

OUTDOORS

Animal rescue organizations offer, seek help during wildfires



A horse surrounded by smoke and ash to due to the Santiam Fire on Wednesday, Sept. 9, 2020 near Stayton, Ore. ABIGAIL DOLLINS / STATESMAN JOURNAL

Virginia Barreda
Salem Statesman Journal
USA TODAY NETWORK

As wildfires rip through many parts of Oregon, pets and animals have also suffered.

Some have been separated from their families and owners. Some need temporary shelters.

Many organizations have called out for help as their animal shelters and sanctuaries have been evacuated. Others have taken in and cared for displaced animals.

Here's a look at how some local shelters, sanctuaries, and rehabilitation centers are faring during the wildfires, what they're doing to reunite families with their animals and what the community can do to help:

Willamette Humane Society

Willamette Humane Society officials said their priority is to free up kennel space and be a resource for animals sep-

arated from their families during the fires.

To prepare for a possible influx of displaced pets, the organization coordinated with volunteers and foster families Monday to take in some of the animals, according to communications manager Callie Gisler. The Oregon Humane Society, for example, took in 20 adult cats from the Willamette Humane Society to free up space.

Humane society staff delivered supplies to the Oregon State Fairgrounds, including pet food, litter, bedding, kennels and crates to evacuees with pets.

Gisler said the organization is ready to provide supplies to other evacuees to help ensure pets can stay with their owners.

"We want to keep animals who are already with their families, there," she said. "This is traumatic enough of an event, and the last thing we want is to see a family ripped apart."

Still, the organization is extending emergency short-term housing for animals on a case-by-case basis.

"We're trying to preserve kennel space for pets who are going to be coming in ... but if a pet owner has exhausted every option and they're just not finding a place where their animal can be, please bring it to us because we want to make sure those animals are cared for and reclaimed," Gisler said.

Should the shelter need to evacuate, Gisler said the organization will place animals with other shelters or rescues in the valley or with emergency foster families.

How to help

The Willamette Humane Society is looking for donations of pet goods, particularly medium-sized pet crates, cat litter, and pate-style canned cat food. Donors can drop off supplies at 4246 Turner Rd SE seven days a week between 8 a.m. and 6 p.m.

Monetary donations can be made through the Willamette Humane Society's website.

The shelter is still doing adoptions by appointments due to COVID-19.

Those who find lost or displaced pets

should first call the Willamette Humane Society. If possible, pet-finders are encouraged to keep the pets in their home as a temporary foster, so the shelter can keep space open for animals in need. The shelter is willing to provide supplies for temporary fosters.

For more information, contact 503-585-5900.

Salem Friends of Felines

Salem Friends of Felines is nearing maximum capacity for sheltered cats and is asking individuals who find stray cats to contact the Willamette Humane Society or other local shelters.

The shelter has between 60 and 80 cats, according to intake specialist Alex Welch. Staff is continuing to scan lost cats for microchips to reunite pets with owners.

The shelter also is providing supplies to families with cats who have been affected by the fires.

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Some fisherfolks have all the, um, luck



Fishing
Henry Miller
Guest columnist

When it comes to fishing, some are lucky, some are unlucky, and some are fluky.

Which brings me to the topic at hand, my sister, Michelle.

I was reminded about her when we turned the calendar to September. Her birthday is at the end of the month.

She said she will be retiring soon after a career teaching physical sciences at a Sacramento high school.

A remarkable lady, Mick, as she's known among the siblings.

Among the pro-forma listings on her curriculum vitae are an undergraduate degree in earth science and post-grad studies in climate and weather science, along with a previous stint in the U.S. Air Force.

Some of Mick's more colorful experiences included volunteering on an agricultural kibbutz in Israel that featured occasional visits to a communal air-raid shelter.



A relatively uneventful fishing trip, at least for my sister, Michelle, during an Oregon visit. HENRY MILLER/SPECIAL TO THE STATESMAN JOURNAL

According to Michelle, it was mostly false alarms and little damage, but the warnings did scare the chickens.

Among her other non-conventional jobs, Mick also worked for a time as a mud-ligger on a hell-and-gone drilling

site on a wind-swept fly speck on the map of Wyoming.

For those not acquainted with the skills involved in mud-logging – and I had to look it up to remind myself – the job description includes keeping records of the operations and supplying reports on the progress of the wells.

My sister has led an eclectic and colorful life.

But back to the thesis of this column: Mick's fluky fishing.

The first time we learned about her uncanny ability at shock-and-awe angling came during an outing to Stearns Wharf in Santa Barbara with a visiting aunt when we were kids.

I don't remember which aunt it was, but she loved to fish and said the secret to success was "spitting on the bait."

So, being kids, we did.

Mick's spittle must have some potent JuJu.

After a sluggish but hefty hit, a lengthy struggle ensued with what can best be described as reeling up a wet laundry bag.

When the battle wrapped up, a monstrous spider crab with a warty-looking body about the diameter of a dinner plate surfaced.

It looked like a creature out of a Ridley Scott Sci-fi nightmare.

Flash forward a couple of years, and dad, a physics teacher at the local community college, is at a summer education program at Utah State University in Logan with the family.

The Logan River runs through town, and the Miller swarm spent almost every day fishing for planter rainbow trout.

In fact, we ate so much trout that summer – fried, baked, poached, etc. – that we ended up most hot summer nights throwing trout lumps over iceberg lettuce smothered in lava-like lake of Kraft Thousand Island dressing.

Yep, so much trout that mom ditched the cuisine creativity. It was five kids, 100-plus-degree heat and no air conditioning in the rental house, after all.

I digress.

Anyway, one evening, we're fishing the Logan River, and nature called, so I asked Mick to hold the rod while I sprinted to the outhouse.

The yelling was the first clue.

There she was, the rod going nuts with something massive on the end of

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