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Any one receiving this copy of THE WEST SHORE will please consider it an invitation to become a regular subscriber.

OREGON'S BARNEGAT.

Barnegat beach on the coast of New Jersey is a famous spot among the sportsmen of Philadelphia and Baltimore, who want good shooting and fishing during the Summer season, with none of the society exactions of Cape May and Long Branch. At Barnegat the ladies and gentleman go to "rough it," and the ladies in big straw hats and the men in blue flannel shirts, come home after the campaign among the sheep-head, blue fish, Cape May goodies, Millet, Tail, Plover and Bobwhites, bronzed like Indians, and vastly more improved physically and better satisfied in every way, than the youths who dress in white flannel by day, and swallow-tailed coats by night, and the girls whose principal exercise is unprofitable flirting or dancing the "German" until after midnight at the different Hotel "hops". Oregon has a Barnegat, with mountains and trout streams "thrown in." We do not refer to Clatsop Beach, nor to Unity, both being places of social pretension, and where the most exciting amusement is to make sand castles, "daily washed away," as Tennyson says, and to sit in the glare of the sunlight and think of the comforts of Portland. The Barnegat of Oregon that we refer to is on the sand spit between the blue Pacific and Tillamook bay. There are several places in Tillamook county where campers go for the summer—principally from Yamhill and Washington counties—such as Hoquaston and Garibaldi, but the pleasure seeker who wants to be in the very centre of everything worth seeing or doing must camp out on the Hallock sand spit. Here there is something new to do every day in the week for a month, and the splendid atmosphere inclines a man to do even more than is laid out in the programme. Perhaps I can best convey to the reader the pleasures of a summer at Tillamook by giving briefly my own experience.

At Astoria I got on board the schooner Alpha, which carried me to Garibaldi, on the north end of Tillamook bay, —boarding me besides—for \$5. The trip was a very delightful one, and after spending a night in Baker's bay, which we profitably employed in catching inanimate tom-cods, which, strange to say, bit as well in the dark as the day, —we crossed over the bar into the almost motionless Pacific. We ran down close to land, and almost within hailing distance of the people at the Sea View House, and within easy stone's throw of the new light house on Tillamook rock. The water was fairly alive with a kind of black water-fowl, that were so gluttonous that we could sail almost over them before they could paddle away. At first I thought these birds tame, but soon found they were unable to fly on account of their being so completely stuffed with little fish that their wings were insufficient to lift them. Occasionally one would strain itself terribly and vomit a yard of minnows, and then fly off with a satisfied quack, while the less fortunate dived, fluttered, and made all sorts of wild efforts to get beyond our reach. On arriving at the entrance to Tillamook Bay, we found that even that little harbor was cursed with a bar, and the breakers were dashing over the sand with an ominous roar. Our captain waited his opportunity, and heading the schooner straight for port, she was struck in the stern by an immense wave and carried through the raging and lashing waters, safely over the bar into the placid anchorage at Garibaldi. There is a cave in Ireland that can only be entered by means of rowboats and the help of a propitious wave, and I recollect being struck by the accuracy with which the boatman made the landing on the gravel at the end of the cavern; but it remained for an Oregonian to use a big schooner in that way. In good weather the run from the Columbia bar to the entrance of Tillamook bay, can be made by a coaster in about twelve hours. Arriving at Garibaldi, I was taken to the home of a fisherman, who had three spare rooms in the second story, sans carpet, sans wall paper,

sans washstand and sans doors. The table of this hostelry was "not much for style," perhaps, but for quantity it was prodigious. Although it is nearly two years since I sat at that "festive banquet board," the mountains of hot biscuits, the layers of fried eggs six strata deep, and the inexhaustible supply of smoking clams and the generous washstand pitchers full of fresh milk loom up before me to this day, like the memory of a last night's pleasant dream.

My first day at Garibaldi was spent in watching an Indian sneak up on crabs in his noiseless canoe, harpooning them through the back in a most dextrous manner, and in noting the excitement produced among the handful of people at Garibaldi, by the arrival of immense schools of little fish—the same that the birds had been feeding upon out in the ocean the day before. There were tons and tons of the little fellows swimming and splashing in every direction. A stone thrown among them was rewarded by a flash in the sunlight, for a radius of twenty feet, that sounded not unlike the rush of winds, and resembled an irruption of silver—from the bowels of the bay. All sorts of methods were devised for catching these little strangers, but everything failed except the use of a salmon trout net, belonging to Mr. Hallock that some half-breeds used. The meshes were so large that millions of the fish escaped, but others got tangled, and choked up their means of escape, and thus several bushels were captured. Down to the beach marched the denizens of Garibaldi, and soon every home in the town was supplied with a new kind of diet. No one then knew what kind of fish they were, but we all voted them delicious—they being almost as full of oil as the Alaskan candle fish, and as delicate as smelt. At Garibaldi the Miami river empties into the bay, and it is in this stream that our old townsman, A. B. Hallock, caught those fat salmon trout that he has so often sent salted in barrels to Portland. It may be contrary to "Walton" to fish for salmon trout with a seine, and doubtless there are men who would call it "murder in the first degree"—men who fish for pleasure—