

THE PENINSULA PARADISE

By MARK A. McCANN



FROM the Golden Gate at San Francisco to the rock-ribbed shores of Maine, there is no place that can compare with The Peninsula. It possesses all the elements to make an earthly paradise and most of the elements for an imaginary Garden of Eden. A beautiful landscape knee-deep with the natural plush of multifarious flowers crowned by an affectionate sun that daily embraces home and farm; an unbroken flow of perfume from odoriferous blossoms wafting through coach window or open balconade; the continuous singing of birds and men; the happy blending of work and play and rest; these and more than these make life worth living on The Peninsula Paradise.

Is it any wonder then, that thousands upon thousands swarm from our metropolitan areas to bask in the glitter of these gems? Gems of life and gems of love; gems of beauty and gems of use. They first attract, then inoculate, and are finally possessed of men until thousands of the swarming thousands daily wend their way over highway and railway from office or bench to homes in the Hills of Joy on The Peninsula.

And truly, The Peninsula is studded with Hills of Joy. Veritably they are a Grecian actor's mask; always smiling and yet always profound. A ready playground of a holiday and useful servants every day. Their slopes are covered with timber or orchard or dairy. Prunes and Apricots, Apples and Pears thrive on their easterly slopes, while Potatoes and Artichokes and Beans flourish on their Sunset side. The winter rains cup themselves among these hills to supply the water needs of communities within a radius of thirty miles and the now close approaching Hetch Hetchy supply from Yosemite will soon be stored within their vaunting arms to satiate the demands of an ever increasing number of homes, industries and farms.

As all roads lead to Rome, so also do all roads from North and South lead through The Peninsula. The approved Bay Shore Highway with a mean span of one hundred and twenty-five feet will drain commercial and pleasure traffic from San Francisco, San Jose and the East-Bay Cities via Dumbarton Bridge and Cut-Off into the easterly or industrial side of The Peninsula; while El Camino Real, the central highway of pioneer vintage, will continue to serve the heart of some seventeen pulsating communities through which it passes. The once desired and now realized Skyline Boulevard topping the Coast Range from a convenient vantage affords, like all peninsula highways, year-round access to San Francisco and communities to the North and South.

But beauty, productivity and accessibility are naught without climate. Climate of a sort may be found anywhere, but climate supreme for over three hundred days of the year is sure to be found on The Peninsula. Educational institutions flourish in its balm. Stanford University, University of Santa Clara, Convent of Notre Dame, The Madames, together with innumerable Academies, day and boarding schools of collegiate rank find every day a comfortable class day. Studies are never interrupted by a freezing day or slighted because of a sultry heat. Sessions are held without pause, for the physical and mental attitude of students is never strained by the equable climate of The Peninsula.

And the Government too has eloquently approved the climate. The establishment of the Veterans' Rehabilitation Hospital on The Peninsula was sealed by an average summer temperature of seventy degrees and an average winter temperature of fifty-five degrees. Camp Fremont proved to our Government that The Peninsula was and is the real health center of the Pacific Coast. During the war when this camp was a beehive of preparedness, the health standard of its men was above the average of most camps in the country. The curative value of The Peninsula climate is so pronounced that private hospitals and sanatoriums conveniently dot sheltered groves and fern festooned ridges where robust health is restored to pleasantly surprised patrons who sing its praises ever after.