

The INDEPENDENT

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Vernonia 2008 Year in Review

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- following the December 2007 flood).
- Feb. 7 – Public Hearing held on Flood Ordinance.
- Feb. 14 – Jim Krahn appointed to 47J Board.
- Feb. 19 – City Council creates Economic Development Committee by Ordinance. Council approves contracts for M.R. “Dick” Kline and Aldie Howard to run through June 30.
- Feb. 22 – Vernonia 2020 planning meeting held with community stakeholders.
- Feb. 28 – City in default with Oregon Secretary of State’s office when audit not turned in by extension deadline.
- Mar. 3 – 1st Vernonia 2020 open meeting with community members.
- Mar. 6 – Interim City Administrator Aldie Howard says he won’t allow Vernonia Police column to be sent to *The Independent*. Improvised Explosive Device (IED) set off by students in garbage can behind Vernonia Middle School.
- Mar. 11 – 1st 47J School Board held in District Office since Dec. 3 flood.
- Mar. 17 – 1st of 23 FEMA manufactured homes arrive. City hands out audit at council meeting.
- Mar. 20 – Vernonia Police column back in paper, must be hand delivered by Interim City Administrator Aldie Howard, rather than e-mailed.
- Mar. 21 – FEMA Center at City Hall closes.
- Mar. 31 – EPA & DEQ arrive to clean up hazardous flood debris from Nehalem River. Donation Center at Lincoln Grade School closes.
- Apr. 2 – City turns off Leonard Simmons water after he refuses to pay water loan replacement fee and Howard refuses his utility payment, throwing it back at him.
- Apr. 3 – Vernonia Police column out of paper after Howard bills paper \$52.30 for that column and Library column.
- Apr. 7 – Council approves lease of Vernonia Community Learning Center (VCLC) space to Columbia County Flood Relief (CCFR).
- Apr. 10 – 47J Board announces start of Oregon Solutions project to fund and resite schools.
- Apr. 11 – Howard tells paper, “No columns” then allows columns submission via email the same day.
- Apr. 16 – Howard sends letter to Vernonia Chamber of Commerce suggesting they suppress *The Independent*, and support Vernonia’s Voice.
- Apr. 18-19 – Snow falls in Vernonia.

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Ike Says . . .

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



I approached the gated road with apprehension, I was a little later than I wanted to be. Would somebody already be there? I sighed in relief, nobody was parked at the gate, my opening day of elk season would not be an immediate competition.

I quickly got my mountain bike out of the back and started pushing it up the hill, I’m no Lance Armstrong, besides it was still dark and I wanted to take my time and stay cool. I slipped up the mountain in the dark and could just slightly make out my surroundings. I was going through a new clear-cut and was pretty much discounting the possibility of seeing elk in it because it was so new. I reached the upper end of the clear-cut and thought to myself, I should glass this little basin above me, just in case. I looked through the binoculars and hmm...a line of stumps; stumps heck, those are elk! I quietly put the kickstand down on the bike and slipped my rifle off the handlebar rack. It was way too dark; I figured I would just wait until daylight and legal hunting time. I could see the elk in the darkness, but couldn’t see if any of them had antlers. Then the fog moved in and the elk disappeared, this was not good. I finally decided to backtrack down the road, cut up through the clear-cut to hit

the road above, then sneak around the top and the elk should feed out in front of me. I made the 400-yard climb fairly quickly, but was paying the price for getting over-heated. Luckily I had sprayed all my optics with a good de-fogging agent, all I had to do was cool down. I sneaked down the road while I peeled off some clothing. When I got to the draw where the elk should have been, they were gone! Then I heard crashing in the timber off to my right and I knew I had been winded and the chase was now on. I have killed very few bulls in clear-cuts, today was definitely not going to be one of them. Of course the elk were heading down into a hole. I followed along, then started skirting above them, I hoped. Soon I jumped them again and saw a cow and calf, but could only hear the others crashing through the forest. I got to a good vantage point where I could look down through some bigger timber (a real rarity today) and hoped the elk would circle underneath me. Finally I gave up, started up the old cat road I was on and into a reprod patch about 10 years-old. I looked across the small draw onto the opposite hillside 150 yards away and there stood an elk! I got the binoculars up and, as the elk moved its head, I saw the legal antlers swinging with the head. I quickly switched to my rifle’s optics and brought the crosshairs to the ribs, but I could also see all the limbs of the roadside alders, oh, this was not good. Finally I picked the best hole I could and touched the .270 off. The bull immediately bolted forward. I ran up the cat road a few

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