

# The INDEPENDENT

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## Opinion

### Everybody got in the spirit of the day

Everybody who participated in the activities during Spring Spirit Day on April 30, had to come away feeling happy, enthusiastic, even energized.

The cleaning crews did a truly great job, removing gravel and mud left over from winter, eliminating blackberry brambles around signs, mowing grass in alleyways, washing windows in empty buildings, removing grass and weeds from sidewalks and gutters, sweeping sidewalks and gutters, planting flowers, picking up litter, hauling away hundreds of litter bags, even edging the grass in front of Washington Grade School.

Among all of the accomplishments, perhaps the most notable was the great mix of people who were working together for the good of the community. They were of all ages, different backgrounds, different interests, even some from outside the city, but they pitched in together, accomplished a lot, and came away from it all with a feeling of satisfaction.

The organizers from Vernonia Pride deserve the plaudits of the community.

### Loss of drug tests doesn't change goals

The Vernonia School District drug-testing policy has been ruled unconstitutional. That doesn't mean that students may use drugs with impunity, nor does it imply support for drug use.

Nothing in the ruling prevents action by the authorities when there are grounds to suspect drug use. The ruling simply says that the Constitution is the law of the land and governmental authority must be exercised in a constitutional manner.

Moreover, the district has instituted some far more important programs to deal with drug use. The availability of drug and alcohol counselors and treatment programs are positive approaches. These programs help young people learn how to make intelligent choices.

Nobody in the district wants our youth harmed by drugs, but the only people who can be sure they won't be are the youth, themselves. This is the reason the district must not give up on positive approaches.

When people learn to think logically, when they understand that their health, even their lives are at risk through unwise behaviors, then they will make the intelligent choices.

Coercion brings about resentment and limited success. It's far better to teach than to impose.

**Please vote on May 17th.  
It's the only way we can ensure  
a representative democracy.**



- WON'T EXERCISE MY RIGHT TO VOTE BUT WILL COMPLAIN ABOUT EVERYTHING
- WON'T EXERCISE MY RIGHT TO VOTE AND DON'T CARE
- WILL EXERCISE MY RIGHT TO VOTE AND MY RIGHT TO COMPLAIN
- WILL VOTE - HAPHAZARDLY, NOT UNDERSTANDING THE ISSUES OR KNOWING ANYTHING ABOUT THE CANDIDATES
- WILL EXERCISE MY RIGHT TO VOTE AND WILL TRY TO MAKE AN EDUCATED DECISION, FOR THE GOOD OF ALL!

go ahead do it! RW MAY 94 - THE INDEPENDENT.

## Ike Says

By Dale Webb

The morning was cool but not chilling as the man crossed the old railroad bridge. He stopped for a second to note the height of the river on a certain rock just below the bridge; the marker rock indicated just how to fish each hole in the river, knowledge that came from experience. The old man had crossed this bridge many times in the pursuit of his most prized fishing sport. As he walked down the railroad tracks he remembered times when he caught 10 to 15 steelhead a day, all wild and full of fight. Was today one of those days? Probably not, since the runs have been far poorer since those days.

Today was a kind of special day, the last day of the season, and the old man was fishing by himself today; his fishing partner remained at home. He slipped carefully over the rocky shore into the first fishing hole and accurately placed his first cast in just the right spot, where he knew the steelhead liked to lay. His thoughts drifted with the morning mist as it rose from the river, illuminated by the rising sun.

Now! his brain commanded his arm as he set the hook. The pole strained under the savage pull of a 10 pound steelhead, as the master angler craftily played the fish. The hen rushed to surface and broke through with a spray of water. Though he had pulled his pole down in an effort to keep the fish from jumping, she had and, in the process, had thrown the hook. Calmly and efficiently the old angler examined his rigging and rebaited.

He chuckled to himself, what a way to start the morning - first cast, first fish. "Well, let's see if you have a brother," the angler said to himself as he cast again into the same spot.

Again his hand relayed information about a slightly hesitant tug at the end of his line. The pole bent in a giant arc as the hook held fast. This time the weight was heavier and the fish was staying on the bottom of the river. "A buck," the angler thought to himself. The fish made a run for the rapids below the hole and the old man applied a little more thumb on the reel. The line came up taut and the big fish slowly and stubbornly turned upstream. The angler knew that was as tight as he dared go with this fish. Slowly, he worked the 12 pound buck back toward him. The fish made several

small runs, but finally gave up and allowed the fisherman to bring him to shore. He gave the bright male a quick look to see that all the fins were there, though he already knew by the way this fish had fought, that it was a wild fish. Reaching down with his pliers, he gave the hook a twist and set the fish free. The buck steelhead slowly swam back into the depths of the river. Straightening up, the old angler smiled again, one on and one caught!

The old timer slowly worked his way down the river, fishing all the holes he knew by names like switch, cedar and ledge. He was having a very good day on the river; he had landed five more fish and lost another five. He had the river all to himself now, for the only other angler that had been on the river left at noon. He walked back across the railroad bridge and ate a late lunch, then went over to the caretaker's place to say hello. "How's the fishing?" the caretaker asked. After a lengthy re-creation of the morning's events, the old fisherman asked permission to fish on this side of the river. "Of course," the caretaker said, knowing that this angler always respected his wishes and always helped pick up trash as he fished.

Again the angler craftily worked his way through his favorite fishing holes, getting a few bumps, hooking and loosing a couple more fish. As he slipped into his favorite hole on this side of the river he knew there would be fish in it. The old timer made his cast, but hesitated too long when the first strike came. As he reeled in his rigging in the slack water, he saw a big swirl as a fish made an attempt at his bait. Pulling the bait out of the water, the old master flung it back into the hole, right where the swirl was. As the bait sank to the bottom, it was instantly engulfed by a hungry mouth.

The angler set the hook and the fight began, with the fish making savage runs across the hole, then turning to aerial attempts to throw the hook, but it remained fast. The old timer was aglow in the cool afternoon; this sure had been like a day from the past. Gently, he guided the fish toward shore and observed what he already knew: This was a wild fish, for hatchery fish don't fight like this one. The fish glided into shore and, as the angler bent to grab his line, it gave a mighty flop. "No!" the old man muttered to himself, but it was too late. The fish had torn the hook loose