



*A
fascinating
Story of*

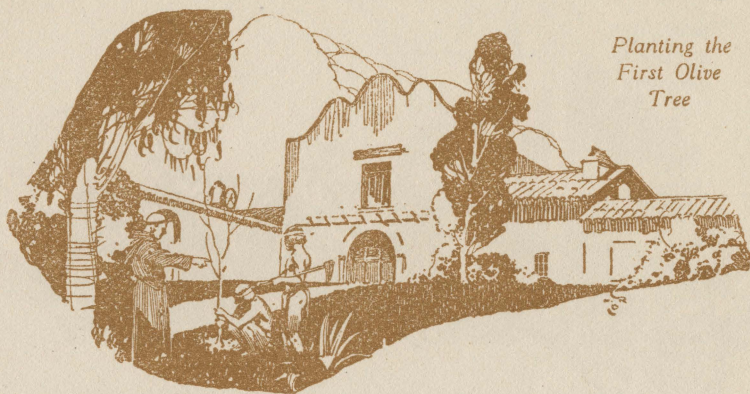
San Diego California

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California Club

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*Planting the
First Olive
Tree*

FOREWORD

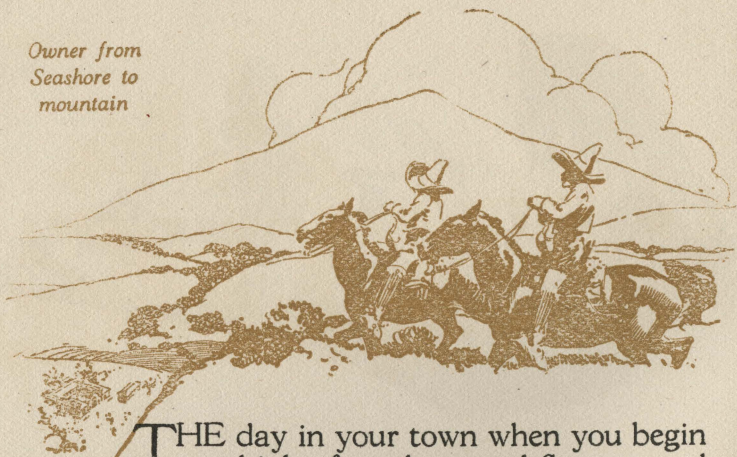
This booklet is designed to assist you in selecting the city that is to be your home for all or part of the year.

It is written in response to an increasing demand from the thousands of families in the United States whose industry and sagacity has met its reward and who now seek to establish homes where they may enjoy to the fullest, cultural and social life among congenial people, in a setting of natural beauty, free from climatic rigors.

Whether your financial independence may well be increased by further activity and investment in business or agriculture, or whether your income is adequate for all future needs, this opportunity is yours. For our part, we have undertaken to prepare for you a faithful picture of life in San Diego, California, in full confidence that you will find its reality surpassing our conservative presentation.

The San Diego and Arizona Railway, with its eastern connections, forms a new transcontinental line between San Diego and the East, with through Pullman service from Chicago direct to San Diego.

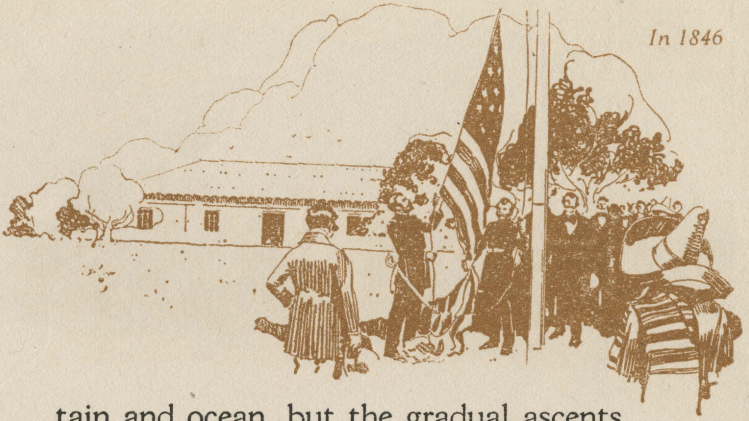
*Owner from
Seashore to
mountain*



THE day in your town when you begin to think of gardens, and flowers, and new paint on the house, and a trip to the country, and the sun is not the dreary affair that struggled against the snow clouds, but altogether new and joyful—that is any day of the year in San Diego, California. To be precise about it, there are, on an average, just nine days in three hundred and sixty-five when the sun does not shine.

*From an
Airplane*

Here is a city sparkling like a rose diamond, and sheltering easily in the thirteen miles' stretch of its blue salt-water bay, more than half of all the warships of the great Pacific fleet. Its clear-lined business section, typically American, harbors the softly waving palms and plashing fountains of Old Spain. The city itself is built around the third largest park in America, and an abundance of foliage and color gleams in the perpetual sunshine. The entire scene is framed by the green peaks of the high Sierras. Noble eminences front bay, valley, moun-

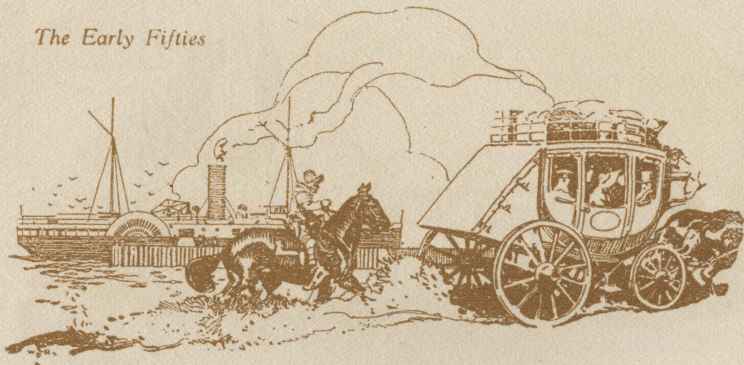


tain and ocean, but the gradual ascents, sloping easily from the water's edge, are a simple conquest, even to the pedestrian. No one need climb a steep hill to reach his home. There is no cold, and no hot weather. The multitudinous insects which the mind associates with mild climates elsewhere are not to be found.

For its ninety thousand residents, the City of San Diego is a natural stadium looking out over the limitless distances of the blue Pacific. The sparkling waters of the bay form the arena, and Coronado peninsula—an exquisitely slender thread of sand and soft foam sweeping south to the Mexican line—lies between bay and ocean, broadening into the city of Coronado and the great North Island aviation fields of the army and navy. The stadium's western rim is Point Loma, a splendid promontory interposed between bay and ocean; but on the land side there is no outer confine, except the distant mountains—and the intervening heights are dotted with thousands of residences.

*From
Your
Doorway*

The Early Fifties



*Your
Ships and
Your
Boys*

Beyond the great ocean piers, the lumber wharves and the clean, salty drying stations of the fisheries, the vessels of the Pacific fleet swing at anchor. A four-stacked warship, another, and another—with signal flags snapping and soft wreaths of steam curling from their funnels, they reach toward the dim mountains of Mexico, until the farthest grey hulls merge into the horizon. Knife-edged destroyers, lashed in groups, chafe against the long wharves, awaiting the great fleet maneuvers in the placid seas beyond the Coronado Islands, ten miles at sea.

*All the
Year
'Round*

Big homes, little homes, bungalows swallowed up in purple bougainvillea, and gleaming white Spanish villas, crown an endless succession of promontories and slopes overlooking the harbor and surrounding the great park which is, to the citizens of San Diego, as much a part of the city's life as their daily newspaper, the down-town shopping district, the ocean or the bay. This is because the city is built around it on four sides, and

*Early Days
at
Coronado*



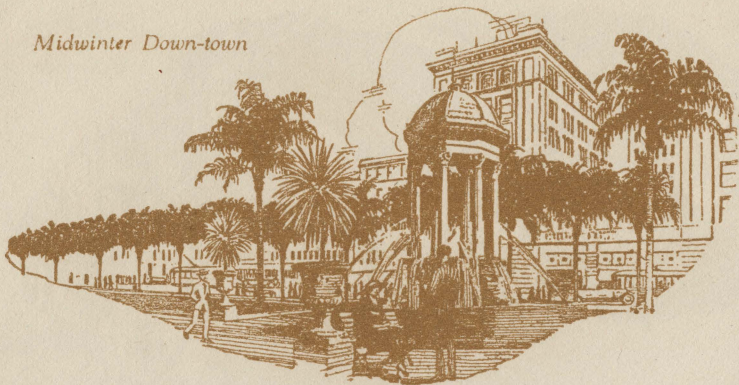
because it exemplifies to them the sheer joy of living—the intoxication of the soft air—the endless days of sapphire skies and the sun which envelopes and bathes but never scorches. In its vistas across the warm seas, its riot of brilliant foliage and its background of mountain peaks, you will find the key to much of the joy and beauty and opportunity of life in San Diego.

Its great, white Cabrillo bridge, spanning a broad ravine, leads through an ancient Spanish arch into an avenue of black acacia, bordered by the red-tiled cloisters of art gallery, museum and convention halls, walled in by foliage. Any side-path from this avenue is an adventure that may lead to a bamboo garden, a sun-lit court splashed with geraniums, a patio gorgeous with asters and zinnias, or a still pool mirroring the sky and silent as the dawn.

*Like
Sunny
Spain*

All through the year, mothers and children bring their luncheons and play through the sunny hours in the picnic grove of pepper trees—seemingly de-

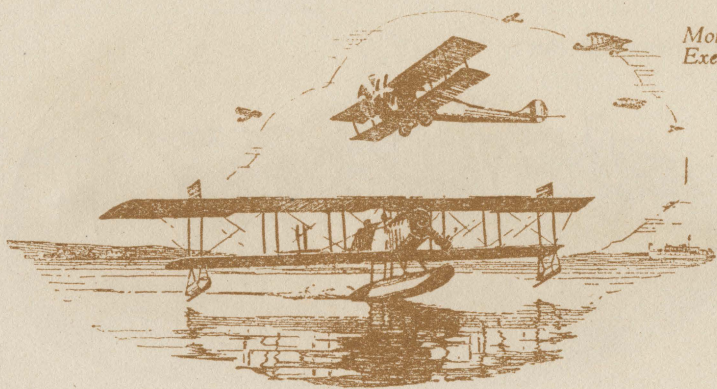
Midwinter Down-town



*Every-
one's
Park*

signed for climbing children—which edges a palm canyon, overlooking the bay and ocean. The daily path to the office leads, for many citizens, across the park's broad lawns, velvet as those of ancient colleges, where the great orange-red San Diego canna blazes from the dark green of the creeping myrtle. Even on the down-town side of the park, a stream of motorists and pedestrians swings aside a block or two to pass the rose garden. Perhaps for a moment they stop to chat with the gardener, who chuckles over the downfall of a thieving eucalyptus tree that sent out its roots to drink the water appropriated for a white tea rose. A ditching tool has cut short the brigandage and the rose is safe.

A million trees shelter these broad acres—a million and a half shrubs and flowering plants bloom and glow among the foliage. Trees and plants alike have come from every climate in the world. You will find the tree that grows in your own front yard, and you will find others so wholly unknown to the rest of the



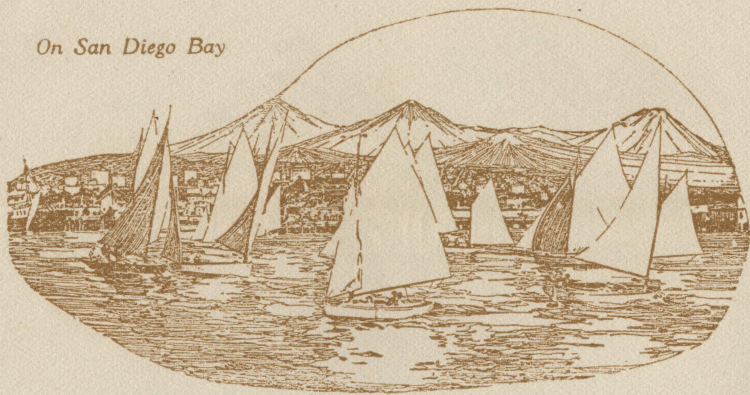
*Morning
Exercise*

country that there is, to this day, no name for them in the English language. All of them thrive here in a soil and climate which makes gardening a delightful hobby among San Diego's women folk. Their amateurs' exhibits at the annual flower shows are nationally famous.

Manifestly, life in such a setting cannot be summed up like figures on a tablet. Statistics, averages, cubic yards, areas—all are available in abundance, but they are not the measure of existence. Consider, rather, the barefoot Mexican boy with the grace and manners of an ambassador, who paces to the fountain in Old Town and tosses a coin into the basin. It is, he will tell you, "a wishing fountain," and by the favor of the copper cent he may have luck. In his soft voice he coaxes your glance to the cross on a little knoll nearby where the great Franciscan Junipero Serra came with his staunch army of ten Spanish soldiers and founded the first civilization in California. And if you seem interested he will graciously point out the thick

*Brave
Days of
Yore*

On San Diego Bay



adobe walls of the American headquarters in the Mexican war; and the vermillion, red and purples of the flowering patio in the ancient Spanish rancho house which is known as Ramona's Wedding Place.

*Under
Clear
Skies*

To this day, the love of outdoor life and sport, the sheer zest of living in the sunlight, the appreciation of natural beauty, and the hospitality of the early padres and grandees weave a broad pattern in the life of the busy, modern city; and so it comes that the largest place of assemblage is out-of-doors in the great concrete stadium between park and bay, where fifty thousand souls—the largest audience he ever addressed—greeted the President of the United States on his recent tour. Thus also, at the top of the morning newspaper one finds instead of a weather report, the program of the daily open-air pipe organ concert in Balboa Park, free to anyone who will come to listen from the seats among the flowers and trees.

Because the days are always fair, it seems as though there were more of them; and a continuous procession of outdoor

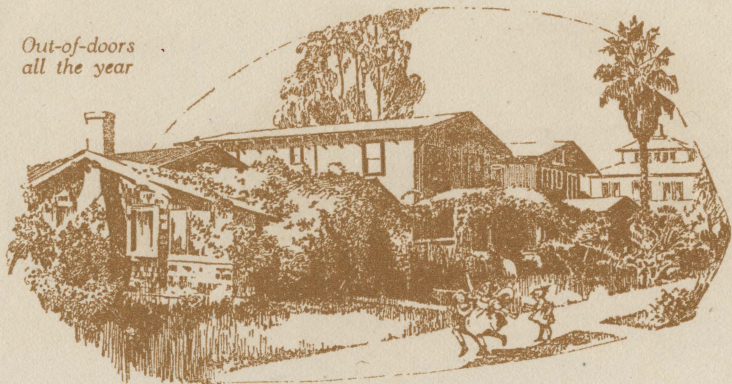


recreation for children, young people, and adults, some way finds a place for itself in the normal order of life without disturbing its due proportion. Golfing in the park, along the bay, or at Coronado, motoring, hunting, polo, boating—girls' rowing clubs abound—yachting, swimming, tennis, and aquaplaning seem here not to be a list from which to select, but an assemblage of delights to be enjoyed collectively. Any day in the season is a good day to trawl for yellow tail, albacore, Spanish mackerel and bonita, or to cast for the leaping tuna—the gamest of the sea fishes. The old man and the small boy border the city piers intent on their catches of smelt, perch and shiners. For the man who hunts with a gun instead of a rod, diversion is equally varied. Deer, hares, rabbits, squirrels, wildcats, doves, quail and ducks are his quarry—often within an hour's run by motor from the water's edge.

*There's
Every
Recre-
ation*

Yet much else is achieved. Healthy, sun-browned boys and girls fill a Normal school, where now the West Point ratio of an instructor to each ten students is

*Out-of-doors
all the year*



*School
Bells and
Appreciations*

maintained; a high school, with campus, buildings, equipment and faculty which would delight many a college; splendidly housed secondary schools; a military academy; and private schools of standing. Their elders, by hospitable co-operation hear, through the season, a whole series of concerts and recitals by the artists of the world at the cost of a single opera seat in other cities, and to these assemblies the general public is welcome at a little greater expense. The best theatrical attractions, an exceptionally able stock company, and many motion picture productions are seen through the year in splendidly arranged and decorated theatres. The soul hunger to which Father Serra sought to minister in his mission under the hill, is now the care of more than two-score churches of many denominations.

No real confines mark the city's wholesome life. Four hundred miles of splendid boulevards on finely engineered gradients gridiron the charming valleys and meadows that reach toward the moun-



Across Green
Lawns

tains and wind among the passes. These great highways spring into the uplands with the easy leaps of the panther, pausing on splendid promontories, crowned with residences, to look back over the city, the bay, and the distant islands—a superb panorama. Here begin many lovely valleys, with patterned fields, like soft shawls over the shoulders of the hills, and rocky highlands, outlined with magnificent homes; and men whose love for the soil holds them long after they have triumphed over it in rigorous climates have dotted the ridges with vine-clad bungalows and trim orchards. A scant half hour by automobile from ocean pier and down-town streets, they find the beauty of ocean and mountain, and the sports of life in the open, without relinquishing their fellowship with the land. It is a profitable fellowship, with orchards of apple, plum and peach, the navel orange and the fig, the grape fruit, lemon and guava, and vineyards where mighty clusters of table grapes and raisins ripen in the clear sun—which, south of the city, shines along the bay shore on

*It's Fun
To Farm*

In the Patio



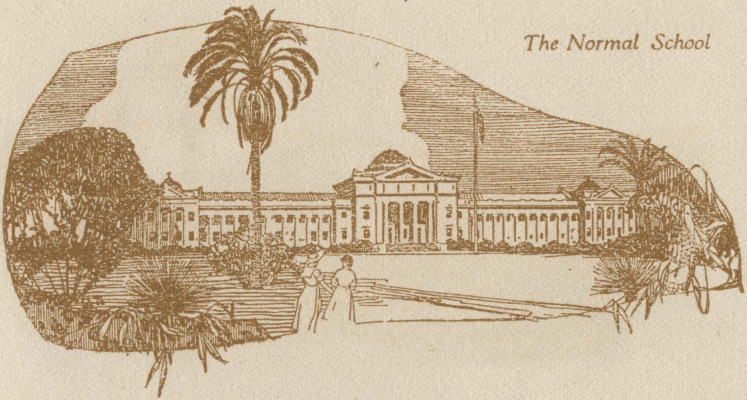
orange groves, alfalfa ranches and truck farms.

Orchards, chicken ranches, dairy farms maintained by retired capitalists, and vineyards, all edge upon open country aflame with mustard and wild sumac, blazing from the grey sage and rippling chamiso.

Quail flutter along the roads. Sun-browned lads with rifle or shotgun trudge the highways enjoying a natural game preserve available elsewhere only to the wealthy and leisured.

*When the
Road is
Smooth*

The tall pines which sentinel the grazing cattle in the upper valleys are outposts of a forest reaching from Mexico to Alaska, seeking the comparative warmth of the water's edge in the northern latitudes, and in this equable temperature extending from the mountain peaks well toward the lowlands. Along an easy grade across a convenient mountain saddle where the chasm falls a thousand feet, and the peaks, scarred by age-old torrents, loom overhead, a road rises to the Laguna forest, a national park

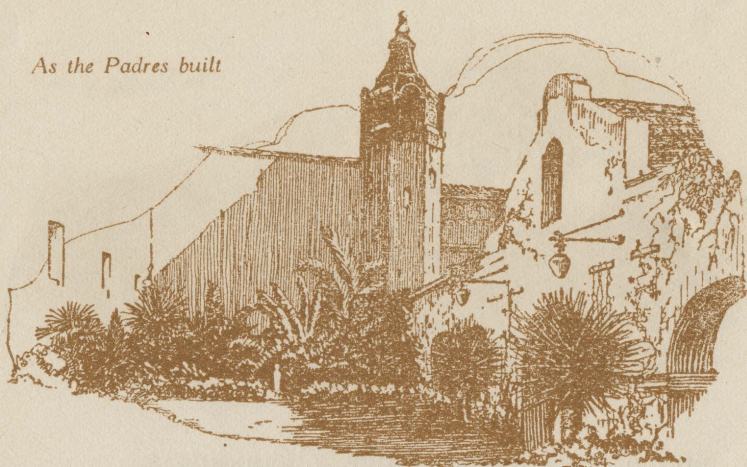


and a state game refuge, abounding in little and big game and flocks of band-tailed pigeon.

Here a path from the ranger station, under the pines, leads suddenly upon an abyss that seems to descend to the heart of the earth. There is no opposing wall, but a score of miles—or is it fifty?—across thin air, rises a mountain ridge, frightful in its barren anger. Its sides are scoriated by torrents long since vanished and leaving white scars to mark their channels through the pale red rock. Solitary and dreadful the range looms apart, as when three centuries ago, explorers, seeking the fabled Seven Cities of Cibola, came upon it, and perished of thirst. It is one of Nature's astounding contrasts. Far beyond, glimmers the Salton sea, and to the south, a vast sweep of green is blocked in the desert. This is the Imperial Valley—less than twenty years ago a wilderness—now producing, in its varied crops, new wealth exceeding sixty million dollars each year.

A
Mighty
Pano-
rama

As the Padres built



*A New
Trans-
continental
Route*

The direct rail route from the East to San Diego traverses this new storehouse of abundance, and scales the mountains through the Carriso Gorge—one of the costliest stretches of railroading in the world, driven through hard rock inch by inch, and ascending a canyon, exceeded by none for rugged grandeur. How rival crews silhouetted like gnomes against the smoky flare of banjo torches, toiled to achieve the final percussion which should open through a short tunnel, what is probably the last transcontinental line to be built, is of itself a story; just as the panorama of the gorge, unrestricted by snowsheds, is an unforgettable picture painted in great sweeps of red, orange and black rock across the face of the mountains.

From mountain pinnacles to sea spreads a panorama of foliage, for in the altitudes rains are as abundant in their total volume as those of localities where cloudy days are numerous. The pine-clad peaks, snow-capped in the winter months, at-

One of a thousand
views



tract and store the waters for the valleys, and so it comes about that San Diego, whose rainfall is only nine inches in the year, nevertheless rejoices in abundant verdure, and the valleys of her back country are cultivated and fruitful. Dripping from the blooms of sage, violets and wild lilac, the water filters through white granite into the great mountain reservoirs. In the duck season, the larger reservoirs are open to any citizen who will trouble to ask for a permit. They are the game preserves of all the people.

*How
Nature
Arranged
It*

Attractive mountain resorts dot the upland country. Probably the majority of them are within radius of an easy drive before luncheon or Sunday dinner, and some are headquarters for visitors to the wonderful dances and celebrations held on the Indian reservations.

Just as the great Serra found here "Roses resembling those of Castile," and pronounced the country "a good land," so the newcomer, of whatever inclinations, is reasonably sure to discover the locality of his long-cherished ambition—either in

Leading to the Park



*Comrade-
ship*

the heart of the city, or in the fruitful valleys, or among the social units grouped in the delightful little valleys by the sea or in the foothills. Among all of these there is an inter-play of social relations, yet each maintains an identity peculiarly and attractively its own. Toward the mountains there is Grossmont, a little group of world-famous artists, composers and writers—all sharing in the life of city, ocean and country. La Jolla, edging the sea near the northern limits of the city, holds many joyous souls whose diversions are largely of the mind, whose eleven o'clock bathing followed by luncheon on the beach is an unwritten law; and whose life centers around a superb community house, women's club and playground. Coronado is compacted and polished like a jeweled watch; life runs smoothly and rapidly. Polo, golfing, yachting, social diversions, hold favor around the great hotel and the splendid residences glimpsed through the colorful gardens. Here is also a Tent City with beaches on both ocean and bay—a God-

On the way to the open-air Organ recital



send for thousands fleeing the intense heat of summer in the interior states.

To live as one wishes to live, is in San Diego, simply a matter of selection.

The most attractive place in the world can scarcely be enjoyed unless the climate is good—and the governmental weather reports in statistics and explicit official statements, concede to San Diego the most equable and delightful climate in America. On this report the government has acted. As it has found the harbor the best home-port of more than a hundred war vessels, so the broad expanse of North Island has been proved an ideal site for the training of army and navy aviators, and more money has been expended in developing the navy aviation site than has been allowed for all other similar projects. These are, in flying parlance, "seven-day fields," which means that there is no day in the year which is not good flying weather. The average breeze for the year is less than six miles an hour. Here also the government has established one of the two dirigible bal-

*The
Government
Likes It*

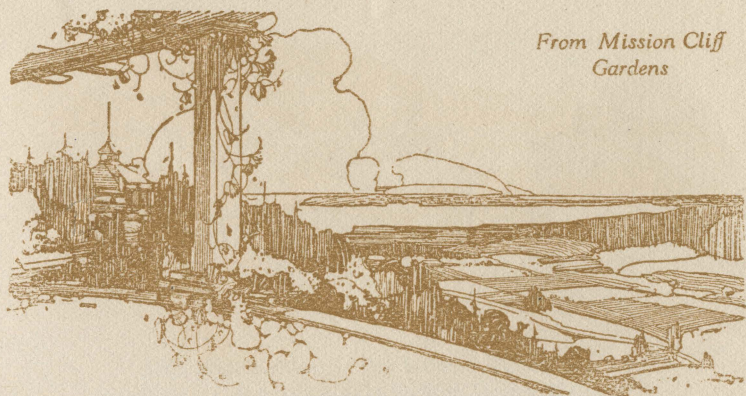
Dwellers by the Sea



loon stations thus far selected, a marine training station and a naval training station. A deed for the site of a great naval hospital has been tendered in response to governmental recommendation and request. The buildings already erected and those to be built were designed by the architect who planned the Panama California Exposition.

*Old
Friends
and New
Faces*

In importance next to climate—or even before it—is the social life of any community, and here, as elsewhere, are found those pleasant groups, often assembled in neighborhoods, of congenial and cultured friends. Yet here, as nowhere else, the unending stream of world-travelers, attracted alike by spacious hotels and splendid apartments and the assurance of good weather and sports, return year after year to make and renew acquaintances. They, and the personnel of the great fleet, with their families, add to the city's social enjoyment the zest which comes from new contacts and acquaintances amid one's own circle of friends, the unique charm of teas, dinners and



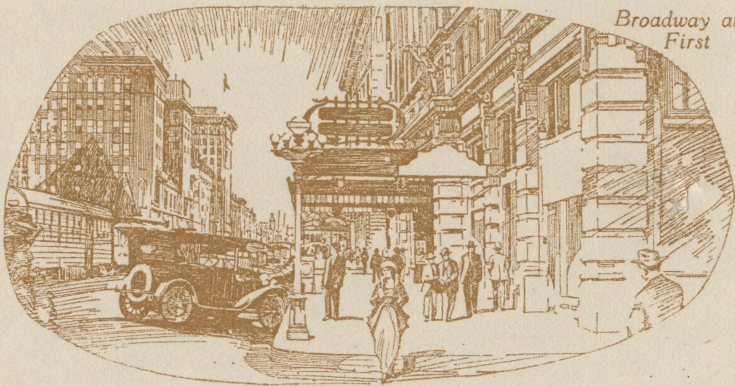
*From Mission Cliff
Gardens*

dances on the white decks of war vessels,
and a cosmopolitan diversity of interests.

The traditions of hospitality, sowed
here by the early settlers, have never
waned. The welcome of soft breezes,
abundant foliage, sparkling bay and open
sea, the golden days and brilliant nights,
the measure of life attained by a busy,
hospitable people assembled in an out-of-
door world, await only your coming for
its full realization on your part.

*We
Bid You
Welcome*

Broadway at
First



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HOW TO GET TO SAN DIEGO,
CALIFORNIA



Any ticket office in the United States will sell you a through ticket to San Diego, California, over any route that you may wish to travel.

Two transcontinental lines terminate at San Diego—the Santa Fe Railway and the San Diego and Arizona Railway.

The San Diego and Arizona Railway operating in connection with the Southern Pacific Railroad at El Centro and its eastern connections at Tucson and El Paso, forming a new, direct transcontinental line between San Diego and the East, was completed December 1st, 1919. Through Pullman cars are operated from Chicago and Kansas City in connection with the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific and Southern Pacific "Golden State Limited", direct to San Diego.

The San Diego and Arizona Railway passes across the border for a distance of 44 miles through the peaceful portion of Lower California, Mexico; through magnificent Carriso Gorge, a scene not excelled for grandeur on any other transcontinental railway; and through the garden of Imperial Valley, that remarkable land below sea level, as fertile as the Valley of the Nile.

FRYE & SMITH, SAN DIEGO.