

# The INDEPENDENT

Serving the upper Nehalem River valley. Published twice monthly, on the first and third Wednesdays of each month, by Public Opinion Laboratory Ltd., 725 Bridge Street, Vernonia, OR 97064, as a free newspaper. Editors and Publishers, Dirk & Noni Andersen. Phone/Fax: (503) 429-9410, e-mail: noni@vernonia.com

## Opinion

### Jamboree is fun with a little common sense

Jamboree is always fun, but it can easily be ruined when folks forget that the purpose is to enjoy the events and the other people. The first Jamboree, 44 years ago, was a reunion for all the people who left Vernonia when their jobs disappeared with the closure of the big saw mill. It was meant to be a happy event with lots of reminiscing and a big get-together.

Times have changed sufficiently so that a lot of people now "get together" on the telephone or via e-mail. But that really changes the dynamics of group interaction and, it seems, that we sometimes forget how to act with consideration for strangers. Of course, strangers are only people we haven't gotten to know yet, but we have to remember that fact.

Enjoy Jamboree. If there are events you haven't yet taken time to see, try them this year. Visit the horse show, or the fishing derby, or the Alternative Stage, or the worship service or the fast draw competition, or whatever you may not be really familiar with. Have breakfast at the Senior Center and talk with whoever happens to sitting near you. It won't hurt you; you may learn something and, who knows, you may enjoy it.

### Citizens needed for city council and school board

City elections are coming up in November and it would be great to have several people on the ballot for the three positions in Vernonia and four positions in Banks. Having choices is an important element in having good government on any level.

Because of a school board member moving out of town, a vacancy also exists on the Vernonia School Board. That position will be filled by appointment — but only if there is someone to appoint.

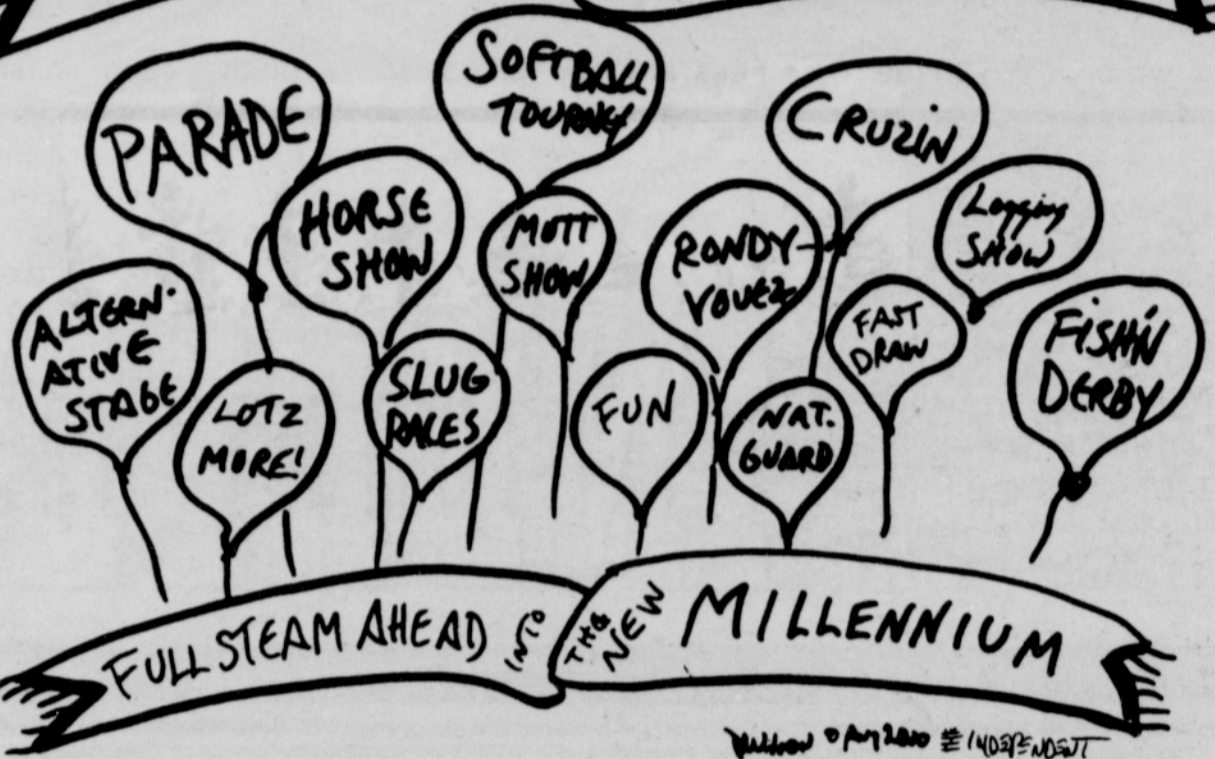
Forms for the council positions can be picked up at your City Hall. For the school board vacancy, stop by the 47J district office to pick up an application.

The pay on these jobs is nonexistent but, if you spend much time wondering why things run the way they do, you'll really have the opportunity to learn. Conversely, if you think things aren't being run right and you feel that you have valuable insight or experience to bring to local government, it's a waste of time to simply point your finger at "them." If you think there's a problem, get involved and become part of the solution.

**Please don't drink and drive. Neither jails nor hospitals are enjoyable.**

WELCOME TO THE  
44TH ANNUAL VERNONIA  
FRIENDSHIP JAMBOREE

BIGGEST LITTLE SHOW ANYWHERE



### Ike Says...

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

The wind was blowing in our faces as Troy Horton and I paddled through the increasing waves on the final leg of our 100-mile kayak trip down the Nehalem River. Troy and I initiated our journey down the Nehalem in April and, since then, have systematically been paddling ten mile segments, beginning where the last segment ended. With water starting to run low, we finally completed our last two descents. Starting at the mouth of the Salmonberry river, we paddled about a quarter of a mile, then pulled out to look at the Salmonberry Drop, or "Suicide Rapids" as the locals call it. I had scouted this falls about a month earlier and thought it was runnable, but Troy and I took one look at it with this lower water flow and said "No way!" Large boulders formed a severe pinning hazard, so we made the first portage of our trip. A few rapids downstream, we had to make another portage around a boulder fence guarding the entrance to a good set of rapids. I managed my first small seal launch (launching yourself from dry land into the water) so I could ride the best part of these rapids. The water in this stretch of the river is a lot steeper and confined in rocky slots. I definitely had butterflies in my stomach on several occasions on this trip. Rapids were numerous as we continued downstream through gigantic boulders and small drops. We both managed to stay upright on this leg, but the water was some of the toughest we had experienced so far. I was glad that I had purchased a shorter white water boat, which was far more maneuverable than my sea kayak. We

pulled out at the state campground at Nehalem Falls. This is a very nice campground with tent sites and parking for RVs. Nehalem Falls can be run, but a paddler should have good boating skills and experience before tackling it.

Our last leg of the 100 mile journey started just downstream of Nehalem Falls and the concrete bridge over the Nehalem River. This section of river had a few good rapids, but nothing like the twenty miles upstream. Soon the river became flatter and I was glad I had brought my sea kayak for this part of the trip. Troy and I enjoyed watching two bald eagles swooping down on ducks as they fled downstream ahead of us. The eagles never made an earnest attempt at catching a duck, but the crow that was harassing the eagles never got too close to the eagles either. Rounding a curve in the river, we could see a large group of young adults standing on a bluff. When we got closer, Troy took a picture of one of the brave young men as he showed us his diving skills after climbing up to the top of a tree high up on the bluff. The drop was close to 50 feet, and he made a perfect head first dive just in front of our kayaks. The river soon became tidally influenced. We had timed the tide just right, as it was starting to run out and we were quickly paddling downstream at close to four miles per hour. The lower river is highly developed with streamside houses and boat docks. Many houses were in the process of being lifted for higher foundations, surely an aftereffect of the flood of '96. We were paddling by a dock when one of the landowners sitting in his easy chair spotted us and invited us to share a

beer with him. Troy and I looked at each other and said, "Sure." We had a great chat and learned how high the water was in '96. We also learned to steer clear of the domestic geese that were honking at us from the other side of the river; it seems they like to attack boats. Leaving our new acquaintance, we braved the attack geese and headed toward the junction of the North Fork of the Nehalem River, which entered from our right about half-a-mile ahead. Just as I was pointing out the mouth of the North Fork to Troy, a kayak emerged out of it. I asked Troy if he thought this was a welcoming party for us, and he thought not. Our boats were evidently a little faster than our new companions, and soon we were conversing with some of them as we passed through their midst. They were day renters from the paddle center at Wheeler. Troy and I missed the turn to go around a mid-channel island, which would have let us pass right in front of the town of Nehalem. Who knows, maybe we would have gotten another free beer? Troy's wife, Helen, soon came into sight as she waved to us from the pier at the county boat launch. We had traveled about thirteen miles and my arms were starting to get a little tired as we ran our boats up onto the concrete boat launch. Our odyssey was over, we had survived the mighty Nehalem with only one casualty, a lost sponge. We have seen a side of the Nehalem River many will never experience. We have traveled through the slow upper reach of farms and forest, through the Elsie/Vinemapple summer homes, then into the almost wilderness-like canyon from Spruce Run campground

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