

IMPERIAL PRESS

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HENRY C. REED, Editor and Manager

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THE IMPERIAL PRESS

Owing to delays in getting a building ready for the housing of the printing plant, we were unable to issue the first number of the PRESS as early as announced.

The paper will be published Saturday of each week in the interest of Imperial, the Imperial country and the people of the country, our special aim being to give the public all the reliable information that can be obtained regarding this country and progress of the enterprise being carried on here.

No effort will be spared on our part to make the PRESS second to none in the Southwest, and to make it a credit and benefactor to this section of the country. To this end we ask the cooperation of all the people of the Imperial country, and of those interested here.

THE COLORADO RIVER

Mr. H. P. Wood, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, who is perhaps doing more than any other man in the county to bring before the people the vast resources of San Diego city and county, and who accompanied the Imperial Editorial Party to this section last week, is author of the following:

In a small corridor back of the Senate Gallery, in the Capitol building at Washington, may be seen Moran's great painting of the canon of the Colorado. Viewing this for the first time one is greatly impressed by the greatness of the artist who transferred this marvelous scene to canvas; but, believing that in the economy of nature nothing is done without purpose, one can but ask why is it that the restless energy of moving water has chiseled out this great gorge, constantly tearing away and grinding up boulders and earth, in its onward course through countless ages past; it surely was not that man might wonder and exclaim at the beauty and grandeur of the scene. No, it was for a grander and nobler purpose. That all wise Being, whose works we reverence, was but slowly developing a plan to provide homes for a favored race. The arm of a great sea penetrated far inland from the western slope of what we have called the American Continent; its purpose being fulfilled, a bar of sand and silt was thrown across the gulf, the waters of the stream diverted and slowly through thousands of years the best parts of the soil along the course of the mighty stream were patiently carried and dropped on this reclaimed land, changing the salty marsh into a fertile plain, then having completed this work the waters again ploughed a channel into the gulf, wasting into the sea. A long period of waiting followed, but at last the time has come and the men have been found to carry into effect the plans of Providence. Within a short time the waters of the Colorado river will cease their useless

career and provide the means for awakening into life this great and favored land which a decade hence thousands of people will call home. Let all honor and credit be given to R. C. Rockwood, George Chaffey and S. W. Fergusson, who have been chosen among all men to complete this great and beneficent industry.

H. P. Wood.

TO INDIAN WELLS VIA BLUE LAKE

They say that some men are marble-hearted, cold-blooded, and callus, but beneath the vest of Millard F. Hudson, the genial manager of the Hotel Imperial, there beats a big, warm heart. We arrived in the town of Imperial Sunday, March 22, and registered at the hotel for a week, and, although the facilities for accommodating guests in the new town are limited, we were made to feel ourselves perfectly "at home," and were indeed very comfortable. The morning of the following Tuesday Mr. Hudson harnessed Bill and Dick to a vehicle and invited a party, of which we were happy members, to go for a drive over some of the country. He took great pains to explain everything of interest, which made the trip an instructive as well as entertaining one. The following is an account of the the days outing by one of the number:

One lovely morning late in march a party of six started from the new town of Imperial, on the Colorado desert, for a trip to Blue lake. For a distance of several miles we drove on over level, unbroken country, with little vegetation save an occasional Greasewood bush with its bright yellow blossoms. Before us the mirage pictured a lake. Beyond the lake Signal mountain, across which the International Boundry Line between two countries runs, loomed up in its beauty and grandeur, seemingly so near, yet miles away. Over lake and mountain lingered the beautiful blue light characteristic of this country. Off to our right were one or two small tracts of blown out lands. As we drew near the lake four tents came to our view, one we had been told was a saloon, but if any one of the party felt inclined to stop for a glass of beer the temptation was resisted, and we proceeded on our way through a grove of mesquit trees of the loveliest foliage. We reached the lake, which is about eight miles from town, at 10:30. This lake, three quarters of a mile in length and half mile in width, bordered with mesquit trees, which hang gracefully over its banks, alive with fish of different varieties, sea gulls, ducks, and other fowls swimming over its surface, was a body of water very pleasant to the eye. Blue lake is one of a series of lakes along the New river, which are filled with water through the year, though only getting their supply of water periodically from the Colorado river during the June high water. Notwithstanding their beauty, their remoteness from the beaten path has made them unknown to the present population of Southern California, tho they were probably well known to the older generation, for they are on the line of the old Butterfield stage route from Los Angeles to Yuma. Two miles from Blue lake, on this stage route just mentioned, and on the west side of New river, are the ruins of Indian Wells, a stage station, at one time a good sized adobe house. Numerous names carved in the walls showed it to be a picnicing place. As we found no water for our horses there, we drove back to the lake and stopped near a butcher's camp, the large collection of beef hides spread about showed that he had carried on a flourishing business. We settled ourselves in the shade, and did ample justice to the lunch Charlie, the excellent cook at the hotel, had given us. About two o'clock we turned our faces homeward, making good progress, as the wind, which commenced blowing about the time we started, came from the right direction to help us on our way. We reached Imperial at 3:30 with good impressions of the Imperial country, and pleasant recollections of our little outing.

IMPERIAL EDITORIAL PARTY

Reached the "Desert" City at High Noon Wednesday

Early Wednesday morning of last week the stars and stripes were raised to the top of the flag pole, which was a signal to every inhabitant that some distinguished folk were expected to visit the city during the day. It was the Imperial Editorial Party, which arrived about 12 M., and, after the usual shaking, brushing and dusting that follows such trips, did ample justice to the lunch that had been prepared for them at Hotel Imperial.

The afternoon was passed by the party in resting, viewing the city, with its beautiful (mirage) lakes of crystal water, seemingly in a stone's throw from any direction.

Thursday was spent in driving over the country, the editors, with General Manager Fergusson as leader, leaving here between seven and eight o'clock A. M., followed later by Miss E. Bertella and Mrs. Paul E. Fergusson, who took the lunch, connecting with the party at the new camp being established at the boundry line. Lunching in Mexico, they then turned toward Imperial, returning via Indian Well, on the San Diego and Yuma road, thence to Blue Lake and to the city, reaching here about 6 P. M.

One hour later, in the hotel dining hall, the following bill of fare was served:

GREEN ONIONS	RADISHES
	CELERY
FRENCH SALAD, MAYONAISE DRESSING	
BEEF LOAF, CREAM GRAVY	
SPRING LAMB, BROWN SAUCE	
ROAST POTATOES	STEWED TOMATOES
SQUASH PIE	GREEN APPLE PIE
MARBLE CAKE	
BLACK COFFEE	WINE

When the cigars were at length brought on, and Toastmaster Alles, of the Los Angeles Evening Express, had paid a happy tribute to the angels who had prepared the noon lunch, he offered the toast "Woman," to which A. F. Clark, the spring poet of the Riverside Daily Press, eloquently responded. General Manager Fergusson responded for the Imperial Land company and R. C. Rockwood for the California Development company. A. F. Clark offered a toast, "The Editors Have Come, Saw and are Conquered," to which Fred Alles responded: "I am not at all conquered. I came here expecting to see the most beautiful thing on earth, and I saw it." C. H. Eberle, of the Downey Champion, made an address, comparing the lands here to that of the Los Nietos valley, where a crop was raised each day in the year, and said: "I will never refer to this country as a DESERT again." E. J. Swayne of San Diego, made an address and said he felt more than ever like endorsing the opinion of the man who told the San Francisco minister that he didn't want to go to Heaven because HE lived in San Diego

county. Other speeches were made. L. M. Holt told of the sugar train extending from Yuma to New Orleans and George F. Weeks of the Alameda Daily Encinel, made a motion to adjourn, which carried after the following resolutions were read by Fred Alles and adopted by the party:

The editorial party invited by the California Development company and the Imperial Land company to visit the Colorado river, the heading to the Imperial Canal and the lands to be irrigated by such system deem it but justice to the public to make the following statement:

FIRST: The Present.—It is a recognized fact that the Colorado river has for ages past poured its large volume of water into the sea without being of any practical benefit to mankind;

That the Colorado desert is a vast tract of naturally fertile desert land, which with a good supply of water would be very productive;

That separate these two elements are worthless, but united they would be productive of great wealth;

SECOND: The Present.—An examination of the water supply, which is practically unlimited, and the great Colorado desert, demonstrates the fact that the California Development company has now solved the problem of putting this water on the desert;

That the public has endorsed this work by securing land from the Government and water rights from the company to the extent of over one hundred thousand acres;

That this irrigation system is furnishing an abundant supply of water at remarkably low rates for the right and for the water;

THIRD: The Future.—That by reason of this great work of reclamation half a million acres of choice land will be opened for settlement and Southern California will be benefited by the addition of thousands of people to our population and millions of wealth to our assessment rolls.

Committee:

FRED L. ALLES,
Los Angeles Evening Express;
W. S. MELICK,
Pasadena News;
H. P. WOOD,
San Diego Union;
A. F. CLARK,
Riverside Press;
J. W. JEFFERY,
Los Angeles Times.

The newspaper men left about eight o'clock Friday morning for Flowingwell via Sunset Spring on East Side, with G. W. Bothwell as leader, and accompanied by R. C. Rockwood, S. W. Fergusson, Miss E. Bertella and Mrs. Paul E. Fergusson. The editors spent Friday night in a sleeper side tracked at Flowingwell, going to Los Angeles the following day.

OUT at Indio they will have great melons and vegetables this year, and Los Angeles may expect early garden productions in abundance, size and crispness. The Indio and Imperial countries are sure to yield prolific returns. One has artesian water, the other a canal of water broad enough to float their products from point to point and have an abundance for irrigation purposes.—San Diego Union.

THE tenth annual meeting of the National Irrigation Congress will be held at Colorado Springs, Friday, July 12, immediately preceding the Trans-Mississippi Congress, which meets at Cripple Creek, July 17.

THE death of Mrs. Etta Benter, who died suddenly in Los Angeles, March 31, according to the verdict of the coroner's jury, was due to the brutal language of her husband.