

# Mitchell Sentinel

## Fearless, Fair and Free

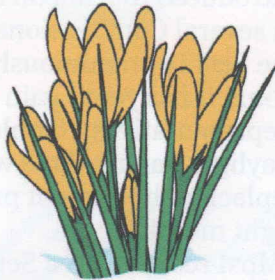
Mitchell, Wheeler County, Oregon, Wednesday, March 20, 2024, Issue #17

## Thank you

The family of Rick Paul would like to genuinely thank all of those who made so much effort to help us during this time. Many brought food to the service and to the family beforehand, helped set-up and take-down at the gym, organized food, made contributions towards the purchase of a 4-H animal, sent kind words in cards, provided tech support, and more! We certainly appreciate all of you.

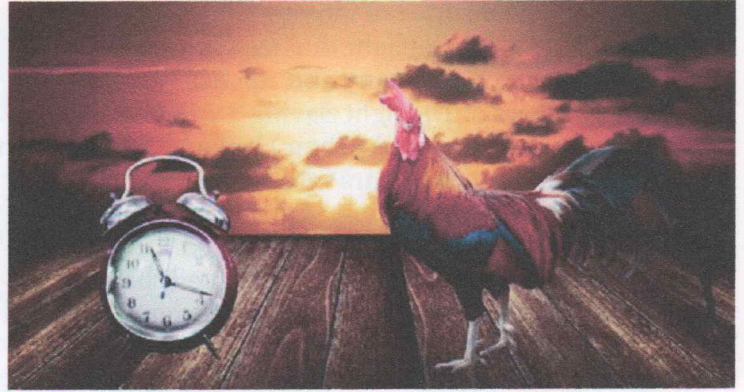
## Spring Has Sprung!

The spring equinox occurred on Tuesday, March 19th, at 11:06 p.m. EDT, marking the official start of spring in the Northern Hemisphere. Even though we usually think of the first day of spring as March 21st, many experts now say it's actually March 20th. This is called the Vernal Equinox (Spring Equinox), which means the start of spring. During this time, daylight hours start getting longer than nighttime hours as the Earth tilts towards the Sun.



As the equinox passes, the Sun's rays move further north until they reach their peak at the Tropic of Cancer, which marks the summer solstice, the longest day of the year. After that, the Sun's rays start moving southward, making days shorter until we reach the winter solstice.

Contrary to what many people believe, daylight is actually slightly longer than darkness on the equinoxes due to how our atmosphere bends light. Earth's orbit and precession, or the way it wobbles, cause variations in the length of seasons. Currently, spring is getting shorter by about a minute each year, while summer is getting longer. This change is because Earth is closer to the Sun during certain parts of its orbit. ■ [Source: Farmer's Almanac]



## Leave MY Clock Alone!

Daylight Saving Time began on Sunday, March 10th at 2 am. We all had to turn our clocks forward, "losing" an entire hour of our day. And in about 8 months, we will have to turn our clocks back to "gain" that lost hour back. Why do we do this, exactly? A common myth is that Daylight Saving Time benefits farmers. In reality, farmers adamantly oppose this.

Who is responsible for this "bright" idea? Some people credit Benjamin Franklin for having the first suggestion of a seasonal time change. In 1784, Franklin sent a letter to the editor of the Journal of Paris. It was entitled "An Economical Project for Diminishing the Cost of Light." In his letter, he suggested that Parisians could reduce candle usage just by getting out of bed earlier in the morning. He actually meant that as a joke!

New Zealand entomologist George Vernon Hudson more seriously proposed daylight saving time in 1895. Hudson advocated for "a two-hour time shift so he'd have more after-work hours of sunshine in the summer to go bug hunting."

British builder William Willett later showed support for the change as a way of encouraging Brits to wake up earlier and enjoy the sun during the summer.

The fact is, however, that Daylight Saving Time had its beginnings in Canada. The community of Port Arthur, Ontario, now known as Thunder Bay, initiated the world's first Daylight Saving Time period on July 1, 1908, by advancing their clocks by one hour. Following this, other regions in Canada adopted the practice. For instance, Regina in Saskatchewan implemented DST on April 23, 1914, while Winnipeg and Brandon in Manitoba followed suit on April 24, 1916. Canada (cont'd on page 2)



(Leave My Clock Alone! - cont'd from page 1)

officially introduced Daylight Saving Time nationwide in 1918. During the Second World War, both Canada and the United States observed daylight saving time throughout the entire year.

Changing the clocks became popular during World War I. Germany, England, and other countries sought ways to conserve energy. With more daylight hours, people would spend more time outside and less inside, using up energy in their homes - or so it was theorized. Germany remembered Willett's idea of moving the clock forward and thus having more daylight during working hours. During World War I, Germany and Austria were the European pioneers of Daylight Saving Time, implementing it by advancing their clocks by one hour on April 30, 1916, about two years into the conflict. The aim was to reduce the consumption of artificial lighting and conserve fuel for the war effort. The United Kingdom, France, and several other countries adopted the practice within a few weeks. However, following the end of World War I, many of these countries reverted to Standard Time. It wasn't until World War II that Daylight Saving Time once again became widespread across most of Europe.

Almost four years into World War I, the United States decided to follow suit, and Congress passed the Standard Time Act. Daylight Saving Time became official here in the United States on March 18, 1918. The law also established the five time zones that we now know. The time zones were even referred to as Eastern War Time, Pacific War Time, etc. The 1918 Standard Time Act was initially intended to last for only seven months each year and was discontinued nationally after the war ended. Despite this, individual states continued to advance their clocks by one hour in the spring and set them back by one hour in the fall.

Well into World War II, the issue came up once again. In February of 1942, Congress reintroduced national Daylight Saving Time through legislation aimed at conserving fuel and bolstering national security and defense efforts. However, this law was revoked after the war concluded in 1945, allowing individual states to set their own standard time.

Congress enacted the Uniform Time Act on April 13, 1966, to create a unified time system across the United States, standardize time zones, and eliminate regional disparities. The legislation also implemented daylight saving time, which would start on the last Sunday in April and end on the last Sunday in October. Over time, adjustments to the legislation have been made. The current schedule we adhere to was established by President George W. Bush in 2005. He extended daylight saving time by several weeks. As a result, it now begins at 2 am on the second Sunday in March and ends at 2 am on the first Sunday in November.

In 2019, Oregon Senate Bill 320 instating Permanent Daylight Saving Time passed the Senate and the House



Vintage AD

and was signed by the Governor. It eliminates the yearly adjustment of moving from Standard Time to Daylight Saving Time, opting to keep Oregon on Permanent Daylight Saving Time. However, this rule does not apply to the easternmost part of Oregon, which is located in the Mountain Time Zone. The Senate Bill, which would put Oregon on Permanent Daylight Saving Time, is still waiting for approval at the Federal level.

The proposed Sunshine Protection Act is a federal legislation in the United States with the objective of establishing Daylight Saving Time as the new Permanent Standard Time, eliminating the need for biannual time adjustments. Senator Marco Rubio from Florida introduced this bill on 03/09/2021. It has been presented in several Congressional sessions since then. Although the Senate unanimously approved the bill on March 15, 2022, it has yet to gain traction in the House of Representatives. Should the bill be enacted into law, Daylight Saving Time would be in effect year-round, replacing the current practice of being observed for only eight months.

Most recently, in a Senate vote on February 20, 2024, Oregon Senate Bill 1548 failed with 14 ayes and 16 nays. The bill proposes abolishing the annual one-hour change in time from Standard Time to Daylight Saving Time and keeping the Pacific Time Zone portion of Oregon on Standard Time for all 12 months of the calendar year if California and Washington make the same change within the next 10 years. What does California and Washington have to do with Oregon? Adopting standard time is as simple as passing a state law. Although Daylight Saving Time is mandated at the federal level, states possess the authority to opt out of it by enacting their own state laws. Hawaii chose to forgo the Uniform Time Act in 1967, and the majority of Arizona followed suit in 1968. These regions do not observe Daylight Saving Time, except for the Navajo Nation in northeastern Arizona, which continues to adhere to it. Additionally, most American territories, such as Puerto Rico and Guam, do not participate in Daylight Saving Time either. Daylight Saving Time is now observed in over 70 countries worldwide. There are a total of 195 countries in the world. ■

Dajuana Dodd



## Bingo Charity - No Entrance Fee!

Purchase Packets - \$5.00, \$10.00 or Single Sheets from \$1.00 each

- Bonus Games also available for purchase -

**ALL Proceeds Go To Mitchell School Programs**



# BINGO CHARITY

Get ready to shout "BINGO!" and win some amazing prizes at this fun-filled event. All proceedings will go to Mitchell School programs.

**SUNDAY  
MARCH  
24TH**

**START AT 2 PM**

**PRINEVILLE EAGLES LODGE  
235 NE 4TH ST.  
PRINEVILLE, OR 97754**

**FOR MORE INFORMATION**  
[ayork@mitchell.k12.or.us](mailto:ayork@mitchell.k12.or.us)

Community Advertisement



## Hickeys

In the days before electricity, which eliminated TV, radio, internet, and even newspapers, business advertising was limited.

Mitchell merchants came up with a redeemable token plan. They would hire someone to meet the incoming stagecoach and present them with a token—sometimes called a hickey. This coin-like item could be given back to the merchant and traded for goods sold by the business. The denominations would be printed on the back of the token, usually five or 10 cents. The coins were usually pressed out of soft metal. Aluminum was the best choice, and it was cheaper.

Mitchell Saloons were the first to take advantage of the token system. I have seen one called “Poodle Dog,” but haven’t found any history on that one. Misener & Cannon Orofino Saloon is familiar because Cannon was my grandfather and during prohibition, they served soda pop up front and alcohol out back. Campbell & Magee was another saloon that preceded Misener & Cannon in the same location around 1882. Campbell was also related to me. Starting to see a pattern here? Louie Toney had a unique token for his saloon. It was square in design. Mr. Toney was shot dead in front of his establishment by Henry Eller in a gunfight on November 16, 1921. [insert Henry Eller AD] I have seen a Chamberlin & Todd Saloon token from 1884. A. Reed had a small token with a cut out heart in the center. He was a barber so he must have used them for a discount on haircuts!



Latter years tokens were discontinued and coins took their place. These were used as souvenirs and keepsakes. They were of an event or places of interest. I have some from Skagway, Alaska, Oregon Trail Baker City, Pixie Kitchen on the coast, Smokey Bear, and Woodsey Owl.

“Don’t take any wooden nickels!” Advertising folks took advantage of that phrase and sold ads printed on wooden discs. Mo’s on the coast had one redeemable for a cup of chowder; The Door Knob Gift Shop in Skagway, Alaska had one just to advertise; Pendleton Round-Up had one. Some had Biblical sayings on them. I don’t think a wooden nickel would open the Pearly Gates, but maybe?

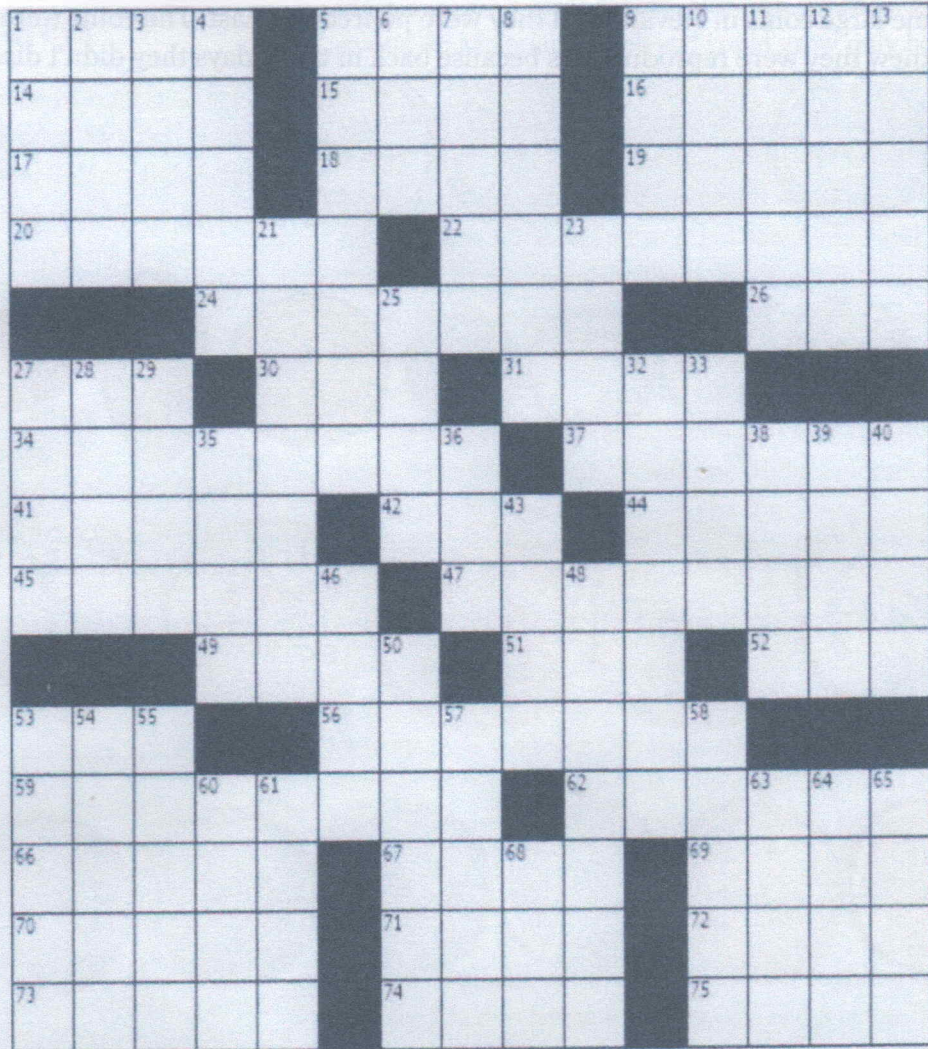
(cont’d on page 6)



# Crossword Puzzle

## Across

1. Requests
5. Large truck
9. Fangs
14. Limerick, e.g.
15. Malicious
16. Potato state
17. She, in Bordeaux
18. Country lodgings
19. Prying bar
20. Go away
22. Tidiness
24. Take back
26. Understand
27. Key near the space bar
30. Doctor's charge
31. Narrated
34. Made less tight
37. Paring tool
41. Sub finder
42. Gave lunch to
44. Love, in Florence
45. Uncorked
47. Jim \_\_\_\_ of The Doors
49. Actor Richard \_\_\_\_
51. Billion years
52. Newark time zone (abbr.)
53. Cooking vessel
56. Decorated
59. Fragrant
62. Proverbs
66. Spanish title
67. Gong
69. Ark builder
70. Scornful sound
71. Put down
72. Concern
73. Alleviates
74. Conclusions
75. She, in Seville



## Down

- |                        |                                    |                             |
|------------------------|------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. Imitated            | 23. Upon                           | 48. Reagan and McDonald     |
| 2. Lone                | 25. Coral formation                | 50. Okay to eat             |
| 3. Seaweed             | 27. Too                            | 53. Outdated                |
| 4. Smudge              | 28. Pilot's stunt                  | 54. Coliseum                |
| 5. Infatuated          | 29. Musical sound                  | 55. Forbidden items (hyph.) |
| 6. Twilight, to a poet | 32. Memorized                      | 57. Atlantic or Pacific     |
| 7. Biblical food       | 33. ____ Moore of "A Few Good Men" | 58. Tango, e.g.             |
| 8. Butterfly, e.g.     | 35. Warbled                        | 60. Extra                   |
| 9. Slant               | 36. Carter's party (abbr.)         | 61. Humanities              |
| 10. Adam's garden      | 38. Mislaid                        | 63. Objective               |
| 11. Roof overhangs     | 39. Greek deity                    | 64. British nobleman        |
| 12. The ones here      | 40. Housing expense                | 65. Mets' bygone home       |
| 13. Racetrack animal   | 43. Go-getter                      | 68. Jar cover               |
| 21. Football official  | 46. Mild expletive                 |                             |

Solution to Crossword Puzzle can be found on page 15.



(Hickeys - cont'd from page 4)

I bought some large coins in Nevada and they were poured in a cast. The coins were advertising various services in brothels. I knew they were reproductions because back in those days they didn't discount any of those wares!



When pennies were made out of copper, some tourist sites had a machine where you could insert a penny followed by 50 cents and out would pop a pressed penny with the site's design on it. I have one from the Portland Zoo and one from Seattle, Washington with a Space Craft on it. These machines have since disappeared because the newly minted pennies have new metals that break, not bend.

Dan Cannon  
03/04/2024

# Happy Easter!

from  
**Wheeler County Trading Co.**  
100 W Main St Mitchell, Oregon  
(541)462-3585

**Wheeler County Trading Co.**  
Now accepting SNAP/EBT

**We will be CLOSED on  
RESURRECTION SUNDAY  
March 31st**

Paid Advertisement



# My Story of the Great Depression

## By Mirian Cannon Humphreys

Mirian Cannon Humphreys was born on Mountain Creek, about 9 miles east of Mitchell. She attended Mitchell High School for two years and graduated from Salem High School in 1938. She attended Oregon Normal School in Monmouth, which later became Western Oregon University. Upon graduation, she took a job in eastern Oregon in Fox Valley that paid \$87.50 per month. Mirian married Trevor Humphreys, and they had two daughters, Helen and Nancey. Mirian devoted most of her life to her love of teaching. She now lives in Salem in The Springs Assisted Living Center. She is 102 years old. Mirian wrote this book, *My Story of the Great Depression*, sometime back, and after reading it, I wanted to share it with everyone. She sent word that she would be honored to have it published in the Mitchell Sentinel.

Dan Cannon

03/07/2024

### My Story of the Great Depression

My first awareness of the hard times and the scary Depression stands out in one specific time. Coming home from school one afternoon we saw Mom on the front porch, just sitting there. She was always so busy it was unusual for her to be just sitting. One glance told us that something serious was happening or about to. She broke the news, "The bank went broke." This was the little Mitchell State Bank that all the ranchers including all of our neighbors relied on to get the yearly bank loan to run on for that year. We sat there on the steps with Mom as she explained to us, as we hadn't the foggiest idea to what a "broken" bank meant. We surely learned in the next 10 years or more.

Mother and Dad were both in a state of shock for a while. Mother was very scared and worried but soon began to figure out ways and means to cope with what would come. Dad was scared and worried also but being an eternal optimist proceeded to do his best to take care of us as well as keeping his sense of humor and keeping us stable and happy as possible in trying and hard times.

On the ranch, the Great Depression meant different things than it did for people in Portland, New York, or even Mitchell, for that matter. It meant to us that we would always have plenty to eat as compared to urban life, but very little prepared foods would be on our long dining room table. We had our own meat, milk, butter, eggs, and vegetables. Chicken was reserved for Sunday or for company, turkey for holidays, and to sell or trade. Our home-raised meat consisted of hams, bacon, beef,

and mutton. We ate no lamb because they went to market. Mother raised a great garden, although we had a short growing season on Mountain Creek and could grow only hearty vegetables. All the little plants were started in a hotbed early in the spring. Each night, the lid was put over the hotbed to keep out the frost. The hotbed had the first layer of "hot manure", then good for fertile soil. The hotbed was located on the south side of the woodshed and so it got sun all day and was protected by the woodshed and the lid at night.

One day, John and I were watering the hotbed and John added to the fun by swinging the hose in a circle. The hose end connected with my nose and hit with enough force to make quite a cut beside my nose. I thought I was keeled as blood flew in every direction. It was one of the few times I ever saw Mom mad at John but then maybe it was worry that she would be stuck with a girl with half a nose. It healed and we proceeded on to the next adventure.

Mother baked biscuits every day and, once a week, made four or five loaves of yeast bread plus a big pan of cinnamon buns. It took a lot of cinnamon buns or rolls for the seven of us, our cousins, and whoever else came by. What dummies young ones are sometimes. For example, we actually wished at times for store "bought" white bread in our lunches for school. For a lady who couldn't cook anything but cupcakes when she married (according to Dad), she became a great cook. Dad was a cook in the navy and taught her, and marrying into a family of "old Southern style" cooks led to her learning from them, and she liked to try new recipes. We had a cellar full of canned food in spite of the ranch not raising any fruit because it was too cold.

Dad decided to supplement the income by selling meat locally. He needed a slaughterhouse. He built one that was about a story and a half high that had a strong large pole running through it, just under the roof. A windmill set up was built on the outside near the top and joined to the big pole. A rope was attached to each arm. A person pulled on each rope as it came around and so raised the beef carcass up high enough to be skinned and cleaned. Then the half or fourth of a beef or mutton was put into clean white bags to protect it from insects and "varmints" and dust.

One of our grown-up cousins in Mitchell asked me one time if my dad sold tough meat, and I said, "yep," not really knowing what that meant. (I was only four years old)

The ranchers experienced very tight circumstances after the banks went broke. Prices for animals were terrible. One fall, Dad was offered 75 cents each for beautiful lambs. People were buying as little as possible and so the markets were down.

Finally, a government man was sent into the Mitchell area with the job of deciding which rancher deserved to raise

(cont'd on page 8)



(My Story of the Great Depression - cont'd from page 7)

sheep. He judged each rancher by his reputation as a good manager, a hard worker, and his ability to tend to business. Since everyone was in debt and not able to pay back loans to the bank, the banks had to choose the best ranchers. One of our neighbors had to give up his land and the sheep were given to Dad. It caused hard feelings, especially among the ladies, but it was "survival of the fittest." Dad and the neighbor managed to resume a friendly footing after a while. The neighbor moved to Dayville and ran a service station for the rest of his life. He never went back to ranching. Said he didn't like it to start with.

Dad had to go to be interviewed by Mr. Jameson, the bank man for the government. Mother was quite impressed (and dumbfounded) that Dad put on his good suit, a dress shirt, and tie, plus he polished his shoes. Since Dad did as the other ranchers did for funerals and special occasions, he just wore a jacket over his overalls, put on a clean shirt, and called it halfway dressed up. He said if he ever needed to make a good impression in his life, it was to see Mr. Jameson.

### The Great Depression in the Rest of the Country

I shall deviate from my story to tell a bit about what was happening in the rest of the nation price-wise.

During the Depression, it was said that 13 to 15 million people were out of work, about 25% of all the workforce in the nation. For instance:

Bus drivers earned on a yearly average of \$1,300; teachers \$1,300 (actually, I earned \$87.50 per month on my first teaching job, with \$2.50 of that for janitor work. Hired farm hands earned \$216 - when anyone hired.

Farmers were among the hardest hit, getting as little as 5 cents per pound for hogs and 5 cents for cotton. Added to that were the droughts and terrible dust storms in the Midwest, in case the Depression hadn't done them in yet.

Shopping for food in the cities and little towns was an exercise in frugality. Most meat cost 20 cents to 30 cents per pound in the store. Butter was 28 cents per pound, a dozen eggs 29 cents, and a pound of potatoes was 2 cents.

An 8-piece set of dining room furniture could be bought for \$45. A double bed and spring mattress went for \$25, and a wool blanket for just \$1.

Prices were so low because people didn't have money to spend, so markets went way down accordingly. You could buy an electric iron for \$2, a vacuum cleaner for \$18, a washing machine for \$46, and a gas stove for around \$29.

Clothing was a bargain too. Silk stockings could be bought for 69 cents, and a pair of leather shoes for \$1.79. Women could buy a cloth coat for \$6.98. Just \$11 could buy a man's wool coat.

### Meanwhile back at the Ranch

New store-bought clothing was nonexistent during these times. We wore hand-me-downs from Lucille, Aunt Mill, Aunt Mary, and any other grown-up family members. Mother could sew, which was a blessing. She washed and turned woolen coats and cut out coats for us, and made all of our dresses.

It was a sad day for me when I was about 12. I outgrew Aunt Mill, a petite little lady with a taste for pretty clothes. She was a new teacher, and she said her salary went for clothes and a little Model T car. I could imagine Cousin Glenna inheriting all those clothes, but no, she was growing even faster than I was.

We all wore overalls - girls and boys - at home. But for school, we girls wore dresses over our jeans and took the jeans off in the cloakroom. This was when we rode horseback to school. Mom was determined that we would know how to be ladies. We had to wear supporter waists to hold up the long stockings and under it all was long-sleeved, long-legged underwear. By the end of the week, the legs would have stretched about two to three inches, making a lumpy mess under those stockings.

Mother even sewed a deerskin jacket for Dad out of a tanned hide Indian Annie traded for pelts and raw wool. The jacket had a knit button from an old, worn-out jacket. The jacket kept out the snow and cold wind of a Mountain Creek winter. Indian Annie and her family rode through the country on a wagon, stopping at each ranch to trade tanned hides, deerskin gloves, and slippers. Ranchers gave her in return wool, sheep pelts, deer hides and cowhides. The Indians always camped at our place out by the sheep shed. As kids, we were fascinated by the Indians and a little in awe of them. Especially me, because Frank Harris who worked for Dad and was Indian himself, said he could take me to trade to the Celilo Indians for a lot of money. I believed him and it scared me plenty. I can remember Annie as a tiny little lady, soft spoken and nice. She wore long dresses and shawls and had very black little button eyes.

Back to sewing: A pattern was used many times, and when laid out on a piece of "goods," it was placed in any direction to conserve the fabric. Never mind if a pattern piece was said straight on the fabric—it would be put on a bias if that saved an inch or so.

This one example of the "make do" determination and attitude during those hard times in the 30s; When the linoleum on the kitchen floor at the ranch finally wore out completely, it was pulled up and discarded on the junk pile up the creek. There were no dollars for a new one, so Mother scrubbed the bare boards for the duration. That meant no paint or varnish on those boards. When Mom washed clothes, there was always a boiler on the cook stove that boiled white clothes and sheets.

(cont'd on page 9)



(My Story of the Great Depression - cont'd from page 8)

No colored sheets in those days. Fels Naphtha soap was shaved into the boiler along with the lye. After the clothes went to the rinse tubs, that same water was used on the floor. It surely made those boards white.

Once, when Mom was quite sick, the wash kept piling up but we had to wash them. I was 11 years old and strong. I said I could do that wash - this was the washboard and hand wringer method. I had helped Mom many times but never had I done the whole thing. I did the wash and didn't feel that it was devastating - but truly hard work, and I have never forgotten it. Life was so very hard for ranch women in those days. A neighbor lady carried on about what I had done and I was a bit puzzled because I thought females did what had to be done and no fanfare if you lived on a ranch. When that lesson was learned I don't know.

One Thanksgiving, we weren't going to get to go to the family dinner in Mitchell because our car didn't have new license plates. Uncle Ray Wheelhouse drove up to the ranch from Mitchell to get us and we got to be with the rest of the Cannon clan for the day. Mother and Dad were not spending a cent on anything extra. Of course, in spite of hard times, we had good food to take to the dinner - all homemade. I can still remember the feeling of embarrassment that we couldn't even afford license plates, tires, gas, etc. All we could hear the grown-ups talk about was hard times. So we as kids didn't listen to their boring talk too much. Later on, things slacked up a bit and people could send orders to "Monkey" Wards and Sears for their necessities, such as shoes and whatever the wish book offered, and we could dig up the money to buy. It was very exciting when an order came on the stage that passed the ranch three times a week on its route from Mitchell to Antone. I remember once seeing the stage driver coming down the road in a Mountain Creek blizzard. He was leading his horse and walking because he was so cold. Mother yelled to Dad, "Better throw more wood in the stove, the stage driver is coming and he looks about half frozen." He came in, thawed out, and had dinner, then went on his way to Mitchell. He had to go on horseback because the drifts were too high to drive a vehicle through.

One time boxes of commodity foods came on the stage to Jackson's store in Mitchell. They were from the government surplus and intended for anyone needing them. Mrs. Jackson asked Dad if we could use any, and he said, "No, thank you." Pride was definitely alive and well in the Cannon family.

### On Health

It was a good thing we were all such healthy kids, as Mom and Dad didn't send for a doctor for anything much in those

times. Our doctor was old Dr. Robbins from Fossil, about 40 miles away. He was a serious-minded, gentlemanly man known for being sensible.

When Gin stepped on a nail in the barn lot, I was the only one with her, so I had to pull the nail out. It had gone clear through her foot between the bones. The folks applied turpentine and sugar poultices to the wound, and she hobbled around for most of the summer, it seemed. While she was hobbling around, she stubbed a toe and must have broken it, as she had a crooked toe forever. No doctor was called—it was too expensive.

For colds, we got Vicks up the nose; for croup, sugar, and coal oil mix; for stomach aches, calomel, and castor oil; and for sore muscles and arthritis, liniment. Turpentine and Mercurochrome mixed up went over our cuts and scratches.

We all got chicken pox (this included Uncle Bob Cannon, who spent summers with us.) Mother made pallets of quilts on the living room floor so she could nurse us all in an "assembly room" process. We got warm water and soda paste to help the itching. We took some doses of bad-tasting medicine. Putting us all in our bedrooms took too much running around for Mom. All of her usual ranch work still had to be done. No doctor was called.

Our Granny Campbell raised all kinds of herbs and knew how to use them. Something she must have learned as a young girl in Virginia when such herbal knowledge was passed down to family members and respected. People were still fearful of doctors, as some of their methods were crude and hurtful. The one time we had the doctor call was when we were ushered into the world. John was ushered into the world at Grandma Cannon's in Mitchell. Virginia and I were born at the ranch and Dr. R came over from Fossil. When Elsie and Dot were about due, Mom went to Fossil and stayed with Aunt Mary and her mother-in-law, Mrs. Luther. They nursed also and in those times, women were bed-fast for nine days or more. Probably the only rest they got in years. Forget any prenatal care. I can remember overhearing Mom telling Dad in the car going home from town that she said to the doctor, "How can we afford another one or take care even of one." He said, "Just like you have the others." The doctor was over at Mitchell for the day and consulted anyone with an ailment of any kind. Mom's ailment resulted in either Dot or Elsie in about eight months and we older ones were never informed beforehand. Such events were highly secret.

Josh, Virginia and I batched with Dad, and thank goodness he was a good cook. On about the first day of batching, Dad gave John and me a job to do before school. We got in a hurry to get going to school and forgot all about our jobs. That evening, we were asked about our jobs and given to understand that the job

(cont'd on page 13)



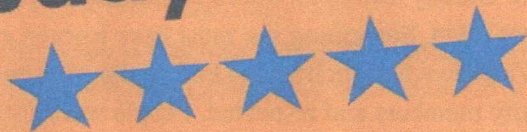
# *BIG THANK YOU TO...*

Family Friendly  
Brewery, Best  
Wings around!!



**Tiger Town  
Brewing Co.**

**Judy's Place**



Antiques and  
curiosities for  
great prices!!

High quality  
gifts and  
souvenirs!!



**Little Pine  
Lodge**

**Wheeler  
County  
Trading Co.**



Anything and  
everything you  
need!!  
Great customer  
service!



## Sheep and Cattle

When I started to write about the sheep and cattle war, I soon discovered there were more factors involved besides livestock! There were holdover problems left over from the vigilante days in old Crook County. Time had passed, but vendettas, feuds, and revenge-seeking hadn't. It was neighbor against neighbor as well as sheepmen versus cattlemen, and the blame was placed wherever it worked best.



Old Crook County encompassed 6 million acres, with 5 million being federal free grazing land. Crook County contained Deschutes, Jefferson, and part of Wheeler counties at that time. The cattlemen in the 1860s took advantage of the low-density population and all those acres of open range. The cattlemen circulated exaggerated stories of lack of water, grass, and an overabundance of savage Indians by word of mouth and west side newspapers. The door opened that could never be closed when gold was discovered in eastern Oregon. That man-made fear factor vanished when a man could get rich. You add to the stream of miners, the homesteaders with the Homestead Act of 1872, the free grazing land started to shrink. Great herds of sheep were forced off the ranches of the high cascades by the Forest Reserve Act of 1897 and again in 1902. Railroadsmen and timbermen contributed also. The sheepmen had no place to go, so they headed east to the Blue Mountains and the High Desert. The local cattlemen and sheepmen realized that their ranges would soon be overgrazed and doomed. The cattlemen were here first and established, organized, and prepared to take action. And it was justified in their own minds.

Crook County was conceived in 1892. It was born out of Wasco County, which ran from the Cascades to Grant County. January 1, 1898, the livestock inventory was 40,000 cattle, 250 mules, 10,500 horses, 1500 hogs,

320,000 sheep, and 5,000 humans.

History tells us whenever a subversive action is in play, it is much easier for another group or individual to break the law to their advantage. This readily happened in the sheep and cattle war. Long-standing feuds and revenge-taking were settled with one shot.

Organized sheep shooters started in Lake County, which included southern Crook County. They were soon followed by the Izee and Crook sheep shooters. When these organizations rode together, they became the Inland Sheep Shooters.

These shooters posted signs, marked trees, posted warnings in newspapers, and sent intimidating letters to whoever might dare to oppose them. Seventy years ago, my dad and I were hunting in the Ochocos, and he showed me the blanket blaze marks in the trees. These marks designated the Dead Line. Most of the herders couldn't read English or understand it either but soon learned what the blaze marks meant. The sheep couldn't read or understand either, but they were soon dead!

The sheep shooters got busy and soon piled up successful numbers. A Jones up Mill Creek lost 65, Morrow and Kean lost 1000 on Summit Prairie, Butte Brothers lost 200, and Fitzgerald lost 100. And that was just a practical count. The herders were usually spared, but a few were never accounted for. These folks were sheepdog shooters, also.

The shooters started complaining about how hard and exhausting work it was. They started to devise schemes to make it easier, drive them off a bluff or rimrock. They also lined them up so they could kill multiples with one shot. Poisons were used sparingly because it would kill all stock.

The shooters became more emboldened with their success and lack of punishment. They wrote letters to the west side newspapers telling them to cease and desist from writing condemnation editorials about them. They intimidated politicians and local officials when they couldn't buy them off.

The chaos and discourse that was happening in central Oregon caught the attention of the US Government, and since their land was causing the problem, it was time they addressed it.

On April 1, 1906, the Forest Service started to administer the Blue Mountains, which were broken into allotments. These allotments in the Ochoco District numbered 15 for the Sheep Range and 4 for the Cattle Range. For the first years, cattle were counted in first on June 1st, and sheep were counted in second on June 15th.

(cont'd on page 12)



( Sheep and Cattle - cont'd from page 11)

The reason for the stagger was it had to be done by the ranger, and there weren't that many on staff. That same lack of staff contributed to trespassing which was mostly done by the cattlemen. This solution didn't work perfectly, but it was the start to stop the violence. Today most of the allotments have been converted over to battle since sheep have just about disappeared in eastern Oregon.

Standards have changed in the US Allotment programs today. They have better range management and staff to better handle it. I hear both sides complain, but they don't have to duck bullets. Predators are having to hunt harder to get their share, but they do.

Dan Cannon  
02/25/2024

[Sources: G. Blake, Blazing Oregon Trails. G. Ontco, Thunder Over Ochoco Series (Vol. V). 1905 History of Central Oregon. Verbal history from Old Timers]

## BASKET RAFFLE

2024 Senior Class  
Fundraiser

\$1 per Ticket  
6 for \$5  
12 for \$10



At least \$100 worth of  
local merchandise!!  
Ticket drawing 5/13

### Items include:

- \$25 Tiger Town Gift Card
- Mitchell Merchandise
- Three Hats
- Handmade Soap
- Honey Products
- Beef Jerky

**Tickets available at the store and  
from Seniors!**

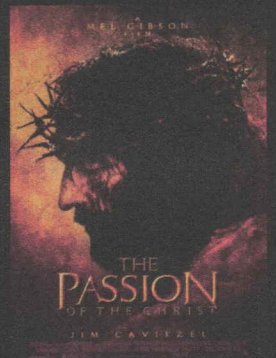
Contact 24vontiveros@mitchell.k12.or.us  
or 25nbennett@mitchell.k12.or.us



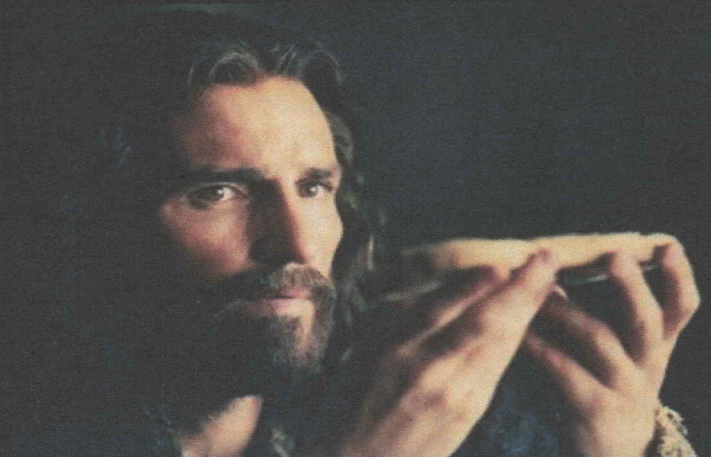
## MOVIE NIGHT

Mitchell First  
Baptist Church  
presents...

Mel Gibson's  
**The Passion  
of the Christ**



**Good Friday  
March 29th @ 6 pm**





(My Story of the Great Depression - cont'd from page 9)

would still be waiting for us after school, plus the evening chores. I don't believe we "forgot" again. Housekeeping, washings, and so on, I have totally wiped out of my memory bank. All in all, it wasn't bad and a different adventure. We got pretty excited about a new baby and seeing her for the first time.

During this time, Dad cleverly "conned" us into packing load after load of firewood from the woodshed, around the house, and to the front of the porch, where we stacked it in a nice pile. This was so it would be only a few steps to the big wood stove in the living room. He said it would be a good surprise for Mom - why, I don't know, as he packed the wood or we did. Mother didn't. In this case, we did. We fell right into it and thought it would be a great surprise!

### Back to Ailments

One cold winter or spring, I kept having earaches. For one week, it hurt terribly, and to relieve it, Dad blew warm pipe smoke into the ear and it did help a little. Then, one night my ear hurt especially bad, and it "broke," and when I awoke the next morning, my hair and pillow were matted with a yellow substance. My ear no longer hurt. Since then, the hearing in my left ear has been a problem. I learned to really observe when people were talking to me, but it was difficult at school at times. Again, no doctor was consulted. Just for a child's earache?

None of us ever had broken bones in spite of all the chances we took climbing on the sheds and hills, swinging on the slaughter-house ropes, jumping from the high beams in the barn to the hay way down below, riding the horses ( and Judy the miserable mule) hell-bent everywhere on the ranch. At times, we rode with only a halter, sometimes bareback. Once, John and Bob were riding old Fanny, our kid's horse and the saddle turned, and both fell off into a pile of rocks. Fanny just stopped and waited for them to get back on - what a horse.

Another doctor no-show was the time Mother got shingles on half of her face. According to our neighbor, Mrs. Blann, she had all the classic symptoms. Mrs. Blann was good with home cures and advised Mom what she should do. Years later, a doctor in Salem said she no doubt had shingles at some point. She even had scars in one eye. Another case of toughing out the misery and pain.

When Gin was born at the ranch in 1925, John and I had no inkling that a little stranger was coming. The next morning, Apha Nelson came into the bedroom and said, "You have a new baby sister." I was in such shock all I could think of to do was jump up and down on the bed. Alphy said, "Fon't you even want to see her?" Alphy was sort of a mid-wife-nurse and didn't like kids much and especially little boys. John and I did

our best to make her stay at the ranch as miserable as possible. We devised a plan where we would go to the front door, rattle the screen, and yell at her - then run like holy hell to the woodshed and climb up high on a stack of wood. She would come around the house and we stayed down low. When we thought it was safe, we did the whole thing over again. She never did catch us. If she had, it would have stunted our growth about a year, as we would have been paralyzed with fear. We could never tell when she was looking at us as she had one cocked eye. She was the epitome of ugly mainly because of her "sweet" personality. I guess she was an adequate nurse as Mom and Gin survived her ministering. She was very bossy but had a hard time handling Dad. John and I were easier targets. Also more cowardly. In later years, I looked at her and wondered how such a simple old girl had us so buffaloed.

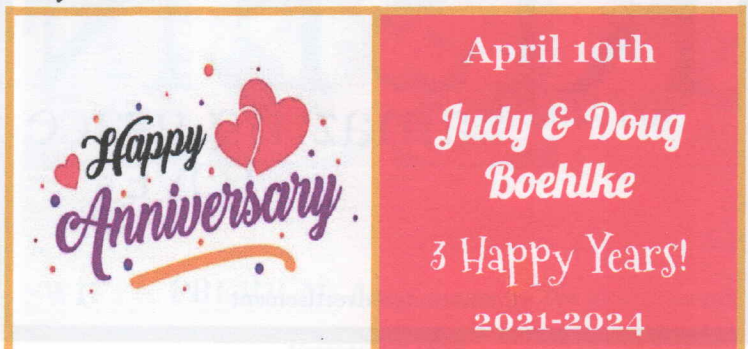
Old Doc Robbins was called to the ranch to assist me into the world also. When I was born, Mom had added entertainment. The next day, she heard a chilling scream over by the timber near Al's cabin. Later in the day, Dad was riding over by Al's cabin and saw a cougar. He shot it and brought it home. He wanted to show everyone, so he brought it to the house and threw it over the fence. The cougar was apparently only stunned - not dead as he was supposed to be. It raised its head and looked at Dad. This time, the cat expired for good.

Another little story concerning my first few days in this world: John, who was only 14 months older than me, called me "a little chicken" when he first saw me. His vocabulary was limited at that tender age but he did know about baby chicks.

Dr. Robbins had two calls to make that day, September 27, 1921. The Cannon Ranch and the Osborn Ranch are about six or seven miles apart and on up Mountain Creek. Mrs. Osborn delivered a baby boy, Willet O., and Dad joked about trading babies as the Osborn family had many redheaded boys and no girls at that time. Later, they had some little redheaded girls, too.

To be continued...

Mirian's book is approximately 75 pages long. Her amazing story will continue in the next issue of the Sentinel.





*Join us to celebrate  
the day that changed  
the world!*



**Resurrection Sunday Service**  
**March 31st @ 11:00 am**

**Mitchell First Baptist Church**  
209 SE High Street  
Mitchell, Oregon

*- Potluck to Follow -*

Christ sacrifice life rejoice joy Jesus hope crucifixion  
**He is SAVIOR**  
**RISEN**  
REDEEMER amazing grace LOVE mercy

Community Advertisement

## Mitchell Community Library

Mitchell School Library is OPEN to the PUBLIC

Hours are Monday through Friday,  
7:30 AM to 1:30 PM.

Weekends are available by appointment -  
call the Librarian, Kristi Dennis, at 541-462-3523.  
Kristi will be more than happy to open the library for  
you, answer any questions, help you find a book, or  
assist you in whatever you are researching.

Community Advertisement



Mitchell, OR 1996



Mitchell, OR 1996



## COMMUNITY ANNOUNCEMENTS

**Employment:** We are still looking for our next Site Coordinator for Wheeler County Community School in Mitchell.

Employment information is available on our website.

<https://www.mitchell.k12.or.us>

Please contact:

Debbi Bunch - Lead Coordinator  
dbunch@spray.k12.or.us  
(541) 420-4479

**Employment:** We are hiring a Preschool Teacher for the 2024/2025 school year. Employment information and application is available on our website.

<https://www.mitchell.k12.or.us>

Please contact Janell Francisco  
jfrancisco@mitchell.or.us

### Mitchell Historical Society

Meets @5:30 pm every 2nd Tuesday at Tiger Town Brewery

JOIN US! We are currently in the process of cleaning up the Old Mitchell State Bank Building to get it ready for the future Mitchell Museum.

For more info, call Terry (541)390-2044

### Men's Breakfast and Bible Study

Every Thursday at 6am

First Baptist Church  
Mitchell, Oregon

### Mitchell City Council

Meets every 3rd Tuesday @5:30pm

The Public is encouraged to attend!

### RESURRECTION SUNDAY SERVICE

Mitchell First Baptist Church

March 31st @ 11:00 AM

Potluck to follow

### Senior Friday Lunch

every Friday @ Noon Mitchell Community Hall

60+ \$5.00 59- \$6.00

ALL are invited! Please join us!

### Coin-Operated Laundrymat and Public Shower

Located in the back of the Indoor Lumber Yard

Wheeler County Trading Co.

100 West Main Street Mitchell, Oregon

## Solution to Crossword Puzzle

A	S	K	S		S	E	M	I		T	E	E	T	H
P	O	E	M		M	E	A	N		I	D	A	H	O
E	L	L	E		I	N	N	S		L	E	V	E	R
D	E	P	A	R	T		N	E	A	T	N	E	S	S
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E	A	S	E	S		E	N	D	S		E	L	L	A

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**Let the birds fly!** Swift's Premium Flavor Spring-Chicken Tenderloins are the perfect choice for your Easter dinner. They are tender, juicy, and easy to cook. Just follow the simple instructions on the package and you'll have a delicious meal in no time. Swift's Premium Flavor Spring-Chicken Tenderloins are available in 12 oz. and 16 oz. packages. They are perfect for a family meal or a special occasion. For more information, visit [www.swiftmeats.com](http://www.swiftmeats.com).

**REMEMBER, THE MEAT MAKES THE MEAL**

**Appetizer answer:** Swift's Premium Flavor Spring-Chicken Tenderloins are the perfect choice for your Easter dinner. They are tender, juicy, and easy to cook. Just follow the simple instructions on the package and you'll have a delicious meal in no time. Swift's Premium Flavor Spring-Chicken Tenderloins are available in 12 oz. and 16 oz. packages. They are perfect for a family meal or a special occasion. For more information, visit [www.swiftmeats.com](http://www.swiftmeats.com).

**Be lamb to bread:** Swift's Premium Flavor Spring-Chicken Tenderloins are the perfect choice for your Easter dinner. They are tender, juicy, and easy to cook. Just follow the simple instructions on the package and you'll have a delicious meal in no time. Swift's Premium Flavor Spring-Chicken Tenderloins are available in 12 oz. and 16 oz. packages. They are perfect for a family meal or a special occasion. For more information, visit [www.swiftmeats.com](http://www.swiftmeats.com).

**Baked Ham Slice:** Swift's Premium Flavor Spring-Chicken Tenderloins are the perfect choice for your Easter dinner. They are tender, juicy, and easy to cook. Just follow the simple instructions on the package and you'll have a delicious meal in no time. Swift's Premium Flavor Spring-Chicken Tenderloins are available in 12 oz. and 16 oz. packages. They are perfect for a family meal or a special occasion. For more information, visit [www.swiftmeats.com](http://www.swiftmeats.com).

**Make the new wrapper!** Swift's Premium Flavor Spring-Chicken Tenderloins are the perfect choice for your Easter dinner. They are tender, juicy, and easy to cook. Just follow the simple instructions on the package and you'll have a delicious meal in no time. Swift's Premium Flavor Spring-Chicken Tenderloins are available in 12 oz. and 16 oz. packages. They are perfect for a family meal or a special occasion. For more information, visit [www.swiftmeats.com](http://www.swiftmeats.com).

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Dajuana Dodd/Editor/Publisher - (541)462-3532  
Please visit us at [MitchellSentinel.com](http://MitchellSentinel.com)



### SENIOR FRIDAY LUNCH

Senior Meals are served to the community every Friday at the Mitchell Community Hall - The Dinner Bell rings around 12 Noon or soon after Dan Cannon arrives! (he usually gives the invocation)

### Lunch MENU

<b>MAR 22</b>	Spaghetti, green beans, garlic bread, fruit crisp
<b>MAR 29</b>	Oven-baked chicken, mashed potatoes w/gravy, spinach, apple salad, cake
<b>APR 5</b>	Ham, broccoli w/cheese sauce, deviled eggs, jello salad, cookies
<b>APR 12</b>	Mac & Cheese w/hamburger, veggie sticks, fruit, pudding

60 +  
\$5.00



59 -  
\$6.00

Everyone is WELCOME! Please join us!

### Mitchell Historical Society

Meets at 5:30 pm every 2nd Tuesday  
at Tiger Town Brewery  
PLEASE JOIN US!

We are currently cleaning up the Old Mitchell State Bank Building to prepare it for the future Mitchell Historical Museum.

If you are interested in helping, making a donation, or would like to join our Committee, please attend our next meeting or call Terry at (541)390-2044

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