

Riding the wild surf

North Coast beaches remain a favorite

By RON BALDWIN
For The Astorian

The light is mesmerizing among the gray-white beach, the white foam on the tips of the waves and the gray-white horizon.

The green water of the breakers reflect a verdigris copper, cast from smoke that turned the moon blood red on the prior eve.

It is highwater. We begin walking the quarter mile to the beach. A few of the dozen or so surfers gathered at the parking area recognize my companion, Larry Moore, a veteran surfer. Nods and smiles are exchanged. Moore has been surfing the north Pacific coast for 52 years.

We approach the beach and ascend to the highest point on the dunes, where several figures of varying ages stand,

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ABOVE:
Larry Moore walks to the surf as his wife, Debbie, watches from the jetty.

BELOW:
A flock of surf scoters watches as a surfer catches green water at The Cove in Seaside.

Photos by
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