

## In Memory of...

**Mary L. Cecil (Abuelita)**

July 4, 1946 - September 4, 2018



The words simply do not exist which could describe everything she was . . .

Forever the foundation that her family was built on, solid and withstanding, she journeys onward, leaving behind the many she meant so much to.

Mary Cecil, 72, of Timber, Oregon passed on from this world on Tuesday, September 4, 2018, but the memories live on.


Never forgotten, her love in our hearts, she will always be here with us in spirit.

Thank you, Mom, for all of the great things you've taught

us. We will strive to better ourselves, with you in our midst, leading the way . . .

Celebration of Life will be held Saturday, October 20, 2018 at the Vernonia Scout Cabin. Doors open at 12:00 pm, Memorial Toasts at 2:00 and 4:30 pm, Dinner at 5:00 pm. Musical guests Timberbound. Rides available. Info/questions call (503) 354-4978 (leave a message).

*In Loving  
Memory*



**John A. Normand, Jr.**  
*June 23, 1957 - October 9, 1988*

*Forever in our hearts  
Jamela (Jamey) & Jenifer*

## Whiteman's Writings: My Hunting Story

By Steve Whiteman

When I was a teenager, obviously many years ago, I had a memorable deer hunt in the Spring Creek area of Colorado.

Since I worked nights at the Rocket drive-in theater, I slept in and missed my ride up into the pines. I had peddled my bicycle to get to our arranged point of demarcation and they were gone.

Anxious to hunt, I threw my rifle over my shoulder and started pumping up the hill. Many minutes later, I came across some Texans having their morning coffee at their camp. They stared in disbelief as I peddled by.

I'm sure they looked at each other and said, "What the hell?"

When I finally got up to the flat, oak brush and aspen country, I realized that I could cover a lot of country very quietly on that dirt road. As I moved through a grove of aspen trees, I noticed a small buck about 50 yards away. I laid down my bike and snuck up to take a shot. After a game of hide

and seek I finally got my shot and took it. He dropped like a rock.

I rushed up to him and saw I had killed a small forked horn mule deer. I reached for my knife to slit his throat and it was gone. I backtracked, looked around, and it was still gone.

I went back and got the bike and came upon a plan. I would tie a hoof on each side of the handlebars and slip under the buck, lifting his weight with my back. I lifted the deer up on some old brush, moved the bike into position. I tied the hooves to the handlebars and slipped my leg over the bike, lifted the weight onto my shoulders with the head dangling in front of me.

I lifted to balance the bike only for the bike, the hunter, and the deer to fall to the ground on the other side.

I tiptoed the second attempt into forward movement. My head was craned around the drooping deer's head and I could barely see.

Then the unexpected happened, one of the buck's ears flicked a bit. Was it the wind or...

The next thing I knew, the deer's head came straight up and he commenced to watch the dirt road along with me. I must have hit the buck in the horn or something. Both of us were quite nervous at this time. His back hooves that had been quietly drug behind up to this point, began a running motion hitting the pedals about every other time.

To my knowledge this buck had never been on a bicycle before, so the increasing speed seemed to be an issue for both of us. Remember the Texans, they were just getting into their rigs when here we came, hellbent for leather. They frozen in place as they watched us disappear down the hill. I think I heard one of them say, "What the hell?"

As we approached the bridge across the dry canal, our speed was now out of control, his hooves turned us one way and my hands just turned us another.

When I awoke the buck was gone, the bike was a wreck, and my gun barrel was stuck about 2 foot into the dirt.

That's my story and I'm sticking to it...

## Oregon Reps Help Secure Disaster Funding for Salmon Fisheries *continued from page 15*

depend upon these fisheries. In late 2017, I requested a disaster declaration noting millions of dollars of losses in these vital Oregon communities and fisheries. A year after we requested the declaration, my office had heard nothing back from Washington D.C. But, my staff and I continued to fight for the disaster declaration into 2018. Thankfully Secretary Ross helped Oregon make a huge step forward for our rural communities. I want to thank the Oregon congressional delegation, the Coastal Caucus, and coastal leaders for their assistance in pursuing relief for these communities."

"The Oregon Salmon Commission wants to thank the Department of Commerce for acknowledging the 2016 and 2017 commercial fishery failure in the ocean troll salmon fisheries in both Oregon and California," said Nancy Fitzpatrick, Executive Director of the Oregon Salmon Commission. "Financial assistance will be greatly appreciated by our fishing families. We also want to thank the Oregon Congressional delegation for their continued support of our fisheries and working with the Oregon Salmon Commission over the past year and a half to get this declaration."

In March, Congress passed a spending bill that included \$20 million for fisheries disasters nationwide. This commerce fishery disaster declaration will allow ocean troll Klamath River fall Chinook salmon fisheries in Oregon to access those funds through the National Marine Fisheries Service. The Department of Commerce is determining the appropriate allocation of the funds to eligible fisheries. The members are committed

to continuing to advocate for robust funding for West Coast fishery disasters.

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