

# BANDON'S BEAUTIFUL BEACH

## Will Become Summer Play Ground For Thousands as Soon as Railroad Communication is Established.

**Bandon's Beach.**  
 These two words do not mean a great deal to the average Bandonian in a way, and yet the possession of such a place of recreation is one of the principal things upon which the prosperity of their community is to be based in the future. To those of us who view the beach and its adjacent adjuncts practically every day, it loses its charm and we unconsciously forget that we possess a resource for which people in other parts of the country would pay neat little sums of money each year to share with us.

Recreation is nothing more or less than the enjoyment of the unusual, and people who are seeking recreation do not look among the things to which they are accustomed. The hermit of the woods, the lumberjack, and the other people who find their means of livelihood in the woods, invariably go to the cities to spend their vacations, because there they find what is of the most interest to them, that which is the most unusual. Invariably the same is true of the people who spend the greater part of their lives in the cities. For their vacation everyone seeks something different

shovels and come out grasping large shining brown razor backs, which are deposited in damp socks at their sides. After 15 or 20 minutes walk you come to the fishing rocks, looming from 25 to 40 feet above the beach, the water lapping around the base with every incoming wave making you watch your chance to reach the first ledge without getting wet up to your knees. Being wet with salt water is not an unpleasant sensation for a little while, but fishing from the rocks is a proposition of staying there until the next low tide, 12 hours later.

To get to the ocean side of the rocks where the fishing is the best, necessitates more or less tearing of clothes and loss of skin in the climb over the sharp projections and when you have reached your destination you will not think you have achieved much for the spot where you will sit for practically the next half day is no more than large enough for you and your outfit. Here you stay, manipulating a long pole, hooking and unhooking the fish of various sizes and kinds, fighting from five minutes up to three-quarters of an hour to land some of them, while every few minutes

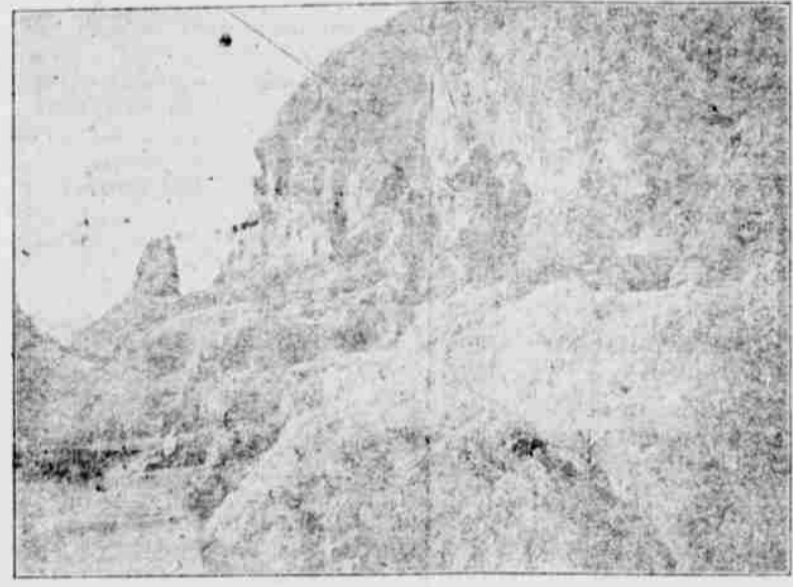
whole length of 15 miles that is not desirable for a cooling plunge, but it is the "Crescent" a strip of well protected sand within 15 minutes walk of the city, that has won the praise of vacationists.

Crescent Beach derives its name from the resemblance to the new moon

"watch" of the ocean surrounding the "lookout kids" on a mild summer evening you would see card hear and experience the call of the seashore.

Above the gentle murmur of the waves ebbing in and out on the hard sand floor, happy voices and gay laughter rise up to you out of the dusk like music. Sounds of old and young alike mingling in child's play causes you to start forward as if to join them; you hesitate—you are a stranger. But are you a stranger? Are you not one of that happy fraternity of pleasure seekers who ask that you be but congenial.

Mysterious sounds of heavy thumps now arise and the watch informs you they are piling logs for fires. Soon a tiny glimmer of flames arise at different points and soon great piles of



and those who have more imaginative minds might compare it to the emblem which appears on the national banner of Turkey. The mile and a quarter of hard packed white sand, varying from an eighth to a quarter of a mile in width with the tides, makes a sweeping curve from the extending point on the north, where stands the "lookout" of the Life Saving Station, to the Cross Rock on the south. Behind this and about 200 feet above the high water mark, rises the bluff 100 feet above the level of the sea.

Shut in as it is and protected from the cool summer breezes from the northwest, bathers would go far to find a more perfect spot. The huge rocks rising out of the blue water within the points of the crescent, famous among which is the Sphinx, a

massive stone face moulded by nature, give a picturesque touch to the surroundings.

Bathing and fishing are but the daylight diversions of the beach. It is when the sun has set and the shadows of dusk partially obscure the vision that beauty reigns supreme. The rocks stand out in a softened light, the rounding sand heaps appear grayish at the base and their crests a rich golden.

As the red glow in the western sky deepens into purple and one by one stars appear, it is then that life really wakens in this paradise.

Over the winding road from town come the joy-makers and care-differs, peoples of all stations in life bent on one purpose. Should you sit with the



light which is lost to view at regular intervals. It is the light house on Cape Blanco, 50 miles away.

Sounds of old familiar songs bring your mind back to your immediate surroundings and you turn to see the beach parties breaking up, the members singing as they stroll back to their homes. The "watch" punches the clock, picks up his lantern and your evening is ended.

There are but samples of what Bandon Beach has to offer. For those who wish to camp out there are many desirable spots which are close to beach, river, lakes, woods and yet close to the city, where visitors may enjoy shows, dances and other forms of entertainment.

Following the mention of "bathing" the remembrance of happy hours at Bandon-By-The-Sea comes to the minds of those who have been fortunate enough to enjoy a dip in the "big pond" along this wonderful beach. There is not a spot in the



and the value of a place of recreation is measured in the number of people to whom it is desired.

Fewer people spend their lives along or are brought in contact with, the beaches by reason of their employment in the immediate vicinity of the ocean, than in any other part of the country, consequently the beaches are the biggest drawing card for the summer vacation seekers.

One can say that everybody who is able and has the inclination to get away from the cares of business, whatever they may be, spends the majority of their vacation at the seashore. The only inducements they seek are that a visit to some particular beach is worth their while and they are not inconvenienced to any great extent in reaching that particular spot.

With the opening of the Willamette Pacific railroad to Marshfield next summer, Bandon will have overcome its greatest difficulty in inducing vacationists to come to Bandon, on account of its inaccessibility. There is no doubt that for natural advantages and beauty of the beach Bandon ranks among the first along the Pacific coast.

Strictly speaking the Bandon Beach is not a beach but a series of beaches stretching from the mouth of Whiskey Run river, 12 miles to the north of the city of Bandon, to Bradley's lake which lies five miles to the south of the city. Within this length is embraced almost every form of seacoast, and along it can be found spots to suit every taste.

Bandon Beach proper is a bathing and fishing stretch of sand, dotted here and there with huge rocks that rise out of the surf every few hundred feet, giving it the appearance of a New England stern washed coast.

From these natural islands the fish and tackle of the deep sea fisherman reach waters that are literally abound with the finny denizens of the deep. Deep-sea fishing does not appeal greatly to the land, as it means hard work and endurance to the conditions of the weather. It means rowing out of a warm bed at sunrise, when the air is crisp and cool, and you go through a semi-rango movement to keep the warm blood circulating, while you don out clothes and high shoes. Hats and eggs and two steaming cups of coffee warm you up a little for the battle with strong sea breeze and the cold launch in your pocket, or on your back, gives you a feeling of security against blizzards. The tide is out and you pass groups of people digging indignantly for shells their hands now and then clanking down into the pot made by their

the crest of a huge combler breaks over you. Between tussles you look longingly at the little parcel which rests high and dry on the rocks above you and pray for some mystic power to change that ham sandwich into a chicken dinner.

"That is the life," and if you are a true sportsman you will gaze at your "string" at the end of the day and remark "Some sport!"

For those who wish to enjoy fishing de luxe that is, want to fish simply for the joy of catching something or desire a small batch for a meal, there is good fishing for the smaller varieties from the jetties at the mouth of the river. These spots may be reached with little exertion and one may be comfortable while fishing. Best of all you can go there when you choose and return under the same conditions and when hunger over takes you, it is but five minutes walk to the business part of Bandon.

There is another mode of fishing which will appeal to those who are good swimmers, from small boats on the briny deep. During the pleasant weather of the summer months there are many days when small motor boats and even row boats are able to cross out over the bar without danger.

Besides ocean fishing, the lakes and streams in the surrounding country abound with trout and other fresh water fish.

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