

The INDEPENDENT

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Opinion

Alcohol impairs judgement

Lots of people are talking in the aftermath of a recent automobile accident, with injuries, that was reportedly alcohol related. Opinions vary as much as the people doing the talking, but one thing is real: alcohol impairs judgement.

A Centers for Disease Control (CDC) study from as far back as 2004 reported that two out of three children killed in alcohol-related crashes were riding in a vehicle being driven by a person who had been drinking. A 2003 CDC report on injuries showed alcohol as the leading risk factor for serious injury in the United States, and as the third leading cause of preventable death. In 2008, alcohol was still the third leading cause of preventable death.

If a parent is the one drinking and driving, society has a strong reaction, and it's easy to think that would never happen to you, your family or your friends. Unfortunately, with more than half the adult population having had alcohol in the past 30 days, it's much more common than is comfortable. The reason: Alcohol impairs judgement.

Who hasn't seen someone who is visibly too drunk to drive, swear they are fine? Many of us have even been that person. Heavy drinking is defined for men as having more than two drinks per day on average. For women, more than one drink per day on average is considered heavy drinking. The CDC also offers a list of persons who should not drink *any* alcohol, and that list includes those who are driving, planning to drive, or participating in other activities requiring skill, coordination and alertness. One reason people still drive after drinking: Alcohol impairs judgement.

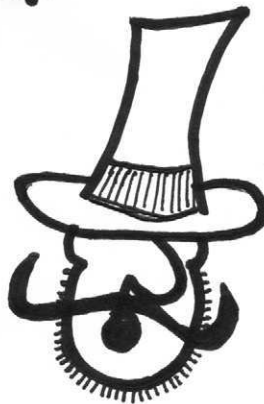
I (yes, this is Rebecca writing) drove one time when I was in my 20's and had been drinking. I scared myself badly because I could tell I wasn't driving well. I didn't hurt myself, I didn't hurt anyone else. I told myself I would never again drive after drinking. Know what? I lied. I drove drunk again, more than once, after that. The reason: Alcohol impairs judgement. I haven't had a drink in over 18 years because I was well on the road to becoming an alcoholic. I tell people I don't drink because I don't do it well, and that's true.

Here's what I know about many of the people who drink and drive. The only difference between them and me is that I don't drink. Most of them are good, loving parents who would never knowingly hurt their family.

Alcoholic Anonymous has a saying, "There, but for the grace of God, go I." Don't go there. Don't drink and drive. The reason: Alcohol impairs judgement.

VERN

Asks ...



How Are
We Gunna
Keep 'Em
Down On
THE
FARM?

Ike Says . . .

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



What's the best eating venison in the state of Oregon, well so far my Dad says it is antelope! I even talked him into eating antelope liver and he admitted it was just as good as deer. Yep, I managed to get one during my recent Whitehorse unit hunt.

We arrived in the unit later in the day on Tuesday before the Saturday opener. We scouted around for a couple of days, seeing if we were missing any good areas, before we ended back in the usual area that we have hunted before. You know that saying about the grass looking greener on the other side of the fence, it's true! The last few days of the week we scoped out the surrounding area for a big antelope buck; we saw lots of bucks, but really no big ones.

Opening day came early and I was amazed how cool the air was for August. I actually wore my pull-over jacket until noon, then things heated up. Of course sneaking in on a decent herd buck built up a little steam. I passed on bucks and even took their photos as I coursed out through the high desert.

It had been 13 years since my last antelope hunt, so I wanted to have a good time and come home with a respectable buck. Having waited that many years, and with nine days to hunt, I did

not feel the need to have an itchy trigger. Besides, there we a ton of antelope in my area and it would take days to get a good look at all the different bucks.

Some bucks seemed to have a death wish, the herd buck from the opening morning tempted me on about four occasions, but he was just too short in beam length and had weak prongs even though he was a mature buck.

I kept weeding through bucks the second day, passing up five different bucks, only three of which I gave any consideration. One buck tempted me three times that day. Dad picked me up from this hunt in mid-afternoon down by the intermittent creek and, just as we started moving, we noticed two bucks running along the hillside above us just up out of some rim rocks. The front buck indeed looked interesting in the binoculars. I decided the next day I would give this buck a better looking over while on foot.

Day three brought me sneaking up on a bedded buck about a half-mile from camp. It turned out to be the herd buck from the first day, and he was still too small. I ventured out the crest of a ridge and there were antelope scattered all over the hillsides, yet I did not see any bucks that looked worthy of a stalk. I worked my way down the ridge and across from our camp, kicking up a couple of coyotes, which were thick. I finally saw some Does and small bucks bedded on a ridge line a quarter-mile away and worked my way over to them. I was basically pinned down when I closed the gap to about 400 yards. I de-

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