

Mitchell Sentinel

Fearless, Fair and Free

Mitchell, Wheeler County, Oregon, Wednesday, June 19, 2024, Issue #20

The Game

Alright, imagine you're playing a game with your friends, but the rules of the game are making everyone unhappy. You've tried talking to your friends about changing the rules, but they don't listen. So, you and your friends decide to write down new rules that everyone agrees with and thinks are fair. That's basically what the Declaration of Independence is.

In 1776, America was like a big group of friends who were upset with how things were going with their ruler, King George III of Britain. They felt he was treating them unfairly, not listening to their concerns, and not giving them a fair say in how things were run. So, they got together and wrote down their grievances, their complaints, and what they believed were the rights that everyone should have. This document, the Declaration of Independence, declared that America was no longer under the rule of Britain and that they were their own independent country.

This declaration was a huge deal because it wasn't just about saying they didn't want to be ruled by Britain anymore. It was also about declaring that everyone should have certain rights, like the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It was the first step in forming the United States of America and laying down the principles that the country was built on. So, it's important to Americans because it represents the birth of their nation and the values they hold dear.

The Declaration of Independence was written by Thomas Jefferson in 1776 and became effective on July 4th of that year. It was America's way of saying, "We're breaking up with Britain." It declared that the thirteen American colonies were no longer under British rule. It listed all the grievances the colonists had against King George III and explained why they believed they had the right to be their own independent country. The Declaration of Independence is seen as the birth certificate of the United States because it officially declared the colonies' independence and laid the groundwork for the American Revolution.



On June 21, 1788, the Constitution became effective as a big rulebook for the United States. It's like the instruction manual that explains how our government works and what it can do. Here are some simple points about it:

1. ****Big Rules for Everyone****: The Constitution is the highest law in the United States. It lays out the basic rules for how the country is run and what the government can and can't do.
2. ****Three Branches****: It sets up three branches of government: the Executive (the President and their team), the Legislative (Congress, which makes laws), and the Judicial (the courts, which decide if laws follow the rules).
3. ****Checks and Balances****: The Constitution makes sure no one branch gets too powerful. It's like having a referee in a game to make sure everyone plays fair.
4. ****Flexibility****: Even though the Constitution was written a long time ago, it can still change. We can add new rules, called amendments, if we all agree they're needed.
5. ****Rights and Freedoms****: It also protects our rights and freedoms. Things like freedom of

(cont'd on page 2)

speech, religion, and the press are all in there to make sure everyone is treated fairly.

Basically, the Constitution is like the playbook that keeps everything in order so that the United States can run smoothly and fairly.

The Bill of Rights came a few years later, in 1791. The Bill of Rights is the first ten amendments to the United States Constitution. These amendments spell out specific rights and freedoms that the government cannot take away from its citizens. They include things like freedom of speech, freedom of religion, the right to bear arms, and protections against unfair treatment by the government, such as unreasonable searches and seizures. The Bill of Rights was added to the Constitution to address concerns that the original document didn't do enough to protect individual freedoms.

So, while the Declaration of Independence declared America's independence from Britain and laid out the ideals of liberty and equality, the United States Constitution and the Bill of Rights serves to protect those ideals by guaranteeing specific rights to the American people. Together, these three documents form the foundation of American democracy and are fundamental to the country's identity and principles. ■

**Happy Independence Day,
America!**

Mitchell Historical Museum Update

The Mitchell Historical Society is currently selling raffle tickets to help raise money for the future Mitchell Historical Museum. The cost is only \$5.00 for 4 raffle tickets! Your support is needed. Some of the items you could win include a Painted Hills Custom Leather Basket (\$265.00 value), a Dewalt 20V Compact Cordless Circular Saw (\$275.00 value), Tiger Town Apparel, Gift Certificates for the Oregon Hotel, Tiger Town Brewing Co., and the Little Pine Lodge & Souvenir Shop. There are really too many wonderful prizes to list! The donated items being raffled off are on display in the large window of the Wheeler County Trading Company. Our local businesses have been very supportive of the Museum project. Thank you for your generous donations to support our raffle!

Donation jars with raffle tickets available for purchase have been set up at Little Pine Lodge & Souvenir Shop, Judy's Place, Tiger Town Brewing Company (Great

Food), and Wheeler County Trading. The Mitchell Historical Society appreciates your support. For Mitchell to have a local Museum has been a long time coming, but so much has to be done, and with your help and donations, it WILL happen. Thank You, Terry Riley, President of the Mitchell Historical Society.

The raffle drawing will be on Labor Day weekend during Mitchell's Painted Hills Festival, and you do not need to be present to win.



8 am - 7 pm

Happy 4th of July!

**Wheeler County Trading Co.
100 West Main Street
Mitchell, Oregon**

Paid Advertisement

Laughter

The Plan

It all started innocently enough. I had a Craftsman weed eater, and it was an early vintage. It ran, but not well. It was so old parts were not available. I didn't want to pay to dispose of it, so I came up with a plan. I placed it along Hwy 26, staged like it fell out of my truck. The first day, someone leaned it on the guard rail. The second day, my neighbor returned it to me as he recognized it was mine. So I am stuck with a weed eater that doesn't work, that I can't throw away, give away, or let someone steal!

Dan Cannon
05/24/2024

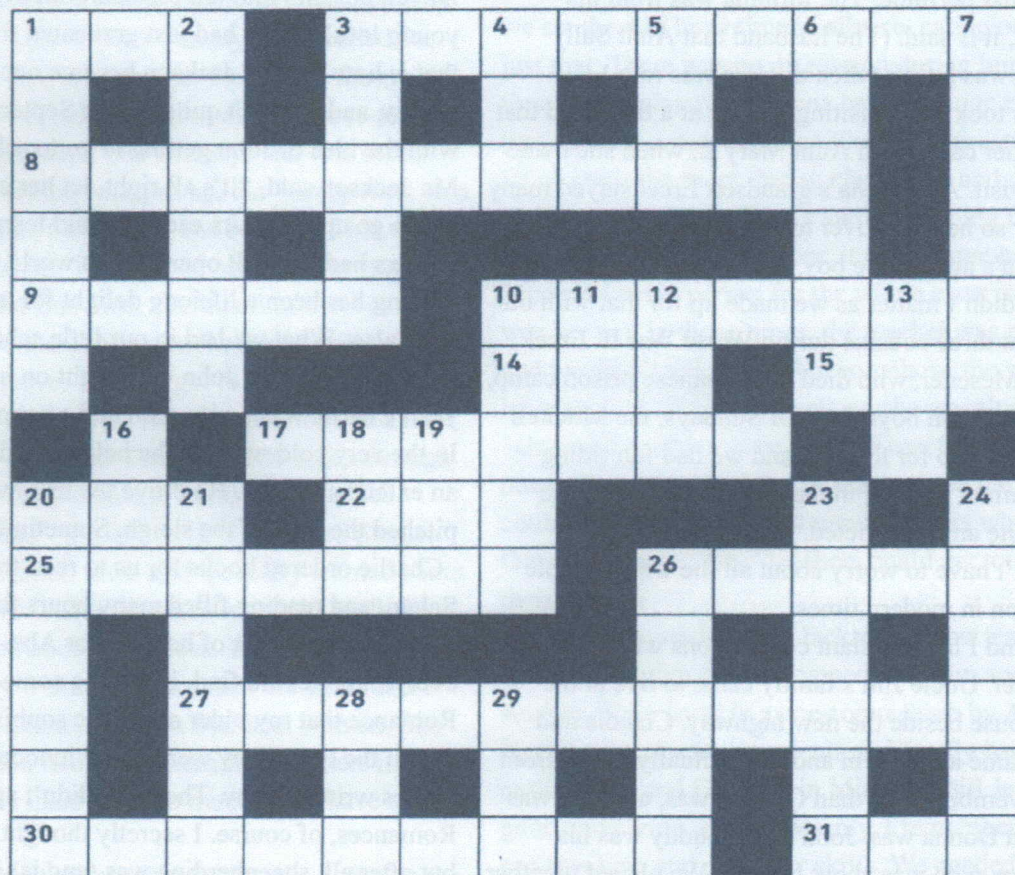
Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Tooth on a wheel
3. 1922: Vampire saga, remade in 1979
8. 1934: Karloff & Lugosi together for the first time
9. 1953: With 26 Across, Vincent Price's horror debut
10. Means of transport
14. Lupino of old Hollywood
15. Concealed
17. 1931: "I never drink ... wine."
20. "Just a _____!"
22. Make like
25. Harsh rulers
26. See 9 Across
27. 1945: Acclaimed anthology that inspired numerous later films
30. 1942: "I like the dark. It's friendly."
31. _____ Talks

DOWN

1. Like an earworm
2. Reached adulthood
3. Actor Nick
4. Pouch
5. Upper left key
6. Affix
7. Part of USA
10. Pride and envy
11. College online address part
12. 2001 villain
13. Pot top
16. Bossypants author
18. Sought office
19. Suitable
20. Radio annoyance
21. Hat tip
23. Part of DDE
24. Left the stage
26. Tiny amount
28. Hole-in-one
29. Alley-_____



Crossword Puzzle can be found on page 15.

My Story of the Great Depression by Mirian Cannon Humphreys' Continues...

Visiting

Aunt Lena Sigfrit's was a favorite place to stop and visit. She was a soft-spoken, gentle lady who was never cranky with us. She liked to comb and brush her hair. She was a "steel magnolia" and ruled her family - never raising her voice. She cooked, cleaned, and raised a huge garden, and I never heard her complain. She always had lots of company and was very well-liked. Her husband was a silent man and rarely talked to anyone.

In the summertime, we had cousins visit because they liked to come to the ranch. George Eaton usually spent a week with us when his folks came to visit Aunt Sallie. He was a redheaded, fun boy. He had seven boy cousins in the family, and they visited for a day or two at a time, too. They were all from Portland and seemed quite sophisticated to us. They didn't know much about animals or ranch life, so it equaled out. Their father, Lester Eaton, made and distributed perfume mostly in the Midwest and East. It was called "LaGue" and smelled wonderful. All their family smelled of that fragrance because Lester made it in their home. He made a living for his big family during the Depression with that perfume. The formula was from his father, Burt Eaton, it is said. (The husband that Aunt Sally divorced, and this was a time when divorce was rare.)

The Hoover kids took turns visiting a week at a time, and that was fun. Bob Luther came with Aunt Mary L. when she made her annual week visit. Aunt Lena's grandson Ercel stayed many summers with her so he came over to our place lots of times. He was about John's age, a nice boy, and fun to be around. A bit quiet, but that didn't matter as we made up for that with our own noise. We lost three cousins during World War II. Ercel was one, Cressie Mesener, who died in a Japanese prison camp, and also one of the Eaton boys. Lots of Sundays, the Mitchell relatives would come up for the day, and we had fun riding horses, playing games, playing in the barn, or wherever we wanted. It was quite an unrestricted, free kind of life for children. We didn't have to worry about all the weird people and things going on in modern times.

Virginia, John, and I had constant companions when I was about a third grader. Uncle Jim's family came to live at the ranch in a little house beside the new highway. Claudia and Donna were the same age as Gin and me. Actually, I was from September to November older than Claudia was, and Gin was 13 days older than Donna was. John's best buddy was his Uncle Bob Cannon, who was about his age. We played together every day and devised all kinds of entertainment for ourselves.

We all had fun and got along quite well, except one summer, we all started bickering, and it escalated until our mothers' agreed we couldn't play together or even talk to each other for one month. It was a long month but a good lesson. There has remained a special closeness between us. It was great to have them live so close to us, as there were so few kids in the Mt. Creek district. The little "brats" were in the same grade, and I was a grade ahead of Claudia because I started school when I was barely five. The reason for that was this: John and I were the only school-age students in the Mountain Creek District. It seemed unreasonable for the two of us to go five miles to the little one-room Caleb schoolhouse. The school was so named because Caleb was a community in the early days when my grandparents were young. All that was left was the schoolhouse and a little cemetery. Grandma Cannon's first little baby was buried there - a little baby girl.

When the new paved road was built, it bypassed the school and all the ranch houses in the Mt. Creek district. The reason that in a few years the school was moved over by the new road to make it more accessible to the students.

When John and I started, someone in the district suggested that we have school at our ranch house. The idea seemed a good one to Mom and Dad as a blackboard, little desks, a few charts, a table for the teacher, and a few other things were moved upstairs into the big bedroom over the living room. A young local fellow had just graduated from normal school, and that is how Charlie Jackson became our teacher. John was six in July, and I wasn't quite five in September, but I was so upset with the idea of John getting to go to school, and I didn't that Mr. Jackson said, "It's all right, let her come to school." So, I got to go up the stairs each day and learned all the things first graders had to do. It opened up a world of enjoyment for me, as reading has been a lifelong delight for me. I think that is true of John also. What we had in our little school upstairs amounted to private tutoring. John went right on into third grade that year. Charlie was a nice man and a serious, responsible teacher. In the very cold weather, he helped Dad feed the sheep during an extended recess. He drove the team while Dad threw or pitched the hay off the sleigh. Sometimes, we got to go, too.

Charlie ordered books for us to read from the State Library in Salem, and reading filled many hours for me on the ranch. During my summer of herding for Abe-the-Jew, I read everything I could find, including some "contraband" Ranch Romance that my older and more sophisticated cousin loaned me on the quit. They were really innocent stories compared to stories written today. The folks didn't approve of Ranch Romances, of course. I secretly thought the stories were silly, but after all, sheepherding was (and is) a little boring, and one

(Cont'd on page 5)

gets tired of talking to oneself.

Back to the First Grade

Charlie taught us for two years and lived at our house with us. He remained a friend from that time on. After teaching us, he went into business with his mother, and they started and operated Jackson's store in Mitchell for years. Once, he asked Mom and Dad if he could give John and me a nice old kid horse, and they agreed. I can remember him riding "old Fanny" through the pass by Keys Mountain all the way from the Jackson ranch in Twickenham. Fanny was a gentle, wonderful mare, and we rode her constantly and fed, watered, and curried her. We learned to bridle and saddle her and take care of her. We could ride her bareback, slide off over her tail, and do the Tom Mix trick of standing up on her. If we fell off, she would just stand and let us get back on her. She was light years ahead of that miserable mule Judy. I should add that the Jackson's store prospered even in the hardest times. Mrs. Jackson added a restaurant, and they had the phone office also. Later in the war years, Charlie was in the sawmill business. He accomplished all these things with only one arm. He was born that way.

The next year, the school board asked Mom to teach us and another little girl until her family moved on. We really missed her. The folks hired a huge woman named Mrs. McCastle to cook, keep the house, and be Gin's "nanny." Gin called her Mrs. Fragus, and one day, Gin came to the foot of the stairs and said, "Mrs. Fragus is being mean to me." A three-year-old is a big help in the classroom. Gin still says she was mean.

One summer, when the hay was put up, our family went on a trip to Texas, Oklahoma, California, and Nevada. This was just before the Depression. We camped out and also stayed in tourist cabins and had a fine time. The smell of kerosene brings back that trip to me as Mom cooked on a little kerosene two-burner stove. We also got to use all the canned milk we wanted. The memory of stepping barefoot on a little cactus is still vivid in my mind. For about 100 miles through the desert in California, I picked out cactus needles. We visited relatives in Texas - a cousin of Dad's named Staples who was a doctor in a small town and we really learned about southern hospitality. We visited another cousin in Mulhall, Oklahoma, and learned about tornadoes. They showed us their cellar where they waited out a tornado the year before. Dad's cousin Jewitt Ellison married a Mexican woman. She was a fine lady who had two very beautiful daughters named Juanita and La Juana. I liked them so much that I have never forgotten them.

It was a good thing that we got to take the trip, as it was the last vacation we had when the Depression came. The trip

could be considered a success in another way also; about nine months after the trip, Elsie arrived.

When we got back to the ranch from our wandering around the Southwest, we were about a week late starting school. The schoolhouse had not been moved to the highway yet, new students had moved to the district, and a teacher had been hired to be the new school marm.

We had the misfortune of having this teacher for the year. She neither liked nor understood the children, and I will say I hated her on sight. She was a very disagreeable and hateful woman. I didn't realize then that life is made up of a few of those, and you have to learn to cope with them at times, and it is unavoidable. Society frowns on murder, it seems. Had I known the year would be so miserable, I would have stayed in Texas or run away from home. Some people should never be teachers. They can cause so much personality and emotional damage to a child. Then, some people are wonderful and natural teachers without any training or degrees from college. I have had the privilege to encounter a few of those, too, and feel blessed for that. It's like money in the bank or haystacks in the field. Our school had grown somewhat as Art and Edith Brown, Helen Truesdale, Claudia, Harold Blann, John, and I were students. Old Anna did teach us a little about playing a harmonica. We actually played Old Black Joe and a little else. She had the theory that one must chew each bite 30 times, so we sat there at lunchtime in silence, eating our lunches doing just that. There was no discussion during lunch or any other time in her classroom. Anna had big, huge eyes and big fat lips, so sitting watching her 30s was nauseating. She wouldn't let us leave the room during class time, and one day, poor Helen wet her pants. It was awful watching that puddle get bigger and bigger. That year, it might have been a pleasure to become a street person for the whole class except Edith, who was her pet. In those times, the teacher was not questioned, and we didn't tell on her, but somehow, the school board must have figured all was not well, so she wasn't invited back.

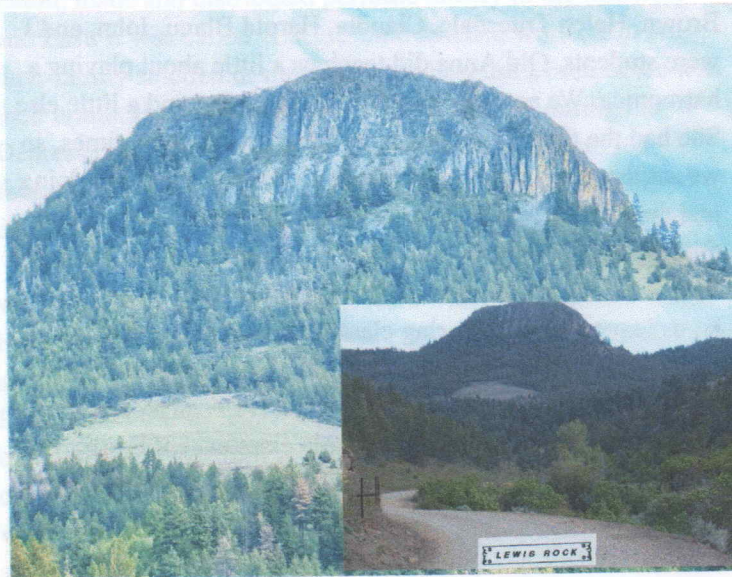
Our next teachers were selected carefully, and we had good ones. There was a surplus of teachers, so the school board could be selective. They wanted teachers who lived in Eastern Oregon because "city" teachers could get too lonely out of their habitat.

After Anna, we had Bill Jackson for our teacher. He was Charlie's brother and everyone knew him and his bride, Audrey. They lived in a one-room cabin by Aunt Elsie and Jim's house. Audrey's parents and family had been neighbors to Grandma and Grandpa in Mitchell. Bill Jackson was a good and caring teacher. Mainly, I remember he worked on our speaking and grammar skills. We needed it. After Anna, I

(cont'd on page 12)

Charles Lewis

Take the first road east of Mitchell to the right, and you will be traveling south on Dollarhide Road. If you continue on this road it will lead you to Scotts Camp, Allen Creek, and Big Summit Prairie. Four miles up this road, you will see a volcanic plug on the right. It packs the name of Lewis Rock. This landmark is named for Charles Fredric Lewis who happens to be my great-great grandfather on my mother's side. Lewis was born in Germany on September 18, 1838, and migrated to America as a young man. He filed a homestead on this land, planted an orchard and a garden, and built a cabin. To have a successful homestead you had to have three things: water, good soil, and a long growing season. This land lacked the last thing as it was over 3,000 feet in elevation; frost stayed long and came early. In those days, what didn't grow, you didn't have, and the nearest store was the Dalles.



Lewis Rock

Photo courtesy of Dan Cannon

Lewis sold his homestead and relocated on West Branch, 15 miles southwest of Mitchell. The new place provided much more of everything, and soon, it provided a wife. Caleb and Coanzay Woodward, who lived downstream, had a daughter named Mary Adelaide, she became Mrs. Lewis. The union produced six daughters.

Lewis built a large home to house his family, a barn for his livestock, and a hog shed for his pigs. These buildings were used for over 80 years. It was home to his oldest daughter, Sara Angeline, for over 75 years.

To the north of the place stood another landmark that claimed the Lewis name, Lewis Butte. Lewis lived on this place until his passing in 1924. He raised six daughters, cattle, horses, sheep, and feed to nourish them all. He lived a hard, simple life until it got simpler as his daughters married and moved away. His oldest, Angie, stayed and worked the place through two failed marriages. The first marriage produced my grandfather, Charles M. Crisham.



Lewis Place & Lewis Butte

Photo courtesy of Dan Cannon

In the late 1880s, probably 1882 to 1892, young children were dying from an epidemic of diphtheria, and West Branch was hard hit. The day that the Taylor family lost their young sons, they buried them, then burnt their house and relocated to Bridge Creek. The Lewis family moved their girls into an old cabin on the back 40, and there they self-quarantined for six months. Angie, the oldest, took care of and looked after them. Their parents would stash food for them with no contact. The younger girls always looked to Angie for advice and guidance for the rest of their lives because of her leadership. They all survived! Angie finally left the ranch and moved to Mitchell for 20 years before settling into the Ochoco Assisted Living Center, where she passed away at the age of 98 in 1977. Angie worked hard all her life and was rewarded by being married to two of the sorriest men on earth.

Dan Cannon
05/20/2024

Walton Lake Oregon

Bill Walton passed away last month, and I remembered that he visited Mitchell sometime in the 1970s. I did not see him here, but Charlie Moore, who ran the Little Pine Cafe, relayed this story to me. He said Bill was traveling in a CJ Jeep, and it took him a while to "uncoil" to get out with his 6' 11" frame. Bill entered the cafe, grabbed a menu, and right off noticed there was not one vegetarian item listed. Charlie and Bill went into the kitchen and started a vegetarian menu. Bill said that he was here to see the Painted Hills after coming from Walton Lake. He was traveling alone, and the lake was named for Izaak Walton, not Bill.

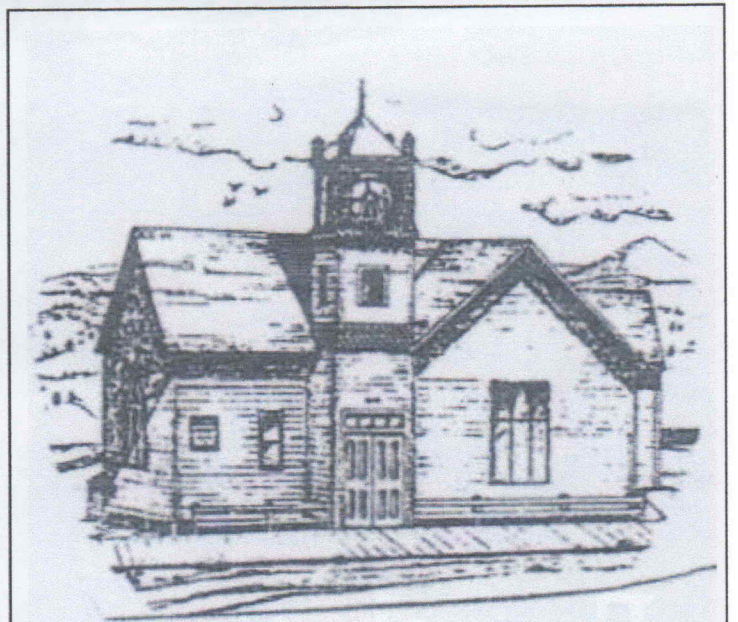


Walton Lake Campground



Just north of Lookout and Round Mountains, Walton Lake is one of the most popular destinations in the Ochocos. The reservoir is set in the middle of old-growth ponderosa pines, lush meadows, and it enjoys the blue skies that are the hallmark of summer in Central and Eastern Oregon. If you are in the Ochocos and traveling with kids, an afternoon at Walton Lake should definitely be on your itinerary. Everyone can enjoy swimming or paddling in the lake's crisp blue waters, or bring a rod and try for some of the lake's stocked fish.

Walton Lake Campground does get booked in the summer, so reserve early to get a spot. For a quieter option, Lookout Mountain has a few free, non-designated campsites near the trailhead, or you can make reservations at the tranquil Cold Springs Guard Station on the eastern end of Big Summit Prairie.



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

Community Advertisement

22nd

Wheeler County BLUEGRASS FESTIVAL

SKILLETHEAD / TUCKER-ADKINS

FOSSILGRASS / DOUBLEWIDE

HONEY DON'T DUO

MISTY RIVER 3/4 TIME

RUBBER WHEELS / ROCK RIDGE

ROBINSON & the RIMROCKERS

- ★BLUEGRASS KARAOKE
- ★OPEN MIC
- ★SONG CONTEST
- ★WORKSHOPS

free

July 5 - July 7, 2024

Fossil, Oregon

wheelercountybluegrass.org



Wheeler County Bluegrass Festival 2024: A Celebration of Music and Community

Mark your calendars and dust off your banjos because the Wheeler County Bluegrass Festival is back for another unforgettable year! Friday, July 5th through Sunday July 7th, this annual event promises three days packed with toe-tapping tunes, engaging workshops, and the camaraderie that defines the bluegrass community. The festival is a free event with donations welcome.

The heart of the festival beats on the main stage at the Wheeler County Courthouse Park, where from 3 pm to 9 pm on Friday and Saturday, acclaimed bluegrass bands will take center stage to deliver fantastic performances. Expect a lineup that showcases both seasoned musicians and emerging talents, ensuring there's something for every bluegrass fan.

Make Your Own Music. For those looking to deepen their musical talent, the festival offers a series of workshops on Friday and Saturday from 10 am to 2:45 pm led by skilled instructors. Whether you are a beginner eager to master basic chords or a seasoned player aiming to refine your technique, these sessions provide invaluable learning experiences in a supportive environment. Workshops include Guitar, Mandolin, Banjo, Fiddle, Resophonic Guitar, Bass, Clawhammer banjo, Harmony Singing, Bluegrass & Duet Singing, How to Bluegrass Band, and a special session just for kids. "Git yourself up on stage" to share your music on Friday at Open Mic and Saturday during Bluegrass Karaoke, The Songwriting Contest, or Sunday morning Gospel Open Mic!

One of the hallmarks of any bluegrass gathering is the spontaneous jam sessions that spring up throughout the event grounds and camp sites. In Fossil we also have two "facilitated" Jam Sessions on Friday and Saturday, from 1:30 to 2:45 on the shady lawn at Haven House Retirement Center and Hyatt House B&B in downtown Fossil. Grab your instrument and join fellow musicians where the joy of making music together transcends skill levels and genres.

Family-Friendly Fun. The festival is known for being family-friendly, with activities designed to welcome all ages. Kids can enjoy designated play areas in parks around town and the open lawn areas on the festival grounds while adults indulge in the musical festivities. Camping at the Wheeler County Fairgrounds, Fossil City Park, and the Fossil Motel & RV Park ensure that families can immerse themselves fully in the experience, waking up to the sounds of banjos and fiddles echoing through the morning air.

Local Flavor and Beyond. No festival experience is complete without delicious food, and the Wheeler County Bluegrass Festival delivers with a variety of food vendors offering everything from traditional festival fare to local specialties. In addition to local businesses providing delicious meals and treats, many of our vendors raise funds for local organizations and non-profits throughout the weekend. Start your day on Saturday at the Isobel Edwards Hall, with breakfast served to benefit the Fossil Senior Meal site.

Community Spirit. More than just a music festival, Wheeler County Bluegrass Festival fosters a sense of community among attendees and performers alike. Whether you are a longtime fan of bluegrass or a newcomer curious about this distinctive genre, you'll find yourself welcomed into a warm and inclusive environment where the love of music is paramount. The festival turns twenty-four this year, with two years of hiatus for Covid, we're celebrating 22 years of music and fun together! Festival leaders work year-round to pull it all together and are always looking for local volunteers to join the effort. If you would like to help with set up or at the information booth please contact local committee chair Anne Mitchell, 541-256-0551 to get involved.

As July approaches, anticipation for the Wheeler County Bluegrass Festival 2024 builds among bluegrass enthusiasts and the local community alike. Whether you come for the stellar lineup on the main stage, the educational workshops, the jam sessions, or simply to enjoy the company of fellow aficionados, this festival promises an experience that resonates long after the last note fades. Don't miss your chance to be part of this annual celebration of music, culture, and community in the heart of Wheeler County.

For more information, including festival history, the latest updates on performers, local camping, to make a donation and more, visit the festival website www.wheelercountybluegrass.org.

Full Festival Schedule

Friday, July 5	Saturday, July 6	Sunday, July 7
10 am - 2:45 pm Workshops 3:30 pm - 4:30 pm Open Mic 4:20 pm - 5:00 pm Honey Duo 5:00 pm - 5:30 pm Dinner Break 5:30 pm - 6:10 pm Fossilgrass 6:20 pm - 7:10 pm Rubber Wheels 8:20 pm - 9:10 pm Tucker Adkins	10 am - 2:45 pm Workshops 3:00 pm - 3:20 pm Clyde Clevenger & Kids Recital 4:20 pm - 5:00 pm Bluegrass Karaoke 5:00 pm - 5:40 pm Dinner Break 5:40 pm - 6:10 pm Misty River ¾ Time 6:20 pm - 7:10 pm Tucker Adkins 7:20 pm - 8:10 pm Rubber Wheels 8:20 pm - 9:10 pm Skillethead	10:30 am - 11:15 am Gospel Open Mic 11:30 am - Noon Double Wide 12:15 - 1:00 pm Robinson & the Rimrockers 1:15 pm - 1:45 pm Rock Ridge

Paid Advertisement
Wheeler County Bluegrass Festival

Movie Calendar • Hang Me Up

June

OCHOCO

THEATRE

MITCHELL

Last Month	1949 JUNE 1949	Next Month
MAY S-M-T-W-T-F-S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	SUN - MON - TUE - WED - THU - FRI - SAT 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30	JULY S-M-T-W-T-F-S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30

ATTEND the MOVIES!

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FINEST
Entertainment!*

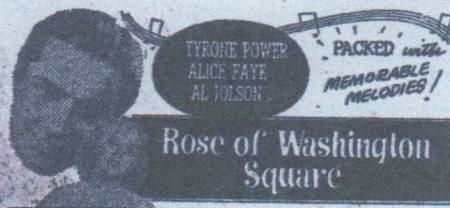
**Wednesday & Thur.
June 1st and 2nd**



**Friday & Saturday
June 3rd and 4th**



Sunday June 5th



**Wednesday & Thur.
June 8th and 9th**



**Friday & Saturday
June 10th and 11th**



**Wednesday & Thur.
June 15th and 16th**



**Friday & Saturday
June 17th and 18th**

Cary Grant
Jean Arthur
in
**"ONLY ANGELS
HAVE WINGS"**

Vintage Poster from Ochoco Theatre in Mitchell

Mt. Pisgah

To the south of Mitchell stands Pisgah Mountain. Pisgah is 4 miles long and 3 miles wide. The main peak is elevated to 6,812 feet and here stands the main lookout. North of here, the north rim stands sentinel over the West Branch country from its elevation of 5,869 feet and offers a panoramic view. It was here in the early days that Ranger Glover Blake built a tree lookout. A ladder was nailed to a fir tree with a platform on top and a table for the range finder. This site was destroyed by the Bridge Creek Fire in 2008. East of Pisgah lies the east point, hence the name. The east and north rims are now in the wilderness area, and no motorized vehicles are allowed. North and below the main peak is Carroll Camp; the spring here is the start of Bridge Creek. Carroll Camp is named after the Carroll Family who staged the milk cows here in the summer. They lived near the Painted Hills. The sweet meadow grass at Carroll Camp transferred that sweetness to the milk, butter, and cheese to be enjoyed by the family and customers. They milked the cows here and processed dairy products on-site to be transported home.

Several miles east of Carroll Camp at Milk Creek, Meyer and Hewott did the same things with their cows. They designed a cold box in the stream to preserve their products.

The south side of Pisgah draws into the Crooked River Watershed, and the north side heads to the Bridge Creek drainage and ends up in the John Day River. There are springs all over the mountain. A lot of them are the starting of the local streams: Allen, Peterson, Elliott, Banger, Bridge, Gable, and West Branch creeks. The mountain plays an important part of the area's ecosystem, agriculture, logging, wildlife, and recreation. The snowpack determines how all of these things listed above will fare through the rest of the year.

Whoever named Mt. Pisgah in Oregon had a knowledge of the Bible, for Pisgah is mentioned many times in Numbers and Deuteronomy. On top of Pisgah, Balaam spoke to Balak, "Build seven altars here, and prepare seven bulls and seven rams for me." (Numbers 23:1) God told Moses to go to the top of Pisgah and look in all directions opposite of Jerico. From that point, God showed Moses the Promised Land. It was here that God told Moses he could not go into the Promised Land. God says in Deuteronomy 4:49, "And all the plain on this side Jordan eastward, even unto the sea of the plain, under the springs of Pisgah." When you stand on top of

Pisgah Oregon, you can see in all directions 360 degrees. You can also see greenery around all of the springs mentioned previously. It becomes obvious that there is a similarity between the two mountains.

There is also a Mt. Pisgah in the Blue Ridge mountain area of North Carolina, within the Great Smoky Mountain National Park. Lane County also has a Mt. Pisgah.

Dan Cannon

05/30/2024

MOUNT PISGAH LOOKOUT



A 10' platform was built here in 1918, replaced by a 35' platform and accompanying cabin in 1923. A cab was constructed atop the existing tower in 1929, followed up by a 20' L-4 tower in 1933. In addition, there were patrol points 1 mile north (burned in a 2008 forest fire) and 3 miles east. The present 20' treated timber R-6 flat tower, built in 1964, is staffed every summer.



Ochoco National Forest
8 miles southwest of Mitchell
Wheeler County, Oregon
Elevation 6816'

Source: Rex Kamstra;
FireLookout.com

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

was really worried and nervous about math, and he was encouraging and patient with me and tried to help me overcome my fears of the subject - something I never fully did. It was fun to talk to him years later when I was a teacher. By then, he was a millionaire, owner, and stockman. Of course, our talk was about teaching. He was a fine man, and I remember he was very fair - no partiality toward any of his students. In fact, after old Anna, he was a breath of fresh air.

We always carried our lunches to school in little lunch pails. The pails were a gift with Beech-Nut chewing tobacco, but also we used little round pails that lard came in. We had ham sandwiches, peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, egg and pickle sandwiches, and canned fruit in small jars. We had fresh apples and pears as long as they lasted in the cellar. We sometimes had cake or cookies left over from Sunday dinner.

Earlier in this story, I talked about Lorraine Reed and when she was our teacher. She made it a rule to only teach in districts for two years. That way, a teacher could remain friends with everyone. By the time Lorraine came to us, Donna, Virginia, and Leland Fruits were first graders, and the next year, Bradie May Laughlin came as a first grader. Once in Lorraine's class, Donna, Virginia, and maybe Leland were reading aloud - taking turns. They were reading about two little mice named Titty and Tatty. When Gin got to those names, she wouldn't say them aloud. Lorraine would say, "Just start over, Virginia." She would start over but couldn't bring herself to say that word. I can't remember how Lorraine solved the problem of Titty and Tatty.

Another time, Donna and Gin had Leland for a playmate at our house. The girls entertained themselves and Leland by greasing his head, ears, and neck with Carbolic salve. Mom said she had a time cleaning all that grease off of him before he went home to a very clean and particular mother.

After Lorraine left us, she went to Arlington to teach. She taught a famous musician who later was known as Doc Sorenson of the Johnny Carson fame. His father was a dentist in the Arlington country. Lorraine was a great person to us and a model for we impressionable girls in every good way.

Miss Edwards was my eighth-grade teacher, and I can safely say everyone liked her in the whole district. At school, we loved her. She had a good sense of humor, was very wise, and was an excellent instructor. She understood all of us so well. I had to miss a lot of school that year as we all took turns having whooping cough and then measles.

Miss Edwards worked hard to help me cover all the material so that when I took the county test, I was ready for high school. During her time with us, she taught the older girls in school to learn some "fine" sewing, like cross-stitch, cut work, needle-

point, and hemstitching by hand. That was the start of my liking to do hand sewing, and I've done it all my life. Miss Edwards said she wasn't artistic, but she could show us how to sew. Miss Edwards talked to us a lot about life, getting along with others, and dealing with anger and disappointment, but she never scolded or preached or made anyone feel bad. When I became a teacher in a little one-room school, I would think back how Miss Edwards would do in certain instances, and things would turn out fine. She was a wonderful lady, and her memory stayed with me long after the eighth grade. In my vision of her, I can still see her brown shiny eyes, her salt and pepper short-cut hair, her nice trim figure, her ready smile, and her jolly laugh. She was quite amused once when a local bachelor said, "I can't understand why she's an old maid - she's not bad to look at." I think she was just very choosy and had a good life of her own choosing. Another thing is that she walked with such vigor and walked about four miles to school every morning and home again in the afternoon after teaching all day.

Growing up on a ranch meant everyone had jobs or "chores" to do, and we all had them. Some of the chores we had were these: We fed the chickens, gathered the eggs and locked the chickens in the chicken house. We fed the dogs and cats table scraps. Sometimes, we pitched hay to the cows and horses in the barn and fed them oats. We curried and brushed the horses when we rode them. One job we always had in the spring was to feed milk to the pet (bummer) lambs. It was a very messy job as they either pulled the long nipples off the bottles or slobbered all over your hands and clothes. When the lambs got large, they were fed through the chicken wire fence because they were so rough pushing against the poor "feeder." It was nice when the bidders were grown up enough to join the herd for summer feeding. By fall, when they were brought in to be sent on big trucks to market, they had usually forgotten us, and the feeling was mutual. I always had a little tingle when Pete, the wether, led the lambs on the truck, then made his way off the truck, and the lambs were on their way to lamb chop heaven.

In the early days, the lambs and other sheep to be sold would be trailed down the mountain through Mitchell to Prineville, where they were weighed in, sold, and put on the train. John and Bob went along to drive the sheep and help Dad and the herder. Bob had an amusing story to tell about the lambs at the railroad. Dad had sold the lambs to a lamb buyer, and then the two of them went off to eat, celebrate, or whatever. The buyer said, "We'll weigh in the morning, but don't water them. I don't want them to tank up on water and weigh heavy." Bob didn't hear this, so he led them to water and then back to the corral where they belonged. The buyer was very suspicious the next morning when the herd did weigh heavy. He couldn't

(cont'd on page 14)

ATTITUDE

by Ray Mark Fitzgerald

I know a little cowboy
That makes me mighty proud
He's right at home in cow-camp
And makes a hand in any crowd.
I took him to the roundup
When he was only eight
He started right in learnin'
And he never made me wait.

He was awful short on knowledge
But, mighty long on try
He'll be a top hand some day
His attitude is the reason why.

I'd roll him out of bed
Every mornin' at four or five
He never saw that bed again
'Till the stars had come alive.

The work went on for nine days straight
Men and horses showed the strain
This kid was with us every jump
Not once did he complain.

He lost eight pounds of weight
And his hands and face turned brown
His clothes got torn and dirty
But, you couldn't drive him back to town.

When I scattered riders for the drive
I'd drop him off just like the rest
He'd come to the hold-up drivin' cattle
And he always done his best.

His hands got light on his bridle reins
As I taught him why and how
He learned to never turn his horse
With his rear-end toward a cow.

We finished with the round-up
And trailed the herd to their new range
The kid kept right on learnin'
Every day you'd see some change.

We tallied and branded the cattle
And got 'em scattered without a wreck
When the Company paid us off
The kid drew his first paycheck.

I had a pair of silver mounted spurs
From my high school graduation
I gave those spurs to this spunky kid
'Cause I liked his dedication.

When he came to camp the next year
At the ripe old age of nine



His ridin' had improved quite a bit
And he was startin' to use his twine.

We were gatherin' Brosico steers
That were spoiled and plumb hog wild
The ridin' was fast and furious
It was no place for a child.

We'd leave camp way before dawn
And come in late at night
He was crashin' brush and rollin' rocks
Turnin' wild steers with all his might.

He had a real good personal horse
And the Company cut him two
When I loaned him one of mine
He could work with any crew.

He's a little wild and reckless
But, that don't bother none
If he wasn't a little bit wild
He wouldn't get nothin' done.

He started usin' my spade bit
And for his age, he's doin' fine
He'll make a first class buckaroo
Somewhere on down the line.

He burned his hands on a brandin' iron
And he lost a lot of hide
But, he took the blame for his own mistake
And he never missed a ride.

He pays attention to the cow boss
And he's mighty nice to the cook
He's learned a heap of things
That ain't written down in a book

He's a hard workin' little samp
And he's learnin' right from wrong
When I need a ridin' pard
Casey'll do to take along.

Attitude is the most important quality
in either man or horse.

(My Story of the Great Depression - cont'd from page 12)

blame Dad as they had been together, and he didn't even suspect Bob. Bob was wise enough to say nothing, as Dad would have been docked. Pete, the wether, was similar to the Judas goat in the bible; he led his "fellow lambs" on their way to slaughter. This time, he led them to drink. He led an easy life, maybe not exciting.

Another job we had was to bring in the cows at night, although John or Bob usually did that. Sometimes, we brought in the workhorses to the barn so they would be ready to work the next day. This brings me to a story concerning Dot when she was about two and walking everywhere. Grandpa had ridden up to the horse pasture and gathered the six workhorses. He called to me to open the barn gate and head off the horses. I ran out to do so as the horses came thundering off the hill and down the road. I didn't realize that Dot had toddled along behind me and then sat down in the road just before she got to the bridge. I looked back and nearly froze. The lead horse saw her and swerved around her, and all the rest of the horses did the same thing. When I shut the gate on those horses, I couldn't get Miss Dotty back to the house fast enough.

In the summertime, we got ice from the icehouse and hauled it in the coaster wagon or wheelbarrow. The ice had to be crushed in a sack for ice cream. When the custard was all ready, we churned the ice cream freezer until the ice cream was frozen. Never a complaint on that job. I hosed off the front porch each morning so it would be both clean and cool for the hay crew. I helped Mother with the housework, chuning, setting the table, and eternally drying the dishes. Later, Gin and I graduated to washing and drying dishes. We did this on the stove to keep the water hot. I helped rinse and wring the clothes and hang them on the line to dry. Mom had huge washes. We took turns turning the handle on the cream separator. The skim milk went to the pigs or made into cottage cheese. A pan of milk sat on the back of the stove until it "clabbered." Then it was put into a clean flour sack to drain. When it was dry enough, it was put into a bowl with salt, pepper, and some cream. Very tasty and much better than store bought cottage cheese. The cream was also sold to the creamery in Prineville.

Once a year, we helped clean out the stinky chicken house. A very smelly business! The refuse was great for the gardens, so it wasn't wasted. The roosts were oiled to combat chicken lice, which made the chickens miserable and unhealthy. The chickens were fed oyster shells to make the eggshells strong. In cold weather, the hens were given warm water to drink to keep them laying eggs. John and I were given a job of going out to the calf pasture to search for eggs. In the spring, the hens would get broody and want to hide their nests out so they could hatch their chicks. It was best for the hens to be put into coops

where the chicks would be safer. On this one day, we decided it would be lots easier to hunt eggs if the tall ryegrass which was taller than we were, was gone. We decided to get some matches and burn the ryegrass. We started the fire, but the good Lord was with us, and with help, we got the fire put out. Lucky, for us, there was no wind, or all the farm buildings may have burned. What burned was our tail ends, and no one was more scared than we were by the whole incident.

Having little sisters meant that I got to look after them, but I really didn't mind as they were all three pretty nice little turkeys and behaved quite well. At times, I thought they were about the messiest little critters ever born. All their singing around the house led to some nice close harmony. They would never sing in public, and I always thought they were a "cut above" in their singing and, besides, were cute kids. I tried to implore and even bribe them to sing on The Stars of Tomorrow amateur show later in Portland. They just wouldn't! The girls had their reasons, I expect (puny ones, in my view). Later on, each sister did develop and use her own talent. Virginia was good in sports, especially tennis, and later became a high school coach. Elsie was also sports-minded and excelled in golf and secretarial skills. Dot was always artistic and played the piano quite well. Both talents helped her in her teaching jobs. I was always proud of them. John and I were not musical, but we sang anyway. I guess John's talents lay in his ability to get along with people and to make many friends. It served him well in the military and in the school business being a teacher and principal.

Both John and I thought if we could choose a life on the stage entertaining, we would be dancers.

To be continued...

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

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Lost Coyote Lane
Mitchell, Oregon



Hank Dodd (541)777-0973
Cody Brinkman (541)777-1794

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COMMUNITY ANNOUNCEMENTS

HELP WANTED: Dorm Supervisor - Mitchell School District is seeking a full-time Dorm Supervisor to reside on campus in the resident facility and supervise approximately 15 students from around the state and neighboring countries. Salary Range is \$38,000 - \$43,000 / Annual. If interested, contact Mike Carroll - mcarroll@mittell.k12.or.us

HELP WANTED: Housecleaner for this Summer - \$25/hour - See **AD** on page 16

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!

TIGER TOWN BREWING CO.

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New Menu!



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Solution to Crossword Puzzle

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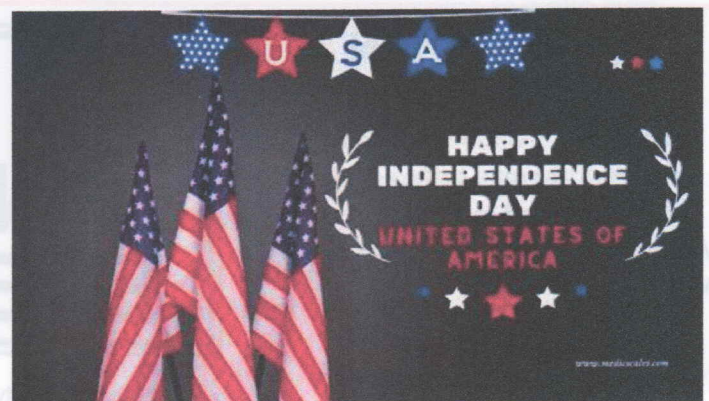
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REAL ESTATE FOR SALE-MITCHELL

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15754 LOST COYOTE LN Mitchell, OR 4 bed, 2 bath, 2,200 sq ft, 76 acres on Bridge Creek \$639,000 Contact Coldwell Banker Bain, (541) 382-4123



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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

JUNE 21	Roast Beef, Mashed Potatoes, Salad, Dinner Rolls, Pudding
JUNE 28	Cheesy Ranch Potatoes, Smoked Sausage, Fruit, Bread, Dessert
JULY 5	Baked Chicken Legs w/Cream of Mushroom, Green Beans, Salad, Dessert
JULY 12	Pizza, Fruit, Dessert, Ice Cream
JULY 19	Beef and Chicken Enchiladas, Salad, Corn Muffins, Brownies

60 + \$5.00



59 - \$6.00

*****ECRWSS****

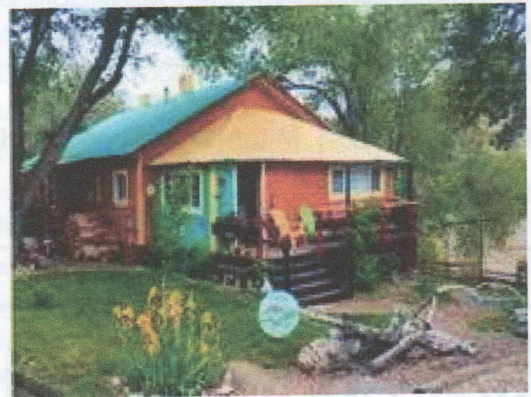
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BURN BAN IN EFFECT

The City of Mitchell Burn Ban
Issued by the
Mitchell Voluntary Fire Department
went into effect on June 15, 2024

All outside burning
will be prohibited.



Community Advertisement

This Burn Ban will be strictly enforced
by the City of Mitchell
Volunteer Fire Department

For more information on this
Burn Ban, please contact MVFD
Chief Glenn Raber

firedepartment@cityofmitchelloregon.com

(541)462-3972