



Newsletter

FEBRUARY 2008

WINTER STORMS IN NESKOWIN

By Christi Clark

We just made it through a wild Holiday Season with the weather literally “raining on our parade.” Then there was the windstorm in early December that left us without power for three days. Those of us living full time in Neskowin did a pretty good job of whining about the inconvenience of no power (and in my case no water, an unrelated problem compounded by every plumber for miles around being booked two weeks out.) But whining aside, during the power outage I benefited from others who had gas cook tops, outdoor ovens, and freezers full of food that had to be emptied; my dinners for those three days were fabulous!

This time around, those of us in South Tillamook County had little to complain about when compared to the folks further north where real storm problems occurred, including flooding and loss of roofs. Here in Neskowin we did lose a few trees, although lots of branches, and some roof tiles were scattered about. Also, some of you now have lakefront property: the “lake” is what we know in the summer as the Neskowin Marsh Golf Course.

During the power outage we were all appreciative of Dave and his crew at the Neskowin Market Place. They stayed open and provided a place for many full timers to congregate.

Following the storm, it was gratifying to see so many editorials in the local papers praising our PUD crews for their round-the-clock efforts to restore our lost power. (For some odd reason, one fellow wrote in wondering why we were praising PUD workers who obviously got overtime pay... I say good for our PUD workers, they desire all the overtime they get after working round the clock for us!)

As if the windstorms weren't enough, on the last day of the year we encountered icy walkways and streets. As I drove into Lincoln City I experienced a skating rink either side of the Salmon River. I must say with such

hazardous conditions, it proved to be an ideal day to go to the DMV office... I was the only one there! Thanks Les Schwab for the studded tires, I now personally recommend them for all full timers in Neskowin.

Then on January 5th, after the second windstorm of the winter, we had some shocking news: one of the ocean front houses near Sheridan and Breakers had extensive wave damage that eroded the riprap, exposed their foundation, and caused their second story deck to collapse. Even if you weren't out and about that day, you would have known that something was up, as literally hundreds of dump trucks rolled into the village all that day and into the night to deliver rock in an effort to shore up this property. Our hearts go out to our fellow homeowners.



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Winter
Storms
2008
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*Early January storms at The Sands on Breakers Blvd.
Photos courtesy for Armand Thibault.
More storm photos on page 2.*

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*Check out
www.armandsworld.com
for more storm
photos and daily
Neskowin images.
Amand Thibault
is an excellent
photographer and
is maintaining a
great online library
of Neskowin photos.*

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WHEN PIGS FLY

By Nancy Nagel

It had been listing for quite some time. And due to some serious rust, it had been unable to do its job for years. So it was really no surprise when our pig weathervane came flying off the roof and crashed onto the front porch at 2am Monday, December 3rd. The loud bang of the pig's landing didn't wake me as I was already wide awake due to the gale-force winds screeching outside.

Our little coastal village is pretty quiet during winter months, and with reports that a double dose of extraordinarily high winds and heavy rains was due the first weekend of December, many people escaped to the valley. Not me. I wanted to be in Neskowin to experience the weather event first hand. Little did I know we would be without power or communication for several days!

The day before we lost our pig, it was very stormy and we lost power for a couple hours midday, not unusual for a winter season power outage. But that evening at 8pm the power went out once again, and this time it took until the following Wednesday night to be restored. The worst part of the situation was our inability to communicate with the outside world. Since there was no cell service, no land line phone service, no power, and road blockages cutting us off from access, Neskowin was isolated. Elsewhere, the news broadcasts were reporting destruction and flooding along the coast, so our friends and loved ones could only imagine the worst for us. The outside world had no idea that we had but very little damage beyond broken tree branches, downed fences, and a few upended sheds. Yet for several days we were unable to let anyone know that all was OK.



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*Pigs were
flying
this winter*
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So what do neighbors do when the power is out for an extended period and it's cold and dark? Get together and cook! I have never made risotto by candlelight before, but with a propane cook top available I was able to do so for a crowd. And the bread dough I had rising was baked in a wood-burning oven. The next night we had sausages cooked over the flames of an open fireplace. By Wednesday it was time to cook everything left in the freezer, or throw it all out. A wood-fired grill was called into service and dinner was served, once again by candlelight. Just as dinner was finished, the power came on. Yay! I could run the dishwasher again and we all looked forward to hot showers.

So Alas, the pig still lies on our front porch as a victim of the storm, its fate yet to be determined. But a wild, wet and windy night when pigs fly will not soon be forgotten.

“LAB ON THE LOOSE” AT REST

Molly, the gentle tennis ball-toting yellow Labrador of Breakers Blvd. passed away January 21st. The ubiquitous hound had many friends she frequented on her daily sojourns around Neskowin. Her signature “woof” at your door meant it was dog cookie time. She loved rolling in the grass, greeting passersby in the street, slowing down traffic on Breakers and playing fetch with anyone who would throw her tennis ball. Molly leaves behind her parents, Alex and Sara Sifford, many aunts and uncles, and about 100 tennis balls strategically placed around town for a pick-up game of fetch. Molly was a good dog who had the best-ever life in Neskowin.



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*A Good Dog
A Good Life
RIP*
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Neskowin Community Association

PO Box 820
Neskowin, OR 97149

NCA Meetings
May 25, 2008 4:00 PM
August 31, 2008 4:00 PM
Web: www.neskowincommunity.org
Password: fish

Editor - Pam Rowland
Publisher - Susan Linman
Special thanks to Cameron Nagel

BEACHCOMBING

By Loren Krebs

Without a doubt, one of the strangest things beach people do is beachcomb. This affliction causes us to pick up totally useless pieces of rock, bone, shell, and driftwood and carry it home to our beach houses where we put it on display, thus letting the rest of the world know how truly tasteless we are. We beachcombers see beauty where there is none, utility where there is no utility, and works of art in flotsam and jetsam that others see as, well, flotsam and jetsam. Undeterred, we hang our plastic crab floats from trees, define our flowerbeds with odd pieces of driftwood, and line our walkways with brain corral. If it floated in from the sea or is covered with dead barnacles and dry sea scum, a beachcomber can find a good use for it. Beauty is, after all, in the eye of the beholder.

We beachcombers are always searching for the Holy Grail. When the west wind blows long and hard, the Kuroshio Current might release a Japanese glass fishing float from its circling collection of drifting chaos and send it to a lucky beachcomber in Neskowin. Usually a wintertime occurrence, I hear of several glass fishing float findings each year.

I have collected things from the beach for as long as I can remember, all very valuable items I assure you. I have 4 glass floats, the largest of which is 15" in diameter. I have 3 metal floats, 2 crab pots, 37 round plastic floats, 16 crabbing floats, and 2 old wooden floats of indeterminate

use. I have the corner of a ships hatch cover, 647 pounds of brain corral, two 5-gallon buckets full of sand dollars, and a bunch of great limpet shells. I have 97 cockleshells, a huge collection of rock scallop shells, and a mahogany door to a ships cabin. I have three 1-pound coffee cans full of agates, the largest being the size of a baked potato. I have several lengths of rusty chain and a couple of great railroad tie spikes as well. You just can't put a value on stuff like this. Those of us who brave wind, rain and the sting of blowing sand to salvage these beach treasures consider them priceless.

In recent years, I have become somewhat of a specialist in two areas of beachcombing, rope and lumber. I have spent hours on the beach untangling rope and cutting it into usable lengths. I hang the assorted rope from the rafters of my garage, which now looks like a rigging shed for a commercial crab boat. I have enough rope to stage a tug-of-war with one team in Nelscott and the other here in Neskowin, and I now await the inspired moment when I find a use for it all. Lastly, I have 1,237 board feet of various lumber, planks and timbers that have floated in from Neptunes Lumberyard. You can't beat the price although packing it from the beach can be problematic.

I was walking through the village a couple days ago and a Rolls Royce pulled up next to me. Its tinted window powered down and a gentleman in a grey wool topcoat leaned out. "Pardon me," he said. "Have you any Grey Poupon?"

"No," I answered. "But I've got a lot of rope."

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*Priceless
Beach
Treasures*
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