

The INDEPENDENT

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Opinion

Some "stuff" is important

Cars, carpet, that new couch with matching recliner and love seat. The monetary loss has been no small thing. Photos of loved ones and sentimental keepsakes lost. The emotional toll has been great.

I've spoken with many people in the last week who have been dealing with the devastating damage done by the flood and mud. With the many losses suffered, there is one phrase that is often repeated, "It's just stuff." Another phrase heard, "I still have my family." The loss of a loved one is the greatest loss one can suffer. We have been extremely fortunate not to have lost any lives in our community to the great forces of nature that have visited us lately – I am thankful.

I am also thankful for the seemingly unending sea of volunteers that have done so much to help us all in our time of need. They have fed us, clothed us, given us shelter. Provided the manpower to pick up piles of debris. Delivered truck loads of much needed supplies. Selflessly done whatever was needed to help us recover. Much of the work has been dirty, smelly and downright disgusting.

We know some of the people that put themselves at risk to save others. Robert Ray, Josh Shultz and Dean Smith are just three of the many that did what they felt they needed to do to help others. Jeff Burch worked tirelessly, around the clock, to keep the water supply safe for all of us, even though doing so kept him from being able to help his own family while their home was being flooded. Others belonged to groups whose purpose is to help others; like the Firefighters (fighting water, hmm...), EMTs, law enforcement officers, Red Cross, CERT teams and National Guard units. There were also prison inmates that were glad to work hard for others. Church groups, Social clubs, public municipalities and private businesses all helped out. And, individuals not associated with any group or organization helped, too.

All of these people had but one goal. That goal was simply to help others in need, even though it was rarely simple to do.

Two thoughts that keep crossing my mind are how blessed we have been and how important it is for me to say how grateful I am and thank you from the deepest depths of my soul.



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



Deer season this year found me over in Eastern Oregon with three generations of Webbs hunting together again, after my son Michael's return from the Army. The rest of our camp consisted of my brother-in-law, nephew, and good family friend Don Tiffney. We decided to skip the opening weekend mad house and set up camp on Tuesday of the first week of the season. We got our usual camp site and the weather was good for setting up the tents. The weather then turned cold and spitting sleet, good deer hunting weather. My brother-in-law, Don Larson, scored first with a nice 3 pt on our first day of hunting. Michael and I saw a couple of small bucks and decided to pass; we had a lot of season left. Day two produced more deer sightings but no bucks. On day three Michael and I were hunting a draw, doing the old one on each side trick. I heard some deer jump up in front of me, but due to the thick jack pine trees I could not see them. We moved ahead slowly and I noticed Mike was in the bottom of the draw now. Then I caught the image of a deer standing up the hill above Mike about 80 yards. I scoped the deer, which turned out to be two Does and then I noticed another deer to their left, yep a buck. I could see only the

rear half of the antlers, but they looked better than average, I steadied my hold as I moved back to the rib cage for the shot. The buck disappeared in a flash at the report of my old 270. I wished I could have seen Mike's face when I shot, it must have been loud down there. I held my place and had Mike move up to the spot the buck was standing so we didn't lose the spot in the thick trees. By the time I got over to Mike, he had already found my buck, a nice 4 pt. We field dressed the buck and then took a GPS waypoint to see how far the pack was going to be, it turned out to be an easy pack to an access point. The packing would be the next day and we had a few miles to go to get back to camp before dark, so we started hoofing it out of the woods. Just before we got back into camp we heard two shots and soon my nephew, Rob, and Don Tiffney were chatting on the radio about the buck Rob just shot. Soon, four of us headed up from camp and made a quick drag of the forked horn down to where we could load it in the pickup. A few days later Dad got caught behind a local rancher's cattle drive and ended up helping push the cattle along towards camp. We know this local rancher and soon he showed up and gave Dad a ride back to camp since he was going that way, anyway. He mentioned that he had seen a fair buck a few hours earlier at a certain place. It was mid-afternoon and we thought, heck, we might as well check out that buck. We piled into the truck and headed to the spot, but just before we got there, I looked up the hill on the opposite

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