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OFFICES OF  
**Board of Park Commissioners**  
ADMINISTRATION BUILDING  
BALBOA PARK

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA.

**THE TORREY PINE**

(To a Photograph, an Isolated Pine)

(Verses to be hung in lobby of new lodge at Torrey Pines)

Poor, lonely tree,  
A birth in barren soil  
Where rocks protrude and ledges gape.  
A growth where elements contend,  
'Neath genial sun when dulcet zephyrs lilt.  
Where biting, salty winds assail,  
And tempest mutilates the fragile limb;  
Yet to posterity are seeds bequeathed.

O for a faith like thine to stand;  
To prove a destiny unerr'd,  
And still live on:  
To bend beneath relentless blows,  
Yet in an anchorage be firm and sure;  
To know the cadence and caress,  
And hear the benediction time bestows.

And high above  
The sun and moon and stars and comets  
In their pilgrimage pass on and on.  
The sea comes in and tides prevail:  
A din of crashing surge impacts,  
Then rolling back into itself  
Forever beats its pulse against the shore.

O tree!  
What marvel of endurance worn.  
The fret of days and nights are naught,  
Nor zeal nor passion nor forgetfulness,  
Nor one of sins of man is thine.  
A tree! a tree!  
But one that God had made.

—By Clifford Kane Stout.