

The INDEPENDENT

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Opinion

Guest Editorial

Fee increases will pay planning costs

By the Board of Commissioners for Columbia County

On June 15, 1994, the Columbia County Board of Commissioners adopted higher fees for land use planning permits.

There are two main reasons for the increase. First, to hire additional planners to provide more prompt service to the public. Secondly, we must have additional staff to properly plan for the dramatic growth that's occurring and is projected in Columbia County.

If we do not properly plan for that growth, our county will end up looking like Beaverton and/or Gresham. The congestion, traffic and urban sprawl that comes with unplanned growth can be managed and avoided if we have a long range plan and the people to implement it.

Most of us want to see new industry, new retail centers and a healthy local economy. It is no secret that new industry, commercial and retail outlets are interested in coming here. We believe, ten years from now, Columbia County will look very different.

It's up to the citizens, the Board of Commissioners, the Planning Commission and our planning staff to assure that growth occurs in an orderly manner, while protecting and preserving our quality of life. We will not be successful if we don't have the staff.

None of the Commissioners is fond of raising fees, but like a business, we must make sure that we cover the costs of providing service.

Even with the increase, our fees are lower than Tillamook, Clatsop, Washington or Multnomah counties and we will still have fewer staff.

Most land use actions benefit an individual and not the majority of citizens. Our philosophy is that those who benefit should pay the cost, not the taxpayers.

Comprehensive planning is different, however. It is a cost that all of us must share. More importantly, if we do it right, we can preserve those qualities that make Columbia County special.

Letters to the Editor may be found on pages 8 and 9

POLICY ON LETTERS

The INDEPENDENT welcomes readers' letters, but all letters must be signed and include a verifiable address and telephone number, though we will not print the address and phone number. We reserve the right to shorten or edit letters for clarity; libelous statements will not be printed.

THE WAY IT WOULD BE IF THE 'OLD SCHOOL' WERE STILL REPORTING NEWS TODAY.

SORRY, WE REFUSE TO REPORT ON CURRENT EVENTS AS... "TABLOID JOURNALISM" IS NOT WHAT WE ARE ABOUT, WE ONLY REPORT WHAT IS NEWS WORTHY!



Ike Says

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

The morning was cool; a sweatshirt was a must as the hunters left their tent camp. Each hunter started peeling off as they went on their prearranged routes.

My route was one my dad had taken me on for a few years, until I became confident that I could find my own way. Dad moved down deeper into the canyon to find a new route. Above me was Ray Taylor, dad's faithful hunting partner. As the three of us swept down into the canyon and across the 'side hill we would occasionally catch a glimpse of each other in strategic spots. I was always amazed at how Ray would be in his assigned spot as I would come around the hillside, even when I had been delayed by a group of does or other distractions, I could count on seeing the top of his old red felt crusher sticking barely above the rimrocks, then a slow wave as he moved on.

The day was becoming warmer and the sweatshirt was soon tied around my waist as I started making the climb up to the saddle at the Pinnacles. The Pinnacles was the meeting place for all the converging hunters and was also a prime place to find an old buck. I climbed onto the ridge and looked up toward the rock where we always gathered; there was Ray with a grin on his face, sitting and eating raisins. I joined him as we waited for dad to make his way up from the depths of the canyon. The wind was rustling the quaking aspen leaves next to the creek that surged from the ground less than a hundred yards away. Ray asked quietly if I had seen anything and patiently listened as I spilled my guts about a few does that had surprised me. I asked him "How about you, Ray?" "Oh, I run across a couple of flop ears and a knobhead," he said in his slow, steady way.

Suddenly, he pointed toward the saddle in the ridge that lay about a hundred yards below us. There, working its way up toward the saddle, was a four-point buck. Ray leaned over and said "If he comes through the saddle, you take him and if he comes up this side of the ridge, I'll take him." Ray knew the odds were that the buck would go through the saddle and he was going to see the kid in action. But that buck had a mind of his own and started sneaking up the ridge using a row of trees as

a shield. As the buck trotted within forty yards of Ray, he slowly raised his old zipper and the quiet of the mountains was broken with a clap of thunder. The buck was flattened instantly. As we approached the down buck, Ray remembered that dad wanted a cape for mounting. He said "Well I don't want to shoot him again," but that changed quickly when the buck got his front feet under him and floundered down the hillside. Saying "That's far enough," Ray popped the buck in the neck.

As we skinned the buck out, it became apparent that there was only one bullet hole—and it was the hole in the neck. "Where did you shoot this buck, Ray?" I asked. As we continued dressing the buck, we made the startling discovery that it had no tail; that had been the first shot! The tail was shot cleanly off without touching anything else. Ray proudly stated "Sure didn't waste any meat."

I learned a lot from Ray over the years; sometimes you can learn from a friend things that you can't from your dad. I learned from Ray that it was wise not to complain about the burnt pancakes that dad occasionally made in the mornings, unless I wanted to do some cooking of my own. I learned that moving slowly and being alert was very successful for this older gentlemen and that it could be good for me, also. I learned that everybody has certain chores in camp and was amazed at how Ray effortlessly cut the wood and kindling for the stove and fetched the water. I was grateful for the way Ray always got up first in the morning and started the fire in the sheepherders stove, despite subfreezing temperatures.

One day Ray met up with dad and me while on a hunt and said in his slow drawl. "I made a mistake, Don." It seems that he shot a buck that ran into a clump of trees and then came running out the other side, so he shot him again. After starting to dress out the buck, Ray got to thinking that the horns were slightly different than he thought he had seen when he made the first shot. Playing a hunch, he backtracked the buck to the clump of trees and found an almost identical buck laying there dead. Ray felt pretty bad that dad had to tag that buck.

I first met Ray, our next door neighbor, when I was a kid. I remember sneaking over

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