

The INDEPENDENT

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Opinion

With friends like this who needs enemies?

Apparently Attorney General John Ashcroft doesn't have anything important to do.

In between providing absolutely no direction in finding the source of anthrax that's floating around our post offices, and deciding that public records should no longer be public, and fighting terrorism by using methods the Taliban would be proud of, he decided that Oregon doctors should be prosecuted if they adhere to an Oregon law he disapproves of.

Yes, his statement said he made the decision. There was no "they," no consultation, no discussion. This isn't surprising, really, because he did the same thing, as a Senator, when he blocked the appointment of Missouri Judge Ronnie White to a federal post. That one was a beauty! He asked no questions and made no statements opposing White during the hearings of the Judiciary Committee. Then, when the nomination went to the floor of the Senate, he attacked the judge for being soft on crime. Of course the reason he waited until it went to the floor is because White couldn't respond there, as he could have in committee.

In somewhat archaic terminology that's called a "Sunday Punch." In other words, he blind-sided White, he blind-sided Oregon voters, and he is blind-siding the Bill of Rights. Most of us learned as children that only bullies hit people when they aren't looking.

If nothing else, he has certainly opened our eyes.

Thanks you, Gladys and Debbie, for your efforts

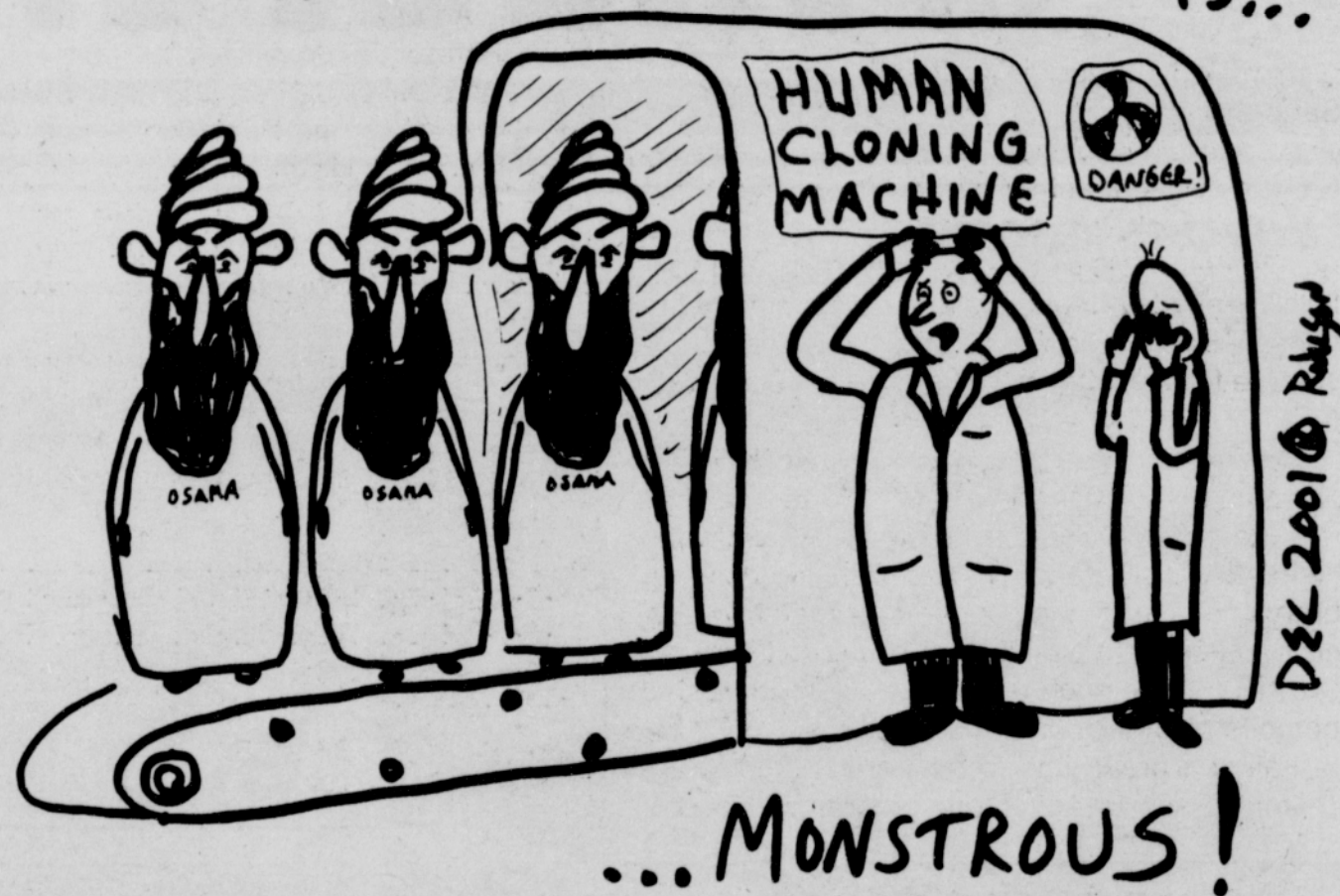
The cooking column so faithfully submitted each month by Gladys Sharar will no longer be quite the same. Gladys's last column is in this issue.

There will be a cooking column, however, and it won't be totally different. Gladys' daughter, Debbie Johnston, is taking over where her Mom left off.

Thank you, Gladys, for your commitment and the incredible contribution you have made over so many years. You will stay in our hearts.

And thank you, Debbie, for continuing the tradition. We can always open our hearts wide enough for one more.

OH NO! WHAT
HAVE WE DONE? THIS
IS...



Ike Says...

By Dale Webb, member
Nehalem Valley Chapter Izaak Walton League

I have always found that Vernonians are the nicest people; we treat everyone as if they were our brothers or sisters. What brings this to mind is a couple of events that occurred this year during deer season. We all know about our celebrity neighbor who owns Larry Steele's Sports Camp on Keasey Road. I have met Larry on several occasions and he seems like a nice, likable guy. He seems just like the rest of us when he interacts with the locals. I guess that's why we don't treat him any differently than our regular neighbors.

The first event, related to me by an eye witness, occurred just before dark. It seems some locals had been hunting all day and, upon driving by Larry's, they saw one of his pet does. Knowing Larry wouldn't mind, they stopped in the roadway and shot the doe. As the next door neighbor walked up to the hunters, for some reason, they seemed to be in a hurry. They were trying to load the kicking and bawling doe into the back of their pickup. The neighbor suggested they should finish the deer off and started talking with the hunters about how neighborly it was of Larry to let them hunt on his land, even though his buildings were only a hundred yards or so away.

The second event was nearly the same as the first, except the neighbor still wonders how the hunters could see, since it was almost dark. Hearing the shot almost in his front yard, Larry's neighbor walked across the roadway to congratulate the successful hunters. This time, the

sportsmen and women were wandering around Larry's place looking for their trophy doe. Upon seeing the neighbor, these sportspeople discontinued their search and decided to leave the doe for Larry - a present I'm sure (The gun-shot doe was found the next day by the neighbor.). The neighbor mentioned new signs around the property that say something about "No Trespassing," but these sportspeople said that a neighbor on Eden Road had given them permission to hunt "on Larry's." Oh yeah, I forgot, that's how we do it in these parts.

I am sure that Larry is going to be a staunch supporter of hunting rights the next time there is an anti-hunting ballot up for a vote. Who knows, with neighbors like us, he might even support our cause financially. What do you think?

The deer season went just about as I had predicted. Buck harvest seemed lower, a fact confirmed by our local butcher, who noted a significant decline in meat brought in for grinding. My other prediction that the buck harvest would be lopsided toward older bucks was also borne out. I kept my ears open for all buck harvests and came up with 26. The breakdown was nine 4-point, eight 3-point and nine forked horns. I group deer in two categories, young bucks and older bucks. To me, the young bucks are the little forked horns, yearlings and two-year-olds. The three and four-point bucks and the big forked horns (greater than 14-inch spread) are the older bucks. If we put the 26 bucks above into these groupings, we find that 73 percent, or 19, of the bucks fell in the older category. Only seven (27 percent) fell into the small forked horn

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