Cape Lookout State Park is one of more than 200 parks maintained by Oregon for the enjoyment of the public. This scene shows part of the beach at Cape Lookout Park with the Cape itself in the background.

Oregon Historical Society photo
Oregon State Park System

A BRIEF HISTORY

by

SAM BOARDMAN

Former State Park Superintendent

THEOREGONHISTORICALSOCIETY
Portland, Oregon
1956
SAMUEL H. BOARDMAN
Father of the Oregon State Park System
THE recognized "father of the Oregon State Parks system,"
Samuel H. Boardman, after his retirement as State Parks
Superintendent in 1950 at the age of seventy-six, spent a
part of each day in the Parks Division office writing historic and
descriptive sketches of some of the parks. He finished about
fifteen of these before his death in 1953. These were mimeo-
graphed and given limited distribution. They are so rich in
historic lore, so eloquent in their description of scenery and so
spiced with Boardman's poignant sentiment, dry humor and
spiritual philosophy that members of the Recreational and
Natural Resources Committee of the Portland Chamber of Com-
erce thought they should be printed for wider reading and
permanent record.

A committee consisting of Arthur R. Kirkham, Arthur L.
Crookham, Francis Lambert and Thornton T. Munger under-
took the task. The Highway Commission encouraged the publi-
cation of the papers after some editing; the Oregon Historical
Society offered to print them in the Quarterly. A staff member of
the Portland Chamber of Commerce typed the manuscripts.

In their original form the sketches included numerous recom-
mendations for additions and development of the parks, directed
particularly to his successor, which the editors have taken the
liberty to omit. They have also deleted material appearing simi-
larly in more than one sketch, having condensed certain passages,
omitted some too personal references and added a few footnotes
and introductory phrases. Two of the original papers that had to
do with proposed projects, Owyhee, and Columbia Gorge, will
not be published in this series of historical papers.

Thornton T. Munger
Sam Boardman, as he was affectionately called, was born in Massachusetts in 1874, had schooling in Wisconsin, migrated to Colorado as a young man, then to Oregon. He homesteaded along the Columbia River east of Arlington, and the town of Boardman is named for him. Having an affection for trees he pioneered in planting them in that treeless country, especially along the Columbia River Highway and the Old Oregon Trail. This tree planting along the shadeless highways later became a project of the Highway Department in which he took great satisfaction.

In 1919 he joined the Highway Department in the Maintenance Department, but his interest in preserving Oregon’s scenic and recreational spots resulted in his appointment as the first State Parks Superintendent by the first State Parks Commission which had just been created by Governor I. L. Patterson. Then, as now, the State Highway Commission of three commissioners had jurisdiction over State Parks.

In 1927 Oregon had 4,070 acres in forty-six small state parks; before retiring Mr. Boardman increased the number of parks to 181, and acreage to 66,000. The increment is due largely to his personal efforts in enthuising donors to make gifts and in urging the ever-changing Highway Commissions to appropriate money for land acquisition at a time when pressure to put all the limited funds in highway construction was great.

He had vision to see Oregon’s need for preserving immediately her scenic resources. He predicted, if Oregon had sufficient state parks, a great growth in the tourist business and lived to see it become the state’s third largest source of wealth. He had a keen appreciation of the beauties of ocean, forest and mountain, and with good judgment selected for acquisition as state parks these areas of outstanding qualifications. It is extraordinary how much he accomplished with very limited funds in those twenty-one years he was Superintendent of Parks. His efforts were directed largely at acquisition of land, believing that purchases should be made while the land was unspoiled and inexpensive and that development could wait until more funds were available. The phenomenal rise since then in the cost of potential park land has proven the wisdom of Boardman’s foresight and policy.

At the time of his retirement the Highway Commission named in his honor as the Samuel H. Boardman State Park the fourteen-mile strip of ocean frontage in Curry County south of Pistol River through which the realigned coast highway will be built.
Sam Boardman lived opportunely. His work was done in a formative period when it was necessary to create not only a state park system with its public recreational values, but the policy and the philosophy out of which a true state parks system could grow.

Lacking adequate public finance, he turned to private sources with outstanding results. Lacking an adequate work force, he turned to the men assigned to emergency relief projects. He proved with highly tangible results that resourcefulness, enthusiasm and vision are as essential to a state parks system as money and construction.

The dozen or so following sketches from his pen, written in the after-glow of his very active life, tell his difficulties and how he surmounted them, radiate his enthusiasm and energy, extol the charms of Oregon's recreational resources, and withal expose, along with his practical efficiency and enterprise, his spiritual philosophy of life and his deep religious consciousness.

Arthur R. Kirkham
Arthur Crookham
Francis Lambert

Thornton T. Munger, Chairman.
Recreational and Natural Resources Committee
Portland Chamber of Commerce

THE BIRTH OF A PARK SYSTEM
Note: This was printed in the Oregon Daily Journal, November 10, 1947, as a Guest Editorial entitled "Our Scenic Beauty."

Through a pass of the Cascades some eighteen years ago, a native of Eastern Oregon sagebrush land entered a panorama of velveted fields, white-water streams, forests tall and straight reaching for the blue, an enchanted land so picturesque that the visitor stood bewildered by its beauty.

This visitor had been appointed State Park Superintendent. His billet—a park system for the state. To develop one in the valley of Shangri-La needed Aladdin lamps to cope with the perspective. I distinctly remember the first park I blocked off. Its boundaries on the east, the Cascade Range; on the north, the Columbia River; on the south, the California line, plus certain areas they have gerrymandered from us from time to time; the west, our own incomparable coastal line. I knew this was impractical, though justifiable. It meant a research of the state as a whole for vivisection purposes.
Through the following eighteen years, the park clinic segregated 160 recreational and scenic areas, areas of preferred grandeur. Interwoven in a state tapestry is the azalea of Azalea Park near Brookings; the coastal mountain of Humbug Mountain Park; the cliffed shoreline carved fantastically by Father Neptune of Shore Acres State Park; the miles of mountainous sand dunes of Umpqua Lighthouse State Park; the lakes of Jessie M. Honeyman Park; Cake Lookout Park spearheading two miles into the ocean; Otter Crest promontory thrilling all who stand on its overlook; Tillamook Head in forest grandeur, a lighthouse to the west; the fourteen varied falls of Silver Creek Falls Park; the white waters of the silver side of the Rogue-bordered Tou Valle Park; Crown Point and its intervening waterfalls to Hood River; the Cove State Park with its basaltic 1000-foot bluffs, its three rivers—Crooked, Deschutes and Metolius with twenty-two miles of park frontage; Pilot Butte with stream-lined vistas encircling the compass; the white waters of Spring Creek and the still water of the Williamson River bordering Collier Park; the John Day Fossil Park where sleeps the life that lived fifty million years ago; Emigrant Hill with a westward sweep of a planned economy checkerboarded into a wheat basket that contributes to the satisfaction of the hunger of a world. From the hill to La Grande, one travels through twenty miles of unsurpassed pine forest waysides. At Wallowa Lake, a new park borders on the south, with a Switzerland back country of lakes and mountains thrilling to the eye and soul.

One can cover only a part of this Oregon "horn of beauty" in the space allotted. The teachings of this God-given land of ours should always be retained within us. Keep it immaculate for the whisper in the treetops tells you what men can't tell you at Lake Success. The quiet of a wooded lake takes you from the hum of Main Street, and the spiritual side of your being is atoned. Might not the answers of a distressed world be found in the God-given sermonettes of a park system? My prayer to those who read this is—never sacrifice His works that the commercial hot dog and its odors may take over; keep things immaculate that there may be a few places open for communion.

The gathering of the state's recreational heritage is but partially done. A necklace of scenic gems has been strung, but many brilliants must still be added. There is the seashore, the waterfall, the crag in the mountain, the lake, the mighty Columbia at its
mouth, the lowly bordering cutover area must be salvaged that tomorrow's scenic wayside may not again be desecrated. Build when your sinews are young. Build before time makes your recreational heritage prohibitive through cost. Husband that which you have; build unto that which you would preserve.

**SHORT SAND BEACH STATE PARK**

*Located in Tillamook and Clatsop counties, on the Coast between Cannon Beach and Neahkahnie; present area 2,501 acres. Ed.*

This park has been obtained on a piecemeal basis from year to year. Certain areas are still necessary for its completion.

The park had its original conception through the desire of E. S. Collins, a wealthy timberman of Portland, to give to the state a fine stand of matured timber for park purposes. I spent the better part of 1931, off and on, on trips throughout western Oregon with Mr. Collins looking for timbered tracts that met his approval. He finally decided to buy a 162-acre tract on Short Sand Creek fronting the ocean for $12,000. Out of this same purchase he retained forty-two acres for camp sites for the YMCA and YWCA.

This division of the property complicated the development of the park, as the forty-two acres took in most of the beach. It is unethical to attempt to switch the tail of a gift horse at the very start. From time to time for several years I did present my views of the difficulties the division of the property presented in the development of a state park. Mr. Collins was sometimes on the verge of giving the forty-two acres to the state but never quite made up his mind before his death in 1940. After a period of negotiating the commission authorized in 1946 the purchase of the forty-two acres from the Collins estate for $14,800.

Mr. S. G. Reed of Neahkahnie, formerly Commissioner of Tillamook County, gave ninety-seven acres and sold to the state 239 acres in one of the most scenic parts of the park—that scenic overlook where parking turnouts have been provided and east of the highway taking in a goodly portion of the western slope of the mountain. The back taxes on the property, $3,579, were paid by the Commission. It would be difficult to place the actual valuation on this property for it is the scenic window of our coastline.

*Now Oswald West State Park.*
Then came the purchase of the George E. Huntley property consisting of 354 acres for the sum of $18,000. The Commission tied a string to this purchase. I had to sell enough timber off the tract to meet the $18,000 payment. The timber was advertised for bids. The terrain of the park is very rough for logging purposes. The bids were low and unacceptable to the Commission. One other try was made and failed and the timber was saved for the park.

The next acquisition was Cape Falcon proper. I was given the choice of one of two parks I had planned for the consideration of the Commission, the Cape or the Mead property on the Columbia River just east of Shell Rock Mountain on Lindsey Creek. I took the Cape. This purchase consisted of 145 acres and was bought in 1942 from W. P. Sinnott, a brother of the late Congressman N. J. Sinnott.

The history of the acquisition of the Preston Timber Company property started in 1943 and concluded in 1951 should be recorded. After acquiring a narrow wayside strip of nine acres through their property for $365, the company failed and the county took over the property for delinquent taxes, and promised to turn it over to the state as a unit of the park, but instead it was turned over to the State Forester. Then began a campaign to get the State Forester to turn the property over to the Parks Department. A trade solution was finally worked out wherein excess wayside lands bordering the Wilson and Sunset highways were exchanged for the State Forest property.

In 1932, George E. Huntley of Aberdeen, Washington, gave to the state a forty-six acre tract, Section 1, T. 3, 11, a very sightly area fronting the ocean. The tract was given as a memorial to an early-day teacher of Mr. Huntley, Miss Eunice K. Armstead, who taught him his love for trees.

The acquisition of 112 acres located in Section 6 has an interesting story. In 1941 I attempted to purchase from the Neppach Company of Portland this property with its standing timber without success. In 1942 I wrote to the company asking permission to buy the cutoff land when the timber was removed, land selling at this time for $5 an acre. On October 12, 1943, the Commission authorized the right-of-way department to purchase the property. The matter then hung along until April 22, 1947, when the right-of-way department reported that the property had gone up to $5,500. The Commission turned down its
purchase. On September 19, 1949, I brought it again before the Commission. This time they voted to purchase the property at $50 an acre, with stern orders that I was not to bring any further acquisitions relating to Short Sand Beach Park before them. An eight-year love's labor won for one unit of a park. What could have been wrong with me!

One interesting scenic tract was acquired at the Arch Cape tunnel consisting of eighty-three acres at a cost of $2,075, or $25 an acre. This was acquired in 1940 when prices hadn't become inflated.

There were a number of smaller areas acquired through the years for blocking purposes about which I will not go into detail, but the same hesitancy of acquisition prevailed. The foregoing should not be passed without comment, from a business or financial standpoint. Approximately nine years have gone by and the acquisition of a completed park still unfinished. A proposed park should be set up in its entirety to begin with, and its completion made at the earliest possible date. To delay its acquisition, as in the case of Short Sand Beach, is to multiply its cost. Time lost by the personnel involved in the long transaction could better be spent in other affairs.

Out on Cape Falcon where there is sufficient wooded area to protect against the north and south ocean winds there is a more or less level area for the development of overnight camping and picnic facilities. This area is accessible to the beach, and to the Cape for fishing purposes. The Cape is one of the noted fishing points on the entire coast, there being no failures to those who wet a line. Stress should be given to the development of ocean fishing in every ocean park we have. To hook a whale or shark is to store the piscatorial mental larder for a life time with caviar. It isn't everyone that has an ocean. Put every attribute of it to use. In this Cape area is the solution of sufficient terrain for the full development of the park for a long time to come.

Nealkahnie Mountain rises directly above the sea at an elevation of 1,710 feet. While the ocean view is majestic, the rolling green timbered hills to the east are intensely inspiring. To the west, the infinite space of conjecture as to what lies beyond the horizon. The enigma of all who partake of life. To the east, the material world that composes life itself. Where you have height such as Nealkahnie, raise the people to it. Too much time of life is spent in the valleys.
the gold buried in the Knox caves would be but pennies. Such things cannot be judged in currency. What is the value of a soul? The spiritual things it feeds upon. To abide in the presence of your Maker. Parks such as Short Sand Beach should be kept as a wild life sanctuary.

**UMPQUA LIGHTHOUSE STATE PARK**

*Located on the Coast in Douglas County about eight miles south of Reedsport: present area 2,748 acres. Ed.*

A story can be told in the acquisition of this park. A story checkerboard in various units through a twenty-year period. The park had its inception in the gift of an eighty acre tract on September 4, 1930, by Douglas County. The final unit consisting of 112 acres came in 1951 as a gift from the Menasha Woodenware Company. The growth of a park might be likened unto a mustard seed. The one seed planted in 1930 grew into a park having, in 1951, 2,747 acres costing the state $4,400. The value of a park cannot be based on a monetary value. Its scenic spiritual assets are beyond computation.

Interwoven in the park are two tracts obtained from the U. S. Government, the first being 110 acres obtained from the U. S. Treasury Department, which at that time was the governing body over lighthouses and coast guard stations. It was acquired under the Recreational Act in 1939 at a cost of $1,000. The Umpqua Lighthouse site was 160 acres. The Service was asked if it would have any objection to the state filing under the Recreational Act on excess lands, 110 acres in this case, for state park purposes. It readily agreed.

Then came in 1941 the actual backbone of the park in the acquisition of the second Government tract consisting of 1,098 acres. This area took in four miles of ocean frontage, the range of sand dunes, the principal part of the forest cover. The area was also obtained under the Recreational Act, costing the state $1,647.

I would like to note here how these oversized lighthouse sites have been beneficial in the furtherance of the state parks system. There is the Cape Lookout site of 975 acres. Then there is Cape
Umpqua Lighthouse is located in Umpqua Lighthouse State Park at the entrance to Winchester Bay. It is one of many picturesque lighthouses along Oregon's 400-mile coastline.
Meares of 138 acres that we have jointly with the U. S. Biological Survey. Pending is the Tillamook Head site of fifty acres. I wish to pay the highest acclaim to the Treasury Department officials with whom I worked in connection with these transfers.

A few interesting events occurred in the acquisition of the Richards property having three-quarters of a mile of frontage on Clear Lake. The tract consists of 140 acres and cost $700. This tract had one of the finest, heaviest stands of spruce and hemlock to be found in the entire length of the coast highway. It cruised out, even in the prices of those days, at $75,000. I was unable to sell the idea of its acquisition to the Commission. So Richards cut off the timber. But as soon as he had concluded logging, we started negotiations to purchase the cutover land. There is a park procedure portrayed in this transaction. You never acquire for today but for the future. If you can't get the virgin, follow through and get the denuded for recovery purposes. Time healeth all inequities and it surely was an inequity when this virgin stand of timber was destroyed of all its foliage. If you don't acquire when values are in a primitive poke stage you never will when wallets are bulging with lucre.

It has always seemed to me a wasteful procedure to burn thoroughly cutover land. Seed and young trees are destroyed. It means having to go back and reseed the entire tract. I got permission from the State Forester not to burn the Richards tract after it had been logged. A wonderful reproduction has taken place over the entire acreage. Supplementing the anticipated reforestation, I had 20,000 Port Orford trees planted. The most northern Port Orford cedar growing naturally along the highway, was at a point about eight miles north of North Bend. My Umpqua planting has done finely and it has become a battle with the spruce and hemlock for survival. Further reforestation on the Richards tract was done by the Boy Scouts of Reedsport. This was made quite an affair, led by notables, Governor Earl Snell being in command. Each planted a tree, a stake with name being placed at each tree.

A total of 1,244 acres of this park was given to the state by Douglas County. Recognition of the benevolence and cooperation of Douglas County, I wish to note at this time. Not only in this park, but in other sections of the county, it gave to the state most magnificent scenic areas for state park purposes.
The court of 1930 consisted of Judge H. S. Hamilton, and Commissioners Huron W. Clough and D. N. Busenbark. Nine years later Huron W. Clough became a State Highway Commissioner. Both as County Commissioner and Highway Commissioner, Mr. Clough gave me the finest park assistance. He was understanding and sympathetic to the park movement. D. N. Busenbark later became Judge of Douglas County. All through his term of office he was ever helpful in turning over Douglas County tracts suitable for park or wayside purposes. Judge Hamilton always extended his cooperation in all state park movements in his county.

In 1939, a new court came into office consisting of Judge M. C. Bowker, Commissioners H. S. Roadman and J. Ross Hutchinson. This court continued the same cooperative assistance in the furtherance of the park. Then in 1941, a new Judge took office in the form of D. N. Busenbark. The two former Commissioners, Roadman and Hutchinson, held over. They were consistently helpful in the completion of the park. Commissioner Hutchinson even gave personally to the state a beautiful wayside tract of one-half mile on the Umpqua River. I have had many helping hands through my career as Parks Superintendent, but none to equal the gentlemen who directed the destiny of Douglas County, an empire in itself.

Further appreciative mention should be made of assistance received in the acquisition of the park in the yeoman-like service of Highway Commission Chairman, Ben Chandler. Through his efforts, the Menasha Woodenware Company gave to the state the final 112 acres completing the park. What could man do without the brotherhood of his neighbor?

Umpqua Lighthouse State Park is featured with unexcelled natural scenic and recreational attributes second to none. A sea with its various whims. The beautiful Umpqua River. Two lovely lakes. An ocean frontage of four miles frescoed with a series of mountainous sand dunes. A stately lighthouse of early marine design flashing its warning beacon to ships at sea. Beside it, a modern coast guard station manned by salty seamen ever on the alert to go to the aid of sailors who misread the beacon on the lighthouse. Westward from the lighthouse is the Umpqua jetty where ships enter Winchester Bay. Winchester Bay is one of the noted fishing waters on the coast—salmon, shad, cod, clams, and crab being predominant. The park borders on
the bay and will have future development for the Izaak Waltons traveling in our state as well as for our own citizens.

There are two lakes in the park, Lake Marie and Clear Lake. Lake Marie is more or less in the center of the park, its shores garlanded by overhanging rhododendron ten feet to fifteen feet in height with spruce and hemlock trees mirrored in duplication in the placid waters of the lake. Clear Lake borders on the park on the east. It is the reservoir of the Reedsport water system.

There are two notable creations in Umpqua Lighthouse State Park not found in other parks. An ocean frontage of four miles of mountainous sand dunes unequalled by the Sahara or Death Valley. Fantastic wind designs of curving rims, vales, slopes, miniatures of the Matterhorn. A truly marvelous phenomenon of creative building by the hand of the great Architect.

The dunes tell an interesting story of their history. A David and Goliath story, as it were. The might of an ocean against a brooklet. The ceaseless breakers ever thundering on the beach. Specks of sand washed into coverlets over the pebbles. The coverlets grow into Goliath dunes, and start moving inland. Vegetation, even forests, disappear in their imperceptible march. In the case of the Umpqua dunes their travel led through the centuries some two miles from the ocean. There they met their David in the form of a small brooklet. A trickle of water holding at bay the dunes. Traveling south at the southern end of Clear Lake you will see the towering dunes on your right, some 150 feet in height. Man dammed Clear Creek forming Clear Lake. Man built a highway under the eaves of the dunes. Ever threatening submergence, man planted Holland grass and marine pine on top of the dunes, partly stabilizing them.

From this eternal hourglass of perpetually shifting specks of sand, let’s follow a trail from the beach to a wooded part of the park. It was a forest, centuries ago—five, maybe seven—then Father Neptune brewed an ocean storm that swept in and leveled the woods. The trees lie prostrate, decadent, crumbling. Upon them, a new forest has grown of some two centuries in age. Is time really the essence of mankind’s destiny? Doesn’t he speed by—signposts of direction unseen? Recently the storm gods have felled some of the forests of our parks, our waysides. Will man recoil from the blow, or thong his sinews for greater effort in perpetuating the Creator’s design? Man builds upon adversity, builds better; and may our parks and waysides ever grow in stature and beauty.
HENRY NEWBURGH STATE PARK: AN UNKNOWN PARK OF TODAY; A RECREATIONAL PARADISE OF TOMORROW.

Located in Curry County twenty miles south of Bandon; present area 1,398 acres. Ed.

It was in 1936 that the writer learned of this future park through a friend, Jack Kronenburg, living in Bandon. This undeveloped park of today is located seven miles north of Port Orford. A road two miles in length westerly to the park leaves the Coast Highway at milepost 311.8. It consists of fourteen hundred acres, has a two and one quarter mile frontage on the ocean and a quarter of a mile frontage on Floras Lake.

The ocean frontage and the Floras Lake end of the park are forested with hemlock and spruce. The east part of the park at one time was covered with Port Orford cedar. At the present time it is covered with a U. S. Government airport. Runway three hundred feet in width and six thousand feet in length. It is the only park in the state park system to which you can fly with your family and lunch basket.

On my first visit to Newburgh State Park in the early summer of 1936, the entire eastern portion of the park for a distance of two miles was a bower of rhododendron buds and blooms. The area previously had a light coverage of Port Orford cedar which had been cut.

The acquisition of Newburgh State Park has a sequence of interesting events. Beginning back in 1875, William Blacklock and associates of San Francisco started acquiring this 1,400 acres, unit by unit, finally completing their purchase in 1886. The State of Oregon sold the corporation the tide lands amounting to eighteen acres. The price was not given. The title of this organization, the Blacklock Sandstone Company, indicates the purpose for which the property was acquired. A sandstone promontory projected into the ocean, Blacklock Point, named for the president of the company. This sandstone rock was to be quarried and shipped by boat to San Francisco for building purposes. There was no harbor. The rock had to be lightered to ships standing off shore.

I would judge by the size of the rock taken from the quarry that operations were carried on for a couple of years. Tram car rails were still to be seen in the pit a few years ago. The imprac-
ticability of loading and shipping facilities, possibly the tensile strength of the rock, doomed the project to failure. Officers and associates of the company scattered to the four winds. Taxes on the property were left unpaid.

The acquisition of Newburgh State Park was I think more a matter of stop and go, hope and despair, than all of the parks in the state park system. It was a matter of seven years, beginning in 1936 and concluding in 1943, when the deed was received by the state.

A log of the sequence of events through these years boils down to the following:

A letter was written in 1936 to the Blacklock Sandstone Company inquiring if its property was for sale.

The company replied saying the property was for sale and for the Highway Commission to set a price.

After the passing of several letters, the company set a price of twenty dollars an acre. The Commission answered that the price was too high and was not interested.

On August 11, 1936, Mr. F. M. Ballard, President of the company, offered the property for ten dollars an acre.

On August 13, 1936, the Commission received a ninety-day option on the property for ten dollars an acre.

The balance of 1936 was spent in clearing up defects in the abstract, the former president being in New South Wales.

In November, 1936, we got the title cleared up and received a new option for six months, which expired due to deficiency of park funds to buy the property.

Again on May 20, 1938, the company renewed the option for six months.

Unable to get Commission action I got extensions of option in May and again in December, 1938.

In March, 1939, the Commission turned down the purchase of the 1,400 acres at a price of $14,000.

On September 14, 1939, President Ballard wrote asking if the Commission would consider deferred payments, stringing them over a two-year period.

In March, 1940, I wrote President Ballard that I had been unable to interest the Commission in the purchase of their property and at the request of President Ballard, all maps and company data were returned to him.
In February, 1941, President Ballard wrote inquiring if there might still be a chance that the Commission would be interested in its property.

In October, 1942, I wrote to Ballard asking if they still held title to the property, would he give me an option, and I would TRY again.

He answered that he couldn’t give an option as they were about to lose the property through delinquent taxes, but the state could have the property by paying the delinquent taxes and a small indebtedness totaling $8,600 for the 1,400 acres.

On November 5, 1942, the Commission met and I again introduced the purchase of the Blacklock Sandstone property. Several forward-moving events came out of this meeting. First, it was arranged that I would take Commissioner Huron Clough to the property for his first hand investigation. Second, the Commission ordered that a survey be made of an access road from the highway to the park property, a distance of some two miles. The park law reads that a proposed park must adjoin or be in the near vicinity—a difficult provision if you are to have a state-wide park system.*

The survey was made and it was found the road would cost $16,000.

Time was the essence as the property would go to the county on February 26, 1943, for delinquent taxes.

On February 15, 1943, in company with Commissioner Huron Clough, a general inspection of the Blacklock Sandstone property was made.

The Commission met on February 18, 1943, when Commissioner Clough made a report to the Commissioners highly recommending the acquisition of the property for state park purposes. The Commission voted unanimously to purchase the 1,400 acres for $3,600. The people of Oregon, and deeply myself, owe everlasting gratitude to Huron Clough for his foresight in recommending the acquisition of this ocean property and to the other Commissioners who supported his recommendations.

We received the deed to the property on February 26, 1943, after seven years of heart-breaking negotiation. The next day

---

*The law that controls the acquisition of state parks permits land to be taken by purchase or otherwise not only “in close proximity to state highways” but also land “which may be conveniently reached from or by a public highway.” Ed.
U. S. Army Engineers, Civil Aeronautics Administration and Curry County officials appeared at Mr. Baldock's office requesting that the property be given to Curry County as the Navy wished to build an airport there.

On May 11, 1943, the Civil Aeronautics Administration of Washington notified us that $865,000 had been allotted for the construction of the airport. The Commission stood pat and refused to give or sell the property. The next consideration was a leasing of the property. The lease must be in the name of Curry County. The Commission gave to the county a twenty-five year lease on seven hundred acres upon which the airport was constructed. A revocable clause was inserted in the lease that if the county did not fulfill its obligations, the property would be returned to the state. The road to the park, which had held up its acquisition by the Highway Commission was constructed by the Navy.

I believe it would be interesting to note a few events that time brought about—the original price of $14,000 reduced to $3,600. This $3,600 reduced to $1,200 through the $2,400 received from the burned Port Orford cedar tract. A modern two-mile park road built to the airport and park without cost to the state. A million dollar airport, nondetrimental to the park, as it was located on the eastern portion of the property, leaving the coast line and timber intact.

The closing of this narrative is dedicated to two gentlemen, President F. M. Ballard and Secretary Henry Newburgh of the Blacklock Sandstone Company. Never have men more honored their word, stood steadfast to a principle, never wavered through the years from their purpose and intent—of the state securing their property. They turned down higher offers for the property when we were in the throes of indecision. A great deal of the time we were without option. At one time when everything had gone awry, in desperation I wrote asking for a personal option for one year which they gave me. I took the option with the thought that I would find some angel who would buy the property and give it to the state for park purposes. I wound up at the end of the option with no angel, just the tail of the devil in my hands. Still they went on with us holding to the general purpose of the original negotiations. To Oregonians who read this, always remember that two Californians practically gave us one of the finest parks in our state park system.
While it is a park of tomorrow, a full development of the future, a park for a song today, tomorrow beyond the purse strings of a Parks Division.

The beach is noted for its singing sands. May it ever be a melody of pleasure for its visitors.

**SADDLE MOUNTAIN STATE PARK**

*Located in Clatsop County about twelve miles, air line, east of Seaside; present area 3,054 acres. Ed.*

A park unique in that its main attribute is a mountain. A park of three thousand acres, the mountain taking two thousand acres for its base setting. Lofted skyward 3,287 feet, the second highest coast range peak, being exceeded only by Marys Peak.

Saddle Mountain Park is located more or less in the central part of Clatsop County. It was named Saddle Mountain, on account of its summit assuming the contour of a saddle, by Captain Charles Wilkes of the U. S. Navy in the year of 1841. It is reached over a seven-mile road which leaves the Sunset Highway at a point one-half mile east of the old junction of 101 and the Sunset Highway.

The mountain is of the lower Miocene age. An extrusion of a volcanic core composed of blue-black to yellow-brown mica clay shales. A breccia cooled under centuries of ocean coverage. Here is a startling fact, after the volcanic core had taken form, Mother Nature sliced the mountain with sixteen basaltic dikes. The dikes traversing the mountain north to south. The dikes varying in width from five to fifty feet. In a number of instances, the dikes standing ten feet or more in height above the natural surface, their walls being of a smooth surface. A modern-day breadslicer. How much we can learn from the Creator.

A trail of three miles has been constructed from the base to the top of the mountain. This trail in its zigzag course up the mountain was purposely terminated at a number of places at one of the prominent dikes. Let’s go on to the top where on a clear day the following snow-capped peaks may be seen: Rainier, St. Helens, Adams, Hood and Jefferson. To the west, the Pacific Ocean; northward, the Columbia River and Astoria. There is something out of the ordinary about this mountain. At its very peak, a cool flowing spring flows for the refreshing of the hiker who has gained its summit.
There is something mystically alluring as you stand before the mountain. Something of some other time, maybe of a time when Mohammed went to the mountain. Maybe it is the pallet coloring of the mixed blue-black to yellow-brown mica clay shales, aided and abetted by centuries of weathering. I believe anyone who stands before the mountain will search far back beyond his own being into the realms of creation of his Maker. There is a knoll just before reaching the end of the road at the mountain. Here is the picnic area. The knoll faces the most picturesque part of the mountain. The view from the knoll to the west and to the south is wonderful.

The somberness of this mountain is enlivened with a myriad of wild flowers, two thousand having been catalogued, some of such rarity they are found only on the mountain. This botany garden nestling on the lower grassy slopes of the mountain should have most careful supervision and protection against plant pirates.

An event of interest concerning the mountain is that in 1858 the U. S. Government set up a project to construct a road from Forest Grove to Astoria. A few miles were constructed out of Forest Grove and then went into trail construction. This trail skirts the south side of the mountain. Goes through the picnic area. This trail should be reproduced where it traverses the park and be properly marked.

This mountain park is a natural for a game reserve. It is located in a wilderness area: no settlers nearby. The park and surrounding terrain now have elk, deer, and black bear; a few fox range the landscape. It was in this terrain that the Lewis and Clark Expedition did fall and winter hunting in 1805-1806. Their records show they took 137 elk out of these hunting grounds. No record was kept of the deer.

Like so many of the early landmarks of our nation, the Indian name and legend come into Saddle Mountain. The mountain was named on behalf of a prominent chief, Swallala-oose, the Eagle. It seems that he was killed by members of another tribe, and in death hovered over Saddle Mountain as an avenging eagle directing the thunder and lightning to the dismay and terror of his former enemies.

The park was a gift of two contributors: O. W. Taylor and wife, giving 1,280 acres; the State Land Board giving 1,400 acres. The timber had been cut off both tracts. The Highway Commis-
sion purchased 372 acres for right of way covering the seven miles into the park. A farsighted thought by the Commission was shown in the purchase of a four hundred-foot right of way wherein tree planting could be done, shielding any future logging by private interests beyond the right of way.

During the CCC movement in Oregon, a camp of two hundred boys was set up for the development of Saddle Mountain Park. They constructed seven miles of road into the park, a heavy log type of bridge across the Lewis and Clark River, and sixteen miles of fire protective trails, surveyed the park boundaries, and did fire hazard reduction and reforestation work. These CCC boys played a part in laying the foundation for the development of the state park system. The park wouldn’t have become a reality if it hadn’t been for the CCC agenda to construct roads.

Two miles south of Saddle Mountain is a similar promontory named Humbug Mountain where we acquired 160 acres as the nest egg for acquiring that mountain as a whole.

Saddle Mountain Park is destined to play a prominent part in the recreational development of the northwest section of the state. There are four outstanding coastal parks in Ecola, Short Sand, Cape Meares and Cape Lookout. Saddle Mountain gives a mountainous diversion—exhilarating and informative. This necklace of recreational gems should be strung together by organizations that are interested in bringing to the attention of the public these recreational assets. Recreational attributes of the State of Oregon are second to none in the nation. A scenic lure that brings a nation’s tourists to our doors. Recreation in Oregon is a product that should have the deepest cultivation. The tourist dollar is minted with the full essence of Oregon beauty.

Saddle Mountain Park will be found an exciting adventure to those who visit it. An heirloom of recreational values to ever be protected against the ravages of the whims of modern times. Keep the mountain your kneeling rack where you may offer a prayer to your Deity that you may be born again. The sermon is there for your interpretation.

GUY W. TALBOT AND GEORGE JOSEPH STATE PARKS

Located in Multnomah County a couple of miles east of Crown Point on the “old” or “Scenic” Columbia River Highway. Present
Latourell Falls, on the Columbia River Scenic Highway, is located in Guy Talbot State Park.
area of Guy W. Talbot State Park, one hundred and ninety-four acres, and of George Joseph State Park, eighty acres. Ed.

Talbot and Joseph State Parks, located on the upper Columbia River Highway at approximately milepost 26, are two of the outstanding waterfall parks of the Columbia Gorge. Talbot Park was the first park acquired in the Columbia Gorge, it being given to the state in 1929, by Guy W. Talbot of Portland, then President of the Pacific Power & Light Company. The gift consisted of 125 acres and upon it the beautiful Latourell Falls with a drop of 249 feet. There was a large house, a barn, a small summer cottage and a fruit and berry orchard, all included in the gift. The house is now used as the park caretaker's residence. This is one of the notable park donations of the entire park system. The park has been developed with picnic facilities and gets a large summer play.

The basaltic cliff formation of Latourell Falls is one of the most outstanding Vulcan forging of all of the falls of the Gorge. The folds and pleats, fantailed perpendicularly, are a work of art and a study to the bystander. The molds of creation had a Designer incomparable.

An early day event indirectly connected with Talbot Park should be recorded for its scenic preservation lesson. Looking east and slightly south about four miles from the Crown Point overlook is a stately basaltic crag with a face of several hundred feet in depth. This basaltic pleated crag of majestic proportions is one of the scenic props of the general panorama of the Columbia Gorge. Its majesty, along with St. Peter's Dome, is the first object to catch the observer's eye from Crown Point. A contract was let by the Highway Department for a rock crushing job and the fore-mentioned crag was selected for the quarry site.

The plan was to bring down the crag with one big shot. A tunnel was driven some two hundred feet along the face, about fifty feet deep. When completed, the tunnel was loaded with some ten or fifteen tons of powder. The day was set for firing the shot. The day before the firing was to take place, I was in the Chief's office on a park matter. While there the phone rang. The caller was Highway Commission Chairman Henry Van Duzer. He had just learned of the pending quarry shot. His words were evidently wrapped in thin asbestos. Tragedy was in the air. Engineers from The Dalles and Salem were started on a
Paul Revere ride to stay the contractor's match. They arrived in time and somewhere along the Columbia a crag has a boring filled with undiluted TNT. For a year, this was a nightmare with Mr. Van Duzer. The powder was not removed. The tunnel was sealed up. He always had a fear that the powder would blow up and kill someone. This fear caused a pipeline to be built and the tunnel filled with water.

In keeping with the foregoing proposed desecreation, the writer pleads guilty to committing such an act. In the Joseph Park adjacent to Talbot Park is the second, or upper, Latourell Falls. This is a double falls, the first plunging into a whirlpool, then over a rocky lip in its final plunge. I conceived the idea that it would be a wonderful thing if a trail were constructed along the face of the cliff where the hiker could stand between the two falls. The trail was blasted into the side of the cliff. The hiker was provided with a passageway to the beauty spot. But what had happened? The very foundation upon which depended the beauty of the entire picture has a great gash across it. The asthetic sense of the individual curdled before reaching the beauty spot.

It was fortunate this lesson came early in my park career, for it taught me that man's hand in the alteration of the Design of the Great Architect is egotistic, tragic, ignorant. I received caustic criticism for my disfigurement, but it was unnecessary. From then on, I became the protector of the blade of grass, the flower on the sward, the fern, the shrub, the tree, the forest. Custodian of His Creation, for I found man could not alter without disfigurement. Take away, disfigure, and you deaden the beat of a soul. Have you ever stood in the silence of a forest, heard a message, search for the pulpit whence it came? We live life through trial and error. My error of the falls taught me humbleness when I stood before my Maker. Confession dilutes man's self-esteem.

JOSEPH PARK

Adjoining Talbot Park to the south is a beautiful wooded area of forty acres, containing upper Latourell Falls, given to the state by George Joseph Sr., in 1934. On June 23, 1942, George Joseph Jr. gave to the state an adjoining forty acres. Trails have been built through the forest along Latourell stream to the falls. A hideaway for mankind when he would avoid the stresses of
modern competition. A sanctuary given in perpetuity to embellish the names of George Joseph, senior and junior. In such gifts man always lives though he be of dust.

The Columbia Gorge is a challenge to mankind for the perpetuation of its naturalness through the inscription of their names in keeping with George Joseph Sr., George Joseph Jr., Guy W. Talbot. A state, a world, offers its deepest gratitude to you for the perpetuation of God’s works where we may walk in memory of you.

BEACON ROCK STATE PARK—IN THE STATE OF WASHINGTON: HOW A STATE PARK WAS ACQUIRED BY WASHINGTON AND MISSED BY OREGON.

Located on the north bank of the Columbia River, in Skamania County, Washington, four miles west of North Bonneville; present area 3,964 acres. Ed.

This is a narrative of how not to get park but how to get a park acquired.

About forty miles up the Columbia River from Vancouver, Washington, is a large rock known as Beacon Rock.* The Rock is one of the scenic features of the Columbia Gorge. It is second only to Gibraltar in monolithic stature, its base covering 17 acres, its height 900 feet. The walls are perpendicular, the composition basaltic. It stands by itself at the edge of the waters of the Columbia River. What volcanic action set this mountain pebble up unto itself will likely never be known.

An Indian legend is attached to the Rock. An Indian princess by the name of Wehitpolitan with her babe climbed the Rock to escape her father. She couldn’t get back down, the father could not get up. The princess and babe perished on top. Their wails are still heard by the remaining Indians along the Columbia.

Along in 1931, the U. S. Army Engineers were building jetties at the mouth of the Columbia River. Every now and then there would be news items about Beacon Rock being considered for rock purposes for the jetty. The scenic preservation of the Rock meant as much to Oregon as it did to Washington. I went to Vancouver and conferred with E. S. Lindley, Secretary of the

* For a period it was called Castle Rock, though Lewis and Clark named it Beacon Rock in 1805. Ed.
Beacon Rock, on the north shore of the Columbia River in the State of Washington, was named by Lewis and Clark.
Vancouver Chamber of Commerce, to find out what it was doing for the preservation of the Rock. I learned that it had been tendered to the State of Washington as a gift. That Governor Hartley had turned it down. Lindley was at his wits end as to what to do. I asked him if he would object to my trying to get the Rock for a state park for Oregon. He readily agreed, that it mattered not just so long as the Rock was saved from destruction.

Beacon Rock, was owned originally by Henry J. Biddle. Upon his passing, its ownership fell to Erskine Wood and other Biddle heirs. Knowing that Mr. J. C. Ainsworth, president of the U. S. National Bank, Portland, a staunch friend of mine and of parks was well acquainted with Mr. Wood, I wrote the following letter to Mr. Ainsworth:

June 23, 1931

Dear Mr. Ainsworth:

I am enclosing a most interesting article pertaining to Beacon Rock, located on the Upper Columbia River; also a letter from the Vancouver Chamber of Commerce. I believe that this historical landmark should have the guardianship of a sovereign state. Washington, through Governor Hartley, refused its acceptance. Oregon can ill afford to leave it to the whims of commercialism. Portland has already answered the SOS of "Wehatpolitan." If in your wisdom, will you intercede with Mr. Erskine Wood to see if it may be placed with the heirlooms of the State. If no other way, I well know that the Vancouver Chamber of Commerce will care for it as a park. Should not we lift our hands to preserve one of the scenic spots of the Columbia River Highway! A river, a boundary line does not obscure our scenic vision. Should it stifle our scenic preservation?

Sincerely,
S. H. Boardman
Parks Engineer.

In a few days, back came Mr. Ainsworth's reply which reads (in part) as follows:

Dear Mr. Boardman:

... Mr. Erskine Wood stated that the property was offered to the State of Washington and declined; that he would consider giving a deed to the property for $1.00 to the State of Oregon, if you could legally and properly care
for same;—in other words, maintaining the park in the proper manner.

I told him that if set aside for a park, it should include a few acres across the Highway or to the north, where a beautiful stream of water flows in under wonderful trees. I have been over this personally a number of times, and am quite familiar with it, and will be glad to show it to you.

Mr. Wood said that it might include some of this area, if he understood what I referred to;—in other words, it would make a most beautiful parking space for lunches under the trees along this lovely stream, when people might stop to view and to climb the rock.

It is therefore up to you to see whether the State of Oregon could legally acquire this gift, when I will get in personal touch with Mr. Erskine Wood, who has the matter in charge and who is also one of the heirs to the property.

Hoping to see you soon, I remain,

Sincerely,
/S/ J. C. Ainsworth.

With the assurance that the Rock would be given to the State of Oregon as a gift, I immediately reported to Henry B. Van Duzer, Chairman of the Highway Commission. He was very enthusiastic about parks, in fact it was his commission that formulated the Parks Department. I greeted the chairman with the information that we had a new park. His face wreathed in smiles, “What is it Sam?” “Beacon Rock.” The smiles went into a grimace, from his lips there sizzled, “You are crazy as h——.”

I brought up my supporting battalions in defense. The legislature could pass a law wherein the state could accept the gift. Why should we let just the width of a river destroy a scenic asset woven into a recreational garland belonging to both states? How could we stand by and see the death of a relative, though a bit distant? If such things of beauty were not fought to a saving conclusion, then the waters of Multnomah Falls would be falling through steel pipes for the generation of electricity. Mr. Van Duzer weakened to the extent of giving the news of the gift to the Portland papers. They covered it editorially, one, from the Oregonian reading as follows:

BEACON ROCK

“There is a pretty well authenticated story that Beacon Rock, that great monolith on the Washington shore of the Columbia
river which attracts the notice of all travelers over the Columbia river highway, was acquired by the late Henry J. Biddle to save it from being quarried for rock for Columbia river jetties. Beacon Rock is peculiarly adapted to that purpose, because of the character of the material that composes it and because of its accessibility to rail and water transportation.

"Mr. Biddle, who had money as well as sentiment, added to the remarkable character of the monolith by building at his own expense an easy trail to its summit. His investment of $10,000 in this trail has made the rock more than ever worth preservation as one of the easily accessible scenic wonders of the Columbia river gorge.

"The heirs of the elder Biddle once offered it to the state of Washington as a public park. But the offer was rejected. . . . The offer now of Beacon Rock, by its owners, to the state of Oregon for preservation as a state park . . . shows a commendable desire to get it into the hands of an owner, appreciative of it as a scenic asset, rather than as a utility.

"So far as we know no state in the union now owns a park in another state. It is a gift unprecedented and as such, whether Oregon accepts it or not, is likely to arouse a stronger public interest in this natural monument. It would be a sad commentary upon the intelligence of the people of this section if it be permitted to fall into selfish hands."

It was these articles in the Portland papers that stirred the recreational lethargy of the State of Washington. Many Washington newspapers took Oregon to task for overstepping her recreational boundaries. Some of the articles were quite bitter. Petitions from the Granges along the river found their way to Governor Julius Meier asking that he delay taking over the rock until they had an opportunity to acquire it. Such a petition from the Pomona Grange of Stevenson, Washington, to Governor Meier said that they "Would much rather that Oregon would have it than to have it pass to private parties," but thought "it would be a reflection on the Washington administration to let a neighboring state carry its burdens." They asked Governor Meier to delay matters until they had a chance to do something.

With all this stirring of recreational interests, home pride in the State of Washington was rekindled through the effrontery of a bordering state; with a change in governors from Governor Hartley to Governor Martin, Beacon Rock became a Washington
State Park. The Rock is saved to posterity. It is now developed and used by many. While not under the jurisdiction of Oregon it is ours to see and wonder at its birth.

CAPE LOOKOUT STATE PARK

Located in Tillamook County, south of Netarts Bay; present area 1,393 acres, including the contiguous, but now separately designated, Louis W. Hill Family State Park. Ed.

Cape Lookout, an ocean observatory with a seaward view unexcelled from any point of the coastal universe. A vulcanized finger of Mother Earth defiantly penetrating the domain of Father Neptune to the extent of two miles. A finger between one-quarter and one-half mile in width standing with sheer bluffs from 500 to 600 feet in height. The Cape stands unique on this particular Oregon shoreline, for ten miles northward to Cape Meares are non-interrupted beautiful sand beaches. Again to the south, a distance of some ten miles to Cape Kiwanda are glistening silvery beaches without interruption. These beaches will be the property of the people forever. This sea observatory, the throne of the people to reign over all they survey.

Our first acquisition was Cape Lookout proper, of 975 acres. It was a gift from the U. S. Government. It contained no beach. In 1941 we obtained our first beach property joining the cape to the north. Today we have increased that ocean frontage one and one-half miles north of the Cape proper through the gift from the Louis W. Hill Family Foundation of St. Paul, Minnesota, of 175 acres.

In the early days of acquisition (1939) when the going was tough, an error was made in purchasing (for $2,131) 119 acres of virgin spruce and hemlock forest land with the timber rights reserved to the owner. To cut this timber off will leave a barren exposure of cutover land. We should have bought the timber.

The Cape being so varied in physical character called for a detailed study of its many attributes. The Oregon State Parks Division requested of the National Park Service the assistance of a biologist to make such a survey. In the early summer of 1941 the National Parks Service very graciously sent R. Lowell Sumner to make the survey. Following are excerpts from his report: “—The forest cover, particularly on the north and east slopes of the Cape constitute huge spruce and hemlock trees festooned
with hanging moss. A forest known as a rainforest due to the intensity of its growth, its ground cover, the mists of the close-by sea that continually keep it refreshed. This rainforest is comparable to the noted rainforests of the Olympic peninsula.

A colony of four thousand California murres nests on the rocky ledges of the extreme west end of the Cape. This and a colony of murres at Point Reyes in northern California are the only two rookeries on the mainland between the Canadian and Mexican borders. Another bird thrill is the jetspeeded falcon that flashes out of the skies upon its prey, likened unto the speed of light. The aristocrat of the old world when falconry was prized by the nobility. They nest on the Cape. What of their future protection?

Along the bird rookery at the west end of the Cape, there is a rocky slope that a colony of sea lions has taken over. The four footed fauna of the Cape is also diversified and interesting. Deer predominate, but for companions there are the black bear, mountain lion, bobcat, racoon, mink, weasel, flying squirrel.

Along with the primitiveness of the area, it evidently was the hunting ground of some early Indian tribe, for Indian artifacts have been found well towards the western tip of the Cape.

An outstanding recreational feature that can be brought into use is fishing. Here you have a barrier, diverting your north and south fish flow which eventually works its way around the tip of the Cape. Supplementing this proposal, you now have fresh water fishing in the creeks, salt water fishing in the bay, clam digging and crab fishing. Whether it is a bent pin, or the latest in glittering tackle, here is the resurrection place for all departed Izaak Waltons.

At the southeast corner of the Cape is a beautiful marine garden. Sea-life of an animal nature, colored with the hues of the rainbow, have their beds in worn pockets of a sandstone formation and are known as sea-urchins. They are shaped like small begonias and have tenacles from two to four inches in length. Each incoming tide retints the various hues, the outgoing tide leaving the garden exposed to the visitor.

Mr. Stanley G. Jewett, from his many years of investigation of the bird life of the Cape and Netarts Bay, lists a total of 154 species of birds.* If there were ever the need of a bird sanctuary,

---

*The entire list is given in Boardman's manuscript. It contains seventy-six species of water and shore birds and as many land birds, from quail to bluebird, seven kinds of sparrows, four wrens, five owls, etc. Ed.
it is here. The Parks Division through the years has ever had this bird sanctuary as its objective.

Back in 1936 the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service started a move to make Netarts Bay a bird sanctuary. They put men in the field to study the project, to obtain options on the property bordering the Bay on the east side. The department never succeeded in completing the project. Their efforts should be renewed. The State Fish and Wildlife Department should join with the Government service in completion of the project. The exceedingly desirable marsh land for bird nesting at the south end of the Bay has been acquired by the State Parks Division through the Louis W. Hill Family Foundation gift.

What a project for some Wildlife Protective Association to take under its wing for the unprotected wings of this bird sanctuary. One hundred and fifty-four types to thrill the onlooker. Where do you have another such spectacle of bird life in the state? Cape Lookout, unique in its recreational features, a bird sanctuary, aiding and abetting a recreational wonderland unequalled in the nation. Surely there must be those who live who would keep a portion of the primitive from the cataclysm of so-called progress. Man hopes for his final wings; protect those of your feathered friends that you may have insurance of your own wings.

Mr. Sumner throughout his report draws comparisons with Point Lobos State Park near Carmel, California, which has been retained as a primitive area to protect certain types of flora and fauna. Though the two parks are vastly different in character he strongly recommends that Cape Lookout be retained as a primitive area.

At this point I think a fiscal comparison of the parks would be interesting to the reader—Point Lobos contains 336 acres and cost the State of California $631,000; Cape Lookout contains 1,393 acres and cost Oregon $16,681.

To bring the Cape within reach of the public, and for the proper maintenance of the park, the Commission has appropriated money for the construction of a road* to the park for an overnight camping unit, caretaker's cottage, garage, water system, utility building. In co-operation with the Louis W. Hill Family Foundation there is being spent $9,000 in the planting of

---

*The road construction was completed in 1953 and the north shore line is fully developed for all types of use, including overnight camping. Ed.
Holland grass for the control of shifting sand. There is a threat at one narrow place on the spit of the ocean breaking through into Netarts Bay, similar to that which has happened at Bay-ocean. This grass planting may prevent such a break-through.

A tragedy on the Cape is marked by a bronze plaque on a rock listing the names of the nine airforce boys who lost their lives when their B-17 bomber crashed in a fog August 2, 1943; one of the crew of ten survived.

A primitive, recreational domain awaiting a directive for its preservation. This directive should consist of U. S. Government and State Department formulas for the protection of the State's natural resources. A plan for this preservation should be made and followed through all future development. There is little left today that may be called primitive. Strange as it may seem, the more the world civilizes the primitive, the more barbaric we become. Here is still a haven of primitiveness that may be preserved in all of its naturalness.

Primitive to its natural inhabitants, primitive to the visitor and not barbaric when he would walk in the fields of the Great Architect. May there be those who will breast the tides of civilization from this Cathedral of His teachings.

ECOLA (THE WHALE) STATE PARK

Located on the Coast in Clatsop County between Seaside and Cannon Beach. Present area 1,106 acres. The name was derived from the Chinook Indian word “ekoli,” meaning whale, first applied by Captain Clark in 1806 to the creek now called Elk Creek.

A park of “whalick” proportions facing Father Neptune’s domain. A park of some seven miles ocean frontage starting at the southern boundary of Seaside and terminating at the northern boundary of Cannon Beach. I doubt if there is another such ocean park bordering the nation’s shores that has all the sea salty attributes that Ecola has. Tillamook Head, standing 1,200 feet above the breaking breakers. A view superb in its distant reaches. A view that elicited from the lips of Captain Clark of the Lewis and Clark Expedition on January 8, 1806, as he stood on the Head—“Set out early and proceeded to the top of the mountain next to the [former] which is much the highest part and that part facing the sea is open, from this point I beheld
Ecola State Park, looking south toward Cannon Beach.
the grandest and most pleasing prospects which my eyes ever surveyed, in my front a boundless Ocean; to the N. and N.E. the coast as far as my sight could be extended, the Seas rageing with emence waves and brakeing with great force from the rocks of Cape Disapointment as far as I could See to the N.W."

To embellish and add to the saltiness of this view, in 1881 a lighthouse was erected on Tillamook Rock about one mile off shore. It has been in constant action to this day, with certain exceptions when the seas became overly riotous and threatened the lighthouse with destruction.

Lewis and Clark wrote history. Tillamook Head was the terminus of their “Westward Ho.” Let’s join Clark and his party as they descend the southern slope of Tillamook Head to Indian Beach. The purpose of their trek was that word had come to the Lewis and Clark camp, located on the Clatsop Plains, that a whale had been washed ashore somewhere down the coast line. The Lewis and Clark Camp was in need of some form of illumination for the winter months. Whale’s blubber, properly formed, gives a two-kilowatt flicker with all exits closed. Further, in those days they had blubber recipes of both calories and emetics.

On the north side of Indian Creek where it meets with the ocean is a flat of some five acres. Clark’s diary tells of finding five decadent Indian huts, evidence of finding many more in total ruins. He further notes a form of Indian burial consisting of decaying canoes, with boxes within, holding the remains of the dead. Present-day evidence of this Indian village was available a few years ago in the form of one of the largest midden mounds I have ever seen. It must have been many years in the making, but the Army built a road from Cannon Beach to the Head. When they came to the Indian village location the midden mound was leveled to the ground, though the road location missed it entirely. What was a century in building, a bulldozer destroyed in a day! Kilamox was supposedly the name of this tribe. Who knows but what the city of the Kilamox was a going concern before the pilgrim fathers landed at Plymouth Rock.

One notable observation point is known as Ecola Point. It projects from the general shoreline, standing some seventy-five feet above the sea. Offshore some one-half mile is Arch Rock with bordering shelves. Upon these shelves colonies of sea lions abide through most of the year. Sea bird life is abundant upon
the rock. A marine museum, as it were, in all the naturalness of
centuries.

At the southern boundary of the park, but outside the park is Chapman Point. Between these promontories are two wonder-
dful, hard sand beaches—Crescent and Indian beaches. Their front tables set with delectable razor clams. (Commercial diggers
are prohibited by law.) Under the rocks at low tide off Ecola Point are found butter clams, the soul and body of delectable clam chowder. A certain amount of ocean fishing is done from the rocks just north of Ecola Point.

The forest and its ground cover is true Oregon country in all its primitiveness. The park abounds in deer, formerly in elk. Ecola Park might be one of the outstanding game preserves in the state.

The 450-acre nucleus of Ecola State Park came through the gifts and purchase of the Ecola Point and Indian Beach Corpo-
ration of which Rodney L. Glisan, Florence G. Minott, Caroline Flanders and Louise Flanders owned forty-nine percent of the stock and L. A. Lewis, fifty-one percent. The first four gave, without solicitation, their share of the 450 acres which included substantial summer homes. To Mr. Lewis the state paid $17,500 for his share.

We have had many gifts of a recreational nature, but never one that so involved pure sacrifice of such a beautiful setting and lovely homes. Would that every visitor could know of the origin of the park through the generosity of Mr. Glisan, Mrs. Minott and the Misses Flanders. A bronze plaque set in a large boulder tells part of the story.

The deed to the park came to the state on February 11, 1932. I will never forget its acceptance by the Commission. There were some 300 people in attendance at this Commission meeting in the Multnomah County Court House. The first thing I had on my park agenda was the acceptance of Ecola Park.

Before I could explain why Ecola Park should be accepted, one of the Commission jumped to his feet and proceeded to give me one of the most complete verbal tongue lashings my august person has ever been decorated with. Times were tough at this time and the Commissioner thought it sacrilegious to be spend-
ing money for parks when people were tottering on the verge of starvation. His face was as red as mine was white. In some manner, I feathered my wings until the gust passed by. The
Commission then voted to accept the park. While the drama was at its height, a bit of humor crept in. Chairman Ainsworth was softly trying to lessen the temperature of the speaker, when Commissioner "Sage" Hanley (*Feeling fine*) without looking right or left, said "JAWN, let the monkey climb the pole, he'll slide back down." All three members of this Commission are on the board of directors of the Lord's Golden Streets. May the living ever pay homage for their foresight in obtaining this ocean wonderland.

In the fall of 1934, a CCC camp was established at the park. Until the spring of 1936, when the camp closed, many improvements were made. One of the important ones was a new approach road to the park. The old road was of a circuitous nature with exceedingly steep grades. At one place it directly bordered the ocean. After every storm, the road would be blockaded with two or three feet of sand. It was a thrilling adventure to reach Ecola Point in the early days. The CCC boys, under direction of the National Parks Service, constructed water systems, picnic areas, trails, caretaker's house, stone building, forest cleanup. Without the aid of the CCC boys, our parks would have been years in arrears in their development.

With the acquisition of the Ecola Point property, the northern border of which reached pretty well up on the southern slope of Tillamook Head, a move was started to acquire the ocean frontage northward to Seaside. Tillamook Head is one of the outstanding promontories of the Oregon coastline. To link Seaside and Cannon Beach by trail would be exceedingly beneficial, recreationally. The time will come when a separate horse trail will be constructed between the two resorts. The main properties involved were owned by the U. S. Government, Clatsop County and the Crown Zellerbach Corporation. Through a period of a few years the Government property, with the exception of fifty acres (about to be acquired at this time), and Clatsop County property were deeded to the state.

After thirteen years of attempted exchanges and purchases of the Crown Zellerbach lands without being able to agree on terms, I ran out of hope for a trade and went to my right bower and park father confessor, Marshall Dana, and laid my troubles before him. This was in the fall of 1947. Mr. Dana offered to go with me to converse with the officials of the company about the sale. Two meetings were held which culminated in the purchase
of the 307.9 acres for $46,063 in April, 1948. Marshall Dana was the inner spring that moved the hands of the stalemate, and the people of the state will be ever indebted to him. A certain amount of mental contentment may be had in the completion of this throughway ocean wayside, but it is far from what it should be; far from what it was originally planned for. The original plan called for some two thousand acres.

I would like to use Ecola as a cornerstone of a recreational kingdom located in the northwest corner of the state composed of Short Sand Beach, with its appendage Nehalem Sandspit, Cape Meares, Cape Lookout and Saddle Mountain. Four coastal parks of national character; an interior mountain park. What a wealth of inspirational values, recreational resources to those who pass by tomorrow. Weave these five unexcelled recreational gems into a highway wreath of Wilson-Sunsets sonnets. Never let the marrow of your backbone solidify. Never let your vision be grounded.

SILVER CREEK STATE PARK

Located in Marion County 20 miles east of Salem; present area 8,259 acres, including both the Silver Creek State Park proper and the Recreational Demonstration Project unit, 200 acres of which is under lease. This sketch was originally written by Mr. Boardman as a long letter to his successor, Mr. Chester H. Armstrong, and contained many detailed recommendations which have been omitted in this digest. Ed.

On a rainy fall day of 1929, I paid my first visit to the South Falls of South Silver Creek. The road from Silverton was a county dirt road, right or left angling at every corner brier bush. In winter, it was a real adventure in getting through to the falls, sometimes necessitating the aid of a farmer’s team to haul you out of a bog hole. As I started to enter the road into the falls, a portly, elderly lady signaled for a stop and came up to the car. She stated I would have to pay ten cents in order to go on in and see the falls. She worked on a five percent commission from the landowner and would make from one to two dollars a day on week ends.

From the time of my first visit in 1929 to 1931, the project remained in a dormant condition. Information was given to me that the North and South Silver creeks dried up in summer,
South Falls at Silver Falls State Park. South Falls drops 177 feet over a lava cliff into a crystal clear pool on Silver Creek. Nine other major waterfalls are found in Silver Falls State Park.
hence there were no waterfalls. I kept a tab on the two streams and found they did not go dry, though their volume was much less in the fall. In the summer of 1931, the Commission approved my recommendation for the purchase of the D. E. Geiser property containing one hundred acres upon which the South Falls was located. This was the nest egg which hatched into a complete Silver Falls State Park.

In 1931, the Salem Chamber of Commerce (Henry Crawford, President, and Charles Wilson, Secretary) and the Silverton Chamber of Commerce (E. J. Adams, President and June Drake, Secretary) became interested in the project. These gentlemen did yeoman service; they knew many of the owners of land covering the falls of the two streams, and obtained exceedingly favorable options.

During 1931, the North Falls, consisting of forty acres, was purchased from the Silverton Lumber Company for $2,000. It is one of the outstanding falls, dropping 146 feet, has a cave with a ceiling width of 310 feet and a depth of 120 feet. From floor to ceiling it is twenty feet. There are few ceiling spans to equal this 310 feet of the North Falls. These falls were acquired during the regime of Commissioners Ainsworth, Hanley and Spalding.

The parking area at the North Falls was a gift. Visitors to the falls were parking on narrow shoulders. Hedda Swart at the time was county roadmaster. Through his direction, the parking area was leveled and rocked. I had no funds at this time for development purposes. Thanks, Hedda.

While giving thanks, I should like to record the acquisition of another area nearby, the upper North Falls, containing eighty acres. This was Government land and I had applied for it under the Recreational Act. Evidently at the same time an ex-soldier had applied for it under the Homestead Act. Through procedure unknown to me, the ex-soldier secured title to the property. He had secured it with no thought of farming but a direct threat to our park development, as the west line of the property came within 100 feet of the North Falls. Its acquisition was a “must” if there ever was a must. I knew if I tried to acquire it from the owner direct the state would get hooked plenty. F. Clark of the Salem Abstract Company set out to get an option on the property. The owner was suspicious, and the matter dragged along for six months. Finally, Clark got an option for
$5,000 for the eighty acres. Then I got my rebuff, I couldn't get the approval of the Commission to buy it. I went to Henry Crawford, Salem Postmaster at the time, alway an ardent supporter of mine relating to my park efforts, and told him my troubles. The next day he went to the bank, drew $5,000, bought the property, and a year later turned it over to the state when I secured the approval of the Commission to buy it. Talk about civic citizenship. On behalf of the people of Oregon, thanks a million, Henry. And to you, Clark, thanks for your cooperation with the state.

The Frank Chella property containing 120 acres, and adjoining the South Falls property was one of the chief buys of 1932. The property, for which we paid $6,000, took in the Lower South Falls and takes in eighty acres of old growth fir, one of the only remaining stands in this section of the country. It is like walking into a cathedral, the firs towering 200 feet into the air. A hushed song is always noticeable in the tree tops. What a place for an open air amphitheatre in this setting of sentinels. A spring on the hillside with storage will provide sufficient water for a spray water curtain.

The acquisition of the Fred Volz property was a tiring one. This property contained the Silver Falls townsite, on the surveying and platting of which ex-president Herbert Hoover as a boy had helped his uncle. The "city," at the time we bought it, consisted of a church, store, blacksmith shop, dance hall and several dwellings. Only one family composed the city at this time. Our parking area is now located on the townsite.

Volz' property came within 100 feet of the South Falls proper and he had developed a picnic area, etc., just over the fence from our picnic area. He would not consider selling. The Legal Department took action and vacated the streets of his Silver Falls City plat. Still he wouldn't sell. The Legal Department offered him $10,000. He finally made a price of $25,000. The Commission ordered condemnation. The case went to trial and before the first evidence could be given (I was in the chair) Volz' attorney asked the Judge for a recess. Volz had gotten cold feet and took the $10,000.

For a number of years the only source of water for the park was a well at the South Falls. I had tried for a long time, in vain, to buy a ten acre tract on the hillside that contained a fine spring. Came the day when the park was dedicated. Eight thousand
people attended. Chairman Scott was master of ceremonies. It was a hot day. Some patron, his tongue hanging out a foot, got the chairman by the sleeve and led him to the well. Raised the lid—the well was dry. Two frogs were swapping spit in the bottom of the well. At the next Commission meeting, I got the spring on the hill, and it is the present water supply.

The first development funds for any of the parks was $3,000 for the construction of trails at Silver Falls. With the aid of a foreman I located the present trails. The terrain was a bit severe in its natural state.

We had a pestiferous acquisition in Section 10. Our trail came within one hundred feet of a property line. The owner erected a shack and started selling pop, ice cream and buns, and he placed in the hands or a strong-armed rustic, a bell with the resonance likened unto a bullmoose calling its mate. The stillness of the canyon was shattered like the bedlam of a boiler factory. To bring peace, we bought ten acres, paying $1,000.

An important unit of the park still under Recreational Act Lease from the U. S. Government is located in Section 3 and contains 200 acres. There are five small falls through this section of the main Silver Creek. The walls of the canyon are narrow and precipitous and it is one of the scenic spots of the park.

Before we acquired the South Falls, D. E. Geiser, the owner, advertised circus stunts. He built a low dam just above the lip of the South Falls, got a chap with an enclosed canoe. Ran a wire through a ring on the bow of the canoe, anchored the wire to the bottom of the pool, a 184-foot drop. The voyager got into the padded canoe, the dam was pulled. The canoe failed to follow the wire, but turned sideways. The voyager was fished out with a set of broken ribs. The canoe demolished. Mr. Geiser couldn't get any more human guinea-pigs, so he built a track in the bottom of the creek, sent ancient cars over the brink for the plunge. These were Fourth of July stunts and drew very well, I believe the entrance fee was twenty-five cents. Izaak Waltons fishing the pool often came up with spare parts of demolished autos.

Small improvements were made at the South Falls up until 1935. When we took over, cars drove directly to the falls, their front bumpers seemingly parked over the rim of the falls. A parking area was made just west of the present concession building. A wooden barricade built. I was showered with gripes for a year
because they couldn’t drive directly to the falls. The present stone wall was built during this time around the lip of the South Falls the first building was the log building west of the concession building. C. B. McCullough designed it for me and it was to be a glorified “powder room.” When the building was completed it was so fine, I never permitted it to be desecrated by the use for which it was designed, and it became a community shelter and kitchen.

On March 30, 1935, the Commission signed up with the U. S. Army for the establishment of a CCC camp at Silver Falls State Park. The Army to have supervision of 200 boys while off duty. The National Parks Service to have supervision of the boys during the working period. Plans for development were made at the park, then sent to the National Parks Service office in San Francisco for checking, often sent to Washington office for rechecking.

Throughout the entire state I had at one time seven CCC camps working in the parks and at this peak period there were twenty-seven National Parks inspectors touring the camps and the parks office. One became a bit “edgy” at times. I recall a two-year period wherein the blue prints were worn out through the various agencies discussing the proper stresses of a foot bridge crossing the Rogue River at Casey State Park. In sheer desperation, to save the budget setup for the bridge, I traded the Casey Bridge for a privy at Honeyman Park.

The parks of the state up to the time of the CCC boys had little development. With the advent of the camps, the CCC boys actually constructed the development foundation of our park system. Some have complained of the cost of this development. The actual intent of the movement was to take young boys off the city streets and character mould them into future citizenship. It was a marvelous movement and the results inestimable. I was a witness to the transformation, and always counted the benefits to the boys and discounted the cost of their labors and results. The Army was superb in the handling and care of the boys. The National Parks Service in its directive development plans always kept the improvements within park propriety and good taste.

The CCC camp was established in 1935 and occupied by CCC boys until 1938, when World War I veterans took over until 1941. During this regime, eighty-eight park projects were worked on, running from boundary surveys, trails, tables, parking, sewer-
age, water systems, buildings. During this period of development the Government spent ninety-seven percent, the state three percent. The Government spent a total of $410,000 in this development, surely a boon to the Parks Division.

The park fell heir to a very fine gift in the CCC camp at the termination of the CCC movement. The camp is used during the summer months by church organizations. Improved facilities would greatly increase its occupancy. The camp represents a $50,000 investment.

An unfinished project planned for the South Falls was a Carving Unit, where those who carry a knife and feel they must carve their initials somewhere will have a place to do it without harming the furniture or trees. One of the first implements of man was the knife made from stone. From the time of Adam he used it in whittling his way out of the Garden of Eden into the present-day everglades of modern life. It is hereditary with us. There is no staying the impulses of the carver. The best we can do is an attempt to guide its activities. At heart, mankind doesn’t really want to destroy or desecrate. At heart, he doesn’t want to carve the picnic table, initial the trees, poetry the privy, blotch the directing sign. Give him an ordained place where he can exercise these hereditary impulses and the trees of the forest and the man-made structures will be saved from mutilation.

One thing should be noted that is outstanding, and I doubt if it can be duplicated in the United States, wherein you have fifteen water falls in an area of a mile and a quarter by three miles and a quarter. The composition of the park is mainly of water falls. The life of the park is dependent on water. The state does not own the watershed upon which the park is dependent. This watershed must be protected if you would keep the scenic values of the waterfalls. In the beginning of the Recreational Demonstration Project when land was being purchased, we had an option on 9,000 acres of the watershed for $9,000. The National Parks Service was buying the land but I was unable to convince them that the watershed should be bought. A timber company now owns the property, paying $200,000 for it. They are making a tree farm out of it, and when matured, will cut only in a block form. Selective cutting as it were.

In the myrtle furniture gracing the concession building lies a story. Elmer Bankus of Brookings gave me two myrtle logs five feet in diameter and forty feet in length. I found a one-man
sawmill about five miles north of Brookings where I got the material cut to dimension for the furniture. How the sawmill man ever handled these large logs with his teapot mill will ever be a mystery to me. CCC trucks got the material to Corvallis where they went into the Oregon State College experimental kiln weighing 18,000 pounds and came out sixty days later weighing 8,000 pounds; the furniture has never warped or cracked.

I became interested in the design of the furniture at Timberline Lodge and called upon Mrs. Margery Hoffman Smith of the Oregon Art Project of the Federal Works Agency who had designed it and she and her staff visited our concession building and designed our furniture as it is now seen.

From these two logs came twenty-five tables with tops three inches thick, eighty-two chairs in the same heavy construction, eleven wall and fireplace benches and one large dining bureau. I'll venture to say that this is the only heavy type myrtle furniture in the nation. To get this noted piece of art done in myrtlewood was a two year project. It cost $500. You price its value as is, or cut into souvenirs.

The Recreational Demonstration Project or Youth Camps Unit

In the early 1930s the federal government instituted Recreational Demonstration Projects in various parts of the country to be built and operations started by the National Parks Service, but which later would be turned over to the states. One such project was allocated for Oregon to adjoin on the east Silver Creek State Park.

The story of the acquisition of the Recreational Demonstration Project is a bit interesting as it consisted of a twelve-year period of endeavor. It was on December 31, 1934, that the Highway Commission under Chairman Leslie Scott notified the Department of the Interior that it would sponsor the Silver Falls project. The government was to furnish all funds for acquisition and development. Upon the completion of the project the state was to take it over at a cost of one dollar. On November 24, 1947, the Highway Commission, of which Harry Banfield was the chairman, signed the certificate of acceptance from the government of the 6,053 acres with all the improvements.

In 1942 the Recreational Demonstration Project was completed, the government having spent $1,150,000 for land, labor and materials. The National Parks Service then requested that
the state take over the project per agreement. The Commission stood firm that before it took over the project the O & C lands would have to be included, for checkerboarded among the 4,000 acres the government had bought were 2,000 acres of Oregon-California revested grant lands. The matter hung along until bills were introduced in the Senate and House whereby the O & C lands could be turned over to the National Parks Service for recreational purposes, the Service then to turn over the 2,000 acres to the state. Both bills passed, were sent to President Truman and he vetoed them because the administrative power was placed in the hands of the Secretary of the Interior, instead of the Attorney General. The bills were revamped and passed with the signature of the president.

We were still not out of the forest. There are seventeen O & C counties in the state which receive a percentage of the timber sale revenue from all the O & C lands. This item had to be waived on our 2,000 acres. It happened that this particular time we had a friend who was president of the Oregon Association of O & C counties, the late Judge Murphy of Marion County, always an ardent supporter of Silver Falls Park. Further assistance in the matter was given by Harry Buckley, project manager of the R. D. P. under the National Parks Service, who called on the officials of each of the seventeen counties. The association of O & C counties then passed unanimously a resolution waiving all rights within the project.

Two isolated tracts located on the North Silver Creek watershed, containing 547 acres were bought in the 1930s for $3,282. Today’s cruise shows eleven million board feet of timber on the properties, worth at present stumpage prices $220,000. The passing of time defies the prediction of man’s tomorrow.

The construction of the Youth Camps was performed by laborers, financed by the Works Progress Administration, coming from Salem, Silverton, and Sublimity, and transported back and forth from their homes.

Two recreational camps were constructed, one on Silver Creek caring for 121 people, which is a boys camp, one on Smith Creek for girls, holding sixty-five people. A family camp was planned but never constructed. Upon the completion of the camps difficulty was found in obtaining a sponsor for them. Finally the Y.M.C.A. became interested and leased the Silver Creek camp and has run it ever since; a great deal of credit is due it for the
efficient way the camp has been conducted. The Girl Scout organization operates the Smith Creek camp and the same compliment is due it. These organizations used the camps only during summer school vacation. At other periods various organizations occupied the premises. This year's occupancy had twenty-six groups totaling 1,834 persons.

To care for the overrun of applications for camp space two more camps should be constructed. As the bough bends comes the shape of things. Have you ever seen 100 youths at the camp? One hundred twigs being grafted into the spiritual tree of life. Build more camps for the boys and girls for a better world.

During the construction period of the R. D. P. an overnight camping unit was started. Time ran out before it could be completed. A new fifty unit overnight development is under construction at this time sponsored by the Highway Commission. It is very much needed and will add greatly to the general recreational features of the park.*

The Silver Falls State Park unit consists of 2,270 acres costing $64,183. The R. D. P. unit consists of 5,989 acres costing $69,750. A total park acreage of 8,259 acres costing $133,933. Study the values of this park, not in monetary values for there is no yardstick for computation; nor is there a way to evaluate the spiritual and recreational values. Certainly an administrative responsibility of deepest concern to the one who will guide its destiny. Fire is one of its worst enemies, and a thorough protective fire program should be worked out. Conserve the water supply, for upon it rests your scenic value. One must ever be on the watch to guard against diverting water from North Silver Creek. A recreational kingdom is in your hand. Build unto it. Guard that which has been builded.

COOS COUNTY'S MARINE WONDERLAND: CAPE ARAGO, SHORE ACRES, SUNSET BAY, AND SIMPSON STATE PARKS

The following is a portion of a paper by Mr. Boardman entitled "Coos Head Marine Wonderland," much of which is concerned with an appeal to acquire an additional state park at the entrance of Coos Bay; this has been omitted. The state parks mentioned are all in Coos County south of the Bay of that name. Cape

*This is now completed and in use. Ed.
Arago State Park now contains 134 acres, Shore Acres State Park 637 acres, Sunset Bay forty-eight acres, and Simpson State Park forty-one acres. Ed.

The Oregon coastline is noted for its spectacular headlands, beaches, grotesquely formed wind-swept forest, and offshore rock formations that some centuries ago were headlands. These islands serve as rookeries for the bird life of the sea, shared by herds of sea lions.

The Coos County ocean shoreline beginning at the Coos Bay jetty and extending southward to Cape Arago is distinctive in scenic character. Sandstone bluffs holding the sea at bay average from fifty to seventy feet in height. Through the centuries the whims of the rolling breakers have carved indentations in the yielding sandstone, unlike anything else found along our coastline. Cape Arago lighthouse, located a short distance south of the jetty and seaward on a promontory, flashes its warning to mariners seeking the Coos Bay entrance. Just to the south and adjoining the Cape Arago Lighthouse Reservation is beautiful Sunset Bay. A land-locked wind protected bay which is often the haven for storm-beset fishermen. A bay, miniature in size, with precipitous sandstone bluffs, a narrow passageway to the open sea, a sandy beach packed hard by the ebbing tides. An ocean gem of marine architecture seldom equaled on any coastline.

A short distance south of Sunset Bay, is a marine, botanical creation of L. J. Simpson—Shore Acres, now a state park. The shoreline is distinctive in character. A sandstone bluff some forty to fifty feet in height challenges the sea in its onward rush. Through incessant attacks, the sea has undermined large slabs of sandstone, tilting them seaward at a reclining angle of forty-five degrees. In this formation is the setting for one of the most spectacular wave-breaking actions found on our coastline. The waves break against the reclining slab, spray high into the air, then cascade down the slab into the hollow, its final fury spent against the mother bluff. With a turbulent sea, a norther, wind flaking the comber tops, Father Neptune puts on a breath-taking show. Spray fifty feet in the air accompanied by the roar of the breakers will long linger in your memory. For seascape photographers, the Rembrandt of the sea awaits the click of your camera.

Again we travel a few miles south to Cape Arago, a promontory projecting into the ocean with a north and south bay. The
south bay has a sandy beach and is greatly used in the summer months, it being protected against the summer northers. The south bay is protected by a seaward arm of the Cape wherein small pleasure boats can take off for bay and ocean fishing. Adjoining the Bay and extending southward is the Seven Devils' country noted for its coastal ruggedness. To the north of the cape a short distance, and one-half mile seaward, is a long low rocky reef. High tide barely submerges its crest, endless sea breakers in placid and riotous form and shape continually break their crests on this reef. No two breakers seem alike as they burst upon the reef, long, white, foaming, scudding breakers spent of their fury generated leagues away in the distant sea. Spray shoots airward in keeping with the directed momentum of Father Neptune. What magic lure holds the individual to the oncoming comber, the first white feathery break, the ripple throughout its length, the final thundering aeriated breakage scudding in rainbow colored white foam to its destination on the upper reaches of the beach. What divergent pattern will be the next comber asks the inquisitive mind. Does the breaking comber conceal some message from the distant horizon that mankind is always trying to fathom? What of these marine carvings master-planned by the Great Designer, centuries in their creation. They are yours to have and to hold.

The first sea pearl of this ocean link came to the state in the form of Cape Arago. It was originally given to Coos County by Louis and Lela Simpson. On June 1, 1932, Coos County, with the full accord of Mr. and Mrs. Simpson deeded to the state Cape Arago consisting of 134 acres.

The next sea link in this ocean chain was the acquisition of the L. J. Simpson estate, known as Shore Acres. This estate was known far and wide for its beautiful seascape, large rambling home, swimming pool, a garden adorned with over 3,000 kinds of plants, many of them secured from distant parts of the world.

The estate contains 637 acres, which Mr. Simpson sold to the state for $29,000. He spent many thousands of dollars in the development of Shore Acres, a sure sale to some Hollywood star for much more than the state paid him, but he wanted the people of his state to forever enjoy its beauty. Mr. Simpson was that way, generously giving, sharing of his fortune with his fellow man.
Cove Palisades State Park. Within the park, and surrounded by the precipitous lava gorges that make the area famous, is the confluence of the Deschutes, Crooked, and Metolius rivers. Mt. Jefferson is in the background of this scene.
The beautiful Simpson Park at the south end of the Coos Bay bridge was given to the City of North Bend by Mr. Simpson, and later at his request, North Bend deeded the park to the state. May the memory of Louis Simpson’s love for his fellow man ever be refreshed as we walk the trails of his woodlands.

Next to be acquired of their marine scenic treasures is snug Sunset Bay, a picturesque harbor for light draft fishing boats. Strange as it may seem, Coos County acquired Sunset Bay for unpaid taxes. An advertisement inserted by the Coos County Court for the sale of the property, caught the eye of the writer, causing a hurried trip to Coquille. On February 19, 1948, the County Court deeded to the state Sunset Bay, containing forty-eight acres.

Adjoining Sunset Bay to the north is the Cape Arago Lighthouse Reservation. The Parks Commission had made application to the U. S. Government, under the Recreational Act, for twenty-five acres of excess timbered land directly joining the bay. This will greatly enhance the recreational features of the park.

Recently the Commission attempted through condemnation to secure twenty-five acres bordering the park on the east. A trial jury brought in a verdict of $25,000 which the Commission refused to accept. This land is very necessary for the development and protection of the park for the days to come. A million dollar marine gem for the generations that are to come.

In the foregoing is a marine wealth of recreation and commercial value incomparable. So close to our eyes we do not see its tomorrows. Be as relentless in its preservation as the battering waves upon its shores.

THE COVE-PALISADES STATE PARK: THE GRAND CANYON OF OREGON

Located in Jefferson County about 15 miles by road southwest of Madras, present area 4,533 acres, of which 2,988 acres are leased; application for 2,411 acres in addition is pending. Ed.

Startling surprises are the whetstones of exhilarated living. Through the level, undulating plains of the Madras irrigation project, without warning, you suddenly breast the rim of an abyss that fairly takes the breath away. Far below, a silvery stream wends its way seaward (Crooked River), its westward bank named by the scenic writer of Bend, Phil F. Brogan, “The
Island," a remnant of one of the world's greatest intra-canyon basaltic flows.  

In the Pleistocene age—a mere seventy-five million years ago—Mother Earth's architect laid out a plan of rivers and plains. Evidently at some insistence on the right of a woman to change her mind, the lava valves at Smith Rocks were opened. Down the canyon of the Crooked River flowed the liquid lava. A short distance below the mouth of the Metolius River the lava began backing up, completely filling the canyons of the Crooked, Deschutes, and Metolius rivers, and creating a dam which formed a great lake backing the water over the present site of Prineville. The Mutton Mountains overlooked from the north this sea of deterred waters. Round Butte was a young volcano at the time, and added to the gaiety of the occasion by pouring forth its intra-canyon material.

The labors of the earth quieted. The rivers again sought their natural beds. Centuries of time have gone by, and we again find our rivers canyon-bound—the wonder working of erosion by a pebble, a boulder, even unto a drop of water—be it consistent. Why the impulsive haste of the present? Out of two cataclysms of time comes your Cove Island.

Hew the Cove Park became a reality is an interesting story. Back in 1937 the Resettlement Administration under the Department of Agriculture set up a recreational project on the banks of the Crooked River and 170 acres were purchased at a cost of $4,500, including about one mile of river frontage. A five-acre tract was selected for picnic development purposes and a fine job was done, ultimately costing $10,000. A peculiar twist of the Resettlement directive provided funds for development, but none for administration or maintenance. The State Parks Division received a letter from the Resettlement Administration stating that they had a park located on the Crooked River that they would like to give to the state. The writer made his first trip to this section to investigate knowing not that there was such scenic splendor in the state. The Commission accepted the gift, and like "mighty oaks from tiny acorns grow," the park consists of 4,533 acres today. Tracts totaling 1,553 acres costing $20,050 were purchased by the Commission; forty acres on Round Butte were acquired from Jefferson County; 2,988 acres of Government land were acquired under the Recreational Act; an additional area of 2,411 acres has been applied for.
One unit of the park has a history worthy of recording—a story that depicts the type of foundation upon which this nation was built. In 1886 a Mr. Rogers located and patented a homestead in the Crooked River canyon at the Cove that contained some arable land. He, and F. F. McCallister who came later into possession of the homestead, planted some five acres of peaches—a peach delicate in flavor, of satin texture, with coloring eased by the central Oregon sun, for the Cove has 192 clear days a year and only nine inches of rain. Settlers came by wagon from thirty to fifty miles away for these peaches.

The McCallisters adopted an orphan boy, William Boegli, who grew up on this isolated ranch at the bottom of the canyon. He left at eighteen to get an education. He became a school teacher, later County School Superintendent, then the first County Judge of Jefferson County. The beauty of the Cove never left him and in 1905 he returned and bought the orchards and land of the McCallisters, the people who had adopted him from an orphanage. Mr. Boegli remained on the ranch until the Commission purchased it in 1941. Since then the orchard has returned to the Commission $12,050 in the sale of fruit. In time the entire cost of the park will be covered by the products of this orchard.

While this "Grand Canyon of Oregon" is not a competitor in depth of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, it is distinctive in its three rivers—the Crooked, the Deschutes and the Metolius. Twenty-two miles of white waters within this canyon park. Waters so clear—the Deschutes, sky blue; the Crooked River, emerald green—that the rainbow trout do not have to wear goggles to see through the silt to strike a fly.

There is a uniqueness in the sources of these three rivers; while the Crooked River watershed is in the foothills of the Ochocos, its main constant flow comes from Opal Springs about four miles above the park, delivering one thousand second feet of water. During the summer months above the spring, the river remains a trickle. Below the spring, the river is a turbulent, rushing, white water cascade of beauty. The Metolius River which borders the park on the north has its source in a spring at the base of Black Butte, a going river at its very inception. The Deschutes River has several large springs feeding into it within the park. The uniform flow of the Deschutes River is not excelled by any river
in the United States of equal size, its yearly rise and fall being less than one foot.

Lewis and Clark discovered the Deschutes River on October 22, 1805. They hung an Indian moniker on it, Towarnehiooks. Fur trading trappers came along later and named it Riviere des Chutes.

A specter of uncertainty hangs over these park white water rivers through the proposed construction of two power dams lower down on the river. The construction of the Round Butte dam would blanket the white waters with a coverlet of placid storage waters. The brown hackle would be exchanged for the night crawler. It would necessitate the Parks Division taking up all picnic facilities and moving them to the new shoreline.

In the selection of the acreage of the park, both rims, east and west, of the Crooked and Deschutes canyons were purchased. A scenic road along the rim of Crooked River with picturesque overlooks has been constructed by the Commission at a cost of $15,400.

Also acquired was Round Butte, now with a road to its top. Round Butte is of volcanic origin. Its height above the plateau floor at Culver is some six hundred feet. A scenic vista observatory unequalled. Can you visualize 50,000 acres checkerboarding the plains below you with a crop coloring likened unto the rainbow. This is the magic of a desert, reborn with the life-giving waters of the Deschutes River. Turning to the west, the snow-covered Cascade Range meets your view. From the Three Sisters northward to Mt. Adams, intervening sentinels awe you with their majesty. Friendly Mt. Jefferson on a clear day seemingly is at your doorstep. Where will you find in your personal realm, the heights of your Designer, and the cauldrons of the devil in such a compact place?

Serenity is sought but seldom found in the pursuit of life. Round Butte, created in disturbance eons ago, now is restless through the activities of man-made ants gnawing at its vitals. The first onslaught on its slopes came during the second World War. The government designated an airport to be constructed northwest of Madras, and selected Round Butte as the source of rock. This left a ragged scar on the butte’s north slope.

The next attack on the butte came through the filing of a mineral claim on the butte by a man who immediately started
selling the cinders. The Commission petitioned the U. S. District Court of Portland to bring suit against the locator for taking cinders from the butte for commercial purpose. This was over a year and a half ago. During this time, the claimant has continued to sell cinders.

To further entangle the doom of the butte, the Highway Commission let a contract to surface certain roads of Jefferson County, designating the butte as the source of material. The claim locator evidently bided his time, for on the completion of the job, he brought suit against the contractor for taking "his" cinders.

In what other country would the dignity of the citizen, and his right to protection under the Bill of Rights, permit his contesting the rights of his government, federal and state? The situation would actually be ludicrous if it were not so bizarre.

Why the mental disturbance over the foregoing? The writer, sixty years ago (perish the age), was a member of a survey party constructing a railroad into an iron mountain many times larger than Round Butte. This mountain was located in eastern Wyoming, a stone's throw from the trail the Forty-niners took on their way to the California gold fields. Upon the completion of the railroad, a steam shovel moved in. Today, where a mountain stood, is a deep pit. One view is left, the clouds above from the pit below. Scoop by scoop, the cinder butte becomes a pit. Why can't a few summits be left for man to rise above the dust of his feet? Where he may clarify, renew, his beliefs in the teachings of Creation.

There is one physical feature especially that should be visited by all patrons of the park. It is at the junction of the Deschutes and Crooked rivers and is in the form of a column standing some fifty feet in height, thirty feet in diameter. Its top is inaccessible to man through its sheer sides. An eagle family has taken over as a permanent residence. The column which some have named "The Lighthouse," is pleated layers of basaltic flows, its edges brazened with some great vulcan rasp. What makes it so noticeable is that it stands alone in the vast arrayal of volcanic cliffs. To the east, the canyon rim is one-half mile away. To the west, the sharp northern prow of the Island is

---

*On December 23, 1952, Judge G. J. Solomon of the U. S. Federal Court restrained the claimant from taking further cinders from Round Butte, and ordered that he pay for all taken.*
some 400 feet distant. Across the Deschutes from the Island, great beetling basaltic bluffs towering 800 to 1,000 feet above the river. The Lighthouse standing in dignity in this maelstrom of cooled lavas.

One thing is certain as you stand before the column—you won’t be wondering when your next door neighbor is going to cut his grass. If one wishes to observe the smallness of his own stature, this is a good classroom to stand in.

As you leave the canyon, winding your way up the circuitous road etched in the side of the canyon walls, you again come to the irrigated fields of the Madras project. The road bisecting fields of waving wheat, clover, alfalfa, and lesser products. Take a moment, and look back through eons of time. When this land was sub-tropical. At a time when the Cascade Range had not formed. Instead of the clovers and their associates, there grew the avocado, cinnamon, fig, persimmon, fan palm, redwood, and Oregon grape in tropical tree form.

Today, where the jackrabbit reigns over the animal kingdom, there formerly ranged the three-toed horse (size of a fox), tapirs, rhinoceros, camels, sabre-tooth tigers. What an informative story of the creation of the Cove and pre-historic changes could be written for the public’s benefit by a skilled geologist.

We are all of clay. An urn of dust at the finish. With mortar and pestle grind the vulcanized ingredients of the Cove that we may know the better the composition of our own clay. *

A NARRATIVE OF A TREE BORN OF THE DESERT

This is a condensation of Mr. Boardman’s account of his pioneering efforts to plant shade trees in dry eastern Oregon, first at his own homestead at Boardman and later along state highways. Ed.

In sheer defense from the burning sands of the desert, a settler (Boardman) seeks the green coverage of the Creator’s awning. Locust seeds are gathered and bedded. A year goes by and no results. Another try is made and the hard locust seeds are scarified. Springtime comes and breaking through the crust are tips of locust seedlings. Along with the locust seeds, poplar

*Original manuscript completed by Mr. Boardman on December 15, 1952; he died before he could edit it.
cuttings were planted. A few years rolled along and from the desert arboretum came the trees that formed the awning about the settler’s shack.

Ten years later the Government brought water to the desert, settlers followed to their individual filings. From the early settler’s grove, the newcomers selected their cuttings and planted their shade trees and wind breaks. Today, thirty years later, a forest of trees covers the project.

Missing in the desert, as well as the tree, was the bird life. The settler’s trees grew and in some mysterious manner from somewhere out of the heavens came birds to nest in the settler’s trees. A song from a tree top is the elixir of spring.

The early settler secured the cooperation of the children in the planting of a tree nursery on the school ground. From this tree nursery the school grounds were planted as were the childrens’ home grounds. Trees were given to other schools for the planting of their grounds. On one Arbor Day the early settler secured the cooperation of the schools of Irrigon, Umatilla, Hermiston, Echo, Stanfield, and Boardman to plant trees along the right of way adjacent to their towns, using trees from the Boardman tree nursery. The town of Boardman was laid out from a part of the early settler’s homestead, and he formulated the plan for the planting of the streets of the new town.

From this planting along the highway right of way by the children of the various schools was born the idea of planting the highways of the state to trees. The idea was sold to the Chairman of the Commission, Judge Duby, also to Governor Pierce. Having no money to buy trees, it was up to me to produce the trees. The terrain from The Dalles to Umatilla is of desert character, sandy soil and an average of eight inches of rain a year. It necessitated the finding of a tree adaptable to desert conditions. I found a tree growing in The Dalles district known as the ailanthus or Tree of Heaven. It had been brought into The Dalles in the early days by colporteurs of the Catholic Church from Australia, the tree being a native of China. I had noticed the tree for a number of years paying little attention, thinking it was sumac. I took twenty of the trees averaging three feet in height and spot planted them between The Dalles and Umatilla for observation purposes. The next spring I took count and found I had fifteen trees growing out of the twenty. Further
search brought me to the Hermiston, Oregon, State College Experimental Station where I found four Russian olive trees, a dry land tree, native of the Russian steppes. I gathered a sack of seed and planted them in the Boardman school nursery. With the local dry land locust tree, a threesome was brought into being that would conquer the desert.

With a highway hoopie provided, two barrels as water containers, a bucket, an assortment of trees, I started out from The Dalles on this wayside tree planting, three years later terminating the planting at Ontario. Five thousand trees were planted, all taken from native resources; seventy willow trees only being purchased. A continuous planting was not made between the above designated points, but only certain sections. The first two years was a fight. Grass fires set mostly from sparks by passing engines and from cigarette butts destroyed the young trees. Cattle were also destructive. The tree is one of the greatest creations of our Maker in teaching our way of life through its directive in perseverance, to live and do His will. If I had a third arm, I would use it only to doff my hat to each tree I met. The stateliness, the serenity of a tree is THE vitamin for troubled minds.

Most of the trees were planted in sand blown up from the river, containing little fertility. I gathered droppings from animal life to fertilize the trees. When the gradient permitted, I dug small ditches from the hillside leading to the tree; the same procedure from the pavement to the tree. Remember, the terrain I was planting has only eight inches of rain a year. One section was infested with jackrabbits, and they girdled the trees in many cases. I conceived the idea of making a cactus planting around each tree five feet in diameter. Marshall N. Dana, editor of the Oregon Journal, asked me why I planted the cactus. I told him I was strictly averse to having the rabbits girdle my trees in any manner but damned if I was going to let them sit down to do it. The only thing I had not foreseen was a two-foot snow a couple of winters later when the jacks walked in on me. The next spring after the cactus planting across the desert there bloomed individual cactus beds of beauty that only the Creator can paint.

The towns of Wasco, Moro and Grass Valley set a day aside, closed down all business; the oil companies furnished tankers
for watering the trees; the trees were furnished by the Boardman School. Thousands of trees were planted along the Sherman Highway. The approaches to Hermiston, Stanfield, Echo and Pendleton were planted. Trees were given to property owners to plant along the highway, particularly at Biggs Junction, Arlington, Irrigon, and Umatilla, to the Stanfield Water Board to plant a small park within the boundaries of that city, to the La Grande Camp Fire Girls to plant in Foley Park. At Emigrant Hill and near Union trees were planted behind the snow fences eventually to take their place.

The State College has an experimental farm at Union, and Bob Withycomb, the superintendent, gave me wonderful support in my tree planting movement, giving me two acres for a nursery and permitting me to secure cuttings from a long line of willow trees.

The next project to be planted was between Haines and Baker. The terrain between the two cities is of a marshy nature and called for a willow planting. Cuttings the size of small fence posts, were driven into the ground with a light mallet. Today at the Baker end of the planting, two beautiful rows of willow trees grace the highway. The soil at the Haines end contained too much alkali and the trees were a failure. The final planting west from Ontario to Ox Bow flat, then from Ontario to Vale, consisted mostly of Russian olive; today these trees of forty and fifty feet in height grace the wayside.

The planting of these wayside trees from Ontario to The Dalles cause many out-of-state inquiries as to the type of trees. Many trees of the drought variety, such as the Russian olive, ailanthus and locust, were planted in other western states through the observation of the Oregon planting.

In much of my planting I had the assistance of Jay Cox and Frank Cramer, and was strongly backed by Governor Walter Pierce and Chairman W. Duby of the Commission.

**BONNEVILLE STATE PARK: A PARK OF DESTINY**

Situated in Multnomah County on the Columbia River Highway near Bonneville, present area 21 acres. Ed.

It was on January 21, 1931, that the Commission passed a resolution to purchase a park site located at milepost thirty-
eight, bordering on Tanner Creek, about three miles west of Cascade Locks. The property consisted of twenty-nine acres, the Commission paying $7,500 to W. A. Alcorn, the owner. The tract had a beautiful wooded area bisected by a large basaltic ridge extending to the river's edge. This promontory was later to play a part in the industrial development of Oregon.

In the fall of 1933 I accompanied Mr. Meldrum, right-of-way agent for the U. S. Engineers, to the Bonneville Park where he informed me that the park was needed for the construction of the Bonneville Dam. The State Highway Commission graciously donated the property to the Government with the exception of a four-acre wooded tract at the overlook before entering the tunnel.

The area where the Bonneville Administration's office, residences, driveways, and landscaping are now was at that time a beautiful forest. The felling of this forest created an esthetic void. I remember standing with a noted geologist at the south anchorage of the dam when the first dirt was being turned, when he mused, "The foundation for such a dam is doubtful, besides, where is there a market for all of this power?" Dear Uncle Sam, we have a number of parks bordering the Columbia River. We await your call for a donated park that you may build another Bonneville Dam. More power to you for the upbuilding of an undeveloped Northwest.

Unlike the majority of state parks, the stage for this park of destiny was set with distinguished citizens of the Northwest. Previous to the ownership of the property by Alcorn, Sam Lancaster was the owner. He had bought it for the development of a recreational resort shortly after completion of the Columbia River Highway. I might add here that Sam Lancaster was the locating engineer for the Columbia River Highway. He was often criticized for the degrees of curvature he put into his location. The theme was one of time not speed. A road of scenic visitation, not one of any particular destination. The diesel box car and its trailer had not arrived. The road was sufficient for the Model T, Stanley Steamer, Maxwell and other models long since reposing in the junk yards. This scenic road brought a world to Oregon's doors to view the scenic majesty of the Columbia Gorge. Mr. Lancaster constructed a lodge and a number of cabins in the wooded area. Destiny has a way with
man's plans. One night the lodge burned to the ground. Not having the necessary funds to rebuild Mr. Lancaster sold the property to Mr. Alcorn, we later buying the property.

Along in 1935 Bonneville Park was set up under W. P. A. regulations for relief of Cascade Locks citizens. Here destiny steps in again with a bit of irony—Sam Lancaster returns to his park as foreman of the working crew from Cascade Locks. In his brier-covered cabin that was not destroyed by fire, the kindly, elderly gentleman made his abode. What could have been his evening thoughts? There must be some unnamed crag or a forest wayside that could be made a memorial for Sam Lancaster.

The next distinguished entry to the Bonneville Park stage was John B. Yeon. John Yeon, the creator, the builder of the Columbia River Highway, who followed the location stakes of Sam Lancaster in his construction work. The Commission, in his honor and memory, passed a resolution naming the park for him. With the gift of the park to the government, Mr. Yeon was without a marker. The Commission had recently obtained a new park at McCord Creek, some thirty-five miles out of Portland. A beautiful double falls in a stately forest setting. The Commission renewed a resolution naming this park in honor of John B. Yeon. May his memory be as lasting as the crags that form the crown where the cascading water makes its final plunge.

The final distinguished personage to enter into the Bonneville Park picture was the Honorable Sam Hill, pioneer road builder of the Northwest. The builder of the Stonehenge on the bluffs above Maryhill in commemoration of the war dead of World War I. The creator and builder of Maryhill Castle on the high bluffs opposite Biggs. The host to Queen Marie, of Roumania, when she toured the states.

Mr. Hill bought a tract of land adjoining the park on the south. He built a beautiful chateau on a high bluff overlooking the Columbia to the west. Again destiny steps in to disarrange the plans of man. The U. S. Engineers needed a part of the property for the construction of the dam. The Hills refused to sell at the price offered by the government—$50,000. The Hills were asking $75,000. The case was taken to court and a jury awarded the Hills the asking price of $75,000. This was too rich for the government and back to court they went. This
time a jury gave the Hills $82,000. The government rested its case, also licked its wounds.

This detail has been given for the U. S. Engineers found that they had seventeen acres of the Hill property, upon which the chateau set, that they did not need. On April 10, 1942, the government deeded the property to the state. We cast a crust upon the waters and a loaf returned. A park caretaker lives in the chateau on the hill where the Hills formerly lived.

I have but summarized the transition of Bonneville Park and delineated a few of the characters who played a part. So much has been left unwritten. The drama, the opera that could be composed through the ancient scenes of yesterday, the more modern events of our time. Not over 500 feet away, the Gingko leaf of eons of time. The mountain that got restless and blocked a river. The Bridge of the Gods whose floor span dropped to the bottom of the river intact. Where the petrified trees could be seen still standing erect before the Bonneville Dam drowned them out of vision. Beacon Rock, where did it wander from to abide by the edge of the river? The forest that became intoxicated, with its trees standing in rakish, barroom postures. Then the portage railroad on the Washington side before stern-wheelers had the boiler space to stem the Cascade Rapids. When the pilots learned to play the shore eddies against the currents to reach the Locks. With this, the portage road went out of business.

Then those early day stories, when the spring run of salmon was on, a man could walk from bank to bank on their backs. I don't believe caulks would ever permit it. Anyway, it is a top fish story.

A short distance up the river from the park on the Washington side was the Phil Sheridan blockhouse. Where he was stationed during the time the Yakima Indians were making it unpleasant for the white settlers on Bradford Island.

I would record one event that took place in the early nineteen hundreds seldom carried by newspapers or magazines—when the waters of the Columbia were decorated with windjammers. They could have been sampans from an oriental world. Large, square-ended barges, their only motive power being an immense square sail. A sweep to each side, an extended one for directional purposes. Their manifest—cord wood. They plied between Stevenson
and nearby landings to The Dalles to furnish the city with cordwood.

It was wind one way, calm waters the other way. Prayers by the skipper to the wind gods of Wind Mountain, located a few miles east of Stevenson, may be found in the logs of these carrier barges. Wind Mountain was the brewing cauldron of the whimsical winds of the Gorge. As the Indian legend goes, Chief Blowhard was incarcerated in the mountain for some misdemeanor displeasing to the ladies auxiliary of this particular period. If you will look closely on the southwest slope of the mountain you will see his face chiseled on a rocky ledge some 500 feet in length. I can still see these drifting barges, their sails limp in a listless wisp of air as night closes in, silhouetted in the evening dusk long after they were tied up in their final ports.

The Gorge has so many stops and goes, unscored notes, so many varied choruses that could be blended into a symphony. What a Valkyrian setting for a Wagnerian technique of this day. His podium atop St. Peter’s Dome. The woodwinds in the swaying tree tops. The flutes in the mist of the waterfalls. The basses in the steady roar of wayward gales. The Rhine lives in historical music composed through the centuries. There must be a composer who could blend the mists, lights, caprices, the songs of the waterfalls, the ripples of the brooks, the sonnets from the tree tops, the boldness of the cliffs into a symphony of the Columbia Gorge that will live in the souls of the generations to come. It is a challenge to Destiny to give birth to a maestro. Who will write a score that will make the Gorge musically unforgettable through the centuries?