

The INDEPENDENT

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Opinion

Unsafe driving claims life

It was only a matter a time; a Vernonian died this past weekend on Hwy. 47 while passing in a no-passing zone and, apparently, speeding. See story on page 1. Please let that be the last fatality due to driver impatience. Don't speed and don't pass in no-passing zones. Remember – the minute or two it will save you may cost somebody's life.

Library funds reimbursed

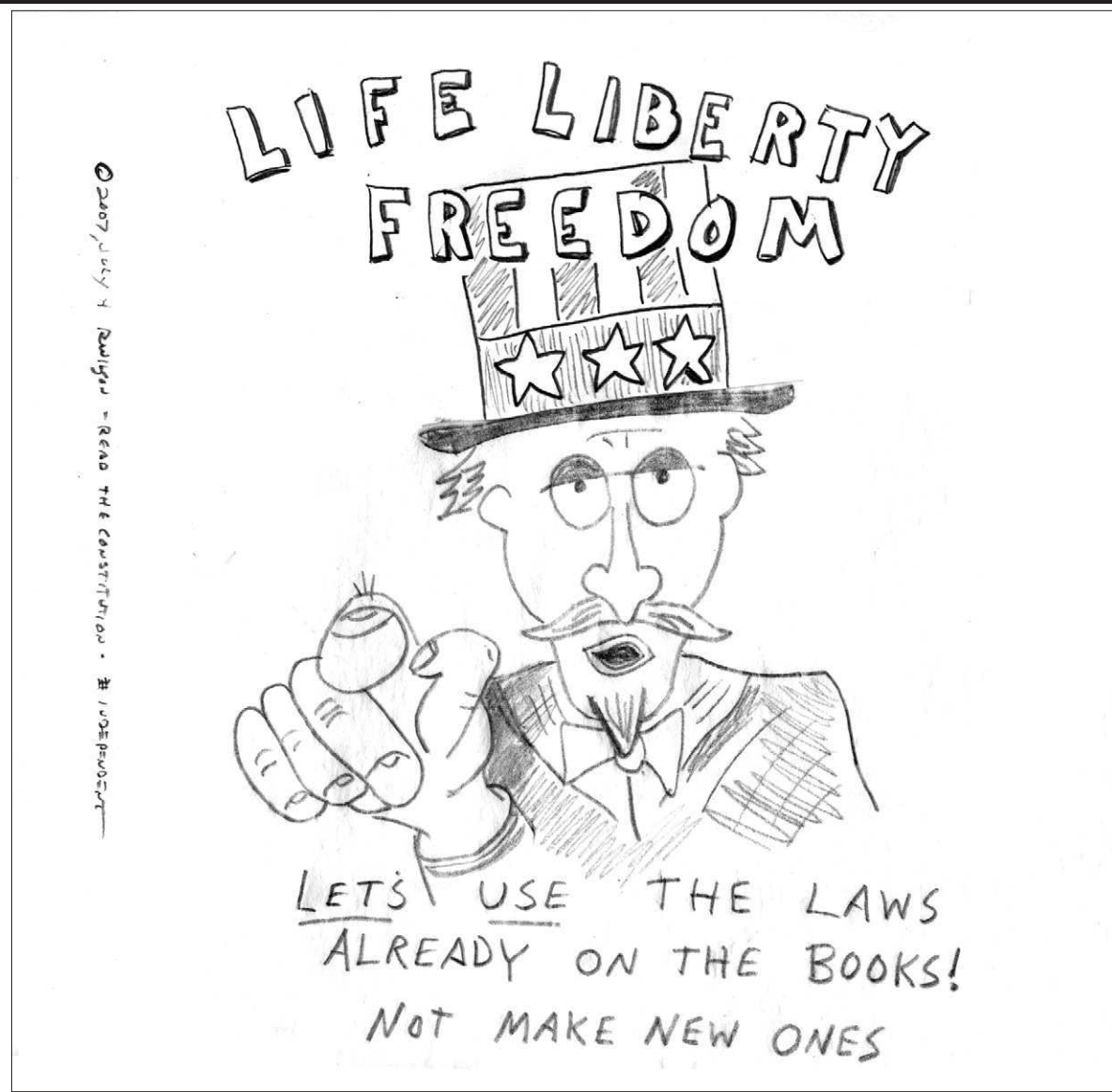
In the June 7 Opinion we mentioned the \$3,734 City Administrator M.R. "Dick" Kline moved from the Library's Memorial Fund to the General Fund during the supplemental budget process. On June 25, Kline said, "Someone is spreading rumors that we are taking money from the Library Fund...(see full story on page 4)." The cash disbursements approved at the July 2 council meeting included a check from a June 27 invoice for \$2,438.78 to the Friends of the Vernonia Library to "reimburse Friends with Memorial Funds." Where is the the other \$1,295.22, why was \$3,734 transferred out, leaving \$344 in the Memorial Fund (since closed out)?

At what cost Skills Park?

Why would a Budget Committee member and a Planning Commissioner push a Bicycle Skills Park that will result in costs to the city (the master plan lists \$76,570 for streets, water, sewer, stormwater, restrooms, etc.) when they, more than most, know the serious financial position City Administrator M.R. "Dick" Kline keeps telling us the city is in? Haven't they heard him say that the city can't undertake any new projects? Do they think their project is exempt? And, yes, we know that in addition to the amount above, they have some grant money. By now, the city surely has learned that having some grant money doesn't mean a project is "free."

Paper returns to City Hall

The INDEPENDENT is back on the table in City Hall. A council response to Topics from the Floor (by Kline) said the newspaper is currently available in the lobby of City Hall, so we put it back on the table Monday morning and it was still there Monday evening.



Ike Says . . .

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



My back was starting to ache, the sun was hot and I could feel the sun slowly trying to burn me through the sun screen. My arms strained my back from their static forward position, broken up with times of strenuous bursts of pulling and straining. My hands were dry and rough from all the water. This went on, starting early in the morning and ending with the fading of light, day after day after day. When Dad and I boated back into camp, boy, was I glad to see the Weller boys, which meant I would get a couple of days of rest... well kind of! Yep, Dad and I were on our annual Snake River fishing trip.

Some people wonder what drives otherwise sane people to slave through the weather and the hazards to catch fish, is it the tug on the end of the line or actually the slack in the line? Is it pumping in nice catfish with heavy tackle in fast water? Catching bluegills on a bare hook? Watching the Osprey and Eagles doing their own fishing? Big horn sheep, which don't seem to care that you are driving on the road? Perhaps it is the pull of that slab crappie? Maybe it goes back into that primordial soup of man's past, when he proved himself by how well he could provide food for the family. Ah heck, maybe it's

just because it is fun!

We had a great trip this year, the weather was good, the fishing good (for us) and we met new people and old friends. Then there was Dianne Weller's cooking! Can you imagine having sausage and pancakes with fresh cut strawberries and whipped cream on a camping trip? How about marinated deer and elk steaks, potatoes and salad?

Dennis and Dianne, along with all five of their boys (young men), came up for a long weekend of fishing, and fish we did. Dad and I had been on the river all week, so we had sorted out what was working and what was not. Dad made a significant discovery, a discovery that was going to be the highlight of the trip. Of course it is a secret, the cricket secret.

Do you know that feeling when you seem golden? Well, that was us this year. When we got to camp our old friend, Bud, clued us in on the crappie catch and he was doing fine. We tried out the usual spots with mixed results, then we headed to honey hole which Bud suggested was producing. As usual, we were not the only ones there and we had to set up in a place other than the spot. We started catching fish and everything was fine. We thought, heck, this will do. The next day was not normal; we couldn't catch crappie, at least not in volume.

We found a spot the following day that provided morning action, but no slab crappie; in the evening we still struggled. I think it was the third day that the cricket discovery was made. We

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