

DOWN THE OREGON COAST.

On the Hurricane Deck of a Cayuse —Splendid Scenery in Tillamook.

To one who tires of the monotony of the fashionable seaside pleasure resort, with all its multitudinous attractions and diversions, a trip down the Oregon Coast upon the hurricane deck of a cayuse along the sands of the ocean over rugged mountains and circuitous and oftentimes hazardous trails, proves a change that is at once exhilarating and enjoyable. Two weeks in the saddle enables one to cover a wide stretch of country, explore new mysteries and enjoy some rare sport angling for the festive trout and hunting for the frisky black bear. It is a trip that is well worth taking, and while there is some hard work connected with it, the trail in places being very difficult, so that more or less walking is necessary. It is an outing that is most fascinating to those who really enjoy nature in her wildest moods. It is a trip that is restful though accompanied by hard work, and certainly educational. The journey from Seaside to Tillamook by way of the sea-shore and such trails as intrepid explorers and brave natives have hewn out over the rugged mountains, is an experience that must always be looked back upon with most pleasurable recollections.

Along this route may be seen some of Oregon's most picturesque scenery—scenery that by reason of its inaccessibility is yet too little known, but with the opening up of the country and the invasion of the iron horse will some day command the recognition and admiration that it deserves. Nature has here painted her canvas with a bold hand, and for a combination of mountains, landscape and water, it is doubtful whether a similar stretch of country is to be found on the American continent. By the side of this magnificent setting many a wider-famed scenic attraction pales into insignificance, and it is safe to predict that Oregon's coming pleasure resort is not yet on the map. A railroad from Seaside down the Oregon coast would be one of the picturesque routes of the American continent.

It was Doc, Bill and I who recently explored this picturesque country from the observation seat of the saddle. Armed with fishing tackle, a camera, rifles, murderous-looking revolvers and hunting knives, a supply of provisions, taken along as emergency rations, and a few of the most elementary cooking utensils that our lady friends at Seaside would loan us, we started about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Doc rode Bucephalus, Bill had Count Boni de Castellane, and I doubled up with a mouse-colored cayuse that I dignified with the name of Garibaldi. We gave the animals these high-sounding names in order to get better service. This diplomacy on our part worked for a time, but on the second day of our journey it was seen that Bill, who had the frying pan dangling from the rear of his saddle, had decidedly the best of it. This convinced us that a frying pan was even more of a persuader than an aristocratic name.

Bear Hunt the First Night.

A ride of about eight miles brought us to Elk Creek, where we encountered a tollgate with a hotel annex. It cost 25 cents for each horse to get through, as

the road to this point appears to be a private enterprise established for revenue only. Quite a number of Portlanders were found domiciled at the Elk Creek Hotel, which is a comfortable though old-fashioned hostelry, and is a popular retreat for those who desire more seclusion and less confusion than is to be found at Seaside. A sea lion, having washed ashore on the beach about two miles below the mouth of Elk Creek a few nights before, we had our first bear hunt that night. It was only a hunt, however, as the bear refused to make our acquaintance. Several other hunters, armed to the teeth with rifles and carving irons, were found prowling around the carcass of the sea lion, but as the bear seen feeding there the night previous evidently had business elsewhere, the hunt was given up as a bad job.

The next morning we had a most enjoyable ride down the coast along Cannon Beach. This is without question one of the finest beaches on the Pacific Coast, and although yet frequented but little by campers, is already a favorite outing rendezvous for those acquainted with its attractions. Several large rocks stand as sentinels out in the ocean, breaking the monotony of the beach and adding to the attractiveness of the scenery. Tillamook Head and Tillamook rock, with its lighthouse, remain in plain view for miles.

Trio of Nehalem City.

A ride of about five miles from Necarney Mountains brings the traveler to Nehalem City. There are three of them—Upper Nehalem City, Middle Nehalem and Lower Nehalem. Each has had its brief heyday of prosperity and prestige. They are about a mile apart, and if bunched together would make a respectable country village. Just now Lower Nehalem City is in the ascendancy, having the postoffice, a good hotel a general merchandise store, a saloon and a combination butcher and barber shop. Nehalem Bay, upon which Nehalem city is situated is navigable by small lumber schooners, and on an average once a week a merchandise vessel comes in from Astoria. Across the bay from Nehalem city the large Wheeler saw mill and the recently established postoffice of Vosburg are located. There is also a salmon cannery, owned by the Elmore combine of Astoria about a mile below the sawmill. Both forks of the Nehalem furnish rare sport for fishermen, teeming with trout that attain a large size, fish averaging from 18 to 22 inches in length being common.

Swimming the Nehalem.

To continue the journey down the Oregon coast from Nehalem City it becomes necessary for the traveler to retrace his steps several miles, then strike down onto the beach and ride about five miles along the beach to the point of the long sandspit at the mouth of the Nehalem River. At this point saddles and luggage are removed from the horses for a half mile swim to the opposite bank, the riders taking a rowboat and keeping control of their animals by a long rope. Unless attended by a favorable tide there is some log jumping and wading around snags necessary for the horses before the

smooth beach is reached. Once upon the hard sand of the beach south of the Nehalem there is excellent traveling to the neck of Tillamook Bay. There is an ideal camping place at the neck of Tillamook Bay, and many camp there during the Summer season, while residents of Tillamook City, which is about 12 miles distant, frequently drive there to spend the day. Largerocks, a short distance out in the surf, add to the picturesqueness of this spot that has few equals on the Pacific Coast as a viewpoint. There is a good view of the bay, Kincheloe Point on the opposite side of the bay entrance, and Cape Mears' lighthouse further down the coast. The Town of Garibaldi, at which are located a cannery and several stores and residences, is the first settlement reached on the bay. At the neck of the bay a good wagon road is taken and this follows the shore line as far as Bay City, at which point it verges off into the interior and passes through rich farming lands until Tillamook City, at the extreme head of the bay is reached. Hobsonville, the seat of the Truckee Lumber Company's big saw mill, and Bay City, a relic of departed glory, though by reason of its location is with excellent future prospects, lie between Garibaldi and Tillamook City.

Land of Milk and Honey.

The country about Tillamook City for miles is the garden spot of the dairying industry of Oregon. The rich bottom lands of the Tillamook, Wilson, Trask, Beaver Creek and the Little and Big Nestucca Rivers are unequaled perhaps on the American continent for dairying purposes, the grass being green the year round and several crops of hay being cut from each favorably situated meadow. This rich country is literally the land of milk and honey as the bee industry is in many places carried on as a side issue to dairying. There is an air of prosperity among Tillamook's big ranches that the visitor cannot escape. It is to be seen in the sleek herds of cattle, the substantial buildings and the excellent roads. Considering the monotonous character of Tillamook there is not a county in Oregon that has better roads. Further testimony to the prosperity of Tillamook County is added by the many cheese factories and creameries and the output of dairy products. There are from 30 to 40 cheese factories in the county, and the cheese output last year was approximately 1,000,000 pounds. This year it will be a quarter of a million more.

Trade Overlooked by Portland.

Of the wealth of Tillamook County evidently but little is known by the merchants of Portland; else more of an effort would be made to reach out for this rapidly increasing trade. According to the shipping statistics of the port of Tillamook two years ago Portland received two-thirds of the dairy products of Tillamook County. Today seven-eighths of the output goes to Seattle and San Francisco. Tillamook cheese has made a name for itself in every market where it has come into competition with other cheese, and only recently about two carloads were shipped to San Francisco in a single week, receiving a higher price than is offered by merchants and commission houses of Portland. As a necessary consequence of this movement of Tillamook's dairy products the San Francisco and Seattle merchants are getting the trade of Tillamook County. The steamers that take our dairy products being back supplies for Tillamook's merchants. Thousands of dollars are lost to Portland annually. There is some feeling in Tillamook County against the Webfoot metropolis by reason of the fact that this trade is ignored. Tillamookers are loyal Orego-

nians, and prefer to do business with Portland, but they declare that Portland does not give them a show. They receive better prices for their products elsewhere, and instead of being obliged to ship butter and cheese on consignment, as Portland commission houses require, receive their money upon delivery at San Francisco and Seattle. The butter-makers of Tillamook county declare they are compelled to pay freight on the empty casks sent back from Portland, while they are sent back free of charge from Seattle and San Francisco. Other grievances are voiced, but those mentioned are perhaps the most significant.

Just now Tillamook County wants a condensed milk factory. As the entire product of the contemplated plant will be distributed through Portland, this city's assistance is desired in the establishment of the plant. But the Tillamookers have their misgivings about the success that would attend their efforts should they come here. Instead of the "glad hand" they rather expect the "marble heart" and "stony stare."

Empire Within Itself.

But with all her wealth of timber and dairying products, Tillamook County is in many respects a close corporation. Lack of transportation facilities make her an empire within herself. The only egress is over treacherous mountain wagon roads to North Yamhill, Sheridan and McMinnville, and by light-draught vessels through the bay to the sea. The steamer Sue H. Elmore makes weekly trips between Tillamook port and Astoria, while other small coasting vessels come in for lumber. With the expenditure of but little money by the government the channel to the sea could be deepened so as to permit of the passage of much larger vessels. Such improvements would be of incalculable benefit to the port, and when once the commercial importance of Tillamook County is fully understood there is little question that the Government will give her the navigation facilities she stands so much in need of.

Bustling Tillamook City.

Tillamook City, the metropolis of and distributing point of the Tillamook empire, is a bustling burg of perhaps 1000 people. It has good hotels, large stores, carrying up-to-date stocks, two live and enterprising newspapers, and every necessary appurtenance to a modern municipality. Its streets and stores are lighted with electricity, while the crystal waters from the mountains give it a water supply that is only rivaled by Portland's Bull Run.

Natarts Bay Near By.

A ride of about 12 miles from Tillamook City brings the pleasure-seeker to Netarts Bay, a famous water resort. Here several large tented villages may be found, the place being a favorite rendezvous for campers from Salem and other interior Valley towns. There are many picturesque rocks in the vicinity of Netarts, some of them the nesting place of shags, gulls and other water fowl. Clam-digging, crabbing and deep-sea fishing are the principal diversions of the campers.

Ocean Park on the Nestucca.

Even more popular than Netarts as a camping resort is Ocean Park, near the mouth of the big Nestucca River, and some 30 miles distant from Tillamook. To reach this one passes through some of the choicest dairy land of Tillamook County, Nestocton, Beaver, Cloverdale and Woods being the postoffices passed on the way, the latter but half a mile from the popular camping resort, and on the opposite side of the Big Nestucca River. Several large cheese factories and