



COLDLY GLISTENING SANDS greet the casual stroller on the beach when the tide is out on a winter day. This picture was taken in November just north of the little coastal town of Taft and shows that portion of the beach from there to Nelscott. Shortly after this picture was taken the

beach filled with many people keeping a watch for passing grey whales on their southern migration. For many the true charm of the ocean is to be found in the winter months rather than the relatively crowded summer vacation periods.

Winter At The Beach

By **BILL JENKINS**

No matter how much we may love our high desert and the clear, clean air of the eastern plateau of Oregon there will come a time in almost every life when a trip to the coast is called for. Just for a change if nothing else.

Not long ago Florence and I took off for just such a two or three day breather. It happened, due to circumstances, right around Thanksgiving. And we couldn't have picked a better time for the trip.

I left with a free mind because all the winter work was done. The kindling supply had been split and stacked, an adequate supply of fireplace fuel laid by, the handle of the snow shovel sandpapered so it wouldn't cut Florence's hands come the snow time, the snow shoes well shellacked and ready for any Sunday emergency involving work.

We left here in a dense fog that lasted all the way to Williamson River. From there on it was hazy and overcast over Highway 58 and on to Portland where we made a business stop. But when we left that city a day or two later it was clear and cold. It was still clear and cold when we got to the coast. We took the road down through McMinnville, Valley Junction and Grande Ronde which brings you into the coast at the beginning of the 20 Miracle Miles.

Our favorite haunt while viewing the broad Pacific is the Ester Lee, a lovely little set of apartments situated just north of the town of Taft and operated by the genial and gracious Carrie McClanathan. The buildings are set behind a concealing bank just off the highway and overlook the ocean from an elevation of perhaps a hundred feet. There is a broad terrace on the ocean side of the two story building and a set of steps leading down to the beach. Most of the apartments have fireplaces and kitchens. There is an ample supply of firewood — fir which burns sort of like a chunk of solid water until you master the knack of handling it—and the service is splendid. There are, of course, multitudes of places to stay and everyone will have his or her favorite.

Once there we settled down to a routine that varies but little and yet stays fresh for us. The first thing is to lay in a supply of crab. This is obtained at a place called Barnacle Bill's in Oceanlake. He lays out plenty of crab

all picked and ready to go. Then we invest in the necessary cocktail sauce, shrimps for cocktails, any other seafood that looks good, and a specialty. This time the specialty was abalone steak, frozen since it had to come all the way from Mexico.

With crab there is nothing better than a baked potato. I advise that you take your own. Procuring a potato that is fit to eat anywhere on the coast is a job requiring more skill than I possess. If you like wine with your meals I also advise you to take this as the selection in most coastal stopovers is limited to a few sweet dessert wines and a handful of red inks traveling under the pseudonym of burgundy, cabernet and others, most of which are out and out messes. Anyway, add a little butter, the necessary crackers and other appurtenances of a meal and you are ready to settle back.

Clothing is never a problem with us. Since the weather is as unpredictable along the coast as it is everywhere we merely take everything we own. This solves the problem. It also loads up the battered old station wagon pretty well, but, shucks, what's room to a couple of beach hounds.



THE FISHING FLEET at Depoe Bay seems to attract all camera nuts as they pass. This shot was taken from the south end of the bridge and shows a small portion of the fleet lying at the pier. In the background are the typical bare coastal hills with their naked, logged over areas. Depoe Bay is one of the better known fishing ports and is the site of the fleet blessing ceremony in the spring.

Over the years I have found two avocations at the coast which never dull. One, of course, is photography. Scenes are never the same twice in a row because the light is never the same, the tide is never the same and the people are never the same. This trip I tried black and white film for a change. Some of the results are shown. Obviously I recommend color. You have a better chance of coming home with a good picture with color at the beach than you ever will with black and white. But it is all fun.

The other thing that keeps me amused by the hour is visiting the various junk shops. I am not referring to the antique shops, but the junk shops and second hand stores. I am convinced that everyone on the coast runs a junk shop of some kind.

These are fascinating places for men and offer a sort of away-from-home hot stove league for them to feel at home in. Most of the coast is a logging region of one kind and another and the shops are full of all kinds of logging equipment. You can find axes dating back to the days when men

were strong enough to swing them, great heavy machines that remind one of the legendary weapons of the Vikings. There are all sorts of two man handsaws, called misery whips over there, and endless supplies of hammers, sledges, short lengths of cable, anvils, chisels, adzes (Fred Pope bought a beauty over there a couple of years ago to square off corral posts with—wonder if that ever got used?), wedges which women adore as door stops, old pots and pans, cheese graters, coffeepots, second hand books—most of them the Perils of Pauline type—by the score, shovels, old chain, bits of welding equipment, coffee grinders from the logging camps of yesteryear and enough potmetal to keep the Navy in ships forever.

Nice friendly stores, too, where you can potter about while your wife haunts the antique shops. My wife goes with me, incidentally, because she is looking for a certain gargantuan cabbage cutter we once saw and then forgot about. She wants to give it to friends of ours who are avid manufacturers of homemade sauerkraut.

Of course there are other things you can do at the coast. All sorts

of things, but these two are my hobbies. You can go fishing, you can go to Oceanlake and visit the Lincoln County Art Center where you can generally find a one man, or woman, show of some kind. We stopped by but the show was by a chap who painted what he saw and not what he expected others to see so I didn't buy any of the "works." You can also visit the various eating houses, go dancing, bowling, shuffleboarding, golfing, swimming, hiking, horseback riding, tavern hopping or, if you insist, walk on the beach.

The best of all times at the Oregon beach is in February when you stand a good chance of getting in on a real whopper of a storm that piles the surf up in mad boils along the rocks and sends spray whirling clear up to your cliff-top windows. Since you are snug and warm and don't have any property to be threatened you can enjoy it to the full.

There are also the ever present myrtle wood shops. We stopped by one this trip, Wolf's in Delake, I think, and left an order for a set of dinner dishes to be turned out of the exotic wood. He buys his wood from the mills down around Coos Bay, going down and picking it out himself at the mill to be sure he gets the best. He told us it might be some time since for dinner plates the wood must be of a certain high quality and one chip out of it or a tiny flaw would mean a ruined plate. I guess we can wait.

And if you want to you can drive along the back lanes and roads. This is a pretty chilling experience since you are universally met with suspicion. Once you get off the beaten path you are an intruder and the miasma of "Go Home, Yankee" hangs thick in the air. Can't say that I blame them much, I'd feel the same if I had found a little sanctuary somewhere and had to put up with travel on the county roads by total strangers.

Anyway, the coast is a nice place to visit. I can recommend it.

When we ordered the new press down here at the Herald and News plant we got an instruction booklet but it has apparently been mislaid. As soon as we find it and learn which button to push for editorial color I'm going back over to the land of salt spray and fresh crab and come home with some color pictures. In the meantime you'll have to use your imagination on these.