Everell Stanton Collins, often called E.S., was born in Cortland, New York, March 30, 1866. Cortland, or Cortchance to be his own man. Within a year, he bought Not so much for the gold they never found, but for the ing tentacles were creeping even into the timberlands announced, “I’m heading West.” Gold fever. Its tempt-


adage, “If you’re given more, then more is expected of responsibility; and, like your father, adhere to the that it probably ended up killing him.

grow up to be a shy, serious, disciplined, intelligent he’d already spent winters in sub-zero temperatures of shingles, for thirty-four cents an hour. At thirteen, he’d already spent winters in sub-zero temperatures hauling timbers out of frozen creeks. By fifteen he was working in the mill, jacking logs and edging. For Ever-

ell Collins there would be no soft life of easy money, and Welland Canals.

To accomplish that he often ran into one obstacle. Teddy. When Everell wanted to go to college, Teddy objected. Vehemently. “Waste of money. Waste of time. I never went and you’re not either.” Everell’s reply? “I earned the money. The time is mine. And I’ll go.” “Then don’t come home again,” barked Teddy. Everell went to Allegheny College. He lasted a year and came home with consumption. The door opened, with prod-
ging from Mary.

It took a full year to recover, but by 1887, Everell announced, “I’m heading West.” Gold fever. Its tempt-
ing tentacles were creeping even into the timberlands of Pennsylvania. Several of Teddy’s partners were

"E.S. Collins 1866-1940"

Clearly, his old hat never held him back. E.S. Collins as one of the “100 Men of the Century.” Ten years after his death in 1950, The Oregonian chose him to be remembered with gratitude and pride.”

The Oregon Journal Editorial, January 1, 1941

He was also a fruit and nut man who carefully con-
sidered what he ate. On a drive to one of his logging operations, it would not be unusual for him to carry along a bag full of raw cabbage, a head of lettuce, fist fuls of fruit, and pockets stuffed with nuts. If a cherry tree was on the way, he’d stop and pick to his heart’s content. But for all his frugality, he drove a Cadillac. Fast. And he insisted on wearing an old hat. Bill Moffat, his long-time comptroller, once dared to tell him that his hat was a disgrace and ought to be thrown out. Everell replied, “Nonsense, no man ever wears a hat out.” Moffat later said, “Of all the men who ever lived, Everell Collins came closest to wearing out a hat.” E.S. Collins died on December 18, 1949, in Portland, Oregon. His obituary told the things that obituaries often do, accomplishments, contributions, and gifts. The business ventures list included: St. Helens Pulp and Paper Company, Ochoco Lumber Company, Mt. Adams Pine Company, J.T. McDonald Logging Company, Lakesview Logging Company, Elk Lumber Company, Grande Ronde Pine Company, and Curtis, Collins & Holbrook. He served as a director of the Northwestern and U.S. National Banks. His philan-

thropy was everywhere, from the Collins Memorial Library at the University of Puget Sound, to the E.S. Collins Science Building at Willamette University, to the YMCA’s Camp Collins and so much more. There are even places we never knew he had a critical hand in creating, such as opening up winter skiing on Mt. Hood and donating the land that is now Short Sands Beach on the Oregon Coast. But perhaps his most gen-

erous gift was giving, in perpetuity, 60 percent of the net proceeds from the Collins Pennsylvania Forest and the Collins Almanor Forest to the National Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Church.

When asked to send a photograph to add to his list-
ing in “Who’s Who in the Northwest,” he replied: “I am desiring no particular publicity, and know of no reason why the public should be wearied and pained by looking at my photograph, therefore, am not sending it.”

Maybe Everell would have also thought that there was just too much falderal following his death. But this time E.S. Collins didn’t have a say in the matter. Others did.

“He earned ably and spent wisely. There were ele-
ments of greatness in E.S. Collins, lumberman, banker, philanthropist — a rich man who went about quietly doing good. E.S. Collins, a living success story at its best, made money readily, spent it wisely, remember-

ing always the social obligations that go with wealth. He will be remembered with gratitude and pride.”

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Ten years after his death in 1950, The Oregonian chose E.S. Collins as one of the “100 Men of the Century.” Clearly, his old hat never held him back.