

Mitchell Sentinel

Fearless, Fair and Free

Mitchell, Wheeler County, Oregon, Wednesday, May 15, 2024, Issue #19

Memorial Day

Memorial Day honors those who lost their lives while in service to the United States during peace and war.

Remembering those from Mitchell and the surrounding area who died fighting for us.

WWI - Arther E. (Ted) Glover - killed in France in the Argonne Forest in 1918 on the 10th of November at 2:30 pm the day before the Armistice. He was buried in the Romaine Cemetary. Ted was later Reintered at the Fossil Pioneer Cemetary. The Park and the American Legion Post was named for him. He was born and raised in the Antone area.

WWII - Huston Vaughn - died February 1942 in the battle of Java Sea. He was born and raised on Gable Creek.

WWII - Walter Norton - died in 1945 in the battle of Iwo Jima. He was born and raised on Bear Creek.

WWII - Raymond Ross - died December 11, 1941, on a hospital ship from wounds suffered at Pearl Harbor. He was born in Mitchell and raised on West Branch.

Vietnam - Billy Stephenson - died in 1967 in Vietnam. Billy was born and raised on upper Bear Creek.

Afghanistan - Jamie Spoo - died at Fort Richard, Alaska after a prolonged time of wounds suffered in Afghanistan. Jamie graduated from Mitchell High School in 1989.

Fact: There are CURRENTLY 131 Veterans buried locally

Submitted by Dan Cannon May 2024



Mitchell High School Class of 2024

Congratulations to the Mitchell High School Class of 2024!



Photo by Patrick Farrell

Left to Right:

Vianey Ontiveros Carreon - Mitchell, Oregon
Maylin Armanious - Lüneburg, Germany
Nyla Lena Bennett - Mitchell, Oregon
Nikita Sbitniev Tarasovich - Kyiv, Ukraine
Adam Szczepaniak - Wroctoaw, Poland
Nice Thitikorn - Bangkok, Thailand

The Mitchell Commencement Ceremony will be held Friday, May 24, 2024, at 5 pm in the Mitchell Gym.

The Hallowed Wall

My first trip was "back east" so I made it a point to visit a special place with my priority time.

I was at the wall to visit two friends of mine

Maybe I wasn't just looking for their names, but the absence of my name.

Everyone that didn't go, or made it back seemed to have to shoulder the guilt and share the blame.

I saw a man standing in the middle of the Memorial, the reflection of fifty-eight thousand souls showed in his face. He looked pained and hurt as if it was hard for him to look upon this place.

I asked him if he too was looking for someone he had lost on the wall?

He replied, no I am looking at the complete list because I lost them all.

I see them every day, I come here now and then to see if they are remembered as they should.

How soon brothers forget and have to learn life's lessons over both the bad and the good.

I watched as he walked the wall and touched the names and revered each one.

He was also remembering, paying his respect, and honoring every daughter and son.

Over fifty-eight thousand angels all part of God's overall plan.

I asked, "Who are you, sir?" He replied, "You know who I am, I sit at my Father's right hand!"

Dan Cannon
May 2024

Mothers

When God made mothers, he took his time because he knew perfection had to be achieved.

She had to be straight and true as a shaft, this God truly believed.

God took a ton of love and filled her heart,

With this act, God felt good, but he knew this was just a start.

Next he gave her wisdom to deal with the problems of life.

Then he threw in a sense of humor because motherhood starts with being a wife.

Care and understanding was another ingredient God added to the mother mix.

Toughness and strength were blended for future strife and pain in life's fix.

God added a dollop of compassion, a pinch of more love just for good measure.

God then evaluated his creation and what he saw gave him great pleasure.

Many mothers walk God's land, they mirror his reflection.

Every time God looks down he is rejoiced because he sees he has achieved his perfection.

Dan Cannon
For Bev
6/01/03



SIDEWALK SALES

Friday & Saturday ☆ May 24th-25th

9:00 AM - 4:00 PM

**Please join us on the sidewalks -
set up a table to sell your own stuff!**

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



DONATE BLOOD. HELP SAVE LIVES.

Blood Drive
Mitchell School

Cafeteria
340 SE High St.
Mitchell, OR 97750

Monday, June 3, 2024
11:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.

Please call 1-800-RED CROSS (1-800-733-2767) or visit RedCrossBlood.org and enter: MitchellHS to schedule an appointment.

Streamline your donation experience and save up to 15 minutes by visiting RedCrossBlood.org/RapidPass to complete your pre-donation reading and health history questions on the day of your appointment.



Scan to be directed to
RapidPass



Build the blood supply: Come give 5/20 to 6/9 for an exclusive Tetris and Red Cross shirt, ltd. qty.



Scan to schedule an appointment

1-800-RED CROSS | RedCrossBlood.org | Download the Blood Donor App

Community Advertisement

My Story of the Great Depression

by Mirian Cannon Humphreys' Continues...

Other Fun Times

One fun thing we did was to push the old buggy to the top of the hill on the country road toward Waterman Flat. At the top, we tuned the buggy around, and the pushers jumped in fast. One pusher did stay out long enough to give one mighty push and we rode it down. No NASCAR driver could have a bigger thrill!

Claudia and I had another sport and that was to run and hide from Gin and Donna (the "little brats" we called them in those days). We couldn't hide too well from them as they would get discouraged and quit hunting or run tattle to the moms. Then the game would be over.

I remember one busy day at the ranch for John, me and someone else – can't remember who. It concerned mice and demise, the dogs and we (the hunters) and the granary discovered that mice were chewing on the bridles, hack amours, and saddles. Some of these were hand braided and valuable being so old. All the stored grain wasn't enough for the population explosion of mice. The barn cats couldn't begin to control them as we had a plan of attack. We pounded on the walls, pulled out the sacks of grain and everything in the granary, yelling to high heaven. We scared dozens of the little pests outside where the dogs were waiting to do them in. The dogs were yelping with excitement and we were all yelling our heads off, swatting mice as fast as we could. This could seem a little bloodthirsty, but again ranch people had to do what they could to survive and care for their property.

On really cold days, John, Gin, and I played marbles in the living room. One problem was the hole in the corner of the fireplace hearth. We lost lots of marbles down that hole. We played dominoes and card games such as Smut, Hogascena, and Checkers on the dining room table. I thought card games were boring but with so few players, I would get drafted anyway.

When our family got our first radio, we still lived on the ranch. The radio was an Atwater Kent and powered by a battery as large as a car battery. The horn was separate from the radio box and the sound came from it. We only ran the wondrous radio at night to save the battery for important programs such as the news, the President's "fireside chats", Edgar Bergan and Charlie, his dummy, Kate Smith, Amos and Andy, Major Bowes, Kay Keyser, Fibber and Mollie, George and Gracie Allen, and Bing Crosby. Grandma Cannon liked "Clara, Lou, and Em" about three ladies who got together each day for coffee and talked in a folksy, homey way. The way Grandma said their names came out like Claranunen.

When we moved to Salem, a new little electric radio was bought and Mother played it all the time. Since this was the first

time we had electricity, the folks bought an electric iron, a toaster, and so on, as they could afford it. The old wood range stayed with us, even when the worst of the Depression was over. Why get rid of a good thing? After all, it had cooked hundreds of meals, cinnamon buns, loaves of bread, and other tasty things for us. Besides that, it had heated water for many tubs of clothes to be washed. Also many tubs of bath water for the Cannons who become adept or just plain lucky in avoiding serious accident.

We sang a lot in our family. Dad played a banjo and sang quite well. He knew lots of songs and we heard radio music and learned the songs from so much repetition. We heard and learned songs from school and school programs in Mitchell, and of course, dance music. About twice a year, Mom and Dad would go to the K.P. dance in Mitchell which was promoted by Grandpa Cannon. The K.P.s were once a lodge that had become inactive and Grandpa was the only member left. This didn't keep him from putting on the dance. It was a well-liked dance and usually the Laughlin family orchestra played. When we were little we stayed at Grandma's (even though, as a good Baptist she no longer approved of dancing). When we were a little older, we went and spent our time sliding around on the slick floor or observing all the grown-up antics down below with a different attitude from ours. Mostly who was flirting with whom, what everyone was wearing, who was acting smitten with another or even misbehaving.

Another dance was the Legion dance held in November. It had a patriotic flavor. One year when it was time for the annual American Legion dance, Dad planned to make some money on the side. He ground up beef that day and made hamburger patties. He rented (borrowed) a corner of the Pastime and set up his hamburger stand. His cash register was a cigar box behind the "counter". At midnight supper, he sold lots of hamburgers. When he closed up shop, he came to the dance in his "chef" clothes and he was feeling no pain. His hamburger stand was too close to the demon drink, which was being dispensed in gallons that night in the Pastime.

A Memory of Elsie

At the ranch, we played lots of softball on the road running by the house. All we had to do was yell out, "Let's play ball." Elsie from anywhere would always yell, "second base." She would be about four years old but an adept second-base player.

A Memory of Dot Who was Two Years Old

One summer Grandpa summered about 75 sheep for Abe-the-Jew. Abe wanted a herder to keep track of the sheep for the summer and I agreed as it meant riding the horse a lot and not having to do much housework. I had to turn the sheep

(Cont'd on page 5)

out and stay with them most of the day, then gather them up at evening time. When I would come to the house for the noon meal, Dot would often beg to ride with me on the horse. I would say "O.K." but don't bawl to come home in an hour or so, as I won't bring you back. After all, I was employed. She would promise, and then in about an hour or so would start howling to go to the house. Guess what - I would take her home. How many times we did this is hard to say. At the end of the summer, I earned \$75.00. Remember, these were hard times. We moved to Salem about a year later and the summer of sheep herding was a pleasant memory. I don't think Abe-the-Jew ever smiled because he was always chewing on a cigar and plotting "deals". He bought hides and wool sheep, cattle, or anything related that he could make money on. Dad liked him but didn't entirely trust him in business deals.

One pleasurable event we were involved in led to some trauma for John, Claudia, and me. It had to do with Rube Rosenbaum who was a big raw-boned man. He always looked dirty and greasy as his job was threshing grain - a very dirty job. He lived on a ranch west of Mitchell and was a neighbor to Grandpa Cannon's other ranch.

Rube left his threshing machine at the ranch for about a week one summer while he was off in other pursuits. It was total temptation to us as we looked it over good, and it led to a very amusing trick we could play on old Ruben. (We didn't have anything against Rube but a trick was a trick, right?) Stacked on the thresher were several cans of axle grease. We decided to smear the grease all over the levers and especially on the floor. We figured since Rube always looked so filthy, he wouldn't notice the grease and would come up with a big surprise. He came back to the ranch sooner than we expected so we didn't have time to get cold feet and clean up the mess. He saw the grease first thing and he and Dad knew right away who did it. Claudia, John, and I were summoned and asked if we did it. John confessed right away, and Claudia and I fibbed by pleading ignorance of the whole thing. The parents didn't openly call us liars but somehow made us feel terribly guilty. Dad said we had to go to the house, get rags, hot water, and soap, then scrub all the greasy mess off. The thresher never looked better, I'm sure. John came out of it smiling like a rose because he didn't fib. A hard lesson! It didn't help that we could hear Rube, Dad, and Rube's handsome big son laughing in the shed. They didn't think we could hear them. I can't say Mom and Dad were really mad at us for doing the dastardly deed except for the fib. Our antics may have taken Dad and Uncle Jim back to some of their youthful pranks. According to Grandma, there were many.

Another pleasure for all concerned, in an era of little money and simple pleasures, was visiting. It didn't happen often, but

when the ranch work allowed and the tires didn't go flat on the rough dirt roads to Mitchell or Fossil, we would spend a day in town. It was a special day, so the girls had to wear dresses and our patent leather Mary Jane shoes. I remember some wonderful little boots I had that were high tops with patent leather bottoms and tan leather tops buttoned with little black buttons. Mother and Aunt Elsie wore hats and fresh cotton dresses to go to town. Since Mother didn't drive the car and Aunt Elsie did, they made trips to town with at least six of us kids. The grown-up ladies would visit Grandma, Aunt Eunice, Granny Campbell, and other "Piety Hill" ladies, then end up the day buying groceries from Mrs. Jackson's store or the Wheeler County Trading Company managed by Mr. A. King and later on by the Bradys'.

It was a day that Claudia and I would explore everything new in town and find kids to play with. We would soon manage to lose the little "brats". John would usually head right out to find some boys. When we were with Dad, he usually deposited all of us on Piety Hill at Grandma's and he would strike out for Tiger Town. That was lower-town where the stores, garage, service stations, and Pastime were located (If a little too much drinking or a fight broke out or other misadventures occurred, it would be in Tiger Town). Dad visited with everyone he met, both stores, Cousin Billy Reed's garage, and the bank (in better times) then ended up at the Pastime to really get down to serious visiting over a glass of beer. Since Artie Reed's barbershop adjoined the Pastime and since Dad kept his hair in a crew cut, a visit there was usually meant to be. Artie was a great visitor and knew all the news. Anut Sallie and Al Foss lived in lower Tiger Town not far from the barbershop and cousin Cliff Campbell's service station, so all those places had to be included in the rounds. Cliff was a second cousin of Dad's and his claim to fame (to me) was their cute little boy who was known as the orneriest little kid in Mitchell next only to Elbert Grant Wilson. As far as I know, they both grew up to be solid citizens like their parents.

The only church in Mitchell was the Missionary Baptist church. When we went to Sunday school, we usually went with Aunt Elsie, Jim, and the girls. When the Sunday school part of Sunday morning was finished, all the children went into the sanctuary and had to stand up front reciting our memory verses and sing songs like "Jesus Loves Me" and others. Grandma Cannon's comment was that we (Cannon's) spoke loud enough and sang so she could hear us. How well we did is an unknown but the volume of sound was approved of. Later on in high school, John and I were very uncomfortable when the revival preachers came to convert as many of the sinners as they could. Their mainstay, it seemed,

(cont'd on page 8)

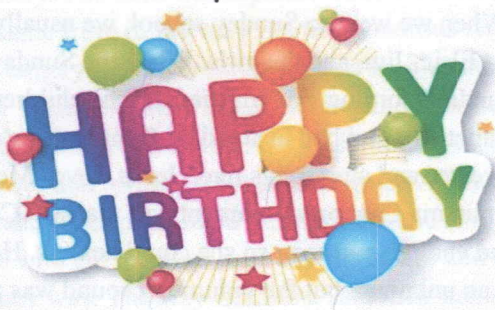
Volcano?

Did you ever live in Mitchell, Oregon? Do you live there now? The next question may surprise you – Do you know you live under an extinct volcano? Keyes Mountain to the East of Mitchell was that volcano. The two peaks were joined by the main peak which may have been 1300 feet higher in elevation added to its 5671 feet. Look to the mid-section between the two peaks and you will notice a void of mass. The missing land mass blew to the south where you see mud flows on Johnson Creek near the Dollarhide Road. The mudflows gravitated down Bridge Creek and as far north as Meyers Canyon. To further confuse us, the mud flows were then turned over 180 degrees (upside-down). The geology of the area has been folded, jammed, and flipped and also traveled. The base rocks are part of what is called “baker terrain”, meaning fragments of Pacific islands that crossed the ocean and jammed into North America.

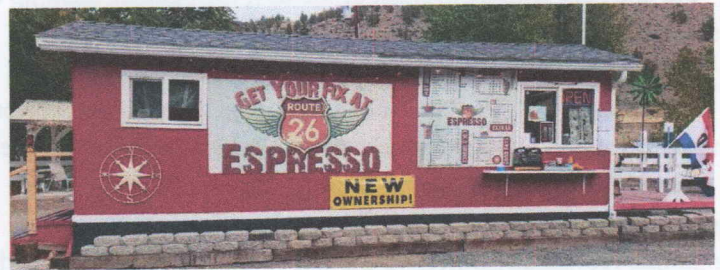
Now that I have your attention, Mitchell Rock, Bailey Butte, and Black Butte are volcanic plugs. Plugs form as lava is expelled from the ground and piles up until the weight of the lava becomes more than the pressure pushing it - then it cools forming the butte. Cones or domes are pushed up by the same pressure but the lava never breaks to the surface. Toney Butte, Marshall Butte, and White Butte would qualify as cones. Vents are where volcanic pressure pushes at an angle and lava forms a different shape. One such vent is Peggy Butte east of Mitchell and West of Keyes Mountain.

Dan Cannon
May 2024

Wishing SONA MORRIS
A very Happy 60th Birthday
May 29th



Love, Pops and Mom



Hey there! We are back from a long winter and excited to see you.

Stop by to get a Maple Bar and enjoy the sunshine!

Open Tuesday - Sunday from 7-3

Route 26 Espresso

Community Advertisement

A BIG Thank You to ALL
who supported, participated,
and helped to make the

MITCHELL
EMS & FIRE DEPARTMENT
FUNDRAISER

A HUGE SUCCESS!

The EMS & FIRE Fundraiser
was held on Saturday, May 4th

The Pie Auction alone raised \$1,965.00

Together with all other donations
A total of \$2868.50 was raised

The EMS fund increased by \$1,439.25
The Fire Department Fund increased by \$1,429.35

Thank you, Mitchell!

And a special thank you goes to

BETTY & THE BARRISTERS
THE NEVERCANEVERS

For the awesome LIVE MUSIC!

Wheeler County Trading Co.
is now a
Canyon Coolers
Dealer!



Need a new cooler for summer?
Come in and check out our selection!
We have a variety of styles and colors to choose from!

Spring/Summer Hours

Monday-Saturday 8 am - 7 pm

Sunday 8 am - 7 pm

Paid Advertisement

In Living Memory

Ernestine 'Ernie' Erquiaga Critchlow

September 28, 1930 ~ May 5, 2024

Ernestine "Ernie" Erquiaga Critchlow was called to her final resting place on Sunday, May 5, 2024.

Ernie was born in Winnemucca, Nevada, on September 28, 1930, to Joseph and Josephine Erquiaga. She was raised in Denio, Nevada, on the family ranch with 13 other siblings. She helped Joe on the ranch with the cattle, sheep, horses, farming and irrigation until she went to high school in Crane, Oregon. This is when she met Roy Critchlow, and they became sweethearts during their senior year. They were married on May 6, 1950, in Reno, Nevada, and moved to Mitchell in 1955.



Ernie and Roy had two children, Sharon Brookshire (Rick) and Kay Kerr (Steve); three grandchildren, Rocky Marsh (Sarah), Dusty Marsh and Nicole Humphreys (Brent); and four great-grandchildren, Ryder Marsh, Cutter Marsh, Anona Marsh and Tate Humphreys.

Ernie was preceded in death by Roy, who passed on December 30, 2022, and 12 siblings. Ruth Moser, from Denio, Nevada, is her only remaining sister. She has many nieces and nephews that have been instrumental in bringing her much joy throughout her life.

Ernie loved living in Mitchell, where she assisted on the ranches that Roy managed, but she was very active in the community. She cooked at the Mitchell school for 22 years and was famous for her homemade cinnamon rolls. She also served on the city council, Painted Hills Committee during the Labor Day celebrations, was secretary of the Lions Club and made sure that there were Christmas decorations available for the city every year. She was in charge of the flags for all Veterans Day celebrations and helped with many other activities as requested by other citizens of the Mitchell community. Both she and Roy were always in the gym or on the football field, watching all the Mitchell students participate in their respective sports. They both loved this part of the small-town feel.

Ernie was never idle as she was always knitting, crocheting or making quilts and completed hundreds of these items for many newborn babies, wedding gifts, birthday gifts and whatever else she felt like giving. She always put others before herself and was never one to ask for much help. She enjoyed working outside in her flower gardens and mowed the lawn and ran the weed eater up until the summer of 2019, when she and Roy moved into assisted living in Bend, Oregon. She finished her last year of life in Florence, Oregon, on the coast.

One of her highlights every year was when the Canadian family (from Roy's side) would come to visit for Thanksgiving. Even after she was unable to host the holiday, Sharon continued the tradition and cousin, Clyde Critchlow, made the trip every year for 44 years. So much laughter occurred during family game nights, especially when it was Pictionary, Aggravation or the dice game "oh crap"! She was such a big family person and truly loved her grandchildren and great-grandchildren. She always made sure that Sharon and Kay were involved in the Erquiaga family gatherings/reunions, so that they had the opportunity to get to know their aunts and uncles and all their 42 first cousins. Whew! The Basque families sure do know how to celebrate. Many bota bags were filled and refilled with much joy! As cousin Joyce Vetter would say, "Cheers Ernestina, Bellsarina, Ballsabe corns, we love you very much."

Ernie will be laid to rest next to Roy at the West Branch Cemetery in Mitchell, Oregon, on Saturday, May 18, beginning at 1 p.m. There will be a reception/celebration of life at the Mitchell Community Hall from 2-5 p.m. on that same day. We praise God for her peaceful passing and will miss her greatly.

(My Story of the Great Depression - cont's from page 5)

was fear of hell-fire and damnation. They would yell and cry, beseech and threaten, and put on quite a performance.

Grandpa was a Catholic from childhood, although Catholic churches were so far apart, he didn't often go. He did say once on our going to the Baptist church, "Sit up in front, not in the back with the other damn fools." I must say it was more interesting in the back when one needed to turn a too-loud and wild-acting preacher off for a while.

Recently in the 90s, a third cousin of mine told a not-so-nice, but funny story concerning the Mitchell church and when he attended one evening he and several of his cronies purposely sat behind Ed McPhetridge. Then purposely took turns letting stinkers (Easy enough, as everyone ate so many beans). Ed would whirl around and hiss, "Go outside young man!" They would each turn and look at each other in hurt puzzlement (?) and straight-faced. All Ed could do was turn around, and the game would repeat itself to their great amusement and his frustration, no doubt.

In fairness for many years, all I knew about the Bible was from those years with Mrs. Dugger as our high school Sunday school teacher and our Sunday school lessons as a little kid. Mrs. Dugger touched gently on good behavior, morals, and respect in a very quiet gentle way. She was from the South and was the epitome of good Southern womanhood. Everything she did she did well.

Another visiting time we all looked forward to was going to the Pioneer picnic near Fossil. It was a day of good food with all of our families picnicking together. They included the Cannons, Hoovers, Luthers, Wilsons, Irmongers, in-laws, and stray friends. There were always speakers - local or imported - and often a local politician or two. The Pioneer Queen was crowned, usually an elderly lady with a family member talking at length all about her life and good qualities. A little of that and Claudia and I would find Glenna Hoover and we would run all over the park with some of Glenna's friends. Our only worry of the day was going home over the Donnely Grade. The road was narrow with many sharp turns and was built high up on the mountain. We always worried that this time we wouldn't make it, and it was a long way down when we reached the Donnely Ranch. We always stopped for a drink of water and fill the radiator of the car. The Donnely's had a fountain made and water ran in it all the time.

At least once a year we would go to Fossil and visit Aunt Mary's family for a few days, as well as the Hoovers and Irmongers. All of these conversions would be discussed when we were once back at the ranch. I went to my first movie in Fossil, ate at the first school cafeteria, and got my first permanent wave from Glenna's Aunt Dot. Once I went to the

Methodist Sunday school with Glenna. We both had our penny for Sunday school but got sidetracked into the store on the way. We spent our pennies on penny suckers. We couldn't go into Sunday school with suckers in our mouths so we just put them up on the windowsill outside. After Sunday school we came out, checked our suckers and a few ants out, and went down the street (with only a little guilty conscience).

It was fun to go to Fossil partly because Mom and Dad knew everyone there. They knew how everyone was related, who did whatever, and the reputation of each person. It didn't seem to matter so much who your relatives were but what each person was in his or her own right. You stood on your own merits and efforts in Fossil, Oregon.

When Thanksgiving rolled around all the Cannons got together at Grandma and Grandpa's in Mitchell. One year Grandpa brought in a little pig from West Branch. They roasted it whole and it was delicious. All the aunts brought their specialties and we all ate until misery set in. Aunt Mill related it this way in later years: This one Thanksgiving all the men went down to Tiger Town before dinner and when they came back, Grandpa was feeling no pain with one or two drinks too many. He sat down in the dining room and dozed off. All of the grandchildren were running in and out and around but when Grandpa sat up he asked, "Where are the children?" His little drinking lapse didn't go over too well with Grandma. At their house, the dining room was where everyone sat and talked, studied, and got together. The parlor was not used much. When Grandma invited the preacher to Thanksgiving dinner, he sat in the parlor until dinner and different family members sat with him sort of taking turns.

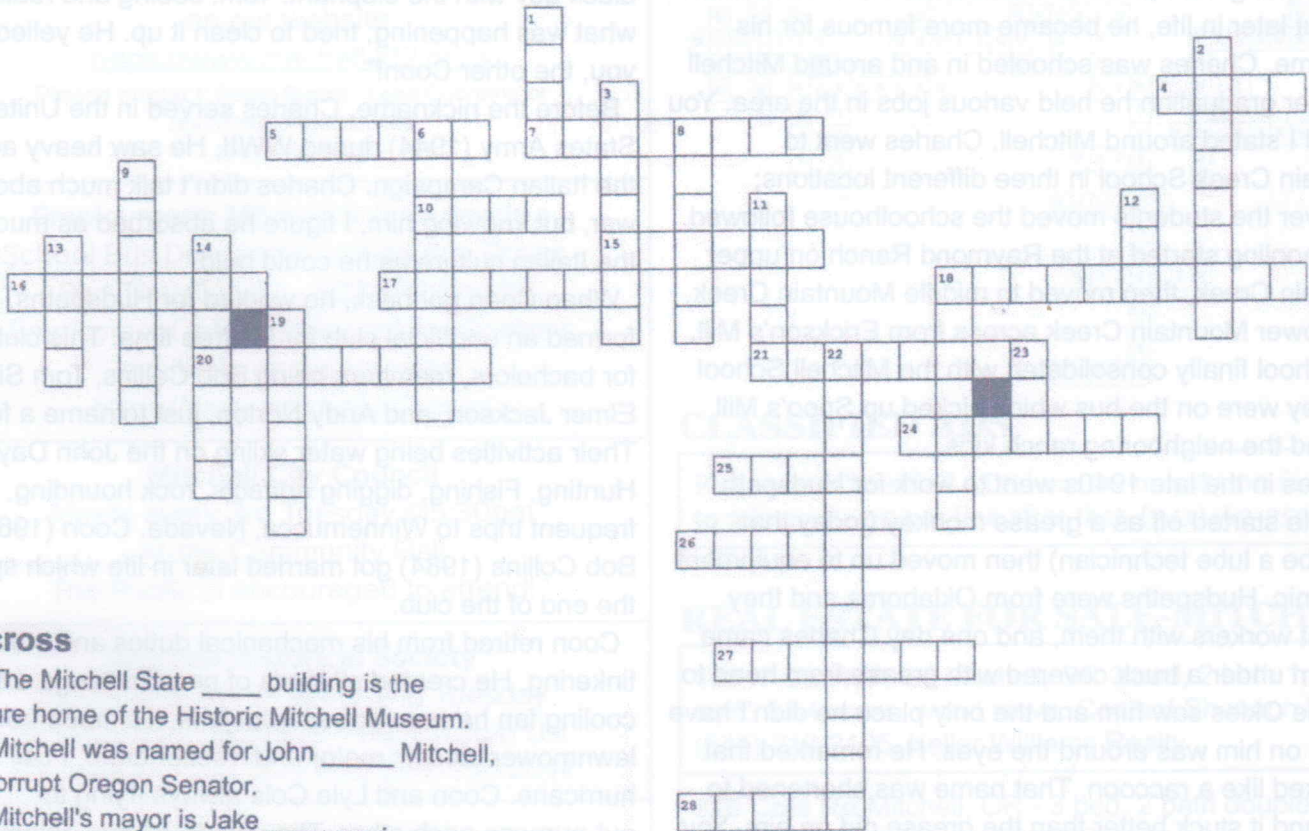
This next story might be construed as entertainment. When John and I were quite small Dad made homebrew for the crews to drink during haying season. Like many little ones, we liked the taste of beer. We liked it so well in fact, we snuck into the cellar where the home brew was stored in bottles. We came out later reeling and stepping about three feet off the ground. Dad decided then and there to never make homebrew again. We weren't punished, just removed from temptation. Over 70+ years later when Esie, Dot, and I were in Wales, I had an Irish beer and the flavor of Dad's home brew came back to me. It was just as good as I remembered it and I am not a "drinker".

To be continued...

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

Crossword Puzzle

Mitchell, Oregon



Across

4. The Mitchell State _____ building is the future home of the Historic Mitchell Museum.
5. Mitchell was named for John _____ Mitchell, a corrupt Oregon Senator.
7. Mitchell's mayor is Jake _____.
10. This "chimes" every Sunday morning at 11:00 am at the church on High Street in Mitchell.
15. Mitchell's hostel.
16. Bridge Creek Cafe serves this cuisine every Friday night.
17. The name of Tiger Town's outdoor theater.
18. Weather phenomenon that causes Mitchell's floods(locals refer to it as a "water spout")
20. The overall decorative style of Mitchell's Painted Hills Vacation Cottages.
21. Podcast produced by Robert L. Cannon and his dad.
24. Athletes from Mitchell, Spray, and Fossil High Schools make up the teams known as the Mitchell _____.
25. Equipment company that owns White Butte Ranch.
26. The name of the old Mitchell Theater.
27. Mitchell is in this county.
28. This place has "a little bit of everything"

Down

1. Gabe Salvage owns this.
2. The Cooperative Teams of Mitchell, Spray, and Fossil plan under this mascot.
3. This Fred makes the best cheesecake in Mitchell.
6. The Painted Hills Festival is held every year on this particular holiday. (2 words)
8. The town of Mitchell has suffered through many of these.
9. Henry Wheeler's stagecoach was attacked by these east of Mitchell in 1866.
11. Extinct volcano just east of Mitchell.
12. Tiger Town Brewing Co. is the last _____ on earth.
13. Doug Boehlke accepts custom orders to do this.
14. Mitchell is the "_____ " to the Painted Hills.
18. Place to go in Mitchell when you need new tires.
19. This creek runs through downtown Mitchell and into the John Day River.
22. Mitchell's very own Ranch Rock Band.
23. The Mitchell School monthly newsletter.

Solution to Crossword Puzzle can be found on page 11.

C.C. Maxwell

Charley and Eunice (Cannon) Maxwell's firstborn son was born on November 5, 1925, in Mitchell, Oregon. His parents hung the handle of Charles Cannon Maxwell on him, but later in life, he became more famous for his nickname. Charles was schooled in and around Mitchell and after graduation he held various jobs in the area. You noticed I stated around Mitchell. Charles went to Mountain Creek School in three different locations; wherever the students moved the schoolhouse followed. His schooling started at the Raymond Ranch on upper Mountain Creek, then moved to middle Mountain Creek, on to lower Mountain Creek across from Erickson's Mill. The school finally consolidated with the Mitchell School and they were on the bus which picked up Spoo's Mill kids and the neighboring ranch kids.

Charles in the late 1940s went to work for Hudspeth Pine. He started off as a grease monkey (today that would be a lube technician) then moved up to equipment mechanic. Hudspeths were from Oklahoma and they brought workers with them, and one day Charles came out from under a truck covered with grease from head to toe. The Okies saw him and the only place he didn't have grease on him was around the eyes. He remarked that he looked like a raccoon. That name was shortened to Coon and it stuck better than the grease did on him. You might guess that later down the line, that name could cause a few social problems. I was witness to one such event. A traveling circus came to town and early one morning an African American was exercising an elephant

down Main Street. Tom Silvey was at my dad's station, Charles was about to enter The Pastime Cafe and Bar, and Tom yelled down at him, "Hey, Coon, tell Province to fix me some ham and eggs. This got the attention of the black guy with the elephant. Tom, seeing and realizing what was happening, tried to clean it up. He yelled, "Not you, the other Coon!"

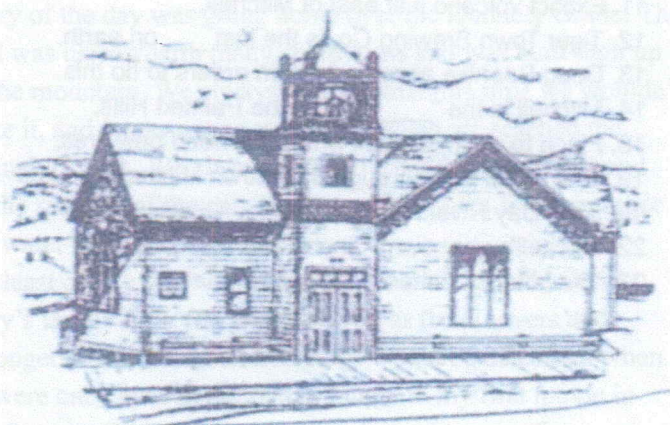
Before the nickname, Charles served in the United States Army (1944) during WWII. He saw heavy action in the Italian Campaign. Charles didn't talk much about the war, but knowing him, I figure he absorbed as much of the Italian culture as he could hold.

When Coon got back, he worked for Hudspeths. He formed an unofficial club for his free time. This club was for bachelors, members being Bob Collins, Tom Silvey, Elmer Jackson, and Andy Norton, just to name a few. Their activities being water skiing on the John Day River, Hunting, Fishing, digging artifacts, rock hounding, and frequent trips to Winnemucca, Nevada. Coon (1965) and Bob Collins (1984) got married later in life which spelled the end of the club.

Coon retired from his mechanical duties and started tinkering. He created all kinds of needful things. I have a cooling fan he repurposed from junk, it's made from a lawnmower electric motor and freezer crate. I call it the hurricane. Coon and Lyle Cole always trying to out-purpose each other. They made a large colony of metal ants, and horseshoe art in all kinds of configurations.

Dan Cannon, May 2024

Mitchell Baptist Church Est. 1894



Serving Mitchell with
Bible truths for those who have
eyes to see, ears to hear,
and
hearts to accept.

Services at 10:00 am and 11:00 am
Listen for the bell!

Fellowship Dinner following

Carl Naas, Pastor
209 SE High St, Mitchell, OR 97750

Community Advertisement

COMMUNITY ANNOUNCEMENTS

Employment: Site Coordinator needed in Mitchell for Wheeler County Community Schools. 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: Mitchell School needs a School Bus Driver and Activity Bus Driver - Part Time \$15.82 - \$22.47 / Hourly Employment information and applications available on our website.

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

Mitchell City Council

Meets every 3rd Tuesday @5:30pm
At the Community Hall
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

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

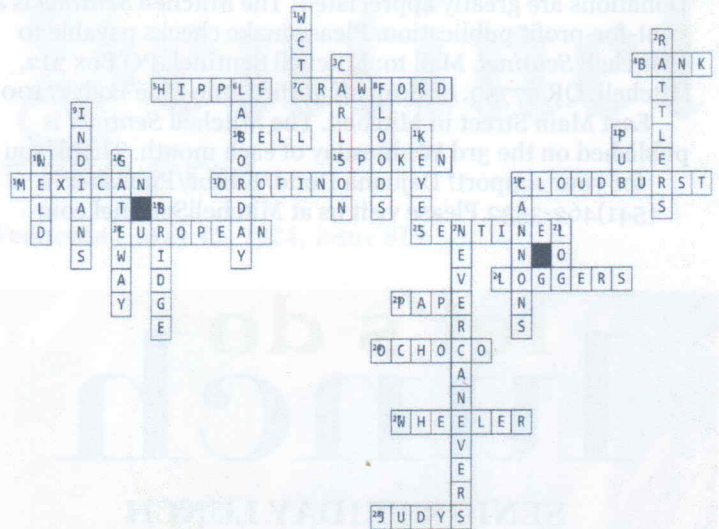
Doug Boehlke Welding



This beautiful bench is for sale at Judy's Place on Main Street in Mitchell. You can also see and purchase more of Doug's work there.

Contact Doug at
(541)233-8795 or (541)462-3000
Paid Advertisement

Solution to Crossword Puzzle



Thank You for Your Support!

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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

MAY 17	Creamy Chicken Lasagne, Salad, Bread, Brownies
MAY 24	Waffle Bar, Various Toppings, Fruit, Juice
MAY 31	Spaghetti and Meatballs, Salad, Fruit, Cookies
JUNE 7	BLT Pasta Salad, Dinner Roll, Watermelon, Cake
JUNE 14	New England Clam Chowder, Crackers + Meat + Cheese Tray, Salad, Cake

60 + \$5.00



59 - \$6.00

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Mitchell Historical Museum Update

The Mitchell Historical Society meets on the second Tuesday of each month. The month of May put the Mitchell Historical Society's monthly meeting *after* the printing of the *Sentinel* so I do not have a "meeting update" for you. However, I am excited to let you know that we have applied to be a member of the Oregon Historical Society. This will aid us in getting grants to renovate our museum. But wait, there's more good news! The Oregon Frontier Chamber of Commerce was contacted a few months ago. At that time, we had not even decided on a name for our organization or a name for our future museum. Anyway, the Mitchell Historical Society will soon join the Chamber. This will not only benefit the Museum but will be great for the City of Mitchell as well.



Please consider attending one of our meetings -
All are welcome!

If you have any questions or suggestions, please contact Teresa Riley at (541)390-2044.

Housecleaner for this Summer

\$25/hour, 3 times per week
between 10 a.m and 1 p.m.

For more information, call
Barbara Jacobi 541-462-3921
paintedahillsvacation@gmail.com



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