed and before Betsy Ross wove from summer rainbows and wintry stars the miracle of Old Glory.

Yet upon the ruins of a past hallowed and sacred and great with the memories of strong men, San Diego thrills today with youth as lusty as the youth of Hercules. Where once rocked the galleons of the Spanish explorers now anchor the mighty leviathan burden-bearers of all the seas. In the canyons of the giant hills from which crept the uncertain streams that watered Junipero Serra's first Mission fields are now stored reservoirs of water that would care for San Diego though she were twice her present size, and though never a drop of rain were to fall for a thousand nights and a thousand days. Serene she sits at last upon her golden hills, her voice vibrant with the song of Destiny:

"I am the Master of my Fate,
I am the Captain of my Soul."

WHEN CALIFORNIA BEGAN

It is a fact that human nature is and always has been so constructed as to be vastly more interested

in the past than in the future. Go with the strenuous, plunging business man of today as his guest at dinner in his home, and he will show you his new house and its magnificent new furnishing with infinitely less pride than he shows you an old pewter mug that was handed down in the family from a great-grandmother, or a clock that stood in the baronial hall of a dead and gone ancestor, or a sword that some fighting forbear swung on a battlefield long buried in the dust of time. And it is well that this is so. There is no better trait in man than his reverence for the past.

And nothing fascinates us more than a relic of a by-gone time or the ruin of another civilization than our own, or the evidence of man's existence in an age that was without civilization. In the lure of this world-old fascination, thousands upon thousands of travelers cross the Atlantic from this country every year to look upon the ruins of the Acropolis, to walk the streets where Caesar wheeled his chariot to a bloody death, or to tread with solemn step the Sorrowful Way over which the Prince of Peace bore the heavy Cross on which they slew Him. No man is above the lure of things like these. It was the fascination of this idea that led Napoleon to chisel the names of his soldiers on the pillars of Pompey and to say to his armies as they stood under the shadows of the Pyramids: "Soldiers of France, fourteen centuries of time look down on you this day."

It is a fascination easily explained. The life of man is brief, and knowing this to be so, he is over-awed and mystified by the knowledge that his prototype in past ages and aeons struggled onward toward a greater light in the little hour that was his before the old, gray earth gathered him back to its bosom as a mother enfolds a tired child to her arms in the forgetfulness of sleep.

In the truth of all this, we do not wonder that San Diego lures the wanderer and the traveler from every land, as well by the charm of her wondrous beauty and her gateways to opportunity as by the glamor and fascination of a past rich in romance as a lover's dream. For it was upon the glinting waters of San Diego's Harbor of the Sun, and upon her shining hills, that our California of today drew its first breath of life and ventured its first uncertain footstep on the long road to power and fame and greatness.

SAN DIEGO'S FIRST TOURISTS

In California the people paraphrase the proverb somewhat and say "The tourist we have always with us." They say it with a certain unction, too, but not without gratitude. California is not unmindful of the tourist or of his comforts, not to speak of

his possibilities. All up and down the golden coast of glory, and back in the peerless mountains, the Land of Heart's Desire is dotted with the finest and most comfortable tourist hotels in the world. At San Diego is the world-famous Hotel del Coronado, set like a great, glowing opal in a vast park of trees and shrubs and flaming flowers, the sunlit Pacific breaking in white mists against its very threshold, its long, swinging eaves and uplifted towers ringing with the songs of wild birds every day of the year. For twenty years the Coronado has held a place all its own among the caravansaries of the nations. Also does California welcome the tourist in the hope that he will remain and become a part of California, with all its happiness and advantages. There is room in her warm bosom for half the peoples of the earth; and she wants them.

It would be impossible to tell how many tourists have visited California since the traffic was commenced, but the fact is well established that it was



THE OLD MISSION

The First of the California Missions. Built at San Diego in 1769

to San Diego that the first tourists came. It was very long ago—nearly three and three-quarters centuries, indeed, have passed since then—and there was quite a crowd; two ships' loads of them, in fact. They remained six days, had a most delightful time, according to their own accounts, and were doubtless afterward sorry—as all tourists always are—that they did not stay longer.

This was the voyage from Mexico—the “New Spain” of those days—of Juan Rodriques Cabrillo, “brave old Cabrillo of the ships.” It marked the first successful attempt to carry out the exploration of the fabled land to the north which red-handed Cortez and his successors believed to be India, not knowing it was a richer and more beautiful country. So, on a golden morning of September, 1542, Cabrillo with his swart sailormen steered their two brave little wind-jammers, the San Salvador and the Victoria, into San Diego's Harbor of the Sun. Never before had the eyes of Caucasian man looked upon it; wherefore the name of Juan Rodriques Cabrillo became immortal. Never shall time blot out his name, or the memory of his name, until God shall call back the sea and the last chantey is sung. Yonder, northward on the Golden Coast, somewhere on an island that hears the Mission bells of Santa Barbara in the hush and quiet of Sabbath mornings, he sleeps the last, long sleep, heedless of passing sail and singing tide. And so God rest him, the immortal Portuguese who was first to “put San Diego on the map.”

THE HARBOR OF THE SUN

In all the world there is no more beautiful estuary than the Bay of San Diego. It was in the gladness of His dreams God made it, when He fashioned our beautiful earth and flung it from the hollow of His hand through myriad meteors and the shimmering tracery of the stars. You have but to look at your map of the globe to grasp instantly the fact that San Diego Bay was intended by nature to be one of the most magnificent of harbors. On all the wide-flung pathways of the seas, since the Phoenician ventured them, never has prow sought a safer haven from wind and storm.

Lying land-locked under the bluest of ever faithful skies, the navies of all the world might anchor within the twenty-two square miles of the harbor and still have room. Let commerce crowd its sunny gateway as it will, tomorrow and throughout all the tomorrows that are to be, there will still be place and more, within the gate, for all that come. When the argosies of the great ocean and all the oceans, and the masts of the seven seas, hastening through Panama, shall signal San Diego, as they must, she will beckon them to enter, no matter how many they

may be, that they may find waiting the spoils of desert and plain and hill and valley to carry back with them to Europe and Africa, the limitless Orient and far Cathay.

All this for him who dreams of conquest, of roaring wheels and smoking funnels, caravans and the trading marts. But they, nor those who would whip the seas with commerce and crowd the land with trade, can rob him who is but a dreamer of dreams, of San Diego. Still will break above the dear and lovely morning hills the glory of the dawn. Still will sunset's purple wrap in its royal robes the crooning waters, headland and cape and the long swinging reaches of white swept shores. Peace will be there—peace and rest and infinite content breathed like balm on the waters and the circled clasp of bright lomas in the Harbor of the Sun. Men shall come to dream—each with what dream he loves the best—and if they go it shall be but to come again. In the heart of man there are two times of longing—the time of youth that longs for wealth and power, and the time of retrospect when the soul grows wiser. And for these times and all times, the Harbor of the Sun waits with both a solace and a reward.

CALIFORNIA'S GREATEST CHARACTER

Harking back to the beautiful, dream-kissed past, we find San Diego's real beginning to have been made with the coming of Father Junipero Serra in 1769. It was sixty years after Cabrillo's discovery that the next white men came with Viscaïno, and one hundred and sixty-seven years after Viscaïno before Junipero Serra came with the expedition of Galvez from New Spain.

In the fascinating history of California, Serra, the brown-robed Franciscan, stands out clear-cut and ennobled as its greatest character. He is, indeed, one of the greatest characters of all history, a true priest, an ideal soldier, an evangelist, an empire-builder, a dreamer with a poet's soul. Travel, if you will, the seven hundred miles of El Camino Real—the "King's Highway"—from San Diego to Sonoma, with its chain of twenty-one Mission buildings; think of the labor of all that, the surpassing genius of construction and the marvel of its endless and intricate detail; recall the savage snatched from degraded barbarism to the uses of husbandry and the nobility of toil, his soul uplifted to the Crucified Christ, ear and lip trained to music, his eye taught to art; scan the fields, the hillsides and valleys found waste and desolate but made to blossom as the rose and to feed numberless flocks and herds; try to grasp all this and you will sit with the soul of Junipero Serra in the empire he created.



MAP
 SHOWING the LOCATION
 OF THE
MISSIONS

Old Conquistadores, O brown priests and all,
Give us your ghosts for company as night begins to
fall;
There's many a road to travel, but it's this road
today,
With the breath of God about us on the King's High-
way.

THE MISSION SAN DIEGO DE ALCALA

Leaving to the student of history the Galvez expedition of 1769 from New Spain to California, one fateful detail may be caught which informs us that "just before noon on July 1, Father Junipero Serra arrived." Go to the Old Town of San Diego and you may set foot on the very spot, sacred now to memory and the stirring days of old. The military, the new governor, the neophytes from Mexico, the muleteers, the supplies from the ships, the beasts of burden and the animals—not many of either, all told—had been landed, when, from his eager shallop Father Serra, cowed and sandaled, leaped to the shingled sands of the Land of Heart's Desire. He was then fifty-six years of age and had been a monk from his very boyhood. From the first moment he saw California he loved it, and as his eyes swept backward over the Bay of San Diego shining blue against the sea, and in through the laughing valleys and tumbling hills of the off-shore, he claimed them all for the God whom he adored with the wild passion of his soul. Happy the day when Junipero Serra came to San Diego—happy for the Place of First Things and the Harbor of the Sun, and happy for him who was to be its glory. "'Tis a goodly land," he wrote, "the wild vines are loaded with grapes, and the roses are like the roses of Castile." So, from the first he loved



SWEETWATER DAM

The Beautiful Waterfall That Conserves San Diego's Irrigation Supply



POINT LOMA

The Glowing Headland at San Diego, Where Cabrillo Landed in 1542

the place, as well we know—"The roses were like the roses of Castile."

Fifteen days after his arrival Father Serra sang the Mass from the top of the hill where the Spaniards had erected a fort, the historic spot now known as Presidio Hill. The bonnie banner of Castile and Leon was unfurled to the winds, the guns fired a salute and a new city was born on the western shores of the western world. They called it San Diego, as men call it still and will call it yet when the pennants of every nation beneath the swinging sun shall crowd its glowing harbor, havened and buttressed safe against the booming thunders of the Sunset Sea.

But the dream went ill for a time. Supplies ran low, the Indians would not bow to the gentle yoke of the new God, but, instead, murdered the strangers at every opportunity. A year and a half of failure and unsuccess, of heart-breaking inactivity and distress passed. Father Serra had not a single neophyte to boast of from the aborigines. The company within the sheltering walls of the Presidio had dwindled to a half-starved handful of twenty human beings. And when, one day, another of the ships of the Galvez expedition that had wandered north to Monterey on conquest bound, came back to San Diego defeated and utterly disheartened, the last ray of hope seemed to fade away and die. The soldiers gathered together with gloomy brows. Finally, the commander informed Father Serra that San Diego and California must be abandoned that very hour. They must beat back over the blue waters to New Spain in the South while yet they could do so. Serra was dismayed, and pleaded with all his soul against the abandonment.

At last they gave him one more day to remain—just one little day more—and then he must put away his dream and sail south with the ships.

THE SAIL THAT GOD SENT

Now, Galvez in New Spain, had promised to send a relief ship in due time to San Diego, but the time had long passed and no one hoped for it any more. Doubtless it had been lost, they said, as others of their ships had been lost. Certainly it had not come when Galvez said it would come. It might be he had kept his word and had sent the ship, but it was with the fishes at the bottom of the sea these many months. A child would know that.

But the situation had one indomitable soul to reckon with. Junipero Serra could not give up; he would go to God for help and pray to Him for succor across the blue waves. On the morning of that "last day" he climbed to the topmost pinnacle of Presidio Hill and stormed the white gates of Heaven with supplicating prayers for San Diego, even as the garrison was feverishly packing whatever was worth the carrying away. The record of that day is told in Smythe's vivid and priceless history of San Diego:

"Father Serra went up to the hill-top on that fateful morning and turned his eyes to the sea as the sun rose. All day long he watched the waste of waters as they lay in the changing light. It was a scene of marvelous beauty, and as he watched and prayed, Junipero Serra doubtless felt that he drew very close to the Infinite. So devout a soul in such desperate need, facing a scene of such nameless sublimity, could not have doubted that somewhere just below the curve of the sea lay a ship, with God's hand pushing it on to starving San Diego. And as the sun went down he caught sight of a sail—a ghostly sail, it seemed, in the far distance. Who can ever look upon the height above the old Presidio, when the western sky is glowing and twilight stealing over the hills, without seeing Father Serra on his knees pouring out his prayer of thanksgiving."

Thus was wrought what, in the tents of the faithful, is called a "miracle," and by what better name shall the Gentiles call it? Did not Junipero Serra ask for another day, and did not the day bring the ship to "starving San Diego?"

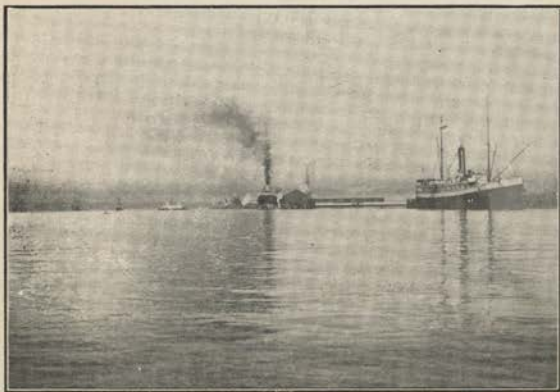
And what does that day mean to California and the world? It means that, had it never been, the wonderful Franciscan Missions of California had never risen, standing as they do today, most of them in ruin, but still the most priceless heritage of the Commonwealth. Came never that day on Presidio Hill with Junipero Serra on his knees, there would have been no Mission San Diego de Alcalá in the Mission Valley, no Pala in the mountain valleys, no San Luis Rey, no San Gabriel or Santa Barbara's towers watching above the sea, no San Luis Obispo

or Dolores or any of the twenty-one marvelous structures that dot the Royal Road between the Harbor of the Sun and the Golden Gate, and which to see, untold thousands of travelers make the pilgrimage to California every year.

The Mission San Diego de Alcalá, which was the first California Mission, is now a pathetic ruin, but enough of it remains for restoration—some day when the slow but sure step of the restorer will come. It cannot crumble to dust. Its strong facade, its brave old archway through which the neophytes thronged in happier times, the ancient bell that still mounts the crumbled tower, are not yet gone. Some day some great, strong step shall find the place—holy with blood of martyrs and the tears of penitents—some great, strong hand will reach out lovingly, and morning suns and mellow moons will look again on the shrine rebuilt in the Place of First Things where California began.

THE COMING OF ALONZO ERASTUS HORTON

For many happy years of peace and plenty, San Diego lived its sleepy life, the Mission prospered and the Old Town made romance. The Spanish and Mexican inhabitants traded and bartered, reared their children and their flocks; sold hides and tallow to the wandering ships, and occasionally welcomed a Gringo who dropped in on them from the sea or the mountain trails. It passed through wars and rumors of wars, and endured the domination of the three flags, of Spain, the California Republic and the United States. It saw the confiscation of the Missions and suffered its own hardships in the turmoil of the battling legions of conquest.



FREIGHTERS OF THE SEA

They Come From Every Land to San Diego's "Harbor of The Sun"



HOTEL DEL CORONADO

Glimpse of the World-Famed Caravansary From the Great Court

Then, on a fateful day in April, 1867, there came to San Diego on the steamer Pacific from San Francisco, a Yankee born on the soil of Connecticut fifty-four years before. He had led a wandering, stirring life, and had drifted into the ownership of a second-hand furniture store in San Francisco, when he heard of San Diego, its climate and its great harbor. He was deeply interested. The next day he told his wife he would go to San Diego and build a city. He sold out his stock of goods in three days and landed on the scene of his proposed conquests with the proceeds, which were not at all large. But he hit old San Diego like a whirlwind, immediately informed the habitants that they had built their town in the wrong place, and ordered them to move it forthwith to a point three miles south.

This the San Diegans peremptorily and, more or less indignantly, declined to do. Their town was there before this strange, human cyclone blew in

on them from the misted ocean, and they did not hesitate to express the profound conviction that it would be there a long time after he and a lot of other Yankees were dead and forgotten. But it transpired that they were mistaken.

The newcomer was Alonzo Erastus Horton, whose memory is loved and revered as the "Father" of the San Diego of today. When he saw that he could not move the town he decided to build a town of his own on the ground where he believed the town ought to be. He bought a thousand acres of land at the cash price of twenty-six cents an acre. On that same land stands the San Diego of this hour. In three years Horton's new San Diego had a population of 3,000. Today it has a population of 50,000, increasing like magic. In the great fastnesses of the hills they are planning a water supply for a city of a million, and not unwisely.

San Diego, in every period of its existence, has been dominated by some one strong character. The



TORREY PINES

The Picturesque Five-Needled Pines That Grow Only on the San Diego Coast



THE ARYAN TEMPLE

As Seen Through the Egyptian Gate at "The Homestead" on Point Loma

first was Junipero Serra, the second in importance and forceful genius was Alonzo E. Horton. These two are, thus far, the great names on the roster of a city rich in romance, unique in history and vast in destiny. They were unlike in every outward respect—as widely different as the Castilian proselytizer and the Yankee trader could be—yet, within, they were the same. Each had the soul of the dreamer, the imagination that makes the conqueror.

BEAUTIFUL POINT LOMA

The three great natural features of San Diego as seen from the city are the Bay, the Coronado peninsula and Point Loma. The last named is a magnificent headland, shouldering its way far out into the shining ocean, glowing in the sun, and soft and mystic with shadow under moon and stars. It lies against the Harbor of the Sun like a mighty barrier, inviting the haven-seeking ships to its shelter. When Cabrillo saw it, and later when it rose upon the vision of the galleons of Viscaïno, it was heavily wooded. Now it is a place of brown spaces, broken here and there by ever-increasing gardens, wonderful with roses and the flame of flowers of every hue. On its extreme point is a modern lighthouse watching ceaselessly over the mariner, a fortress clings to its slope and one of the big wireless telegraph stations of the world lifts its mystic fingers to catch the message of the air. It is easily reached by a trolley system and a boulevard that might have been built by Caesar, so perfect is its construction.

The present crowning feature of Point Loma, however, is what is known as "The Homestead," the world-headquarters of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society founded by Helena Pe-

trovna Blavatsky at New York in 1875, continued after her death under the leadership of her successor, William Quan Judge, and now carried on under the leadership of their successor, Katherine Tingley.

From the center of the Point down to the sea, this wonderful estate runs a distance of four and one-half miles. From a bare waste the ground has been transformed into a paradise of gardens and fruitful fields, every foot of space put to some use with the most exquisite taste. The organization in control has produced in its buildings an architecture peculiarly its own and which is strikingly beautiful. The splendid Moorish-domed Aryan Temple commands the summit of a rolling hill and transfixes the vision of the traveler with a peculiar fascination. The discipline of the institution is perfect in its quiet dignity. In all there are approximately five hundred souls, including adults and children, sheltered there. A Greek theater of much beauty occupies a charming cleft on a sunlit slope with a fine view of the ocean. A forestry experimental station is in very successful operation, as well as a branch of the United States Weather Bureau, all operated by the students. The place is vibrant with the song of birds, with the musical instruments of the dwellers in the place and with the laughter of children.

SAN DIEGO'S MOUNTAIN VALLEYS

It would seem that San Diego has more than her share of good fortune in her Bay and the charm that environs it, yet she has in reserve a charm fully as great in the mountain valleys that lie within the clasp of the mighty hills above and all around her. Over vast sunlit passes and down through a thousand winding trails of glory these marvelous vales lie in wait for the traveler with an endless and kaleidoscopic delight. In changeful series, one after another, they lure and beckon the wayfarer eagerly and with a joy indescribable. The road that leads to them is easily found, and there's many a hospitable shelter on the way.

It's a long road and sunny and the fairest in the world—

There are peaks that rise above it in their snowy mantles curled,

And it leads from the mountains through a hedge of chaparral,

Down to the waters where the sea gulls call.

We'll ride through the valleys where the blossom's on the tree,

Through the orchards and meadows with the bird and the bee,

And we'll take the rising hills where the manzanitas grow,

Past the gray tails of waterfalls where blue violets blow.

The first of these entrancing valleys to be reached is El Cajon. It lies just beyond the berry gardens of San Diego, and, that you may see it, they whirl you up a road with a thousand turns until you stand on the summit of Grossmont. It was thus they did with "Fighting Bob" Evans on a day in spring to hear him say as he looked down into the emerald depths of El Cajon: "This is the most beautiful view in the world." Away yonder gleamed the Harbor of the Sun laughing to the blue sky, and in the distances were mountains everywhere—Table Mountain in Old Mexico, ninety miles to the south, and the snow-capped peaks of the San Bernardino ranges to the north. Orchards and fields of grain and alfalfa lie like a magic checker-board beneath the eye, twelve miles long from hill to hill, and four miles wide.

Through El Cajon, on the dreamy way the trail again leaps wide and high, bidding the wanderer ever to turn that he may still see the bright, distant Bay, the towers of Coronado and the purple islands far out at sea. Then upward still to Descanso, "the place of rest," and down again into another valley over San Felipe, and down, yet again, into Santa Ysabel, to Santa Maria, and up to the mining camps of Julian, out into Warners where the hot springs leap, and on and on till the King's Highway stretches before you to ruined Pala and the splendor of San Luis Rey.

In these wonderful valleys and uplifted hills still linger memories of the romantic past. Upon the way are the remains of olden shrines; an ancient mission bell suspended from scarred and weather-beaten timbers, all that remain of a chapel; fields where battles were fought, and the pathetic wrecks of villages where, solemn and pleading, linger the remnants of a race starved and wronged and outraged through years of cruel neglect. You shall see them still in the wild outposts of Campo and in places near—they who once were the sole possessors of all this beauty. No more is theirs the land that rose like a dream of paradise before the enraptured eyes of Cabrillo of the ships in the long dead centuries of the past; no more is the kindly care of the Padres thrown around them. Against the greatness of today, they stand as the sole pitiful, hopeless protest—the one sad blot on the enthralling picture.

SAN DIEGO THAT IS TO BE

In the days to come—and that are coming thick and fast—San Diego will rank among the great cities of the world; no doubt of that. God made much land and still more sea, but he did not make many harbors that man can use handily. And when the engineer draws his calipers upon the maps it is

seen that what harbors there are have been placed where they ought to be.

And now as time advances the work of man to meet his needs, the Bay of San Diego comes to its own. Behind it lie the fertile hills, the great plains and the limitless desert made opulent by the irrigation ditch and canal. From these, even now, come teeming the wealth of farm and orchard and forest to find outlet and the waiting barter on the shores of the great ocean. Where rail and sail meet is the gateway of San Diego. The day when she depended on men to make her great is past, and the day has come when men depend on her to make them great.

The San Diego of tomorrow will be a place of crowding domes that will stretch upon the wide-flung uplands everywhere that the eye can see. Ships shall come and go ceaselessly into her wondrous harbor, and she shall match the glory of Carthage and of Tyre that was of old.

Then, as now, men will journey far across many lands and many waters to look upon her beauty. Then as now men will come to her for peace or gain, each as his need may be. Nor shall her beauty fade or her glory vanish. What she has wrought and what she has won shall still be hers through all the centuries to be—the place where Padre Serra knelt; the Place of First Things that guards the Harbor of the Sun.



VALLEY OF EL CAJON

The First Out of San Diego's Fascinating Mountain Valleys

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