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C O N T E N T S

Out West Problem of the Colorado, Illus.
Oct., 1906 Sharlot M. Hall

S. Doc. 212; Imperial Valley or Salton
59-2 Sink Region
Jan. 12, 1907

S. 7776, 59-2 Act for protection of U.S. on
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Ho. Doc. 586; Protection of Imperial Valley
64-1 By W. L. Marshall
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S. Doc. 103; The Colorado River
65-1 C. E. Grunsky
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Inst. of C. E. Irrig. project of the Califor-
1922-1923 nias, S. L. Rothery

S. Rept. 654; Boulder Canyon (Rec.) project
69-1 Senator Hiram Johnson
April 19, 1926

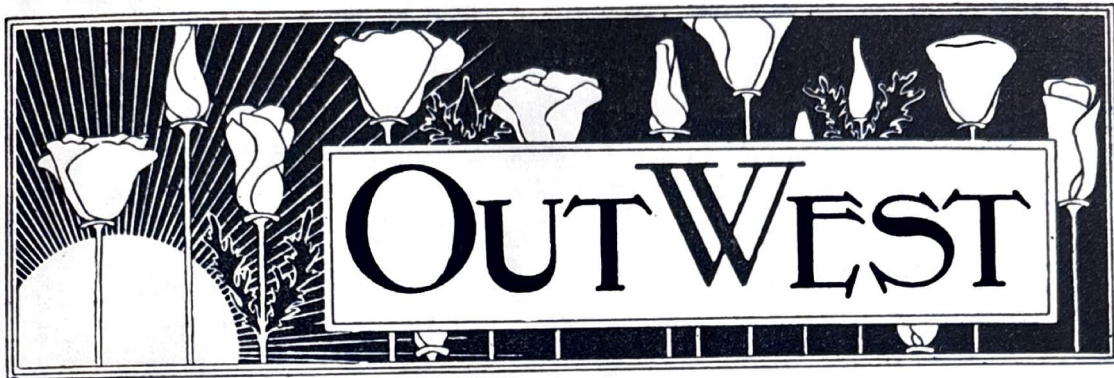
S. Doc. 113, Glen Canyon-Bridge Canyon and
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69-2
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S. S. Wyer Rept. Ohio Chamber of Commerce
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Ho. Report, 918 Boulder Canyon project
70-1
March 15, 1928

THE NATION BACK OF US, THE WORLD IN FRONT



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OCTOBER, 1906

THE PROBLEM OF THE COLORADO RIVER

By SHARLOT M. HALL.

Ye may bit and rein me a little space,
Ye may bind me to serve your transient race
For a day—a year—yet calm I wait,
Unmoved as the changeless march of fate;
Till, in the hour of your lightest heed,
Till, in the hour of your keenest need,
I rise resistless and claim my own,
Re-taking the ways my floods have known,
Ere ye came from the gates of birth
To harry your mother, the Earth.

—*The Song of the Colorado.*



NOTHING indeed is new under the sun, least of all under the hot, silent sun of the desert. More than a thousand years ago the peoples of Mesopotamia made league and led out the waters of the Tigris upon their fertile, sandy fields to turn a desert into a garden set with cities; and the river, shaken by earthquake and swollen by floods from its distant mountain source, quitted its channel by way of the irrigation canals and wandered, a wilful vagrant, on a new course to the sea, leaving to this day a desolate, desert where once was a rich and populous land.

The Yellow River, crawling down like a sluggish, over-gorged dragon through the lowlands of China, has made many a new trail and left the rice-fields buried in dry, hard-packed sand.

The Colorado of the West, wildest, most tameless, least tractable of American rivers, fights its way down through hedging, rock-ribbed mountains and deep-jawed cañons to a low, sandy delta of its own building, over which it has for ages taken its whimsical and uncertain way to the sea. A dozen times, perhaps, it has shifted back and forth at the will of chance—a log caught in some channel, holding a basin of dead water in which the silt dropped swiftly till a low but sufficient diversion-dam was builded—a mass of drift swung