Letter from the Editor:

This year's history walk ends with a reenactment of the 1890 land auction of the lots in Mill Valley. It will be set in Old Mill Park where Phineas Ferguson auctioned off the first properties. This culminates one hundred years of Mill Valley history. The atmosphere will be recreated with paper lanterns strung among the trees, and with Dick Spotswood playing the part of Mr. Ferguson.

The Review contains reprints from the original sales brochure, describing the area available for purchase. On the back side of the original brochure is the map that laid out the newly subdivided areas. We at the Mill Valley Historical Society hope you will become caught up in the fun and fantasy of our recreation of the original auction, and recapture the excitement of those first purchasers and adventuresome families who dared to settle in the wilds of Mill Valley.

— Marc Bruvry

Cover Photo

Chief Engineer Michael Maurice O'Shaughnessy, center, in front of the Tamalpais Land & Water Co., presently the site of Crittency Savings, O'Shaughnessy, better known for building the Hetch Hetchy Dam, began surveying Mill Valley on October 8, 1889 from his camp behind the present Lockwood Pharmacy Building.

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It all started in 1838 when Capt. Wm. Richardson received a Mexican Land Grant to 19,000 acres identified as Sausalito Rancho. The area covered much of Southern Marin, bordered on the west by the Pacific Ocean, on the east by Corte Madera Del Presidio Creek, on the north by Mt. Tam and on the south by the Golden Gate. Richardson was Port Capt. of San Francisco, built the first house in San Francisco and had extensive shipping and land interests. He leased most of the 19,000 acres to dairymen. By 1856, he was having financial problems and contracted with Samuel Throckmorton to manage the Rancho. Throckmorton was an agent for Eastern Mining interests. Richardson died the same year and his heirs gave Throckmorton the right to sell. In the dealings, Throckmorton obtained approximately 13,000 acres that covered from Tennessee Valley to Mt. Tam. Throckmorton built a "Hunting Lodge" called The Homestead at what is now the corner of Mountford and Ethel Ave. Throckmorton operated the property for approximately 30 years and was heavily in debt at the time of his death in 1887. His daughter settled $100,000 of debt by deeding 3,790 acres to the San Francisco Savings Union.
The bank in turn created the Tamalpais Land and Water Co. The Board of Directors included Joseph Eastland, Lovell White, Loyes James, H.M.A. Miller and Roger Magee. Eastland was President and had extensive railroad and power company holdings. He arranged for the Railroad to come from Alamo to Mill Valley. The railroad was in service by May 31, 1890. The streets, walks and lots were laid out by M.M.O'Shaughnessy. The auction was advertised in San Francisco newspapers. The pages following are a reprint of the brochure that was printed for the auction.

The site of the Old Mill was chosen as a focal point, and set aside as a public park at that time. Speaking of the original layout of the town, Mr. O'Shaughnessy said, "I designed Mill Valley on a unique plan, all streets on uniform grades, five or ten percent maximum — width of roads fifty feet, every lot having a street frontage." The street pattern was influenced by geographic conditions — the contours determining to a large degree the direction and grade. At this time, the property held by the Company extended only as far as the Arroyo Corne Madera del Presidio (the stream which flows down Bithedale Canyon), and determined the northern limit of the planned area. Referring to the map, it can be seen that the area north of this creek were planted later and do not relate too well to the original town site. The streets were built with pick and shovel and wheelbarrow.

The famed auction of lots was held May 30, 1890. The terms of the sale were:

"One-third cash; balance in one and two years, with interest at 7 per cent per annum. Ten per cent to be paid on day of sale and balance of cash payment at expiration of 15 days, which will be allowed for examination of title. Abstract will be furnished for examination.

"All deeds and contracts will contain a clause prohibiting the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors on the premises.

"The free and uninterrupted use of all streets and alleys will be deeded to purchasers, but no public dedication of the same will be made, thus making this property distinctly the choicest place in every way for a suburban home."

The 200 lots brought $300,000 at auction. Some present at the sale were disappointed that the lots sold were not more generous in size and they determined to secure sites outside the map if possible.

The price of lots at the first auction restricted the first residents to people with means. They were predominantly English and brought an element of leisurely living to the town.

On the following pages are excerpts from the original brochure that was printed for the auction.
A Revelation!

What a hard-headed San Francisco businessman thinks of Mill Valley

A better idea of the scenery and attractions presented by Eastland and Millwood cannot be formed than by perusing the following letter written by Mr. Bernhard Marks of this city, a gentleman of experience and one who does not go into raptures without good cause:

"For once fortune has smiled upon me," writes Mr. Marks. "I have a friend who, though in the main a practical business man, is given to sprams of poetic fancy. One moment he will insist on having a receipt in ink and signed with the full name of the payee for a payment of one dollar and twenty cents, and the next he will gush over a daisy or periwinkle till I get tired. On this occasion he came into the office just as I was moping around and dispiritedly closing desks and filing papers preparatory to leaving as usual on Saturday afternoon at 3.

"Say old fellow!" he began, in the excited manner usual with such temperaments, "come down to the wharf with me and take a trip to Mill Valley. I'll show you grassy slopes, sylvan glades, lovers' glens, natural bowers, fairy grottoes, a romantic ruin, winding roads, East Indian jungles, liquid crystal spouting from the solid earth, cascades, giant trees, a place of buried treasure, a baby Yosemite, a most wonderful bridge of Nature's make, natural rose bushes, a most romantic creek, ravines, babbling brooks, and if you have lost any bears and want to save the expense of advertising for them, I will show you their tracks and help you to recover them, perhaps; where you can see San Francisco with the naked eye."

I surveyed my friend as the newspapers tell us the managing editor surveys the spring poet. The somewhat contemptuous curl of my lip did not seem to affect him humility-wise in the least.

"Will you come?"

From the following pages are excerpts from original brochure that was printed for auction.
“O, yes,” he replied, and his eyes almost blazed with what I suppose is genuine poetic fire: “I’ll let you see me present this big box of candy to two of the prettiest girls in California.”

“That decides me,” I said. “I will go if you will assure me that I can get back inside of a month.”

“So haven’t you anything more alluring than what you have just scheduled, to entice a fellow four hundred miles from wife and nine children on one minute’s notice?” I asked.

“Inside of a month! Have I not told you that we will not get beyond eyesight of San Francisco?”

“What!” I said, with an attempt at romantic sarcasm, “stay within sight of San Francisco and rescue two pretty girls from an East Indian Rajah, living in his bungalow in the impenetrable jungle, and twenty minutes’ ride! O, come along!” he exclaimed, impatiently. “The steamer SAN RAFAEL leaves at 3:30; we will leave the boat at 3:35; we will leave the train at 4:15; we will look around till 5:15; we will reach the boat again and reach the boat at 5:35; we will reach San Francisco wharf at 6:00. The sun don’t set till 6:30.”

“Then I thought I saw through the joke. It was plain to me that we were merely going to make a call on the girls for whom the candy was destined, and while there I would be shown slopes, glades and glens, groves and trees, cascades, falls and brooks, rajah, bungalow and jungle; all in an album on the cementable. I felt my cholera rise, but was somewhat mollified by the thought that though all else might be shadow, that big box of candy could be intended only for real girls.

The trip from the city to Sausalito took only seven minutes more than from the neighboring wharf to the Oakland mole. But what a difference in scenery! In crossing to Oakland only Grant Island broke the monotonous twenty minutes’ ride. But here, in a few minutes, we had passed the shipping and ever-tugging tugs and had reached bowing and picturesque Alcatraz. A few minutes later we had left Alcatraz in the rear, and had come upon beautiful Angel Island, with its military landscape relieved by villa-like residences. Hardy had got a full look at the angelic island when we were past it; and in full view of Raccoon Strats and Tiburon. Then Sausalito came into view, and the crowds aboard began preparations to land. In less than two minutes the train started for Mill Valley. In twenty minutes we were there. On the way we had passed numerous most eligible sites for marinette, whose building has been delayed by the litigation involved in the Spanish grants, which once covered all this fair region, but which litigation is now happily ended.

Only forty-five minutes from San Francisco, and what a scene! I wish I could reproduce the sighs, sobs of my poet friend. I think the place fully deserves all the romantic praise lavished upon it freely, but it is more congenial to my temperament to take a simple sober view of the place and its capabilities.

I saw a topography such that a very few acres would include a naturally-drained building site, a gently-slipping wound of flower pot soil fit to make into a vegetable garden—if I had said "cabbages" while standing there, I think my poetic friend would have murdered me in cold blood—an equal opportunity for a small orchard and berry patch, a little forest of quick-growing trees, many of them redwoods; a spring, a poultry range, a frontage on an ever-running creek, with most in it a pleasant road, front and rear, a full view of the Bay, and perhaps, of San Francisco; a sunny climate, even when heavy fog envelope the crown of Tamalpais, and, perhaps, the streets of San Francisco, and a complete shelter from strong winds.

It seems to me that even a poor man might aspire to own all these features, when comprised in a very few acres, and I began to think that I had not been very severely played upon, even though all the real except the girls, were merely contained in the landscape album I expected to be referred to.

Passing on we came to the substantial ruin of the old saw-mill which gives name to the valley. This mill was built forty years before the discovery of gold in California. Although it has been in ruins many years, it nevertheless furnished redwood lumber at fabulous prices to Sacramento and San
An album on the center-table. It had a silver cover, but was somewhat lifted by the thought that though all might be shadow, that big box of candy be intended only for red girls.

On my return from the island to San Francisco, I was somewhat surprised when the long trip to the city took only seven minutes more than from neighboring what to the oakland.

To what a difference in scenery! In crossing to Oakland only Goat Island breaks the monotonous twenty minutes' ride. But even, in a few minutes, we had passed the dingy and eye-catching Alcatraz. A few minutes later we had left Alcatraz in rear, and had come upon beautiful oakland, with its military landscape veined with still-like residences. Hardly yet we got a full look at the angular island as we passed it in full view of the Stratton and Tiburon. Then the plush came into view, and the crowds began preparations to land. Less than two minutes the train started Mill Valley. In twenty minutes we were here. On the way we had passed numerous eligible sites for mansions, whose ding had been delayed by the litigation involved in the Spanish grants, which once covered all this fair region, but which litigation is now happily ended.

Only forty-five minutes from San Francisco, and what a scene! I wish I could reproduce the euphoria of my poet friend. I think the place fully deserves all the romantic praise lavished upon it freely, but it is more congenial to my temperament to take a simple sober view of the place and its capabilities.

I saw a topography such that a very few acres would include a naturally-drained building site, a gently-sloping yard of flowers not too fit to make into a vegetable garden—if I had said "cabbages" while standing there, I think my poet friend would have murdered me in cold blood—an equal opportunity for a small orchard and berry patch, a little forest of quick-growing trees, many of them redwoods: a spring, a pudding range, a frontage on an ever-running creek, with rose in a pleasant road, front and rear, a full view of the Bay, and, perhaps, of San Francisco, a sunny climate, even when heavy foys envelope the crown of Tamalpais, and, perhaps, the streets of San Francisco, and a complete shelter from strong winds.

It seems to me that even a poor man might aspire to own all these features, when contrasted in a very few acres, and I began to think that I had not been very severely played upon, even though all the rest, except the girls, were merely contained in the landscape album I expected to be referred to.

Passing on we came to the substantial ruin of the old saw-mill which gives name to the valley. This mill was built forty years before the discovery of gold in California. Although it has been in ruins many years, it nevertheless furnished redwood lumber at fabulous prices to Sacramento and San Francisco after their disastrous fires. It was for this mill that the old picturesque roads were made, and the trees cut whose absence is a gain in sunshine to this lovely region, and whose place is supplied by more numerous trees of equal grace through fewer years. The timbers in the old mill are ponderous, and as sound as when newly hewn and placed there. I began a rough calculation as to the money value of the good timber contained in the ruin, when I was somewhat tardily told that the land could be bought more easily than the ruin. It is the first mill erected in the state. Historic value! It is a ruin which artists will delight in. Artistic value! It is a scene which poets will resort to for inspiration. Poetic value! It is a place which lovers will frequent. Romantic value! It lends a charm to the scene which enhances its value as a site for some future more elegant resort. Commercial value! I kept the run of the items on the bill, but failed to supply the figures. So, after all, the computation was useless, but it seemed to entirely satisfy my friend, who appeared to be in a rapture. This was evidently the romantic ruin he promised to show me, and this was certainly substantial, and not, as I had suspected, a mere picture in a book. Could it be that, after all, I was actually to see anything that could really be a fall like that of Yosemite, or on a small scale, and real grotesco, cascades, jungles and the rest? Only twenty minutes of the hour for sight seeing had yet gone by, and it began to look as though, for once, a poet had told the cold, naked truth.

He had evidently forgotten my presence, for he had stammered on as though in a dream. I followed him reluctantly, for I was passing goose after goose I felt like examine. I had never seen anything so beautiful in the gardens of the wealthy. Each goose was formed by an almost perfect circle of tall, graceful young redwood trees. They had the appearance of having been planted there, with just enough of irregularity of spacing to closely imitate a natural grove. A casual glance showed that in the case of each grove the circle of young trees was determined by the curious location, in an almost perfect circle, of several very large stumps of redwood trees, that had been felled for use at the mill, and it was from the outer rim of these not unsightly stumps that the young trees were so vigorously growing.

The question that now interested me was how did these large trees themselves, each from five to eight feet in diameter, happen to grow around the circumference of the circle. What was it that determined the circular disposition of them? Could it be that the lowly Digger is the degenerate descendant of a former race of American Druids; and these groves were their temple, planted by hands they considered consecrated to holy work? Just then my friend returned. I suggested this idea to him with a sort of proud consciousness of indwelling, latent, unravowed poetry in my nature; for my dictionary or "Book of Useful Information" tells me that the essence of poetry is invention; and I was always acknowledged to be full of notions about new contrivances, on some of which I might have been entitled to patents. But the only response my undoubtably brilliant creation elicited was:

"Oh, come along. I thought you had a practical mind. I'll show you a bigger grove than any of these, and explain the phenomenon that troubles you, in accordance with plain facts."

I followed him to a grove that was indeed a wonder. It was large, round room, not less than forty feet in diameter, with a perfectly level floor of the richest earth imaginable. It was surrounded by a circle of enormous stumps of former redwood trees and those bore on their outer rims, as in the case of the smaller groves, an immense outer circle of trees that in Illinois would be cut for lumber. Planting his heel in the center of the floor, my intensely practical friend said, with all the impressiveness of a scientist who disdains mere speculation, and worships facts:

"On this spot, about the time of the Han Wong dynasty, which the Chinese records say flourished about six thousand years before the Christian era, a little sedating redwood stood, about six inches high. For thirty-five hundred years it had a uniform growth, without any special stimulation. But at that time, shortly after Noah completed his famous ark, it was subjected to a more efficient irrigation, and as a consequence, twenty-five hundred years later, about the time that Caesar conquered Britain, it had attained the tremendous
This Property will be offered at AUCTION on Saturday, May 31, 1890, at 1 P.M.
ON THE PREMISES
BY S. W. FERGUSSON, AGENT,
415 Montgomery Street, Room 2 and 4 - San Francisco, Cal.

TERMS OF SALE: The property will be sold to the highest and best bidder, subject to a per cent. per acre. The purchaser to pay the one-half of the purchase money on the day of the sale, and the balance within thirty days, with interest at 4% per annum. The sale will be confirmed by the proper authorities, who will appoint the time and place of sale.

All purchasers will enter into a bond guaranteeing the payment of the purchase money and all contracts shall be made payable in cash on the premises.

No person shall be allowed on the premises during the sale, except by the permission of the agent, and all persons present shall be subject to the order of the agent.

The property, as represented by the map, may be sold in sections, but no public declaration of the same will be made, nor will any person be permitted to enter into any contract for the purchase of the property, except by the permission of the agent.
The Lundquist Family camp, corner Throckmorton Avenue at Eugene Street, 1893.

diameter of this entire grove, and occupied all the space with its vast bulk. Having attained its full growth it had, broke off near the ground and the great stump you see in a circle about the grove mark the places in the bark of the giant stump where the new shoots started to grow nineteen hundred years ago. In eighteen hundred years those shoots had grown to be the trees that were cut for the mill about eighty years ago. The old stump has entirely rotted away above ground, and can now be found only by digging.

These was no resisting such a competent testimony, and I felt abused to think that I had to be told what was so patent upon its face. There is no doubt whatever that the young trees growing there and beautifying the landscape are the third growth, sprouting from the boughs of the second growth, which in turn sprouted from the stumps of the original seedling redwoods.

"Right here" said my chaparone "is a buried treasure. A little casual digging a short time ago unearthed thirteen Spanish silver dollars." I immediately looked around for something to dig with. How like a poet. Standing over the cocked treasure of some ancient pirate of the high seas, and not a shovel to dig with or a bucket to hold the treasure in sight. And this is the man who deals in tremendous about practical minds.

By this time the big candy box had become burdensome, and the proposition to turn aside from the wonders of Nature to her beauties, as expressed by the two intended recipients of the box was readily acceded to. This pleasant duty occupied so much time that further exploration of this land of wonders was postponed till next day. I did not regret being tempted to spend the night in this little valley, for thereby learned the surprising fact that in sheltered places near the coast the night air is so dry as is that of the great San Joaquin Valley. The reason became plain enough next morning, when I saw the mist of ocean roll over Mount Tamalpais and hang helpless in the sky, bereft of the power they seemed to crave of creeping down into the valley. It was a curious sight to see that bank of fog suspended in air, apparently as solid and immovable as though resting on iron pillars. And the conditions which forbid the fog also act as a barrier to the ocean winds. When the city is swept by a blustering breeze, the air in Mill Valley is merely stirred into what my poet-friend would call a gentle sleep. We took our morning walk before breakfast. To assure myself that it was indeed only twelve miles from San Francisco, I ascended a gently sloping hill and plainly saw the city, with its shipping, seemingly just across the arm from Richardson's Bay. A stroll along the splendid creek, which has its source in a clear, bold gush right out of the ground only two hundred feet below the summit of Mount Tamalpais, revealed the pools, cascades and jumbles, which no longer surprised but only delighted me. At one place in the creek, called the three wells, there are pools five to ten feet deep which mark the spots where formerly the young Yosemite, which I had not yet seen, poured its torrent from an altitude so great as to wear these wells into the solid rock.

An immense redwood log, demonstrating the functions of a bridge, lies across the stream, and affords a most remarkable example of the astonishing vitality with which nature has endowed the redwood tree. The end of the log which connects with the stump is probably six feet in diameter. Half way across the creek the log forks, and at the end of one of the horizontal branches two handsome trees, about thirty feet high, are growing thickly at right angles with the recumbent log, and are, therefore pointing directly to the stream. This log is blackened by fire, hacked by the axe, trodden under innumerable feet, largely excluded from air by accumulated soil, and yet it gives life to the trees which look at though they were destined to become twin giants unless their weight shall by-and-by overwhelm the curious foundation on which they stand.

All along the new roads now under construction, with landscape effects in view, deliciously cool founts of the purest of pure water are accessible, and are being developed. A drink of this water makes one feel like forever ice water forever; for, as a rule, the relation of ice to drinking water is only that of scratching to the itch. Just as scratching creates a new irritation, which can only be got rid of by scratching, so the refreshing effect of the water upon the palate causes the nauseating effect of icy water to be the lesser sensation during the act of drinking. Norwithstanding the scratch the itch remains and despite the ice the dead worms are there.

We had now reached the bay Yosemite, and here I came near losing my life. Up to this time my poet guide had made it a point to announce in advance what new beauty or wonder we were approaching, but he seemed just then to exercise special care to direct my attention away from the present surroundings by talking on topics as remote as possible from objects of admiration. I remember something about an argument intended to prove the necessity of hanging or shooting all political bosses of both parties. At the very moment when he had got my imagination into picturing whole rows of elegantly dressed gentlemen hanging by the neck to telegraph poles he exclaimed with startling suddenness, "Look!" I did look, and with the animation of my practical nature I was about to exclaim, "What a splendid water power for a factory!" Luckily not! I caught the expression of his fevered eye before I said, and the words died on my lips. I made an attempt, which I felt was a feeble one, to seem enveloped in a halo of enthusiastic abstraction, and changed my commonplace inspiration into, "Well, it is a little Yosemite, and not a very little one, either!" Above the fall is a really beautiful cascade, in full view from below. This spot alone is deserving of a visit from a longer distance than from San Francisco.

Another hour, could the time have been spared, would have placed us in the midst of a virgin forest of giant redwoods. That tree is reserved for a future half-day's outing. It is said what a revelation cannot be revealed to others, but that each hungry soul must have a revelation to itself. If this is so, then this attempt at disclosing to others the revelation vouchsafed to me must fail of its object. But why cannot each reader place himself in the way of the angel when that angel's haunts are so plainly pointed out and himself receive a revelation with money in it?
their weight shall by audibly overturn the curious foundation on which they stand, and then who knows what fantastic new growth may result from the overwhelming vitality of the original tree stump?

All along the new roads now under construction, with landscape effects in view, deliciously cool foams of the purest of pure water are accessible, and are being developed. A drink of this water makes one feel like forewarning iced-water forever; for, as a rule, the retention of ice to drinking water is only that of scratching to the itch. Just as scratching creates a new irritation, which causes the itch to be the lesser sensation for the time being, so the refrigerating effect of the ice upon the palate causes the nauseating effect of nasty water to be the lesser sensation during the act of drinking. Notwithstanding the scratch the itch remains and despite the ice the dead worms are there.

We had now reached the baby Yosemite, and here I came near losing my life. Up to this time my poet guide had made it a point to announce in advance what new beauty or wonder we were approaching, but he seemed just then to exercise special care to direct my attention away from the present surroundings by talking on topics as remote as possible from objects of admiration. I remember something about an argument intended to prove the necessity of hanging or shooting all political bosses of both parties. At the very moment when he had got my imagination into picturing whole rows of elegantly dressed gentlemen hanging by the neck to telegraph poles he exclaimed with startling suddenness, "Look!" I did look, and with all the animation of my practical nature I was about to exclaim, "What a splendid waterpower for a factory?" Luckily I caught the expression of his forced eye before I said, and the words died on my lips. I made an attempt, which I felt was a feeble one, to seem enveloped in a halo of enthusiastic admiration, and changed my common-sense inspiration into, "Well, it is a little Yosemite, and not a very little one, either!" Above the fall is a really beautiful cascade, in full view from below. This spot alone is deserving of a visit from a longer distance than from San Francisco.

Another hour could have been spared, would have placed us in the midst of a virgin forest of giant redwoods. That treat is reserved for a future half-day's outing. It is said what a revelation cannot be revealed to others, but that each hungry soul must have a revelation to itself. If this is so, then this attempt at disclosing to others the revelation vouchsafed to me must fail of its object. But why cannot each reader place himself in the way of the angel when that angel's haunts are so plainly pointed out and himself receive a revelation with money in it?
A NOTABLE EVENT!

Unequaled Opportunity to obtain
Rural Homes.

Eastland and Millwood
MARIN COUNTY,
CAL.

I will Sell
AT AUCTION!

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on

Saturday, May 31, 1890
AT 1 O'CLOCK P.M.

The subdivisions of OLD MILL VALLEY
known as

EASTLAND AND MILLWOOD.

The North Pacific Coast Railroad has a branch directly to these places, and runs frequent trains, with low communion.

Time from San Francisco, 50 Minutes.

Special Trains will be run on the day of sale. (See Time Table elsewhere.)

TERMS OF SALE.

One-third Cash; balance in one and two years, with interest at 7 per cent, per annum; 10 per cent to be paid on day of sale, and balance of cash payment at end of 15 days, which will be allowed for examination of title.

Abstract will be furnished for examination.

Manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors prohibited by special clause.

For maps and particulars apply to

S. W. FERGUSSON,
Agent Tamalpais Land and Water Co.,
415 Montgomery St., Rooms 3 and 4,
(Up Stairs)
San Francisco, Cal.

WHAT VISITORS THINK

From among a host of letters written to Mr. S. W. Ferguson by people who have visited Mill Valley, we make a few excerpts, in order that the general tenor of opinion upon the beauties and merits of the place may become known:

San Francisco, May 12, 1890

I have seen and carefully examined Mill Valley with a view to purchasing a home among some of the most delightful scenery in this State, where obtains a combination of natural excellence, such as pure air, fertile soil, even temperature, hill and dale, shades and sunshine, loneliness of foliage more desirable than any I know of in California. Add to all, with its proximity to San Francisco and facility of transportation, and I found an inspiration to purchase a home there which cannot be resisted.

—Dr. N. J. Bird.

To pass from the metropolitan scenes of San Francisco to Mill Valley, with its slopes of grass, its groves of trees, its cascades of water and its panoramic view of Tamalpais and the city of the bay in forty minutes, is like being carried by means of some system of transportation now undreamed of, but to be devised a thousand years hence, from New York to the orange groves of California and thence to the jungles of India in an hour.

—Bernhard Marks.

I have visited Mill Valley and consider it one of the most beautiful and healthful localities within the near environs of San Francisco.

—Dr. F. Cornwall.

For accessibility to the city, comprising good air, pure water and fine sites for suburban homes, I regard Mill Valley as unsurpassed.

—John M. Curtis, 120 Kearny St.

I can surely say I was delighted with my visit to Mill Valley. I was surprised to find, so near the city, a retreat so delightful, so retired, interesting and picturesque. One hour, or less, from the city and you have exchanged the din and monotony of city life and scene for the beautiful landscape with its mountain background or view, and its silvery streams and echoes. "Beyond Italy lies the Alps," so just beyond the bay lies this beautiful valley, made to welcome, refresh and cheer the city pilgrim.


On Saturday last I visited the Throckmorton property, at Mill Valley, near Sausalito, taking a party of eleven friends along. We did not anticipate such a "royal treat," and when we arrived at Mill Valley Station, we found an inspiration to purchase a home there which cannot be resisted.

—Mrs. Mrs. W. C. Franks, Grand Rapids, Mich.

A charming spot combining so much different scenery, mountains and hills, valleys and plains, canyons and ravines, lovely water basins, cascades and creeks of running water, rocks that are picturesque grand, bents and vines clustering around them, shrubs and trees from the flowery wild like to the spreading live oak and clustering redwood. From the hills with its wavy grass we view the bay, islands and city. In the valley we have the most quiet, restful, study nooks. Never in all my travels have I seen so much variety of nature's beauties so clustered together.

—W. W. Haskell, General Agent, Traveler's Ins. Co.

Wonderful blending of a mountain
Forest, water, light and air,
Each combining for man's pleasure
And to lighten him of care.

—Dr. E. O. Baker, 227 San Jose Ave.

Marin Journal
Thursday, June 6, 1890

Mill Valley.

We looked up in awe at Mill Valley, the day of the auction lots in that tract. We were permitted by the hoarsy voice of the auctioneer to have a look through the windows which has been dedicated, no summer house for city people, a marvel that such a lovely spot should be possessed by the great metropolis. We have been left so long in its wild beauty, unsupervised, and is 100 per cent an exception to the bay, panther, etc., and the rose of this magnificent herd roam over the adjacent Mount Tamalpais. On the way there place, and realize its proper aspect, the beauty

Mary H. Fordland, 1859 Van Ness Avenue.

W. H. H. McDermott.

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Om, refresh and cheer the city pilgrim.

When we arrived at Mill Valley Station, Van Ness Avenue.

So much different scenery, mountains and meandering streams, beds of wild flowers on the slopes, shrubs and trees from the flowers, live oak and clustering redwood. From a vantage point, the bay, islands and city. In the valley, shady nooks. Never in all my travels have I seen such an expanse of beauty, except on paper. To know that such a place exists is pleasant.

Agent, Traveler's Ins. Co.

Make Mill Valley a home there which cannot be resisted.

Mother nature scattered treasure

In the valley rich and new,
Laughing waters down the mountain Leap and bubble forth for you.

Value cannot well be reckoned
Added up in money's worth.
Life is doubled to each person
Living in this spot of Earth.

Everything will strive and rally
Yield its fruit in Mill Valley.
The Tamalpais Land and Water Company desire to direct particular attention to the following resolution duly adopted by the Board of Directors:

Resolved, That in subdividing the lands of this Corporation, no dedication to the public or to public use shall be made of any land, designated as streets, avenues, drives, lanes, avenues, paths, or passage ways, for all street purposes be given to purchasers from this Corporation and their assigns.

That the right of way over the full and absolute control of such streets, avenues, drives, lanes, avenues, paths, or passage ways, for all street purposes, be given to purchasers from this Corporation and their assigns, but that for the purpose of adding and cooperating with such purchasers in maintaining the proper police and sanitary discipline and regulations, the fee thereof be, until further action, retained in this Corporation, except when otherwise expressly stated.

That this Corporation shall, until further action, reserve the right to retain and maintain suitable gates, chains, or bars, in or across such streets, avenues, drives, lanes, avenues, paths, or passage ways, at all points where they connect with or run into public roads or highways at present or hereafter to be dedicated, or lands not owned by this Corporation, or lands of this Corporation not subdivided.

That no map, published by this Corporation, shall be considered official or binding on it, except such as may be adopted by the Board of Directors, entitled by the President and Secretary under the seal of the Corporation, and placed on record in the office of the County Recorder of Marin County.

And that on all maps published by this Corporation there shall be printed a copy of this resolution or a notice to the public giving its tenor and effect.

All covenants made by the TAMALPAIS LAND AND WATER COMPANY will contain the substance of the provisions set forth in the foregoing resolution, which are intended to enable the Company to operate with the purchasers in maintaining the privacy of these lands, and preventing their sale for points or excursion parties or other objectionable purposes.

The covenants will also contain the most stringent provisions absolutely prohibiting the manufacturing, selling, exchanging, bartering, delivering or giving away on the premises any spirits or malt, burning alcohol, wine, or cider (excepting, of course, their use in private families), and the periods of twenty-five years from May 31st, 1899, under penalty of forfeiture of the possession for said period; and every purchaser will be required to specifically agree to these provisions before receiving his conveyance.

It has, after mature deliberation, been considered best to limit this prohibition to twenty-five years rather than to make it perpetual. Long before that time elapses a city will be established with inhabitants of the class likely to be attracted by the abun ought of shade and beauty.

The character of the place will be forever fixed, and at the end of the period, or sooner, if they choose, the citizens can further protect themselves under the local option laws and similar legislation.

**An Unknown Country.**

The peninsula, the apparent base of which is the Mt. Tamalpais range, and apex the northern shore of Golden Gate, is an unknown country to most of the residents of this city. Picnic parties and persons appreciating the picturesque have visited the westerly shutes of Richardson's Bay and the valley to the west of Blythedale, and cloud seekers have climbed Mt. Tamalpais; but few people are aware of the beauty between the first crest of the hills as seen from the bay and the ocean. Few have seen the thousand acres of the most important features which go to make life worth while, the loment's axe, where the trees rival in size and in the density of shade they cast, those of Mendocino and Humboldt counties.

But this peninsula is no longer to remain an unknown region. The march of improvement has over taken the locality. A rail road is soon to be constructed through Tennessee Valley to the ocean, and thence along the coast to Bolinas and beyond, and which, when complete, will be made the main or through line of the North Pacific Coast Railroad Company.

A corporation known as the Tamalpais Land and Water Company has acquired the Sausalito or, as it is, perhaps, better known, the Throckmorton Ranch, containing 15,058 acres of land, extending from a line in the rear of the town of Sausalito to the summit of Tamalpais and from bay to ocean. The company has procured the construction of a railroad (now complete and in operation) to the vicinity of the well known Old Mill, and has subdivided a large tract of land in the valley, which they will offer to home-seekers at prices determined by their assessment.

There is a virgin redwood grove, hand, while on the program, handsome groves and other trees.

A beautiful stream winds and lovely drives abound throughout.

The North Pacific Company trains, and the city of San Francisco is only 4 hours by rail. A delightful all-year-round climate. For maps, illustrations and information on application to S. W. FERGUSSON, Agent Tamalpais Land and Water Company, 415 Montgomery street, Room 3 and 4, (Up stairs), San Francisco, Cal.
There are certain requisites in the establishment by business men of homes in the country which all will concede are of the highest importance; among these are:

- Proximity to the city;
- Ready and inexpensive means of transportation;
- A mild climate;
- Absence of severe fog and wind;
- Beautiful scenery;
- Pleasant surroundings;
- Plenty of pure water;
- Good drainage;
- A healthful climate;
- Exclusion of objectionable features.

All these and more too may be found at

**EASTLAND AND MILLWOOD.**

In Marin County,

**Within 50 Minutes' Travel of San Francisco.**

Besides these advantages, there are magnificent redwood forests, charming drives, beautiful cascades, and everything which the seeker for a comfortable home in the country can possibly desire.

Further than this, an opportunity is afforded for obtaining property here at your own price and upon the easiest terms.

Nothing has ever been offered in the San Francisco market that begins to approach this in any manner, and nothing will ever be offered in the future that possesses half the attractions, simply because this is the only place where such a combination can be found.

For maps and further particulars, apply to

**S. W. FERGUSSON,**

Agent Tamalpais Land and Water Co.

**415 MONTGOMERY STREET,**

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(San Francisco, Cal.)
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Enjoy this award winning documentary by Cris Chater about the Mt. Tamalpais and Muir Woods Railway on VHS video. 25 minutes, in color, $29.95.

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