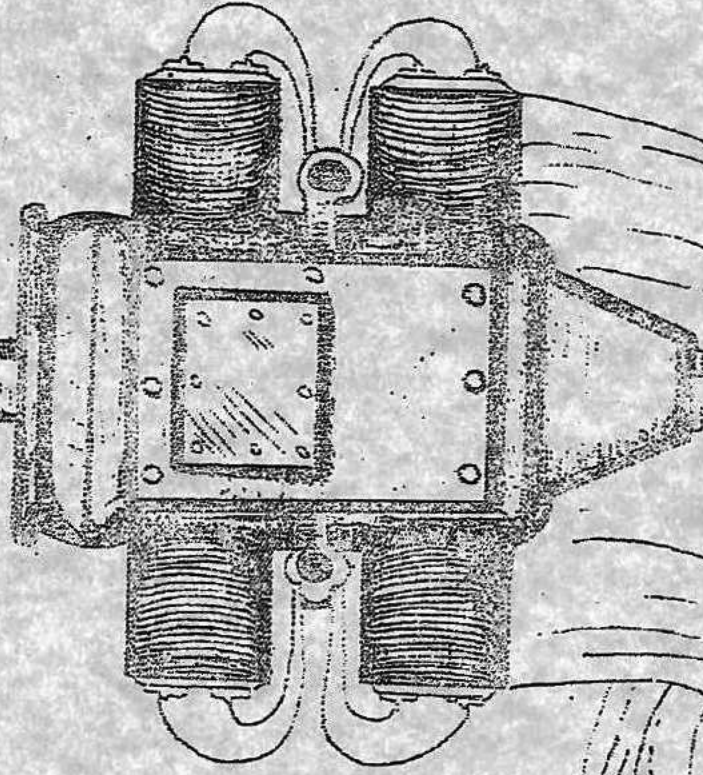


BOURKE ENGINE



DOUGLASS PATENT

BY LOIS BOURKE



Kenn Drake '68 *Ann Drake*

INTRODUCTION

Human beings tend to resent change. They resist it tenaciously, suspect it always, and embrace it (when they do) slowly and reluctantly.

For millions of years, the law of gravity was in force, yet only about 250 years ago Sir Isaac Newton discovered one of the most obvious of natural phenomenon. Therefore, it is not too strange that about 100 years had to elapse after the invention of the four-stroke cycle before any basic improvement was made. Therefore, with the advent of the Bourke cycle, it is going to be necessary for all of us, engineer and layman alike, to discard and forget much of what has been gospel up to this time if we are to thoroughly grasp and understand the working of this radical advance in internal combustion practice. Practically every formula now in use must be discarded.

When the day comes that we accord the respect and consideration to the term "theory" that it truly deserves the road to progress will be immeasurably shortened.

Let us recognize that THEORY is purely a crutch to support a lame idea and not, as too many now use the term, interchangeable with, or clothed in the guise of, FACT. Thus, we are so blinded by our education that knowledge evades us.

Perhaps it is hoping for too much to expect our internal combustion engineers to readily recognize a basic law when, for so many decades, they have been content to accept theories that were so patently faulty as to permit 70 to 75 percent exhaust and radiation losses in our present conventional engines.

If they could only recognize the fact that most of their knowledge is the repeating of words theories and designs of others, that they are not modern day Archimedes, Socrates, Aristotles, da Vincis, Newtons, or Einsteins, but merely muscularly activated receptacles of the thoughts, findings, and theories of the past great, near great and others of doubtful virtue. If they, with true humility would recognize their real stature, many could then become the great that would sit beside those illustrious ones of former centuries.

Would it not be more profitable to view our future development from a different angle seeing how sterile of progress has been our present direction? Certainly, we are going faster and faster, but at what a cost in fuel wasted, and only to create more air pollution!

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FOREWORD

My thanks to Elwin Coutant, EAA member No. 3731, who came to visit us in April, 1967 and offered to finance the printing of a book that the findings of Russell Bourke might be preserved for posterity.

As I have been assembling the material to be printed to hand to Mr. Coutant I recall the faces and names of people who came from near and far to visit and learn more about the engine from Russell. In the years since 1932 when Russell built and ran the first engine, the little "Silver Eagle" we have met and heard from untold thousands.

To many who read this book it will be like renewing an old friendship. Anyone who came seeking information was taken into our home as a friend.

The majority of you who came to see the engine and talk with Russell would depart reluctantly, saying you had never enjoyed a day, or learned so much, in your life!

Whether you agreed with Russell entirely or not, of one thing I am certain—after having met and talked with Russell, and seen an engine run, you have never been the same since!

Remember as you read this book that the material printed has been written over the last four decades. It will not be a masterpiece of continuity or composition. There may be some repetition but read every paragraph, it may serve to enlighten you all the more.

One thing, "KNOW HOW", can neither be written down nor illustrated. It is my hope the reader will understand and recognize what Russell, with words, is trying to impart to you—that internal, combustion is, in truth, a law, not a theory, and a simple law at that.

I have heard him repeat many times, "We have, over the years, added complexity to complexity and in the process broken almost every law in the book. Let us stop and analyze what it is we seek and stop cancelling out every forward step we make by failing to recognize what is virtue and what is a step backward. Eliminate all movements that do not add to smoothness of operation, and forces applied in a way that cause extreme wear or rupturing. Everything to obtain the above results is, and has been, available for over one hundred years. Only the arrangement of parts has been at fault. Let us start thinking and get out of this mess and the smog!"

Russell's findings are in the pages that follow. I have compiled them, Elwin Coutant has published them. Absorbing this knowledge he is trying to impart is now entirely in your hands.

For any further inquiries you may write to;

Elwin Coutant
9276 Borden Ave.,
Sun Valley, California
91352

All the material has been compiled and delivered. This is October 29, 1967, Russell's birthday and exactly 35 years since the first little Silver Eagle was completed and ran for the first time.

CLEO NESLER

E. A. A. Member Cleo Nesler, Glidden, Iowa, has been a faithful Bourke Engine fan since 1933 when the May issue of "Modern Mechanics", in Andy's Mail Box, gave the first Bourke engine, the Silver Eagle, top billing. Cleo treasured that issue until, as he said, "One day Mother cleaned house."

The little Silver Eagle was never too far from his mind. One day, more than twenty years later, Cleo was reading "The Experimenter" which made mention that Russell Bourke was living in Portland Oregon. He wrote a letter in care of the Portland Postmaster requesting that his letter be forwarded. It was delivered and, through the years since, Cleo has always been in touch.

In the fall of 1958 he sparked a drive among E. A. A. members to raise funds to have Russell transported to Hales Corners, Wisconsin. There to provide a home for Russell and me while Russell with his own hands and at no cost to E. A. A. members would build a 120 cubic inch engine which would be capable of satisfying the needs of all members for weight and H.P. and be a standard model for E. A. A.

We were leaving Portland because our associates had, by legal maneuvering, taken the "Bourke 400", jigs, dies, patterns, etc., out of Russell's hands. We felt it might help to heal the hurt to go to Hales Corners and build an engine for the E. A. A. members, but it seems there were other forces working and it just wasn't to be.

Cleo worked hard at it, phoned Russell a few times and was encouraged by the response.

A very lengthy letter written by an E. A. A. member, brutally critical of the engine and with no foundation in fact, was circulated at one Fly In. That letter torpedoed the whole project.

Now Russell is too old and his health so uncertain that even though my life depended on having him produce, with his own hands, another engine, I would not permit it.

Thank you, Cleo Nesler!

Sincerely,
Lois Bourke

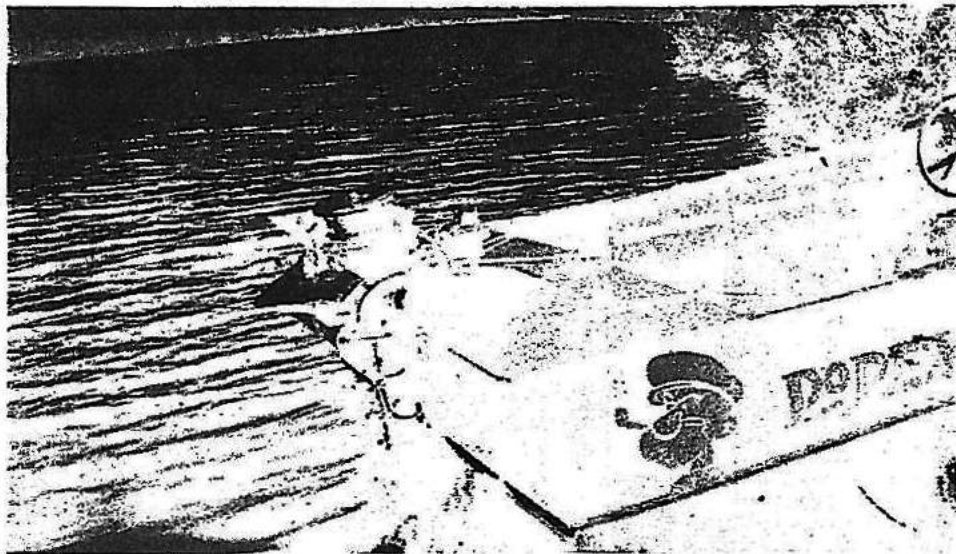
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

To all our loyal friends I wish to express a deep appreciation, especially to those who, by their faith, have gone out of their way in an attempt to further the acceptance of the Bourke Cycle engine.

George Weinholdt, Santa Rosa, California, heard of the 4-60 radial outboard when Russell was building and testing it in the mid 1930's and helped with the testing on the water brake. In 1939 he loaned his 1937 De Lux Ford Coupe for mounting the 4-60 as it had proven too powerful for any existing lower unit. The 4-60 was mounted in the coupe and only a few miles were covered when Russ thought to test for acceleration. That did it! The gears in the transmission were scattered over the landscape! George received his coupe back, and the 4-60, with two cylinders removed, was mounted on a "beefed up" Evenrude 4-60 lower unit. The engine then became the "Bourke 30" and the two thousand hour testing on the Petaluma River commenced.

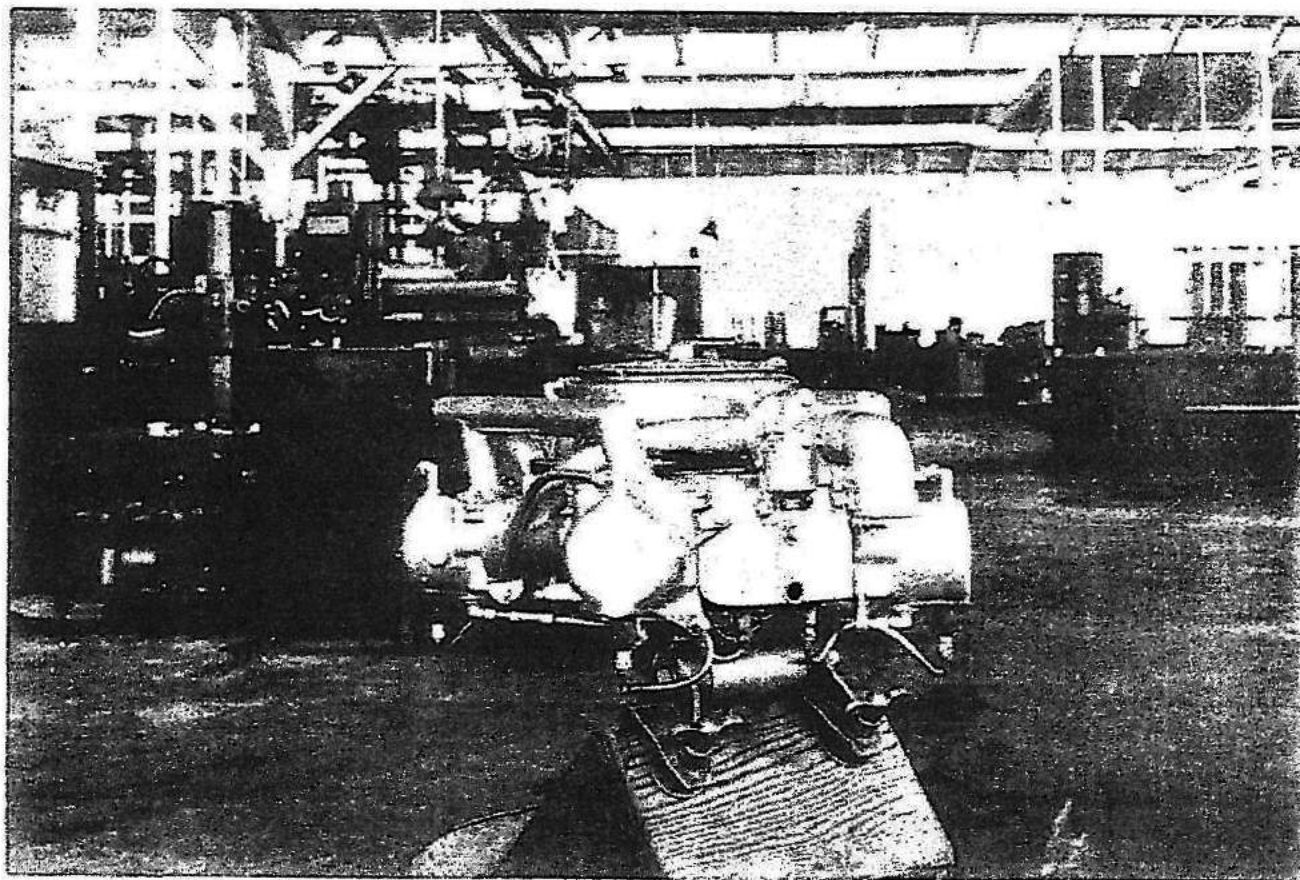
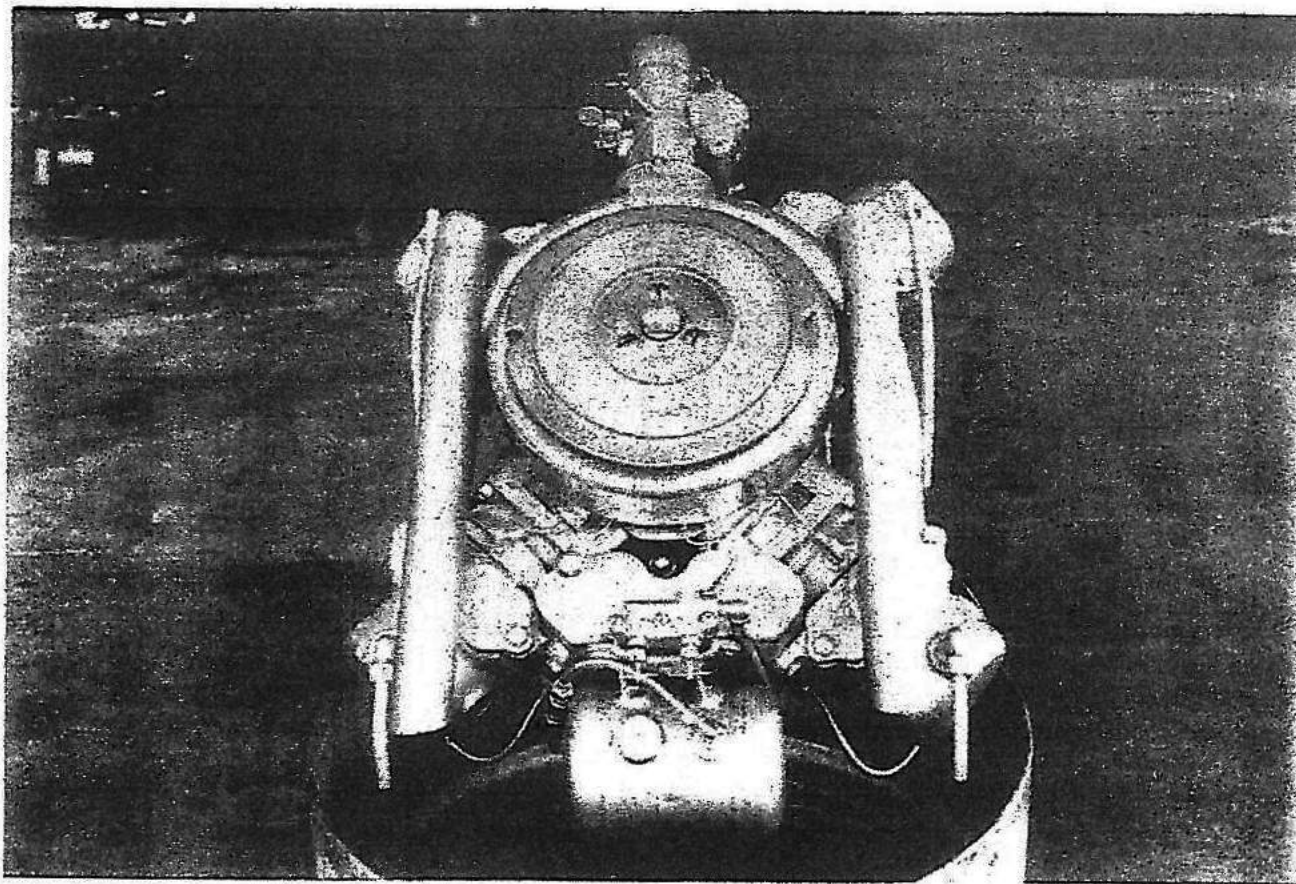
George Weinholdt saw the Silver-H, flat four, built and tested on a torque stand before he entered the Air Force in World War II. In his letters from the war theater he seemed to think of only one thing, and that was to get back and fly the "Little Jewel" as he called the Silver-H. Russell didn't have the money to obtain an A.T.C. and flying it could have caused George to lose his pilots license, which is: Commercial License 198797; Certified Flight Instructor, Airplane single and multi-engine Land and Sea, Glider and Instrument.

Thanks to Gerald Turney, Dunnigan, California, for his faithful assistance during the late 1930's and early 1940's and for loaning his boat Pop-Eye for testing and proving the reliability of the Bourke Cycle 30 cu. in. "C" class. To the old timers around Petaluma it was a familiar sight to see Russell on week days, and Jerry and Russell on weekends, cutting up and down the Petaluma River in Pop-Eye, Woeful Wretch or Bottoms Up, logging over two thousand hours.



In 1958 Owen Permenter, Santa Rosa, California, wrote personal letters to all the major automobile manufacturers, to the mayors of San Francisco and Los Angeles and to the then Governor Brown of California, in an attempt to arouse their interest in building an engine which did not pollute the air. All replies were negative.

Bill Heniges, Portland, Oregon, has been a faithful believer in the engine for years. He has written articles to papers and magazines of the engine, and while we lived in Portland he was a constant visitor to our home. His enthusiasm about the engine did not die when we left Portland, there has been only one year that he has missed coming to see us in the nine years since we moved away.

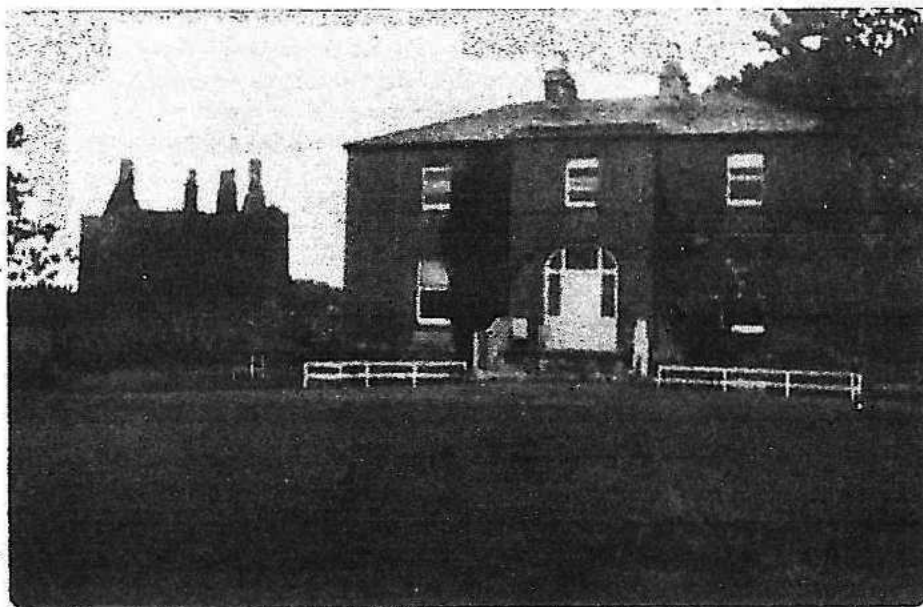


BOURKE 4-CYLINDER 60 CUBIC INCH OUTBOARD

Jimmie Anderson, now Tax Collector of Sonoma County, was a young admirer of Russ's engine and loaned his Cabin Cruiser for some of the testing on the Petaluma River.

The Chet Donovans of Pengrove, California made a trip to Ireland in September, 1967 and while there, went to Lough Measg (Mask) and took pictures of the old castle and other buildings shown here. The present owners were not at home so the shots had to be taken from a distance. It is now a breeding farm for some of the finest horses in the world.

Sterling Barnes, an E.A.A. member, Petaluma, California, assisted me in typing and arranging some of Russell's notes two or three years ago when the thoughts of publishing Russell's findings first entered my mind.



DON DEMING

Just a few words in deep appreciation to you for your willingness to take time from your busy schedule illustrating my efforts leaving to posterity a living memorial to my husband, Russell Bourke.

Your illustrative genius has imparted an excitement and depth to what could otherwise have been just another collection of technical papers.

My heartfelt thanks for your magnificent contribution.

Sincerely,

Lois Bourke

DARLENE BINGHAM

Dear Darlene:

This is to express my deep appreciation for the excellent art work that makes my life story live, and for your sacrificing time during the Christmas Season when your work load would stagger two people.

Again I thank you, and I'm sure all the readers will be forever grateful.

With love,
Lois

TO MY BROTHER

God intended, us twins to be,
But, thru some jest of Fate.
You were born, five months early,
And I, just six months late.

Brother o'mine, I miss your smile,
Your carefree, laughing ways.
Much would I give, to live again,
Those wonderous, pre war days.

We lived and loved, and battled,
As healthy brother, should.
Shared our joys, and sorrows,
In every way, we could.

Golden youth, was passing,
Manhood, began to dawn.
Life had shown, its darker side,
The carefree days, were gone.

We heard the call, of country,
To the bugle, did respond.
Knowing not, what tomorrow held,
Nor what lay, just beyond.

Miss you I do, 'tis selfish,
Your return, I wish it not.
Living you are, in a land of love,
This one, 'tis mostly rot.

For you, taps were sounded,
And you heartaches, now are o'er.
A passage seems, had been reserved,
To that Golden Shore.

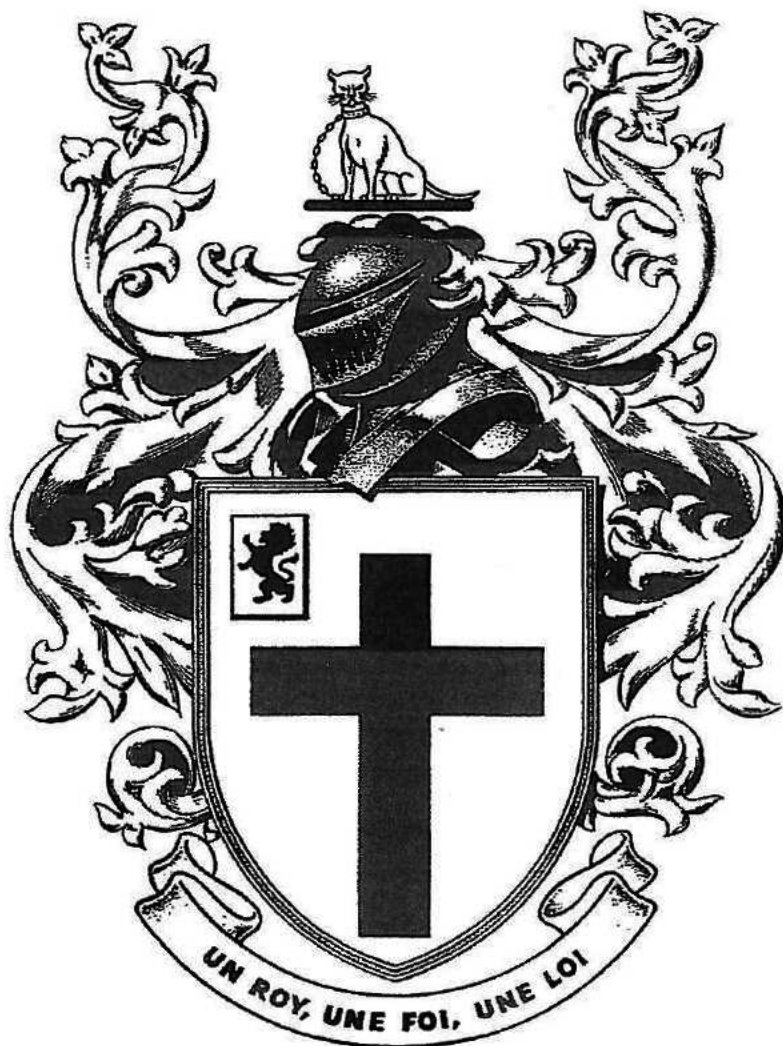
In my heart, a shrine I keep,
For you, dear brother mine.
No one else, can it replace,
Th'o, be they e'er, so fine.

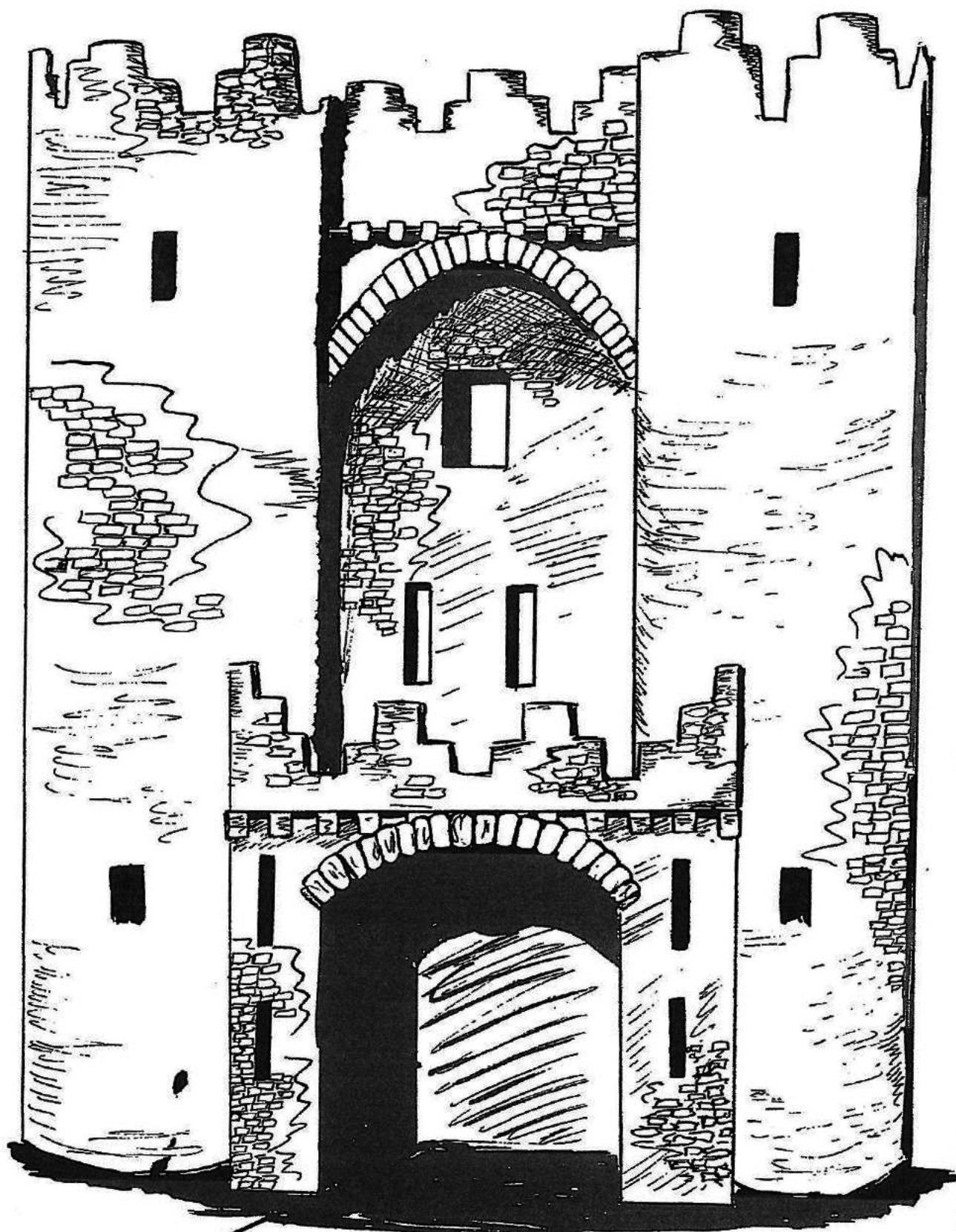
Carry on, is what I must,
For one, you left behind.
Smooth the way, and lend a light,
That contentment, she may find.

Every hour, of each day,
Her mother heart, does yearn.
A word, a sign, from out the void,
From whence, none do return.

She and I, both live in hope,
When our days, may be thru.
To meet again, in a better land,
And live again, with you.

De búrre





LOUGH MEASQ CASTLE

Darlene Bingham



WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR CROWNED KING OF ENGLAND – DEC. 25, 1066

BOURKE FAMILY HISTORY

It all began in the year 1066 when William the Conqueror and his cousins, William and Robert De Burgo, decided to acquire some Real Estate, and the Battle of Hastings gave them an option on some choice landscape. William the Conqueror was crowned King of England Dec. 25, 1066.

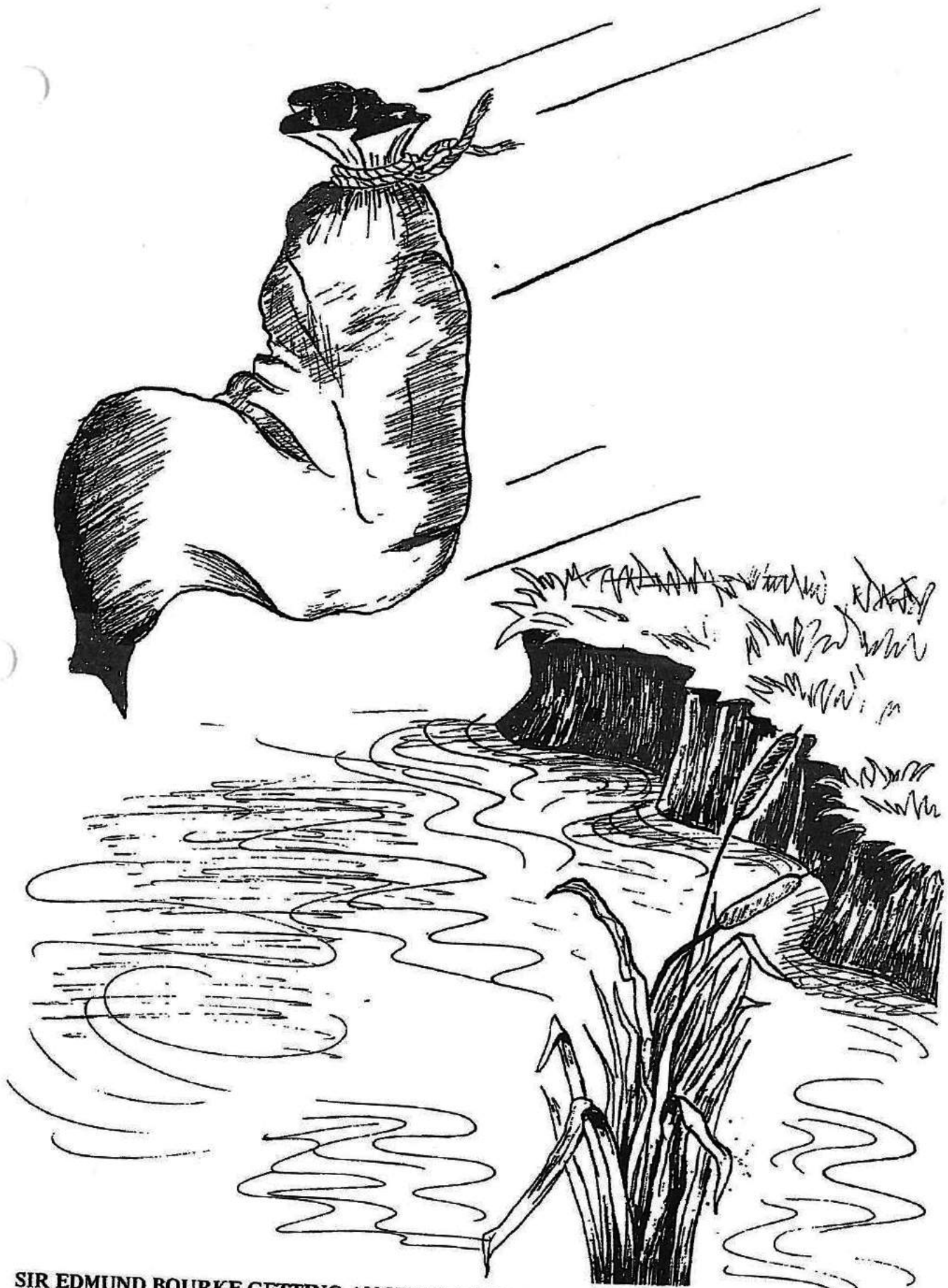
Being an appreciative sort, King William transferred titles of some Lordly layouts in Ireland to his De Burgo cousins, who then decided to go out all-Irish and change the name to Bourke.

Ancestral Lough Measg Castle was the source of much history through the centuries. One family of the Stauntons shoved Sir Edmund Bourke into a sack, with a collection of stones, and dumped him into the lake, engendering some hard feelings which lasted for centuries.

In the 1550's, during Queen Elizabeth's reign, there was

a famous female pirate whose son was knighted by the Queen as the Earl of Mayo. Her name was Grania Uaile, in English, Grace O'Malley, and was reputed as a first class Sea Pirate. Grania's first husband was killed by a bushwacker. She, being a big powerful woman, slew most of the clan which was responsible and took their castle.

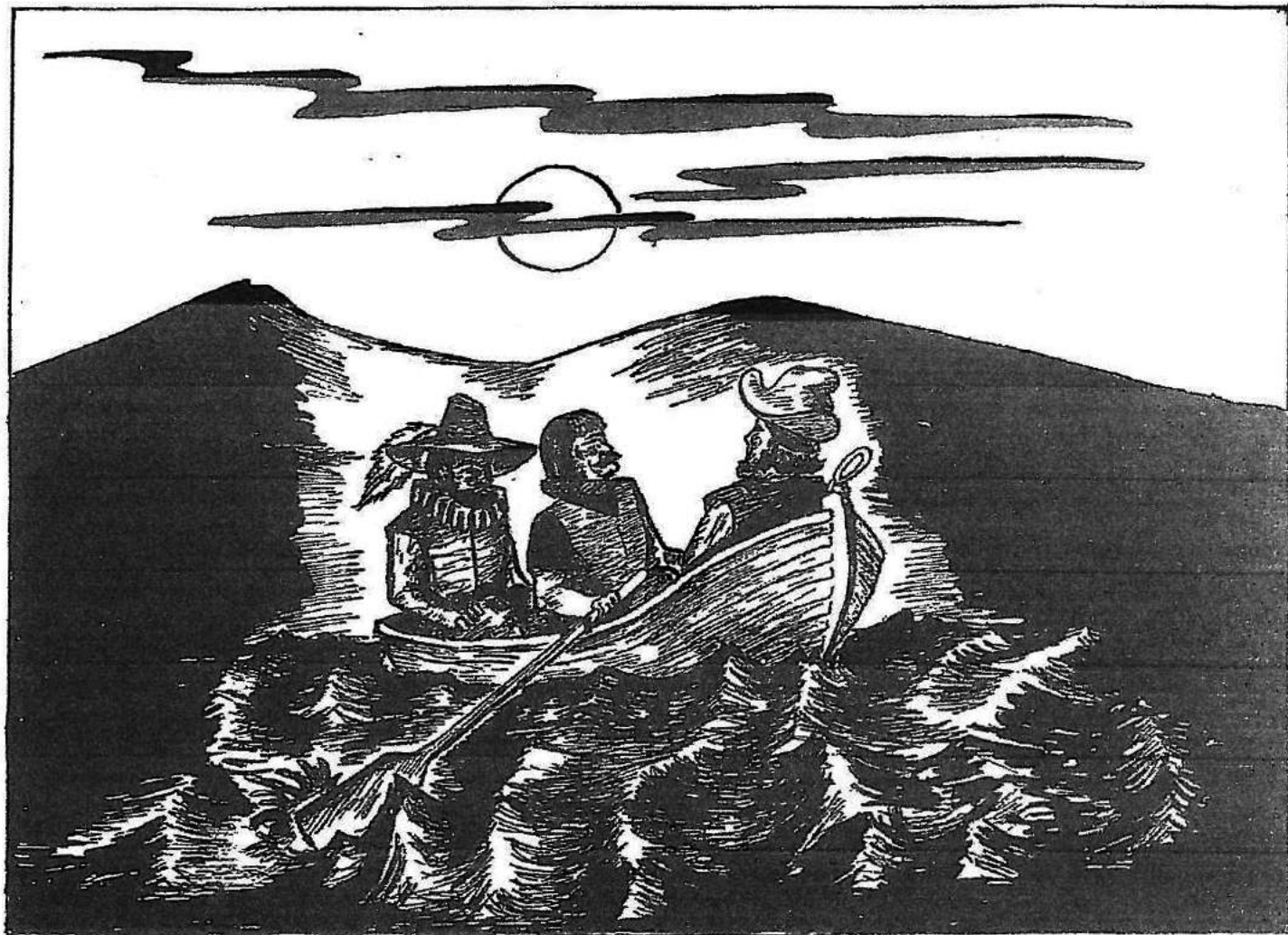
Her second husband, Sir Richard Bourke, whom she married on condition that at the end of a year either could dissolve the partnership by saying to the other, "I dismiss you". During that year of matrimony Grania quietly filled her husband's castles with her own followers, so that when, at the end of the period, she gave him a curt dismissal, Sir Richard found that most of his property was in his wife's possession. But the Bourkes were a rugged, resourceful breed and the succeeding centuries found them again in possession of Castles and perhaps a little less gullible of



SIR EDMUND BOURKE GETTING AN UNEXPECTED MID-WEEK BATH FROM THE STAUNTONS



THE PLOTTING PIRATE WOMAN GRANIA UAILE GIVING BOURKE THE BOOT IN THE 1500's



KING JAMES TAKING A POWDER INTO EXILE IN FRANCE WHERE HE DIED IN 1701

women.

For the next one hundred forty odd years the Bourkes were busy multiplying and helping to bring glory to the British Crown; there was a Regiment of Bourke, headed by Col. Walter Bourke who represented Mayo in King James II Irish Parliament who fought at Boyne and Aughrim.

Would you read your name on Honors Roll?
Look not for Royal grant,
It is written Cassano, Alcoy and Alicante!
Saragossa, Barcelona, wherever dangers lurk
You will find in the Van the blue and the buff,
Of the Regiment of Bourke.

King James II of England was driven from his Kingdom, forced to abdicate in 1688; went into exile in France and died in 1701. These were not foreigners who forced him to take a powder; these were his own blood relatives.

Col. Walter Bourke wouldn't run, so he was tucked away in the Tower of London by King William III.

Col. Walter was a chummy chap and his guards kept him tuned in on all the latest, so when this muscle character started to strut around and claim he could reduce anybody

in the world to salami, Bourke blew a cork and said, "Give me thirty days of Mother's cooking and he will be a candidate for a coffin".

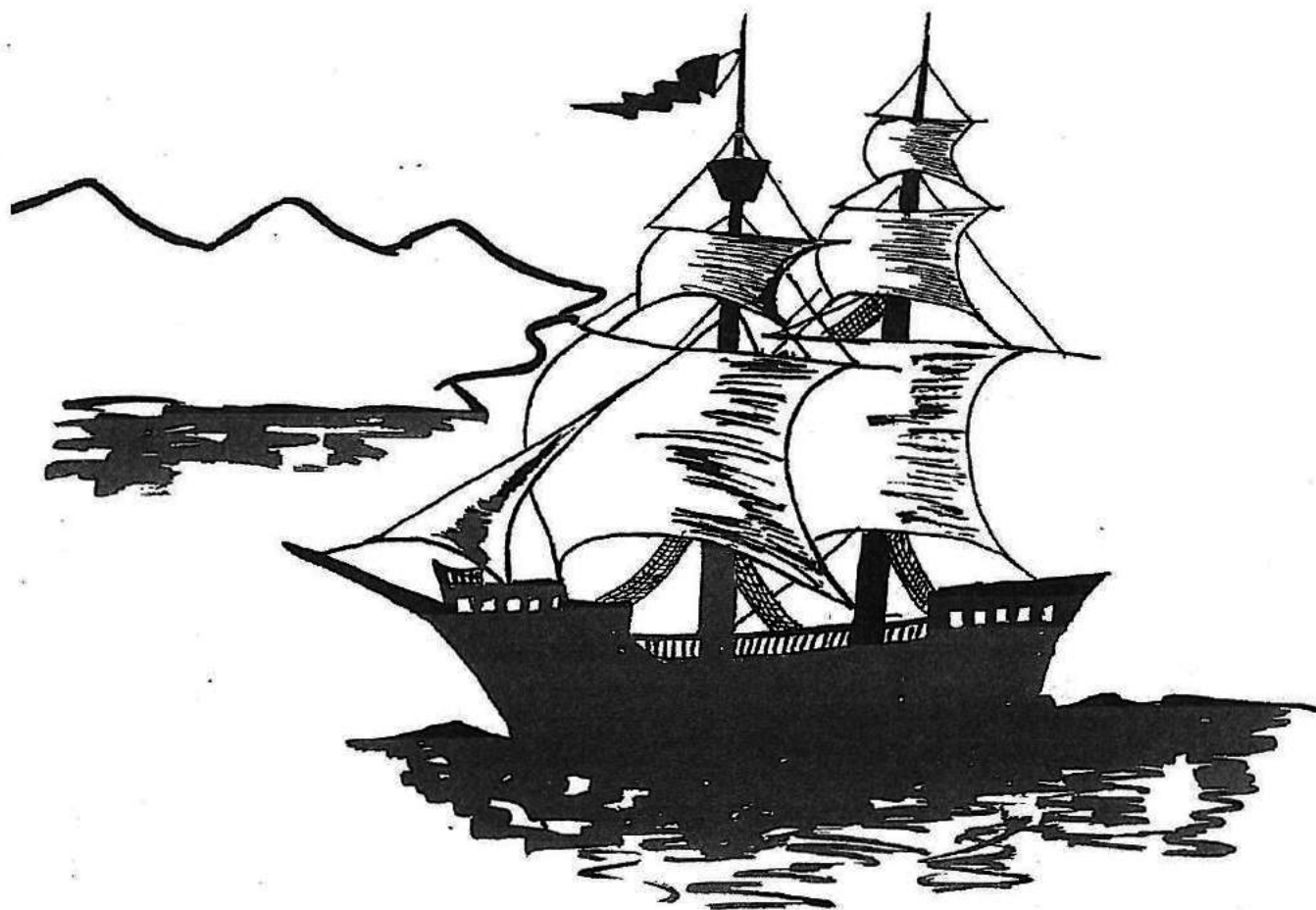
King William III was listening on the party line, and being an avid fight fan, if someone else was taking the bumps, gave orders for Bourke to cozy in the kitchen for thirty days and come out swinging.

The King and all the Lords and Ladies gathered to see the brawl and it proved to be a doozy; it lasted all day for this muscle character was no push over.

Some of the paying customers were getting hungry as the hot dogs were sold out by then, when some loud mouth yelled, "Bourke, remember Aughrim". That set the fire under his tin rompers and with one wild swing and an Irish oath Mister Muscle's future was behind him!

The King was so pleased at the outcome that he gave Walter a horse telling him to ride from dawn to dark and all the land he could encircle would be his.

Do not get the idea that Bourke was a traitor, for he wasn't, he just got caught in the middle of a family brannigan over religion, (he was a cousin) and which branch of the family was going to call the shots; he could care less, pro-



UNCLE WALTERS BROTHERS JUMPED A CATTLE BOAT FOR LOUISIANA TERRITORY ARRIVED 1692

viding there was to be some action — he wanted to be where the action was.

We will here bid farewell to Uncle Walter, for somewhere along the shore in 1691 a couple of his brothers jumped a cattle boat and headed for a French Colony, arriving in the New World in 1692, preferring to be live Irishmen instead of dead heroes.

The Bourkes of that day were represented by over seventy commissioned officers in King James II army. Where the others went we do not know, but any phone book will give you the idea they did travel.

The following article by Charles Collins from Portland, Oregon, April 20, 1954 is quite enlightening.

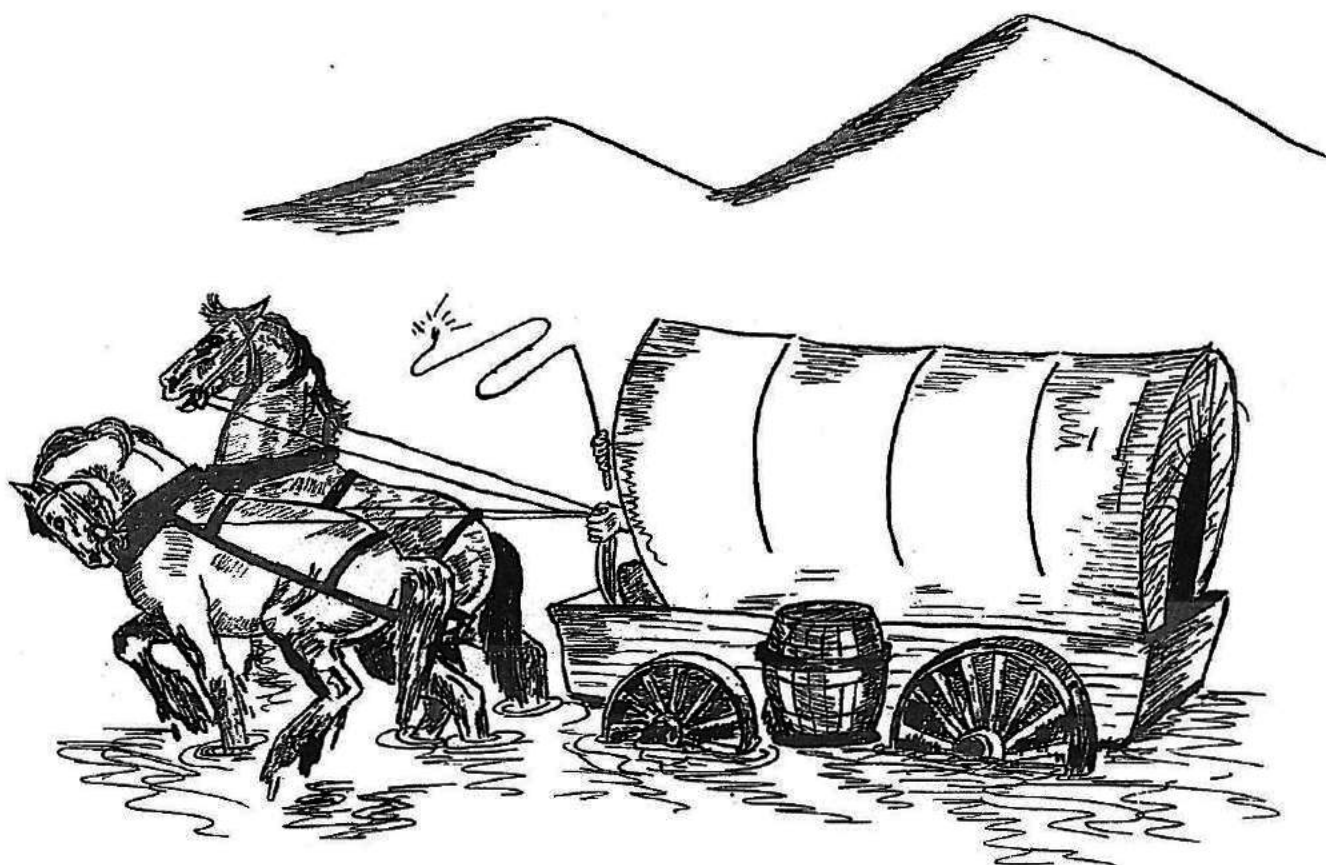
The commonest family names of Irish origin in American cities are Kelly and Murphy, while Bourke (Burke) is first in national distribution. These names are as Irish as shamrocks and the River Shannon. They come out of the remote past when the native speech of Ireland, Gaelic or Erse, was untouched by the influence of Norse invaders, Norman conquerers and English colonists. They are chunks of old Hibernian Rock, ground smooth by rolling down the cen-

turies. There are two thoroughly Irish names on the list, Butler and Bourke (Burke). These names were planted in Ireland by the Norman conquerers in the 12th century and their bearers became, as often said, more Irish than the Irish. More-over, these are the only noble names on the list, the Butlers were the Earles of Ormonde, and the Bourkes were the Lords of Con-nought. Bourke comes from the Anglo Norman Family name De Burgo, and Butler from a heredity court office Kings Butler.

Through the years they scattered to all points of the compass, many dropping the "o" in the name. Known through the years in the annals of Ireland, England and the United States the name Bourke or Burke has figured prominently as military leaders, orators and writers.

Like the minority groups of today, in the last century the big city Irish dweller was crowded into ghettos, but they didn't burn them down — they moved out and made a place for themselves in the world.

Uncle Walter's brothers settled in the Louisiana Territory and proceeded to set up Plantations, as that was the correct thing to do in those days. For about one hundred



END OF THE TRAIL FOR BOURKE FAMILY LAST DAYS OF AUG. 1899 – PETALUMA, CALIFORNIA

seventy years the lives of the Bourkes as plantation owners followed the usual pattern of gracious living and extending the Bourke population pattern. Then came the Civil War and the aftermath – Plantation owning was not what it once had been. French was the main language spoken in that part of Louisiana and as some of the Bourkes had settled in French Canada in 1692, some migrated there, others to the Dakotas and to the Far West and California, so that is where Russell's part of the story starts.

Russell's father, A.E. Bourke was born in Louisiana in 1861 and left home at an early age; shipped out on old wind jammers and visited almost every country having a sea port; was shipwrecked a couple of times, the last time in the Sandwich Islands (now the Hawaiian Islands). Being an avid student he carried quite a library with him as most countries had literature in French or Spanish. He had been educated in a Catholic College and had a fine educational background and could speak, read and write at least eight languages fluently, among them English, French, Spanish and Chinese. This stood him in good stead as he served the United States as a secret agent all over the world in World War I.

Having majored in Ornamental Copper in College,

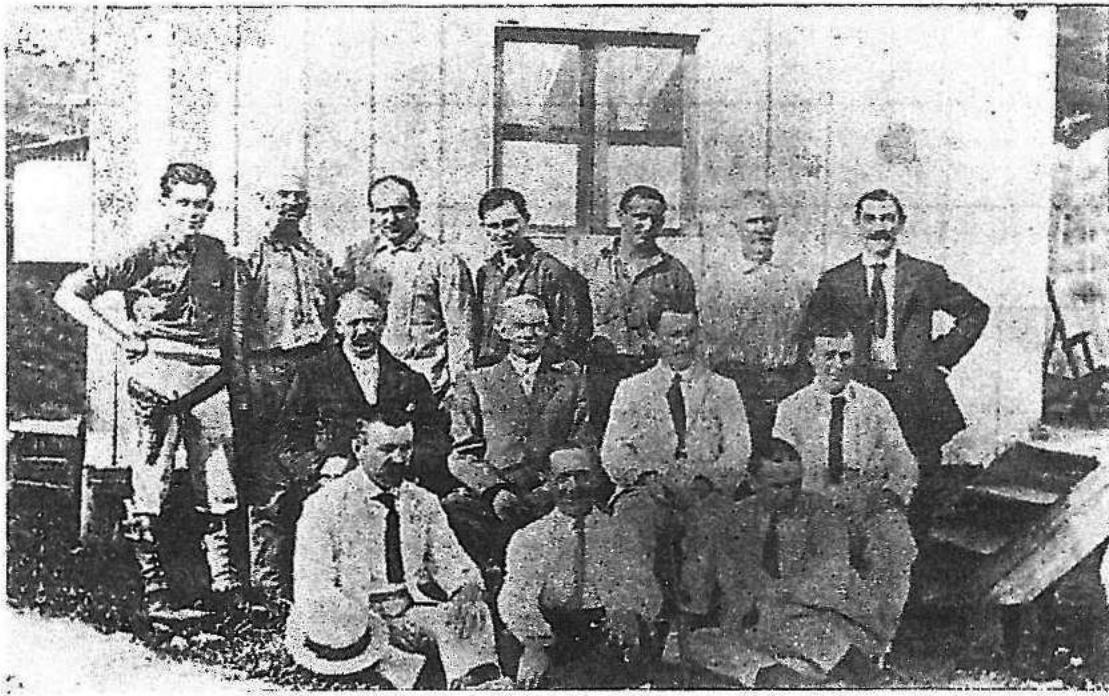
Bourke Sr. bid on the Palace in Mexico City. This was a honeymoon-business trip, for in 1890 he was united in marriage to Miss Heloise Duchenneau of Boston, Massachusetts. After completing that, he took contracts for State and County buildings in the United States, among them Augusta, Georgia and Fresno, California.

The first of four sons, Leo, was born in Fresno. The family moved to Los Angeles where the other three sons, Alonzo, Ivan and Russell were born, Russell on Oct. 29, 1898.

The "Dry Year of '98" caused Mr. Bourke to outfit a covered wagon and head north seeking an area which knew no drought. The trip northward would be an exciting book of adventure, hardship and privation, but serves no purpose here.

After ten heartbreaking months Mr. Bourke, Sr., with four small sons and Mother Bourke ill with pneumonia, pulled into Petaluma in late August, 1899, the wagon wheel hub deep in mud. The local folks said there never had been a dry year here, so Petaluma became the end of the trail for the Bourke family.

A large chicken hatchery and a factory to build incubators and poultry supplies was erected by Mr. Bourke Sr.,



**RUSSELL BOURKE, FAR LEFT, WAS MR. "LAW AND ORDER," BABYLONIA MINE,
NICORAGUA, CENTRAL AMERICA, 1914-1916**

who became world famous for his contribution to Making poultry raising a commercial success, Mr. and Mrs. Bourke, wishing their sons to have better schooling than the local schools could then supply, imported Mr. Fitch, of England, as their Tutor, that their sons might learn to read and write foreign languages and get a good grounding in Music and the Arts. Mr. Fitch was well fitted for his assignment having just finished tutoring the Prince of Wales, now the Duke of Windsor, who abdicated the throne for the woman he loved.

The four Bourke boys grew up as normal boys will. Russell, although the youngest, was admired by his brothers for his mechanical skill, bravery under all circumstances and a love to fight — which he would do at every opportunity.

In 1914 Mr. Bourke Sr., took an assignment to teach the poultry business in Nicaragua, Central America, so Alonzo and Russell were the baby sitters for the livestock which were shipped by boat. Mr. and Mrs. Bourke having gone on ahead to prepare accommodations.

After delivering the stock to Managua, Russ, not yet 16, found life too dull; a revolution was in progress so he left for more colorful activities and soon ended up in the mines in charge of "law and order" as it was a territory where outlaws could hide out and could not be touched by

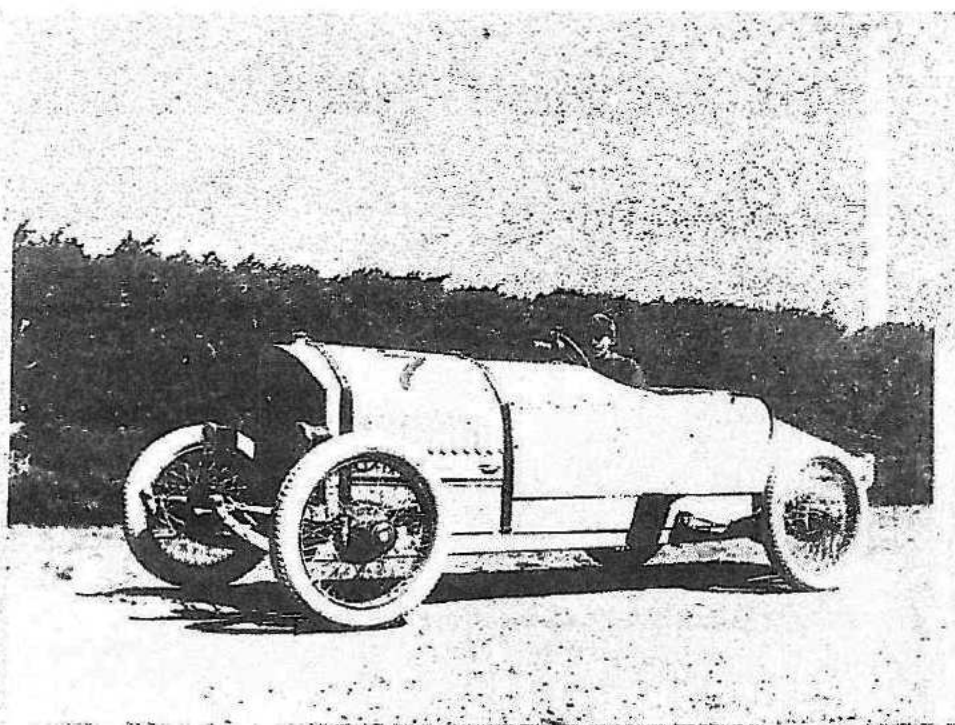
the outside law.

The practice of the mine was to pay every Saturday night, but the mortality and the wounded slowed mine operation the first part of each week, so the practice of paying weekly was discontinued and pay once a month was put into effect. The delay caused by shootings and knifings was used as a period to do necessary repairs while the dead were replaced, the wounded sewed up and bullets removed.

Russ seemed to have a charmed life during all his adventures. At least eighteen times bullets left their mark in his hair and clothing, not to count chips from nearby objects.

Having saved his earnings, which were considerable because of the dangers involved, and being desirous of additional education, he returned to San Francisco in 1916. A beautiful scene greeted him as his boat entered the Golden Gate — the Tower of Jewels, of the 1915 Panama Pacific Exposition, was toppled — a never to be forgotten sight.

Soon after returning to San Francisco, Russell enrolled in Healds College, a night job of elevator and bells helped him with the cost. A course in Machine Shop practice was completed just prior to World War I. The Army Air Force accepted him and he was shipped to Kelly Field, Texas where he was given tests in the E.M.T.D. School and trained as an instructor in Engines and Maintenance. He remained



BOURKE SPECIAL – 1919

as an instructor in the A.S.M.S. under Maj. Stratameyer until discharged in May 1919.

The war over, Russell returned to Petaluma, California, did maintenance work on a fleet of trucks and cars and built and raced cars. In 1921 he went homesteading – 640 acre mountain ranch – in a remote area of San Benito County, California where he found the higher altitude and dry climate helpful to the chronic bronchial condition resulting from the “flu” in 1918 while he was at Kelly Field.

In another chapter you will read that he met me, Lois Hain, back in the hills of San Benito County.

Russell and I were married in 1926. We moved to Petaluma where he worked as salesman and ventilation advisor for Must Hatch Hatchery, covering the twelve western states.

In 1931 Russell gave up traveling and we took over a twelve hundred acre cattle ranch on top of Sonoma Mountain, a dream come true. You will read more of that in the chapter “Out of Tragedy an Engine Was Born.”

The depression engulfed us so the Herefords, which had cost eight cents a pound were sold for one and a half cents a pound two years later.

In 1935 we gave up the idea of a big ranch and moved back to the Petaluma Valley where we bought five acres with a small home, enough room for us and our three saddle horses.

Russell built the 140 cubic inch radial, the 60 cubic inch outboard and the 60 cubic inch model “H” from 1935 to 1940, and converted the 60 cubic inch outboard to 30 cubic inch.

When World War II was declared after Pearl Harbor Russell went to work at Mare Island Navy Yard where he had charge of the Optical Machine Shop, then the Director Shop Machine Shop.

By the time the war was over I had become helpless and almost blind from arthritis. Russell took me to an Arthritis Clinic in Oregon. The treatment showed marvelous results at once, so we returned to Petaluma, sold and stored all our effects and moved to Oregon.

My recovery was so rapid that soon I could be left alone during the day, freeing Russell for other activities. It was not long before he found himself in extensive land development. (The chapter on the “Giant Killer” covers that story.)

In 1951 we decided to return to Petaluma and retire, but we were not here long until we were induced to return to Portland, Oregon to start producing engines. The rest is history and is covered by various magazine articles, some reproduced in this book.

(As told to Russell by his parents, research of Columban Fathers, Herb Lane, and memories of his own life.)

It was in the early 1770's that a Hessian soldier was shipped to the New World to help subdue the Rebels. After the dust had settled he was returned to Europe, but his heart remained in the New World with a farmer's daughter. She promised to await his return, which she did, thereby my fathers branch of the Hain family was established, a solid line of fruit and nut farmers, canners and packers are among the successful ones in California to this day.

My Grandmother Hain was of Irish ancestry, her forebearers dating back to prerevolutionary days, Nathanael Greene, American general of the Revolutionary war was the most notable.

The Prewett (my Mother's) family came from France, one of the Huguenots who fled to the Louisiana Territory to escape religious persecution and death as it was reported that up to 100,000 Huguenots were murdered by order of Charles IX. The action was instigated by his mother, Catherine De Medici.

Somewhere along the line a Prewett lassoed a beautiful Cherokee Princess for his wife, but it was too early in the game for his descendents to collect on the Oklahoma oil millions.

Grandmother Prewett was a Rayburn, of early American stock, related to Admiral Richard E. Byrd of Arctic and Antarctic fame.

I shall always be grateful to my grandparents for joining the Westward Movement in the early 1870's and 80's and for pushing westward until they reached and settled in Bear Valley, a remote area in the mountains of San Benito County, California. Grandfather and Grandmother Prewett were from the South, Grandfather having served in the Confederate Army. Grandfather and Grandmother Hain were from Michigan and Indiana.

The J. T. Prewett cattle ranch dominated the northern end of Bear Valley, the Hain holdings the middle area. A Post Office was established there about 1890.

It was only natural that the handsome rancher and leader of the local Brass Band, Arthur Hain, should fall in love with and marry the beautiful Nancy Prewett (my Parents). I was born Dec. 1, 1903, the last of five children.

Being just a little tow-headed-tag-along I spent most of my first three years close to my Mother for she, being old fashioned, didn't feel I should be trusted riding my horse through the hills alone. I had to follow around the house and yard as Mother went about her chores, tending her garden, chickens and turkeys. Mother always raised about two hundred turkeys for the Thanksgiving and Christmas market.

One day, while on one of her safaris, Mother requested my aid at something, and I, being about that age, refused and climbed an apple tree saying, "I won't and you can't catch me". But Mother proved that she too had been a

little girl once and came up the tree after me. When we both reached the ground Mother had part of the apple tree in her hand. One of my favorite pastimes, sitting around, lost much of its glamor for a few days. Of one thing I was certain, it was a lot more fun to mind Mother!

Mother and I would go to the neighbors for tea at times, and I deported myself quite well, until one day we went to Brother George's Parsonage for a quilting party. While the ladies were tying I had free run of the house and fenced yard. I chased butterflies and made mud pies under their garden faucet. When we returned home Mother had to give me a scrubbing to get those mud pies washed off. She put some warm water in the wash tub in the middle of the kitchen and started to undress me. When she came to my panty waist, which had printed across the back "Family Flour" she discovered a string of black safety pins pinned to it. Then the question and answer period, and I had to admit they came from the bedroom of Brother George. To explain; I was a dedicated safety pin saver, and these black safety pins were just too much for me to resist! So I had entered on my one day crime wave. Mother and her hair brush proved to me that crime does not pay!

The first thing next morning Mother had sister Bess saddle Old Buck, who was about as thin as a horse could get, put me on behind the saddle, and we returned those safety pins and apologized to Brother George. At the end of the two mile round trip, rawboned Old Buck had given me more blisters than Mother had the night before, and all desire for a life of crime had evaporated in the crisp morning air.

I would, in about a month be three years old. It was Grandfather Hain who decided that my feet should follow a safer path to glory, hence the wet nurse routine to orphan lambs and pigs began and the laying of the foundation of my future fortunes. The road that passed our door down the valley was the stock drive route to the nearest rail head for shipping. I would inherit the little orphans, too weak to make the drive. With Grandfather's help I started that project.

As I grew a little older I would help Grandfather in his cobbler shop where he repaired shoes, boots, saddles, and harness for the mountain folk. When he retired to live in Hollister I was eight years old and by then had decided I wanted to be a teacher and was saving all my money toward that goal. I took over his repair business for the next few years.

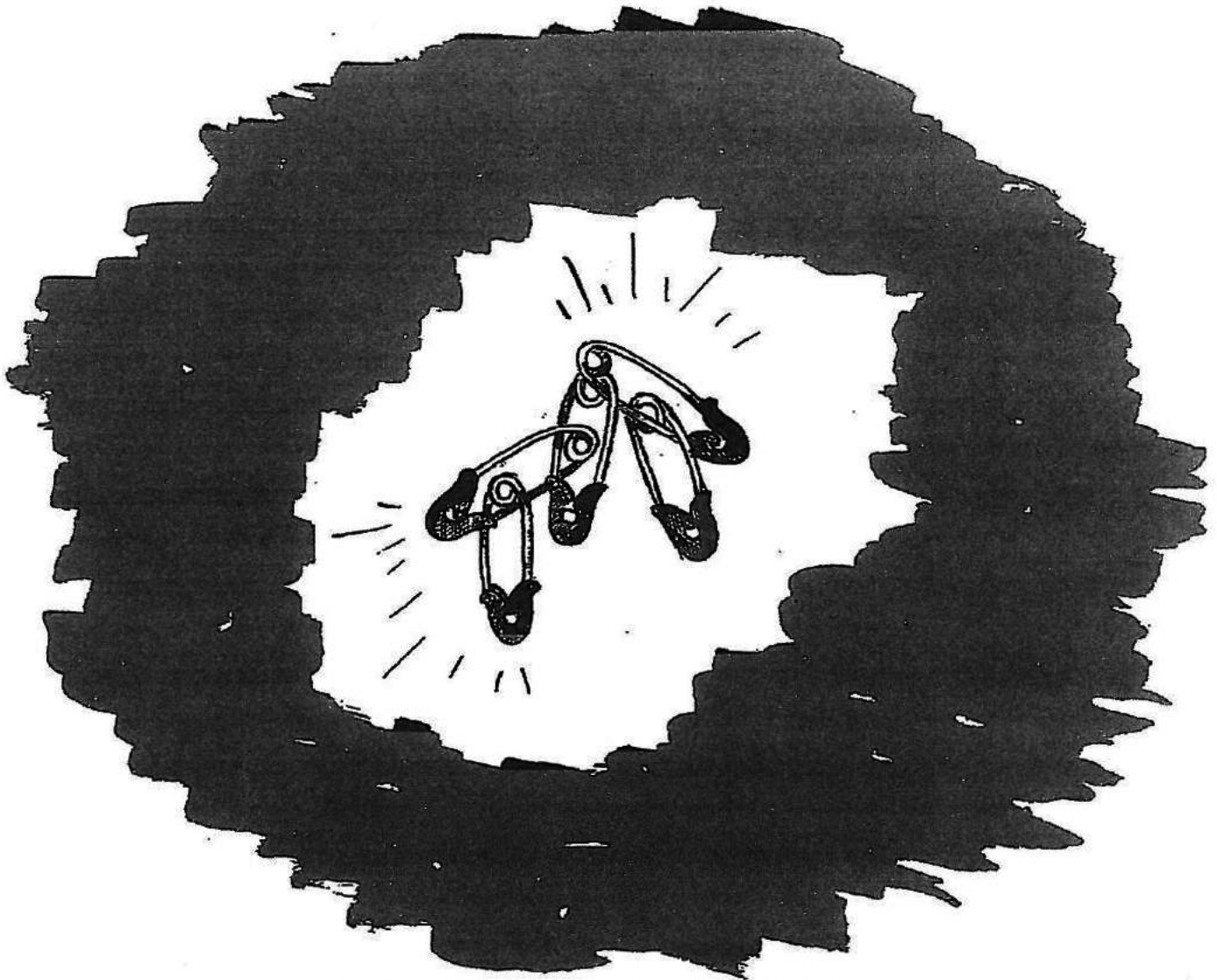
Life was anything but dull; up at an early hour, milk my string of cows, feed the little orphans, then breakfast and off to school. After school, repair work in my cobbler shop, milk the cows, feed the calves and orphans and in to supper, then maybe some home work and off to bed with my pet cat, Cooney Sweetie. In those days falling asleep was



LITTLE TAGALONG JUST BEFORE SHE LEARNED MOTHER COULD ALSO CLIMB TREES



THE DAY OF LOIS'S CRIME WAVE – MUD PIES AND BUTTERFLIES



THE CAUSE OF LOIS'S ONE DAY CRIME WAVE

no problem. Insomnia hadn't been invented.

There were no bear in Bear Valley in my memory, but there were many mountain lions as their natural prey, deer, were abundant. Bruck the state lion Hunter, included Bear Valley in his rounds to help Oliver Bacon, local lion hunter, decimate the lion population. One hair raising encounter with a lion stands out in my memory as if it happened yesterday, yet it was in 1914, when I was ten years old. A group of 150 members of the Sierra Club encamped about eight miles from our house, near the Pinnacles rocks and

caves (now the Pinnacles National Monument). All the valley women cooked chicken, baked pies, cakes and bread for them. It was my job to collect all the goodies and deliver them to the encampment. Comet was my Horse power for a one-horse spring wagon. I had trained Comet to ride and drive. No one else had ever handled her.

We, Comet and I, were within a mile and a half of the encampment at the last of the seven gates we had to pass through. This last gate was hung from a huge valley oak with large overhanging limbs. I climbed out, opened the



Charles ¹⁹⁰
O. C.

"Mother, was it Mrs. Weaver who said she
wished she had a little Girl like me?"



A WORTHWHILE SOUL SATISFYING PROJECT

gate and told Comet to go through, which she did and stopped.

Just at that moment, crashing down the hill through the chaparral and chemise, came a big mountain lion followed by the Lion Hunter's hounds. With one leap the lion was up the tree and Comet took off like a comet galloping down the canyon with my gun in the boot and a wagon full of food. I knew Bruck would be hot on the heels of the lion and the hounds, but I couldn't wait around for that. Comet had deserted me, I had to walk. I was barefoot too, and the road was hot, dusty and full of stones.

Comet kept running until she came to the encampment; no smell of lion there, so she stopped. It caused quite a stir when some of the club members noticed she came in without me and they were about to start looking for me when they saw this dusty little tow head, fit to be tied, come limping in. The roast chicken, bread, cakes and apple pies had been securely tied down so did not bounce out, but I do believe that Comet was the first one to invent "crumble" apple pie.

I learned a lesson that day I have never forgotten; never leave your gun in the boot. The bounty could have been mine.

Outdoor life was the life for me. I was more at home on a horse and a rifle was better fitted to my hands than any household hardware. I became brother Ralph's trapping partner during trapping season, as we could cover many more trap lines that way. When World War I started he went into the Army and I carried on the trapping.

Mostly it was routine, but now and then something unusual would happen, like finding a 108 pound mountain lion in a trap set for coyote, caught only by the toes. I knew there was no time to lose and that bounty was mighty attractive. My heart was pounding, I must admit, but taking careful aim I shot her in the ear. My horse, Boy, was used to having every other kind of animal, dead or alive,



carried on him, but he needed a little sweet talk from me when I asked him to help me with that lion! I put my riata around the lion's neck and the other end over an overhanging limb of the oak tree that anchored the trap, then the rope to the saddle horn, drawing the lion up high enough to get Boy under it and soon, with Boy's cooperation, the lion was safely behind the saddle, and Boy and I were ready to cover the eight miles to Judge Rudolph's to have it certified and collect the bounty.

Another incident not quite so exciting, but worth mentioning, was when I found a beautiful, big lynx cat in my trap at the far end of the trap line. He was caught by both front feet. When I tried to shoot him the firing pin in my rifle broke. Darkness was falling so I couldn't go home and return with another gun, and I wasn't about to abandon a fine pelt like that. It was midwinter and I was wearing my new gauntlet gloves given to me at Christmas by my Aunt Margaret, so I looked around and chose a rock that fit my hand well, grabbed his hind legs and stretched him out, then a well placed blow on the head took all the fight out of Mister Lynx Cat.

The years rolled around, and I became more skilled with the rope and the rifle. I shod my own horses as well as break and train them. I had my goal set and boys were something I tolerated, but not to waste time with, for I could out shoot, out ride, out rope and out wrangle any one in that part of the country, and besides, boys smelled funny too. Of course I guess I wasn't too divine either after my trap line stint; if there were any civit cats or skunks in the catch I would have to bury my clothes.

Ralph and Howard were running the Prewett Ranch when World War I broke out. Ralph went to war and my father combined operations of the two ranches and it fell on me as top wrangler, for Howard leaned more to the executive and supply activities. It was rather a rough, tough assignment for a girl of thirteen, but we had a war to win. My horses were trained to a razor edge and I knew every inch of the mountain range because of the trap lines, which I continued until the end of the war.

In 1919, after the war, my Uncle Ray and Aunt Gene Prewett came to manage the Prewett Ranch. I was then free to pursue my studies as a "School Marm".

The eight elementary grades were behind me now and it was time for me to turn my horse out to pasture, hang up my saddle and go into Hollister to attend Hollister High School. Then a break came for me. The Board of Education decided to try establishing two-year Branch High Schools in the more remote areas of the county. Bear Valley was one of them. That made me very happy as I could enjoy country life, with its many diversions, for two more years. By now I had started to compete at the Salinas and Bolado Park Rodeos, adding a considerable amount to my savings toward my education.

My sister Bess and her husband were living in Fresno. I went to live with them and attended Fresno High School, earning my way by housekeeping, baby sitting and as a cash girl in one of the large department stores. Two years



COMET RUNNING AWAY - LION IN TREE

at Fresno State and two sessions of summer school and in June 1925 I had my diploma as a teacher of the first eight grades. I had attained my goal!

I taught at Cottonwood, a one room school with all eight grades near Hollister, for one year until Russell and I were married and moved to Petaluma in June 1926.

Before I go any further I'd better back up, for maybe I am a bit ahead of events. I had always spent Christmas and New Year's at home with the folks. New Year's Eve was always a gala time as all the valley folks would gather for games and refreshments at some chosen valley home.

This New Year's Eve, 1921 was at the Henry Melendy home. During the games, Russell had to kiss the girl he loved the best to redeem his forfeit, and even though there were more than a dozen lovely corn fed cuties present, he chose me. I was so startled I ducked and we broke the window behind us. You see, we had met only a few hours before.

For more than four years neither of us had thoughts for anyone else, and during those years every time the opportunity arose I would spend the week end in Bear Valley.

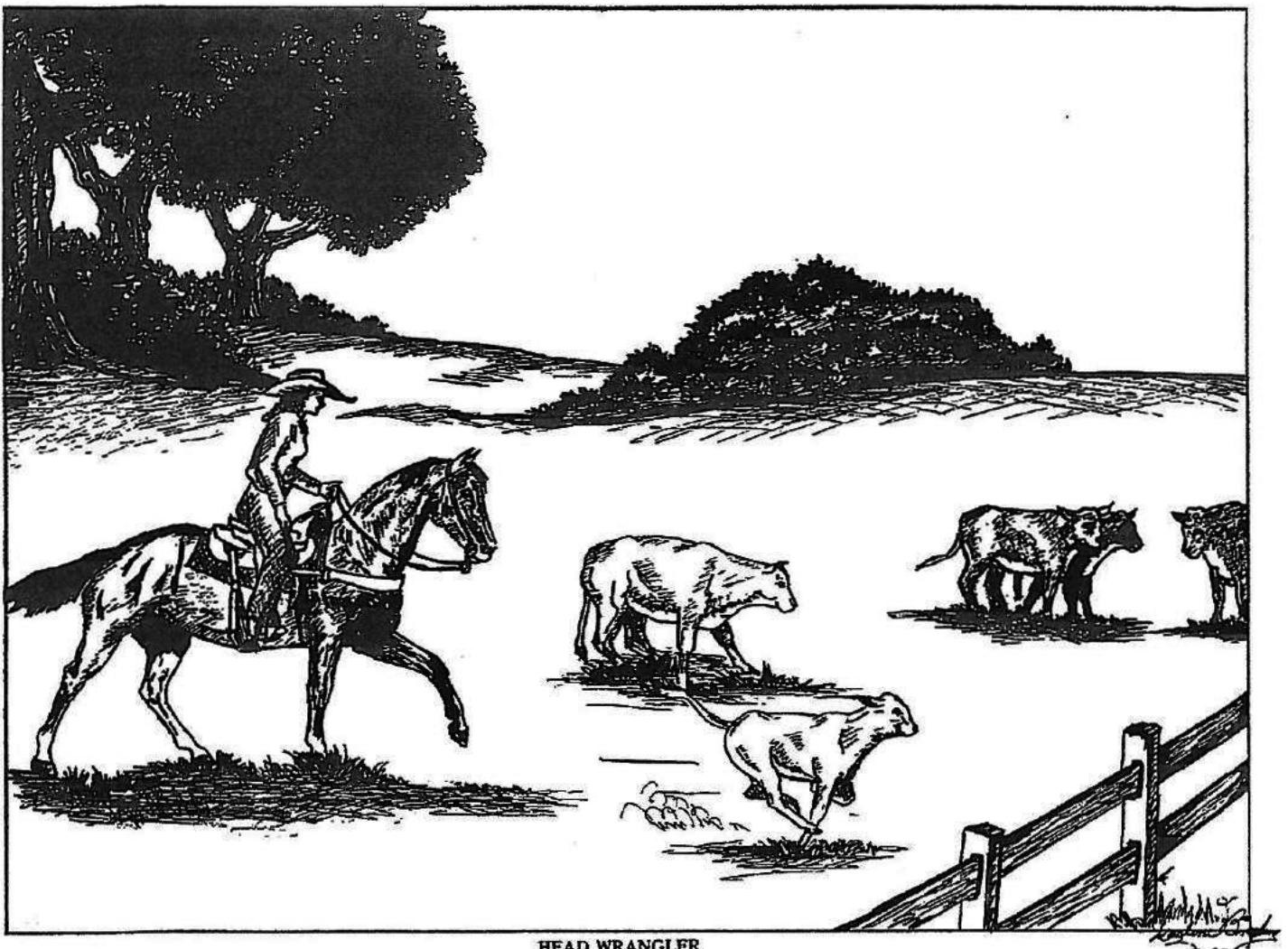
Russell had the concession for guiding tourists through

the caves and rocks of the Pinnacles National Monument. I was his top guide during vacation and week ends when I could get home from Fresno.

No fee was charged for the guided tour, free will offerings were accepted. I could make two or three trips a day with an average of twenty five people to a trip. We had a line of chatter that usually kept the crowd in stitches while on the trail. If the crowd seemed especially appreciative I would give them an extra treat by jumping a chasm known as the "death leap". That usually brought in the tips, twenty-five dollars a day was usual. The Ranger Marcotte was the only other person to ever attempt that leap as far as I know.

Russell and I did not have much time together, other than that during those years, because of my studies, work and summer school. But there was never a day during those years that a letter was not on its way between us. Russell and I knew by then we wanted to be together forever.

An excellent position was offered him in Petaluma so he left the Pinnacles, went to Petaluma, purchased two lots, designed and built a cozy little cottage with the help of an old friend known as "Sand Paper Dick". We were married



HEAD WRANGLER

when my school was out and went to Yosemite Valley for out honeymoon and then home to Petaluma where our little home was waiting for us. We lived in it till we went cattle ranching on the Sonoma Mountain in 1931.

Russell and I went to live high atop the Sonoma Mountain with stars in our eyes. We had twelve hundred acres, saddle horses, one hundred fifty head of Herefords and farm equipment sufficient to plant and harvest several hundred tons of hay.

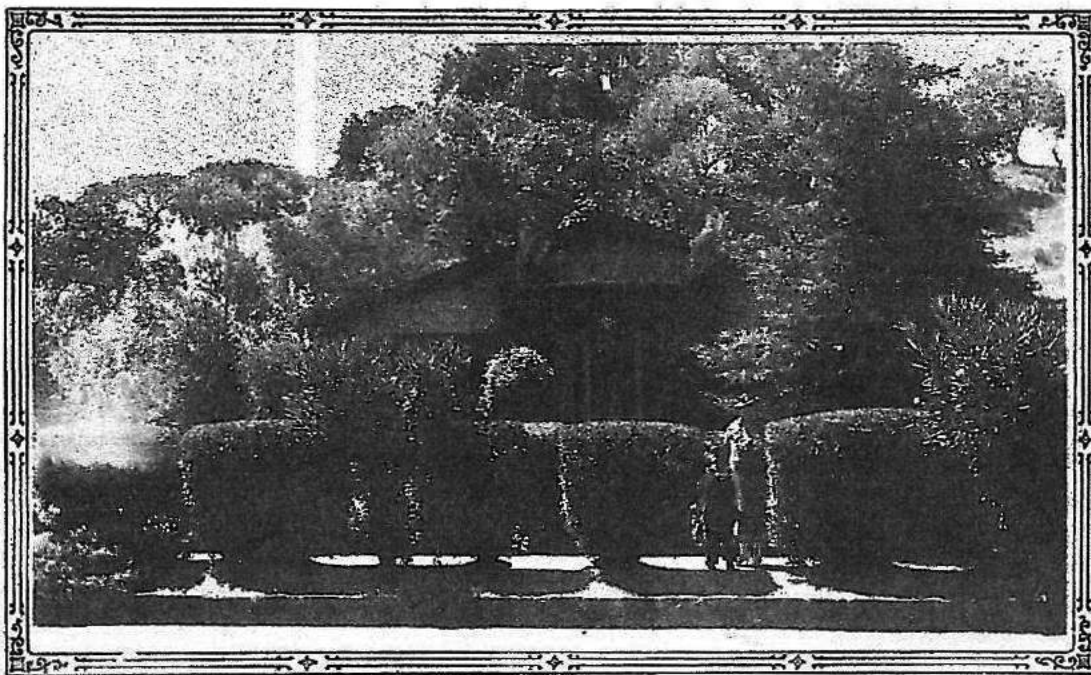
About three miles down the west slope of the mountain stood a sturdy little one room school, called the Mountain School. The trouble with the Mountain School — it lacked both pupils and teacher. There were enough school age children living in the district but they were third and fourth generation mountain folk and didn't exactly see the reason for schooling. They thought of every conceivable trick to play on the teacher and no teacher would stay very long. They would put snakes, alive or dead in the school room or in the teachers desk; they would call "fire", or turn the cattle from the adjoining pasture into the school yard or onto the road, blocking it.

I was asked to teach Mountain School and was happy to accept. I didn't know how to drive a car and preferred to ride my horse down a trail to school. No doubt I was the last teacher in California to ride a horse to school.

There were eleven children greeting me on the first day of school, one hundred percent attendance, which surprised me very much, knowing Mountain School had never had perfect attendance. Before the third day was over they tried out the live snake in my desk routine. What surprised looks registered on their faces when I didn't panic, but calmly lifted the gopher snake from my desk and put it out the door. From that day on those youngsters were in the palm of my hand and I knew my work was cut out for me.

However, I didn't know that there were two other school districts on the mountain suffering the same absenteeism. Imagine my surprise on the third Monday morning to be greeted by nine new pupils from those two schools.

This caused quite a furor in the Sonoma County School system, but these Mountaineers refused to attend their school. Having attended school only about half the time, they were semi-illiterate, so I resoned with the County Su-



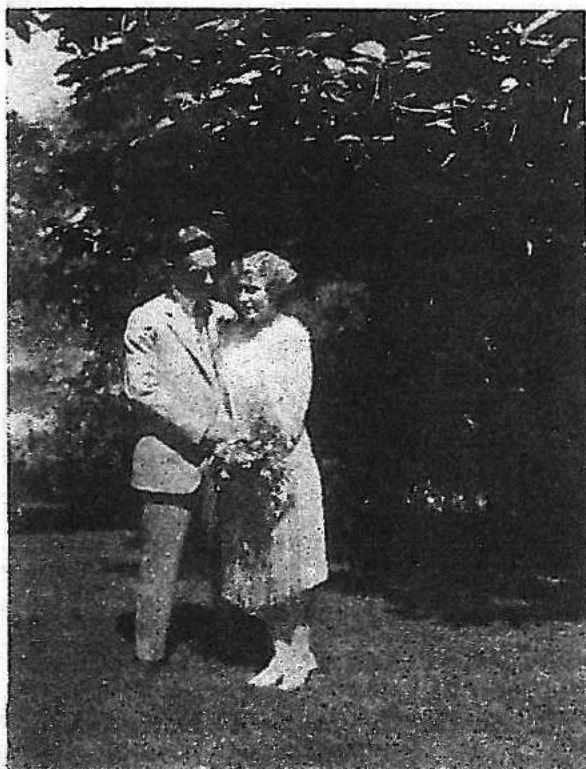
HONEYMOON COTTAGE IN PETULMA – BUILT IN 1926

perintendent asking him to allow them to stay, as their past attendance and scholastic standing was so poor, there was only one way to go and that was UP!

Those Hill Billy Kids didn't let me down one minute! They attended regularly. They applied themselves diligently. Mountain School attained top place in attendance in Sonoma County and some of those would-be Grammer School

Drop-Outs received the highest scholastic standing of any pupils in the County at final examination time.

At the end of the eighth year that demon of demons, arthritis, forced me to resign. My horseback riding days were over and so were my days of the three R's, but I have long-to-be cherished memories of Mountain School and those wonderful pupils!



JUST MARRIED – JUNE 20, 1926



SCHOOL MARM AND SHERIFF – 1933

THE PINNACLES BOYS

In 1921 quite an important chapter was added to the Pinnacles history and new life was breathed into it. Prior to that time all attention centered around what is known as the "Old Pinnacles" which was only a small part of a 30 million year old formation, but because of the inaccessibility of the natural phenomenon to the south, few people had ever penetrated into this area; there were no trails, brush was dense and the going rough. It but awaited the youth and enthusiasm of four ex-servicemen who realized the contribution it could make as an addition to our national parks system. They did all the work on their own time and at their own expense, as this land was still public domain and open to homesteading, and it took many months of dangerous, arduous work with machete, ax, pick and shovel, to discover the routes, brush out and level the trails, so that the proper officials in the National Park Service could be brought in, and, in reasonable comfort and safety, be shown this heretofore unseen area, and that they might obtain recommendations that this land be withdrawn from homestead entry and set aside as a scenic wonderland for the National Park System. Dr. Brown, of Stanford University and Mr. Rikker, a well known bay area photographer and mountain climber, contributed much with their spectacular shots, taken and circulated for publicity purposes in those early days to assist the "Pinnacles Boys" in their efforts. (That their foresight and efforts were crowned with success its present size and visitation will attest.)

The "Pinnacles Boys", (In order of coming to the Pinnacles) were Viggo Petersen who had come from Denmark in the mid-teens, had served in the armed forces in World War I, and was working in Bear Valley as a farm hand. Viggo took over a relinquished homestead, his cabin, (known as "Berry's cabin") stood just about where the bridge now is across the Chalone. Viggo wanted a home only, he had no plans when he homesteaded of developing or exploiting the natural phenomenon of the Pinnacles.

Then in the summer of 1921 came the four ex-servicemen from the bay area, Zotic Marcott, Herman Hermansen, Alonzo and Russell Bourke. Hermansen was in charge of a hardware warehouse in San Francisco, Alonzo Bourke was a bacteriologist at Stanford Lane, (they had been school chums for many years and were batching in San Francisco). Marcott spent his spring and summer months logging and farming and wintered in San Francisco. He had met Bourke and Hermansen in Petaluma prior to World War I and would show up at their apartment quite often for an evening meal and to renew their acquaintances. Marcott having homesteaded in Canada prior to the war recounted his experience to Bourke and Hermansen and caused them to discuss the possibilities of homesteading on their own. Russell Bourke of Petaluma dropped in for a week end visit and found them studying government maps, seeking a possible homestead location. Russell stated if

enough land could be found so they all could be in one place he would be willing to join in this homestead venture. He having an automobile and being a mechanic, the suggestion was welcomed by the others.

Some open homestead land was located in the Los Burros area near Paraiso Springs. Hermansen took time off to examine the land and stayed at Paraiso. He saw the spires of the Pinnacles from there, his first knowledge that such a scenic wonderland existed. He went to visit the Pinnacles with a group from Paraiso, coming up from the Soledad side. That evening he phoned to the others to come down at once, which they did, and they discovered there were thousands of acres of open homestead land surrounding that which is now the Pinnacles and Bear Gulch.

The four returned immediately to San Francisco and made homestead entries to take in the surrounding area which could be used to commercialize and take advantage of the natural phenomenon.

They then moved down in the fall of 1921 and built their homestead cabins. In running the survey to locate the site of the cabins it was discovered that Alonzo Bourke had filed on property which is now the caves in Bear Gulch. They realized that a scenic wonder such as that should not belong in private hands, but in a national park, so Alonzo Bourke relinquished that portion of his homestead and took a like amount elsewhere.

After the Pinnacles Boys had located, brushed out, and dug in the trails into the "California Pinnacles", so named to distinguish them from the Old Pinnacles, which were then privately owned and for which a toll was extracted from visitors) they then located and dug in an easy, scenic access trail, starting behind Alonzo Bourke's cabin (the cement foundation still remains) winding up towards the Devils Graveyard and coming into Bear Gulch down the canyon facing the museum from the north. Russel Bourke was the official guide. He recalls the first paying guests to traverse these new trails and visit the caves and high peaks were Mr. and Mrs. Verdi Hostetter and daughter, Marge, (now Mrs. Bertis Lanning) of Hollister, and Mrs. Hostetter's parents, the Melwoods. They camped there in tents during Easter vacation weeks in 1922. There followed many hundreds of visitors who were guided over that route until the completion of the road up Bear Gulch Canyon. Dr. Brown and his party and Mr. Rikker were some of the first.

Hermansen, being more promotion minded than the rest, was elected to take whatever steps were necessary to have the caves and as much of the adjoining scenic area added to the then existing park property. He was successful in this and was appointed first custodian of the Pinnacles.

One of Custodian Hermansen's first official acts was to call for bids for grading the parking area and the road as it now exists, from the present museum to its present end. Russell Bourke was low bidder and received the contract.

With his Fordson rigged as a bulldozer, and assisted by Howard and Ralph Hain and Joe Netto, of Hollister, he completed it according to contract. It remains the same to this day excepting for the fireplaces and other ornamental rock work which was done later by the CCC.

In the meantime Viggo Petersen had made the acquaintance of the newcomers, but he was in no way connected with the group until a road was needed up to Bear Gulch. Hermansen contacted W. I. Hawkins who obtained money from the County Road fund. Hawkins supplied the team of horses and the original road was put in, (where the present road is) up to the museum.

Alonzo Bourke and Hermansen did not help to build the road. Hermansen was too busy with promotional projects and activities and Alonzo Bourke had accepted work in Tres Pinos on the Schuyler Hain ranch as he had already received title to his land, and he never returned to the Pinnacles. He married and became a sales representative in the Los Angeles area.

Marcott was an excellent teamster and took charge of the team, Russell Bourke and Viggo Petersen were the crew. Petersen, being acquainted with Arthur Hain, borrowed a "mountaineer's road grader", a device constructed of two heavy planks with a metal shoe to prevent wear, and a short (6 foot) pole for the person riding the V to hold onto. The rider, by throwing his weight, could cause the depth of the cut to change. When a buried rock was struck the rider went through some very fancy gymnastics.

Russell Bourke loaned his side hill plow and the three then laid out the grade and put in the original road over which the first vehicle traveled to bring visitors into Bear Gulch. (1922-1923)

Hermansen did some work, but most of his time during those days was spent in promotion and attempting to acquire more acreage to be set aside. His activities laid the foundation and were responsible for the present size of the park.

At about the time of the completion of the road, a rift began to appear among the original Pinnacles Boys, Hermansen, Alonzo Bourke, Marcott and Russell Bourke. Alonzo Bourke, having withdrawn himself from the original project. Some disagreement caused a rupture in relations between Marcott and Hermansen that dissolved all the original plans completely.

Upon completion of the road, Hermansen moved his homestead cabin from near the Old Pinnacles gate to a location near the present museum. It was the first custodian home. He married Alda Fowels of Hollister and it was their honeymoon home.

The only remaining member of the Pinnacles Boys, Russell Bourke, was busy clearing his land with his Fordson and being the official guide, was still on friendly terms with everyone. The isolated location of his homestead made it unimportant in the development plans.

Marcott, being left out, contacted the surveying crew, headed by Mr. Seebecker, who had surveyed this area for the Park Service, because of Hermansen's activity, and on

which all the Pinnacles Boys had worked. The crew was elsewhere in the state on Government work at the time that Marcott again obtained employment with them. Surveying was to stand Marcott in good stead, for he followed it during the latter years of his active life.

During the road construction period, W. I. Hawkins brought many important and interested people who desired to provide accommodations, among them was one, Harvey M. Toy, a well known California hotel owner. The interest in developing accommodations naturally brought Hermansen and Petersen together, for they controlled the entrance to the Old Pinnacles and to Bear Gulch Pinnacles. They, after talking over the offers from the developers, decided if it was so interesting to these people, and if these people could expect to make money, why should they (Hermansen and Petersen) be satisfied with a rental. Why not put the project in and reap all the profits for themselves. So they formed a partnership, the Pinnacles Company, putting up their joint land as collateral. They obtained credit from a Monterey County lumber and building firm to build the lodge and cabins and stock them ready for business. They opened the restaurant in 1923, both Hermansen and Petersen acting as chefs.

A family, Mr. and Mrs. Elliott and children, moved in as managers of the lodge.

With greater ease and comfort provided for tourists coming to this wonderland, visitation increased enormously. Metropolitan newspapers, AAA and other automobile clubs supplied publicity and soon a more comprehensive guiding system became necessary. Custodian Hermansen issued a guiding concession to Russell Bourke. He had from six to eight guides available on weekends.

Every conceivable, recognizable rock formation, seen from the trails, was named and a humorous line of patter prescribed for each resting place where there was always some point of interest so the hikers did not realize they were being given a rest.

There was no charge for this service, the guests, at the end of the tour could donate, or not, as they saw fit.

Lois Hain (now Mrs. Russell Bourke) while attending Fresno State College, helped to defray her tuition by guiding on holidays and during summer vacation. Another very colorful guide was Frank Kertell, of Morgan Hill, whose personality and yodeling made him a favorite of the tourists. He also was defraying expenses of his education by guiding. Howard and Ralph Hain, Bear Valley residents, were often called in to guide on week ends.

Political pressures forced Hermansen out of Custodianship which was then taken over by Hawkins who appointed Marcott as Ranger.

Pressures were also brought to bear on the creditors to foreclose on Hermansen and Petersen, who had been operating the Lodge with varying success for about two years. The parties interested in removing all private activity from the Park area, eventually succeeded in inducing the creditors to foreclose. A Mr. Coffey picked up the mortgage and obtained options on the two Bourke homesteads, and

on Marcott's. Coffey had grandiose plans for the development of the area and operated the Lodge successfully for a while, until his death in an automobile accident.

Then, San Benito County purchased the property, along with the Alonzo Bourke and Marcott homesteads and instituted legal proceedings to acquire the 160 acre area, known as the "Old Pinnacles", owned and operated by the Copper Mountain Mining Co., the toll concession being managed by Mr. and Mrs. Rivers.

Hermansen, upon being dispossessed, settled in Hollister for some years, being identified with the automobile tire business. In recent past years, he returned to Petaluma, his old home town, and is operating his own business dealing in farmers' and dairymen's rubber supplies.

Petersen moved to Hollister where he married a local girl, and was identified with the hotel business for a few

years until he acquired a small hotel in San Martin which he successfully operated for some years, subsequently moving to Oregon where he has been connected with the plywood industry.

Alonzo Bourke has also returned to his old home town of Petaluma in retirement. His yard and flowers are his hobby.

Marcott was living in Hollister at the time of his death about three years ago.

Russell Bourke married Lois Hain in 1926 and they lived in Petaluma for 19 years, then to Oregon for 14 years, where, because of engine development he became internationally known as Russ Bourke.

They are now living in retirement at the old Hain home (formerly the Pinnacles P. O.) where Lois was born and where they first met and were married in 1926.

CALIFORNIA PINNACLES

This is the land God forgot,
When the world was new.
After cutting, trimming, fitting,
The remnants, here, he threw.

Time it seems no change has made,
'Tis now, the same as then.
Thru the ages it had no place,
'Twas ever shunned, by men.

The land of misery and tortured souls,
By the Indians, it was named,
The Valley of Visiting Voices,
As such became far famed.

None would enter these defiles,
This land of forgotten men.
So it was, in the days ago,
But man has changed since then.

'Twas the Condor's stronghold,
Here, midst these cliffs and domes.
'Til children, to their young did feed,
Men killed to save their homes.

Juoaquin Murietta and Vasquez,
Both bloody bandits, they,
Here their loot, and victims brot,
And safely, held their sway.

The vultures, both bird and human,
In here, are seen no more.
Each one received a passport,
To a more distant shore.

'Tis now, the tourists' Mecca,
This effigy of Hell.
As the days go rolling by,
Its following does swell.

This playground of the Cyclops,
By men is shunned no more.
The golden sign of welcome,
Is swinging at the door.

Thru its caves and caverns,
Slowly we wend our way.
Marveling at nature's vagaries,
Its magnificence, our soul doth sway.

Here we come from far and wide,
In search of something new.
Each turn a revelation,
Our journey never rue.



THE GIANT KILLER

Excerpts from an article written for a Portland paper, but never published as the subject was the holder of a Real Estate Broker's License, and the publishing could be considered free advertising.

* * * *

A few years ago, May 1944, a very personable California couple arrived in our sleepy little city of Wheeler, Oregon where for years, since the Tillamook Burn in 1933, the only change here was just a constant and progressive stagnation. Over 24 billion feet of finest first growth timber had burned.

The Westwood Lumber Mill closed and all machinery was removed. Those homes that were lived in could be purchased for a few hundred dollars, but no one cared to buy. The Mill Town was sold to a single owner who ran a boarding and rooming house in the executive mansion, sold some homes to the present tenants and rented the rest to loggers, fishermen and rail road personnel who commuted to their work.

Wheeler is an incorporated city, yet it was so unique that Ripley's **BELIEVE IT OR NOT** featured it as being the only incorporated city in the United States where you could not drive around a city block.

Being in a heavy rainfall area (100 or more inches a year) Wheeler did not attract tourists, but the former Mill Doctor,

Dr. H. E. Rinehart, who had arrived up the River in a boat about 1910, loved it here. He had developed a treatment for arthritis which brought patients from many parts of the country sent here by those who had received help and thereby the seeds of a story were planted.

Russell and Lois Bourke, from California near San Francisco, came in desperation seeking help for Lois who had become totally helpless and blind in one eye. They having been sent here by a World War I Buddy who had received relief a few weeks before. Lois responded to the treatment and in three weeks they were able to return to their holdings. They wanted to return to Wheeler as Russell was so grateful to the Doctor for returning his partner to his side. His vision and drive dictated that he do something in return, for with a little help, he felt Wheeler could be returned to life.

Much of the North Tillamook County area had been repossessed by the County for unpaid taxes and was being advertised for sale at the time the Bourkes returned, but only a few choice lots in Wheeler were purchased, as no one had any faith in the future of the area.

Because of the lack of interest in the land, by others, Bourke quietly acquired title to two miles of waterfront property, (out to mean low tide), all the available property on both sides of the Highway from Brighton to Mohler and

over seven hundred 50' by 100' lots in the incorporated city limits of Wheeler.

With every thing worth having under his control and logging closed down as a result of the fire, Bourke hired their equipment and drivers and one morning the Wheelerites were startled to see city blocks of timber suddenly disappear as though a giant scythe was at work. A choke and cable would be placed around the base of one of the perimeter trees, a railroad spike would be driven into the next tree about twenty feet above the ground and the cable placed over it. The dozer, then laid out the cable until the block of trees was encircled. The dozer would then bury its tracks behind a stump and start winding in the cable. The first tree would offer some resistance but as soon as it started to tip over its weight would aid in tipping the next and in a few minutes the entire block of trees would be down, roots pulled as they fell. They were then swept up by the dozers and it was then simple to smooth the land, put in streets and storm sewers and issue deeds to the new owners, who by then were standing in line to purchase a parcel.

You can imagine the consternation of the local folks who had been sitting in on this for over twenty years to have, of all things, a Californian buy it all for peanuts. Within six months from the time the first tree had been tumbled, over a half million dollars worth of construction had been completed, mostly accommodations for the patients whose number were increasing daily at the Clinic. A new fifty-bed hospital is being completed at this writing.

The moment the local folk, the City Council, the County Court, the Port Commission and the County Commissioners realized what was happening every conceivable road block was dreamed up to delay and discourage Bourke's development and slow up the progress. The only official not bent on his destruction was the Mayor of Wheeler, and his admonition to the City Council, the Commissioners and County Court was, "Let him alone, he is spending his own money".

Dispite everything they tried, Bourke seemed to find a way to continue his progress.

He donated a two hundred foot wide anchorage and a right of way for the 101 Highway bridge; donated additional land from Brighton to Wheeler to widen and straighten Highway 53; donated rock from his quarry and some land to correct the slide south of Wheeler that has plagued us for many years, routing the water away from the highway and railroad tracks. He put in a broad street behind Wheeler Heights and permitted, without charge, the laying of a large water main to the Hardwood Mill and Wheeler, being quite a saving in distance laid.

Due to his astuteness and a "Paul Revere ride", the Islands in Nehalem Bay were saved for the Sportsmen as the following morning the Islands were to have been titled to the Fish and Game Commission and forever lost to the public for an airport or other use. A large delegation overflowed the County Court the following morning and the deeding of the Islands to the Fish and Game Commission was stopped.

Time and the elements had destroyed the channel markers from Nehalem Bay to the Ocean, and only pilots knowing the passage would chance it. Bourke enlisted Mike Edwards to assist and they erected the official markers now there, which have been a great boom to those wishing to go deep sea fishing. That then added another activity here — the Clipper Cruisers, with Capt. Hunt and Capt. Mosley — with Deep Sea fishing parties making their daily excursions.

With the Channel Markers in place and ships again using the Bay for anchorage, Bourke envisioned a row of safe docking slips for large ships. He thought to use the millions of yards of overburden that must be disposed of from the south approach to the bridge and Highway 53 interchange, and save the Highway Dept., vast sums in disposal costs.

On checking the plans for the bridge he discovered that it was to be a low level, with only enough clearance for fish boats and small cruisers. Running true to form, a fast trip to Salem with his plans in his hand, Bourke convinced the Highway Dept., that Nehalem Bay could enjoy a better future if the plans were changed for a bridge with more clearance. That day orders were given to make the necessary changes on the bridge plans.

The Channel now safe for ships, Bourke decided a moorage that could handle anything should be provided. He hired a pile driver; bought a raft of piles, and advanced a few hundred dollars to the owner of the pile driver for wages. Eight piles were driven and over the following week end it was moved from the Bay; the piling were left behind, as Bourke had brought them from a local logger.

Having a raft of piling, a place to drive them, a need to drive them, a box of blasting powder, a stubborn streak, a vivid imagination and 5 ft. 8 in., 180 pounds of muscle and bone the deed was accomplished with the aid of some empty oil drums, a steel plate, dynamite covered with mud, some rope and the tide to float them into position to shoot.

The channel was very crooked from the point below the old Mill dock, so Bourke decided it should be straightened. Fortunately, right on the point overhanging the water stood a gnarled old spruce, about 150 feet tall and 5 feet through the base. It was felled at 45 degrees facing down stream. The top and limbs buried in the mud forming a perfect anchor for the foundation to follow.

About 400 thousand feet of logs were to be needed, laced together like a huge net, using the buried spruce tree as the backbone.

The Islands in the Bay were a goldmine of logs left high and dry after the high water had subsided. All floating logs had been towed away so Bourke conceived the idea of cutting some willow saplings, anchoring the butts in the water near the land, (planting them out in the water in front of the logs to be moved) tying a rope in the head (to the top) of the sapling, springing it back and attaching the other end of the rope to the log. The following high tide would float the log and the willow sapling would lead it into deep water to be towed in when the tide was favorable.

The necessary amount of logs were obtained in that

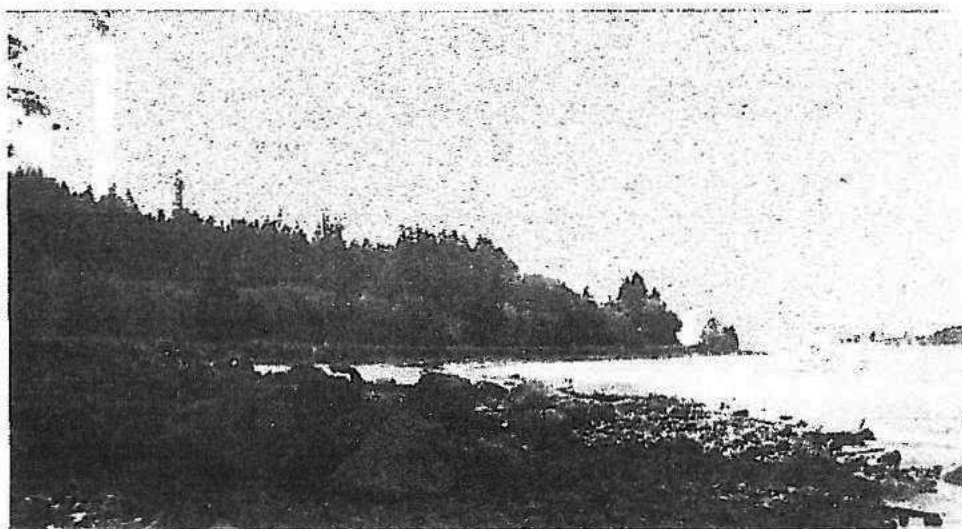
manner and laced together in place with cable and five foot spikes. A time was chosen when a series of low tides would prevail, so with a power shovel and two trucks hauling rock from his quarry (across the highway) this mat was buried directing the tide forever in a straight line down the Bay to Fishers point. The foregoing might seem like a routine project, but remember, all this was performed single handed by Bourke with the exception of the rock hauling.

To perform this Herculean feat, every hour of the day and night had to have plans laid to take advantage of the lowest tides that he might blast the starting holes for the piling. Likewise the highest tides had to be caught to stand the piling on end and shoot (drive) them into place. This was done by capping them with the iron plate and powder covered with mud. The iron plate was used to keep from splitting the piling. The empty drums were fastened to the

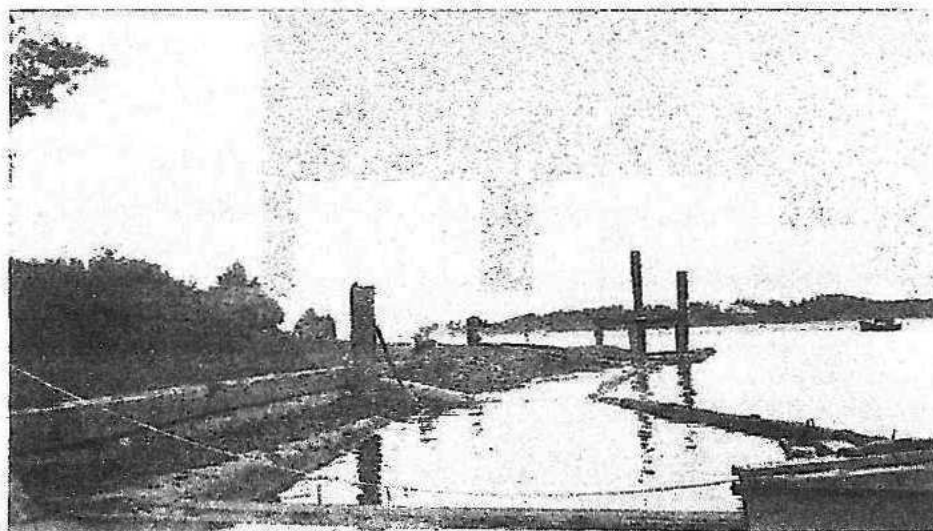
piling in such a manner as to erect them with the rising tide. The tides were also used to float material which was grounded and needed positioning.

Bourke could be found any hour of the day preparing for a change in tide to complete a necessary link in the chain. Any night that carried a flood tide, regardless of the hour, rain or storm, he could be seen, with a lantern in his teeth, riding those logs and positioning them as he had planned.

It was a source of great merriment to the townsfolk, for they knew it would all wash out in the first storm. Many winters have come and gone, storms packing lots of punch have assailed it, but it still stands undisturbed, a monument to one who had faith, a dream, tremendous ability and knew no fear — the Giant Killer.



THE SHORE LINE BEFORE IT WAS STRAIGHTENED IN 1947



THE SHORE LINE AFTER IT WAS STRAIGHTENED IN 1948

The spot is now a moorage, spacious and very accessible by far the most desirable on the Nehalem Bay.

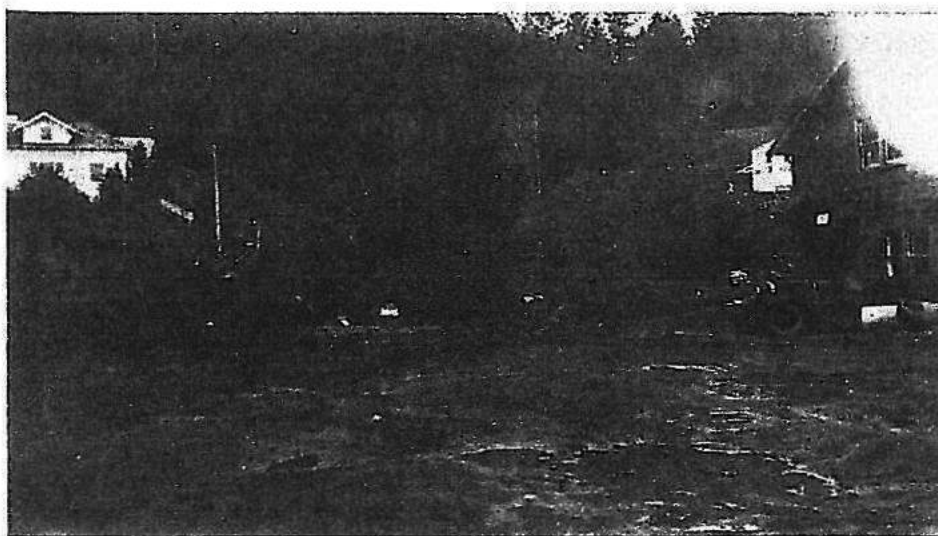
The Old Ball Park, between Wheeler and Wheeler Heights was transformed into a thing of beauty. Sixty thousand yards of fill brought it up to highway level. A tide gate was installed forming a beautiful little lake, Lake Lois. A sparkling trout stream flowed from a water fall about 1500 feet from the highway, but it wound lazily back and forth across the flat. Block 60 had 36 lots in a straight line at the edge of the flat so Bourke decided that every owner should have a trout stream in his lot. A string of dynamite charges twelve inches apart were placed on the back end of Block 60. One stick was provided with a fuse and detonator. Upon being detonated, a chain reaction was created and the nicest little stream, six feet wide and 1200

feet long came into being.

That area was then laid out in business lots as a shopping center, it being only two blocks from the new 50 bed hospital, adjoining Wheeler Heights and just a few blocks from Wheeler City Hall and the Post Office.

Years ago the City Hall had been erected in the center of a platted street on piling near the Hotel, and high tides lapped at the floor. Bourke took a dim view of that type of squatter, especially as the main storm sewer line, serving about 250 lots in that portion of the development, had no place to go but down the street.

Bourke's popularity, with the local authorities, hit a new low when he forced them to move it off the street to an adjacent lot. The cost of moving could have some irritating overtones — it came to over \$3,000.00



AFTER THE CITY HALL WAS MOVED OFF TO THE RIGHT

While the building was being prepared for moving, Bourke was filling and grading with a stock pile adequate to fill the hole left when the City Hall was moved from its illegal roost and settled in its permanent home.

As soon as the building was clear of the street, Lois, who had recovered sufficiently by then to again drive a car, was waiting to be the first to drive around a city block in Wheeler, and did so as the last of the rock was being pushed into the hole where the City Hall once stood. Now many blocks in Wheeler can be driven around.

All the above is just a thumbnail sketch of the doings of the most colorful character to ever hit Wheeler.

The leading contender for the Heavy Weight crown has chosen Wheeler as his training camp for the last two years, and recently, his sparring partner took sick leaving him without someone to train with. Bourke heard of his dilemma and volunteered to substitute and was his sparring

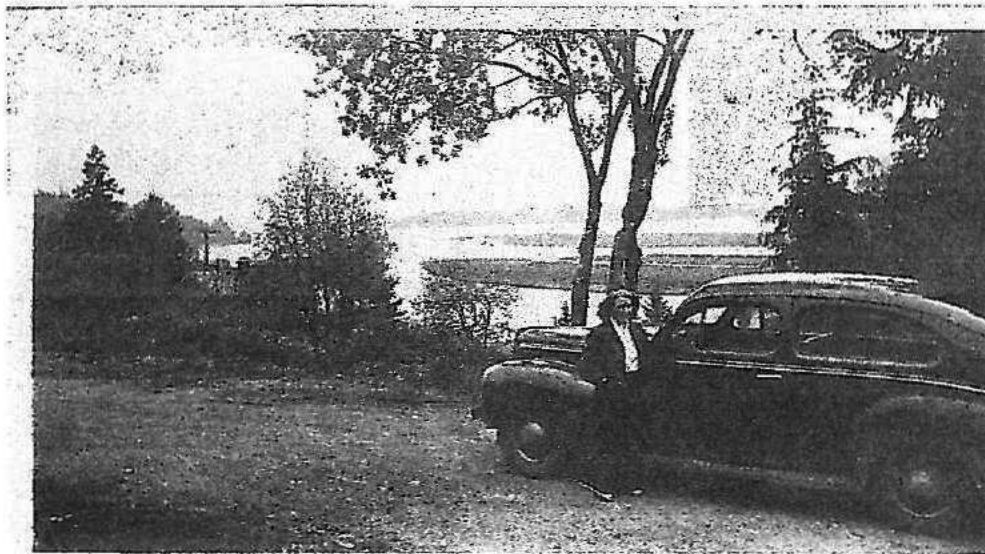
partner till the fight. I watched them in action and the speed, elusiveness and hard hitting accuracy Bourke displayed would have done credit to a well-trained fighter in his twenties — Bourke is in his early fifties. His trade mark is "If it has two ends I'll move it". I would not advise placing any bets against him on that!

One would think, with all the road blocks thrown up in his path, Bourke would sicken of such ridiculous behavior, but no, he was ever ready to be of aid to one and all and always at the top of the list when donations were solicited to further some Civic project.

His every activity here would fill a BOOK of interesting and exciting episodes, but I am allowed only so many words for this article — Perhaps some day I shall do just that — write a book.

G. B. Nunn

June, 1947



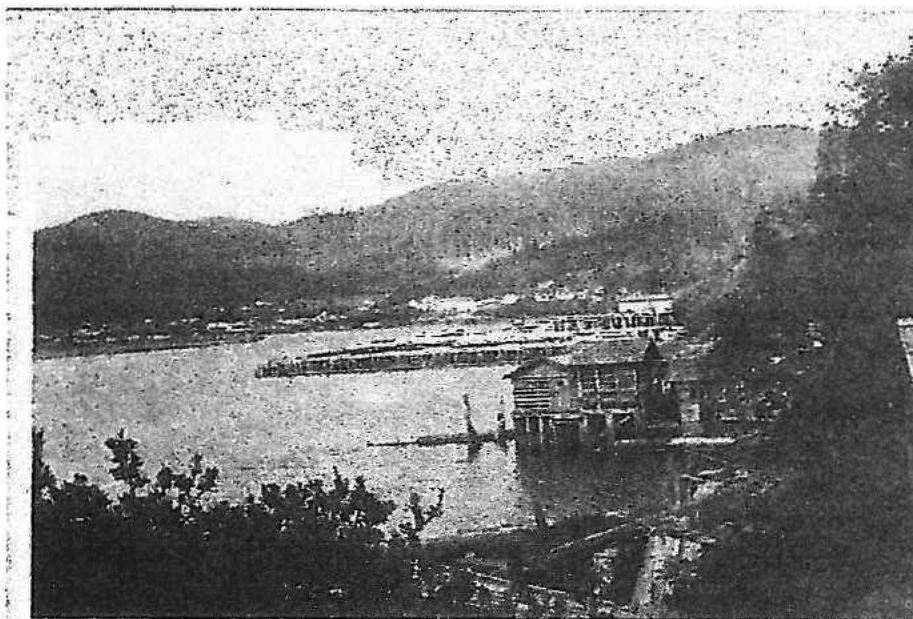
I WAS THE FIRST PERSON TO DRIVE AROUND A CITY BLOCK IN WHEELER.

* * * * *

Dear Lois;

Now it is October 8, 1967, my 81st birthday. Having heard that you are compiling a documentary of Russell's activities and technical findings I would like to supply the material which my late husband, G. B. Nunn, had written for one of the Portland dailies as a Sunday feature, but never was published. You are free to use it, or any part, for your book.

The bridge mentioned in the article has not as yet been built, but the folks in that area are still hopeful.



LOOKING TOWARDS WHEELER