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HISTORY OF ACADIA NATIONAL PARK

BY: GEORGE B. DORR

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As more and more people come each year from the country over to visit our mountains by the sea, the preservation of whose beauty and freedom to the public have now become a charge of the National Government, so more people are asking how the United States acquired possession of this area, where all had been held in private ownership from the first settlement of the region on.

As in all things else, several causes combined in bringing it about. I chanced to be one of these in my inheritance, come down from old Boston and Salem ancestors, of the desire to share with others what I had so much enjoyed myself. Another cause was the presence in the region of President Eliot of Harvard. He had at first sailed his own vessel down in summer to find rest and recreation, camping on an island in Frenchmans Bay, and then had built himself the first summer residence upon Mount Desert Island's southern shore, in a situation of surpassing beauty, which was his summer home thereafter until he died. With him came, along with others of his family and friends, his son, Charles Eliot, the future landscape architect, who, entering on his profession and inspired by native public spirit and the influence of his boyhood summers here, had brought about by strenuous

campaigning through the towns and cities around Boston its widely flung and beautiful Metropolitan Park system. Venturing into yet wider fields, he had organized an association for receiving and holding in the public interest lands that people might be moved to place with it in trust. Then, in his early prime and in the midst of a career that promised much, he died. His father, seeking to preserve his memory and his ideals, wrote a book telling of his life and aims and, some ten years later, sought to embody on Mount Desert Island the plan his son had set on foot in Massachusetts for a corporation to receive and hold, in the public interest, gifts of land that people might be moved to make.

"The United States," Charles Eliot had written, "has but this one short stretch of Atlantic seacoast, where a pleasant summer climate and real picturesqueness of scenery are to be found together. Can nothing be done to preserve for the use and enjoyment of the great, unorganized body of the common people some fine parts at least of this seaside wilderness of Maine?"

The creation of the Hancock County Trustees of Public Reservations was President Eliot's answer to this question. As a first step he called a meeting at Seal Harbor to talk the matter over, inviting a few of us whose interest he felt he could count upon. First among these he wrote to the

president of our Bar Harbor Village Improvement Association, Mr. Parke Godwin, long editor of the New York Evening Post in association with his father-in-law, William Cullen Bryant, the poet, and then more than eighty years of age. Mr. Godwin did not immediately reply, feeling, as I learned soon afterward, that the Association over which he presided was competent to receive and hold any gifts of land or moneys for the lands' protection which people in Bar Harbor might be inclined to make.

Failing to hear from Mr. Godwin, to whom he had written as representing officially the Bar Harbor area, President Eliot wrote to me, asking me to come to his meeting if I could and bring over two or three others whom I thought would be interested. He also wrote separately to Bishop William Lawrence of Massachusetts. I took with me Mr. John S. Kennedy and Mr. David B. Ogden of New York, neighbors of mine on the Bar Harbor shore, and one or two more besides. Mr. Kennedy took us round to Seal Harbor in his steam yacht. Bishop Lawrence drove.

A few summer residents from Seal Harbor and Northeast Harbor, together with Mr. George L. Stebbins, representing the extensive David Dows interests at Seal Harbor, completed our gathering. At this meeting, all concurring in the worth-

while character of the plan, a form of organization was drawn up. Steps were taken to obtain its incorporation by the State Legislature at its next biennial session in January, 1903, when a charter, carrying with it exemption from all tax, Town or State, in view of the public service nature of the undertaking, was granted.

Two gifts of land, their first possession, were forthwith made to the Corporation from the David Dows estate, through Mr. Stebbins' influence. The one embraced a hilltop in the Seal Harbor Bight, or Valley, which had long been a favorite walk of summer residents and visitors; the other a square rod upon the boldly-cliffed ocean front, on the border of the beautiful Cooksey Drive, for the purpose of erecting a monument thereon, commemorating the sailing by of Champlain in September, 1604, on his voyage of exploration down the coast. The voyage was made in a small, lateen-sailed open boat, was memorable as the first recorded voyage of exploration along the Acadian coast and for his discovering, when he sailed up into Frenchmans Bay as dusk came on, on September 4th, 1604, that the mountain mass behind which he had watched the sun go down was not a promontory but an island which he promptly, upon the spot, named: l'Isle de Monts deserts.

Then, picking up two guides from an Indian settlement at what is now Hulls Cove, after waiting for a day to come into friendly relations with the Indians, he sailed on past the Island's southern front and on through the islands and thoroughfares leading to Penobscot Bay, naming the Isle au Haut upon his way, and up the long estuary of the Penobscot to its first falls above the present city of Bangor, where the existence of an extensive village of Penobscot Indians had been reported to him.

The river on its eastern side was like a park, he commented in his Journal, with scattering groups of maples, oaks and birches; the other side was covered to the water's edge with dark, unborken forest. Then he returned to join his chief, the Sieur de Monts, sent out as viceroy by King Henry the Fourth of France -- Henry of Navarre -- for the founding of Acadia, who was then building, in preparation for the coming winter, quarters for his men on an island in the tide-swept estuary of the St. Croix River, which now forms the starting point of our national boundary against Canada.

After these two gifts nothing further happened as regards the Hancock County Trustees of Public Reservations Corporation until September, 1908. Then, on his way home

from presiding over the annual meeting of the Corporation at Bar Harbor -- always held there after its incorporation -- President Eliot came to see me, laid up at home after a surgical operation, and told me of a splendid gift, exactly suited to its purposes, which the Corporation had received from Mrs. Charles D. Homans of Boston, an old friend alike of his and of my family's. This was the unique Bowl and Beehive tract at the seaward end of Newport Mountain -- renamed Champlain Mountain by the Government on its acceptance of our lands.

The Beehive is a bold rock headland overlooking the sea at the back of Sand Beach and above the entrance to the Ocean Drive; the Bowl is a little mountain lake immediately behind it, the highest, at four hundred feet, near the sea along our whole Atlantic coast.

Encouraged by Mrs. Homans' gift, I told President Eliot that as soon as I got about again I would see what I could do to acquire the summit of Green Mountain -- Cadillac Mountain now -- which was, I felt, the one spot above all others, not only on Mount Desert Island but along the entire coast, that offered the gravest threat to our landscape.

During the 'boom-time' twenty years before, a house of entertainment had been built there, looking directly

down upon Bar Harbor and over Frenchmans Bay, which had constituted so great a disfigurement that, on the passing of the boom and the greater traffic it had brought, the house had been purchased by a group of public-spirited summer residents and burned down. The site was bare; but at any time a change might come and another house be built upon it. The time was ripe to secure it and there might be none to lose. So the first thing I did when I got upon my feet again was to go to my friend and neighbor, Mr. John Stuart Kennedy of New York, who had ammassed a great fortune in the development of railroads in our northern country, across the continent, and asked him if he would not help me acquire the summit of Cadillac Mountain, of which, as it happily chanced, he had full view from his house upon the shore. We were good friends; I had helped him in other matters in which he had interested himself at Bar Harbor, he had confidence in me and readily consented.

Losing no time, for it was now already autumn and winter was on its way, I asked my friend and former legal assistant in other matters at Bar Harbor, Mr. Harry Lynam, to ascertain for me the ownership of the mountain top. He had soon learned enough for us to go up together, on foot, for the old buckboard road that led to the hotel, steep at best, was now

practically washed away, and locate the bounds of the lands we wanted to control the top. We discovered that a one-hundred acre tract, which covered the whole broad mountain summit, had been give by Edward Brewer of Hulls Cove to his three sons, Daniel, Porter and Perry, on November 11, 1857, for the purpose of building a house upon it for the entertainment of the summer visitors, who were then first beginning to come to the Island for the wild beauty of the spot and its good fishing, the way made open to them by the development of steamboat service from Portland and Boston east.

Edward Brewer had purchased for lumbering purposes from the Bingham estate of Philadelphia -- owner once of a vast tract of forest land in Eastern Maine, acquired for investment, whose agent was Squire Black at the neighboring mainland town of Ellsworth -- a tract of twelve hundred acres, which included the whole mountain, top and sides, extending down to the lake below, with a valuable mill power on Duck Brook through which the overflow from the lake discharges.

The mountain top, rocky, bare and bold, had no value then but a magnificent view, sweeping the ocean far and wide, which was much sought by visitors to the Island when they began to come.

The three brothers built their house, plain and simple, with excellent judgment, in an admirable situation overlooking the sea, not visible from Bar Harbor or the waters of Frenchmans Bay. This was one of the first places we visited, my mother, father, brother and I, when we came down in 1868. Later it took fire and was burned to the ground, to be replaced by the hotel I have spoken of as purchased at the end of the boom and burned down for its disfigurement to the landscape.

A second hotel was built soon after by a Bangor group, who formed an ambitious plan for the mountain-top's development, including a cog-railroad up the mountain's steep western slope from the shore of Eagle Lake, with a steamboat on the lake to serve it, and plans -- which happily were never carried out -- for a railway to the lake from the wharf at Bar Harbor, where at that time all visitors arrived, coming as they did by boat.

All this had vanished like some swiftly passing dream when Mr. Lynam and I visited the tract that October day in 1908, to lay, all unaware, the foundation for the future national park, whose dominant and central feature was to be this mountain summit. Coming to terms with the owners, we made our purchase, taking title in the name of the Hancock County Trustees of Public Reservations, on October 26, 1908.

I next took up the acquisition of the steep but beautifully-wooded northern face of Newport Mountain -- Champlain Mountain -- fronting Bar Harbor, and its splendid western spur, Picket Mountain, dominating the Gorge on the eastern side as Dry Mountain -- The Flying Squadron -- does upon the west. A considerable portion of this I was able to contribute, from a part of the Oldfarm property, purchased by my father in 1868, extending back, as was the custom in those early grants, a mile from the shore; for the remainder I once more sought Mr. Kennedy's aid, which again he most readily consented to give.

The name Picket Mountain was given by some early summer visitor who had seen service in the then recent Civil War, because of its remarkable outpost character, standing boldly out above the Gorge, and is reminiscent of the time when the war was yet fresh in mind and those who had fought upon the southern side met in amity in this far corner of the land those who had fought upon the northern.

The Gorge itself is but the deep, ice-torn trench made through a once continuous granite mass by the southward plowing of the last great ice-sheet, moving slowly seaward from the north.

Once more Mr. Lynam and I spent days, together with the native owners, climbing over the tract and searching out its bounds. Then, the title examined and found good, I made contract for the purchase, anxious to lose no time while all seemed favorable in securing it to the Trustees.

It was now late fall and Mr. Kennedy had returned to his home in New York when suddenly word came that he had fallen ill with pneumonia and then, a few days later, that he had died. Neither he nor I had thought of putting our agreement into writing; his word was all sufficient. This placed me in a difficult position for his executors could not, in strict legality, recognize a pledge not secured in writing; but finally, after some months' delay, this difficulty was overcome and the land secured.

Later, Mrs. Kennedy told me that the last words she caught as Mr. Kennedy lay dying were:

"Remember, I promised Mr. Dorr to help him with that land!"

The next piece of work I tackled was the acquisition of the giant eastern spur of Cadillac Mountain -- called Dry Mountain then, The Flying Squadron now, by the Government's renaming -- which dominates the Gorge from the western side, as Picket from the eastern. This, infinitely important from the landscape point of view and equally from that of the mountain climbs, united across the Gorge the Cadillac tract

with Picket and Champlain, first secured, closing Bar Harbor about to the south and west with a magnificent encirclement of mountains.

To aid me in this I went to old friends of mine in New York and Lenox, Mr. and Mrs. John Innes Kane, who had lately built themselves a beautiful home on the Bar Harbor shore. Good walkers both, they knew well and loved our mountain trails and gladly consented to help in preserving to the future the freedom and wild beauty of the tract, which contained some of the finest points of view and best climbing on the Island.

With her in making this gift, Mrs. Kane associated her sister, Mrs. Bridgham, now also, since their father's death, become a summer resident at Bar Harbor. They were the daughters of William Schermerhorn, descendants of one Peter Schermerhorn, one of the earliest Dutch colonists, who, coming out from Holland, established himself upon Manhattan Island, while New York was still New Amsterdam. A farmer, he bought a wide tract of farmland, which he cultivated, on the central portion of the Island. The city in time grew out about the tract until, piece by piece, the market claimed it and brought wealth, in varying degree, to all branches of the family.

The walk along the western edge of the Tarn, winding through its moss-grown, tumbled boulders at the foot of

The Flying Squadron, was built a few years later, in memory of Mr. Kane, who had died at the Bar Harbor hospital after a summer's illness.

The picturesque Kebo Ridge which continues The Flying Squadron northward toward Bar Harbor, whose woods are so beautiful in fall with bright autumnal color, I obtained somewhat later as a gift from the Lynde family in Boston, it having been purchased a generation earlier by Mr. Lynde, in Bar Harbor's early days, for the sheer beauty of that foliage and the pleasantness of the nearby climbs it offered, which one entered past the mill on Kebo Brook, where the water in those days came tumbling down after rain in splendid uproar.

In this I was aided, it is pleasant to remember, by Robert Gardiner of Boston, where he had charge of the Lynde estate. But, lawyer and trustee in the city his real home, where his pride and affection lay, was in Gardiner, Maine; there he spent his summers in the old stone mansion house built by his great-grandfather, standing among green lawns and apple orchards, looking down upon the river flowing by.

The next stage in the development of our Trustees of Public Reservations' holdings came as a piece of sheer luck, wherein my only credit is to have seen and acted on the opportunity it brought. A prominent member at that time of our Bar Harbor summer colony made plans to build himself what he called a bungalow but was really a substantial summer home upon the eastern shore of Eagle Lake, purchasing the land of Martin Roberts, son of the proprietor or Bar Harbor's first hotel, the Agamont House. The price paid was better suited to a good shore site upon Frenchmans Bay than to the wild and as yet untouched surroundings of the lake. The site was beautiful, the water supply unquestionable; but there was no opportunity to drain away the waste, should a house be built there, save into Eagle Lake, the pure, uncontaminated supply of water on which the Bar Harbor Water Company, then lately organized by Mr. Kennedy and placed upon the highest footing, prided itself.

No announcement of the plan was made nor was any work commenced upon it until the season was over and the last summer residents had left. Then, a contract for the building let, the work went quietly on until early winter, when the editor of the Bar Harbor weekly paper, seeing in this development nothing but occasion for rejoicing, published

enthusiastic account of it, confident that the summer residents to whom his paper went throughout the year, wherever they might be, would be interested. They were -- but not in the way he had imagined.

Mr. David B. Ogden of New York, an old friend of mine and neighbor on the Compass Harbor shore, who had become chairman of the Water Company's executive committee on Mr. Kennedy's death the autumn before, wrote me at my winter home in Boston in much concern and asked if it would not be possible for me to run down to Bar Harbor, it being but a night's journey, and see what could be done. This I readily agreed to do. Dr. Robert Abbe, noted New York surgeon and a most efficient chairman of the Bar Harbor V. I. A.'s Sanitary Committee, whose home was on the shore, below where the water from Eagle Lake comes down to meet the sea, wrote -- on learning from Mr. Ogden that I would go -- a letter couched in strongest terms, condemning the project, which he asked might be given publicity if construction were to continue.

I took the night train down from Boston and, armed with authority from the executive committee to settle the matter as best I could, went straight from the wharf to the office of the Water Company. Its officials, feeling themselves responsible for economy in management of the property, were

aghast at the thought of incurring the expense involved in acquiring the property and stopping the project, were the owner to consent.

I showed them to Dr. Abbe's letter and told them of his instructions that it should be published if building were to go on. To this again they most strenuously objected for the unfavorable publicity that would follow to the Town. It certainly presented a dilemma; but in the end it was determined that the Water Company would purchase the land and compensate the contractor for the unfinished work if the owner, then in Florida, gave consent. This last the Treasurer of the Company was personally sent to ascertain.

Indignantly objecting, the owner became yet more indignant upon being shown a copy of Dr. Abbe's letter and said he certainly would not give up his project unless Dr. Abbe should publish a retraction; whereupon it was pointed out to him that as the letter had not yet been given to the press it would need to be published before retraction could be made. In the end he yielded. The Water Company repaid the expenditure on the land and the contractor was reimbursed for expense and relinquishment of his contract.

It was a costly business for the Water Company and a striking object lesson of what might happen elsewhere in the seven and odd miles of the lake's encirclement, held wholly as yet in woodlots by natives of the Town, who would not be averse to turning an honest penny at the Company's expense.

Thinking the matter over on my way back to Boston, I could see no alternative, if the purity of our water supply were to be preserved, but for the Water Company to acquire the entire watershed of the lake. And this, with so many owners, would be impossible within limits of expense unless some bound could be set to prices paid to individual owners.

The Water Company, I had ascertained, had previously sought condemnation rights for the protection of the water supply, but the State Legislature had refused to grant them, the Water Company being a private corporation whose stock was largely held by summer residents not citizens of the State, while strong objection had been registered against it by local owners of the land.

It occurred to me to see if I could not get for the Trustees of Public Reservations as a public service corporation such rights, subject to reference to the State Sanitary Commission, as had been denied the Water Company. It was worth a try and I determined to make it.

I wrote Mr. Lynam from Boston, asking him to go to Augusta when the Maine State Legislature convened, January first, in biennial session, enter my bill and let me know the date on which hearing on it would be held. Without waiting, I then got in touch with Professor William T. Sedgwick of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the highest authority in the country on such matters, who knew our territory well, having a summer home at Seal Harbor. He interested himself in the matter at once and offered to appear in person at the hearing to urge the passage of the bill. I also put myself in touch with Dr. Henry P. Walcott, one of the older members of the Harvard Corporation and an intimate friend of President Eliot, who was active chairman of the Commission appointed by the State of Massachusetts for the establishment of the new Metropolitan Water System for the Boston area -- a notable work in which great interest was taken. From him, who knew well our area, I got a letter couched in strongest terms, urging the adoption of

the measure. I wrote also to a number of our leading summer residents, asking them to attend the hearing or to write, and, the matter being one of widespread interest, a number were present.

We presented a strong case and the bill, drawn at first to cover all public water supply lakes on Mount Desert Island, was passed as applying to Eagle Lake and Jordan Pond, local opposition proving too strong for more.

The bill passed, I next took up with the Bar Harbor Water Company's executive committee the acquisition of the entire watershed of Eagle Lake, offering to take charge of the work in the name of the Trustees, who would receive and hold the lands, giving easements to the Water Company in full protection of its water supply from all possible cause of contamination.

In support of this, which involved considerable expenditure on the part of the Water Company, I brought forward these arguments: first, acquisition of these areas by the Trustees would protect the Water Company from all suspicion of being actuated by interested motives in the taking of the lands; second, that the Trustees now possessed such rights of condemnation as made possible the purchase of the lands within reasonable limits of expenditure, even though the cost of individual lots were high; third, and exceedingly important, that it would relieve the Water Company from the

burden of all tax on the property, the return to the public being made in the assurance of the purity of its Town water supply.

The Water Company's executive committee saw the force of these arguments, approved the policy and asked me to come upon it, as representing the Trustees, in the acquisition of the lands. This I willingly did and calling in again the aid of Mr. Harry Lynam, searching out the owners, tract by tract, and agreeing with them upon terms, without need, in any single case to make use of the condemnation powers the State had given, secured the entire watershed of the lake.

Seal Harbor quickly followed Bar Harbor's lead, but here the task was relatively simple. Two great land purchases made, one in the boom-time, the other yet earlier, before any summer residential development had taken place along the Seal Harbor shore, covered the entire watershed to the east and west. The one of these, that on the eastern side, represented the purchase by a speculative land company of the early boom-time period, which planned a summer colony in the beautiful Boyd Road Valley, between Pemetic Mountain and the southern ridge of Cadillac Mountain. Plans for this had been drawn up and lots sold, but no building upon it had been made, when the enterprise collapsed and it became impossible to identify the lots that had been sold.

The land on the western side of Jordan Pond took in the whole of Jordan and Sargent Mountains, a magnificent mountain tract, and, as well, the wild and beautiful amphitheater valley and Cedar Swamp Mountain which bounded it on the west.

All this, on either side the lake, together with all the land beyond, was now purchased, the summer residents along the shore cooperating not only for the sake of pure water, but because of the beautiful walks and climbs they offered, and all was given to the Trustees for inclusion in the Public Reservations under similar guarantee to the Seal Harbor Water Company to that which I had drawn up for Eagle Lake. A portion of the Bubbles only at the head of Jordan Pond remained to get and this I presently secured myself from the reamins of the old Hadlock properties, with an interesting history behind it going back to the region's earliest occupation when the French dominion in America ceased finally, following the fall of Louisburg on Cape Breton Island in 1758 and the fall of Quebec a year later.

These lands, added to what we had already secured within the Bar Harbor area, gave the Trustees of Public Reservations a unique and well-consolidated tract of mountain, lake and valley and freed it, as we hoped, forever from the danger of being made the subject of speculative promotions and disfiguring use.

It was a magnificent possession to hold in the public interest, exactly suited to the purpose which had led to the establishment of the Trustees of Public Reservations corporation, but it had two great lacks; seacoast as the area was, looking magnificently out over broad sweeps of ocean to a far horizon, it as yet had itself no contact with the shore; and as an instrument of conservation, with extensive areas under guardianship, wild life to protect, boundaries to maintain and constantly recurring expenses, legal and other, to be met, funds were necessary and funds the Corporation did not have.

In January, 1913, I was at my home in Boston when the telephone rang and answering it I found the call came from Mr. Harry Lyman, my legal assistant in the work I had been doing for the Reservations, speaking from Bar Harbor. He said he thought I would wish to know that Will Sherman, Bar Harbor's Town Clerk, representative that term from our district to the State Legislature, had entered a bill which if passed would take away the Trustees of Public Reservations' charter, which conferred on them, as a public service enterprise, freedom from taxation.

This, throwing our holdings we had deemed so safe back into taxation at whatever valuation the assessors might be moved to place on them, would spell, I recognized at once, the ruin of our undertaking unless it could be stopped.

I told Mr. Lynem I would come down at once and see what could be done. Throwing all else aside, I took the train that night to Augusta and went to the Augusta House, where every other year the whole Legislative body and those seeking to get measures passed gather and discuss affairs. There I put myself in touch with my old friend, Mr. John A. Peters of Ellsworth, Speaker of the House that year, told him what had brought me down, and asked his help. We had worked together before on other matters and I knew I could depend upon him for any aid he could give. He made me free of his room, his guest nominally, and put me in touch with other leading members of the House and Senate and we campaigned against the measure so effectually that at the end of ten days, when the hearing came off, Mr. Sherman, who had entered the bill, rose and said that he had been asked to enter it but that in his opinion it ought not to pass. That ended it for the time, but when it was over, Mr. Luere B. Deasy, the Reservations' counsel, who had served as president of the State Senate during more than one previous session and knew the temper of the people and who had watched with interest the progress of our matter, said to me when I bade him goodbye:

"Well, we got by this time, but the attack will be renewed; and sooner or later, unless the Trustees do something to show cause for their holdings to be free of tax, they will ultimately lose out and their undertaking come to naught."

That was my own conviction too and I pondered the matter as I returned that night to Boston. The following morning I went straightway out to see President Eliot at his home in Cambridge and told him what had happened. I told him, too, of the conclusion I had come to in the night -- that the only way to make our Reservations safe to the future, in view of the extensive nature of what we had now secured, would be their taking over by the Federal Government for a seacoast national park, of which there were none as yet in the country, east or west.

To this President Eliot's first reaction was that we could meet such attacks as they came and defeat them, as he had lately done successfully while president of Harvard, when the freedom of the college from taxation was attacked by the City of Cambridge. But I pointed out to him how different the cases were, in the large and influential body of alumni upon whom he could draw for help and the resources the University had at its command.

He considered this in silence for a while; then he said:

"I think you are right; when will you go on to Washington?"

"As soon," I answered, "as President Wilson's administration has come in and got down to work."

So, when the inaugrural, which took place then on March 4th, was over, I took my way to Washington where I stayed with my friend and occasional guest at home, Gifford Pinchot, organizer and former chief, under Theodore Roosevelt, of the United States Forestry Service. He and I had once gone out camping for ten days together in the Great Smoky Mountains, before the chestnut blight had desolated their age-long beauty, when he, returning from his studies abroad, had charge of George Vanderbilt's extensive forest investment in the Great Smokies, across the river, from his house at Biltmore. Long days in the saddle and evenings around the campfire made us then, as we have always since remained, warm friends. Soon after my coming, he and his parents, with whom he made his home in Washington, entertained the entire cabinet of the recently appointed administration at an evening reception, inviting Washington society to meet them and get acquainted.

This put me at once into friendly relation with leading members of the new cabinet, some of whom were afterwards to

give me valuable aid. Among these especially was the Secretary of the Interior, the Honorable Franklin K. Lane of California, who, a few days later, when I went to see him at his office and told him of what had brought me to Washington, offered me all the help which lay in his power. He was as good as his word and we became warm friends.

I had gone to Washington at that time only to feel out my way, taking no deeds or papers with me, but I stayed on, made at home in their spacious home by Mr. Pinchot and his parents, for several weeks, taking in with no slight interest the political and the social scene. It was a period of great interest, with big issues in the offing and a new world upon its way, and I lingered on to watch it. I also made good friends among the leading men in the Government's scientific bureaus -- the Biological Survey, the Bureau of Plant Industry, The Geological Survey, the Smithsonian, and other. They took great interest in our ancient coastal territory at Mount Desert.

At last, as spring at Washington turned into summer, I took my way north, put myself again in touch with President Eliot and then went on to Bar Harbor, where matters of my own were calling me and spring was already open in its full northern pleasantness and beauty. There, Mr. Lynam and I set to work at once, as opportunity served, on the getting

together of the abstract of titles to the lands we were to offer the United States the following year.

I brought up a landscape photographer from Boston, whose work I knew, to get pictures of our scenery to show at Washington when I took on our deeds, and began writing a series of papers on the region's history, its vegetation and wild life, which I subsequently published -- in part at The Riverside Press in Cambridge and in part at Washington, during my stay there the following year.

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In the early spring of 1914, I returned to Washington, taking along maps and surveys and abstracts of title, with due authority to make, in the name of the Hancock County Trustees of Public Reservations, formal offer of our lands to the United States.

With me from Boston went Edward Howe Forbush, Massachusetts State Ornithologist, and one of the leading bird men in the country. He, as I told him of it, had become deeply interested in our project, Mount Desert Island lying directly under the ancient coast migration route of birds to northern nesting grounds, which accounts of explorers and settlers in early days represent as travelled by such incredible numbers.

Arrived at Washington, we at once sought out the office of the Public Lands Commission of which Mr. Frank Bond, a bird lover himself, was secretary. He took warm interest in our project and suggested that we bring over for consultation Dr. T. S. Palmer, legal expert of the Biological Survey and its Legislative agent. Dr. Palmer came over immediately on our getting word to him and I told him what we had in view. He interested himself straightway in our plan but pointed out an unlooked-for difficulty.

"Congress," he said, " is already loaded up with bills for the creation of national parks. They all call for appropriations and most of them are largely entered for political reasons and to few only among them can the Biological Survey give support. You," he went on, "have something worthwhile to offer, to which we can give our full support, and you ask for no appropriation. All the more those who are behind these other bills will tack them onto yours and the whole, yours included, go down to defeat.

Then he told me of the National Monuments Act, passed under Theodore Roosevelt in 1906, for the purpose of setting aside from yet undistributed Government lands in the west special areas, large or small, containing remarkable exhibits, geological, biological or pre-historic remains, for preservation as National Monuments under the protection of the Federal Government. This act, he continued, contained, happily for our purpose, a clause enabling acceptance by the Government from a private source. The power to create such monuments was vested in the President, who needed only to proclaim the monument on recommedation to him by one or another of certain secretaries in his cabinet -- of Interior, of Agriculture or other, no action by Congress being required.

I recognized at once the value of this suggestion and determined on the spot to act on it; once in the Government's possession, our area would be safe. And I decided, also on the spot, the name under which I would ask that it be accepted: The Sieur de Monts National Monument, honoring the founder of Acadia, the early French province within whose acient bounds our Mount Desert Island territory lies. This settled, leaving my maps, abstracts of title and other papers to be studied and passed upon by legal experts of the Public Lands Commission, I went my way. As we parted Mr. Bond asked me if I would not prepare some statement on De Monts to tell of my reasons for honoring him in the choice of his name for the National Monument.

The question interested me and I told him I would prepare a paper on the subject to submit to his Commission. On this I spent long hours in the Congressional Library, whose director at that time chanced to be an old friend of mine, from whom I readily obtained leave to go into the stack rooms, where, after long search, I came upon what I wanted: an old Nobiliare, published in Paris a generation or more before the French Revolution, a rare and interesting volume in whose pages I found set down in historic sequence the whole story of the de Monts family, from the Eighth Century on.

I took copy of what I needed for my purpose and a great tale it made, which, for its historic interest and the picturesqueness of it, I have always planned some day to publish in connection with the story of our lands.

The experts of the Public Lands Commission took their time to study our abstracts of title, maps and plans and it was some weeks before I received their report. But this, I felt, was all to the good in the opportunity it gave me to gain new friends and study afresh the situation at Washington, changing constantly from month to month. When at last I got their report it stressed the desire of the Commission's experts for carrying our titles further back and correcting defects discovered in them. Going back as our titles did to first settlement conditions and Colonial times, there could not fail to be gaps, deeds that failed of record, dower rights neglected, and the like -- but they were such as no purchaser for private occupation would give heed to. In principle, however, the Commission's experts were right and I have been glad ever since of the thoroughness they exacted. The reception given our offer itself was more than friendly, which was the one important matter.

I had relations and warm friends at Washington who made me welcome in their homes, but in the work upon which I had come I was alone. There was no Park Service then; all the work of the Interior Department relating to National Parks was carried on by two young lawyers, Horace M. Albright and Joseph P. Cotter, who had come out from the west to gain experience in Government procedure, before entering later upon private practice. They occupied one-half of a good-sized, two-windowed room on the second story of the old Patent Office Building, looking down on F Street, each having his own desk and stenographer. It is an interesting beginning to look back upon for what was to grow later into such great proportions.

Horace Albright continued with the National Park Service, until, after serving for a time as Field Director and Superintendent of the Great Yellowstone National Park, he succeeded to the Directorship of the Service, resigning not long after to carry out his original intention of taking up private practice.

Yellowstone Park, first of all to be created, was still, as it had been when I visited it a dozen years before, administered by the War Department, with a troop of soldiers to guard it and a major in charge. This officer invited me to return the succeeding winter and travel through from

post to post with the mail carrier, over seven feet of snow, on snowshoes; and I longed to do it, but the opportunity never came. The Yellowstone and the Yosemite, most magnificent of ancient glacial fiords once, Mount Rainier, the great volcanic peak in the State of Washington, and Glacier in Montana, extending to the international boundary, were the only national parks that I recall as actively functioning at that time. In the east there were none, war memorials apart, nor any public lands held by the United States out of which to create national parks or monuments. It was new ground we had to break.

The time of waiting had passed swiftly by and spring was already turning into summer when I left. Returning to Boston, I went out agin to see President Eliot and tell him of what had happened, with which he was well content. He offered, unasked, to raise the necessary funds for the further study of our titles and the acquisition of one or two minor tracts of land necessary to make possible the bounds of the tract we offered by a single line, which the Public Lands Commission had requested, relieving me of a burden I had until then carried myself, in the absence of other funds. The I returned to Mount Desert and to my summer home on Compass Harbor, where spring was now already in full sway. All seemed fair ahead.

The summer that followed is marked for all time by the sudden catastrophic outbreak of the World War. No one who has not hung, as we did then, on the news brought by daily cables from across the sea, and visualized the onward movement of that great world drama, can realize the power with which it gripped us in those days. With that tremendous tragedy the further progress of our National Park endeavor is inextricably mingled in my thoughs as I look back.

(new division, so story continued on another page)

In the early spring of 1916, I returned to Washington with an abstract of title to our lands in two bound volumes of typed papers prepared by Mr. Lynam, which Mr. Bond, the Secretary of the Public Lands Commission, declared to constitute a unique record in his experience in the history of the Commission. He said he had told the Commission that in his opinion no detailed explanation of our deeds need be made, so complete and thorough was the work.

The next step was for the Secretary of the Interior to draw up a proclamation for the President's signature and dispatch it to him at the White House with a letter recommending acceptance. This was promptly done and, all formalities completed, we looked for the return of the proclamation to the Secretary within the next few days. It did not come, nor any word from the President concerning it. The days grew into weeks and I became uneasy. So I went to my old friend of former days in Boston, Mr. Charles Hamlin, then Governor, by Presidents Wilson's appointment of the newly established Federal Reserve System, with rooms in the Treasury Building directly opposite the eastern entrance to the White House, to take me over some day after lunch to invite the President and Mrs. Wilson to come and stay with me at Oldfarm the coming summer and see the Government's new acquisition on our eastern coast. This Governor Hamlin did, and, Mrs. Wilson coming in to greet us when we were announced,

I extended to her my invitation. She and the President had evidently just been speaking of it during luncheon, Governor Hamlin having told her of the reason for our coming, for she at once replied:

"Oh, but the President says he fears he would not be legally justified in signing the proclamation."

Whereupon, the information that I wanted gained, I left as soon as courtesy permitted and went my way to the Interior Department offices in the old Patent Office Building and told Messrs Albright and Cotter, whom I had kept in touch, since coming on, with the progress of our matter, what had happened and asked them what it meant.

"It means," they both exclaimed, "that the Forest Service has been knifing us!"

For there was a strong spirit of jealousy at that time among the rank and file of the Forest Service against the growth of parks in the Department of the Interior from which the Forest Service had split off to enter the Department of Agriculture some years before.

"I do not think that possible," I said, "for Mr. Graves, its chief, spoke to me most warmly of our project when I came on two years ago and told him of it. But I'll go over and see."

So I went across to the office of the Forest Service, lodged in a nearby private building on F street, found Mr. Graves, friend and successor to Gifford Pinchot, and told him, without mention of what had happened, that the plans of which I had told him two years before were now coming to a head and that I would be glad if he would set down on paper what he had said to me so cordially concerning it when I was on to Washington before.

"Certainly," he answered, "I'll be glad to do it."

And calling in a stenographer he dictated, while I sat by, a letter of warm approval which he signed and told me I might make use of in whatever way I liked. That letter I still have. That matter cleared up and the result communicated to my friends in the Interior Department, who were, however, not so far astray, I later found, as it seemed at the moment, I went on to my friend, Senator Charles F. Johnson from Maine, Judge Johnson as he afterward became. He was the only Democratic Senator Maine had sent to Congress for many years and was held, accordingly, in high favor at the White House. He had taken a warm interest, not altogether impersonal, in our offer and when I told him what had happened he became at once indignant. Reaching across his desk as he sat in his office at the Capitol, he picked up his telephone and said:

"Give me the White House."

He presently was put in touch with the President's secretary, Mr. Tumulty, to whom he bluntly said:

"I want to see the President."

Whereupon Mr. Tumulty replied, expressing his regret, but saying that every moment of the President's time was taken up with engagements already made until he should leave for New York the following evening, where he was scheduled to deliver an address.

To this Senator Johnson gruffly replied:

"I've got to see the President!" and rang off.

Within five minutes the telephone rang and Mr. Tumulty said that the President would see the Senator at a quarter before ten the following morning. That in prospect, I went off at once to hunt up my friend Mr. Bond, Secretary of the Public Lands Commission, and get from him documents for the Senator to take to the President, showing that beyond all doubt or question what we asked of the President in the establishment of the Monument was strictly legal and supported by precedents throughout the west, even during his own administration. These Mr. Bond had ready for me the following morning and I took them to Senator Johnson at his hotel, accompanying him to the entrance of the Executive Chamber at the White House, where I waited while he had his interview with the President.

When he came out he said as we went off together:

"I had a good talk with the President. I gave him your papers, showing that all is in strict order legally; and then, when I got through, I said to him: 'Mr. President, I don't want you to turn this down.' He knew what I meant and I don't think he will."

Whereupon we parted and went our separate ways to await the issue. Still the proclamation did not come back to Secretary Lane with the President's signature, nor any word concerning it.

Not long after this, I was dining at the Metropolitan Club alone at my table and Governor Hamlin was dining there also with a group of friends. Having finished their dinner they rose to leave, when Governor Hamlin stopped at my table with Secretary McAdoo. Greeting me, the Secretary said:

"Mr. Dorr, Governor Hamlin has told me what you are seeking to accomplish down on the coast of Maine and I want to tell you that I think it magnificent. If there is anything I can do to help, let me know. Then he went on to speak of a problem of his own as Secretary of the Treasury, Governor Hamlin having told him of my interest in landscape work. This concerned a central heating plant for the Washington office buildings, which the Government engineers had made plans for, placing them where rail and

water meet alongside the Potomac, an excellent location from the point of view as regards the necessary coal supply but which at the moment was being bitterly attacked by architects from the country over upon artistic grounds. He asked if I would go out with him and look the situation over, which I gladly agreed to do.

The following morning he called for me at the Cosmos Club, where I was staying, and took me out in his little, one-seated, open roadster which he drove himself. We spent an hour or more looking the site over from all points of view and I told him what I thought. Then, bringing me back to the Club, he asked:

"Now, what can I do for you?"

"Find out for me at the White House if you will," I replied, "why the President does not sign the proclamation creating our monument which Secretary Lane sent over to him now several weeks ago."

"I'll do it!" he said, and drove away.

The next day I was sitting in Governor Hamlin's office in the Treasury Building at noon when Secretary McAdoo came in, fresh from a meeting of the Cabinet at the Executive Chambers, and said:

"I've come to report!" And his report was that the Secretary of Agriculture, David F. Houston, who had no function in the matter, had submitted to the President a written memorandum in opposition to his signing the proclamation.

I have never been able to this day to understand why Secretary Houston should have done this. It was an act of discourtesy to Secretary Lane, who had approved the project and in whose field -- not Secretary Houston's -- it lay; nor was any principle involved. Some element of the long antagonism between the two Bureaus, Park and Forest, and the two Departments must, I think, have been at the root of it.

Governor Hamlin, who know Secretary Houston well, offered to help. Secretary McAdoo said that Secretary Houston had objected on the ground that he did not believe that the President's signing of the proclamation creating the Monument would be legal, which must have been how the President had come to have that idea.

I provided Governor Hamlin with the same material which I had furnished Senator Johnson for his interview with the President; and, the thought occurring to me that Secretary Houston might shift his ground to that of economics, I added that if the question of funds for guardianship came up, I had cared for the lands at my own charge since I first got them and would continue so to care for them, if need be, till Congress should provide for them.

Governor Hamlin had his talk with Secretary Houston and showed him by documents and precedent the legality of the procedure. The question of funds then came up and Governor Hamlin, prepared in advance, was ready to meet it, telling

him that I had offered to care for the lands so long as need might be, to which Secretary Houston cavilled that the Government could not accept gratuitous service. This too I had foreseen and had told Governor Hamlin that if this question came up to say that I would accept the lowest wages the Government then paid.

Governor Hamlin told Secretary Houston this and when the Monument was established, I was formally appointed its Custodian with a salary of one dollar a month, for dollar-a-year men did not come in until the war. This I received at the end of two years in a single check for $24 which I presented to Mrs. Lane for her wartime hospital.

Not confident, however, that Governor Hamlin would prevail with Secretary Houston and recalling that as a professor at Harvard, Secretary Houston had received kindness and help in his career as a teacher from President Eliot, I sent the latter a long night-letter telegram, outlining briefly what had happened and asking him to write a letter to Secretary Houston in his own hand, without disclosing knowledge of what had taken place, inviting his cooperation in our undertaking.

This I duplicated -- for it was now late June -- to Cambridge and to Northeast Harbor, not sure where it might find him. It reached him at Cambridge just as he

was about to leave for Northeast Harbor. He sat down and wrote at once to Secretary Houston a letter such as I suggested, enclosing it to me to read and mail in Washington. He began with a caustic humor evident only to himself and me:

"Dear Mr. Secretary:

I know that this does not come within your province, but I cannot but feel that you will be interested to cooperate with Mr. Dorr and myself in what we feel to be so much for the public good . . ."

and went on to outline, as though new to Secretary Houston, what we had hoped and planned.

Three days after receiving this letter, Secretary Houston wrote President Wilson a letter, which I later saw, as follows:

"Dear Mr. President:

I have changed my view in regard to the proposed reservation on the coast of Maine and now think it highly desirable that you should accept.

Very truly,

David F. Houston."

Three days after he received this letter, the President signed the Proclamation, on July 8th, 1916.

It had been a trying experience, waiting on week after week with the issue in doubt to the end. The weather had turned exceedingly hot in Washington, during that last week, without let-up, day or night, and everyone who could get away went off for week-ends in the country or trips to the shore; but I had not dared to leave lest something unexpected should turn up. But when all was over and I went to bid Senator Johnson goodbye, he said as we parted:

"Mr. Dorr, if you had not stuck, nothing would have happened."

And I felt it had been worth while.

(new division next page)

(-sub head-)

After my return to Bar Harbor, shortly before the season closed, a meeting of summer residents and citizens, with President Eliot in the chair, was held at the Building of Arts to celebrate the taking over by the United States, for the use and enjoyment of the people, of the mountains, lakes and woodlands which had been offered them by the Trustees. At this meeting, held on August 22nd, 1916, addresses were made by President Eliot, by the Right Reverend William Lawrence, Bishop of Massachusetts, by Professor Alfred G. Mayer of Princeton University, by the Honorable Lucre B. Deasy of Bar Harbor, and by myself.

I remember well the tranquil beauty of the scene as we came out from the hall, when the meeting was over, onto the broad, terraced lawn of the Building of Arts. It was a glorious afternoon, full of late summer sunshine and the fleeting shadows of light clouds. The road beneath lay hidden by the terrace; one saw only the green lawns of the golf-links below, the woods beyond and the framing mountains, the possession of the Nation now, secure and safe.

(see note attached to this.)

On the next right hand page to page 45 the following head is to be centered:

The Addresses

at the

Meeting

On the back of that page or the next left-hand page, is to be a cut of President Eliot (photo taken of him standing on the porch of his home at Asticou, the addresses to start on the right-hand page.)

The Sieur De Monts National Monument now established and placed under the aegis of the national government, the next step was to secure from Congress a fund for its maintenance and protection. Alone as yet in the east, it had to stand on its own feet and win its own way to recongnition.

(end of division)

In the spring of 1917, I went on again to Washington to keep in touch with new developments. It was a stirring period; high political developments were in the making, relations with Germany were strained to the breaking point over the sinking of our ships by submarines, and while I yet was there the United States entered on the World War.

Before this took place I had invited Secretary Lane and Mrs. Lane to come down and visit me at Oldfarm and they had accepted; but after war was declared the Secretary felt he would not be able to leave. The year before it curiously had happened in like fashion with the President himself. I had invited him through Mrs. Wilson, as I have told in my story, when Governor Hamlin took me over to the White House to sound out, if peradventure I might, what difficulty there was that blocked the way to the President's signing of the Proclamation, sent him by Secretary Lane, creating our Monument.

Preoccupied by the swift movement of what followed, I had all but forgotten it when, not long after my return to Bar Harbor, I got a telegram from Secretary McAdoo, the President's son-in-law, asking me to renew the invitation and to get President Eliot to join with me in extending it. The President, he said, was in great need of a rest and they were anxious to get him away for a time from Washington.

On this, President Eliot and I telegraphed at once to urge his coming but ere it could be accomplished new developments at Washington arose which made it impossible for the President to get away.

I had planned with Senator Hale of Maine, Representative John A. Peters of Ellsworth and Colonel Graves, chief of the United States Forestry Service, for a trip that spring to Mount Katahdin to look over the opportunity there for the establishment of a national forest, analogous to the White Mountains National Forest in New Hampshire, the thought of which I had long been interested in, for which the Act secured by Senator Weeks of Massachusetts, known as the Weeks law, would provide the necessary funds. But all went by the board when the war was entered on and Colonel Graves, who had already sent men into the New Hampshire to make study of the land the Service would require, was ordered abroad with a picked group of men from the Forestry Service to take charge of forestry work in France.

Spring was now calling me back north where I had work of my own to do, so I returned to Boston and went on presently to Bar Harbor.

(new division follows)

The Public Reservations and the National Monument apart, I had long been deeply interested in the development of gardening along our eastern coast -- gardening of simple sort such as had made the beauty and delight of the English countryside in earlier, coaching days. My mother's Oldfarm garden, the earliest pleasure garden upon Mount Desert Island and probably upon all that old Acadian Coast, had shown the wonderful fitness of the climate -- with its long northern days of sunshine, the cool nights given by the neighboring sea, descending in a great current from the coasts of Labrador and some electrical quality in the air that is still a mystery -- for the growth and brilliant flowering of the hardy perennial plants which make the true beauty of all northern gardens and are, in greater or less measure, within the reach of all.

Once established in fit locations, with good soil and drainage, such plants will continue for generations and, unlike the woody plants that can rarely be grown in hardiness and beauty outside their natural habitats, these, which withdraw their life beneath the sheltering ground at the first touch of winter and sleep secure beneath their own withered foliage and the protecting now, can be had in wonderful variety of form and color, drawn from the whole world around in corresponding, northern latitudes.

Since the days of the herbalists searching out the medicinal use of plants, no one has ever made a garden of such sort for observation and scientific study, founded upon the hardy herbaceous plants rather than upon the woody ones, upon which, during the last century or more, such great sums have been expended on the establishment of American and English Arboreta and expeditions to search them out in distant lands, with what has proved such slight result in the addition to our native Flora of new forms and species.

The idea of a garden in connection with our Public Reservations at Bar Harbor, devoted to the growth and experimental naturalization of these hardy herbaceous plants, had for some years been taking shape in my mind and for it I had secured land between the village and the mountains, which made so beautiful a background and gave such valuable shelter from our high winds from off the sea, which offered wonderful opportunity for a garden of such kind, well-soiled, well-watered and sloping gently to the south.

Visitors from the whole country over, coming in ever-growing numbers, would see and carry off with them to their homes the suggestion of such planting, and it would make opportunity, too, for botanists and plantsmen, who would come, I felt assured, to observe, study and experiment.

This I talked over with men I knew to be interested in the subject -- leaders in the botanical field at Harvard and elsewhere -- and above all with President Eliot, who, used as he was to dealing with such matters, took it up warmly and talked over with me the means by which, he thought, it might be brought about. So great was my hope of bringing the undertaking to a successful conclusion and so well did it tie up with Public Reservations that I acquired myself the lands necessary to it; all that remained to give it at least a good trial was a fund of moderate extent to do the initial work and provide it with an endowment which, President Eliot and I both thought, could not fail to grow through the wide interest of the subject and the great public before which it would be brought.

President Eliot undertook of his own accord to seek support for this, from one or another of the great foundations with which he had connected himself on giving up his presidency at Harvard, I providing him with a full study of the plan in all its bearings, while I undertook to bring it before the Carnegie Institute in Washington, with whose president I had become good friends during my stays there, and who received it warmly, offering to take it up with the Institute's executive committee and urge it on them. As a final step, President Eliot suggested my getting in touch

with the Governing Board of the University of Chicago, to whose president, Martin J. Ryerson and his borther-in-law, Charles Hutchinson, also on the board, he gave me letters. It was now the end of June and, finding myself at the moment with nothing immediate in hand, I took the train to Chicago where Mr. Ryerson and Mr. Hutchinson received me most cordially. As it chanced, the Board of Trustees of the University was holding its last session of the season on the morning of my arrival and President Ryerson invited me to come in and tell them my own story, when they passed upon the plan most favorably.

Then, it being Saturday, Mr. Ryerson and Mr. Hutchinson, who both had summer homes on Lake Geneva in Wisconsin, some eighty miles away, asked me to go down with them and spend the week-end, which I gladly did, interested to see the country.

I stayed with Mr. Hutchinson who was himself deeply interested in creating an Arboretum on his estate there, which he intended ultimately to leave to the University as an exhibit of the regional Flora. In going over this, we spent the morning and then, after lunch, Mr. Ryerson came around in his steam yacht and took me out to give me a sight of the surroundings and the lake bordering homes of some of his friends.

Then a curious thing happened. I was talking to Mr. Ryerson when my eye chanced to fall upon the name of his yacht: The Hathor, which was the name of the dahabeah, then just completed, in which my father, mother and I had spent, most happily, the winter of 1891-92 upon the Nile, our last winter abroad together, the memory of which is still vivid in my mind. Pausing in what I was saying, I told Mr. Ryerson that my thoughts had been taken away by seeing the name upon his boat and of the association that I had with it. He listened and then replied:

"The Hutchinsons and ourselves had that same boat the following winter, going up the Nile, and I named this boat for it."

Then, returning to Mr. Hutchinson's I found a telegram from Secretary Lane awaiting me, forwarded from Bar Harbor to Chicago and relayed to me at Lake Geneva, telling me that he had found it possible after all to get away and spend a week with me with Mrs. Lane at Oldfarm and that he would arrive on a train he named which gave me just time, catching the first train east I could connect with at Chicago, to meet them on the train and arrive in Bar Harbor with them. I had telegraphed ahead and all was ready for us at Oldfarm; the weather was delightful and everything combined to give them a restful and most happy visit.

We spent a delightful week together, which they gladly would have prolonged had it been possible. I took Secretary Lane up Cadillac Mountain, he on horseback -- for the climb was strenuous and he had trouble with his heart -- and I, moccasined, on foot beside him.

The old rough buckboard road was almost completely gone, washed away by the melting snows of spring, making me anxious at times lest Secretary Lane's horse should slip on the smooth, bare ledges, but all went well. He was tremendously impressed by the view from the summit -- over the great ocean plain to a far horizon. I showed him what I had in mind for the development of the summit when, under Government auspices a new road should be constructed to it, which in essential is what one sees there now, showing nothing from below to mar the noble outline of the mountain. He found it good and gave it his approval.

I took along a photographer whom I had brought down from Boston to take photographs of our landscape for use at Washington and I asked Secretary Lane to let himself be taken on the mountain summit against the broad background of the sea. He consented on condition that I stand beside him. The picture was selected by the Riverside Press at Cambridge, when they were publishing his life a few years later as the best and most characteristic likeness they could find.

Day after day during their stay, I took the Secretary off with me to see some new feature of our landscape, such as he could reach by driving; and once we made a full day of it at sea, my friend, Alessandro Fabbri, taking us off to the Duck Islands in a new power boat he had built for dredging. Then, when the last day came and they were to leave in the afternoon for their return to Washington, I asked Secretary Lane where he would like to spend the last forenoon.

"At that spring of yours!" he replied, "of all the things that I have seen here, the spring and what you have done there interests me most."

This was Sieur de Monts Spring, rescued from hands that would have destroyed its natural charm and which I had developed according to my own ideas, to become ultimately one of the chief features of the Park. So there we went and strolled about, or sat talking, he and I and Mrs. Lane, spending their last hours on Mount Desert Island.

While we were there I said to him:

"I have something about which I want to consult you before you go. I have a letter from the chief clerk of the National Park Service, asking me to prepare estimates fro the Monument next year; it is new to me and new to them at Washington, and I want you to tell me as ultimate head of the National Park Service what I shall ask for."

I thought it wise not to tell him that the chief clerk, a singularly arid an unimaginative person whom the Service got rid of at its earliest opportunity, had instructed me in preparing the estimate not to let it exceed, under any circumstances, thirteen hundred and fifty dollars.

During his stay Secretary Lane had become greatly interested in the possibilities of the Monument as a great landscape feature and possession of the Government; and I felt that I could leave the matter safely in his hands. He thought a while, considering my question, then answered:

"Fifty thousand dollars!"

"All right," I replied, "you are the chief and I will write them at Washington what you say."

I could not have chosen a more favorable time or place. Secretary Lane was deeply impressed by what he had seen during his stay at Oldfarm and carried off the impression with him to Washington. The future of the Park hung upon that visit, which had passed so happily. I drove the Secretary and Mrs. Lane to the train at Ellsworth and though, as I drove back, that another step had been taken toward the achievement of our aims.

It was late in the fall when I went on to Washington again. I went at once to call upon Mrs. Lane, who said, as she greeted me:

"I'm afraid it's impossible!"

"What is impossible?" I asked, "to get the $50,000 that the Secretary bade me ask for or to get anything?"

"To get anything," she replied and went on:

"I sat next to Swagar Sherley the other night in dining out and took the opportunity to bring the matter up to him. He wouldn't listen to it. He said no appropriation could be granted this year which had not been granted before; that there could be nothing new but war expenses while the nation is at war."

Swagar Sherley of Kentucky was the chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations and all powerful in regard to them, there being as yet no budget Committee to pass upon them. And he was very difficult in regard to them, Horace Albright had told me at that time, regarding every man who approached him on the subject as a would-be plunderer till he should prove himself not guilty.

It certainly did not look encouraging, but I do not readily give up and I did not think his point well taken. Granted in other years or new, all should be judged, I believed, on their merits and not by the chance of time.

So I went the next day to see Secretary Lane at his office and asked him to give me a letter to Representative Sherley, that I might see him personally and tell him of our need.

Rather reluctantly, for the atmosphere was different now from what it had been some months before at Mount Desert, he wrote me the letter. Then, before I had left the room, he called me back and said that on the whole he would write himself to Sherley, which, calling a stenographer, he did forthwith while I sat by.

"Now," said he, "go off and get some other letters in support of mine! They help!"

And he told me of an experience of his own along such lines.

So I went off and took the train back to Boston, where first and then at Philadelphia and New York, I got about a dozen letters, none political, but all from people who would be known and listened to at Washington.

Finally, as I was in New York on my way back to Washington, it occurred to me to complete my group by getting a letter from Theodore Roosevelt, who was at that time, as I chanced to know, at his home in Oyster Bay.

I knew him personally and he knew our Mount Desert area, having stayed there with friends of mine in earlier days. When I tried to telephone him from my club, however, I found that they were not permitted at the telephone office to give out his number.

Just then, going out, I chanced to meet in the street his sister, Mrs. Douglas Robinson, and stopping for a word with her told here I had been endeavoring without success to get her brother's telephone number at Oyster Bay and told her, too, why I wanted it.

"Of course," she said, "I can give it to you; but I can do better than that! I happen to know that he is lunching tomorrow at the Colony Club with Mrs. Wolcott, wife formerly of the Senator from Colorado of an earlier day. Invite yourself to lunch and tell him what you want."

I had known Mrs. Wolcott in old days and it so happened that it had come my way to do her a favor a number of years before, when she was spending the winter in Rome and I was passing through on my way north from Naples. So I wrote to her and asked if I might come in after lunch and have a word with Mr. Roosevelt before he left. This she cordially agreed to.

I found them still at lunch when I arrived and went in and sat with them for half an hour. Then Mr. Roosevelt rose to go. Turning to me, for he knew I wished to talk with him, he said:

"I have an engagement that I must keep, but won't you come down and drive off with me in my car and we can talk as we go."

This gave me just the opportunity I wanted and I gladly took it. As we drove away, Mr. Roosevelt said:

"Now, what can I do for you?"

I began to tell him something of the work I had been doing at Bar Harbor, when he interrupted and said:

"Oh, I know all about that -- it's fine! What can I do to help?"

"Write me a letter," I said, "to Swagar Sherley, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, in support of the appropriation which Secretary Lane has recommended for the new park."

"Certainly," he said, "I'll be glad to do it. But write me a letter before you go back to Washington tonight and give me some material I can use or quote from in writing Sherley. And mark your letter so I'll be sure to get it! You'd be astonished to see the mail I get and I cannot count on receiving yours unless you mark it."

So I went back to my Club, The University, where I was staying, and drafted such a letter as would give him what he wished and mailed it to him at Oyster Bay, using a Government-franked envelope as I now had the right to do, and placing my name and a special delivery stamp upon it. Then I went off to dine with George Wickersham, attorney-general in the Taft administration, who also had written a letter to Representative Sherley.

When I reached Washington the following morning I went, before leaving the station, to the telegraph office and sent a telegram to Mr. Roosevelt at Oyster Bay, telling him I had mailed the letter and asking him to make sure he got it.

A few days later I received at my club a letter from Mr. Roosevelt's secretary, enclosing copy of what the former President had written Chairman Sherley. A week later I received from him also copy of what Mr. Sherley had written in reply, which follows:

"Dear Colonel Roosevelt:

I have your letter about the National Monument on the coast of Maine. We cannot at this time, with the Nation at war, do what we would at another, but I think I can assure you that an appropriation will be made."

Truly yours,

Swagar Sherley

It was the first time that Mr. Sherley had replied to the letter sent him and it gave me my first encouragement. The appropriation that Chairman Sherley, in writing Colonel Roosevelt, said that they would make turned out to be exactly what I would have asked for -- in view of the war needs of the time -- had the opportunity to name the amount been given me: ten thousand dollars.

And in making the appropriation the Committee did yet more than that, for they stated that they gave it not as to a National Monument but to a National Park, which in character it truly was and should be made.

(new division now)

When the next Congress met the following spring, I got two identical bills entered to change our National Monument into a National Park. The one was entered in the Senate, by Frederick Hale of Maine; the other in the House, by John A. Peters of Ellsworth, with the thought that if, in the confused legislation of the wartime period, the one should fall by the way, the other still might carry on.

Senator Hale's bill advanced, through senatorial courtesy, more rapidly than that of Representative Peters and when the Hale Bill, having duly passed the Senate, reached the House, Representative Peters dropped his own in its favor that no time might be lost.

Since any regular passage of such an item through the House seemed impossible under the circumstances of the time, Representative Peters and I agreed, consulting together, to place it on the Unanimous Consent Calendar, a dangerous procedure, since any single objection would suffice to throw it out, not to be brought up again that session; but it seemed the only way it could be brought to vote and acted on that session.

The Unanimous Consent Calendar proceeded in regular order according to the date of entrance of the bills, unless called up specially at the motion of some member. Ours was well down upon the list and Representative Peters and I, with time to spare, visited a number of influential members of the House to enlist their friendly support for our measure.

Finally, all having been interviewed whom Representative Peters, in his knowledge of the membership, thought desirable, he and I went together to see the Speaker of the House, Mr. Gillette, from Springfield, Massachusetts, an old acquaintance of us both; and, telling him what we had done, asked him with whom else it might be wise to talk it over in advance.

"There are three men," the Speaker said, "who may be counted on to object on principle, to any new measure calling for appropriations."

These we went to see; the first two proved very friendly when we had explained our measure. The third would not commit himself, but showed no spirit of hostility. As we rose, presently, to go, Mr. Peters having other matters to attend to, the Representative we had come to see, a Socialist ever to be elected to the Congress of the United States, a man of high principles, exceptional ability and moderate views, for whom I came to conceive sincere respect. The tale he told me as I sat on, at his desire, that morning, opened up a situation in Wisconsin that I had not dreamt of.

Among much besides, Mr. Berger told me of how the war party, dominant in his section, had come to him some months before and told him that they had 'doomed' him to take a certain specified number of bonds of the Government's new Victory loan, involving an amount beyond what he had planned or felt he could afford. They told him that if he did not subscribe to the amounts they had assigned to him, they would take an automobile of recent make he had lately purchased, sell it at auction and put the proceeds into the loan. This, he not consenting to their demands, they proceeded to do. The whole spirit of the time out there was one that might well have led straight on to Revolution and what I heard from him has given me an understanding I could not else have had of the hold the La Follettes, father and sons, have had in reaction among the people of their State.

Even while I talked with him, Victor Berger was awaiting the result of an appeal to the United States Supreme Court from a sentence passed on him mot unjustly by Judge Kenesaw Landis, the later baseball czar, on the ground of his holding and promoting subversive doctrines, a sentence which the High Court unhesitatingly reversed when it finally came before it. Yet so firmly was he established in the respect and affection of his people that they returned him to Congress, session after

session, until he died in 1929, ten years after my talk with him.

We had now done all that was humanly possible to further the prosperous voyage of our bill through the reefs and shoals of the Unanimous Consent Calendar and there was nothing for it now but to wait and watch. My one anxiety was lest, in the House's incancluable progress through the Calendar, now slow, now swift, our measure should come up, with no member of the House present to speak, at need, in its defense.

At long last the time arrived, Representative Peters was on hand to present it and to speak for it and a few words were said in support of the measure by others whom we had interested in it.

"Article such and such is before the House," the Speaker said, "is there objection?"

A pause.

"I hear no objection. The clerk will proceed to read the bill."

Once, twice, thrice the bill was read; the gavel fell. Our bill had now come through the dangerous straits of the Unanimous Consent Calendar and was sent on, duly engrossed, to the desk of the President of the Senate to await his signature, necessary as a preliminary to its signing by the President which would enact it into law. Another milestone had been passed on our way to national park-hood.

In the meantime things had been moving rapidly abroad. The great German thrust into northern France, so threatening in the early spring, had been fought to a standstill and with a rapidly growing American army now active in the field, the Germans were steadily yielding ground. The end was in sight and all interest became focused on Paris and the momentous issues to be decided there.

Nothing further could at the time be accomplished at Washington in regard to our bill and I returned to Bar Harbor, where I had not been since I left it for Boston just before Christmas. There at Bar Harbor the great event in relation to the future Park was the establishment, already underway when I left, of a radio station at Otter Cliffs. This, far outstripping the Government's anticipations, was used solely in President Wilson's communications with Washington, when he went abroad to the Versailles Conference that following spring.

(new division)

After a brief stay in Bar Harbor I made my way slowly back through Boston and New York toward Washington, watching the issue of events abroad. On November 8th it happened that I was with my old friend, Judge George L. Ingraham of New York, in his offices high up above the corner of Wall Street and Broadway, when a sudden tumult broke out in the street below. Going to window, we looked down upon a most extraordinary spectacle: The streets were full of men and women, clerks, stenogrpahers and office boys, pouring out in great streams from every office building within sight, all dancing and singing and climbing onto the tops of taxi-cabs and busses, traffic completely stopped, while great showers of paper, torn to bits, drifted down upon them from windows on all sides like huge flakes of snow. It was the False Armistice and the whole city was rejoicing wildly, all business suspended for the day. The real Armistice came three days later but it was marked by none of the gay, exuberant spirit of rejoicing that followed on that first announcement. The war was over; the sobering realities of peace had come.

With high hopes for a great achievement for humanity, President Wilson sailed away to France on December 4th, 1918, to attend the Versailles Conference, taking with him a carefully selected group of associates, among whom was my friend, Henry White, the first "career diplomat" of the United States, whose number has now grown so great.

Foreseeing a long delay, I returned to Boston to await events. Our Park bill still rested, Congress closed, on the desk at the Capitol of the President of the Senate, unsigned as yet by him, unsigned as yet by the President.

On February 15th, President Wilson sailed from France, landing at Boston, where on February 24th he made, before a great audience at Symphony Hall, a stirring speech on the wonderful opportunities which the Versailles Conference presented for a new era of peace and good-will among the nations of the world.

The following day I took the train to Washington and went straight to the Capitol to get our bill and another, changing similarly the Grand Canyon National Monument into a National Park, in which Director Mather of the National Park Service was deeply interested, signed by the President of the Senate on whose desk they still remained, and take them to the Executive Chambers at the White House for President Wilson's signature, getting myself constituted, through a friendly secretary, a special messenger to convey them. It was to be the one day the President would spend on catching up at Washington before sailing again to the tragic conclusion of the Versailles Conference.

At the Executive Chambers I put myself in touch with one of the President's personal secretaries, whom I found most friendly, and got him to take charge of the two bills. But he told me on looking them over that the endorsement of them by the Secretary of the Interior as relating to his Department would be required before the President could sign. The day was passing and it was now already dusk. Happily the new Interior Building was close at hand and Secretary Lane was still at his desk, completing some belated work. His secretary, new in that office, did not venture to disturb him. But getting Director Mather, whom I found also at his office still, two floors below, to join me, we waited till the Secretary came out and holding him up upon his way as he was leaving for home, got the necessary signatures to our two bills. These, forthwith, I carried back to the Executive Chambers, s earched out my friendly secretary and got them signed within the hour. The task I set myself to do, five years before, was done. A place in the sun had been won for our mountains by the sea, to become, I hoped, the symbols of many things desirable for men in the unending years to come.

President Wilson remained at work far into the night, I learned afterwards, leaving next day, to sail soon after on his return to Paris. It was his last work at the Executive Chambers. Returning from Paris at the end of June, he plunged at once into a desperate campaign to salvage if possible some remnant at least of his noble dream from the Versailles Conference, in the midst of which he broke down.

It was only by the narrowest margin that, after all the difficulties met and overcome, our purpose of placing our mountains by the sea, with their wide ocean outlook and rugged scenery, under the protection of the National Government, should have escaped defeat.

To me it has always been a matter of deep interest that Acadia National Park should have found its inception and come into life amid the great historic happenings of President Wilson's two successive terms. And, further, that this should have come about without aid from the Government or any outside source. Alone on our eastern shore, it stands and will stand forever, one may trust, so long as man endures, fronting the ocean as an outpost of America and the ideals from which it sprang, facing the older, now swiftly-changing lands across the sea.

The End