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ECOLA-THE WHALE-STATE PARK

A park of whalick proportions facing Father Neptune's domain. A park of some seven miles ocean frontage starting at the southern boundary of Seaside and terminating at the northern boundary of Cannon Beach. I doubt if there is another such ocean park bordering the nation's shores that has all the sea salty attributes that Ecola has. Tillamook Head, standing 1,200 feet above the breaking breakers. A view superb in its distant reaches. A view that elicited from the lips of Capt. Clark of Lewis and Clark, spoken on January 8, 1806, as he stood on the Head on his southern trek -- "From this point I beheld the grandest and most pleasing prospect which my eyes ever surveyed". (The foregoing taken from Clark's diary)

To embellish and add to the saltiness of this view, in 1881 a lighthouse was erected on Tillamook Rock about one mile off shore. It has been in constant action to this day, with certain exceptions when the seas became overly riotous and threatened the lighthouse with destruction.

This would be a good place to note that this present park had its first "white tourist" 145 years ago. The event should be commemorated with proper markers. Lewis and Clark wrote history. Tillamook Head was the terminus of their "Westward Ho". Many people would consider it a Shrine if properly marked. With the newness of the west, we have little to record historically comparable to the 13 colonies. 1806 is a bit hoary and should be made readable to those historically inclined.

While in these incubator days of the Oregon Country, lets join Clark and his party as they descend the southern slope of Tillamook Head to Indian Beach. (The purpose of Clark's exploration trek was that word had come to the Lewis & Clark camp, located on the Clatsop Plains, that a whale had been washed ashore somewhere down the coast line south of where the Oregon flows). At this time the Pacific Power & Light Co. had not built their power plant on the shores of Youngs Bay, and the Lewis & Clark Camp was in need of some form of illumination for the winter months. Whales blubber, properly formed, gives a two-kilowatt flicker with all exits closed. Further, the Mary Ann Cullen of those days had blubber recipes of both calories and emetics.

On the north side of Indian Creek where it meets up with the ocean is a flat of some five acres. Clark's diary tells of finding five decadent Indian huts, evidence of finding many more in total ruins.

He further notes a form of Indian burial by observing a number of decadent canoes with boxes within holding the remnants of the dead. Present day evidence of this Indian village was available a few years ago in the form of one of the largest middle mounds I have ever seen. It must have been many years in the making. War has various forms of destruction. The Navy designated a radar station for Tillamook Head. The Army built a road from Cannon Beach to the Head. When they came to the Indian Village location, the middle mound was leveled to the ground. There was not rhyme or reason for doing it as the road location missed it entirely. What was a century in building, a bulldozer destroyed in a day. The evidence of what had been, relegated to oblivion. But is it entirely lost? Renew the search for evidence of this Indian Village, possibly a hamlet, village square, town, city. Kilamox was supposedly the name of this tribe. You go back to the beginning of the eighteenth century with Clark. Chief Kilamox was of the 17th century as shown by Clark's diary. Who knows but what the city of Kilamox was a going concern before the pilgrim fathers landed at Plymouth Rock.

Every historical lore of our state should be brought out in its full clarity. Reproduce this ancient village in some form of recognition, along with your Tillamook Head marker for Capt. Clark.

One notable observation point visited by patrons of the park is known as Ecola point. It projects from the general shoreline, standing some 75 feet above the sea. Off shore some $\frac{1}{2}$ mile is Arch Rock with bordering shelves. Upon these shelves colonies of sea lions abide through most of the year. Sea bird life is abundant upon the rock. A marine museum, as it were, in all the naturalness of centuries of creation.

At the southern boundary of the park, bordering the park is Chapman point. This point should be a part of the park. Back in 1936 during the Cabell administration, an attempt was made to purchase it. The property was owned at that time by John Yeon. I don't remember the price Mr. Yeon asked for it, but the Commission thought it was too high and turned it down. A new attempt should be made to purchase it for it is one of the scenic factors relating to the park. Interspersed between these promontories are two wonderful, hard sand beaches -- Crescent and Indian beaches. Their front tables set with delectable razor clams. (Commercial diggers are prohibited by law) Under the rocks at low tide off Ecola Point are found the butter clams, the soul and body of delectable clam chowder.

A certain amount of ocean fishing is done from the rocks just north of Ecola point. This sport should be developed to a greater extent for the ocean is limitless in kind and numbers.

The forest and its ground cover is true Oregon country in all of its primitiveness.

The park abounds in deer, formerly of elk. The State Game Commission should cooperate with the Parks Commission in making Ecola Park one of the outstanding game preserves in the state.

The nucleus of Ecola State Park came through gift and purchase. The property was owned by the Ecola Point and Indian Beach Corporation. The corporation was composed of R. L. Glisan, Florence G. Minott, Caroline Flanders, Louise Flanders, and L. A. Lewis. The foregoing four owning 49 per cent of the stock. L. A. Lewis owning 51 per cent of the stock. The foregoing 450 acres composing the corporation. To Mr. L. A. Lewis, we paid \$17,500 00 for his acreage. Mr. Lewis was not in giving mood. To those who gave, the state will always be indebted. Caroline and Louise Flanders each had fine summer cottages. Mr. Glisan and Mrs. Minott had a summer mansion of twenty rooms which was the center of many summer gatherings of their Portland friends. When Mr. Glisan and Mrs. Minott, brother and sister, gave their interest in the land and summer home they bought a tract bordering the park on the south and built a beautiful summer home.

We have had many gifts of a recreational nature, but never one quite like this. Attached to the gift was pure sacrifice. They had lovely homes. Search the coast and you couldn't find a more beautiful coastal setting. Would that every visitor to the park could know the history of the parks origin. A bronze plaque set in a large boulder tells part of the story. The park was given without solicitation. It takes an understanding heart to share with his fellowman a portion of that heart that others may live in the Creation that is a part of us all.

The deed to the park came to the State on February 11, 1932. I will never forget its acceptance by the Commission, which was composed of J. C. Ainsworth, Chairman, William Hanley and Charles Spaulding. (Commissioners) At this time the commission was holding its meetings in the Multnomah County Court House. There were some 300 people in attendance. The first thing I had on my park agenda was the acceptance of Ecola Park by the commission.

Before I could explain why Ecola Park should be accepted, Commissioner Spaulding jumped to his feet and proceeded to give me one of the most complete verbal tongue lashings my august person has ever been decorated with. His face was as red as mine was white. In some manner, I feathered my wings until the gust passed by. The Commission then voted to accept the park. Times were tough at this time and Commissioner Spaulding thought it sacrilegious to be spending money for parks when people were tottering on the verge of starvation. I would have felt better if he had had less calories in trimming down my mental equilibrium. While the drama was at its height, a bit of humor crept in. Chairman Ainsworth was softly trying to lessen the temp of the speaker, when Commissioner "Sage" Hanley (Feeling fine) without looking right or left, said "JAWN, let the monkey climb the pole, he'll slide back down". All three members of this commission are on the board of directors of the Lord's Golden Streets. May the living ever pay homage for their foresight in securing this ocean wonderland.

In the fall of 1934, a CCC camp was established at the park. Until the spring of 1936, when the camp closed, many improvements were made. One of the important ones was a new approach road to the park. The old road was of a circuitous nature with exceedingly steep grades. At one place it directly bordered the ocean. After every storm, the road would be blockaded with two to three feet of sand. It was a thrilling adventure to reach Ecola Point in the early days. The CCC boys, under the direction of the National Park Service, constructed water systems, picnic areas, trails, caretaker's house, stone building, forest cleanup. Without the aid of the CCC boys, our parks would have been years in arrears in their development.

With the acquisition of the Ecola Point property, the northern border reaching pretty well up on the southern slope of Tillamook Head, a move was started to acquire the Head, the ocean frontage northward to Seaside. Tillamook Head is one of the outstanding promontories of the Oregon coastline. Seaside and Cannon Beach, two of the largest summer resorts in the state. To link the two by trail would be exceedingly beneficial recreationally. The time will come when a separate horse trail will be constructed between the two resorts. The main property involved was owned by the U. S. Government, Clatsop County and the Crown Zellerbach Corporation. Through a period of a few years the Government property with the exception of fifty acres (about to be acquired at this time) and Clatsop County property were deeded to the state. The stumbling block for the completion of the project was the Crown Zellerbach Corporation.

They had a policy of exchanging land, acre for acre. They would not sell any of their holdings. The Parks Division had no land for exchange purposes. My only out was the possibility of getting Clatsop County to exchange lands with the Crown Zellerbach Corporation. we later paying Clatsop County for the desired property. On February 13, 1935, I arranged a meeting with Judge Boyington of Clatsop County to discuss the possibility of an exchange of lands. (This would be a good place to note the completion of the transaction On April 27, 1948, we paid the Crown Zellerbach Corporation \$46,063.00 for 307.9 acres.)

A thirteen-year nightmare to loom a recreational tapestry. The trouble lay in the receptitance of the residue remaining outside of the maelstrom of two Yankee Swappers who could never agree on the equality of their horses. All I could do was to put an occasional burr under their respective saddles. Running out of burrs, and the last of my hope for a trade, I went to my right bower and park father confessor, Marshall Dana, and laid my troubles before him. This was in the fall of 1947. Mr. Dana was acquainted with the officials of the Crown Zellerbach Corporation and offered to go with me to converse with them about the sale of the property desired. Two meetings were held and the culmination of those meetings was the purchase of the property as previously mentioned. Marshall Dana was the inner spring that moved the hands of a stalemate and the people of the state will ever be indebted to him for his deed.

A certain amount of mental contentment may be had in the completion of this throughway ocean wayside, but it is far from what it should be; far from what it was originally planned for. The original plan called for some two thousand acres, the eastern border of the park being -- between the section line of Sections 17 - 18; 7 - 8; 5 - 6; 31 - 32, T. 5 N., R. 10 W., and T. 6 N., R. 10 W.

As the years went by, as I sensed the impossibility of ever working out an exchange of land between the Crown Zellerbach Corporation and Clatsop County, I retreated my eastern boundary line to the present one. To cut the acreage to a point where Crown Zellerbach Corporation would agree to sell, a cost sum that the Commission could justify paying. With the original eastern line as set up, you will have the forest primitive in the midst of teeming vacationists. You will have something to support your unsupported present forest of today. You will have sufficient acreage for a Game Reserve second to none in the state. You have a start of elk and deer; give them range, protection and you have a nature museum, the delight of young and old. Something becoming as extinct as the dodo. Overnight camping is needed in the larger parks of the state. I can't think of a park in the state more in need of overnight camping than Tillamook Head. A state preference for the enlargement of this park as noted should take precedent over the desires of corporation or individual. What is another thirteen years to complete a recreational domain. Its promotion should be directed by Seaside and Cannon Beach organizations. Other organizations of the state interested in the preservation of its recreational resources. Such movements should not be instigated by the commission, but should come from the people. With such support, it will take less than 13 years to accomplish your objective.

I would like to use Ecola as a cornerstone of a recreational kingdom located in the northwest corner of the state composed of Short Sand Beach with its appendage Nehalem Sandspit. Cape Meares and Cape Lookout. Four coastal parks of National character unequalled on the nation's coastline. For diversion the interior mountain park known as Saddle Mountain. What a wealth of inspirational values, recreational resources to those who pass by tomorrow. America is a wheel. In search of the unusual. In these five monuments are enclosed the intrigue of the concealed secrets of our own being. To administer is to have the vision of a creative kingdom. You cannot bring into it the entanglements of petty daily events. Weave these five unexcelled recreational gems into a highway wreath of Wilson-Sunsets sonnets. Never let the marrow of your backbone solidify. Never let your vision be grounded.

Sincerely yours,

S. H. Boardman