

The Gates of
AURORA



ADVENTURE GUIDE:
HIDDEN MAGIC

Adventure Can Lurk in the Most Familiar Places!

Hometown parks and preserves might look so simple and commonplace, but each one has its own hidden magic. Tell me you haven't felt the thrill of getting out and away from buildings and the chores and all the noise of regular life, out and away into the air and the freedom and the perfect secret places that hold so many wonderful memories.

And park hold even more secrets than just their little magic spaces. Each one began as something else, somewhere else, a story held deep in people's hearts when they decided to donate the land to their beloved community or when they were inspired to create a place for their community to gather for fun and rest.

Each one has its story. I grew up in a small town in southern Idaho and went to the park every day after school while I waited for the dance studio to open. I loved the openness of the space and the flight of the swings, but I didn't learn the greater story until just a few months ago. That park was the old RAILROAD STATION! My hometown had been a railroad town and that odd building in the corner was the train depot!



How much more magical that place is for me now when I wander through the trees and imagine the train passing through in that very spot, ladies and gents boarding the passenger cars, others purchasing their tickets. (Yes! That was a ticket window!) How fascinating. How much things change.

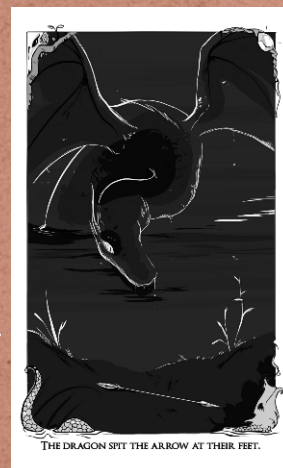
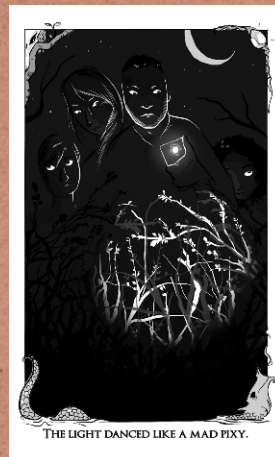
IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO CREATE A HIDDEN MAGIC GUIDE FOR YOUR OWN AREA, may I suggest beginning with a list of parks/preserves in your area. (Hillsboro has over 30—obviously I couldn't include all of them!) The second step is to photograph/draw what is most magical about them. The third—and hardest—step is to find out their story. My strategy was to determine who they were named after or find out who donated the land. After that we bombard the library, local historical society, city parks & recreation department and the Internet with our questions! May the merry chase begin!

ADVENTURERS CAN WIN GATES GEAR

Send me a picture of yourself with your favorite piece of hidden magic in your local park or preserve (with an explanation of why it is your favorite) and you will be entered to win GATES GEAR as part of the launch party for each new book in the series!

- OR -

Send me a digital copy of your Hidden Magic Collage from the end of this guide! (Include a brief explanation of your collage.) Send pictures to tonya@tonyamacalino.com. (All pictures received will be posted to www.tonyamacalino.com.)



Pack snacks, water bottles, books, and maybe even a picnic lunch, because we are heading off into beautiful Hillsboro's open, public spaces with three separate tours. (I couldn't fit ALL of Hillsboro's parks into just three tours, but you'll still get to see some amazing places!) Get those cameras and drawing pads ready to make a Hidden Magic Collage fit for legend!

The Jackson Bottom Loop

30 MINUTES OF DRIVING, PLUS STOPS



GLENCOE CREEK PARK
2955 NE 15th Avenue
(1999)

As we learned in the last tour, Glencoe is the name of a ghost town now incorporated into North Plains. Originally platted by Charles McKay whose father was from Scotland, the name Glencoe refers to a valley in Scotland (Glen Coe, meaning "Glen of the River Coe") with an epic tragic history. The legend is long and politically complex, but here is the short-ish version:

Chief Maclain's clan (also spelled Maciain) of Glen Coe was part of the powerful MacDonald clan of Scotland. Mclain was—even in his advancing years—was a bear of a man, feared and respected in the Highlands. 1692 was a time of extreme politic turmoil in Britian. Like many Scots, the MacDonalds of Glen Coe had sworn an oath to the recently deposed King James Stuart. His successor William of Orange demanded an oath of allegiance from

the Highland chiefs—which they could not give until James absolved them of their previous one. (Even Highland raiders have their codes.) In comes John Dalrymple, Secretary of State to William. He hates the Highlanders and the MacDonalds of Glen Coe are particularly vulnerable in their little valley. They would make a perfect example to the other clans. So he concocts a trap...

Dalrymple changes the terms of the deal. Those not taking the oath before the deadline will be punished with the "utmost extremity of the law." And then begins the nightmarish trap:

- Former King James Stuart has run off to France and his messenger releasing the Highlanders from their oath arrives 3 days before the deadline.
- Chief Maclain immediately takes off for Fort William on December 31 in one of the worst winters in ages to sign the new oath to William of Orange.
- At the fort Colonel John Hills says, "Nope this has to be witnessed by a sheriff."
- Maclain heads 60 miles in the middle of winter to Inveraray—the seat of his enemies, the Campbells.
- Naturally, the Campbells in the Earl of Argyll's regiment grab them.
- They are detained a few more days until the Sherriff, Sir Colin Campbell returns.
- Maclain pleads with the sheriff to accept their late oath. Sheriff Campbell finally concedes.
- Dalrymple rejects the late oath.

Trap sealed.

What came next was considered one the most grisly betrayals in Highland history. Dalrymple sent three groups to Glen Coe. Two never arrived—some say

because of the weather, others because of conscience. But the third, again a heavily Campbell regiment from the Earl of Argyll under command of Captain Robert Campbell—a man who, at age 60, had to take a position in the military due to his drinking and gambling debt—came to the valley under the excuse of needing shelter. Adhering to the code of hospitality, the MacDonalds took them in for 12 days, eating and drinking as friends. On February 13, the captain received the orders: all under the age of 70 were to be killed.

That night there was a blizzard. Some soldiers tried to warn their hosts and give them a chance to escape into the storm. The sound of gun fire warned yet others. McInain and his wife died along with 39 others out of the 200. The passes meant to be secured were not. In many cases it was Campbells who took in the refugees.

While Dalrymple had counted on clan rivalry, perhaps he'd forgotten that in the end, all in the clans were Scotsmen. Though none of the Lowland conspirators suffered serious consequences, Dalrymple's copious letters planning the massacre lost him his office. Robert Campbell was deeply haunted by his part in the affair. Four years later he died and was buried in an unmarked grave, never having returned to Scotland.

This pretty park looks a little different now, eh?

One edge of the park runs up against the Emma Prah Jones Nature Preserve. This preserve is said to be a birder's paradise for those with good binoculars and lots of patience. This preserve is named for Emma Prah Jones, daughter of Oregon Pioneers Herman and Christine Prah. (The Jones Farm neighborhood takes its name from this family.) When Emma married, she and her husband moved away for a time, but when they returned in 1937 they purchased Emma's parents family farm (1891). She lived in the house her parents had built there in 1907 until her death in 1990 at age 90.

Interestingly, her parents had purchased the land from the widow of the reverend you are about to meet! Enjoy your birdwatching. Some say you can see over 100 types of bird in this preserve!



GRIFFIN OAKS PARK
1800 NE Griffin Oaks Street
(1994)

Most things named Griffin in Hillsboro can trace their name back to a hardy pioneer Reverend John Smith Griffin. As a young man in Vermont, John was an expert ax maker, but this was not long to be. He heard stories of Whitman and Spalding (the gentleman his sister would later marry) doing great missionary work out west and he quickly became inspired. But before he left on this quest, he would stop in St. Louis where he would marry his first wife, Desire, with whom he had corresponded these last three years.

Together they set out west, stopping at the Spalding mission and then heading to Ft. Boise where they hoped to set up a mission. But Desire was injured in a riding accident, so instead they made their way to Ft. Vancouver for surgery. They remained for two years, John serving as chaplain. In 1842, they moved here and John set up a church serving the likes of Joe Meek, George Ebbert, and Charles McKay. (Ultimately these mountain men found him too strict and recruited Harvey L. Clark as their new minister.)

It was John's proposal in 1843 at the Champoeg meetings that would forever change the nature of the Oregon Territory: "Resolved that we as settlers met this day to take into consideration our defenseless condition, organize ourselves for mutual protection." Hello, Oregon's first provisional government!

How does it feel to be standing on John's donation land claim? Feel inspired toward adventure?

A big thank you to the entire Hamby family for the inspiration to make the world a better place and a gorgeous park to remember that goal by!



HAMBY PARK

1035 NE Jackson School Road
(1986)

There's a woodland path at the back of this park that you may recognize from a certain book. Along that path you may find: The Congress of Marmots! If you can find the semi-circle of trees with the little nub of a stump, be warned: Who so ever stands upon the stump must begin an epic tale! Which they can then pass along to the next person to continue...

Hamby Park (which adjoins the trails of Jackson School Nature Preserve) was created from land donated by Ulin Hamby. Ulin ran Hamby Chevrolet to which his son Eugene—previously a fighter pilot—returned for employment after being informed by his fellow service men in Seattle that service wives were not supposed to work!

Well, Eugene "Gene" continued to support his wife's work—and good for us. Jeanette became a hugely respected Oregon legislator for 17 years, fighting for women's rights, as well as the rights of many other marginalized groups. None of which would have happened without the support of our favorite rebel fighter pilot and the car dealer that gave them a place to come back to!



HAROLD EASTMAN ROSE GARDEN

620 NE Jackson School Road
(1990)

I had driven or walked past this tiny park a thousand times and given it little mind except to notice when it was in bloom. Then once my family stopped to do a photo shoot there. Honestly, I think this is one of the most magical places in Hillsboro.

Harold Eastman was the manager of Copeland Lumber and inspired many a young person, taking a personal interest in inspiring them to become their best possible self. And he didn't lead just by little speeches, but by his deep involvement in the community. (His nickname was "Mr. Can-Do!") Toward the end of his life, he managed to gather together the Tualatin Valley Rose Society, the Hillsboro Kiwanis, the Tualatin Valley Garden Club, the Hillsboro Chamber of Commerce, and the City of Hillsboro Parks & Recreation Department to create this pocket park dedicated to roses. Very impressive.

Every tiny detail of this park is fascinating—from a collection of roses dedicated to "Those who serve, have served, and will serve," to a gorgeous mosaic at the center of the tiny park, to the arbors which create flower-draped gateways to different portions of the park. Many of the original 90 roses on display came from Harold and

Betty's own garden. Sadly, Harold passed away before the garden was complete. (He was president of the Tualatin Rose Society until October 1989. Though he completed his term, he passed on shortly thereafter.) His beloved community dedicated this little spot of magic to him in 1989. Schneef!



BAGLEY PARK
201 NE Jackson Street
(1925)

Bagley Park is a regular stop on the way to and from town for Hannah and Cameron, who refer to it only as “Yellow Slide Play Park.” Bagley Park made a peculiar succession of twists and turns as part of Hillsboro. This, the city's second park, began life as Hillsboro's first private school. Then, through various changes in fortune, it became the cow pasture of the Honorable Judge George R. Bagley! (I'll bet you're sniffing the air now, aren't you?!)

George took a fascinating approach to life. He had only a basic schoolhouse education. And yet he became first a lawyer and then a judge. How? He taught himself law while he worked for a prominent lawyer in town!

That drive and ambition served him well in dozens of other ventures over the course of his life. But that is a story for another guide.

Eventually, George sold his cow pasture to the city for a dollar. And now downtown has a shady place to take a break and celebrate birthdays...until the clouds begin to swirl.



MCKINNEY PARK
375 NW Dennis Avenue
(1964)

This park bears the name of the late, great newspaper woman Emma McKinney. A young widow with a one-year-old son in 1900, Emma's nationally famous work ethic was born. In an astonishingly short amount of time, she would go from newspaper employee to owner of the *Hillsboro Argus*.

Emma's work ethic didn't just extend to working tirelessly, but also to producing exemplary work. Her *Hillsboro Argus* won dozens of national awards as did its owner. She is Bridget's inspiration as a journalist.

Though the *Argus* is no longer with us, Emma's commitment to serving her community and to producing high-quality work continues on. In 2016, in a partnership between the City of Hillsboro, CarMax, and KaBOOM, 200 volunteers converged on this park to build a playground designed with input from the neighborhood in just **SIX HOURS!**

The people of Hillsboro are capable of such amazing things!



DAIRY CREEK PARK
515 SW 17th Avenue
(late 1980's)

We visited this park in the last tour, so we'll just give a brief tribute here to its Hudson Bay Company Heritage via Ft. Vancouver's dairy on Sauvie Island and the cattle who graze on the creek's banks near Centerville.

But the magic isn't just in the creek and the gorgeous trestle bridge that crosses it. This forest is riddled with fairy houses! See if you can't find a few for yourself as you wander the wood. Or maybe a dwarf-mole hill or two!



JACKSON BOTTOM WETLAND PRESERVE
2600 SW Hillsboro Hwy
(1989)

Here there be dragons!

Or at least one grumpy lake dragon who is extremely unimpressed with the present version of Mirror Lake as this area was known when it flooded in the spring. Hyer Jackson's ill-advised steamboat port investment (did we mention flooding?) became a very badly managed sewage system for the city. Management eventually improved and Jackson Bottom was removed from service, but left heavily damaged.

Again, citizens took it upon themselves to restore the habitat and after a number of years, the city was moved to spearhead a comprehensive restoration. Now you can walk along paths to a variety of wetland habitats and **ACTUALLY SEE WILDLIFE!** Blue herons and nutria are among my favorite, but there is so much to see here. Bring your sketch pad or your camera!

And if the weather is evil, you can visit their small education exhibit and sit on the back porch with some good binoculars and see if you can spot a dragon of your own. Oh, I mean heron. Yes, a heron clutching a large red stone.

The Rood Bridge Loop

26 MINUTES OF DRIVING, PLUS STOPS



REEDVILLE CREEK PARK
7500 SE Frances Street
(1999)



NOBLE WOODS PARK
23480 W Baseline Road
(1992)

If you love the physics and athleticism of watching skateboarders do the seemingly impossible, then this is the park for you! Along with traditional sports areas and a playground, Reedville has Hillsboro's first skate park.

Reedville Creek Park is named after the now unincorporated town of Reedville. Reedville grew up around the 8,000-acre Ladd-Reed Farm Company built up by successful transportation investors Simeon Gannett Reed and William S. Ladd. The Ladd-Reed Farm was by all accounts a splendid affair with white rail fences; imported and carefully bred cattle, sheep, and horses; and a beautiful farmhouse and stables.

When philanthropic-minded Amanda and Simeon Reed passed on, they endowed their estate to the creation of the Reed Institute, which would later become Reed College! (Plats of Reedville were sold to help fund the school in the early years.)

Noble Woods has a colorful story, by alternating turns filled with selfishness and generosity. Mark Noble purchased the original 80-acre property in 1901 for \$325 for investment purposes. Mark moved to California in 1913 and passed away a mere two years later. During his absence, squatters built a two-story log cabin on the property and sold moonshine to workers from the Orenco Nursery. The first trails and bridges in these woods were built by these customers.

See the Crossroads Adventure Guide for a photo of the log cabin!

After his death, one of his sons, Ivan, declared the property his, mortgaged it, spent all the money, and high tailed it out of here, never to be seen again. This left his half-brother Charles B. to fight a legal battle to retain the family property in the face of foreclosure.

During the Depression years of the 1930s, Charles B. once again had to mortgage the property and had to resort

to logging it in order to keep the property. He and his son returned from California to do the work. His daughters and other relatives pitched in financially. Macy's from downtown Portland used to buy their wood to heat the store. The Nobles lived in the abandoned squatters cabin while performing this work.

In 1957, the property passed to Charles B.'s son, Charles L. or "Charlie." Charlie started out a cabinetry business man, but later became a residential developer and consulted with third-world countries regarding forest management and road improvement. It is no surprise that he was torn between wanting to develop the property and wanting to save the woods that was finally recovering from the logging years. But Charlie was getting on in years and the decision needed to be made.

In 1991, the City of Hillsboro offered up a bond measure to purchase the now 37-acre property as park land, but the measure was defeated. That's when the Greater Hillsboro Area Foundation stepped in. If they could raise half of the money, the city would offer up the rest. Donations ranged from \$0.50 to \$50,000 and donors ranged from small children to corporations. The property was purchased for \$811,000 and the Noble family donated the value of the timber and floodplain in honor of their parents.

What a beautiful and peaceful example of what this community can do! While you are wandering the park, see if you can find the memorial at the center and the remains of a bridge off one of the side paths!



SHUTE PARK
799 SE 10th Avenue
(1906)

Oh, if this land could speak, it would bellow tales of high drama with the voice of a theater man!

Shute Park was Hillsboro's first park and as such, the center of most early town gatherings. Now featuring the Shute Park Library, a performance stage, picnicking areas, and a wonderful playground, Shute Park began life as a brickworks that provided most of the brick for downtown Hillsboro. The banker John W. Shute sold the property to Hillsboro at a deep discount provided the park be named after him.

But after that? Shute Park became the place to come to! For 100 years it hosted Hillsboro Happy Days with the gigantic picnic, carnival, and contests one would expect from an early community. It was also the site of the dance pavilion turned roller skating arena. And that stage? Roll the clock backward to a black tent presenting the beginnings of movie magic!

This park also once held the statue "Chief Kno-Tah" from the national Trail of Whispering Giants. Sadly, due to natural erosion and storm damage, the statue had to be removed. However, you can still find pictures online.



ROOD BRIDGE PARK
4000 SE Rood Bridge Road
(1988)

Rood Bridge park is named after early Washington County Judge Louis Rood. Norwegian by birth, Louis's father brought him to the U.S. shortly after his mother's death. Louis was thirteen at the time. (Quite a voyage at that age!) They settled in Wisconsin, but Louis only stayed four years before he answered the call of the California Gold Rush. Unlike most folks with gold fever, it seems that Louis actually did alright. He moved to Hillsboro in 1869 and bought this land. There are mentions of a bridge here quite early in the newspapers—unlike the ferries that most other crossing points are known for.

Rood Bridge is a place for exploring—preferably on a windy day with a sturdy umbrella. (Who doesn't love to fly—even if only for a few seconds!) Rood Bridge contains the Lloyd Baron Rhododendron Garden, a creek with little pools to splash in, a duck pond (with plenty of lily pads and frogs) that some overzealous dwarves may have once drained, a bridge over the Rock Creek where a beautiful anguana and a swarm of brother-thieving Fire Eagles may have once appeared, and a trail overlooking the Tualatin River where one can dream of the days when steamboats wandered by!

The Rice Museum Loop

29 MINUTES OF DRIVING, PLUS STOPS



CENTRAL PARK
6200 NE Brighton Drive
(2000)

Central Park is great place to go if you want to pretend to be a Greek god or goddess for a couple of hours. (New Seasons is just around the corner, if you need to stock up on grapes!) With ivy-strewn bits of columned temple on either end, it is easy to get your imagination into play!

Originally on the William H. Bennett Donation Land Claim, this land would eventually pass to Myron R. Johnson (who would also come to own the grand Orenco MacDonald House which we will meet shortly). Myron was a banker but his son, Ed, would pursue this area's tradition of nurseryman with a focus on ornamental roses and agricultural farming.

Ultimately this park would become part of the Ronler Acres scandal, wherein the land was sold off in approximately 850 15,000 square foot parcels, but in thirty years only one house and one duplex were ever developed. Neighborhood kids would wander the empty parcels finding Native American arrowheads and pots. Hillsboro took matters into its own hands, using an urban renewal plan to buy back and repurpose the land. This

neighborhood was considered ultra-modern and maybe slightly out of place at the time, but is now considered a model for neighborhood design.

INTREPID ADVENTURERS NOTE: If you walk to the back of the New Seasons parking lot there is a neighborhood access in the rear fence. Through here you can reach Myron's son's home, the 1950 Johnson-Belluschi House. (1513 NE Stiles Dr.) The majority of this part of Orenco at one point belonged to E.H. "Ed" Johnson. Tucked away in this quiet little neighborhood is our very own example of a home designed by the renowned architect Pietro Belluschi. This is, in fact, the last house he designed before he moved away to become the Dean of Architecture and Planning at MIT. Belluschi worked closely with Frank Lloyd Wright. He is most famous for the Portland Art Museum, New York's Pan Am Building, San Francisco's Cathedral of Saint Mary of the Assumption, and Portland's Equitable Building—the world's first curtain-walled office tower.





CORNELL CREEK PARK
6451 NE Carrillon Drive
(2016)



ORENCO WOODS NATURE PARK
7100 NE Birch Street
(2017)

What was once a weed patch on the corner of a lovely suburban development is now a sporty little site for people looking to get outside and enjoy a little of that Oregon liquid sunshine! Cornell Creek Park is set up like a neighborhood backyard: there is a bocce ball court (equipment available for checkout from Brookwood Library), an outdoor ping-pong table, and an off-leash dog area for the four-legged kids to run around in.

Cornell Creek takes its name from the Reverend William and Mrs. Emily Cornell. William made the crossing ahead of Emily and the family. He came in 1852 and they followed 2 years later. In 1855 they took a donation land claim just east of the Multnomah County line along the road that now bears their name. Cornell was an important road in the day for moving agricultural goods from the valley to Portland. Reverend Cornell was likely the first ordained minister in the area. He helped establish both the first Wesley Church at the corner of Cornell and Murray as well as the Union School where he served as Sabbath School teacher.

The Cornells later moved to the Washington Square area to serve at the Innes Chapel there. Their final move was to Salem where William became involved with developing Willamette University!

Orenco townsite as we saw in the previous tour is a neighborhood lucky to have so many of its original buildings intact. The booming nursery company town was famous for its Orenco Apple. The nearby rail line and healthy economy promised good years to come. (So much promise, in fact, that it was rumored citizens of Hillsboro were getting a bit jealous!) These grounds were once both the nursery and the property of the co-owner of Oregon Nursery Company “Orenco,” Malcolm MacDonald.

But the war came and the international economy took a hard hit. Planting for prosperity, but faced with the opposite, the new town took a hard, permanent hit of its own.

Malcolm stayed only briefly and the property has had upward of ten owners since then. But one of those owners was Myron Johnson, who appears to have passed it along to his son Ed. Ed is fondly remembered by Orenco residents as a big man with a kind heart who would organize social events for the neighborhood in the house, as well as caroling and sleigh rides around the neighborhood.

In more recent years, this land was a golf course under the ownership of the Elks. When the Elks moved to sell the property to a developer, Orenco Townsite champions Jim Lubischer, Al Waibel, Laine Young, Bonnie

Kooken, Dirk Knudson, Bob Betcone , and Dan Bloom worked from 2004 to 2011 to secure this historic property as public land.

The park includes a gorgeous bridge, walking trails, an innovative play area, picnic areas, an art installation commemorating the famous Orenco Apple—and, of course, the MacDonald House whose renovation is presently being planned.

Orenco Woods and Orchard Park (below) sit on the donation land claim of Isaac and Tabitha Butler. Now there was a fascinating couple. Having been denied the hand of his lady love by her parents, the pair eloped to the Oregon Trail! Unfortunately, they chose as a guide for the last part of their journey Joe Meek's older brother Stephen. Stephen promised an alternative, more direct route to the Willamette Valley, but not only was it a drought year, so water and vegetation were scarce, but Stephen wasn't as familiar with the area as he thought he was. Approximately 50 pioneers died.

However, Isaac and Tabitha were not among them. They took their donation land claim here and ran a sawmill for the community. Isaac also helped to build the road to Portland. They had ten children who all survived to adulthood. Tabitha passed in 1869 while some of the children were still quite young. Later Isaac would marry Polly and they would have five kids, plus Polly's daughter from her own previous marriage. Quite a houseful!



ORCHARD PARK
20900 NW Amberwood Drive
(1997)

This unassuming park is a cozy and secret hideaway with plank walkways and charming playground accents and **YOU HAVE TO GO HERE WHEN THE TREES ARE IN BLOOM**. It is so unbelievably gorgeous. It's like the cares of the world just melt away.

There is a little play and exercise area with gorgeous climbing rocks for littles and slightly older and disk golf course wound in between the trees. It's a small, but happy place.

Speaking of happy, beginning in 1939 this was the Nofziger family turkey farm! (If you've never seen a flock of turkeys bobbing around like miniature ostriches, you owe yourself a trip to YouTube.) The Nofzigers also raised cows and in the final 50 years of the farm they had sheep. That sure makes this place lively and adorable, doesn't it?!

The pioneer Nofzigers were from Germany, but ours were from just up the street in Beaverton. Jeff and Gertrude bought the land with the 1910 house which had formerly served as a boarding house for Orenco nursery workers. They had three boys Eldo, Elroy, and Charles. The boys moved away from agriculture into construction, auto upholstery, and vocational teaching respectively, so when their parents passed on in the 70s the farm sat empty for a while. Then Metro came knocking. The organization offered to buy the buildable land and the

Nofzigers donated the flood plain areas. Now in the place were adorable bobbing turkeys once roamed amongst fluffy sheep, you and I can roam amongst the blossoming trees!



HONDO DOG PARK
4499 NW 229th Avenue
(2007)

Be free, little doggie! Be free! Hondo Dog Park is one of the few places in Hillsboro where dogs can legally frolic and socialize off leash. The park has a few sensible rules you need to follow, if you decide to bring your four-legged friend here, so be sure to look those up before you come. Thoughtfully, the city has divided the park into three sections: Winter Play Area, Mixed Dog Area, and Small/Timid Dog Area, so the park can be fun for everybody!

In a spot of dog humor, brightly-painted, nonfunctional fire hydrants decorate the park.

The park is named in honor of the only Hillsboro Police Department K9 officer ever killed in the line of duty. Hondo was 3-year-old German Shepherd who had served the city for 2 years, helping to catch 32 suspects and earning a Silver Medal of Valor from the county in March of 1997 for taking down a man armed with a knife.

Just a little later that month on March the 12th, this valiant officer was killed in a police shootout. His funeral was attended by officers both human and canine from around

the state. His ashes were spread over the city he had given his life to defend. You can find a plaque with his story at the entrance to the park.



Rice NW Museum of Rocks & Minerals
26385 NW Groveland Dr
(1996)

If you can't find something to add to your Hidden Magic Collage in here, your eyes are closed! Admission to the museum is currently just \$7.00 for kids 5-17 and \$10 for adults, but you can also enjoy the gorgeous grounds for a picnic or a few chapters of a book. But seriously, even if you aren't a grumpy lake dragon from a Copper Age Italian legend, how could you resist exploring these caves of marvels? There are meteorites and geodes and fossils and rocks that glow in the dark and rocks that make pictures and everything mineral that the earth could dream up for you to marvel at.

The Rice Museum building is the historic home of Helen and Richard Rice, a couple who stumbled into a love of rocks on the beach one day and never woke from the enchantment. If you are able to go to the museum when they are hosting tours (<https://ricenorthwestmuseum.org>) you can learn all about the precious woods and lovely stones with which the Rices chose to build their home—maple and myrtle, hand-selected flagstone and semi-precious decorative stones. So beautiful.

Before this was a museum, the basement had already been converted into a showroom to showcase the Rice's extensive collection. Here you can find the stone full of

crystals that cranky dragon in book three stole from the museum: The Alma Rose rhodochrosite, a true crown jewel!

Thanks to the efforts of Director Julian Gray and his team, in 2015 the Rice Museum became a partner of the Smithsonian, giving them even greater access to education and exhibits. This Tardis-like museum is always bustling with tour groups, workshops, and visitors from all over the world!

Hidden Magic Collage

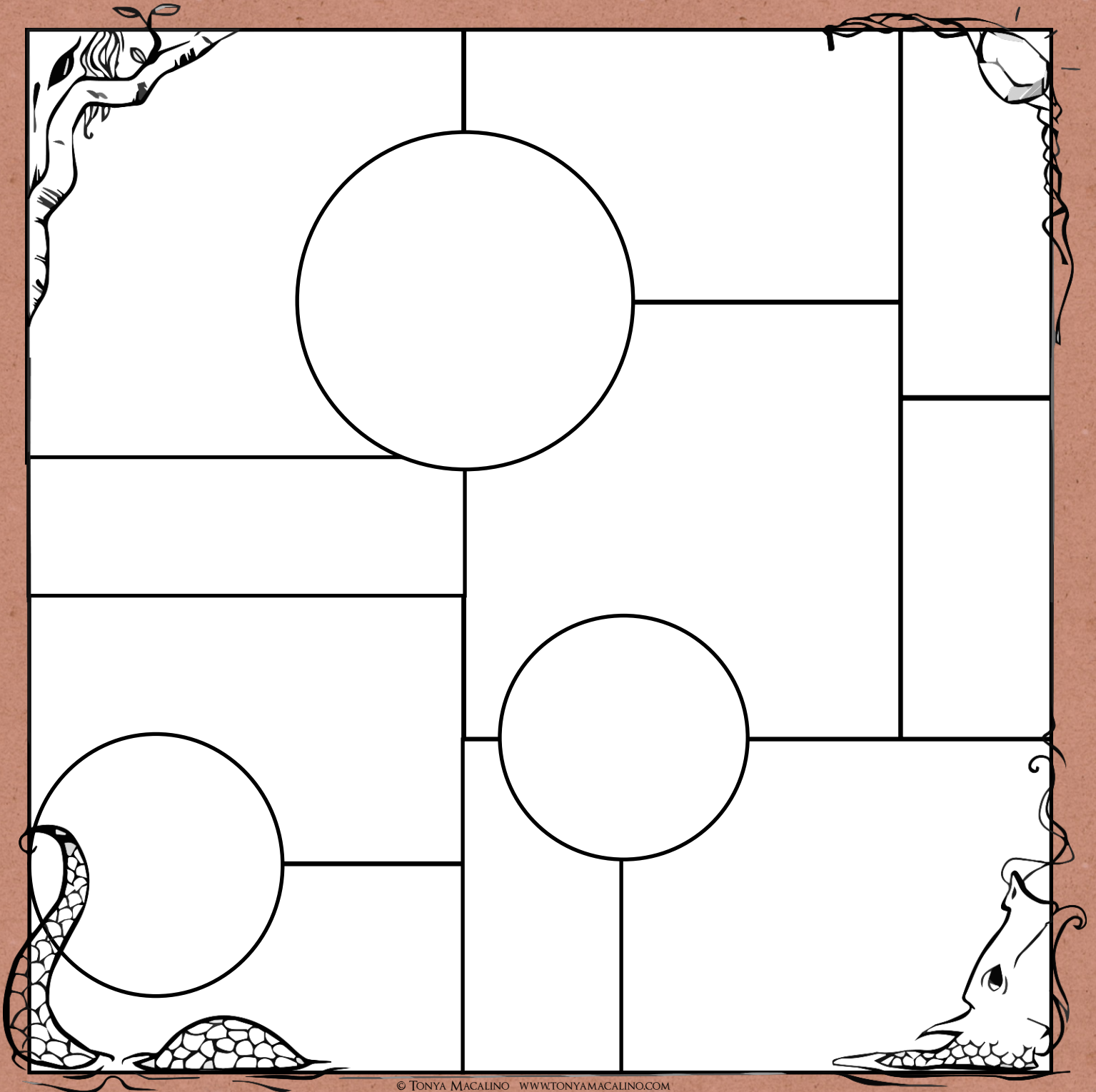
PARKS & PRESERVES

Here is a chance to collect all of your magical experiences into one place to remember adventure! Be sure to write down why each place or thing was magical to you to keep your memory fresh everytime to look back on your adventure. You can use this as a template for a collage of your pictures or drawings, or you can create one all of your own!

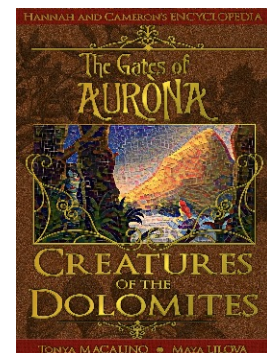
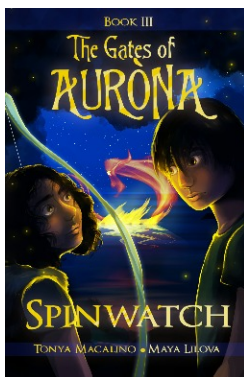
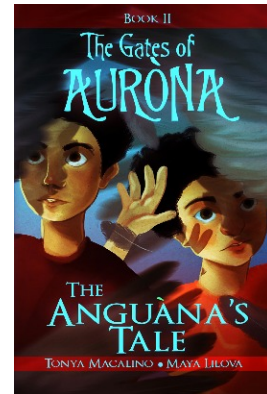


Hidden Magic Collage

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