

Maywood Colony - Corning, California

by Warren N. Woodson – 1920



WHERE DREAMS EVENTUATE

Looks like the world is moving to California: the rich, the poor, the ill, the well--the rich to spend, the poor to earn, the ill to mend and the well to live a larger life.

Lots of room yet--158,000 square miles, or sections, in California--a veritable empire of Nature's choicest offerings to mankind. 780 miles long and about 250 miles wide, possessing among other unique features, the highest mountains, the lowest valley, the highest waterfall, the tallest trees, and the largest liars in our Union of States. Naturally enthusiasm generates extravagant assertions.

To California come the rich to build and beautify, to hire and to help, to create the ideal in civilization. Some to the mountains, some to the valley, some to the seashore and some to the lakeside go. Diversity of environment here fulfills the ideals of all.

HERE THE PACIFIC BIDS YOU HALT

With an endless variety of natural advantages there are but 7,000,000 men, women and children here to enjoy the rare gifts of a generous nature. Think of it: New York City alone, resting upon a narrow backbone of rock claims an equal population.

Ever, since the day that Abram and Sara trekked westward from Mesopotamia, has the trend of migration been toward the going down of the sun. California is the western limit of the west. Here the Pacific bids home seekers and investors halt, and here it is that in time's own time will live a population equal to that of Japan or of Italy, 40,000,000.

THERE IS GOLD IN "THEM THAR" HILLS

Since the golden and glamorous days of '49, the days when first gold was washed in pan and rocker and sluice, there has lived a haunting dream and desire to live in this land of lure. And now, after nearly a century of primitive and modern mining only the surface of her auriferous treasure box has been scratched. Today, during seasons of rain or melting snow, thousands hie to the hills, pitch their tents and there discover and recover that golden metal, the love of which, it is said, is the root of all evil. Albeit, in "them thar" gulches, ravines, pockets and bars free gold will continue to be found just so long as man searches for it. The Maywood Colony lies within one hour's drive of numerous gold beds.

Yes, California is a country which challenges the vocabulary to adequately paint with words the magnitude, the grandeur and the enchantment of her many alluring features. She is a land where dreamers do and doers dream; the land of fruition for all rational fancies.

The climatic adaptation to plant life in California is quite similar to that of Italy, where 40,000,000 live, love, labor and sing, when brutal warfare does not intrude its cruel and murderous head and hands. The prosperous Italian population of California evidences the state's natural fitness to the taste of those natives of the boot-shaped nation. The wee empire of Japan, the land of diplomats and finesse, prospers a population of some 40,000,000 on no more acres than are contained in California. The Japanese, like the Italian, can, and does show us how, possessing as they do, the faculty of coaxing from the soil prodigious returns from what they plant and tend. They know how to bend the back and coddle the earth. The Californian prefers to work upright.

LAND OF ROD, CREEL, GUN AND SKI

Here, at Corning, near the head of the Sacramento Valley, nestling within the protecting walls of high coniferous covered mountains, we live in a land of enchanting charm, a location lavish in diversity of aspect, and rich in recreational allurements. Sixty auto-minutes translates the valley dweller to ever-green meadows, when not mantled with winter's snow. There at 5000 feet above the Pacific, where the rarified air is a sentient delight, as well as tonic to those weary of body and mind, go half the valley dwellers in the summertime. Here the primeval groves of towering cedar, fir, and pine are, to physical life, a potent elixir. here it is that in legal season come the denizens of the cities, with rod, creel, and gun; here, in regulated seasons, is the piscatorial playland, the haunt of the modern Isaac Waltons. From all quarters come mountain trout fishermen to indulge in this classic of relaxation and recreation. In the autumn time come the hunters of deer, for horns, hide and venison, but probably most of all to appease the ever lingering call of the wild. To the licensed hunter the law allows two deer a year. Even one more is embarrassing, expensive and dangerous. Here, too, are held annual winter skiing and ski jumping contests, as well as slalom and cross country races. With the advent of good roads, kept free from snow by government snow sweepers, this sport is vying with that of the seashore.

Practically the year round the lawful hunting season is open for some one of the several varieties of the edible feathered family-- quail, dove, pheasant, duck or goose. Quail, dove and pheasant frequent the colony orchards. An hour's ride takes one to the home of the deer. Now and then a Corningite is back from his hunt, with a deer, by 9:00 a.m., of the opening day of the hunting season.

Many who have passed the fiftieth milestone of their joyous life's journey through this charmed land rebel against walking and slipping on the pine needles of the mountain steeps in search of the elusive buck and turn to the less strenuous and food-find sport of sitting in a skiff, else on the stream bank and angle, cast or troll for the finny flesh. This is an abundant family whose habitat is the river Sacramento and the singing mountain streams which feed this noble waterway, which is but ten minutes' drive, over an oil-macadam road, from Corning.

The oldsters of Corning and community get their greatest thrill in hooking a fine red-fleshed salmon, weighing from 20 to 60 pounds. No fish is more delicious, either fresh or salted. During the open salmon season the river, at Corning, is flecked with small craft, some with a big umbrella and a reclining chair for the comfort of the fisherman. The piscatorial rendezvous of bass, striped and black, weighing from 5 to 10 pounds, are the quiet lagoons bordering the river's edge.

Four snow-fed streams, rising high in the mountains, which form the frame about this charming picture of the valley of the Sacramento, converge with this big river within 40 minutes' ride of Corning. These four streams afford a fascinating and plenteous setting for trout angling. Eastern Brook, Mountain and Rainbow trout. The alpine lakes, elevated some 5,000 feet, and three hours' ride from Corning, constitute an exhilarating zone for summer-time big trout fishing, Rainbow, Lochlaven and German Brown.

No other place in all America presents quite so accessible and physically thrilling a setting for skiing, jumping slaloming and cross country racing as is found and enjoyed in the Mount Lassen National Park, a pleasant high gear, two hours' ride from Corning, or 70 miles distant.

A national authority on game life has said that no where else in the United States can so great a variety of game be found in so small an area as in the country of which Corning is the geographical center.

Here it is that many valley dwellers own summer cottages to which the families go for one, two and three months of the summer season. In most instances the men commute at week ends. All practical needs are available at a mountain store, hotel, garage, and post office. The mountain resort local to Corning is known as Mineral, 60 miles distant, via a high-gear highway, a 90 minutes' ride.

HOME OF THE ORANGE, OLIVE, ALMOND

Here at Corning, 272 feet above, and 80 miles inland from the Pacific is a zone in which the orange, the olive, the almond, the fig, the peach, the pear, the prune, and the grape mature to super-perfection. Its adaptation to semi-tropical fruits is the best evidence of the kind of climate that is existent at Corning. Oranges, superb in quality, ripen here from four to six weeks earlier than in the Los Angeles region. Believe it or not, it's so, and capable of proof to all who care to come and see.

LAND IS THE SOURCE OF ALL WEALTH

And now, the big question is: what's the purpose of this seductive prologue? Bluntly and frankly, it's an intended bait to lure you to buy acres, or lots, in the Maywood Colony, or in Corning, a city of the sixth class, which place is the trading center of the Maywood and other colonies. O.K. What and where is Corning? All the world should know where Corning is, but unfortunately for the world it does not.

This homey little human habitation has been cussed and discussed, praised and damned, for the past forty years, and yet, and withal, all are not agreed as to its attraction or detractions, its mundane virtues and human vices. Just about 2000 folk call Corning home, and another folk call Corning home, and another 2000 live on farms little, and big, close by and tributary to Corning.

The spiritual element of the village has sponsored the erection and operation of ten churches. Not because Corning is so sinful as to require the redeeming influence of one church to each 200 souls of the town's population, but because of the lamentable diversity of man's interpretation of the edicts of the Book of Books, has so many units of worship been provided. As to whether so many churches are really needed I shall not deign to say. But, I do dare to say that without a church a town could neither be, nor remain a town. A church is man's traditional contact point with his Creator, and this contact, in some form, man must have, else humanity would drift into decay and ultimate oblivion.

Of schools, similar in importance to churches, Corning has two, high and grammar. Both are of concrete construction, and pre-arranged for expansion as needs develop. The gamut of instruction runs from kindergarten to qualifications required for entrance in the University of California and Stanford University. No other state in our Union boasts public schools superior to those of California.

At Corning, as at all small places, stores keep apace with the purchasing requirements of the contributing territory. Stores of all sorts capable of consuming all tendered money solicitously await the welcome patron. Two substantial banks invite the custody of all the money you want to deposit. Interest on deposits, at this writing, if allowed is 2 percent. Interest on loans are 6 and 7 percent, depending on the size and terms of the loan.

A cross-section view of Corning reveals a composite picture somewhat like this: two lawyers to adjust contrary wants; three physicians to heal your hurts and keep you from giving up the ghost; two dentists to eliminate your ivory and aid artificial mastication; three beauty shops to give the bloom of youth to pallid cheeks, and pale lips, to make wavy hair that is straight, to transform gray hair to colors black, blonde, platinum or titian, as well as to give finger nails any shape of tint desired; card clubs, of which Corning has the usual number, influence well groomed finger tips; three sets of tonsorial artists who keep man's face and head from going cave man; two cobblers who save the soles of men, women and children, and keep them straight--on their heels; three parlors for those who prefer soft to hard drinks; two saloons for he-men who prefer hard to soft libations; one steam laundry; two clothes cleaning and pressing places; one splendid movie picture place; two lumber yards; two hotels; several rooming houses; an electric light and power company; seven groceries; five butcher shops; four restaurants; one good bakery; two newspapers and job printing shops; one jeweler and watch repairer; three shoe and clothing stores; two

ladies ready-to-wear shops; three five and ten cent stores; two furniture stores; one hardware store; three plumbing shops; two drug stores; five extensive poultry feed and poultry markets; seven expansive plants for processing and canning ripe olives, barreling green olives and making olive oil. These olive plants afford employment for some 300 women and 75 men. About 500 men and women are employed during the olive picking season. Earnings run from one to five dollars a day, depending upon the dexterity of the picker. Generally women excel men.

Since old Dobbin has vanished from the farm, and wagons have become antique, but one village smithy remains in Corning, and he, to be modernistic, makes his anvil ring under a spreading fig tree.

To dilate upon the climate of California is sort of like discussing the climate of heaven, for frequently is heard "My, but isn't this climate heavenly?" Some wise-cracker has declared that Californians blow a lot about their climate, yet do nothing about it. All who read or travel are familiar with it. In this country can be felt all gradations of temperature, from 20 below in the bordering mountains to 100 above in the valley, and folks thrive on this variation of temperature. In two hours time one can go to any degree of temperature that is preferred. Probably the best tell-tales of our climate are the orange, the lemon and grapefruit, which are generally found in home yards as well as in groves. Ripe oranges, golden and sweet, hang on the trees for six months out of the year. Grapefruit and lemons grow gross if left long on the trees, so like the pear, are picked at maturity and grow mellow with time.

Corning, with its 30,000 acres of small fruit, poultry and dairy farms is run through by the Southern Pacific railway and State Highway 99-W, which runs through Washington, Oregon and California. Corning is 180 miles north of San Francisco; 125 miles north of Sacramento, and 18 miles south of the county seat, Red Bluff. The same line of latitude that runs through the center of Philadelphia runs through the middle of Corning.

The tract of land known as Maywood Colony embraces about 20,000 acres clear, level and undulating land which, 50 years ago, was one of California's extensive wheat farms. Today it is a subdivision of some 2,000 ten-acre lots, each of which faces on a 40-foot avenue which leads into Corning, which place is the appropriate center of this community of small farm homes.

HERE IS SUFFICIENCY WITH SECURITY

During these times \$10,000 loaned on land earns \$600 a year, provided the earnings are such that the interest can be collected; on well rated bonds about \$400 a year, provided legal entanglements do not involve the security; \$290 a year on postal deposits, which is as safe as Uncle Sam is safe, and in some banks \$200 a year, and this investment is likewise as secure as Uncle Sam is safe, up to \$5,000, which amount is the limit of governmental insurance. So closely are the transactions of banks scrutinized under the current banking laws that all banks are safe depositories.

In the Maywood Colony, at Corning, California, the same sum will make you the absolute owner of 10 to 20 acres of land, with a comfortable home and with an orchard of olives and almonds which will earn for the owner from \$1000 to \$2500 a year. Ten thousand in a home and California acres gives to one the joy of ownership as well as a full measure of peace of mind.

LUXURIES ROUND THE HOME

Here, at Corning, because of the prevailing temperatures, one can embellish the front yard by planting, for family use, a couple each of orange, lemon, and grapefruit trees. About the backyard, should be set a couple of figs, white and purple, to dry, preserve or serve fresh with cream at breakfast. A couple each of freestone and cling peaches, apricots, pears and plums, so that fruit ripe, and fresh from the tree, may be picked throughout six months of the year. A grape covered arbor, trellised berries of several varieties, a wee strawberry bed and a garden plot. Just over the orchard fence should be the yard for a dozen, or so, hens to consume the kitchen scraps, and adjoining the hen yard, a small plot of alfalfa, or Ladino clover from which a bit should daily be cut and thrown over to the egg-mills. Prepared hen food is available at any of the several poultry markets in Corning. Thus we gather eggs that are beyond suspicion for cake, custard, ham, eggnog, and shampoo. And, aside from the intrinsic value and the food pleasure that Bidy tenders, her song is far from unpleasant to the human ear, and her exultant declaration that she has just made her economic contribution to the family larder is a welcome sound to mortal ears.

Most homes keep a Jersey, some a goat. Each fills an important niche in the domestic commissary.

Some day you may fall for the urge to trek to California. When you do, come to Corning and the Maywood Colony, and look up this old, bald boy who, for 45 years, has held this fort and happily located a multitude of home-seekers.

But, as much as I desire to build a bigger community here, I do not wish to do so at the sacrifice or expense of any one. My general advice is that if you are feeling well and doing well where you are, don't move. But, if you're bound to move, make a good move by moving to California and the Maywood Colony; because when you purchase a piece of the earth for a home it is not so much what you pay as what you get--the best is none too good. At Corning you get the best, when all contributing conditions are considered.

If my story appeals to you, as it has to thousands of others, ask for my descriptive price lists.

The Bank of Corning, Corning, California, will without cost to you, act as your escrow agent, securing from me for you title that is insured by a Title Insurance Company. I'd like to serve you, if I can serve you well.

SEND FOR MY PRICE LIST OF READY-MADE PLACES.