

We'd say your chances of finding a glass float in Lincoln City are . . .

# FAIRY GOOD

Paige  
Fitzwater



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**F**rom the moment I set foot in Lincoln City, I knew something strange was going on.

How could one town, even a tourist town, possibly support so many glassblowers? How come all these retired people were spritely of step and wind-chapped of cheek instead of slumped in front of "Wheel of Fortune?" And why did everyone, even my bank manager, have sand on their shoes at odd times of the day?

Little did I know that these small, seemingly trivial details were indicators of something much, much bigger — the largest secret society on the Oregon Coast. What follows is a tale of clandestine beach walks, industrial quantities of glass art and thousands upon thousands of visitors who will never forget their time in Lincoln City. This is the story of Finders Keepers.

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The first clue came in the form of the glassblowers. I bumped into a crew of them late one afternoon at the Pacific Grind coffee shop. Exhausted and bleary of eye after a hard day's work,

on the cover

they sank double espressos and griped about having to go back to the forge for a night shift.

"What's so urgent that you're working nights?" I asked the head blower, a guy with deadlocks and a set of piercings that looked like a Workers Comp claim waiting to happen.

"Big order," he said, between bites of a frosted almond scone, "City needs a thousand floats by Monday."

"What does the city want with a thousand glass floats?" I asked, my journalistic interest piqued by the prospect of a juicy public contracting exposé.

The head blower's face turned white. A chunk of almond scone dropped from his mouth.

"I've said too much," he gasped, grabbing his espresso and making a beeline for the door.

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The next piece in the puzzle was the smiling kid. I spotted her while grabbing scenic shots of the Lincoln City beach one glorious, sunny morning in October.

She was tough to miss, beaming from ear to ear as she sprinted across the sand towards her grandpa, who was sitting on a beach log poking at this phone.