

About 150 years previously the conquistadores viewed the same verdant terraces—"ups and downs," as they are quaintly described in the old Spanish documents—and the site of Oakland was discovered by white men.

What their emotions were history does not tell, but it does relate something of their yearnings. It seems that as his Spanish majesty's troops went marching over a field—"clank-clank, clankety-clank," for those were the days of the cuirass, the breast-plate and the arquebuss, the glisten and clangor of their "tin Bee-vee-dees" startled a bear from his midday nap. It was a fat bear, carefree and happy, for it lived in sunny California. The bear saw the conquistadores first and ran away—and so there were no bear steaks a la Espagne around the campfire that night. But it was a great chase while it lasted.

Right there the history of Oakland began being made, for the hungry hunters ran themselves out of breath over the "ups and downs" until they reached one of the up-pest "ups" and there for the first time in world's history white men's eyes looked through the Golden Gate.

That was on March 27, 1772, as it is all so meticulously detailed in the diaries of Father Juan Crespi and Lieutenant Pedro Fages, leaders of the churchly militant pioneers sent out by Don Gaspar de Portola to see what lay on the farther side of the "great estuary," as they called San Francisco Bay.

Scarcely more than a century later—merely a respiration in the existence of this age—old earth—that same cavalcade of Spanish braves would become a band of dumfounded poltroons could they retrace today the course of their bear chase. Stone ships that float, roaring engines that hurl sausage shaped things through the air at incredible speed, machines that project a whisper, enlarged seven times seven until it reverberates against the Contra Costa hills like the battlecry of Pizarro's hosts—such wonders, and hundreds more, would they see produced in the scores of manufacturing plants that crowd the path of their futile meat hunt.

Where in their day was a morass through which they foundered is now a great ship yard where men fashion vessels out of concrete. Over there was then a barren hillock topped by a lone scrubby oak: over there is now a great steel and glass factory turning out day and night Union dirigible engines for the navy's "blimps." Yonder was then a sweet scented thicket with grateful coolness, yonder is now a model plant where the thunderbolt has been tamed to carry sound-waves wherever and however man commands.

Don't you think those old Spanish explorers would be pop-eyed with wonder? Of course. You would yourself.

This quick spanning of the ancient with the modern is merely by way of emphasizing the importance to California and the whole Pacific Coast of Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda, Emeryville, Albany, Piedmont, San Leandro, Hayward—the cities on the mainland of San Francisco Bay—and their back country of Alameda County.

Industrially considered, the cities named above are now in the very forefront and are stepping rapidly ahead. It is not booster's hyperbole to say that here is perhaps the biggest industrial section, actually and potentially, west of the Missouri river.

Millions of dollars of manufacturing capital has come here in the last year to make still more millions for its owners and for Oakland. The leading manufacturers of electrical appliances will soon rear a great plant on the old Emeryville race track. One of the greatest packing corporations in the United States chose Oakland for what ultimately will be its largest cannery on the Pacific Coast. From far off Australia has come a great jam and marmalade factory, whose own international fame did not blind it to the fame of Oakland. A great milling plant has risen on the shores of the Inner Harbor. Two garment manufacturers of national reputation have established branches here and seriously consider transferring their main works to Oakland. The same applies to two large paint concerns.

All of these new manufacturers give two prime and important reasons for their moves—climatic conditions that make for 100 per cent efficiency all the year around and a class of labor that is unexcelled for intelligence and a liking for the job.