

MYSTERIES AND MOODS OF THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS ON AMERICA'S DEAD SEA: WHEN IT THREATENED TO OVERFLOW THE CITY

Of the Great Salt Lake—yet not great—for it is fast becoming smaller and smaller, there is a man in this city who can speak like one having authority. And why should he not be able to say something of interest, something out of the ordinary about it? For thirty-seven years he has ploughed through and sailed over its saline waters—studied its moods and mysteries as no one else has. That man is Captain D. L. Davis, who has lived upon its surface in fair weather and foul; who has visited every island and bay within its boundaries, not once, but scores and hundreds of times. When first he commenced to explore its unknown corners and look with the eye of a student upon the characteristics that baffled layman and scientist alike, the lake was low—very low—but not as low as now. That was in the early sixties. Preceding that period there had been what has come to be known as a "dry cycle." The winters had given but little snow and the other seasons of the year had brought but little rain. Then there was a change and the lake level commenced to rise. It continued to rise for years until in 1878 it became so high that there were fears that it would reach if indeed it would not overflow the city. In consequence of this fear the county court appointed a commission to make an official survey and see if a deep channel could not be cut which would admit the water out on to the great desert to the north and west, and thus avert the threatened dangers. The survey was made and a not very encouraging report followed. But suddenly we hit another so-called "dry cycle," and the lake commenced to recede; and recede it has continued to do until the present day when the whole scientific world is watching with marvelous interest an aquatic tragedy, the like of which has never been recorded in history. What the CAUSE is no man knows; what the RESULT will be no man can tell.

THE unfortunate culmination of the Wells-Pomeroy-Larkin bathing episode at Saltair last week has caused a vast deal of comment on the moods and mysteries of the Great Salt Lake. The thrilling experience of the two first named, and the tragic fate of the last, has led many to say that the lake is a most "treacherous body of water," that it is impossible to forecast one hour what the weather will be the next, that a placid surface may be turned into a tempestuous sea in a few minutes; that, in short, hidden dangers attend the trusting and unwary.

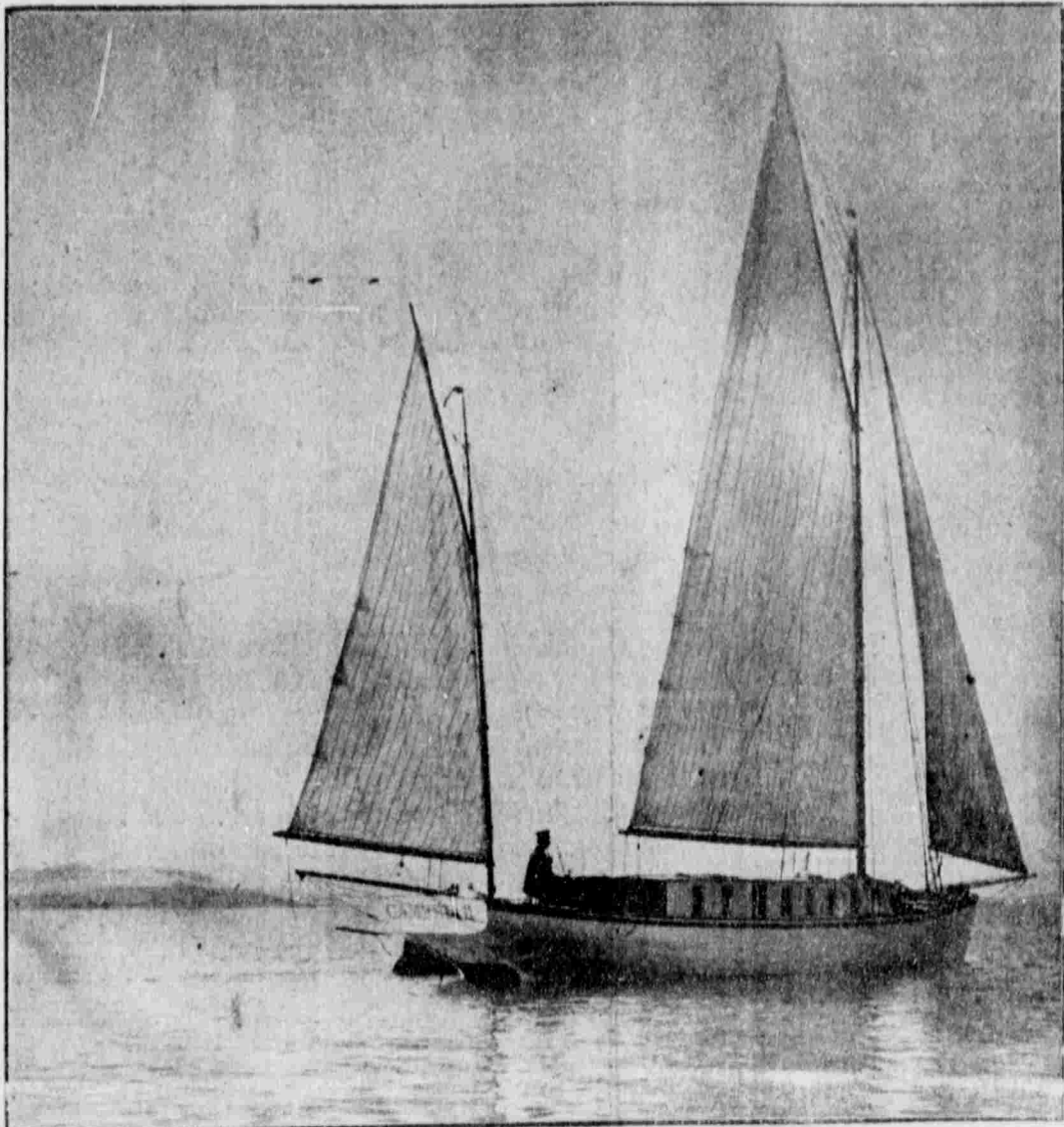
The truth is, these statements are about as extreme as the utterances of an excited public usually are. The lake is no more treacherous, no more dangerous than other bodies of water of great magnitude, aside from its saline strength; nor do storms arise more suddenly. The close observer of meteorological conditions can almost invariably read the signs of an approaching storm and prepare to meet it. Of course if he fails to note that the clouds are gathering and that the elements are marshaling their forces for a gale that will buffet the waters and make unsafe his own presence in the deep, he may be endangered. But that fact will stand as a fact in every similar body of water on the globe. And bathers here as elsewhere, venture far beyond the lines that admit of a quick return to the pavilion in the event of a squall. When one thinks of the tens of thousands who annually bathe at Saltair he can find food for comforting thought in the fact that there has been but the one death recorded above. It is doubtful whether any other bathing resort in all the land can boast such a showing. The fact that it is the only fatality of the kind rather proves that the lake is not

treacherous; that it is not dangerous; that, on the contrary, it is marvelously safe.

A MAN WHO KNOWS.

These and other facts of public interest at this particular time were made plain to a "News" representative during the week in an interview with Captain D. L. Davis of the Cambria II. And the captain speaks from experience. That will be conceded when it is known that he has been a sailor upon the lake for the past 37 years. When asked to state how he took to aquatics he smiled the query, "Why does a duck take to water or a fish swim?" But he said, "I will tell you some things that may be worth publishing just now," and this is what he told:

"I first commenced to study the lake in 1866. I was a young man in those days and as full of a love for the sea as any Viking that ever stroked an oar or set a sail. In the early part of that year I built and launched the Eureka. She was a small sloop-rigged boat, not much over 20 feet in length, but a good one, and one that gave much pleasure to myself and friends. At that time my father lived at Willard and I took many a cruise up and down the Jordan between that place and the Hot Springs Lake from which and into which I went and came as often as my work permitted. My first trip of any length covered a period of three days and was undertaken with Edwin Rawlings of this city as a fellow-sailor. It didn't amount to much beyond giving us personal information with regards to the geography of the lake and the discovery of certain currents of which we knew nothing before. I had that boat for a number of years and then sold it to Jeter Clinton, who took it to Lake Point in the days when he had a



THE CAMBRIA II, CAPTAIN DAVIS AT THE HELM.

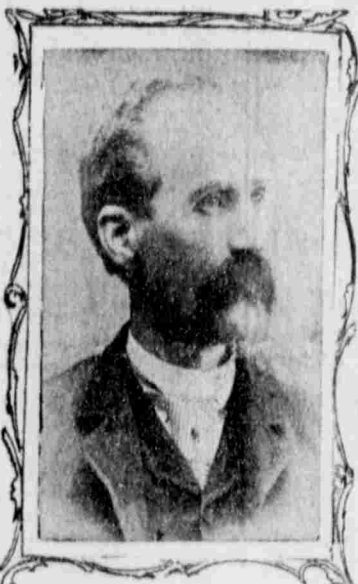
big hotel beyond Garfield. There it remained for a long time.

THE WATER WITCH.

"My next boat was the Water Witch. It was built for me at Centerville by a Mr. Whitaker, father of Director General Whitaker of the Utah Exhibit at the St. Louis Purchase Exposition. On that I took innumerable cruises. These covered every part of the lake; every island; every bay. Sometimes the weather was good; generally it was so. Sometimes, however, it was not. But it never gets as rough as many people imagine. They talk about its great waves. Well, there are no great waves in the Salt Lake at any time. The highest are seldom over four feet deep, with a trough of four feet more, making a wave of about eight feet high from this standard of reckoning.

WHEN LAKE WAS HIGHEST.

"You have asked me about the lake—how low it is likely to get—how high it has been within my recollection," continued Capt. Davis. "Well, I can't answer the first part of the question, but I can distinctly answer the latter portion of the query. There was a time when the lake was so high, since my residence in Utah, that some people



CAPTAIN D. L. DAVIS. Man Who Knows the Great Salt Lake in All Its Mad and Merry Moods.

nervously inclined, and some who were not, actually thought the rising waters threatened the safety of the city. The fear was not wholly groundless. In

1873, I think it was, the county court in answer to the petitions of the farmers and many citizens appointed a commission or surveying party to cross the lake and ascertain if it were not feasible to cut a canal that would lead the waters out on to the great desert, where they could evaporate. This action was on account of the fact that the lake had been coming up for years and overflowing the farms between there and the city and even threatening the city itself, apparently, though subsequent events proved that the city was not actually endangered.

"It happened to be my lot to take that party out. We were gone about a week, starting from the Hot Springs Lake, which up to a short time before had been filled with great quantities of fresh water fish, which, however, had been killed by the encroachments of the salt water. The surveying party had as its head, Charles Hardy, brother of Doctor Hardy of Provo. Well, we found that it was not practicable to 'let the lake out' and we came back. A report was made but before there was time to even attempt to carry the water off, the lake commenced to recede and it has been in the receding business ever since, except for two or three years

WHEN THE LAKE WAS AT OUR VERY DOORS: FAST IN THE ICE FOR THREE DAYS AND NIGHTS

Comparatively few of the newer generation of our citizens realize that there was a period when the lake was at our very doors, so to speak. For instance, it takes an old-timer to remember that the Hot Springs lake was once used by the Salt Lake Yacht Club as a harbor; or that the sloughs just beyond the Pettit farm, over Jordan, afforded a haven for the club for years; that both of these places were covered with water sufficiently deep to sail in and out of what is now the lake. Later still a port of safety for boats of considerable size was found in the levels where the Inland Crystal Salt company's ponds are now located on either side of the road leading to Saltair. It is a matter of general information that this inland sea was once Lake Bonneville and that as such it covered a vast area in this region, as shown by the geological tracings of its shore lines on the mountain sides and plateaus above the city. That is an accepted fact. But that was long ago, strange to say, so long, that it is now readily recalled, while the time when it was "high in the valley" is entirely overlooked. What Capt. Davis has to say on the matter will be read with interest. Another item of interest he calls attention to is the popular supposition that the lake never freezes. That is a grave mistake. He says he has frequently seen a solid sheet of ice whose area was more than 20 miles across. On one occasion he was caught in one of these floes for three days and nights without food or water and the experience was as rigorous as that of an arctic expedition. These conditions ensue only near the mouths of the rivers, where the inflow of fresh water is so heavy as to cut down the per centage of brine and make it "freezable." But they do ensue always in very cold weather and thus a widely prevalent belief that ice is never seen in the Great Salt Lake, is effectually dispelled.

SALT LAKE YACHT CLUB.

"In those days the Salt Lake Yacht club was an organization of considerable proportion and it had a flotilla of no little importance. I had a crew of six or seven men and was commodore of the fleet. Capt. Milton H. Barrett, was vice-commodore and had a crew of similar size; his boat was the Petrel. Then there were several other crews. We used to sail down the river past Pettit's farm, fishing and hunting to our heart's content, for game was abundant in those good old times. We had a harbor at North Point beyond the Farm and a safe and pleasant haven it was. In later years we had a good port where are now the ponds of the Inland Crystal Salt company, a few miles east of Saltair.

"O, I mustn't forget to tell you that other members of the surveying party I have referred to were Dr. Walter Pike, John F. Hardy, brother of the actor of that period, Harry Emery, now husband of Katie Putnam, the actress, T. V. Williams and the late George Bourne and some others. It was a pleasant expedition and took us out beyond where the Ogden-Lucien cut-off is being built by the Southern Pacific. I can remember Harry Emery sitting away out on the far end of a 12-foot plank for hours at a time with a line about his waist to keep the boat level as we carried no ballast, it being unsafe to do so. Harry used to get sleepy some time and asked to be relieved; but big, good-natured fellow that he was he stuck to his post like a hero. Fortunately he never tightened the life line a single time by falling into the water, but he came mighty near it more than once.

CORINNE'S BOON DAYS.

Speaking of the old City of Corinne, or

Garfield as the boat was called later, Captain Davis said: "It was built in the seventies by the Central Pacific people and did much to boom the town of Corinne, which at that time was young and ambitious and desirous of becoming the capital of the territory. The boat plied between Corinne and the south end of the lake, carrying passengers, ore and material of divers kinds from Tooele county points to Corinne. It made regular trips for a considerable time, and did a profitable business. But the boom went to smash in Corinne, and the boat's name was changed to Garfield, after the visit of the president to Utah, and the bathing resort west of Black Rock shared the title which it bears to this day, while the old craft, the most pretentious that ever sailed the lake, lies, a hopeless wreck upon the sands of the shore."

THE CAMBRIA II.

Today the Cambria II is the best known boat on the lake, though the Southern Pacific has much larger and stronger ones at the Lucin cut-off. It was built by Captain Davis, and is a double hull affair, yawl-rigged and equipped with an eight-horse power motor, driving a pair of reversible twin screw propellers which can be feathered when the vessel is under sail. She is 41 feet long and has a 14 foot beam, and sleeping and cabin accommodations for 12 persons. It makes from six to eight miles an hour under power, and frequently 10 to 12 miles an hour under sail without power, in favorable winds. She was launched two years ago and is a safe and unsinkable cruiser, owing to the fact that she is double hulled. Altogether she is a modern and up-to-date boat, and one in which the captain and his son take great delight.

In Balmy Pacific Grove

The California Resort to Which Many Utah People Are Turning as a Summer Resort.

Special Correspondence. Pacific Grove, July 25, 1903.—Temperature Christmas day, 65 degrees; temperature July 15, 65 degrees; temperature in spring and fall, the same. Altitude from 6 to 29 feet above the sea level. Winter population, 2,000. Summer population, 10,000. Distance from San Francisco, 130 miles south. Sewerage system, first class. Saloons, none; gambling houses, none; churches, without number; hotels two. Lodging houses, like the sands upon the sea shore. City government, strict for order, no Sunday sports tolerated.

This, in a paragraph, tells something of the status of Pacific Grove, the resort on the western sea coast, to which so many Salt Lakeers have repaired during the present season. Judging from the expressions of rapture in which they are all indulging, the number will increase with each recurring year. The place is, in fact, a Paradise for ladies and children, especially for those whose nervous systems need a change from the mountain altitudes of the interior.

Pacific Grove is just now in the midst of its liveliest season. Owners of houses get from \$20 to \$40 a month for small structures, which in the winter

go begging for one-third the money. Why this should be so is remarkable, since the thermometer registers the same mid winter and mid summer alike, the bathing is better in winter than in summer, the foliage is greener, and the flowers are more fragrant. It is probably due to the fact that the great bulk of the tourist traffic here is from the hot towns on the interior of California; they come to the sea shore for a change in summer, but their winters are not severe enough to send them away from home. In time, when the fame of the place as a winter resort, spreads to the Rocky Mountain states, it is bound to enjoy a boom during the cold season that will rival the summer rush now in evidence.

The Groveltes feel a just and pardonable pride in the record of their beautiful little city. It is less than 30 years since it was founded by a group of Methodists, who laid down the strictest rules for its government, and every new comer into the community had to conform to these rules. No saloons, no gambling, no racing, no theaters, no card parties, no dancing, no carousing of any disorderly sort—these were some

of the precepts that guided the lives of the inhabitants. The place is now a regularly incorporated city, and there is a greater laxity in its government than of old, but even now dancing is frowned upon—that is dancing in public halls—a theater is a thing unknown, saloons and gaming houses are rigidly excluded, and the mayor and city council debated long and earnestly before they allowed a ten pin alley to be set up in a tent. It was allowed, however, and the city has been almost rent in two with discussions over the innovation.

"Police far niente" is the guiding motto to that night with fitness be inscribed over the doorways of Pacific Grove. The balmy air, the soft breeze from the pines on one side, the breath from the ocean on the other, all mingle to incite one to rest, to laziness, to dreaming away the hours. This seems the principal occupation of the throng of visitors. The children paddle in the ocean and play in the sands; the grown people lie about the shore and watch them, or leave them to themselves, and go to sleep on the beach. Those who incline to a more active existence, can promenade to their hearts' content along the picturesque rocky shores, or form picnic parties to visit the wonderful pine forests on the hill sides. As for the drives, nothing like them is known up and down the entire coast. The roads are kept in beautiful condition, sprinkled with oil instead of water, and the "seventeen mile drive," famed all over the west, is a wonderful stretch of road, hard as a pavement, running along and above the ocean, through the trees, past wonderful scenic spots, and winding in its course, through historic Monterey and the grounds of the famous Del Monte hotel. These two paved places, lie only three miles from Pacific Grove, and Monterey is especially interesting. The place where the Catholic father, Junipero Serra, landed in 1776 is marked by a cross on the sea shore. The old mission houses he and his indefatigable corps of proselytizers built, are still preserved, and services are yet held in them. The ruins of the old dwellings are seen on every hand, and many of the fruit trees planted by the fathers are still standing. In Monterey, they show you the house formerly occupied by Robert Louis Stevenson, the old adobe building in which the first constitutional convention met in the state of California, and the church in which the bodies of 11 old Mexican governors lie buried; in your drive you cross the path where the last battle was fought between the Mexican and American troops, and in the heart of Monterey stands a house, still occupied by an old Mexican lady, a maiden, who they tell us, was the sweetheart of General Sherman when he was stationed here 50 years ago, who still cherishes his picture in her album, and who passed her youth believing that her soldier lover would return to her. Incidentally, too, Monterey, is held up to you by your Pacific Grove driver, as an example of a "free and easy" city

and as a striking contrast to her peaceful neighbor. In the former, saloons abound, and the cost to the county for police maintenance, is something prodigious, while at Pacific Grove the offices of police and justice are sinecures of the easiest sort.

Two malls a day come into Pacific Grove, and the scene at the postoffice when the distribution takes place, is of the most animated sort. Here it is that one gets an idea of the number of Salt Lakeers who are spending the summer in the Grove and each Tuesday morning the number of Saturday "News" handed out of the windows, would almost make one think he was in some Utah city. Here is a list of Utah people, one encounters at the postoffice, on the streets, or on the sea beach.

Mrs. W. W. Ritter and family have a cottage close by the shore; as her guests, Mrs. Ritter is entertaining Mrs. Goode, Mrs. Geo. Ellerbeck and Miss

J. D. Spencer and two children, Miss Ida Savage and Miss Annette Ferguson.

Miss Lucy Grant and Miss Leone Rogers are in a cottage not far off. Bishop H. B. Clawson and his granddaughter, Gladys Cummings, of San Francisco, are visitors at this cosy nest.

At the Hotel Del Mar are located for the summer, Mrs. W. J. Beattie, Mrs. C. S. Burton, Mrs. H. G. Whitney and Miss Josephine Spencer.

Miss Gratia Flanders and her friend, Miss Osterberg, were the central figures in a forest picnic the other day. Both ladies were seen frying potatoes over a camp fire, and might easily have been taken for gypsies.

Mrs. Anthony Gothe, Mrs. Mary Goode, Mrs. Geo. Ellerbeck and Miss

Geneve Knowlton are prettily located near the hillside.

Miss Tessie Williams and Miss Priscilla Smith are "bathing" in a bandbox of a cottage, and seem as snug as two bugs in a rug.

Three well known Ogden teachers, Miss Walker, Miss Snow and Miss Seaman are doing the resort together.

Miss Meeks, Miss Lloyd and the Misses Riley, Salt Lake teachers, are frequently met about the postoffice at mail time.

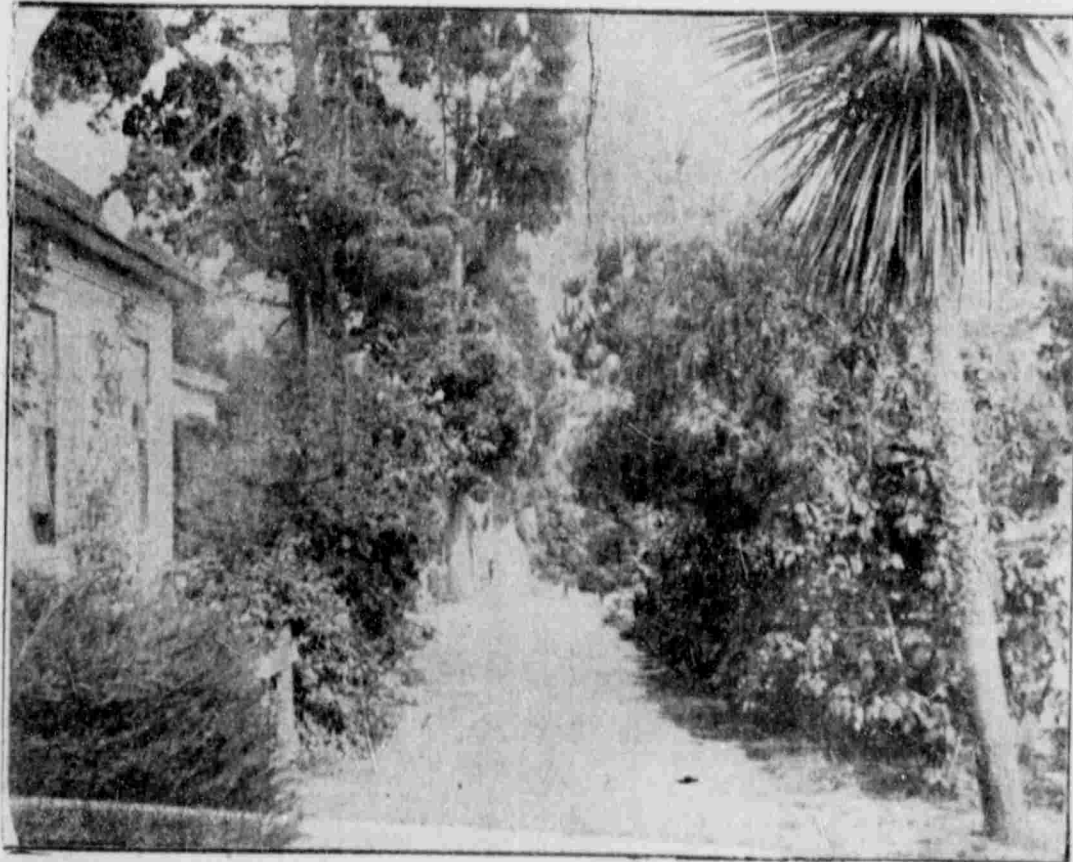
Mrs. June Sadler and Mrs. Winnie Walker and children have pleasant cottage quarters.

Mrs. F. E. McGurrian and Mrs. S. T.

(Continued on page ten.)



ON THE SANDS AT PACIFIC GROVE.



A PROMENADE AT PACIFIC GROVE.