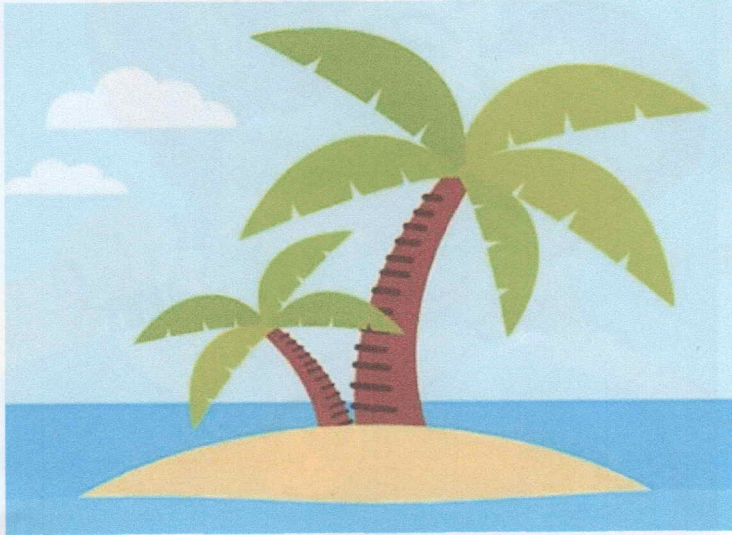


Mitchell Sentinel

Fearless, Fair and Free

Mitchell, Wheeler County, Oregon, Wednesday, April 17, 2024, Issue #18



Love and the Storm

Once upon a time, all feelings and emotions went to a tropical island for a vacation. According to their nature, each was having a good time. Suddenly, a warning of an impending storm was announced and everyone was advised to evacuate the island. The announcement caused sudden panic. All rushed to the boats. Even damaged boats were quickly repaired and commissioned for duty.

Love did not wish to flee so quickly. There was so much to do! But as the clouds darkened, *Love* realized it was time to leave. By this time, there were no boats to spare. *Love* looked around with urgency. Just then, *Prosperity* passed by in a large luxurious boat. *Love* shouted, "*Prosperity*, could you please take me in your boat?" "No," replied *Prosperity*, "my boat is full of precious possessions, gold and silver. There is no place for you."

A little later, *Vanity* came by in a beautiful boat. Again, *Love* shouted, "Could you help me, *Vanity*? I am stranded and need a lift to the mainland. Please take me with you." *Vanity* responded haughtily, "No, I cannot take you with me. My boat will get soiled with your muddy feet."

After some time, *Sorrow* passed by. Again, *Love* asked for help, but it was to no avail. "No, I cannot take you with me. I am very sad; I just want to be by myself."

When *Happiness* came floating by a little later, *Love*

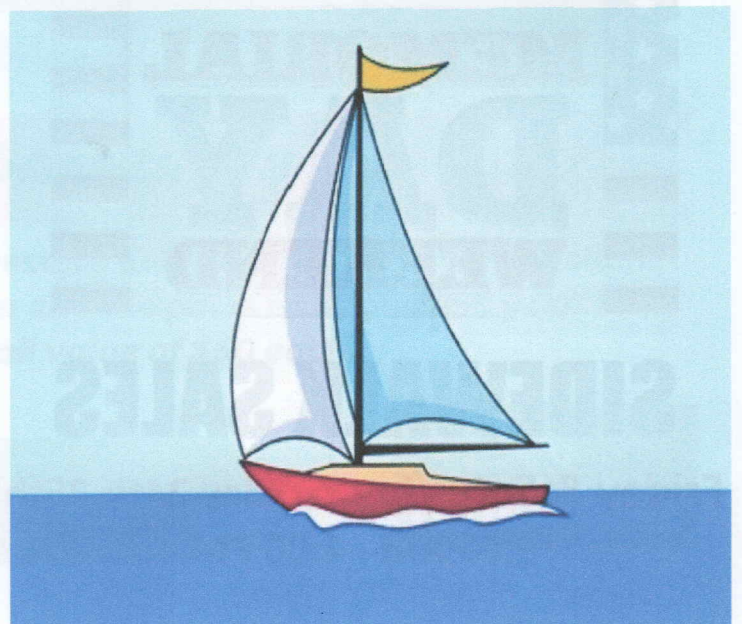
again called for help. But *Happiness* was so happy that it did not even look around to acknowledge the request, hardly concerned about anyone or anything.

Love was growing restless and dejected. Just then, somebody called out, "Come on, *Love*! I will take you with me." *Love* did not know who was being so magnanimous, but she jumped onto the boat anyway, greatly relieved that she would reach safety and avoid the storm.

After reaching the mainland, *Love* met *Knowledge* as she was getting off the boat. Puzzled, *Love* inquired, "*Knowledge*, do you know who so generously gave me a lift just when no one else wished to help?" *Knowledge* smiled and replied, "Oh, that was *Time*." "And why would *Time* stop to pick me up and take me to safety?" *Love* wondered. *Knowledge* smiled again and, with deep wisdom, replied, "Because only *Time* knows your true greatness and what you are capable of. Only *Love* can bring peace and great happiness in this world."

The moral of this story is that when we are prosperous, we overlook love. When we feel important, we forget love. Even in happiness and sorrow, we forget love. Only with time do we realize the importance of love.

Author Unknown



Letter to the Editor

Let's Have Some Common Courtesy for Our Neighbors

When you live in a neighborhood in a small town, it's important to have mutual respect for one's neighbors and to minimize disturbances.

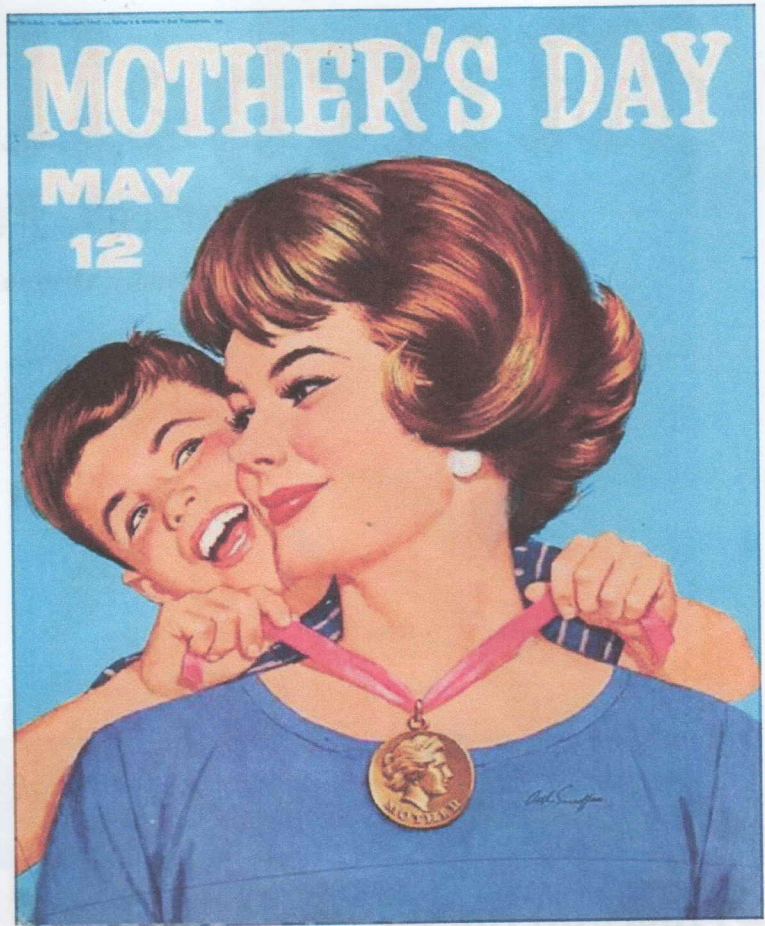
The incessant barking of dogs all day or night can be a huge disruption, as well as leaving dogs unattended in the yard to bark freely. Allowing dogs out into the neighborhood off the leash can also be dangerous to local wildlife and a threat to other peoples' pets.

The reckless igniting of burn piles at dusk or when we are almost in the dry season can be dangerous for nearby houses or even the entire town. Many people already suffer from PTSD from being in or narrowly escaping wildfires, which are now more common. Safeguarding ourselves from fires that start from careless human practices should be prevented, and there are rules about how and when this can be done safely.

Despite the existence of local ordinances against both situations, it's disheartening to witness them being ignored or lacking strong consequences.

It's ultimately up to us to be good neighbors. Everyone deserves peace, quiet, and safety within the sanctuary of their homes.

Laura Wilensky
Mitchell, Oregon



Vintage AD

Mother's Day USA
Sunday, May 12, 2024

Mother's Day in the United States celebrates motherhood on the second Sunday of May. A day to honor mothers, grandmothers, mothers-in-law, and all motherly figures.



SIDEWALK SALES

Friday & Saturday ☆ May 24th-25th
9:00 AM - 4:00 PM

Main Street

☆ Mitchell, Oregon ☆



Judy's Place "A Little Bit of Everything"

Old Wooden Windows, Lots of Holiday Goodies, Books, Jewelry & More, Old School Desk \$75.00, Working Antique Wood Cook Stove - St. Clair Ranch -Great Condition! \$450.00



Little Pine Lodge Souvenir & Gift Shop

Homemade Soaps, Hand-poured Soy Candles, Local Raw Honey, Painted Hills T-shirts & Hoodies

Community Advertisement



WHEELER COUNTY 4-H



HANGING BASKET RAFFLE

TWO WINNERS WILL BE DRAWN

**DRAWING
HELD MAY 7TH**

TICKETS

**\$2 EACH
OR 3 FOR \$5**

**DELIVERY DATE WILL BE COORDINATED WITH
THE WINNERS.**

Funds go to Wheeler County 4-H member scholarship to support Continuing Education and National 4-H opportunities.



HANGING BASKETS FROM

BETTER BLOOMS + GARDENS IN JOHN DAY

These 12" hanging pots are glazed local western pulp, square, holds three gallons of soil, includes multi season fertilizer and the pot is reusable next year.

Water once a day. (Retail value of \$50 each)

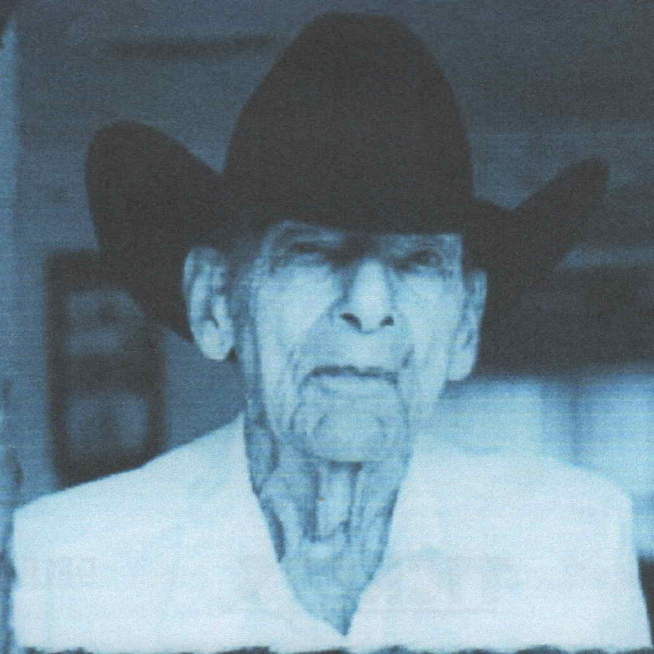
**Contact a 4-H member, volunteer, or the
4-H Office for tickets. 541-763-4115**



Thank You!

Ray Mark Fitzgerald

Sept. 14th, 1931
to
March 25th, 2024



A celebration of life will be
held on
April 13th, 2024 at 11:00am
First Baptist Church
Van Horn, TX



In lieu of flowers, the
family requests donations
be sent to
First Baptist Church in
Van Horn, TX or
donations to a youth
charity such as 4H or FFA.

Ray passed away quietly at
home with family.
He is survived by two of his
brothers, Joe Fitzgerald and
Tom Fitzgerald. He is also
survived by his daughter,
Neva Fitzgerald and his son
Wade and his wife Tami
Fitzgerald.

Among the surviving family
he had five grandchildren,
their families, thirteen great
grandchildren, and priceless
friendships.

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS

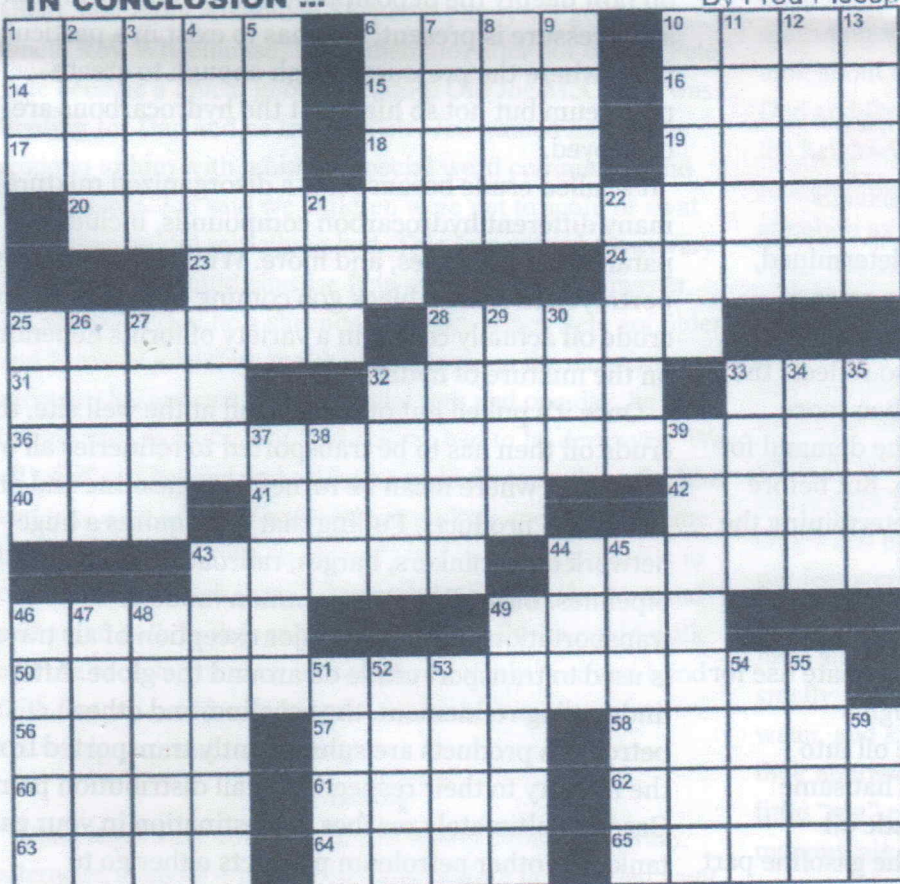
- 1) Mariner's "Halt!"
- 6) Swipe, slangily
- 10) Big blowout
- 14) Match starter
- 15) "King of the road"
- 16) Certain vocal range
- 17) Duvall's "The Godfather" role
- 18) Fermi's study
- 19) Nasty remark
- 20) Where Cockney is spoken
- 23) Rowlands of "Gloria"
- 24) All wired up
- 25) Ides of March word
- 28) House of Henry VIII
- 31) Like Lucifer
- 32) Trouble for Pauline
- 33) Tampa gridded, for short
- 36) House paint option
- 40) Kitchen amt.
- 41) Dreads sporter
- 42) Klensch of fashion
- 43) Boxcars, in dice
- 44) Seltzer, tonic, etc.
- 46) Making all stops
- 49) Let off steam
- 50) Kind of consonant sound
- 56) Lot unit
- 57) Merino's coat
- 58) Word before "wave" or "basin"
- 60) Paparazzo's wares, for short
- 61) Descartes quote word
- 62) Overdo it
- 63) Proofer's mark
- 64) Rating unit
- 65) Shimon of Israel

DOWN

- 1) Flooring wood
- 2) Osso buco meat
- 3) Jason's craft
- 4) Hypnotist of fiction
- 5) Easy to slice
- 6) Accra's land
- 7) Zillions
- 8) Reed section member
- 9) NYC gallery
- 10) Thanksgiving kitchen gadget
- 11) Tim of "Home Improvement"
- 12) Uses a Taser on
- 13) Vast crowd
- 21) Like-minded
- 22) Vodka brand, for short
- 25) Oscar superlative
- 26) Times to revel
- 27) Spineless sort
- 28) Lab jobs
- 29) __ Minor (Little Bear)
- 30) "What's the __?" ("Who cares?")
- 32) Put forward
- 33) Liver secretion
- 34) Map initials until 1991
- 35) Cartoonist Addams, familiarly
- 37) Cookout need
- 38) Not strict at all
- 39) "Not today, sorry"
- 43) Most like Solomon
- 44) Tillis of country
- 45) Marching perfectly
- 46) Axel and lutz
- 47) Footnote abbr.
- 48) "The Odyssey" temptress
- 49) Reason for a decoration
- 51) Is short
- 52) Basis for a suit
- 53) Forum garb
- 54) Sign of decay
- 55) Hors d'oeuvres spread
- 59) Gibson __ Paul guitar

"IN CONCLUSION ..."

By Fred Piscop



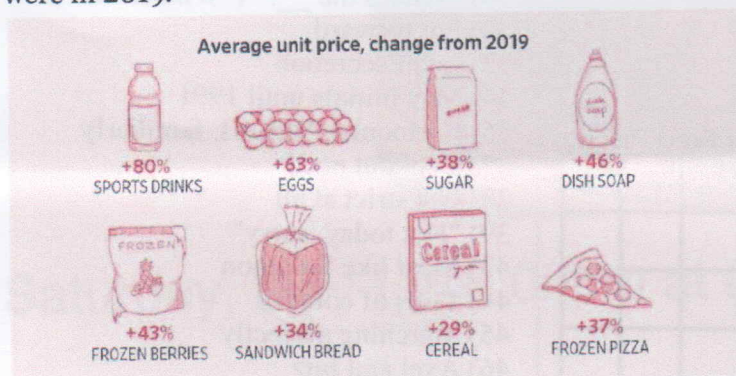
Solution to Crossword Puzzle can be found on page 19.

The 42-Gallon Barrel

Dajuana Dodd

On his first day in office, President Joe Biden issued 21 directives. One of his executive orders directed all executive departments to review and act upon Trump-era regulations and executive actions deemed “harmful to public health” or “damaging to the environment,” including revoking the presidential permit Trump issued in 2017 for construction of the Keystone XL pipeline. Not only did Biden’s executive order put thousands of Keystone XL pipeline employees out of work just a few weeks after Christmas, but this policy also set into motion a steady rise in the retail price of gasoline for most of the nation.

When gas prices rise, so, in turn, does the cost of everything else. The stress on the supply chain due to the rise in fuel-related shipping costs affects the price of everything – from the materials needed to build a new house to a dozen eggs and everything else in between. Grocery prices today are now nearing 40% higher than they were in 2019.



So, how is the price of a gallon of gasoline determined, exactly? The largest factor in determining the price of gasoline is the cost of crude oil. And just like any other product, the price for a gallon of gasoline also reflects the laws of supply and demand. For example, when more people drive in the summer, this increases the demand for gasoline which results in the prices going up. But before any of the economics can be factored into determining the price, the gasoline first has to be made.

The story of gasoline as a potential fuel source began in 1859 when Edwin Drake tapped the first crude oil well in Pennsylvania. But at that time, the most immediate use for the oil was the production of kerosene through a distillation process that converted the crude oil into something that could be used in oil lamps. That same distillation process created several other crude oil products, including gasoline. At that time, the gasoline part was discarded as a simple byproduct of kerosene production. It wasn't until the automobile that gasoline

became the world's most well known liquid fuel source. You may not have thought much about how gasoline goes from the crude, sticky oil underground to a refined fuel that moves you down the highways, but it's a pretty fascinating process once you learn about it.

Our first introduction to crude oil may have happened only a century and a half ago, but nature has been busy “cooking” these raw materials for millions of years. Crude oil, in the simplest terms, is the leftover sludge of dead organisms when trapped under heat and pressure. Hence, the nickname, “fossil” fuel.

It's popularly said that crude oil is a product of dead dinosaurs, but that's untrue. In fact, the lion's share of crude oil is made up of microscopic organisms like marine algae and plankton. When these teeny tiny plants and animals die and are not eaten, their bodies drift downward and collect on the seafloor. As they break down, the molecules of oxygen, nitrogen, phosphorus, and other organics get removed, leaving a layer of carbon and hydrogen behind. If that layer of chemical sludge gets buried beneath sediment and exposed to heat and pressure, then those basic ingredients get transformed into a sticky hydrocarbon mixture known as petroleum or crude oil. The nature of the crude oil depends largely on how deeply the deposit is buried and how much heat and pressure is present, as it has to exist in a particular place where the pressure is high enough to create petroleum but not so high that the hydrocarbons are destroyed.

It's called crude because it is a disorganized mixture of many different hydrocarbon compounds, including paraffins, naphthenes, and more. While it is popularly portrayed as a thick black goo coming out of the ground, crude oil actually comes in a variety of forms depending on the mixture of hydrocarbons.

Once it's pulled out of the ground at the well site, the crude oil then has to be transported to refineries all over the world, where it can be turned into gasoline and other petroleum products. Pulling that off requires a huge network of oil tankers, barges, railroads, trucks, and pipelines. Basically, every common mode of transportation -- with the major exception of air travel -- is used to transport crude oil around the globe. After undergoing refinement, the gasoline, and other petroleum products are subsequently transported from the refinery to their respective retail distribution points. Gasoline ultimately reaches its destination in your gas tank. The other petroleum products either go to

(cont'd on page 11)

My Story of the Great Depression

by Mirian Cannon Humphreys' Continues...

Animals

Living in the ranch world gave a person a different attitude concerning the livestock's life span. One could watch cute little chicks hatch and grow into maturity in a few months, then go right out and chop their heads off without a qualm. The next step of pouring hot scalding water over the unlucky hen or rooster wasn't my favorite task. The stink of wet feathers was horrendous and the whole process was a mess but necessary and usually a job for John and me. Once, when Dad wasn't there to cut off the chicken's head, we decided we could do it. We did, but it took several tries - the first time, the chicken lost his beak - the next, his head. It was a little scary when the chicken without a head would jump all over the woodshed, spurting blood all over. We were also jumping all over to avoid the chicken. A phenomenon of nerve endings and sudden death for the chicken - not us.

Two of our constant companions were the two dogs, Johnson and Pete. Johnson was named after a man who lived on the OK Ranch. He gave us this black and white cow dog. He had a sweet and gentle nature and was converted from cow to kid dog. Not to say he couldn't give a slow-moving or foolish cow a good nip on the heels when she needed it. Pete was a smart, blue-grey Australian Shepherd puppy we got from Uncle Roy Wheelhouse. We named him after our cousin Pete. Pete became a quick, good sheepdog. Old Joe McCollen was herding for Dad and he trained Pete. Joe trained him to respond to him with whistles, special word commands, and hand signals. Joe said we children were not to scold or swat Pete when he did something bad. This was when he was very small. Old Joe could chastise Pete and be the "real" master. He was trained to be a sheepdog, period. When Pete got older and between jobs with the sheep, he took up the dangerous sport of chasing cars. He would not quit and one day, he was hit and hurt so badly that Dad said he had to be destroyed. We all cried and begged and said we would do everything for him and take care of him. Dad relented, so Pete spent a long time that whole summer on an old quilt bed in the yard, unable to even move his back legs. After a while, he was able to stand and move both back legs at once, then finally, he could walk and use each leg moving independently. Only love and blind faith that we could cure him did the trick. It surely wasn't knowledge or medical training.

Milking

When it got very cold, Uncle Jim would come over every afternoon at about 4 to milk his cow. Before he and Dad went out to milk, they had fierce pinochle games. Loser to milk, and winner got to stay by the fire. When John was old enough

to milk, he got to learn pinochle. It surely sharpened his card-playing skills.

One summer, Grandpa Cannon spent a lot of time with us and he became the milker as the wintertime milkers had to sharpen sickles and so on for haying. Grandpa said he would train me and I thought whatever Grandpa said was a good idea. So I learned to milk and "got" to help all summer. The barn cats sat around the corral and waited to get some warm milk. Milking was fine if you didn't get a temperamental cow that was a tail switcher or would stick her foot in the bucket or suddenly get a call from nature. She only had all day to do that, but no - one learned to move fast.

Pig killing usually came off when the weather turned cold. This was so the meat wouldn't spoil before it was cured. The pig meat was cooked in a big metal bathtub that sat over a dug-out pit where a hot fire was built. Water was put on the meat and heated to just below boiling point so the pig hair would slip. All the pig hair had to be scraped off, usually by Dad, Chess Woodin, Grandpa, and any other man who happened to be around. After the pig was scraped clean, he looked pink and white and then the butchering began. All the large kitchen pans and kettles would be filled with pork and taken to the house. The hams and shoulder would be left whole and taken to the smokehouse and cured in apple or alder wood smoke. A layer of salt, brown sugar, and seasoning was rubbed all over the meat and the whole process took about two weeks and then taken to hang in the cellar. Dad and Grandpa were very good at smoking the meat, and the hams were wonderfully good. For several days, Mother rendered the pig fat in large pans, a job requiring strict attention as the hot pans of lard could catch on fire so easily. After this smelly job was over, the lard was put into lard buckets and ready for the cellar. Then came the good parts - homemade doughnuts fried in lard, then sugared. The kitchen table would be covered with these doughnuts to cool. Enough to delight any little kid. All of us except the two little girls came to watch and "help" with the demise of the pigs as long as we didn't get in the way. Besides the ham and bacon, pork chops and pork roasts there was a special "goody" to me. The pig feet were scraped and boiled, then pickled in vinegar and spices. Until butchering time, the pigs were not my favorite farm animals. They were kept in pens, so things got quite smelly after a while. We were constantly carrying grain, water, and kitchen scraps to them. It seemed they showed their appreciation by grunting and looking at us with those little "pig" eyes. The little new pigs were pretty cute but mamma pig was a creature to watch and stay away from.

On Shearing

When the shearing crew came, we girls (Claudia, Donna,

(cont'd on page 8)

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

Gin, and I) were not encouraged to hang around during shearing. We could sit on the fence and watch the proceedings from afar, and for a little while, it was interesting. Some shearers were careful and gentle with the sheep and some were rough and didn't care if they cut the sheep. The shearers were a hard-working lot and there was competition and pecking order among them. They were also hard-drinking characters.

One year during shearing, it rained for a week and shearing had to stop until the weather cleared and the sheep could dry off. Ordinarily, the shearers put their sleeping bags and bed rolls in the barn. When it rained so hard and long, they had put their gear in the living room of the ranch house. This long week was hard on the cook and her helper (me) as the big meals went on anyway. No one wanted the shearers to leave for town as that meant partying, and who knew when they would make it back. Finally, the clouds cleared and they finished the job. The shearers went one way to the next job, and the sheep went another. Everyone hoped the weather wouldn't turn off cold to chill the sheep in their summer underwear.

The shearers had huge appetites because their work was very hard. Mother would finish one big meal, we would wash the many dishes and clean up and then it would be time for the next meal. As soon as the dishes were washed and dried, they were put back on the table for the next meal. Besides the seven of our family, there would be 7 to 10 shearers, herders, and chasers. A few times, Mother got extra help, but not during the hardest of the Depression. Oftentimes, Chess or Grandpa would dry the dishes and Grandpa would always take the baby and play with her – that was a big help to us.

The best food was provided for the crews, and there was competition among the ranch women on Mountain Creek, all about good cooking. All in all, it was an exciting time, but we all breathed a sigh of relief as the carloads of shearers went down the road to the next ranch. Mother would usually phone the next ranch to tell them, "Shearers are coming."

A season on the ranch I didn't like so well was when the lambs got their tails cut off and the male lambs got castrated. It must have hurt them, but they didn't make a noise the way calves did during "marking." The calves had the added burden of branding, however.

The reason we girls didn't hang around the sheep sheds and shearing shed was that Dad and Grandpa felt that crews of strangers coming to the ranch liked a semblance of privacy away from women and girls while they worked anyway. They thought young girls didn't need to hear the coarse language and "ranch talk" such as the crews used. They really tried to make proper ladies of us. A hard job on a busy ranch. Haying time

was another season at the ranch and it took much longer in those days than now. Horses were used for power as trucks, custom haying and baling were not used yet. More men were also required. Some years, high school boys were hired and again, lots of food had to be furnished for 3 big meals per day. The difference between shearing and haying meals would be fresh vegetables and fruits, iced tea and ice cream that we made, as opposed to dried fruit and canned fruit and vegetables. For both seasons, fresh meat was butchered, usually beef.

One summer, a group of high school boys were haying for Dad, and they foolishly got into pinochle games with him. They all lost their wages to him when the gambling fever struck. On payday, Dad gave the money back to one boy named Perry Keys, saying that since Perry was the only one going on to college, he deserved his pay. The rest should chalk their wages to bitter experience, as he laughed heartily.

For several years, Mr. Brown, our closest neighbor, traded work with Dad to cut the cost of hiring people. The three Browns, John and Bob C, Chess Woodin, and Dad, were the crew. Both ranches used the same methods of haying, and they all got along well together.

Two years before we left the ranch, I got to help put up the meadow hay. It was fun for a while, but it got very hot. I rode Pop Tail to pull back the nets. I learned quickly to always turn the right way; otherwise, the rope attached to the net would pull one right off onto the ground. I did it once, and it wasn't exactly fun. As John grew, he was promoted from one hay field job to another. Dad always stacked the hay and Grandpa usually drove the team on the other end of the stack from me. He pulled a net full of hay onto the stack, tripped the rope and Pop Tail, and then pulled the rope and next load back over the stack. Bob would then set the nets for the next load. It was great to hear the dinner bell ring and head for the house.

One day, when I was about 11 or 12, Grandpa Cannon and I were riding up to the rye field. It occurred to me that since he was a jockey when he was young he could give me some tips on being a good rider. He said, "...in a race, ride as hard as you could make the horse go, and even if you were ahead, don't slack up. Then, on the end apply the whip over and under until you cross that line." In a way, that advice could apply to life. In any competition, don't slack up and get complacent, but at the end, apply strong encouragement to yourself.

Another instance of good advice using animals for example; Dad said, "When you are in a stressful situation-don't dog your fat lambs." In other words, take good care of yourself in bad times even though you are frustrated, angry, or your feelings are hurt. Instead, don't strike out to your own detriment.

(cont'd on page 13)

Cougar in Mitchell

Wheeler County Sheriff's Office
March 30, 2024 at 2:23 PM
Information Release: Mitchell Area

On 3/30/2024, a local resident's dog was attacked by a small, skinny female cougar outside of their residence. The cougar was dispatched by the dog's owner during the encounter. The dog sustained minor injuries but appeared to be happy. The Wheeler County Sheriff's Office responded and took possession of the cougar. Due to the location and type of incident, we are working with ODFW and OSP to have the cougar examined.

This incident occurred at a residence located on Huddleston Heights in Mitchell.

There is no active known threat to the Mitchell community at this time. However, we still encourage the community to be aware of their surroundings and keep an extra eye on their animals.



Photos submitted by John Hayes

MITCHELL

EMS & FIRE DEPARTMENT

FUNDRAISER

SATURDAY – MAY 4TH
MITCHELL COMMUNITY HALL
4:00PM to 7:00PM

◆ **LIVE MUSIC** ◆
BETTY & THE BARRISTERS
THE NEVERCANEVERS

!! PIE AUCTION !!

Community Advertisement

Queen Margaret and the Robbers

by Albert F. Blaisdell

This legend about Queen Margaret of Anjou (Queen of England 1430-1482) after the Battle of Hexham (1464) is appealing in its romanticism and shows the Queen's motherly side. It has, however, no basis in history, as Margaret was not even in England at the time of the battle.

One day, when roses were in bloom, two noblemen came to angry words in the Temple Gardens by the side of the river Thames. In the midst of their quarrel, one of them plucked a white rose from a bush and, turning to those who were near him, said, "He who will stand by me in this quarrel, let him pluck a white rose with me, and wear it in his hat." Then the other gentleman tore a red rose from another bush and said, "Let him who will stand by me pluck a red rose and wear it as his badge." Now this quarrel led to a great civil war, which was called "The War of the Roses," for every soldier wore a white or red rose in his helmet to show to which side he belonged.

The leaders of the "Red Rose" sided with King Henry the Sixth and his wife, Queen Margaret, who were fighting for the English throne. Many great battles were fought, and wicked deeds were done in those dreadful times. In a battle at a place called Hexham, the king's party was beaten, and Queen Margaret and her little son, the Prince of Wales, had to flee for their lives. They had not gone far before they met a band of robbers who stopped the queen and stole all her rich jewels and, holding a drawn sword over her head, threatened to take her life and that of her child. The poor queen, overcome by terror, fell upon her knees and begged them to spare her only son, the little prince. But the robbers, turning from her, began to fight among themselves as to how they should divide the plunder, and, drawing their weapons, they attacked one another. When the queen saw what was happening, she sprang to her feet and, taking the prince by the hand, made haste to escape.

There was a thick wood close by, and the queen plunged into it, but she was sorely afraid and trembled in every limb, for she knew that this wood was the hiding place of robbers and outlaws. Every tree seemed to her excited fancy to be an armed man waiting to kill her and her little son. On and on, she went through the dark wood, this way and that, seeking some place of shelter but not knowing where she was going. At last, she saw by the light of the moon a tall, fierce-looking man step out from behind a tree. He came directly toward her, and she knew by his dress that he was an outlaw. But

thinking that he might have children of his own, she determined to throw herself and her son upon his mercy. When he came near, she addressed him in a calm voice and with a stately manner. "Friend," said she, "I am the queen. Kill me if thou wilt, but spare my son, thy prince. Take him, I will trust him to thee. Keep him safe from those that seek his life, and God will have pity on thee for all thy sins."

The words of the queen moved the heart of the outlaw. He told her that he had once fought on her side and was now hiding from the soldiers of the "White Rose." He then lifted the little prince in his arms and, bidding the queen follow, led the way to a cave in the rocks. There, he gave them food and shelter and kept them safe for two days when the queen's friends and attendants, discovering their hiding place, came and took them far away.

If you ever go to Hexham Forest, you may see this robber's cave. It is on the bank of a little stream that flows at the foot of a hill, and to this day, the people call it "Queen Margaret's Cave."

The Wars of the Roses (1455-1485)



WARS OF THE ROSES was the name given to a series of civil wars in England during the reigns of Henry VI, Edward IV, and Richard III. They lasted from 1455 until 1485 and were marked by a ferocity and brutality, which are practically unknown in the history of English wars before and since.

A Gift From My Mother

My mom only had one eye. I hated her – she was such an embarrassment. My dad died last year, so it was just me and my mom. She cooked for the families of students and teachers and cleaned other peoples' houses to support us.

I remember one day during elementary school when Mom came to say hello to me. I was so embarrassed. How could she do this to me? I gave her an "evil eye" and then ran out - totally ignoring her. The next day at school, one of my classmates said, "EEEE, your mom only has one eye!" I just wanted to go and hide under a rock. I wanted my mom to disappear. When I got home that day, I confronted her and angrily said, "If you're only gonna make me a laughing stock, why don't you just die?" My mom did not respond... I didn't even stop to think for a second about what I had just said because I was so full of anger – oblivious to her feelings. I wanted out of that house and didn't want anything to do with her, so I studied really hard and got a chance to go abroad to study.

When I came back from school, I met a beautiful girl and we fell in love. We eventually got married, bought a house, and had 2 kids. I was very happy with my life – my own family, my wife and children, and all of the comforts that hard work brings. Then, one day, there was a knock on the door. It was my mother – she came all the way here to visit me. She hadn't seen me in years and she had never even met her grandchildren. When she was standing in the doorway, my children started laughing at her. I yelled at her for coming over uninvited. I screamed, "How dare you come to my house and scare my children! GET OUT OF HERE! NOW!!!" And to this, my mother quietly answered, "Oh, I'm so sorry. I may have gotten the wrong address." – and she disappeared out of sight.

One day, a letter announcing my 20-year high-school reunion arrived in the mailbox. So I lied to my wife and said that I was going on a business trip. After the reunion, I decided to drive over to my old house just out of curiosity. I stopped the car and got out. I found myself hesitantly walking along the sidewalk toward the front door. One of the neighbors, Mrs. Henley, came walking over and told me that Mom had died the week before. I did not even shed a single tear. She handed me a letter that Mom had wanted me to have.

My dearest son,

I think of you all the time. I am truly sorry that I came to your house uninvited and scared your children. I was so glad when I heard that you were coming home for your reunion. I haven't been doing very well lately and may not be able to

even get out of bed to see you if you should decide to stop by. I am sorry that I was a constant embarrassment to you when you were growing up. You see...when you were very little, you had an accident and lost one of your eyes. As a mother, I couldn't stand watching you having to grow up with only one eye. So I gave you one of mine. I am so very proud of you, my son. You have a lovely family and have become a very successful man. It makes me very happy that you were able to see and experience life and the world with both eyes. I want you to know that I love you with all of my heart.

*All of my love to you,
Your mother*

Author Unknown



Vintage Whitman's Advertisement for Mother's Day 1946

A Lighter Side of the Great Depression

Things weren't all grim and desperate in those times. People learned to cope and "make do" in many ways. These are some of the ways we kids did to entertain ourselves at little or no expense;

We liked to ride the horses – Fanny, Pop Tail, and Judy, the mule; although, our pleasure in riding Judy was questionable as the old devil would bite us when we got on. She knew who she could bluff. I would hold her head while Gin got on and then would have to switch her head with a stick and get on really fast and pray I wouldn't get a nip on the behind.

Sometimes, she could bluff me and I would have to head her to a fence or a cut in the road and then jump on. Pop Tail was Dad's horse. She was Appaloosa and was so named because she had a short tail or bobtail. The Indians couldn't pronounce bobtail. It came out as pop tail. That was one explanation. The other was that as she trotted along, she pop-pop-popped along for a half mile or so. Very embarrassing but mostly amusing for small kids. Pop Tail would only step out if she were switched - that is when we rode her. She stepped right out when Dad rode her. A little spur made the difference I found out in my haying days. Many times, we used to take our lunches and go exploring all over the ranch. Once, Claudia, Donna, Gin, and I rode clear up to the Raymond Ranch, about five miles away. Aunt Eunice's family was living there. We visited everyone, had one of Aunt Eunice's great meals, and took turns riding Charles's Shetland pony. It was a "biter" also – a bit frisky. One didn't have far to fall anyway.

Our little cousin Blanche (the same age as Dot) had an accident before we got there. She fell and bit her tongue deeply. She couldn't talk because it hurt so much, so she would come up, stick out her tongue, and point so you could sympathize with her. We did!

Claudia and I wanted to graduate to riding Grandpa's white horse. He was a former racehorse, and even old as he was, he really liked to run fast. Dad thought he was too much horse for us. We didn't think so.

Finally, Dad said to go ahead and ride him. We had to say we had been riding him all week and before. Somehow, Dad wasn't too surprised.

We – John, Virginia, and I – plus Claudia and Donna, rode our horses five miles to school as far into the winter as we could because it was fun. A little barn was built at school for the horses, so it wasn't too bad a life for them. Art and Edith Brown also rode, as well as Harold Blann. Leland Fritts rode on a bicycle and he was in Donna and Gin's grade. When it got bitterly cold, our parents took turns driving all of us. Then when Miss Reed taught us for two years, she picked all of us up in her little Ford. She drove up the mountain from Mitchell each day. For a while, the Mountain Creek District couldn't

pay Lorraine except in warrants. Her mother said she was planning to buy a much needed kitchen stove but instead would help Lorraine until things eased up a bit. Pretty nice of her and understanding. Lorraine was young and pretty and wore pretty clothes. She was fun and very nice to all of us. She was our third cousin but was never partial. I really enjoyed her two years at our little Mountain Creek School.

Mrs. Brown had an old-fashioned pump organ that no one at her house used anymore. She offered to send it to school, as Lorraine played the piano quite well. It was great, and we sang every day and learned all the songs that the city kids (Mitchell) knew and then some. Lorraine also read lots of good books to us. One was Little Women. I love that book.

Everyone in our family liked to read, and sometimes, Mother would order books from the State Library, 25 books at a clip. They came in a canvas bag and arrived on the stage. There was big excitement for the Cannon offspring when the books arrived.

We four cousins liked to give shows and sing for anyone who would listen. We used Dad's little shack out by the sheep shed. He built it to stay in during the lambing season, close to the sheep maternity wards. The little shack had a pot-bellied stove, table, chair, and a built-in bunk bed on one end. We used the bunk bed for the stage whenever we were in theatre. Grandma Cannon was visiting us at the ranch once and we begged her to come see our show house. She said she was impressed with our housekeeping as she could see where we always swept the dirt under the stage. So much for her appreciation of the arts. Sometimes, we made a playhouse out of the shack. Once, a family of birds took up residence in the chimney and we had quite a time deciding what to do about them.

It was fun to play hide-and-seek behind the hay shocks in the meadow. The barn would be full of sweet-smelling hay when all the shocks were pulled up the slide into the barn.

Grandpa's big work mules pulled the heavy slide to the barn. It was a hard job for them and I felt sorry for them, as ornery as they were.

For instance, about ornery; the men were branding cattle one day and some cows were in the barnyard along with the mules. One mule chased one of the cows and when he cornered her, he bit her and wouldn't let loose. Grandpa had a hot branding iron in his hand, so he just put the iron on the mean mule's nose. He turned loose fast. Grandpa was a man of action.

Cold Weather

Cold weather meant we had to be inside a lot, and we were lucky in that Mother believed that busy kids were good kids.

(cont'd on page 17)

Support Our SENIORS!

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

manufacturers for further processing or, if they are ready for retail, then they go to the stores to be put on the store shelves.

One barrel of crude oil contains 42 US gallons. There are only about 20 gallons of gasoline inside each 42-gallon barrel of crude oil, but to access it, we have to separate it from the rest. Crude oil has to be sorted into its various components to turn into a gallon of gas or a plastic water bottle. In simple terms, this is the process of refining, which means isolating the elements you want and getting rid of the rest.

While no two barrels of crude oil are the same, roughly 42% of each barrel will ultimately become gasoline, on average. Another 27% becomes diesel fuel, meaning that nearly 70% of each barrel makes its way to the gas pump in one form or another. About 6% of each barrel becomes jet fuel, 5% becomes tar-like heavy fuel, 3% becomes light fuel, and 2% becomes other hydrocarbon fuels.

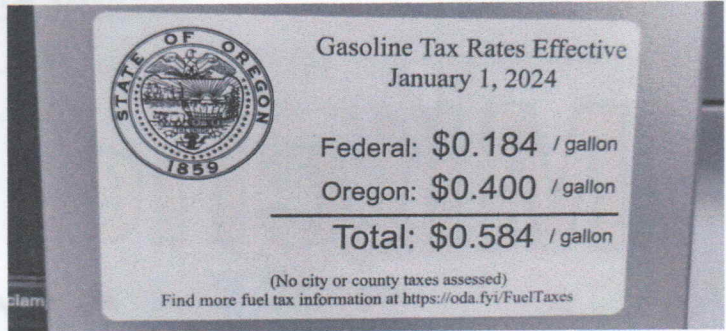
After all of the fuels have been removed, you're left with about 14% of the original barrel. About 4% of that will become asphalt used to make roads and sidewalks. The last 10% gets spread around to just about every industry on the planet and is where we get petroleum products from plastics to perfumes and everything in between.

Petroleum is used to produce antifreeze, car tires, clothing, fertilizers, paint, soap, yarn, and more. It's also used to make almost every plastic product you've ever used. Every water bottle, plastic shopping bag, and single-use eating utensil was once a hot, pressurized glob of hydrocarbons buried in the earth.

After the cost of acquiring and refining crude oil is factored in, the cost of distribution and marketing is figured and added on. The cost to produce, distribute, and market a gallon of gasoline is then adjusted to reflect the current supply and demand for the final cost of one gallon of gasoline. Then, the retailer marks that up to suit his business.

But wait! State, federal, and local government taxes have to be added to that retail price! As of January 1, 2024, Oregon's Gasoline Tax Rate is \$0.400/gallon, and the Federal rate is \$0.184/gallon. That's a total of \$0.584 of taxes added to the retail price of each gallon of gasoline that you put into your car or truck.

In 1919, just over ten years after Henry Ford's Model T revolutionized car ownership by making it affordable for the masses, Oregon pioneered the adoption of a gas tax at the rate of 1 cent per gallon. Within a decade, every state had followed suit, establishing their own gas tax



Gasoline Tax Rates Effective January 1, 2024	
Federal:	\$0.184 / gallon
Oregon:	\$0.400 / gallon
Total:	\$0.584 / gallon
(No city or county taxes assessed)	
Find more fuel tax information at https://oda.fyi/FuelTaxes	

systems. The federal government joined in on June 6, 1932, passing the Revenue Act of 1932, which imposed a 1¢/gallon tax in an effort to alleviate a budget deficit exacerbated by the Great Depression. The primary purpose of gas tax revenue is to address the wear and tear inflicted on the nation's road infrastructure due to extensive driving. Approximately half of the states have legislation mandating that funds generated from fuel taxes must be allocated for the construction and maintenance of roads and bridges. Some states utilize these funds for other transportation-related initiatives, such as law enforcement, environmental conservation, and education. For instance, Texas allocates a quarter of its gas tax revenue to support schools.

At the federal level the majority of gas tax revenue is directed into the Highway Trust Fund. Additionally, a fraction of a cent of each gallon of fuel sold at the federal level is allocated to addressing leaks from underground petroleum storage tanks.

When Biden took over as our President, the average retail price for one gallon of gasoline was \$2.17. The next year, the average price was up to \$3.05 per gallon. In 2022, the price was \$3.29 and in 2023, it was \$3.22. Today, according to AAA, the average price for a gallon of gasoline is \$3.60.

The US currently consumes about 20 million barrels of crude oil per day but only produces about 18 million barrels per day. The US imports 6.618 Million barrels of crude oil per day from other countries. Approximately 62% of the imported crude oil comes from Canada and Mexico. The rest is imported from Saudi Arabia, Iraq, Brazil, Colombia, Nigeria, Ecuador, Venezuela and South Korea.

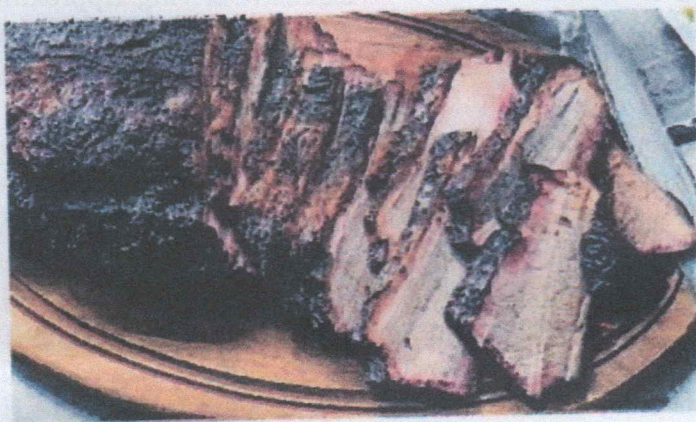
Since the cost of acquiring crude oil is, in fact, the *largest* factor in the price of gasoline, it seems as though it would be cheaper to produce our own oil rather than import it from other countries. After all, the US is the largest producer of crude oil in the world! ■

[Sources: US Oil & Gas Association, Washington DC; US Energy Information Administration, Washington DC; Oregon Department of Transportation, Salem, Oregon; WhiteHouse.gov]

Mitchell Lions

2024

Annual Spring Dinner & Pie Auction



Saturday, May 11th 6:00pm at the Mitchell Community Hall

\$12.00 per person. Serving Beef Brisket Dinner and all the fixings, including (1) Raffle ticket per person.

Following dinner, we will be having the "Pie Auction" and "Raffle" for the door prizes!



She would let us cut and paste as much as we wanted. Flour, water, and a little sugar made a fairly good paste. We cut out paper dolls from the catalog then we drew and colored clothes for them. Later on, we drew our own glamorous version of movie stars. Virginia and Donna made scrapbooks of the Dionne Quintuplets from newspaper clippings and old magazines. They were enthralled with the Quints. Claudia and I each had a collection of pressed wild flowers in case we would need them for high school biology or science – when we got to high school. However, I never did use them. Who cares? It was fun anyway.

One winter sport, when it got knee-deep in snow, was to go on the hay wagon converted to a sleigh, which was to cut and haul ice from the little dam in Mountain Creek. The men cut the ice manually with a saw and then pulled the big rectangles out with tongs. The creek froze solid many winters, so there was plenty of ice. Dad and a helper or two – Uncle Jim or Chess Woodin - cut and hauled the ice to the icehouse not far from the main house. The ice would be there until July or August for summertime use, buried in the deep sawdust.

Once, when John and I were little we got to tie our little sled behind the big sled for a ride to get a load of ice. We started squabbling over who got to ride in front and we fell off. Dad “let” us walk home, keeping the sleigh just ahead of us all the way. A lesson to be learned there. We did.

The ice was great to have during the summer, and Mother and Aunt Elsie made ice cream and iced tea for many meals. It was especially nice for the hay crews. We kids turned the crank on the ice cream maker without a complaint. We especially liked the ice cream that came off the paddles that stirred the ice cream.

Virginia and I discovered Bob and John’s cache of pop being cooled on ice in the icehouse. The soda pop came directly from Dad’s little store. We didn’t rat on them, but we certainly felt free to help ourselves. Another time, the pop and beer distributor from Canyon City came around the turn by our house too fast, and a whole case of pop fell off. He didn’t notice, so we declared squatter rights on the few bottles not broken. Such bounty!

One winter, everyone around the country was complaining about so many wild jackrabbits. There were so many that they were eating everything that rabbits liked to eat and destroying the rest. They could be seen coming in droves to the rye stack up Marshall Creek. They could be heard crunching the grain. The men had drives, herding the rabbits in a small area and slaying all they could. A disease attacked the rabbits and in a few years, there was a normal supply again.

About the only Christmas I remember as outstanding as a small child was the one year the banks went broke. We didn’t

expect anything much from old Santa. No dollars were spent on anything frivolous, and I expect we thought Santa would be in the same boat. He didn’t forget us. Dad made a little doll’s table and Mother made a real cloth tablecloth from a scrap of fabric. A little tiny set of dishes appeared made of painted tin. Probably cost less than 25 cents, but better to me than Limoges China. Mother also made a set of doll clothes for my old doll. No new doll under the tree, which was fine, as I only liked to look at dolls-not play with them. I would rather go outside to play and work any day. I can’t remember what John got that year, but I’m sure it was something handmade with care and love.

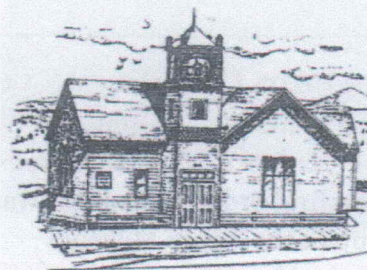
On cold days when we had to get outside for a while, we liked to go out to the shop, turn all the wheels, and nail anything in sight. Dad didn’t care. We would get on the grinder and turn the stone wheel, and then put some metal against it to see sparks fly. Just like sharpening the mowing machine sickles in haying time. I can still remember the smell of charcoal for the forge, oil for oiling all the nooks and crannies of the machinery, and the dust. The shop could be a dangerous place for little kids, but we didn’t care.

To be continued...

Mirian’s amazing story will continue in the next issue of the *Mitchell Sentinel*.

MITCHELL BAPTIST CHURCH

Est. 1894



Carl Naas
Pastor

P.O. Box 275
Mitchell, OR 97750
462-3914

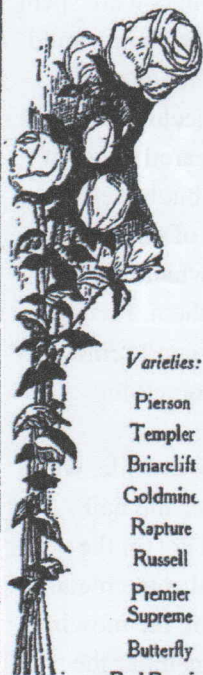
Serving Mitchell with Bible truths for those who have eyes to see, ears to hear and hearts to accept. (Listen for the BELL!)

Services at 10:00 & 11:00 A.M. Sundays
Fellowship dinner following

Men’s Breakfast and Bible Study 6:00 A.M.
Thursdays

Home Bible Studies...TBA.

Community Advertisement



Christian's
"House of Flowers"

For Mother

Mother's Day, Sunday, May 12

Varieties:

Pierson
Templer
Briarclift
Goldmine
Rapture
Russell
Premier
Supreme
Butterfly
Red Premier

Our Second Annual Mother's Day Rose Special

What we believe to be the most outstanding holiday flower value ever offered to flower lovers of Syracuse.

Thos. J. Christian

Special at **\$2.50** Per Dozen

Regular value \$4.00 and \$5.00 per doz.

Phone 3-7609

Colors:

Red
Red
Pink
Yellow
Flesh
Pink
Medium Pink
Light Pink
Red

Orders Delivered By Our Seven Special Trucks

Phone Orders Accepted

"Flowers by Wire to All Parts of World"

THOMAS J. CHRISTIAN

"The House of Flowers"

Fayette Street at Montgomery--Hills Building

1929 Vintage AD

Staff Shout Out

In this month's issue of Mitchell School's newsletter, *The Logger's Saw*, Lindzey announced Miss Kristi as April's Staff Shout Out! Kristi Dennis has worked as the Mitchell School Librarian for 17 years! Kristi is always funny and helps out every student in the school. Almost every morning many students will go to Kristi's office and talk about fun memories or just hang out there! Kristi is helpful to anyone who asks. Kristi loves reading and she says she does not have a favorite book because there are too many to choose from! Kristi says the favorite part about her job is the kids. She has many enjoyable memories but her favorite is when kids pass their AR Test with happy smiles! Thank you, Kristi, for all that you do for the students and for the Mitchell community!

Also worth noting - Kristi Dennis is a notary. She is commissioned in the State of Oregon.

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 Museum Update

The Mitchell Historical Society met on Tuesday, April 9th, at 5:30 PM. Brandi Maddox, Kerri Short, and Teresa Riley were in attendance. The first order of business was discussing the major clean up of the future Museum building, inside and out. The inside of the Museum needs some major cleaning up starting with the washing of the large windows facing Main Street in Mitchell. The windows themselves will be a project to deal with, being so tall and covered with years of dirt and white paint on them. Any help would be appreciated!

Keep an eye on the bulletin boards at Wheeler County Trading Co., the Mitchell Post Office, and the Mitchell Community Hall for the cleaning Day and time to be announced once scheduled. Of course, we welcome any help with cleaning and donations at any time.

Kerri suggested starting Fundraiser Bingo Games, which is a wonderful idea! We welcome any suggestions on raising money for our community's future Historical

Museum! Thank you for supporting us in this endeavor!

Donation Jars are located at the Mitchell Community Hall, Wheeler County Trading Co., Tiger Town Brewery, Little Pine Lodge, and at the Wilco in Prineville.



Remember, the Mitchell Historical Society meets on the second Tuesday of every month at Tiger Town Brewery.

Please join us! For more info, call Teresa Riley
(541-390-2044)

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

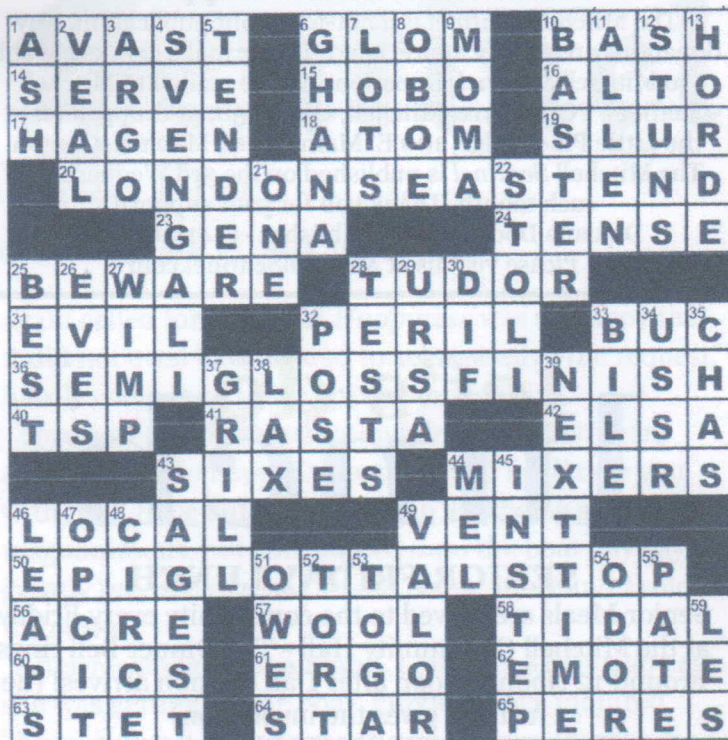
Men's Breakfast and Bible Study
Every Thursday at 6am
First Baptist Church
Mitchell, Oregon

Mitchell City Council
Meets every 3rd Tuesday @5:30pm
The Public is encouraged to attend!

Mitchell Historical Society
Meets at 5:30 PM every 2nd Tuesday
@ Tiger Town Brewery
Please Join Us!
For more info, call Terry Riley (541)-390-2044

Senior Friday Lunch
every Friday @ Noon Mitchell Community Hall
60+ \$5.00 59- \$6.00
ALL are invited! Please join us!

Solution to Crossword Puzzle



CLASSIFIED ADS

Place your Classified ADS here for only \$5.00 for up to 3 lines; \$1.00 per line after that. (541)462-3532

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE-MITCHELL

15754 Lost Coyote Ln Mitchell, OR - 4 bed, 2 bath, 2200 sq ft country home built in 2007 on 76 Acres along the banks of West Branch Creek at the base of Black Butte. Fully fenced property w/13 Ac of Water rights for several irrigated pastures watered by wheel lines plus lg fenced dryland rye field. \$650,000 Contact Coldwell Banker Bain 541-382-4123

320 Cole Rd Mitchell, OR - 3 bed, 2 bath double wide manufactured home built in 2003 with 1,728 sqft workshop w/concrete floor, 16 ft high ceilings, roll up doors \$360,000 Contact Coldwell Banker Sun Country 541-447-4433

204 W Main St Mitchell, OR Commercial building, former Sidewalk Cafe, 6,098 sqft lot \$114,500 Coldwell Banker Sun Country 541-447-4433

16503 Lost Coyote Ln Mitchell, OR 2 bed, 1 bath, 992 sq ft built in 2006, Completely Off-grid solar and wind, instant hot water, CastHeat wood stove. \$398,000 Contact Mossy Oak Properties Cupper Cr (541) 934-2946

Mitchell and Fossil Stage Line

Leaves Mitchell every day in the week except Sunday at 6 a. m. Arrives at Fossil at 6 p. m. Leaves Fossil every day in the week except Sunday. Arrives at Mitchell at 6 p. m.

The Condon stage leaves Fossil every day except Sunday at 8 a. m. Arrives at Condon 6:30 a. m. Leaves Condon for Fossil every evening except Sunday, as soon as train arrives. Arrives at Fossil in 3 1/2 hours.

Passenger and Freight Rates Reasonable.

SASSER BROS, Agents.

A. H. BUCKINGHAM, Proprietor.

Ad from 1911 Mitchell Sentinel

Thank You for Your Support!

The Mitchell *Sentinel* is a not-for-profit publication. Any donations are greatly appreciated! Please make checks payable to Mitchell *Sentinel*. Donations can be mailed to Mitchell *Sentinel*, PO Box 312, Mitchell, OR 97750, or dropped off at the Little Pine Lodge, 100 E. Main Street, Mitchell, Oregon. The Mitchell *Sentinel* is published on the 3rd Wednesday of each month. Thank you for your support!
Dajuana Dodd/Editor/Publisher - (541)462-3532
Please visit us at MitchellSentinel.com

let's do lunch

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)
Everyone is WELCOME! Please join us!

Menu

APR 19	Meatloaf, Double-Baked Potatoes, Peas, Rolls, Fruit Cobbler
APR 26	Mac & Cheese w/Ham, Green Salad, Fruit, Cake & Ice Cream
MAY 3	BBQ Chicken, Pasta Salad, Spinach, Fruit, Cream Pie
MAY 10	TBD
60 + \$5.00	59 - \$6.00



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U.S.POSTAGE
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EDDM RETAIL

Gardening/Landscaping Help Needed for the Painted Hills Cottages



Contact Barbara Jacobi (541) 462-3921
for more information

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Wheeler County Trading Co.

We will be selling
Hanging Baskets for
Mother's Day

Spring/Summer Hours

Monday - Saturday
8 am - 7 pm
Sunday 9 am - 6 pm



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Pre-order yours Today!

VOTE



**CANDY HUMPHREYS
WHEELER COUNTY COMMISSIONER**

I am a dedicated advocate for Wheeler County, bringing years of experience in public service, community engagement, advocating for children, seniors, and fiduciary responsibility. I am here to listen, engage and be responsive to the needs of all residents. Contact me a (541)414-4009 or candymhumphreys@outlook.com

Paid for by Candy Humphreys

HAPPY
Mother's
DAY