

## THE PENINSULA PARADISE

Still, all this beauty of landscape and wealth of climate is not a thing apart. It is enjoyed not alone by institutions and men of wealth and tourists, but by the artisan, the mechanic and the laborer as well. Cuddled bungalows enmeshed with bowers of creeping flowers and clinging vines spread their multi-colored roofs far and wide throughout The Peninsula. They harbor the workers, the clerks and their families. Night finds them content at their own firesides or in their own gardens culling a rose here or a dahlia there for the daily token to the flower vase. Morning reveals them happy and free, ready for the tasks assigned them and the good that they can do.

And who is there without the power of a wonder worked under the spell caused by The Peninsula? The well regulated hum of the clock-like trains; the methodical darting of pleasure car and delivery motor; the dazzling dips of commercial and pleasure planes in the sky; the silent steaming ships in the bay; all these have hypnotic power over men and an influence that commands respect and attention. Attention because this activity means business; respect because business to the economic mind is the core of life.

And The Peninsula has a real life's core. Industries have found their way to convenient sides because climate and shipping facilities over both rail and water make for uninterrupted year-round operation and the contented workers to be found on The Peninsula are always proficient and regular at their work. Factories, foundries, canneries and packing plants work at top speed in season and out of season, days and often nights, to supply the almost endless demands of an ever increasing population. Lumbermen and millmen are always busy with materials for homes, while storekeepers and bankers rush through The Peninsula's many Rialtos in answer to demands for their services. An ever increasing payroll; a steadily rising bank barometer; continuous progress in building; positive gain in population; these are the real seeds of progress and the apple of the most covetous investor's eye.

Farm products too, keep The Peninsula in a flurry. Vegetables in abundance are shipped to the San Francisco markets and seventy-five per cent of the world's crop of Artichokes are raised in the Half Moon Bay district and shipped to all the marts of our great country. The best grade of beans too are produced in this district for canneries and table while tomatoes and berries ripen in the warmer valley slopes for later delivery to festive board and breakfast nook.

And pleasure too abounds with business. Is it not a pleasure to know and see that prize flowers are raised on The Peninsula for local and long distance delivery? Dahlias, Holland Bulbs, Roses, Carnations and their many refined, beautiful cousins of the flower aristocracy are daily bundled, baled and carefully transported to their respective stations to await the call of man or maid. Blossom Festivals and Flower Shows proclaim to a skeptical world that seasons are not forced; that street flower-stands are not artificial; that nature has endowed The Peninsula with a heritage of permanent, sustaining beauty providing congenial occupation for the hundreds who associate themselves with this pleasurable business.

And yet amid all this activity we can still enjoy the privilege of restricted home-sites and the protecting arms of monumental mansions on estates of California's pioneers. Many acres are still held by these argonauts and when they are released for sale, commerce and industry, homes and shops will flourish to the greater glory of The Peninsula's potentialities, while the far-reaching Hills of Joy will continue to welcome new people and new homes for decades to come. Decades that will send a clarion call of welcome to all the world; decades that will mark their progress with master achievement; decades that will chant in unison "This is truly The Peninsula Paradise."