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THE GOLDEN
JUNE 10 1902 WYNDY

THE GOLDEN
VALLEY OF THE
MOUNTAINS



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No. 4

Cortemadera, California

June, 1902

Marine Boulevard of Marin

The Marine Boulevard of Marin County will be one of the features of California when completed.

It is seldom that any locality is blessed with such good fortune as to have three different governmental forces working in harmony to one end, but at the present time the United States military prisoners are grading that portion of the boulevard which extends from Sausalito toward the Bonita lighthouse, State prisoners are finishing the San Quentin portion, and the County Supervisors have done their best to complete the portions which lie in their respective districts. The completed part extends from Point San Pedro on the San Pablo Bay, winding along the bayshore to San Rafael, thence still following the bay contour, around Point San Quentin to Green Brae. There a side spur connects with the Ross Valley and Mount Tamalpais road, while the main boulevard continues across the Cortemadera downs to San Clemente, where it again follows the bay contour past California City, El Campo, Hygeia, Tiburon, Belvedere and Hilarita to Reed's, where it takes a short cut to Alto; from there it again follows the downs and bay, past Manza-

nita and Waldo to Sausalito. From Sausalito on, the road is over the Lime Point military reservation for many miles, passing the beautiful links of the Sausalito Golf Club at Horse-shoe Cove, and ending for the present at Bonita Light.

It would cost but little money to extend this road until it cuts into the present county road to Willow Camp, and thence skirting the beautiful Bolinas Bay to Bolinas.

Arbor Day

Arbor Day is a day for planting trees. A day which is declared a holiday. And young and old plant tree seeds, cuttings and rootings which may live and grow to make the forests of the future.

In the vicinity of Tamalpais there is at present more need of tree saving than tree planting.

Nature has planted a vast forest which is largely composed of resinous trees, and some, like the California laurel, burn like straw soaked in turpentine.

Twenty years ago a general fire destroyed every green leaf east of the summit. Since that time the forest has regrown with shoots from the burned stumps. Dwellings are now

scattered thro' this new forest, which is ripe for another fire.

An Arbor Day; many of them, should be devoted to cutting trails thro' the impenetrable brush patches and giving means of ingress to the woods, so that incipient fires may be headed off before they become destructive conflagrations.

The Tamalpais Forestry Association has already been formed, and invites other associations to organize and unite with it.

Time to act is now—not after the fire.

Ancient Missions and Modern Booms

Spain and the Spanish have ever been associated with things warm, dreamy, sunny, southern, voluptuous and romantic. Especially to the snow-blanketed people of northern latitudes and climates does this appeal more than we of California know.

The very name of California itself suggests to many people of the North Atlantic Coast, visions of palm fronds waving and the woods of them full of parrots and monkeys swinging by bill or tail.

To the dull-minded, there may be nothing in a name, and roses do not to them smell any sweeter, or perhaps do not smell at all. To the romantic imaginative people who enjoy life, there is much in a name; and it is largely to the wealth of Spanish names with which the Franciscans christened California places, that the country owes the nameless charm which makes every railroad use it as a catchword, and gives us thousands

upon thousands of dollars' worth of free advertising in the best papers of the East.

A railroad which can claim a California terminus, thereby gives itself tone and standing in the eyes of the touring public—and all people who have that delightful combination made up of money and brains both, do tour.

It is not entirely owing to Spanish names, tho'. The fine æsthetic instincts of the Spanish missionaries which revealed themselves so fully in the Moorish architecture of the Missions, seeming like bits of the Alhambra planted here and there, taught them also to plant oranges, date palms, lemons, figs, olives and the wonderful Mission grapes which thrive in the climate, rather than gooseberries and sour apples which seem to be much in favor in the parts of the State where the Mission influences did not extend.

To the combination of Mission architecture, Mission horticulture and Mission nomenclature does Southern California owe the fact that it is getting \$5,000 an acre for its land while we of the northern end of the Mission belt, in a climate equally favored, are unable to obtain \$500.

It is largely because we have torn down the Mission buildings, dug up the orange trees and are now engaged as rapidly as possible in changing and obliterating the Mission and Spanish names.

Some people do love to be poor, and will keep so, no matter how the golden rain may try to fall upon them.

Why?

O, because, I guess.

To be Seen Only on the
Marin Peninsula

The crookedest railroad in the world—Mount Tamalpais Scenic Railway.

The highest marine observatory—Marine Exchange Telescope Station on Tamalpais Peak.

Distributing terminus of longest power transmission on earth—Electric light and power system from generators at Colgate, in the Sierra Nevadas.

Place where first Christian services in the English language were held in Western Hemisphere—Drake's Bay at Punta de los Reyes.

Most Western Spanish Mission in America—Franciscan Mission de San Rafael Arcangel, founded 1817.

Longest ocean and bay boulevard on the shores of the Pacific—From Bolinas to San Pedro, by way of Sausalito, Alto, Tiburon, San Clemente, San Quentin, Mission San Rafael Arcangel.—(Not yet in very good condition owing to lack of appreciation by the natives.)

Highest mounted cannon in any marine fortification in the world—Disappearing guns on Lime Point bluff, capable of shelling opposite pillar of Golden Gate with depressed muzzles.

Oldest powder, paper and sawmills in Western America—Papermill at Taylorville, on Papermill Creek; powder mill now a ruin a mile above it; sawmill built by Juan Reid at Mill Valley in 1826, now but a skeleton of timbers.

Largest collection of paleolithic and neolithic relics yet to be unearthed may be found in the innumer-

able Indian mounds which border every running stream.

Only place where wild deer may be shot, in sight of a town of 400,000 inhabitants. But PLEASE don't shoot them; preserve your guns.

Preserve Your Guns

I have just figured out how to save the wild game of America from the maniacal faunicides who devote their lives to its painful obliteration.

Game preserves are no use. They only save up the game and tame it for eleven months in the year, so that the Butcherous Gentlemen from Town can work their confidence games on the unsuspecting game; which has been misled into the belief of a general amnesty, by the enforced suppression of the county landowners, who have been prevented from killing their own game.

No, game preserves are no use; what we need are gun preserves.

Here are some recipes:

SHOTGUN JAM.—Take one shotgun (preferably from a trespassing poacher in flagrante delicto).

One large rock.

Place the shotgun supported on its ends between two heavy logs, and drop the rock on it a few times.

This jam will be much appreciated by all birds, squirrels and other beautiful native Californians—the ladies among them.

RIFLE PICKLES.—Take as many sporting rifles as you can borrow from your city friends; place in a large barrel. Add for each rifle one pound of salt and one pint of vinegar; add water sufficient to cover, and let stand indefinitely.

The Golden Hinde is printed and published monthly at Corte Madera, California. Single copies 10 cts. Subscription One Dollar per year in advance, for which it will be sent postage paid to any address. It is hand-printed from hand-set type on hand-made paper. Number One is now nearly out of print. A few remaining copies will be sold at 25 cts. each. Every line in it is original, such as it is, and no number will be reprinted. Bound volumes to be delivered in March, 1903. \$5 each, in parchment cover.

Edited by Morrison Pirley.

Address all communications to Lock Box 233, S. F.

CENSORED BY THE ARCH-DEACON OF THE DIOCESE, TO THE END THAT IT OFFENDS NOT MORALITY.

Telegraph Hill and Tamalpais

Telegraph Hill is slowly getting on to wheels and moving into the bay.

A load at a time, it is going from both sides. Soon the vandals will execute a coup de Pelee and blow the top off.

Of course, people who actually prefer cobblestone pavements, could not be expected to understand any reason why this should not be done.

But let it be a warning to those artistic people who have made their homes about Mount Tamalpais, lest the mills of industry begin to grind that mountain into "useful materials."

With the growth of the two giants Electricity and Dynamite, great things are possible in the way of destructions; and it were well that Tamalpais were secured for a National Park, before operations commence.

Marin County Art Association

With all of its scenery and artists, Marin County has stayed in the obscure distance.

Men like Thad Welch, and others, have painted until they wore brushes to stubs, and still the locality has not "arrived."

With the coming in of the Marin Art Association, and the help it intends giving to local art and artists, there will be a chance for the outside world to learn more of the beauties which are here.

A small but earnest band of artist workers have already done wonders with Marin County scenery; and at the first Exhibition of the County Association there will be a pleasant surprise in store, in the wealth of canvases already on the road to fame.

A beautiful instance of journalistic courtesy and appreciation of the ethics of the profession and of art, was shown by a recent occurrence in regard to Tamalpais.

The ever-alert Examiner has placed a marine observatory on the highest peak—

BUT, it was painted white!

Art just screamed!

The Newsletter championed the cause of art, with a mild protest. The Examiner, instead of fighting back or sulking, changed the color to a neutral tint which melts in harmoniously with the surrounding rocks.

It was kind on the part of the Newsletter to champion the cause of art.

It was a graceful act on the part of the Examiner to voluntarily obliterate such a valuable advertisement.

Perhaps the newspapers are not as bad as they have been painted.

What It Is, And How

"We don't know what it is," said a book-store young lady in answer to a question about The Golden Hinde.

So, this is "what it is":

A small magazine. The only one in California printed and published north of San Francisco.

The only periodical in the United States which is printed on hand-made paper, "on one side only."

One of the few which does not carry advertisements.

The only periodical which is printed on a hand-press from hand-set type.

Not because it is cheaper, but because the Publishers like their work for the pleasure of doing it. Because they are devotees of the craft.

The paper used for The Golden Hinde is made in China by hand, and costs more than a machine-made bond paper. Nos. 1 and 2 were printed on Bok Chi; No. 3 on Wong Chi, or imperial paper. This number is printed on Nuk Chi Ban, a lantern paper, and the stiffening between leaves is Fo Chi or fire paper, which was used in China for tinder before introduction of matches.

The Golden Hinde is not so much in itself as that it may encourage others who have ideas, to carry them out.

Its aims are to encourage the preservation of legends and landmarks—to increase the love of outdoors and of nature.

It is printed and published at "The Castlette," a little building standing on the mountain side of Cortemadera, Marin Co.

Here, looking out upon the moun-

tain to the west, and over the chain of Bays of San Pablo and San Francisco on the east, we write and set type and run the lever of the hand-press, whilst the wild Auster howls about the merlons of the tower.

Editors of the great world power papers from the metropolis come to visit, and sometimes set a page of type just to show that they too once made a small beginning and still remember the lay of the case.

Some people wonder how a magazine, even small as it is, can be entirely produced without modern "labor-saving devices."

But the wonder is the other way. The workers on The Golden Hinde work for the pleasure of it. The apprentices are in high rivalry as to who shall have next turn at the hand-lever. The journeyman will not leave his case even when luncheon stands waiting on the table, set by the fair hands that do the binding.

There are, of course, "office rules." There are in every printing office, just as there is an office towel. One of the eleven thousand rules in the "Castlette" is that no one must talk unless they wish to. Another is that as soon as anybody gets cross in the afternoon, all hands must stop for tea. You know that funny feeling always comes about 4 o'clock.

Work is a pleasure if it is work that you love—and no one should do any other kind.

The captain and crew of The Golden Hinde are sorry when work is over, and look pleasantly toward the time when increased circulation will require all of their time, and more help, too.

Prosequens Bivalvi Saevi

Written and put into type for the "Golden Hinde" by W. J. W., Official Clamologist.

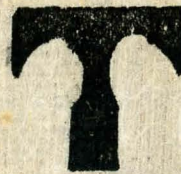
"Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death." Clam hunters are similar. There is no close season, and during months with r's or without r's the pursuer of the clam is abroad in the land. And what is the result? Clams are becoming tougher every year through the development of their muscles in their efforts to escape the voracious hunters.

As in every sport, each clamhunter has his favorite instrument, and means of death. An eight-gauge gun is generally preferred. Some hunters use smokeless powder, and it has its advantages for a man who is merely clamming for clams. But he who goes out for sport pure and simple will prefer the unsmokeless variety, as the noise it makes often frightens timid clams into hysterics; and a flock of clams in the spasms of hysterics is even more amusing than the sight of a Filipino being civilized by means of the water cure.

As to dogs, I find that a cross of pointer, greyhound and bulldog is the best, as an animal of this kind has a combination of the hunting instinct, fleetness and pugnacity. In fact these latter qualities are the ones most to be desired, especially while hunting in the Cortemadera marshes. The clams there grow to an unusual size, and the long marsh grass has made them hereditarily lengthy of limb; and they will fight like tigers. Here is where the value of the bulldog

strain comes in. I find it a very good plan to have heavy canvas leggings for the dogs, as clams bite the animals' legs, more than any other parts of their bodies. Besides, it is not safe for people who are subject to hydrophobia to eat clams that have bitten dogs.

Clams are better than beer for fish-bait, and burned clam shells make hens lay eggs.



TAKE Dr. Plutoco's Poverty Pills

The Great Financial Tonic

Warranted to cure The worst Case of Chron-

ic & Long Continued Poverty in 3 Months or Money Refunded

Read this testimonial.

Dear Dr.

I have been a sufferer from Chronic Poverty for more than 20 yrs. & have used miles of Electric Belting without the least success. I have also taken hundreds of bottles of Poor-men's Medicines & gone to The Poor-house every Winter without relief. Wife heard of your wonderful medicine in a Fonograf & advised me to try it. Bought 6 boxes for £1 & commenced using according to directions. When I began I was so poor that I had to borrow all the money I got & had been reduced to the point of living on oysters & icecream.

Before the first box was gone, I commenced to feel money in my pocket every time I reached in there.

At the end of third box I had so much coin that I had to get a safe-deposit drawer to put it in.

If you will send me five more boxes I will permit use of my name on this.

Name furnished by The Swindlum Remedy Co.

CHURCH OF THE
HOLY INNOCENTS
CORTEMADERA

Archdeacon Emery in charge
SERVICES

Sundays --- Morning Prayer - 11 a.m.
Holy Communion--Saints Days 9 a.m.
Sunday School - - 10 a.m.
Ladies' Guild meets Wednesday 2 p.m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
OF CORTEMADERA
SERVICES

At Cortemadera School Hall at
Eleven o'clock each Sunday Morning
Sunday School at twelve o'clock
R. M. Smith, Pastor.
Ladies' Missionary Meeting on The
Second Tuesday of each month 8 p.m.

¶ ¶ Moonshine ¶ ¶

Moonlight In The Sierra

Ah!! the silver rays
They glimmer and glide
But they leave soon, too soon
For that mountain tall
Hides the shining ball
So I bid you good-night sweet moon
S. F. E.

The Dream Moon

Swift swung the Moon
And fast Her silvering pencil flew
Painting Earth's picture on Her
somber face
That soundless rolled through
starry Space
Fast flew the pencil up and down
Seemed painting valley hill @
down
That sprung to sight as touched
with light. M. P.

Moon Ghosts

Strange dreams come into the sleep-
er's head
When the moonrays shine on the
sleeper's bed;
They are rays from a world that is
stiff and dead
Gleams from the eyes of Moonmen's
Ghosts—
Glare of the Moon Ghost's gaze.
M. P.

On The Sands

Some subconscious mind is burning
Thoughts on mine as steel on steel
Hot heats cold until the welding
Makes both one and both anneal
.....

I lie on the sand and sing to the sea
@ the sea on the sand sings back to me
Both of us singing the same refrain
Of On and On and On Again.
I run on the shore @ race with the wave
And the wave on the shore runs race
with me;
I am a wave of the river of life,
While it's but a wave of the sea;
It breaks on the sands and its race is
done—
And me—what of me when my race
is run? M. P.

See the mist like greyish monks
Coming down the hill
Softening oak tree's mossy trunks
Wiping out the sunshine bright
Changing day to darkest night
H. G. E.

The Moon she sat at midday
In the middle of the sky,
Flaunting her borrowed radiance
Before her sister's eye.

The Creation of The Poppy

See the mist comes drifting, drifting,
Over a valley green and gold,
Where the fairies have been sifting
Shining sunbeams on the mould.

Sunbeams, sunbeams, softly falling,
Blotted out by clinging mist,
Answered to the Brownies' calling—
Changed into the flowers they kiss'd.

So the sunbeams bright and yellow,
Turned into the poppies fair;
Made their colors rich and mellow,
Framed the golden chalice rare.

—H. G. E.

—**—

The Ping Pong

A new variation of a New Game.

Requirements:

Two Players,

Two Baits,

Two Raquets,

Two Drums,

Any number of Flies.

The Baits—two bald-headed gentlemen—to be seated opposite each other a yard's distance, each holding a drum; the Players standing behind them. As the Flies, attracted by the bald heads, come in range, the Players knock them against the opposing drum. Small Flies say "Ping"; blue-bottles, "Pong."

This game is a great favorite with hosts, as it kills flies.

The Baits are relieved of the necessity of fighting their own flies, and the Players secure exercise—and all is infinitely amusing to lookers on.

—**—

It is not the man that people are peering at, nor is it his money either

that they are looking at. It's just this way:

Some of the people who have read books and thought thoughts, get arithmetical ideas in their heads and do sums by dividing the number of dollars in the country by the number of people in the country, and then they look in their pockets to find a pleasant little sum there.

When they do not find it, they go looking about with a sort of an injured expression, as to say: "Who has got that money, which, according to figures and statistics and the amount of work which I have been doing, ought to be in my pocket?"

That is one reason why a man with a large share of money becomes an object of so much interest. It is the same kind of a feeling that makes the lean coyote take such deep interest in the welfare and doing of the fat sheep. Of course it is none of the coyote's business what the sheep does. The sheep minds his business, and the coyote should mind his, and not sniff in the air with such an inquisitive and personal manner.

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A small booklet is being gotten up of "Verses we wrote for The Golden Hinde," being the rhymes from the 3 spring numbers, reprinted, 10 copies on Nuk Chi Ban, a beautiful hand-made, fringe edged birch payprus; @ 10 copies on hand-made papier Lallanne—"charcoal paper," as it is known here. These will be bound as well as the crew of The Golden Hinde know how—which is not well at present. No more than the 20 copies will be printed. Price \$5 each.

Birdalone Letters.

Paul Elder & Morgan Shepard have issued the first of the wonderful Birdalone Letters to Children.

Most presents are gone and done with as soon as given.

Birdalone Letters will keep a child on tiptoe of expectation for a year.

The greatest delight in child life is in anticipation of pleasantly mysterious things to happen; such as the coming of Santa Claus, and the Easter Hen.

The Birdalone Letters will in many little minds be as pleasantly remembered. For they come from the wonderful Birdalone Hill—the only place on earth where fairies, sprites and gnomes are still to be found.

Some people may think the Birdalone Letters too romantic or imaginative.

In such cases, they should not allow the infants to read anything but Bowditch's Table of Logarithms.

For even historians romance, and lexicographers oft let their imaginations play; as for instance, in Johnson's Dictionary.

These are busy days and we do not have time to do anything. There is many a child that does not get a letter once in a weary year. It is a long wait, but we have no time to write.

The Editor of the Birdalone Letters can fill the gap in many a young life and relieve your mind of the burden of the letter that you feel you should write to the child.



The "Golden Hinde" will always be
found at the Bookshop of Paul
Elder and Morgan Shepard, San
Francisco, California.