

The INDEPENDENT

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Opinion

Low key primary is unusual, but welcome

The six main gubernatorial candidates have campaigned without throwing mud, which is refreshing. It's too bad they have also worked hard to avoid any sticky details—like how to develop stable funding for education. Nevertheless, some endorsements are in order.

Republicans Jack Roberts and Kevin Mannix both have substantial experience in Salem. Mannix played a starring role in increasing prison costs by heading the movement for mandatory minimum sentences for even minor crimes. He didn't accept any responsibility for the companion increases in prison construction and costs, of course, he just blamed those on the governor.

A former legislator, Roberts has kept a fairly low profile as Labor Commissioner, a position made easier because of the positive economy during most of his tenure. When people have good jobs and business is making money, there are few calls upon the labor department for changes.

Republican Ron Saxton is not a government insider, he's a businessman, but he has specialized in getting business to understand the importance of education for economic and social development. He is a coalition builder and that may be exactly what is needed in Salem. Saxton is a good choice.

All three Democrats have extensive experience in government.

Jim Hill a former legislator, is state Treasurer. Like Roberts, his position has certainly been easier because of the robust economy during most of his tenure. He has also been the only candidate with courage enough to say the T-word out loud, agreeing with the governor that tobacco and alcohol taxes should be raised to prevent cuts in education funding.

Ted Kulongski has been in every branch of government and may have more experience than all the others combined, yet he says very little, often talking around a subject rather than about it. This is standard for all too many politicians, but frustrating to voters.

Beverly Stein's government experience includes one area the others lack: She worked on the local level for many years and, as chair of the Multnomah County Board of Commissioners, knows how mandates from Salem can negatively impact local government. She is also a strong supporter of grass roots coalitions. Stein isn't flashy, but she is a good choice.



Ike Says . . .

By Dale Webb, member
Nehalem Valley Chapter Izaak Walton League

Here is Part Two of "Down the Nehalem River in a Boat," the story of five young men (and a dog) who experienced a great adventure in 1932, taking two wooden boats down the Nehalem River. The expedition took place when the tall timber grew, men were tough as leather and when getting home was counted in days, not in hours. Frank Serafin, of Vernonia, was gracious enough to lend me a diary of this adventure so I could share it with you.

When we left the diary written by Emil Messing, the group had completed two days journey and, after major problems at Birkenfeld, started a third day on the river.

The party stopped at an old mill below Vesper, to see if we could find an old frying pan or any cooking utensils, but had no luck.

This being Sunday we saw many fishermen along the banks and at Willow Bar. We caught up with Ed Bollinger and Bob Berg who had a very nice basket of trout. Ed lent us three large Doc Shelton spinners and told us how to catch the big ones, (that is what I call a real friend). Ed also remarked that Grand Rapids was not so bad, but to be careful at the Linden Rapids just above Elsie. We were asked by many of the fishermen during the day "You are not surely going to ride those boats through the Grand Rapids?" We told them that we were and, furthermore, we intended to go all the way to the ocean. They usually looked at us as if we were nutty, and maybe we were, but more about that later.

We cooked our dinner just below Willow Bar

rifle and floated on down through the deep water above Jewell during the afternoon, arriving at Bill Wage's place Sunday evening. We were going to camp at the mouth of the Big Fishhawk, but did not see it, which is the reason we are one half mile below Jewell now.

We had a very nice camp at Jewell and the weather had cleared somewhat so things were pretty well dried out tonight. After we got here we hung out our bedding and clothes on a wire fence and telephone line. Archie, Frank and I walked to Jewell and bought more supplies and, on the way back, Frank had to drop the only jar of strawberry jam we had on the only railroad track in a hundred miles.

Everyone slept well this night, as all were tired from the day and night before. All hands were up early the next morning (Monday) and we got away from Jewell at 9:00 a.m.

We arrived at the head of Grand Rapids at about 10:30, after hanging up on about a hundred rocks in the deep holes en route, all the boys who had not seen these rapids before were somewhat disappointed, as the water was quite low. But when we were over, Archie remarked "that was fun, I hope they (meaning the rapids) don't play out." (Archie sure had his eyes opened a little further along.) After passing Grand Rapids we encountered quite a lot of still water and, at about time for lunch, Archie was pretty disgusted with the slow going.

We arrived at the head of the Linden Rapids and cooked our lunch, Archie was pretty much pleased with the looks of the water here, but in company with the rest of the party we looked them over, and he decided they were not so hot.

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