

# The INDEPENDENT

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## Opinion

### Holiday preparations can be very painful

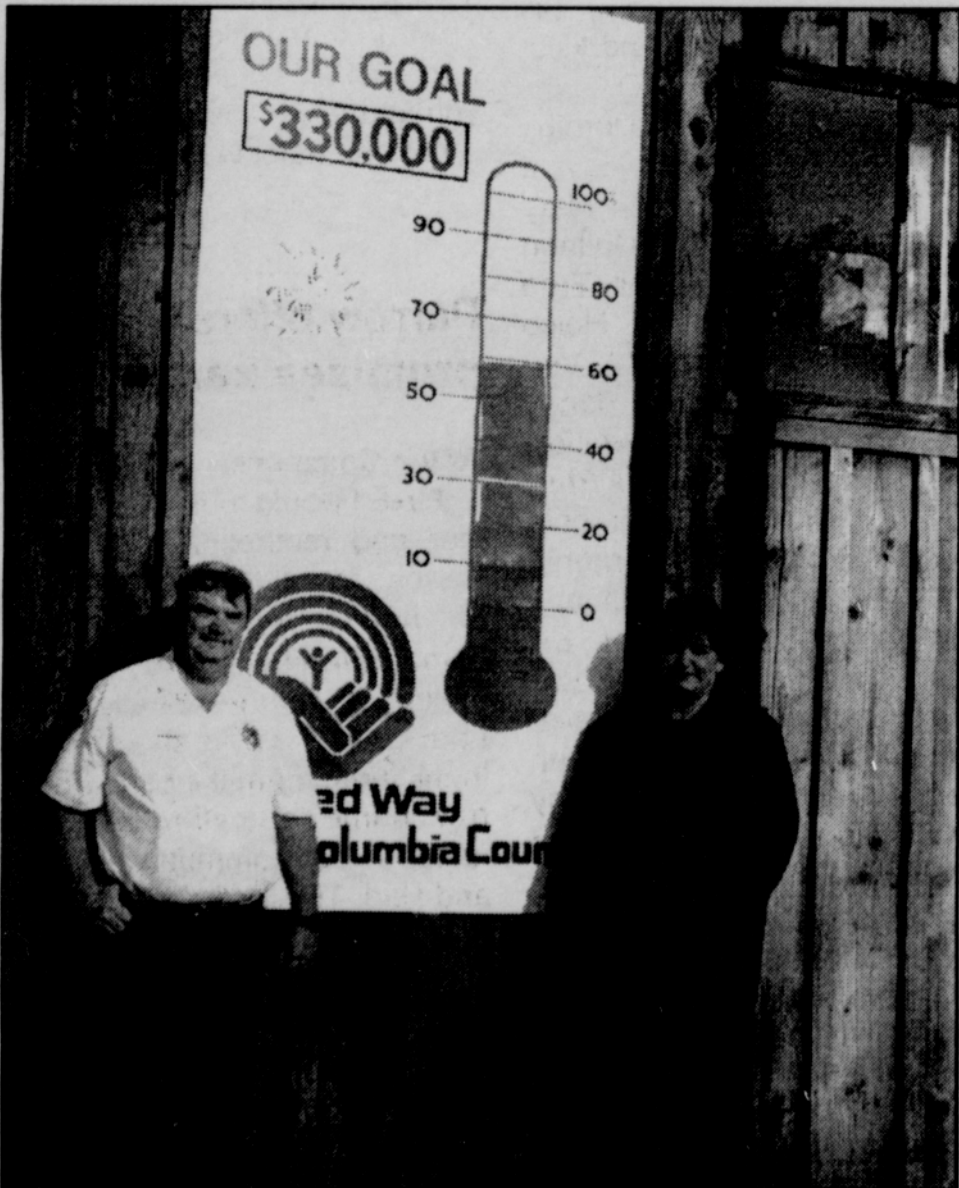
The Christmas holidays have great meaning and are great fun, unless your income makes it only too clear that you aren't going to be part of the celebration. This is one reason that organizations such as Vernonia Cares are so very important.

Cash donations are needed to supplement the food drives. The cash is used to buy items that are not usually donated, items such as fresh meat and produce, toiletries and, at Christmas time, something special for families in need.

In today's job market, many jobs are unfilled, but that doesn't mean people aren't working. More than half of the Oregonians who need help from emergency food banks have jobs; the jobs simply don't pay enough to take care of rent, transportation, utilities, child care, food and other ordinary expenses. These are the working poor; they aren't lazy, they're underpaid.

Another way to help is with a donation to the United Way in your county. United Way's funds don't go to individuals, they go to agencies that help individuals, agencies that must be preapproved by volunteer United Way board members. These funds go to Vernonia Cares, senior centers, Girl and Boy Scouts. They help people in need, whatever the need may be, with support to existing organizations that are in the people-helping business. United Way helps support families victimized by violence; it helps the homeless and those who can't keep up with their utility bills.

How about making someone's life a little easier this year. Please donate generously.



Clatskanie Fire Chief Dick Long and Vernonia Cares Director Lisa Edgar remind everyone that the annual United Way fund drive is underway. Long and St. Helens Fire Chief George Dunkel are co-chairs of this year's campaign.

**UN-DECISION 2000**

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DEMOCRATS GORE AS PRESIDENT THEY IMPEACH CLINTON?! \*\*\*\*\* THE GOVERNOR AND STATE-CAMPAIGN MANAGER VOTE BEFORE THE FINAL FAVOR OF BABY BUSH?! \*\*\*\*\*

MAYBE AN OLD FASHIONED \*\*\*\*\* PISTOL DUEL WOULD BE IN ORDER?! \*\*\*\*\*

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE NEEDS TO BE TAKEN INTO AC-COUNT!

What's wrong with counting ALL VOTES EVEN IF IT TAKES FOREVER?

Why Doesn't FLORIDA SECEDE FROM THE UNION AND BECOME A PART OF CUBA?!

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### Like Says...

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

For many of us, this year's big game hunting season is just a memory. I spent over half a month in Eastern Oregon, and that is always a positive experience. Though I didn't bring anything home, I learned some new country and had a great time. I also spent six days with my son as he tried to harvest his first bull elk here in the Saddle Mountain unit. Unfortunately, our freezer didn't get an addition of this year's meat, and the hunting experience was not what I would have hoped for.

Having changed hunting areas for deer, this year found my dad, Don Tiffney, and me learning this new, secret, hunt unit. Deer hunting in this unit reminded us of hunting as it used to be in the Murderers Creek unit of the '60s and early '70s. There were lots of deer and lots of bucks, unfortunately, the number of larger bucks was not high. We passed up a lot of spikes, forked horns and a few three points. Deer hunting was, once again, a lot of fun, as you could actually get away from the roads, hunt through broken ground and expect to see deer in every likely spot. Seeing twenty to forty deer a day was common and passing up two to three bucks a day was average. Many times, I stood in awe as I counted the deer feces pellet groups that surrounded my location, with six or seven pellet groups in one place being the average. This is indicative of a very high deer population and was confirmed by the number of deer we were seeing. I told myself that Oregon Department of Fish and Wildlife should take all their biologists to this area so they could see, first hand, what a deer population should look like, and see the feed that was supporting this population. They could learn a lot from this experience and would have the opportunity to develop a new understanding of what their units' potential could be.

Dad finally took an eater buck on the last day of the hunt, while I had a bad case of poor shooting as I tried to anchor two different forked horns, without touching a hair. Lee, Ken and Luke Enneberg joined our camp during the middle of the season and Luke took a nice four-point buck within the first 45 minutes of his hunt. Lee got a forked horn after missing a nicer buck the day before. Ken passed up too many bucks and couldn't find an eater buck on the last of his few hunt days.

Elk season found Dad, Ken Enneberg and me once again hunting the Murderers Creek unit. After setting up Ken's giant GI tent, we had a

cozy camp for this arduous hunt. Knowing there is a warm, dry camp to come back to at night is essential if a hunter is to be able to hunt to his full potential during the day. Opening day was typical, with a lot of hunters shooting. I had a nice five or six point walk up behind me, yet I was not able to get a shot at him, as he turned inside out when I turned around and started walking his way. I saw a bull across the canyon, which was too far to shoot, then watched as Ken took this animal when he walked into what was actually two bulls. Later in the morning, I shot and, unfortunately, wounded, a smaller bull high in the back and was not able to catch up with him. I hope the shot was not lethal and, by the looks of the sign, it probably was not.

The highlight of the trip for me was following an obvious bull track which went around obstacles, through depressions in the landscape and utilized any available trees as screens. This bull had some previous experience and was using it to his full advantage. I eventually jumped the bull on a knob at the edge of a small draw in which the bull quickly disappeared. Getting just a glimpse of him as he sprang to his feet, and hearing the clattering of his horns as he streaked over the edge and through the surrounding thicket, only reinforced the fact that he was a nice bull. I never saw that bull again, even though I spent half of the next day tracking him through fresh snow, only to have him rub me off by maneuvering me upwind of a big herd of elk so they would blow up and take me on a wild goose chase down in a very deep canyon. Don't ever let anybody tell you that older bull elk are stupid.

The last day of my elk season was also memorable as I chased two elk tracks in snow for most of the day only to have them take me to the edge of The Abyss, a place where the world falls away for miles. Being late in the day, there was no way I was going into this hole. Yet, as I stood there, I was treated to a beautiful sight as snow showers and sun rays came and went, creating a dramatic picture from such a high vantage point. Sometimes the pleasures of hunting do not include the animals, but the many other aspects of the hunt itself.

My son hunted the second elk season in the Saddle Mountain unit. The first two days of the season were tough. The ground was frozen, making it difficult to find fresh tracks. Hunter numbers were also unusually high in the area, which made hunting less enjoyable. After going to school for three days, Mike was, once again,

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