

California calls you

Section 1, Pages 1 - 30

This Union Pacific Railroad Company promotional advertisement describes the beauty and tourism features of California.

Creator: Union Pacific Railway Company

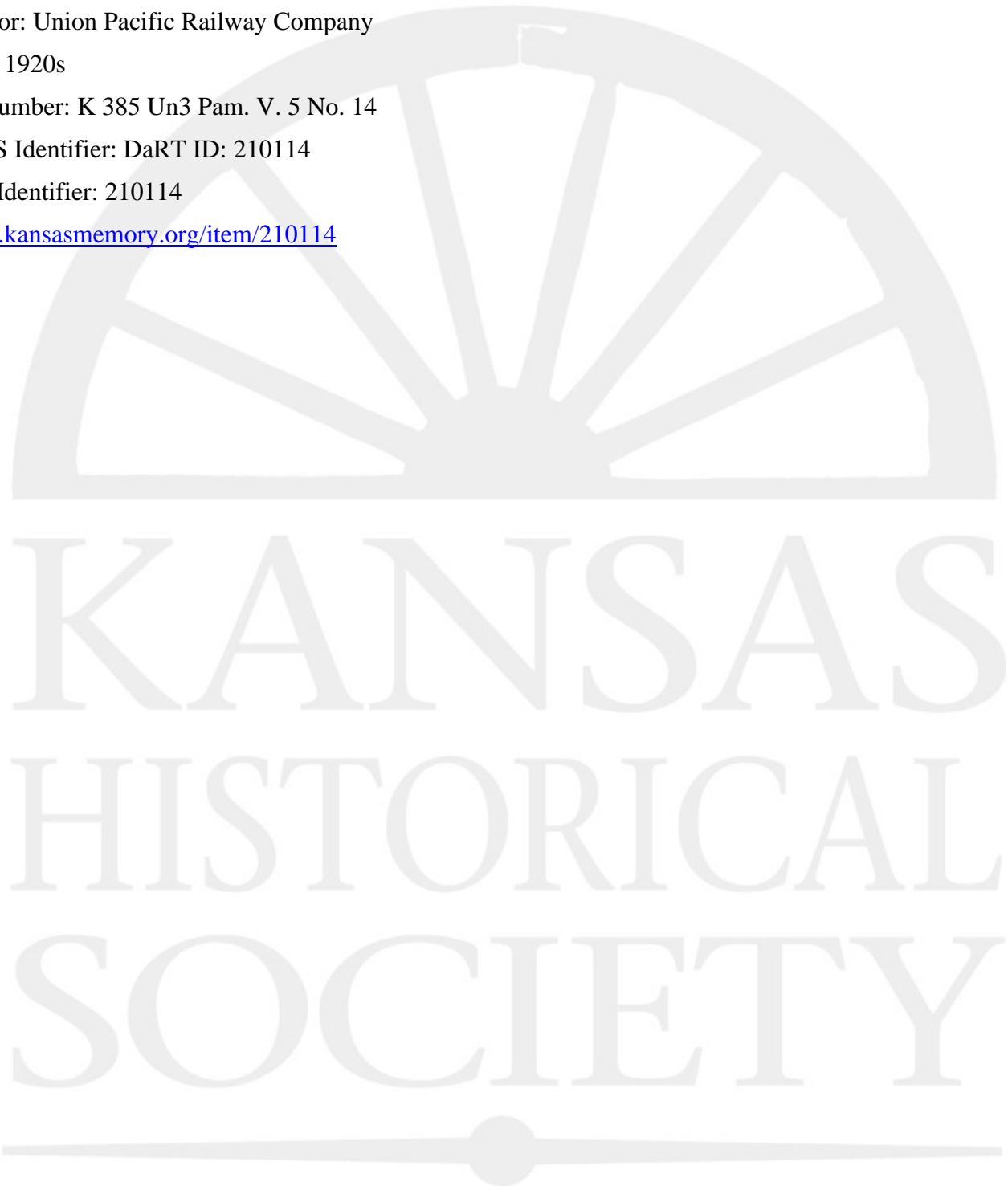
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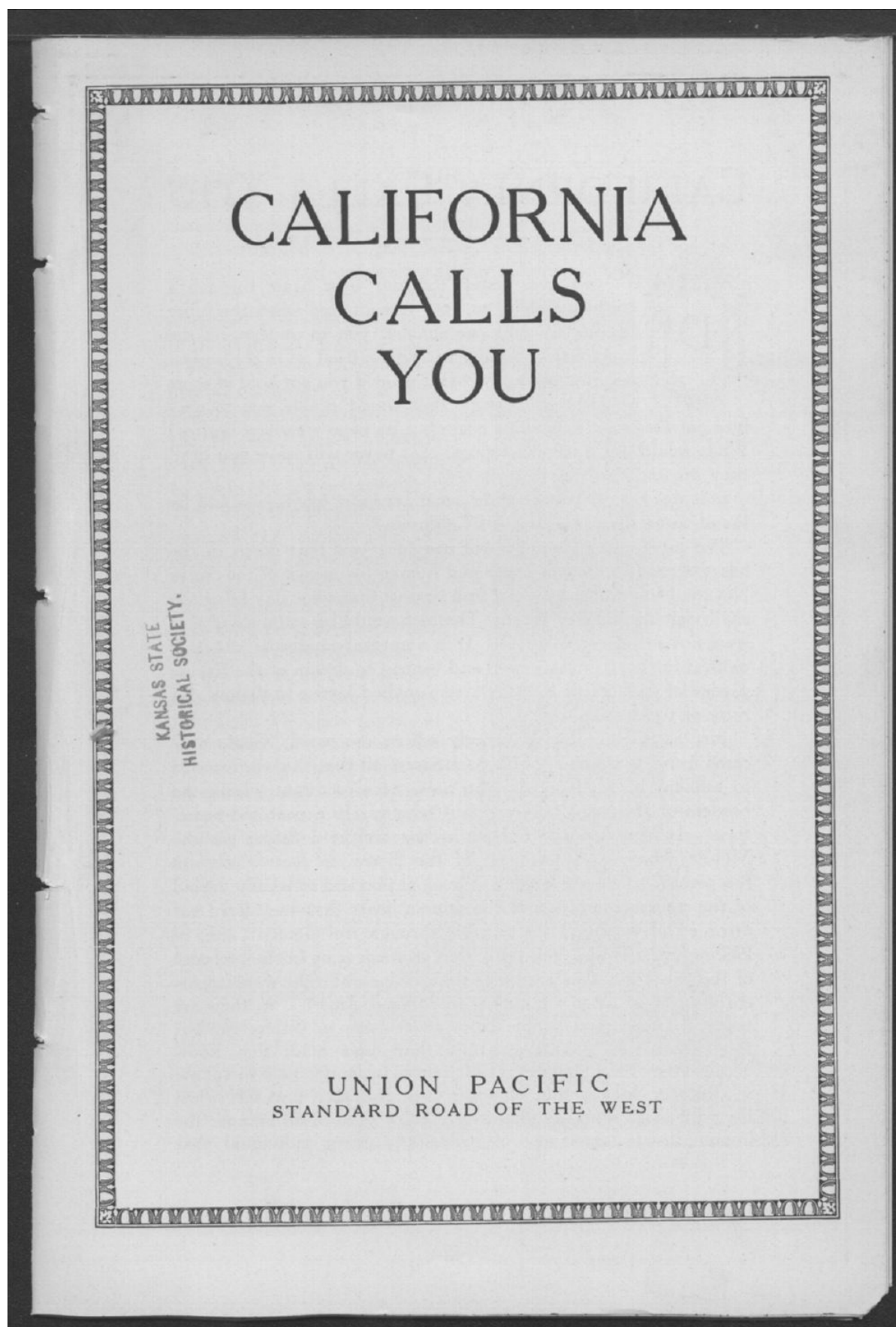
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CALIFORNIA CALLS YOU



WID you ever listen to your own heart through a stethoscope? If so, you were amazed when the tubes leading to your ear enabled you to understand the marvelously regular activity carried on in the busiest organ of the body. But what if you got hold of some wizard's stethoscope that would enable you to analyze not the heart's steadiest beats but its most steadfast desires? What would those secret longings, that never will leave you until they are satisfied, prove to be?

Is it not true that one of the most constant longings would be found to be the desire to visit California?

The most casual inquiry will convince you that down in the heart of practically every man and woman living east of the Sierra Nevada Mountains there is a firm resolve that some day he or she shall visit the Golden West. The fact would be astonishing if it were not so easily explained. It is a natural condition. It is as natural for heart-hungry men and women to dream of the Pacific garden of sunland as it is for a rain-soaked kitten to dream of a river of tepid milk.

Just as nobody knows exactly where the word "California" came from, so is nobody able to measure all that the word means to millions of good people who have never set foot within the borders of the magic country, but who surely expect to—some-time! In the Atlantic States, in the Southern States, in the Middle West—anywhere east of the Sierra, in fact—there are few persons so utterly lacking in imagination and so wholly devoid of the common impulses of the human heart that they have not dreamed of watching the sun set through the Golden Gate, of looking up at Bridal Veil Falls, and of uncovering in the presence of the Big Trees that are older than Rome and that were apparently as large when Columbus discovered America as they are today. These good people have never been in California, but they know. They know because they have read; they know because they have listened in rapt silence while the more fortunate relatives or friends told of what they had seen and felt when they did these things; perhaps they know most of all because the human heart has a way of persuading every individual that

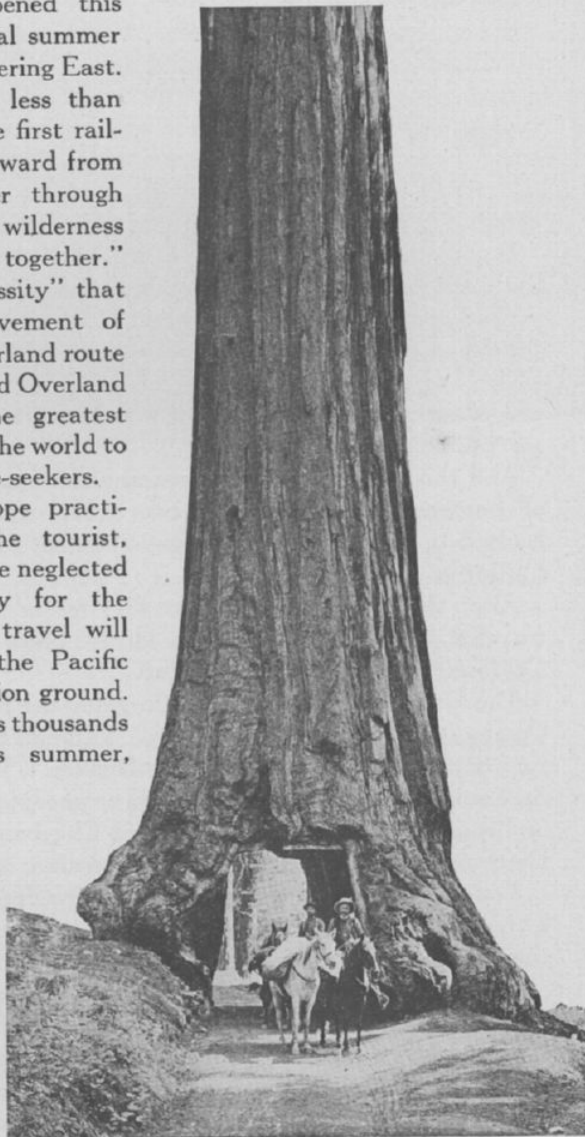
California calls you

somewhere, even in this world, there are to be found those perfections of scene, of climate, and of environment that present themselves so alluringly in dreams.

California calls YOU just as it has called hundreds of thousands of travelers in the comparatively few years since transcontinental railroad service opened this paradise of perpetual summer to the chill and shivering East.

Remember, it is less than fifty years since the first railroad was built westward from the Missouri River through some 3,000 miles of wilderness to "hold the Union together." The "military necessity" that inspired the achievement of constructing an overland route of steel along the old Overland Trail presented the greatest pleasure ground in the world to the world's pleasure-seekers.

Now, with Europe practically closed to the tourist, Americans who have neglected their own country for the charms of foreign travel will necessarily make the Pacific Coast their recreation ground. And each will say, as thousands already have this summer, "there is nothing like this abroad, nothing comparable to this exquisite country. We certainly didn't know what we were missing in neglecting California for trips abroad."



You drive through trees older than Rome



California calls you

Certainly there is no better investment in health and pleasure than as many weeks as one can spare, spent basking, recuperating and playing in the indescribable air and sunshine of the Golden West.

Shut down the roll-top desk, close up the house. Forget business and household cares for a while. Remember only that, from San Francisco to San Diego, there are almost one thousand miles of seaside, mountain and valley resorts, any and all of which provide an uninterrupted season of good times.

And what means most to the vast majority of prospective visitors is that a California vacation is not necessarily an expensive one. True, there are magnificent hotels that are famous all over the world, among luxury-loving travelers, where the cost of living is in keeping with the accommodations.

But there are also many other delightful stopping places, where the average citizen may enjoy life with as little strain on the pocketbook as at home—sometimes less. Naturally, living by the day or month is just as simple as one might expect in a country where everything that is good to eat grows all the year 'round and where perpetual mildness of weather makes any tidy bedroom acceptable.

And this isn't all. In entertaining the hundreds of thousands of tourists that visited the two great expositions, California learned to play the host in a way that not even very hospitable California knew before.

Also, the highway which for fifty years has been the main traveled road to California is ideally prepared to take you to California in the greatest comfort.

The Union Pacific has two main gateways to the West—one at Omaha, the other at Kansas City. Through trains from Chicago run via Omaha, with side trips to Denver. Through trains from St. Louis use the Kansas City gate, proceeding by way of Denver and connecting with the main line at Cheyenne. Side trips from Denver to Colorado Springs and return are included in the fare.

Tourists using either route have the privilege of stopping over at historic Salt Lake City, one of the most interesting cities of the West.

From Salt Lake City or from Ogden passengers may make the splendid side trip to Yellowstone Park at slight additional cost. Passengers returning home by the North Pacific Coast leave the main line at Pocatello to visit the Yellowstone.

The Union Pacific operates five daily trains through from Chicago to California via Omaha, and three daily trains from

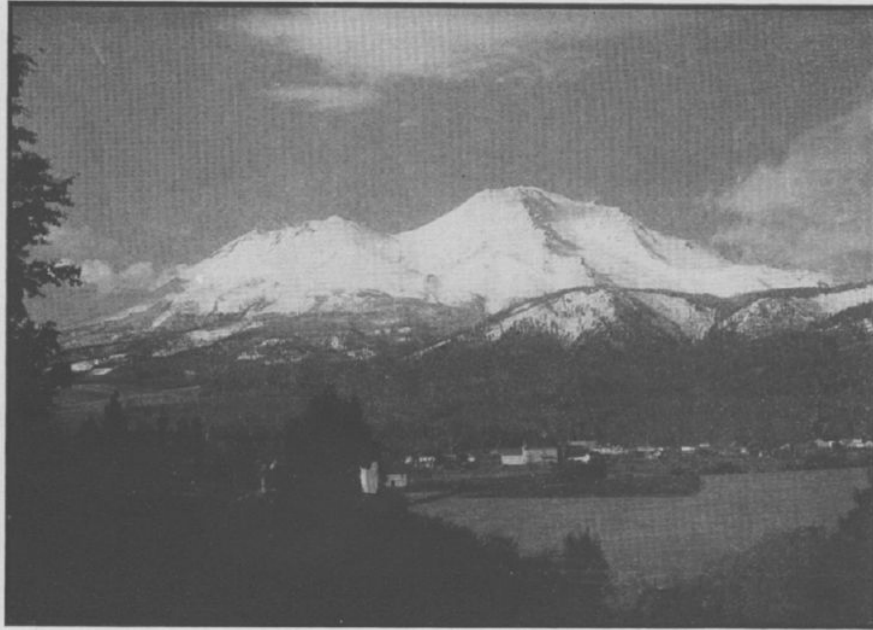


The golden-domed capitol at Sacramento rises out of a park of countless species of trees

Kansas City to the Pacific Coast, and through equipment from St. Louis. Through equipment is operated by the Union Pacific in connection with the Salt Lake Route from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles, traversing the states of Utah, Nevada and California; and through equipment is carried to San Francisco via the Southern Pacific from Ogden westward. This route, a few miles west of Ogden, crosses Great Salt Lake over a trestle which gives passengers the novel experience of going to sea by rail. A diverse route may be selected for the return trip; for instance, a passenger to San Francisco may return by way of Los Angeles, which is reached by either the Coast Route or Valley Line, thence to Salt Lake City over the Salt Lake Route. Or if he prefers a northern trip, he may use the Shasta Route to Portland, Tacoma or Seattle, or the Portland and San Francisco Steamship Company steamers between San Francisco and Portland. From Portland he goes homeward via the Union Pacific System, which route lies for 200 miles along the majestic Columbia River, where he may enjoy scenery that is ever-changing and that never fails to fascinate.

The new California hospitality expresses itself in improved facilities for getting the visitor from one point of interest to

California calls you



You can climb glistening Mount Shasta on foot or through a spy-glass

another, in assisting him to see the most at the least expense, and in giving him the acme of material comfort while he remains. If California has a new motto it is this, "Let me show you."

It is hard to say whether it is finer to visit California in winter or in summer for, as everyone knows, as soon as one enters the State, he finds a strange confusion of the seasonal terms. If Rip Van Winkle had come out of his long sleep in a secluded spot anywhere between Mount Shasta and San Diego he couldn't have told by sniffing the air and considering the verdure in which quarter of the year he had come back to life. But his guess would have been—springtime! The only man who voices any real grievance against California's everlasting springtime is Santa Claus, and he has learned to adjust matters by making his visitation in his shirt sleeves.

In the bracing air of the seacoast the average temperature throughout the year is fifty-one degrees; in the protected valleys and the hills, about fifty-six. The point is this: the California out-of-doors is ALWAYS inviting. Golf links form an almost unbroken chain from the pine-shaded courses of Tehama to the

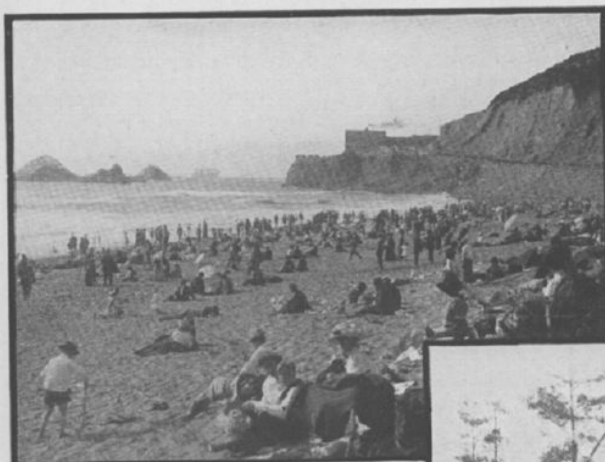
California calls you

palm-bordered courses at San Diego, eight hundred miles southward, and on every one of these fine courses the year's play is twelve months long. Happy is that person who learns to know and to love California while driving a tiny ball up and down the length of the State, with scarcely an interruption save to do a bit of sleeping.

Motoring tells a twofold tale of climate and of roads. California can turn out a longer auto parade than any other State, excepting only New York. In winter the number of machines is considerably increased; wise Easterners, coming out to romp out-of-doors while the East is in the grip of snow, bring along their motors. California roads are rapidly becoming what roadways in demand every day in the year should be—the best in the world. A broad, new State highway, costing many millions, extends through the full length of California. Countless perfect boulevards cross and recross it. And just as the Camino Real of the early Spanish regime had at the end of each day's journey a Mission where the weary traveler might rest and dine, so along the great auto highway of today are located magnificent hostelries



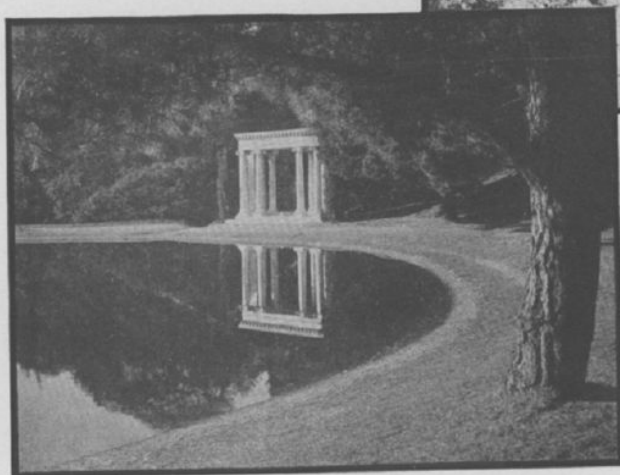
Reconstructed San Francisco is the modern miracle of the world



Ships from the Orient
pass the Cliff House
and Seal Rocks,
a panorama for
the people



Quaintness and color and
the very atmosphere of
Buddha's realm
are found in the Japanese
Tea Garden in
Golden Gate Park



A lake in the park.
Upon this page is
pictorial proof that
within an hour
the visitor may view
Atlantic City,
Nikko and Athens

California calls you

that administer to every comfort and desire of the traveler fastidious to the point of wanting everything to confirm the feeling that he is moving along through Paradise.

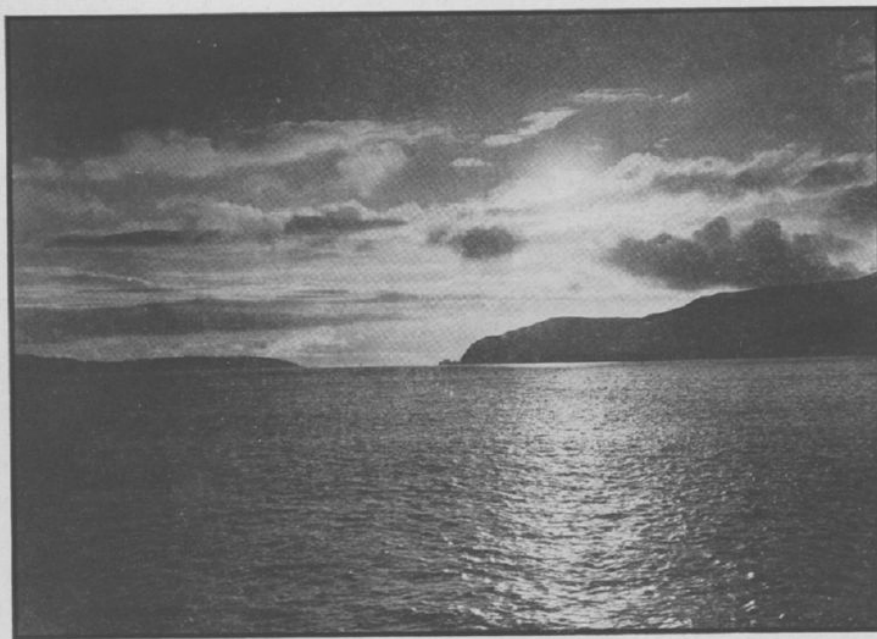
The traveler coming by the Union Pacific, in connection with the Southern Pacific, reaches the floor of the great garden that is California at Sacramento. He makes an excursion northward if he has time and then drifts along southward for

as many days, weeks or months as he may devote to such delightful drifting until at last he reaches far San Diego at the southernmost end. Then will he indeed know the enchantment of the Missions, mansions and marigolds, the parks, presidios and poppies, the bays, buttes and bluebells, the lakes, lemons and lilacs, the rivers, ranchos and roses, the valleys, vistas and violets of California.

From Sacramento, where the golden dome of the capitol rises out of a park growing countless species of trees, one goes north by rail to Sisson, on the very slope of the perfect white mountain, Shasta, traveling en route through the Sacramento Valley, where the wheat barons have given way to thousands of small, intensively cultivated farms. The return is down the west



The glory of Chinese architecture has crystallized in San Francisco's mysterious and fascinating Chinatown



The Golden Gate of Enchantment Land is ever open, typifying California's welcome to you



A part of San Francisco's fishing fleet at Fishermen's Wharf

California calls you

side of the valley, and from the car window is viewed a motion picture of the agricultural miracle of irrigation.

For as many days as one can devote to it, San Francisco will, even after the world's greatest exposition is over, maintain its reputation as the city of constant carnival and will absorb the visitor wholly. San Francisco's welcoming hand is worth coming around the world to shake—there is only *one* San Francisco.

The Union Pacific offices, at 42 Powell Street, will tell you how best to see this cosmopolitan city of wonder, where every known tongue is spoken by persons engaged in every curious occupation and diversion.

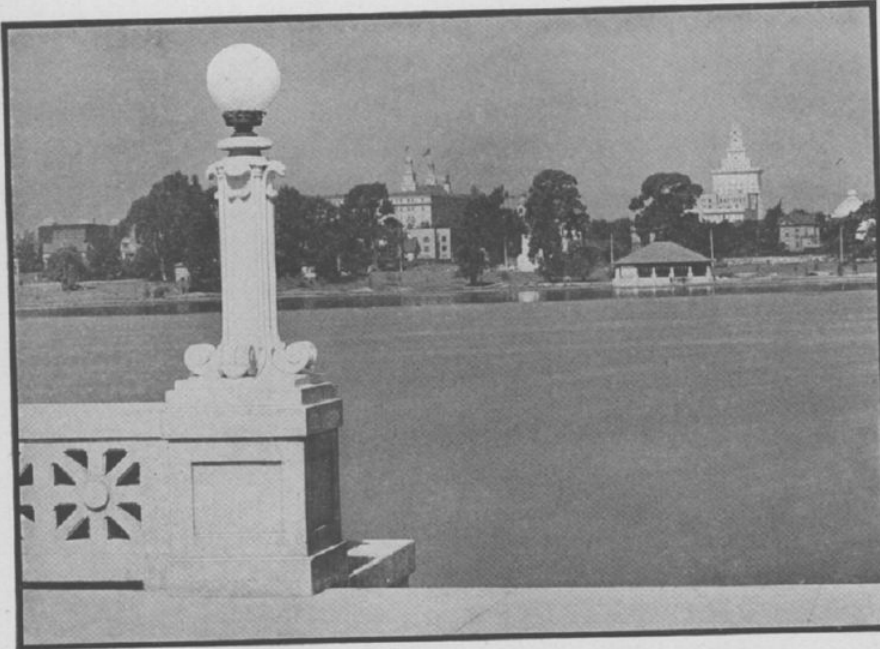
The tourists visit Spain, on the slope of Telegraph Hill; Italy



The sidewalk flower market is one of San Francisco's unique distinctions.

Lotta's Fountain at Market and Kearny streets is a romantic monument marking the center of the city





Oakland, Athenian in its beauty and culture, has a blue lake in its very center

and Sicily, at Fisherman's Wharf; drink coffee from Russian Samovars in the Mission and see, in the Chinese quarter, curios, bric-a-brac and the innumerable gimcracks offered by every race of the Oriental world.

There is Golden Gate Park, the Cliff House, Ocean, Sutro Heights, the Presidio, Mission Dolores, the restaurants, theatres, docks and incomparable tourist hotels.

Also, there are the blue and silver waters of San Francisco Bay, inviting those of sea-faring inclination to innumerable invigorating water trips. Huge ferry boats, an interesting sight to inland eyes, cross and recross at all hours of the day and night—and a ferry trip or two should not be omitted from the schedule of things to do.

San Francisco shops offer a world of interest, especially to the feminine members of the party. No city in the world gathers a more comprehensive collection of merchandise for the approval of its residents. There are shops big and little; huge department stores and small ones, where the proprietor specializes on one particular line.

San Francisco is the setting-out point of many excursions



The Greek Theatre at Berkeley is a striking proof of the perpetual balm of the California air

Mare Island Navy Yard, golden Napa Valley, and Mount St. Helena; Luther Burbank's experimental farms at Santa Rosa; the Russian River and redwood groves; the Asti vineyards and the half-million-gallon wine tanks; Mount Tamalpais, with the crookedest of railroads clinging to its sides, and Muir Woods, a forest of *Sequoia sempervirens* just across the Golden Gate—these are all one-day trips to the northward. To the south of the city, on its peninsula, lie the world-famous residence suburbs, Burlingame, Hillsborough and Menlo Park. Stanford University lies beyond; and the Santa Clara Valley, San Jose and Lick Observatory, on Mount Hamilton, beyond the picturesque seat of learning.

Across the bay from San Francisco are Oakland, city of boulevards and homes; Berkeley, seat of the University of California, the largest university in America; Alameda, notable for its residences; and a back country traversed by trolley lines and smooth motor roads, containing golf links, poets' retreats, orchards and ostrich farms.

Yosemite Valley affords the most marvelous of all little journeys in the California wonderland. One goes from San Francisco via



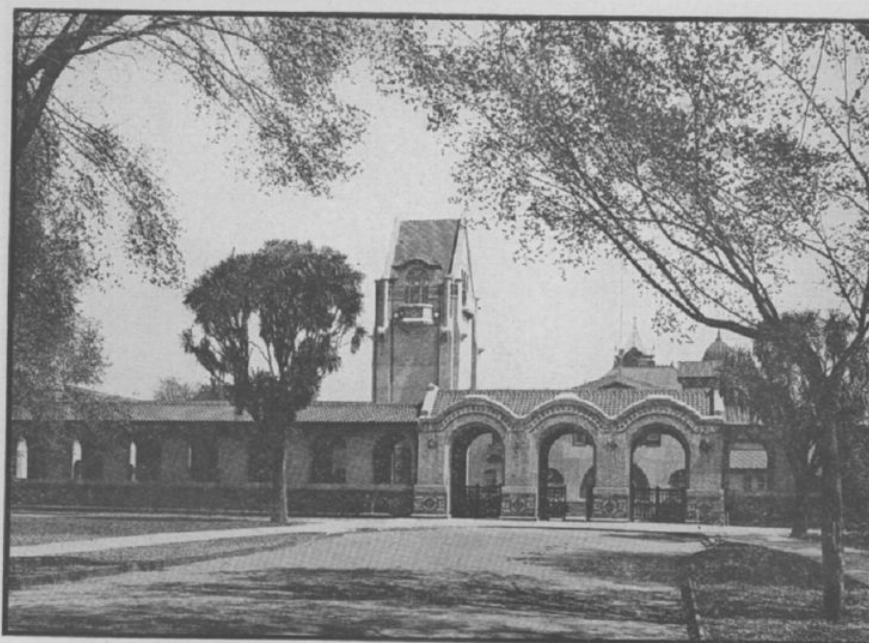
Never was there student quadrangle like that of Stanford University



Lick Observatory on Mount Hamilton brings the moon almost within shouting distance



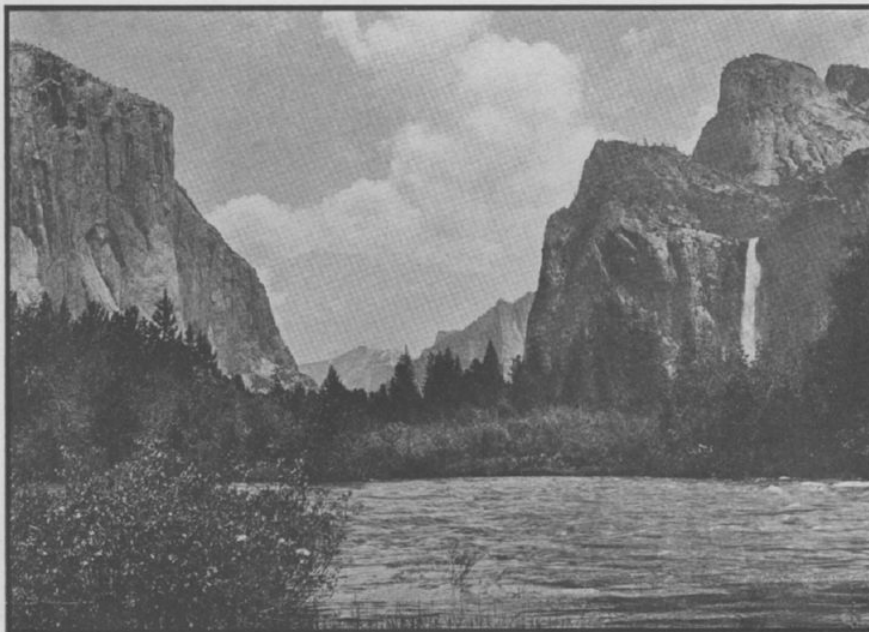
In this poetic setting develop the famous Santa Clara prunes



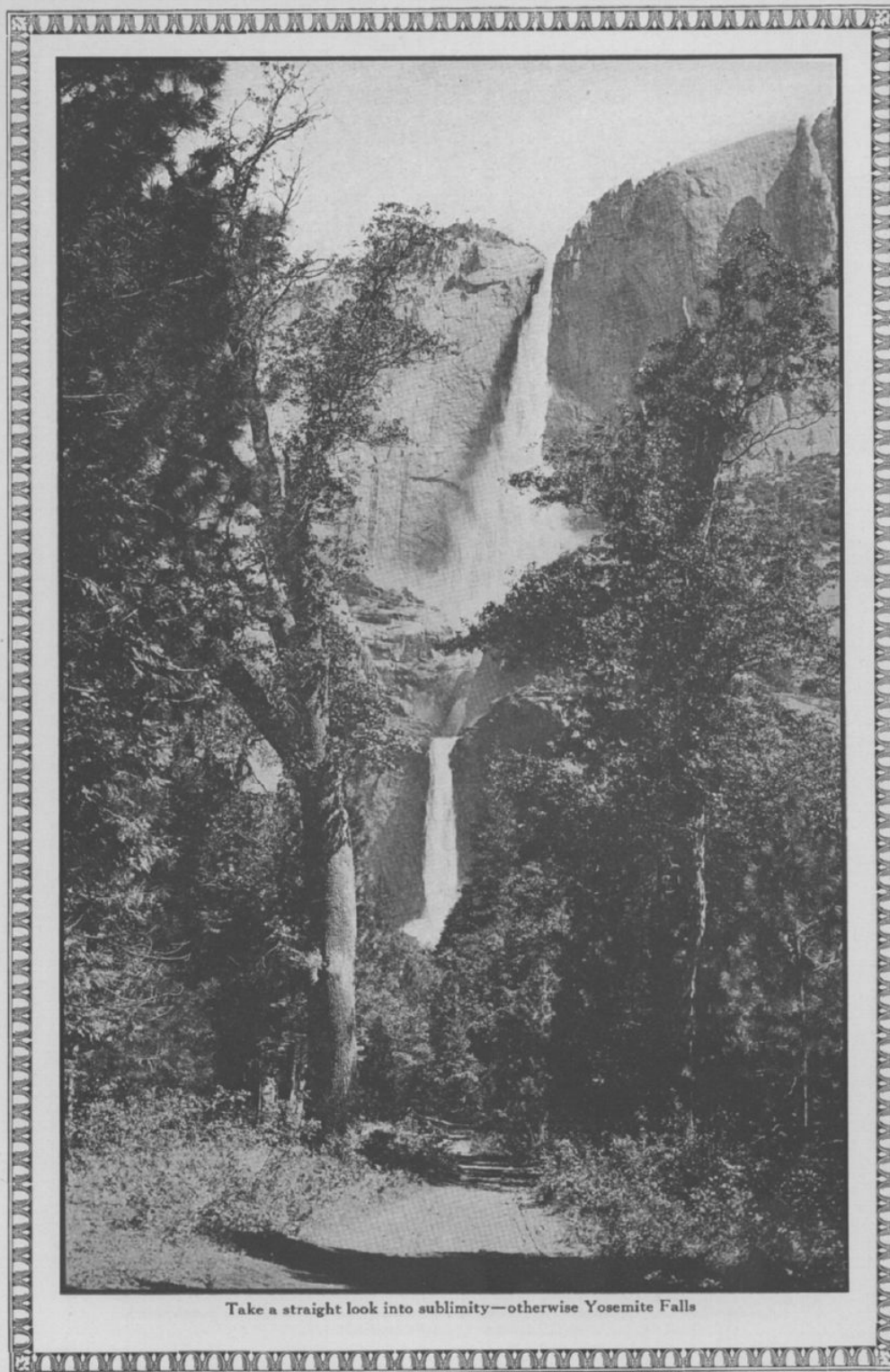
Behold this modern mission—the State Normal School at San Jose

California calls you

two roads allied with the Union Pacific, taking the Southern Pacific to Merced and going thence up the canyon of the Merced River to El Portal by the Yosemite Valley Railroad. From this railroad terminal twelve miles of staging, along a splendid turnpike, through scenery that is a fitting preparation, carries one into the inspiring chasm, which is merely an expanding of the Merced River Canyon, with its domes, precipices and waterfalls. The valley is now open all the year round, and those who have seen it in summer return again to view it under the light mask of mid-winter. From the valley one goes along the crest of the Sierra through matchless forests of pine, fir and cedar by stage to Wawona, celebrated as one of the most beautiful and hospitable places in all the Sierra, to visit the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees. Mariposa is the favorite of California's seven groves of skyscraping, cinnamon-colored trees. Here stands the Grizzly Giant and here lies the Fallen Monarch. The stage rolls through living trunks. Yosemite and Wawona may be visited comfortably in four days, though a longer time is desirable. The round-trip fare from San Francisco is \$37.50. The hotel accommodations are excellent, with prices regulated by the Government.

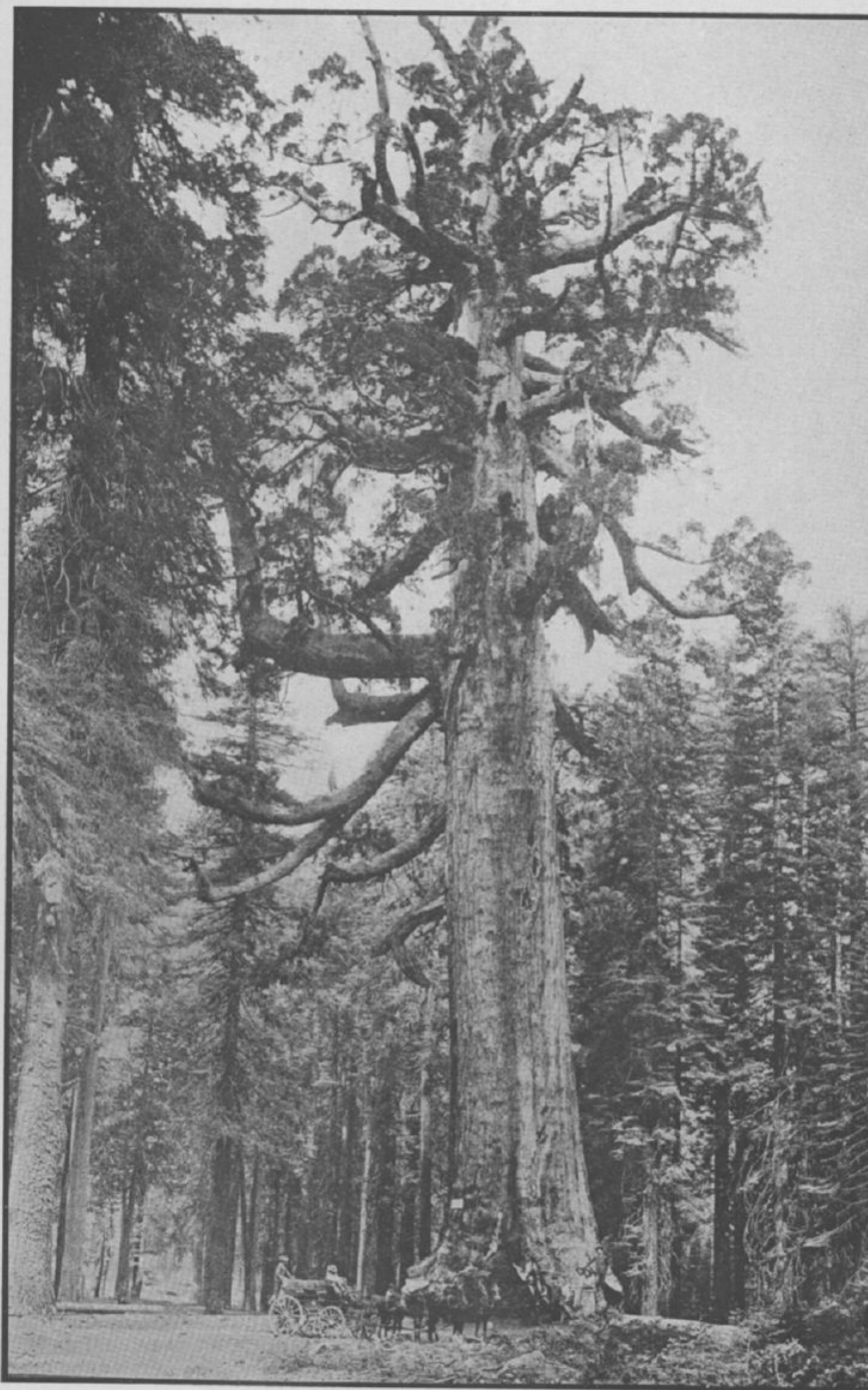


The majesty of El Capitan and the beauty of Bridal Veil Falls thrill the stranger in the Yosemite Valley's vast wonderland



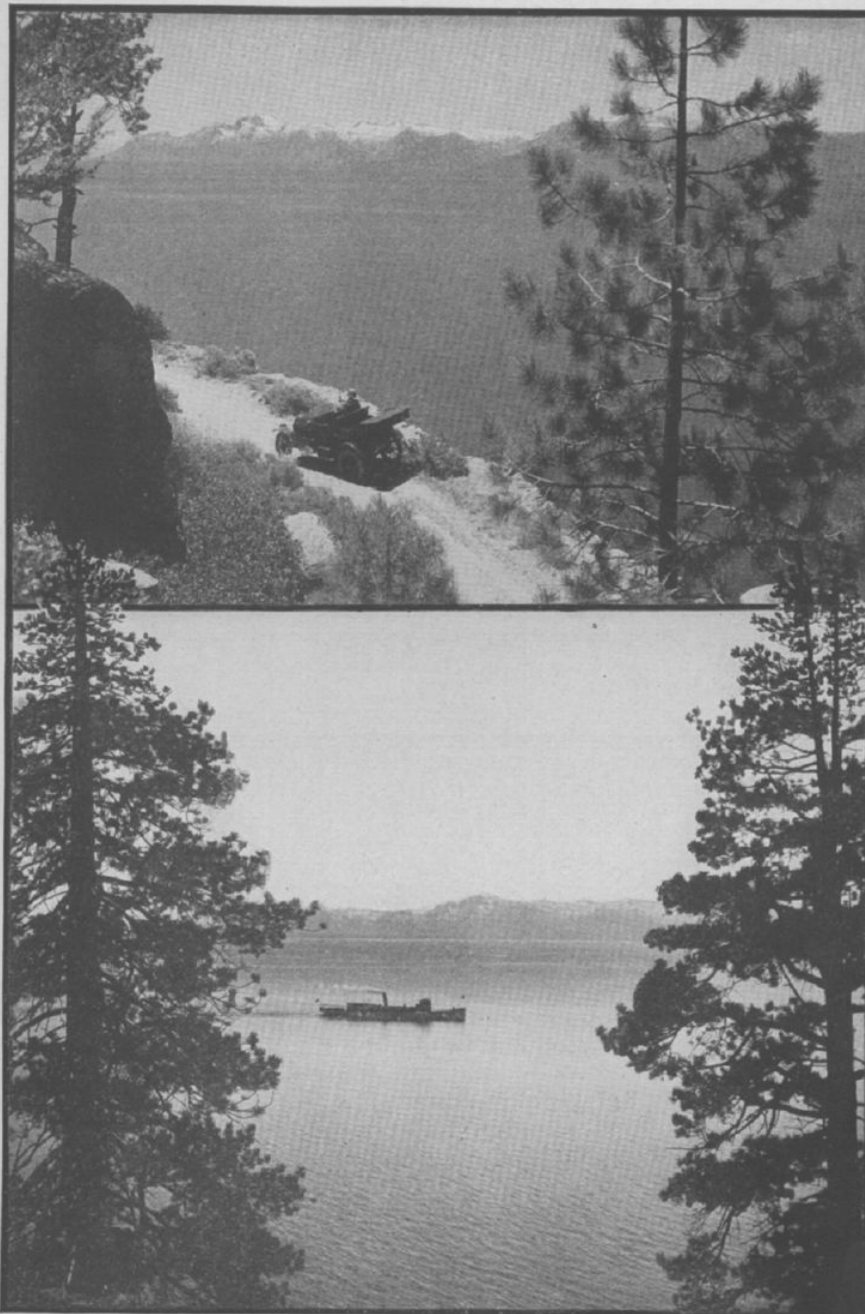
Take a straight look into sublimity—otherwise Yosemite Falls

Seventeen

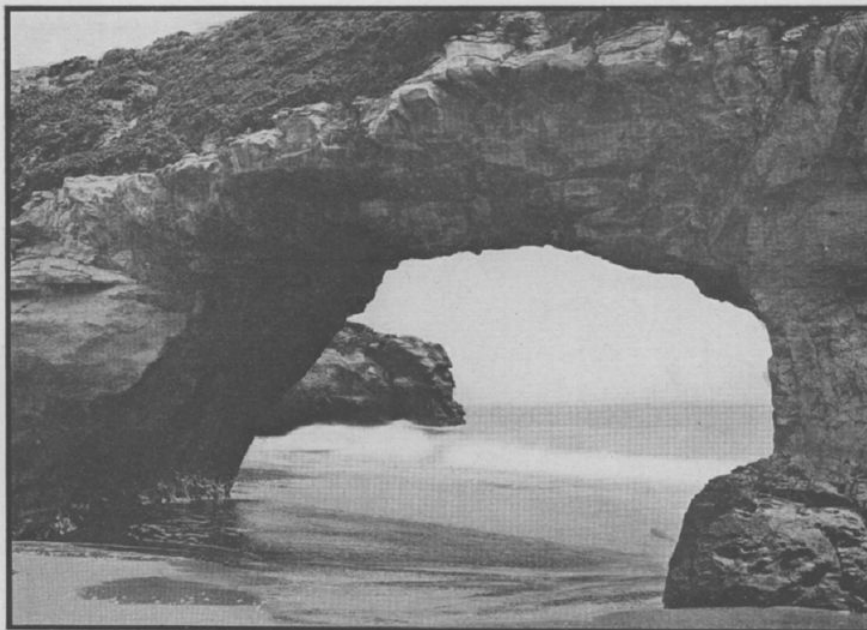


Grizzly Giant was a mature tree when the star shone over the manger at Bethlehem

Eighteen



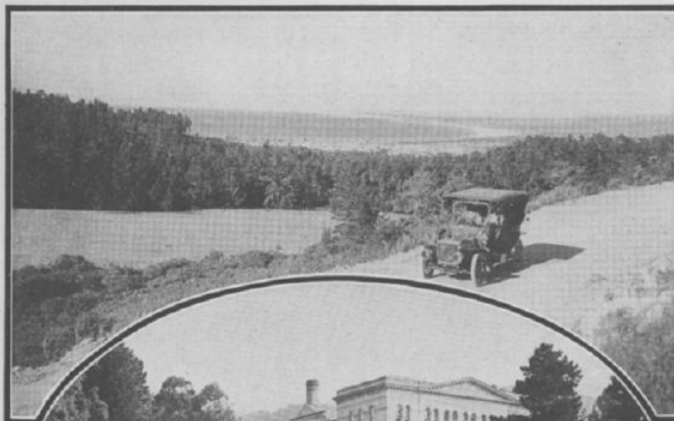
Lake Tahoe is a vast blue jewel set among guardian peaks of snow—a lake that makes one forget even Como. The Indians named it "The Big Water" (Tahoe), and many entertaining legends of the red man's folk-lore are repeated there today beside the white man's camp-fire or on hotel verandas. There are depths in Tahoe that no plummet has been able to reach



Nature built this bridge at Santa Cruz to show men how



Go dip in the surf at Santa Cruz and you will feel the thrill and tingle of new life



Monterey Bay and
the famous Seven-
teen-mile Drive.



Mechanics Building, University of California, Berkeley

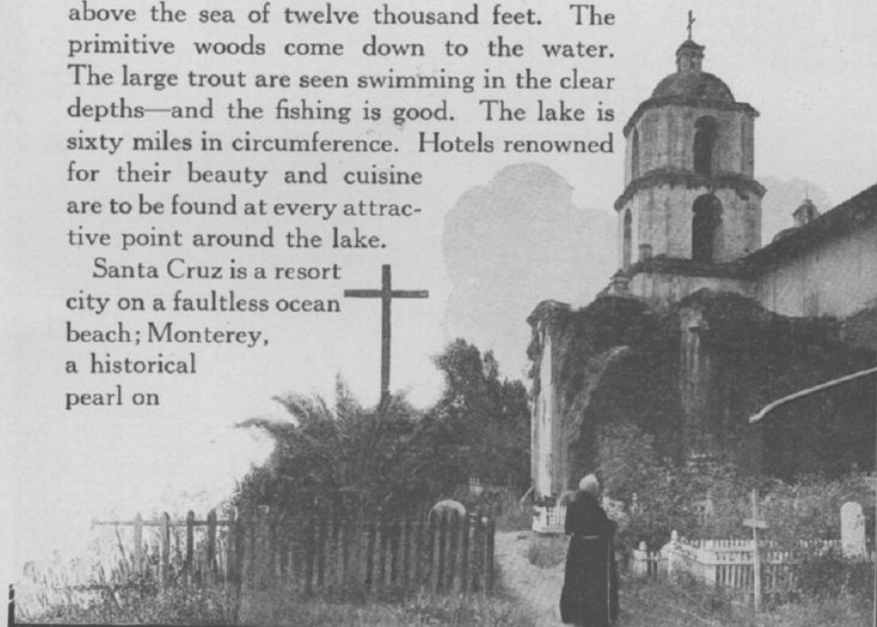
The golf links at Paso Robles Hot Springs lure players all the year

At Coronado Beach you can be happy in a tent or in one of the greatest hostelrys of the world

California calls you

Lake Tahoe is fourteen miles, by branch railroad, from Truckee. One may stop off en route to visit this overpoweringly beautiful body of blue water, surpassing in dimensions and in every effect the Italian lakes. It reflects snowy peaks that have an elevation above the sea of twelve thousand feet. The primitive woods come down to the water. The large trout are seen swimming in the clear depths—and the fishing is good. The lake is sixty miles in circumference. Hotels renowned for their beauty and cuisine are to be found at every attractive point around the lake.

Santa Cruz is a resort city on a faultless ocean beach; Monterey, a historical pearl on



At Mission San Luis Rey the padres lie buried—while at Mission San Gabriel the "Mission Play" regularly revives the romance of their lives

Twenty-two



Mission Santa Barbara, whose corridors have never ceased to echo to the footfalls of the friars

Twenty-three



A view that shows the substantial business growth of Los Angeles



A view that shows why Los Angeles lures the world to come and play

Twenty-four

It is worth coming to Pasadena
just to see an ostrich swallow
a marble
The strange first owners of
milady's plumes



Countless animated handbags at the
alligator farm
Where the shade of the fluttering palm
is not a poetical fiction
Near Los Angeles you will see the
largest flock of pigeons in the world



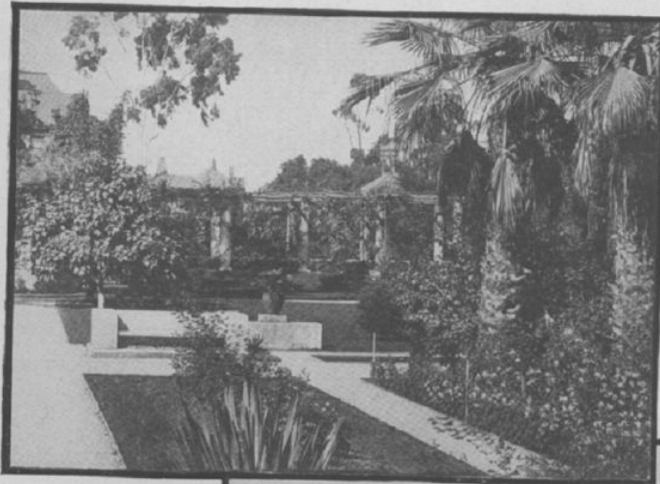
a bay that painters find unbelievably blue; Del Monte, one
of the most delightful hostelrys in one of the most magnificent
parks in the world.

Paso Robles is famous for its healing springs and baths. Its
hotel and kurhaus are always open.

California calls you

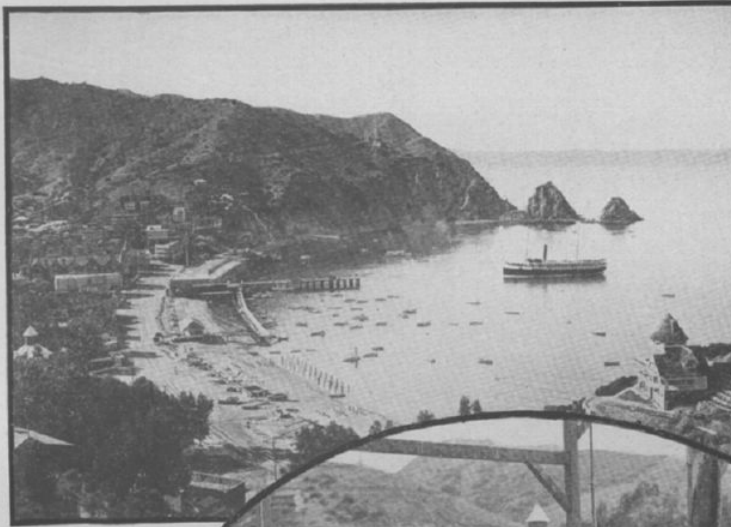
Stockton, at the head of the San Joaquin Valley; Fresno, the center of the rich region of wine, raisins and figs; and Bakersfield, in the oil lands, are worthy of being visited.

The "Mother Lode" country still invites the world to come and see the places Bret Harte made famous in his books. San Luis Obispo is on the Coast Route with which the Union Pacific connects, and on the same line is that other Mission city, Santa Barbara, beside the blue bay of the same name. For beauty of location, floral lavishness and balminess of air at all seasons, Santa Barbara is celebrated. Huge tourist hotels are on the beach and near the Old Mission, the one California Mission where the sway of the brown-robed padres has never been interrupted. Eastern multimillionaires have their winter homes in the tropical country around Santa Barbara.

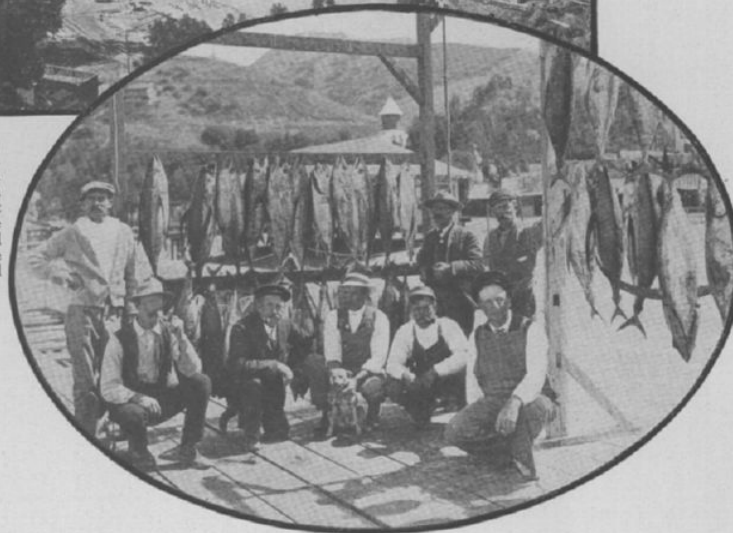


Los Angeles
and Hollywood
prove that there
is no place
like home
unless it be
Heaven



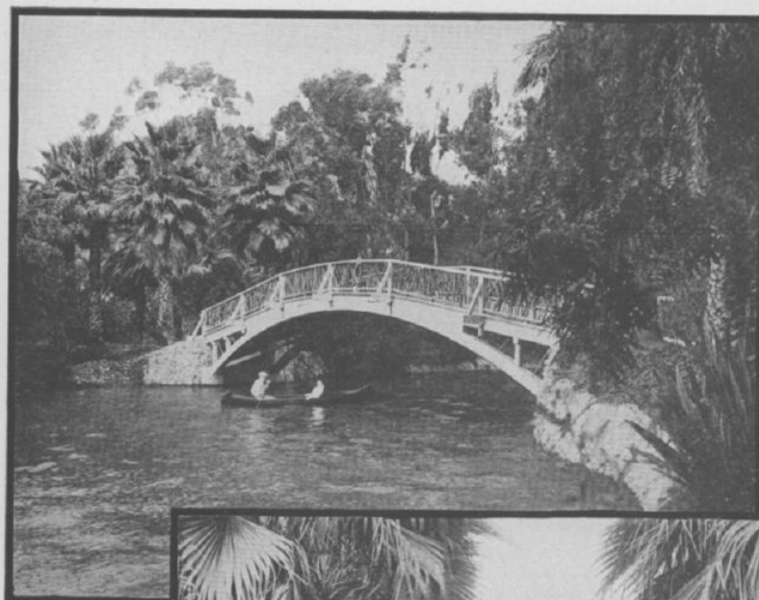


Avalon Cove
at Santa Catalina
Island, which
even the fishermen
will admit
is one of the
most beautiful
places in the
world



Los Angeles, the most rapidly growing city in America, rests upon the twin cornerstones of climatic perfection and sweet-scented romance. Union Pacific representatives here look after the requirements of Union Pacific travelers. The city is the home of people who have time to live. It fascinates every visitor by its beauty and its spirit. It is the bright star in a constellation of gems. About it, ruling the country between the mountains and the ocean shore, are half a hundred incorporated cities and towns which are united to Los Angeles by the most highly developed interurban trolley system in the world. One boards a red car in the center of Los Angeles and presently he is breathing the salt

Twenty-seven



These scenes
are not in the
tropics, but
in the tropi-
cal parks of
Los Angeles



air at Long Beach or Venice or Santa Monica; or he is inspecting the Mission at San Gabriel; or visiting Pasadena's princely hostelries and viewing its private palaces along the Arroyo or studying the orange tree's threefold miracle of bud, blossom and fruit at the same time. In the balmy land between Mount Lowe and the sea, of which land Los Angeles is the capital, there endures at all times a romance, a softness of life, a wordless charm, the visible

California calls you

emblem of which is the orange blossom and the lure of which is more and more being felt by the heart of the world. One takes the scenic railroad up Mount Lowe and gazes out to sea where sparkles Santa Catalina's blue waters teeming with the largest of all game fish.

After Los Angeles one must see San Diego and the Peninsula of Coronado. This southernmost bit of California is a region of rare flowers and development by man has made the roses cover the earth.

It was from San Diego that Don Gaspar de Portola set out on his famous expedition which resulted in the discovery of San Francisco Bay. San Diego Bay is now a great port—the first American port—entered by ships coming up the coast from the Panama Canal.

The city takes its name from the first Franciscan mission in California. It is famous for the famous Coronado Beach, not only one of the most fashionable watering places of America, but also a resort where tent cities and other modest and delightful opportunities for simple living invite thousands every season who participate in its pleasures.

Although very near the Southern line of America's boundary, Pacific breezes keep the city always cool. The spell of the old Spanish days still broods over the land, working the charm that has



Some swimmers say Long Beach breakers afford the finest surf swimming on the Pacific Coast