

## FISHING RESOURCES OF TILLAMOOK.

## Can Beat any Place in the Known World for all Sorts of Fish.



"I have lived," exclaimed the immortal Kipling, when he had taken a young salmon in the Clackamas river, but that pastmaster of the language must have failed to express his emotions, if instead of a 14lb. fish, he had made the pilgrimage to Tillamook, and instead of a grilse had captured a silverside weighing 25 or 30 pounds, or perhaps a royal chinook, such as I once saw, which tipped the beam at 49½ pounds, and took three boys in a small skiff a mile and a half in the hour's fight before they could bring him to the gaff.

As a means of recreation, fishing is only less important than as a source of industry. No pursuit known to civilization combines all the qualities of rest for the overworked brain, exercise for the underworked muscle, development of the fagged appetite, and stirring up of the clogged digestion so requisite to the man of sedentary occupation, which can be enjoyed by the disciples of Izak Walton.

Considered economically, no calling affords so great a field for human industry as the fishery.

From both standpoints Tillamook is peculiarly favored by nature. Her commercial fish yield an unflinching annual harvest, while her game fish are a perennial joy to every lover of the gentle art.

First, always, is the Royal Chinook, royal par excellence, of all the finny tribes, both as a food fish, as the basis of a great industry, and as the gamest fish that ever took a fly. This fish variously classified by the few scientific men who have studied our coasts, but probably best named *salmar scouleri*, arrives in our waters late in June, and spends the time from then until about October in becoming acclimated to fresh water, and then starts for the spawning grounds up the small streams in the coast mountains. It weighs from 30 to 70 pounds, is not quite so oily as its brother in the Columbia River, but fat enough for any palate. During the month of July it can be taken with a fly or on a spoon, but the man who lands one always knows he has been fishing. From the middle of August to the middle of November it is taken in gill nets for canning purposes, furnishing with the Silversides, an annual output of from \$125,000 to \$200,000 from the waters of this county.

The Silversides (*Oncorhynchus Chavicha*) arrive a little later, and go through the same process. They are smaller than the Chinook, not so oily in their meat, and not so fierce in their resistance to the angler. Still they are an excellent fish, weighing from 15 to 35 pounds, beautifully scaled, with firm pink meat, take a fly or spoon greedily, and then fight for about a quarter of an hour. In addition to canning well, these fish are salted in brine for shipment and can be dried and smoked.

Still later in the season, say about October 20th, comes the Chum or Dog Salmon (*Oncorhynchus Keta*) smaller than the Silversides, a dull stupid sort of a fish, which runs in immense schools, and can be taken in any kind of a net. It is not highly thought of as a food fish, though many are canned for a cheap grade of goods, and it is also very useful for drying and smoking, doing better than the fatter species of salmon. On its first arrival the flesh is bright and firm, but deteriorates rapidly. All salmon begin to go down hill the moment they leave the sea; the change of habitat is so great that they cease feeding and lose flesh, and change color and form. They then ascend the fresh water streams and spawn and die, perhaps very rarely one may float out to sea and revive, but these are the exceptions which prove the rule.

Scattered along with all the runs of salmon comes the little Blue Back (*Oncorhynchus Nerka*) often called a Salmon Trout. He will weigh from 3 to 10 pounds, will take a spoon or a hook baited with fish roe and is a splendid table fish.

With the fall rains come the Grilse, immature salmon, called by some Salmon Trout. They are of all species, and what they come for is a puzzle. They spend a little time destroying the spawn of their elders and then disappear on one of their mysterious journeys to the sea. They weigh from 2 to 6 pounds and are excellent fish to dry-salt or to pickle. They take ground bait greedily, but afford no sport as they are a stupid heavy fish of which any one can easily take a hundred pounds weight in a few hours, no skill being required, just a hook and line and a bit of salmon roe, and pull them out of the water.

Many young salmon (smolt or parr) are also taken with a hook and line. They are called Sea Trout, though they are not trout, and have never been to sea. They are from 7 to 10 inches in length and have all the distinctive marks of their species. One singular feature of these little fellows is that the males sometimes have somewhat well developed milts and actually fertilize the roe of the adult salmon should opportunity offer.

In December and at periods all through the winter come the Steelheads, sometimes called a salmon, but really the Rainbow Trout (*Salmo Gairdneri*), a good sound flesh fish specially adapted to salting and to ice-packing from the absence of oil. This fish weighs from 15 to 40 pounds. It will sometimes take a fly, though as it is usually a fly cast for trout of reasonable dimensions, the results are hardly ever satisfactory to the fisherman. The big brute snaps up your No. 4 coachman or professor and starts off, the only question left for you is where will the tackle break and how much of it will be left for you and how much will the fish take away with him?

These are all the commercial fish of the inland fisheries. They also form a stable supply of home food. But the deep sea fish are as yet almost an unknown quantity. Our shore is uniformly shelving, carrying a forty fathom curve well out to sea, and on this bank have been taken cod, halibut, skulpins, groupers and dozens of other varieties of fish which will some day furnish good employment for a large force of food seekers. At present they are only taken when some vessel happens to be lying off for a tide or on some such occasion.

When we come to consider the game fish we see that nature has been equally bounteous in her gifts to this favored spot.

The eight rivers of this county which take their rise in the coast mountains and flow to the ocean support several varieties of trout. Chief among these are the famous Oregon Trout (*Salmo Oregonensis*) which is found in every stream and tributary, varying in color according to his habitat, and in size from zero up to a length of 20 inches, and a weight of 4 pounds. This fish rises to a fly with the first bright days of spring, and affords the finest of sport to the angler from that time until the fall rains set in. The large fellows are very wary, but when a cast is made just to their notion, seize it with a rush, and then make such a fight as to endanger light tackle, and to call for a high degree of skill in the handling. If the ancient writer was correct in his assertion that the fish enjoys the contest as much as the fisherman, the Tillamook trout must have lots of fun.

Well up the streams an abundance of Brook Trout (*Salmo Fontinalis*) fill every stream large enough to float them. Sometimes one will take a genuine Salmon Trout (*S. Truttii*), and again a Dolly Varden (*S. Malma*), and a sprinkling of half-a-dozen other varieties.

Besides the ordinary perils, our trout are threatened by two great pests, the

Merganser, often called summer duck, which ought to be killed off, and the dynamiter for whom killing would be too good. The former spend their entire lives on the rivers and eat thousands upon thousands of young fish every day, and the latter come over the mountains in the spring and ruthlessly slaughter thousands of young and old in order to obtain a "big catch" without the trouble of fishing for them legitimately. There ought to be bounty for the destruction of both these pests, and when that is accomplished we will always be supplied with the best fish known to civilized man.

The estuaries of our streams all produce flounders (*Platichthys Stellatus*). These fish breed in June, when they become poor and soft, but in September their flesh hardens, and during the winter months are an estimable table fish. They formerly abounded in Tillamook bay, but are nearly extinct there. They are most plentiful in Sand Lake and Nestucca.

Sturgeon are taken in Tillamook and Nehalem bays and sand-sharks (*Carcharodon obscurus*) occasionally in any of our waters.

About once in three years we have a visit from the candle fish (*Thaleichthys Pacificus*). These fish rush upon the shores in such numbers as to be left piled along the entire length of the coast. Those who are at the time so situated as to save them are amply rewarded for their labor.

Our sardines (*Clupea*) are much more like the French sardine (*C. Pilchardus*) than our California neighbors (*C. Sagax*). They furnish a beautiful spectacle on a bright day when the myriad sides of a school reflect a thousand inverted rainbows from beneath the waters.

A great curiosity is the little pipe fish found among the rocks near the mouth of the bays. Another is the squid or cuttle fish which has but eight arms, and attains a size of five or six feet across.

But we are not yet done with the bounties of nature spread to our hands for the taking. Shellfish and crustaceans are by no means to be overlooked.

First comes the razor-shell clam all along the sea beach stuck up on end with his sharp edge pointing to the waves he is an easy mark for any one and a delicacy on any table. Then the big blue-clam, with his rubberneck that would set a chappie wild with envy, stretching up a couple of feet to the surface and withdrawing at the first sign of danger. Then the Eastern or true little-neck clam, the quahang or New Jersey little neck, cockles and mussels galore, with a sprinkling of scallops and limpets.

Netarts bay produces an excellent oyster. Thirty years ago these luscious bivalves were well known in the markets. I have seen large signs in Portland and in San Francisco announcing "Netarts Bay oysters" as a special attraction. Schooners were loaded there regularly and many were carried to Astoria in a little sloop. But one winter a schooner was wrecked on the voyage; the oyster-men got discouraged and were crowded out by the dairy men and now the oysters have been neglected until they are partially run out. Still there are fortunes in it for the man who will again bring this useful product of the water to a business basis. Rock oysters are found principally at Netarts, Cape Lookout and Nestucca.

Crabs swarm in every harbor. Crawfish of both fresh and saltwater varieties in every place where there is water, and a few shrimps are to be found along the coast, though not in sufficient numbers to justify taking them.

Space forbids more than a passing sketch of the principal denizens of the deep, and this is neither a treatise nor a catalogue but it is enough to justify the assertion that Tillamook with her 70 miles of sea shore, 45 miles of bay shore and 200 miles of rivers with their scores of tributaries can beat any place in the known world for all sorts of fish combined, and is without doubt pre-eminently the fisherman's paradise.

T. B. HANDLEY.

## TILLAMOOK AS A SUMMER RESORT.

## The County has Fascinating Attractions for the Camper, Hunter and Health Seeker.

"One impulse from a vernal wood  
May teach you more of man,  
Of moral evil and of good,  
Than all the sages can.  
Enough of science and of art,  
Close up these barren leaves;  
Come forth and bring with you a heart  
That watches and receives."—Wordsworth.

To the lover of nature, Tillamook county presents many charms. Bounded on the East by the summit of the Coast Range of mountains, on the West by the Pacific ocean and intersected by a generous number of mountain streams, every variety of scenery is provided for the appreciative eye. Five rivers, namely, Tillamook, Trask, Wilson, Kilechis and Miami, flow into the Tillamook bay, which lies about midway between the North and South boundaries of the county. To the North, the Nehalem river, a still larger stream than those first mentioned, flows into the Nehalem bay, and to the South, the Nestucca river flows into Nestucca bay. All these rivers are excellent trout streams. The upper reaches of the water courses flow through immense forests of giant fir and cedar, while on the lower levels they run in quieter mood, through green pastures, where fat cattle gorge themselves, and where the butter and cheese factory is a corner-stone of civilization.

The busy toiler of the city and the inland resident, who desire to throw cares and vexations to the winds, and for a season breathe the untrammelled air of the mountain or the sea, will find here their heart's ease. Every summer a small colony of pleasure seekers come to this favored section, and all find themselves more than repaid for their trip across the mountains, which trip is of itself sufficiently bracing and refreshing to add a year to the life of an office drudge. An excellent stage service is maintained the year round from North Yamhill, on the Southern Pacific Railroad to Tillamook city, and besides there is the Wilson river road from Forest Grove. Many come in private conveyances, with their own camping outfits, prepared to wander from place to place, as fancy may dictate. In the mountains there are bear, deer, wild cats and cougars for the hunter; in the many charming streams, trout fishing galore, and on the bays, salmon trolling is a rare and fascinating sport. Of course the sea beach is close at hand, with its many attractions which never grow old. On Nehalem beach one may dig bees wax from the celebrated bees wax ship wrecked there in olden times, and besides one may visit Carney mountain and ponder over the mysterious characters graven upon its rock and pointing, as a hermit of the place will tell you, to the hiding place of old Spanish doubloons, buried a century ago by bloody Spanish pirates. If you are a man with a conscience seared and a heart sick of this world and its ideals, you may refresh your soul by an hour's talk with the hermit who spends his days digging for this gold and his nights deciphering curious hieroglyphics and diagrams which, he believes, describe its secret hiding place. The quiet simple life of this man, his faith which looks through all obstacles, will be a balm to you, if you but come near. But these things are already celebrated in story.

On Nehalem, Tillamook, Netarts and Nestucca bays shell fish abound. At Netarts, which is a favorite resort for campers, are found an abundance of rock oysters, which are highly prized.

To the camper, it may be said that he may always find convenient to his camp a choice supply of vegetables, milk, butter, honey and small fruits in season. The county is celebrated for its honey, and this is found in perfection in the Nestucca country.