

which related to the improvement of the tract at Berkeley Station. For the accomplishment of this pledges were made by various citizens and the railroad company and the work of construction was entered upon early in December with the expectation that it would be completed in a few weeks. About the middle of the month the Evening World stated: "The park will be a little gem of verdure and beauty in a part of the town where it will be best appreciated—greeting the eyes of all who alight from the local train, thus creating a pleasant impression at once on all strangers, while Berkeleyans themselves will never cease to enjoy it."

The threatened scarcity of water for irrigation purposes led soon to the halting of the enterprise and it was not completed until late in the year 1898.

Berkeley had her railroad station park, not for her ever-continued enjoyment, as the local paper remarked in 1897, but for a quarter of a century, and then the land was sold by the railroad company for \$500,000 approximately and business blocks were erected thereon. At the time in 1926 when this transaction was consummated it was publicly stated that the town might have had the land as a donation in earlier years but failed to accept it because of the consequent loss of revenue being received from the taxing of it.

## XVI

### THE BERKELEY HILLS

It was in this period that Adeline Knapp acquired as a student in the University that love for Berkeley and the Berkeley Hills which led her to write the poem entitled "Our Berkeley Hills," which appeared in "A Berkeley Year," which was published in 1898:

"The sun lies warm on Berkeley hills:  
The long, fair slopes bend gently down  
To fold in loving arms the town;  
The sun-kissed uplands rise and swell,  
And blue-eyed grass and pimpernel  
Dot the young meadow's velvet sheen.  
The air with spring-time music thrills,  
Sweet song of birds in halls of green  
On Berkeley hills.

"The sun lies warm on Berkeley hills:  
The poppies gleaming orange-red  
Down the broad fields their mantles spread;

Beyond the marshes glints the bay,  
Its islands lying brown and bare,  
Leviathan-like, sunning there.  
Brave ships are sailing through the gate,  
The wind their spreading canvas fills—  
It whispered through the trees, but late,  
On Berkeley hills.

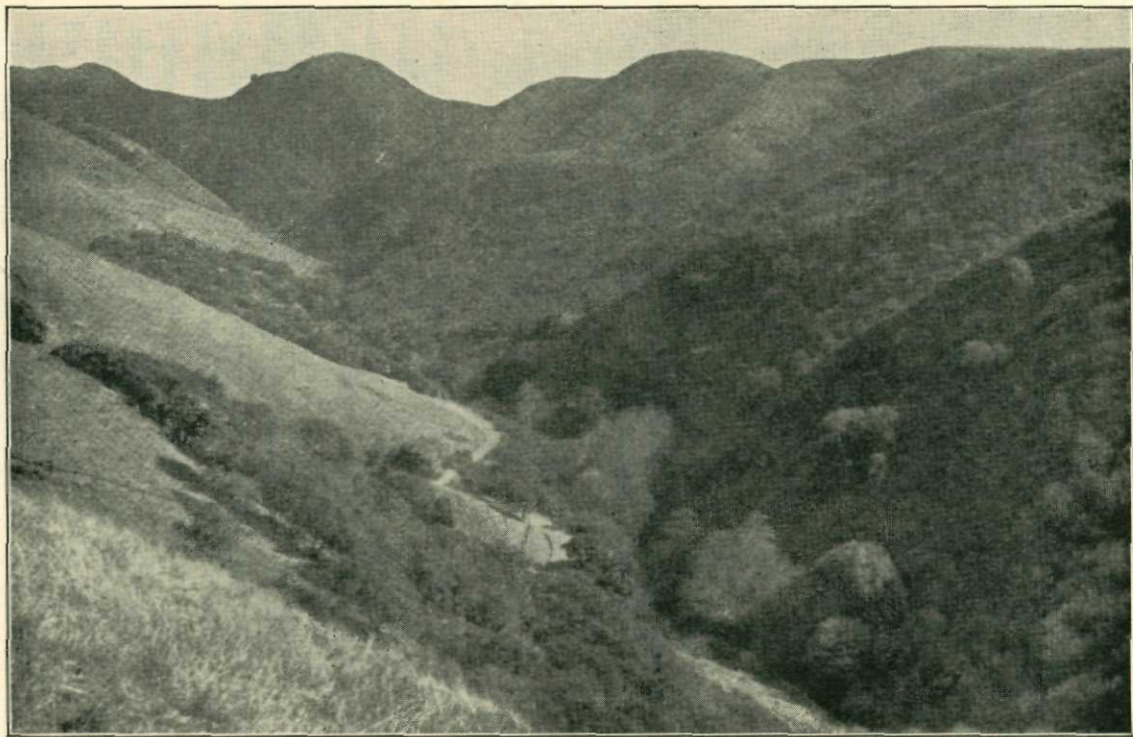
"The sun lies warm on Berkeley hills:  
Across the Bay, from misty view  
The City rises toward the blue;  
With feet of clay, with burdened wings,  
Yet pressing up to better things  
From level height to level height!  
Here where the hush all clamor stills  
Her beauty shows, a goodly sight,  
From Berkeley hills.

"The sun lies warm on Berkeley hills:  
The wide gate beckons out to sea,  
Swift birds above, poised high and free,  
Invite the soul to golden flight  
To where there open on the sight  
Large visions of that coming day  
When faith that sees, when hope that wills  
Shall bring man's best to dwell alway  
On Berkeley hills."

These hills have been here millions of years. They began to be in the miocene period, and were added to in the pliocene. Many years ago Professor Joseph Le Conte, of the University, wrote charmingly concerning the making of them:

"The hills, like all mountains, were formed by upheaval, or by igneous forces, but all the details of their scenery—every peak or rounded knob, every deep canyon or gentle swale, is the result of subsequent sculpturing by water. If the greater masses were determined by interior forces, all the lesser outlines—all that constitutes scenery—were due to exterior forces. If the one kind of force rough-hewed, the other shaped into forms of beauty. . . . As soon as these hills raised their heads above the ocean, the sculpturing agencies of sun and air, rain and rivers, commenced the work of modeling them into lines of beauty. Slowly, but steadily, unhasting yet unrelenting, the sculpturing has gone on from that time until now. The final results are the exquisitely modeled forms, so familiar and yet so charming."

In that early luxuriant age, land and sea animals unknown today



*Strawberry Canyon in the Berkeley Hills in Native Beauty*



existed. Some of these, we are told, roamed in herds over our hills—among them the little three-toed horses, much smaller than the Shetland pony.

Remarking that hard times often are necessary for the perfecting of character, Professor Le Conte wrote, then, of another and later age for Berkeley, which he thought should not be regretted—the ice age:

“An arctic rigor of climate succeeded the genial warmth of tertiary times. Our hills were completely mantled with an ice-sheet moving sea-ward, ploughing, raking and harrowing their surfaces; smoothing, rounding and beautifying their outlines. The materials thus gathered were mixed and kneaded and spread over the plains, enriching the soil, and preparing it for the occupancy of man—not yet come.”

During Berkeley's Village Period Seddie E. Anderson of Santa Cruz, who was a student at the University in 1874-75, wrote some charming verses about these hills, under the caption of “Berkeley Fogs”:

“The Berkeley hills are beautiful,  
But slowly creeps the mist  
And covers all their golden sides  
That late the sun has kissed.

We murmur at the dreary pall,  
Nor dream that what we see  
Is something born in centuries dead—  
A message from the sea.

The ocean loves the Berkeley hills;  
For, once, long years ago,  
His waters laved their gentle slopes  
With restless ebb and flow.

His true old heart cannot forget  
The hills he loved so well,  
And so he sends a messenger  
His constant love to tell

Clad all in gray, this messenger,  
Save when the moon's soft light  
Lends to his wings a silver hue  
That brightens all the night,

He gently flies and whispers low;  
Silent, his voice to men;  
But well the hills know what he says,  
And welcome him again.”

In May, 1893, the Overland Monthly published a sonnet "To the Berkeley Hills," written by Bertha Theresa Bradley, twenty-year-old daughter of Professor Cornelius J. Bradley of the University:

"You hills, whose shoulders dimple 'neath the sun,  
I love your warm arms, dew and wind-caressed,  
I love your brow set steadfast toward the west,  
I love your velvet cheek of brown and dun.  
One childhood day my heart by yours was won;  
Ye lapped me in the noon with peace and rest,  
Among the fern and sage my head was pressed  
In ecstasy of love till day was done.

"Years hence, when life and love and I are old,  
When in this world of hearts all hearts seem cold,  
When ties that bind are snapped, and I am free,  
Some day you'll woo me back, and I shall flee  
To pillow on your shoulder heart and head,  
And sleep within your arms till time is dead."

In a Bulletin which was published by the Department of Geology in 1902, entitled "The Berkeley Hills: A Detail of Coast Range Geology," by Professors Andrew C. Lawson and Charles Palache, it was remarked: "The Berkeley Hills have rather vague limits. The term is a popular one applied with a certain affection to the range which overlooks the City of Berkeley and the Bay of San Francisco. Its culminating point rises, a little to the east of the University of California, to an altitude of nearly 2,000 feet above sea-level. From Berkeley the range extends southeastward, behind the City of Oakland, with a very even and continuous westward front, off towards Mt. Hamilton, into which it merges. To the northwest it persists as a prominent feature of the landscape to the mouth of San Pablo Creek beyond which it continues only in the form of rolling hills of comparatively low elevation. On the east this range is delimited by San Pablo and Moraga Valleys. It is thus but a simple ridge, though a dominant one, of the belt of the Coast Ranges, which is generally known as the Mt. Hamilton Range, and which includes many separately-named ranges and groups of hills. To what portion of this range the term 'Berkeley Hills' applies is rather a matter of popular usage than of scientific determination. Whatever may be their extent, the heart of the Berkeley Hills is the field discussed."

The book from which the foregoing is quoted contains a map which pictures Strawberry Canyon from the University campus. It

is stated that the area embraced in the map is less than six square miles, and represents only about one-fifteenth of the cross-section of the Coast Ranges; nevertheless that there are in this limited section not less than thirty-one geological units, many of which are complex within themselves.