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THE WEST SHORE begins this month detailed descriptions, with appropriate illustrations, of the large counties which lie in Eastern Oregon. Umatilla and Union are treated in the current number, and the mining, agricultural and pastoral counties of Baker and Grant will receive attention in the next. These articles are commended to the attention of those who would learn something about the resources of that great region.

JUST how much damage was occasioned by the late storm it will require some time to ascertain. The first and most noticeable, of course, is the added strain upon our merchants caused by the loss of a large portion of the holiday trade, coming, as it does, upon the heels of a dull season. Next there is the unexpected expense occasioned everywhere by this sudden interruption of traffic and overthrow of business and domestic routine. Agricultural interests have suffered comparatively little, as the snow was ample protection for the crops. It was cold weather without the accompanying snow which did so much damage two years ago. It came that year after a warm season had started the fruit buds. This year, probably, no damage to fruit trees was done. The greatest injury was, no doubt, inflicted upon the owners of cattle and sheep on our ranges east of the mountains. The snow was deep, and if it became crusted the mortality must have been great among stock not provided with fodder. Had the storm continued a week longer there would have been no doubt of serious loss, but as the Chinook began blowing within sixteen days there is much hope that stockmen were able to weather the storm. It will take several weeks to ascertain the exact condition of stock, and, in fact, not until spring can the true facts be known, since another storm, though not so severe, might be too much for stock weakened by the exposure and fasting of the past three weeks.

OREGON ENTERPRISE.

THE enterprise of Oregon is proverbial. It is self-evident that our citizens must have been extremely diligent to have accumulated their great back-loads of moss. Every assemblage of representative citizens imparts a general tone of *terre vert* to the landscape. During the quarter of a century that Oregon has been a State, their intelligent and unflagging efforts have succeeded in increasing the population from 50,000 to 200,000, while the whole city of Chicago has increased only three times that amount; and this, too, in spite of the discouraging fact that Oregon has illimitable agricultural, pastoral, mineral and timber resources, enormous water power and navigable streams. They live in a fine country, and they do not care who knows it—provided he will ascertain the fact for himself. They would not selfishly deny such information to any one. On the contrary, they are rather pleased than otherwise when some astute individual manages to discover it; but that they should go to the expense and trouble of disseminating such intelligence is a little too much to ask of men who are already bending under such heavy loads—of moss. Yet, even this has been undertaken by the Portland Board of Trade. If there ever is a concentration of the business sagacity, enterprise and liberality of a city it is to be found in such an organization, and our Board is a shining light. Hitherto its energies have been directed exclusively to the pleasant task of dredging the river bar and making a voluminous annual report. Recently it somehow imbibed the idea that the city, and the business of its members, would be benefited by inducing immigration to this region. Possibly the thought was original, and again it may have been suggested by the wonderful success of similar operations in California. Be that as it may, they undertook the work with all the characteristic liberality and energy of Oregonians. The munificent sum of o-n-e h-u-n-d-r-e-d a-n-d s-e-v-e-n-t-y-f-i-v-e d-o-l-l-a-r-s per month was appropriated to defray the expenses of maintaining a board of immigration, the manager of which ought to receive a salary of \$200. He now sits in his office prepared to receive and entertain such as may hear of the existence of such an institution or stumble upon it while walking about the city. An invitation to sit down and make themselves at home is extended to all, but it is "base mockery" to one unaccustomed to sitting on the floor. The room is seldom densely crowded; the agile tongue of the secretary is never pushed to its fullest capacity, nor do the scrap books, newspapers and maps bear the marks of constant thumbing. The places for the thumb marks are there, but the thumbs have not yet reported. The Board has ignited its candle, but omitted to remove the four-peck measure. Oregon is emphatically not "one of those places you read about," and emigrants are stubborn enough to persist in going to just such places.