

The INDEPENDENT

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Opinion

Signs weren't quite ready for exposure

The adjacent cartoon explains, very well, one of the problems with the signs that were erected – briefly – in Vernonia's parks. Mayor Mario Leonetti's letter, on the next page, explains another element to be considered when listening to people complain about proposed park fees. So, one by one:

The word is "entrance." It most definitely is not "entrance."

When the City Council takes an action following publicity and a public hearing, why are residents so shocked? The signs failed to note that the fees do not apply to residents within the Vernonia School District.

So, all-in-all, the signs were in error and the city wasn't yet ready to put them up. The Vernonia Public Works crew does so much for this community, as volunteers in addition to their jobs, that it seems appropriate to just say "Oops," and forget about it.

In the meantime, the "shocked" citizens should get more involved with their community. Involvement makes it much harder to stay ignorant.

Yes, we're shorter today

The INDEPENDENT didn't shrink, it just had three inches cut off because it is being printed at a different press.

For many years, we enjoyed the excellent work of the press crew at Tualatin-Yamhill Press (familiarily called TYP) in Hillsboro. Unfortunately, a company in Philadelphia bought the *Hillsboro Argus*, which owned TYP.

The Philadelphia company also owns *The Oregonian*, so they started printing the *Argus* on *The Oregonian* press. Then they decided that TYP wasn't making enough of a profit so...the usual. The business was shut down and people lost their jobs.

The INDEPENDENT has decided to go to Astoria for printing, partly because the *Daily Astorian* is still a relatively small operation. All of that is the reason your paper is shorter.

"Of the People, By the People and For the People" is Meaningless Without the People.

Please register and vote.



Iza Says...

By Dale Webb, member
Nehalem Valley Chapter Izaak Walton League

Recently, Donna and I spent a couple of days on the Metolius River as guests of Troy and Helen Horton of Fishhawk Lake. This is a beautiful part of Oregon and offers lots of outdoor activities. There are numerous campgrounds and many private cabins. We were fortunate enough to get to stay in one of these cabins.

The Metolius River is kind of a strange critter. The water level does not fluctuate very much at all, which is quite evident by the numerous low bridges and walkways that span the river. The reason for the stable river height is that this stream literally springs forth from the ground. Being on the east side of the Cascade Mountains, the stream's small basins receive low rainfall and this deters the river from rising rapidly. The water is very cold. I heard one fly fisherwoman say that the temperature was only 48 degrees.

Now, you didn't think I could have been over to the Metolius and not have a kayak story, did you? You're right.

Last year, Troy made a solo trip through what is called the gorge, which is upstream of Wizard Falls fish hatchery. Helen said she had never seen Troy look so white as when she picked him up at the end of his trip. Troy told me about his adventure when he got home and said that I would probably enjoy this run.

This year, Troy and I launched our kayaks into the Metolius, which flowed just in front of the cabin, a mile and a half downstream from Camp Sherman store. The river is very deceptive at this point. The water is flat, yet moves at about four miles per hour. We passed by the last

campground on the right and the river picked up speed as it dropped into a narrow gorge. The rapids became steady, with few eddies to escape into, then it was over and the gorge opened up into a wide meadow with a beautiful view of Mt. Jefferson. I thought to myself, "that wasn't bad. Heck, I want more than that!" I asked Troy if that was the worst of the rapids and he said "I don't think so," with some uncertainty. My mind wondered about Troy's uncertainty. How could you forget where the good rapids were on this river, unless perhaps you had blocked them from your mind because of fear.

The river soon started narrowing again and, after rounding a bend, we could see "it." "It" was a large sign nailed to a tree that said, "Warning, dangerous rapids the next four miles." I could see Troy stiffen up and start to turn white as we floated by the sign. I meekly asked if these rapids were worse than the ones above. "Yep," came the strained reply from Troy's taut lips. We entered a steady set of wave trains in a fairly wide river. I thought these weren't so bad, so I tried to loosen up and have some fun, yet there was suspense hanging in the air that kept me on edge. Again, the water calmed down and Troy pointed out springs gushing into the river from the east hillside. We stopped to take pictures and stretch our legs. I asked Troy if the water got any rougher ahead. He said, "I think so!" This concerned me. Troy is a very articulate and knowledgeable man, and it was not like him to have doubts as to whether or not the river got worse. Had he, indeed, suffered from such a horrible event the year before that his mind had blocked out all the details?

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