

**THE DEPARTMENT OF  
CONSERVATION  
STATE OF INDIANA;  
TURKEY RUN STATE PARK**

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The Department of conservation state of Indiana; Turkey Run state park by Various

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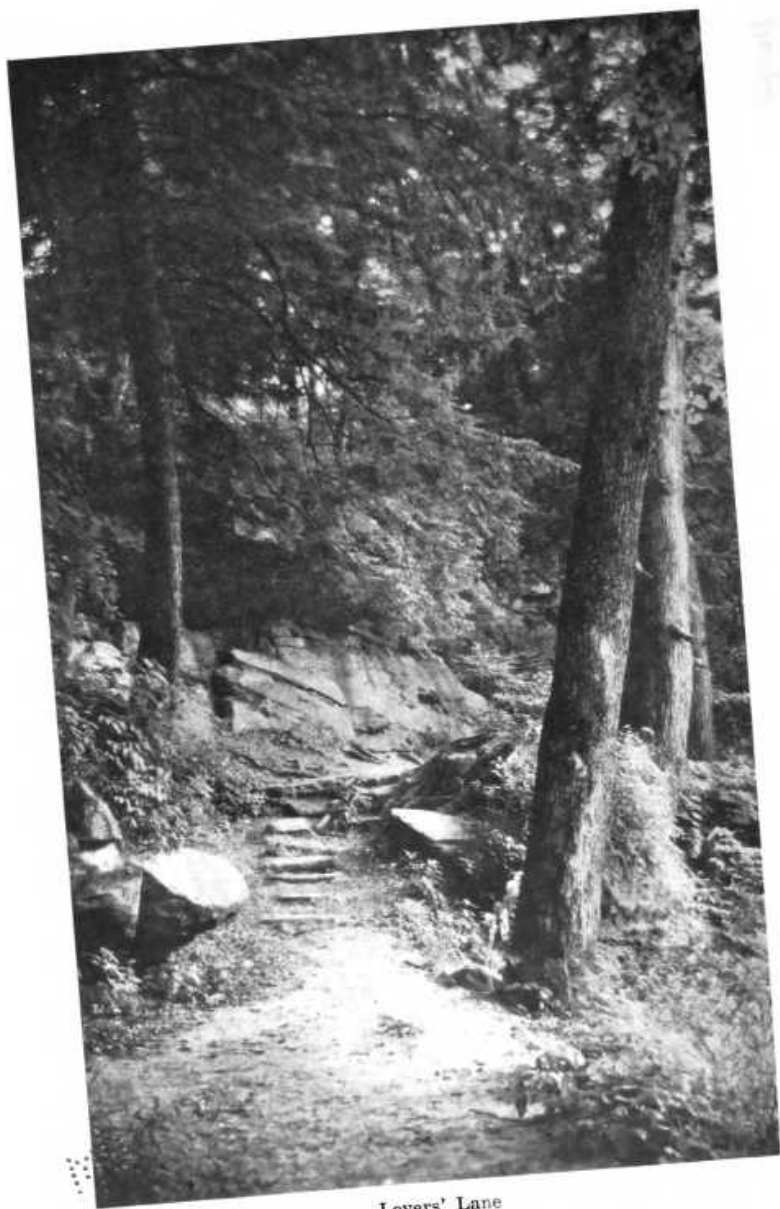
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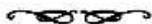
Lovers' Lane

# THE DEPARTMENT OF CONSERVATION

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W.V.A. 29 V.W.  
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## Turkey Run State Park

In northern Parke County where the crystal waters of Turkey Run enter the amber flow of Sugar Creek lies Turkey Run State Park. It is a tract of virgin wilderness, hiding beneath its voluminous foliage great rocky canyons, carpeted with ferns, luxuriant grasses and rare and beautiful mosses and lichens. Each canyon has its diamond clear brook fed by springs that trickle down the rocks and form an accompaniment to the melodies of a host of song birds. Along the creek banks, in the canyons, perched high on the edge of cliffs, mighty trees—beech, walnut, sycamore, maple, poplar and oaks—rear their great heads in lordly attitude and rule the scene by the divine right of size and beauty.

One may roam for hours through deep woods and canyons. Each turn presents a picture of unusual beauty—the sun plays through the graceful artistry of elm tree leaves and branches, exhibiting the liquid green of the leaves and throwing their intricate pattern on the path in play of light and shade—a black walnut of stupendous girth rears itself free of its smaller brethren and stands, a veteran of three hundred years of struggle with the elements—a clear, cold spring drops from a niche in the canyon wall with merry trickle and runs off to join the brook that daintily threads its way over the floor of the canyon, nourishing along the way clumps of fern and a moss blanket to cover the bareness of the rocky wall—great cliffs rise perpendicular from the canyon floor, overhung by hemlocks that cling with great snake-like roots on the very edge, decorated with festoons of woodbine that hang from every niche, besprinkled with patches of fern and lichen like a huge tapestry.

The trees of Turkey Run are beyond compare for size and beauty. The largest are the yellow poplar or tulip tree, the finest of which are over one hundred feet in height and with trunks so straight as though erected by the plumb-bob. Many have no limbs lower than seventy-five feet, the trunks rising to this height, perfect columns with diameters of thirty to forty-eight inches, tapering but little—nature's pillars to hold up the blue canopy of the sky.

Indiana State University  
1915-16





Gypsy Gulch  
(For comparison note figure in foreground)

Gray-spotted old beech trees throw out their long graceful branches, offering their dense shade for the passersby. The black walnut rivals the tulip tree for size, and with its great crooked branches is not unlike the old warrior, blackened by time and weather, with body erect and tall and arm sinuous, scarred and gnarled from long strife. Magnificent sycamores crowd each other for room along the creek bank. They are at their best in the moonlight when the trunks gleam like great shafts of silver pillaged from the halls of some Persian Emperor. Oaks are in abundance. It is the tree of character, for each presents its own history in the artistry of its curves and the beauty of silhouette. Elms are there, shaped like vases which seem to overflow with rich green foliage. In this region is found one of the few groves of hemlock—commonly called fir—the finest of evergreens. The foliage is as dainty as old lace and plays in the slightest breeze. These trees are found on the brink of cliffs, hanging on and over the edge with powerful root tentacles.

There is in the park probably the largest wild cherry in the State. The trunk rises as straight as a poplar for eighty-five or ninety feet. No limbs appear below a height of seventy feet.

For the nature lover there is abundant plant, insect and bird life. Sugar Creek abounds in bass, catfish and suckers that will furnish many a thrill to the angler. For tired folk here are rest and quiet and beauty. Children find it a never-ending source of delight, where they may run and play to their heart's content without fear of auto or street car. Pale-ness and tiredness soon give way to healthy brown and a reserve of physical energy, for pure air and sunshine cannot be escaped and wholesome food and clear, pure cold water are at hand.

## History of Turkey Run

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Spring of 1826 found young Captain Salmon Lusk, U. S. A., and his bride traveling northward from Ft. Harrison, now Terre Haute, in search of a place to make their home. They were bound for the wilderness, which is now Parke County, there to fashion for themselves a home on the land given ex-soldiers in recognition of their services to their country. They came to the wild and beautiful banks of Sugar Creek.



Sugar Creek

"Pungosecone" the Indians called that stream, "the waters of many sugar trees." To the young couple the spot seemed a bit from Paradise. Their search was ended. Here in the wilds, here in the smiling green-clad forests, they made their home. They were the original owners and first white occupants of the spot we know as "Turkey Run."

On the banks of the "Narrows," Captain Lusk built a mill. The site was an ideal one for water-power, and the annual spring floods enabled him to build and float huge flatboats to