

Between the Bookends

By Charlene Bechen
Volunteer, Banks Library

After many disappointing delays, the Banks Public Library is finally in its new home! The address is 111 Market Street. It is just down the street from the Banks Christian Academy. Our phone number remains the same, but technical problems made it impossible to reach the library by phone for several days. We hope this did not cause too much inconvenience for our patrons. Hours of operation are the same: Tuesday and Thursday, 1 p.m. - 7 p.m. and Wednesday, Friday and Saturday 11 a.m. - 5 p.m. Unfortunately, the book drop will not be available for a few more days. Books may be returned during our open hours, or at any of the other Washington County Library book drops. The Grand Opening celebration begins Friday, May 16 with a dedication ceremony at 4:30 p.m., followed by an Open House on Saturday, May 17 from 11 a.m. - 5 p.m. Please join us for the festivities.

Thanks to the timing of the move back into the Portland Main Library, the Friends of the Banks Library had the opportunity to acquire some excellent library shelving. The Friends are inviting members of the community to purchase these shelves for our library. In return, each donor will have a name plate affixed to

their gift. It could say "A Gift From..." or perhaps "In Memory of...". Please call 324-8180 if you have any questions or would like to purchase a bookshelf.

The Friends' Spring Plant & Book Sale on Saturday, April 26, was a big success. Timber Press donated more than \$300.00 worth of books for the sale. Five of these volumes are being raffled off. Tickets may still be purchased for one or all of the volumes. The winning tickets will be drawn at the Grand Opening. Raffle tickets are \$1.00 each. The five books are *The Graham Stuart Thomas Rose Book, Flowering Crabapples* by Fr. John L. Fiala, *The Genus Hosta* by W. George Schmid, *The Book of Rhododendrons* by Marianna Kneller and *The Harmonious Garden* by Catherine Ziegler.

Several new books highlight the new book display this month. They include *The Cat Who Tailed a Thief* by Lillian Jackson Braun, *Deep End of the Ocean* by Jacqueline Mitchard and *The Partner* by John Grisham.

Banks Library is located at 111 Market Street. **Library Hours:** Tues. and Thurs., 1 p.m. to 7 p.m.; Wed., Fri. and Sat. 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. Call 324-1382 for information.

Like Says

By Dale Webb, member
Izaak Walton League, Nehalem Valley Chapter

It is with a heavy heart and teary eyes that I write this column for my uncle, Gene Weller. I was fortunate to have had an uncle like Gene, for all my memories of him are happy. I can't write about all the times we shared, for that would fill every issue of *The INDEPENDENT* for years. Here are a few of my memories.

I was still in grade school when my dad, Gene and his sons, and my cousin, Dean, headed off to Camp Olson to find a fishing spot that had landlocked rainbow trout (steelhead) in it. The fish were landlocked because of a huge log jam that had blocked the stream. We rode in Uncle Gene's old Chevy pickup until we came along a mountain stream. We walked along that stream until we reached another stream coming from the east, then started over the log jam that seemed, to me, to be a half mile long. It was kind of spooky on top of those big logs, looking down into big holes filled with water, but dad and Uncle Gene encouraged us along. We started fishing just above the log jam and, boy, were there a lot of fish! Uncle Gene stayed with Steve, Denny and Dean, while dad and I worked our way upstream. The stream was over-populated so we kept most of the six-inchers that we caught. Eventually, we worked our way back to Uncle Gene and my cousins; they were where we had left them, still catching fish. Who knows how many miles of tangled fishing line Gene had untangled that day? By early afternoon we were all a little bit hungry, so Uncle Gene untied the camp stove from his pack and deep fat-fried the biggest mess of stream-raised trout that we have ever eaten. They were golden brown and so nice and crispy you could eat the bones and all. Now I know where I acquired the taste for crispy stream trout.

Uncle Gene also enjoyed backpacking into the mountains, and one unforgettable trip was to the Three Sisters Wilderness. From the trailhead we (Beside Uncle Gene and me, the group included dad, Steve, Denny and another uncle, Donnie Wantland.) took an angling ascent up the hillside. It was starting to get dark when we reached an area where there were big rock slides, with timbered strips between them running up the hill. The adults decided we should go up one of the timbered strips and, when we finally broke over the top, there lay Tam Lake in front of us. Uncle Gene and dad sure could read a topo map! We spent several days fishing Rim and Tam Lakes and

taking in the beauty of the wilderness. I remember standing side by side with Uncle Gene in late evening, fly fishing and catching nice little Eastern brook trout from Tam Lake.

As I matured, experiences with Uncle Gene involved more hunting. Once, when we were hunting up Kenusky Creek for blacktailed deer, I was big enough to be on my own and had spent most of the day wandering around a hillside, looking for that elusive buck. Late in the day, I realized I had seen some of that ground before and, after a couple more circles, I ended up on top of a knoll with the ground falling off in all directions. I wasn't totally lost, but I was confused about which direction would be the shortest way back to the pickup. Just then a grouse flew up in a tree in front of me and I couldn't resist the urge, so I tried to shoot it (I'm sure I scared it as it flew off untouched.). It wasn't long after the shot that I heard Uncle Gene's familiar hoot. I headed down the hill to him and sheepishly explained that I had shot at a grouse...then I asked him if he was headed back to the pickup. Uncle Gene got a glint in his eye and said, "Why sure, just follow me."

I was a freshman in college when I shot my first bull elk. Uncle Gene, Owen East, dad and I hunted together. Uncle Gene and Owen had gone after one herd on opening day, while dad and I drew a herd with a big bull. I managed to get that bull and we were preparing to pack him up to the road when Uncle Gene and Owen showed up. Owen stood there shaking his head in disbelief that the kid had gotten that bull. We cut the bull in half and packed him up to the pickup. Uncle Gene offered his hand in the customary victory handshake, when we were done.

A couple of years later, I was standing on the same ridge when I jumped a bull and he ran right toward where Uncle Gene was coming down the hill. I was mad that I didn't get a shot but, as I was waiting for the boom of Uncle Gene's 30-06, that bull ran right back in front of me and I dropped the hammer on him. Minutes later Uncle Gene showed up and said he had gotten a glimpse of the bull but it turned and headed back my way. That bull probably figured he was safer trying to get by me than trying to get by Uncle Gene. We packed that bull from the woods together, building bonds as on many such occasions.

Uncle Gene and dad used to fish a lot for steelhead, back when the fishing was good, and I was with them the day Uncle Gene caught his biggest steelhead. We were an-

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More Letters

Week in Vernonia was time well spent

To the Editor:

We would like to extend our sincere thanks to the folks of Vernonia, particularly the staff of *The INDEPENDENT* for making our son's "Senior Project" such a rewarding experience. Richard came away, after one week of working with you as his mentors, possessing a well-rounded view of how a small town newspaper operates.

He was impressed by the communication process that takes place in a small town, how advertising works to provide free information to all of you and, especially, the amount of effort it takes to organize, report, photograph, typeset, paste-up, sell advertising, print and distribute a small town newspaper.

The rewards of his experience will be far reaching; his life goals will have a new tilt. He will always remember the friendliness, encouragement and kindness he experienced in a small town called Vernonia.

Thanks,

Vicki & Wayne Crosby
Grass Valley, Calif.

Doernbecher benefit good because of you

To the Editor:

The Vernonia High School Doernbecher Committee would like to say *THANK YOU* to Randy Parrow for coordinating the music for the first-ever Mr. Doernbecher Pageant, in which George Vandehey was crowned "Mr. Doernbecher". Randy also worked hard, accumulating door prizes and organizing the Community Dance/Trivia Contest. All of the individuals that participated had a great time at the dance.

Also, thanks to the following establishments that donated items for door prizes for the Trivia Contest: Leonetti's Pizza & Grill, Lew's Place, The Craft Room, Strouse's Discount Store, Western Auto, The Hair Parlour, Lyon's Den & Pub, Cedarside Inn, and Westwind Arts, Inc.

Lastly, the committee would like to thank all of the individuals who sponsored our efforts. In one week we raised approximately \$718.00.

Thanks again for all of your efforts.

Sincerely,

Debbie McConnell, Advisor
Doernbecher Committee

"Yes" on Measure 50 for quality of life

To the Editor:

Households are beginning to receive their ballots for the State of Oregon special election May 20, 1997, regarding Measure 50.

Measure 50 finally brings back the priority all citizens

have for schools and public safety that would have been sacrificed under Measure 47.

I encourage all registered voters to mail in your ballot. This is a critical vote; a "YES" vote is needed to bring back some of the funding lost under Measure 47. By voting "YES" you are not only helping out Vernonia, but all cities throughout our state.

Measure 50 is basically just a clarification of Measure 47. It reduces value to 1995-96 less 10-percent. It creates maximum assessed value which cannot increase by more than 3-percent per year while maintaining a 17-percent tax cut.

Under Measure 50 the state is required to replace school revenue lost to cuts. It limits local government's ability to increase fees to make up for losses.

Please mark your ballot "YES" for MEASURE 50. We cannot afford to lose the quality of life we value.

Gayle Shriver
Vernonia

State forests must consider all values

To the Editor:

As a member of both the Nehalem Valley Chapter of the Izaak Walton League and the Nehalem Valley Watershed Council, I am concerned about the Oregon Department of Forestry's bias in favor of timber harvesting over all other uses in our state forests.

State forest land and the Department of Forestry's regulatory power over private timber harvests are critical to the conservation and restoration of salmon, steelhead and other endangered species. As private forests are rapidly being converted into tree plantations, state lands will become increasingly important as eco-system reserves.

The highest, best use, and greatest permanent value to the people of Oregon, requires the co-equal consideration of wildlife, water quality, recreation and timber in the management of state forests. Anything less is not sustainable, and is not forestry.

Dennis Nelson
Vernonia

Lone Star proposal bad for road system

To the Editor:

I would like to address your readers regarding the recent proposal by Northwest Aggregates Company (a.k.a. Lone Star) to enter into a road-restructuring project with Columbia County for a portion of Honeyman Road.

Lone Star is proposing to prepay depletion taxes in the amount of \$168,400, representing an average depletion tax of approximately \$3,508 per month for four years. The

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