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The native Chinook people, as well as a century of immigrant clam gatherers and present day oyster catchers, shaped a thriving industry here. Now, the bay and the island highlights 260 square miles of tidal waters. The tide surges on, high tide, low tide, all as certain as moon glow.

The island hosts a half dozen official campsites, as well as trails, sloughs, streams and innumerable waterways. Wildlife reigns, with deer, elk, raccoons, porcupines, eagles, hawks and owls. Other residents include skinned newts, banana slugs, squirrels and weasels.

Songbirds on the island are varied and raucous. Their music gladdened the cloudy skies around us, the air sweet smelling with the sensation of dozens of perfumed bouquets from cedar boughs to odoriferous plants and flowers.

Sometimes the island is a treasure hunt.

with giant trees laced throughout. Herons nestle into their tall rookeries, while beavers and otters swim up the artery like network of waterways, seemingly frolicking.

Do stay aware of the tides and the weather. More than once, my skiff has been marooned for several hours waiting for the tide to lift, or I have spent an unexpected night on the island as the winds howled and huffed.

On the east side of the island, Sawlog Slough is a delight, surrounded by the unfurling of other small waterways. Kayaking is a great adventure here, a way to witness wildlife and waterfowl at arm's length. The landscape is a melange of natural light and color that quiets the mind, slowing the senses into a peaceful meditation.

I wonder about the people who have been through these waters and islands before, picturing Chinook camps, cabins, canoes, sailboats. If you haven't visited, you must. The island is beauty incarnate.



Photos by David Campiche
ABOVE: Oyster mushrooms on Long Island, situated within Willapa Bay. LEFT: Rowers in a canoe.

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