

Mitchell Sentinel

Fearless, Fair and Free

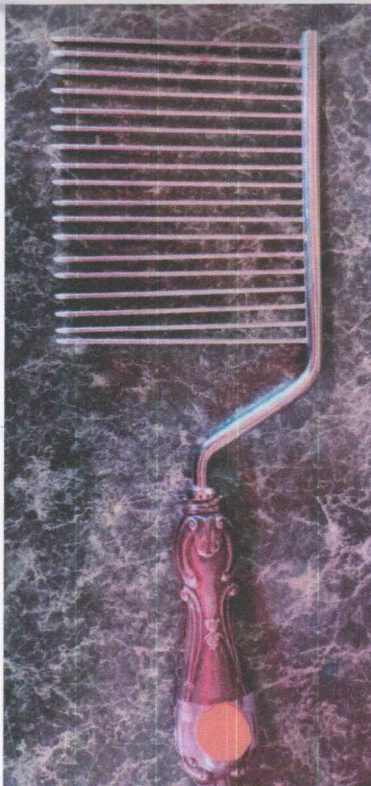
Mitchell, Wheeler County, Oregon, Wednesday, July 17, 2024, Issue #21

Judy's Place

The month of June went fast. I have a guestbook at my shop for visitors to sign. Nine pages have been filled already, and I am almost ready for page number 10. People sign the guestbook from all over the world, near and far; Salisbury, UK, Holland, Spearfish, SD, New York, France, New Jersey, and even as close as Prineville, Madras, John Day, Fossil, Spray, Ty Valley, Bend, Kimberly, OR. When we closed on Sunday, June 30th, the total count for signatures in my guestbook for the month of June was 192! I'm hoping for over 200 tourists to visit in July. Have a safe summer, everyone!

Judy, Doug, and Patches

This kitchen item is on sale at Judy's Place.



Can you guess what this is?

HINT: It's NOT a comb.

Please submit your answer(s) at MitchellSentinel.com/guess or mail to PO Box 312, Mitchell, OR 97750

Your answers and the correct answer will be posted in the next issue of the Sentinel.

Happy Guessing!

Rummage Sale a Big Success!

We want to thank everyone for their generous donations, especially those who volunteered their time to help set up, work the sale, take everything down, and clean up afterward.

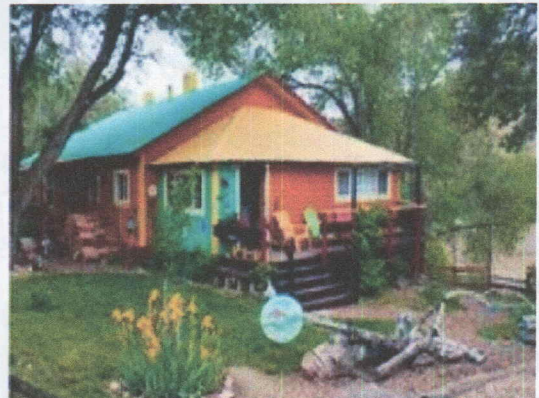
The Booster Club Rummage Sale was quite a success, raising around \$2,250 to help the kids in our area!

Thanks for supporting the Booster Club!

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
paintedhillsvacation@gmail.com



PAINTED HILLS VACATION



COTTAGES & RETREAT
Paid Advertisement

Win Big Prizes!

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 Judy's Place, Little Pine Lodge & Souvenir Shop, and Wheeler County Trading. The Mitchell Historical Society appreciates your support. Having a local Museum in Mitchell 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.

Laughter

Bob's Dilemma

Next time you're in Tiger Town Brew Pub, check out the long table. That table rests on the Cannon's Tire Center's old hydraulic lift. Investigate more, and you'll find the control valve in the front.

This story deals with Bob Cannon and a dilemma caused by the hydraulic lift. The lift was not operating right – when the air pressure dropped, so did the lift. The one day when Bob was alone, he had the misfortune to have his foot under the car's tire when it fell. He was now stuck; he pulled, pushed, twisted, and cursed to no avail. He could feel his foot swelling, which made it tighter. After a long while, a stranger walks by on the sidewalk. He heard Bob's screaming

and came to the rescue. Bob first had to train him, which he got wrong and lowered it more. After panicking, he went the right way. Bob escaped. Bob's boot was so tight he had to cut the laces with a knife. Six weeks later, the black and blue was almost gone, and feeling was coming back in his toes. Oh yes, and the lift was fixed.

Dan Cannon

06/25/2024



WHEELER COUNTY TRADING COMPANY

IN DOWNTOWN MITCHELL

541-462-3585

**Cold Beer, ICE, Meats, ATM, Groceries,
Fresh Produce, Hardware, Feed,
Lumber, Garden Supplies, Sporting
Goods, Laundromat, Showers,
Cold Storage for Wild Game**

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

Paid Advertisement

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS

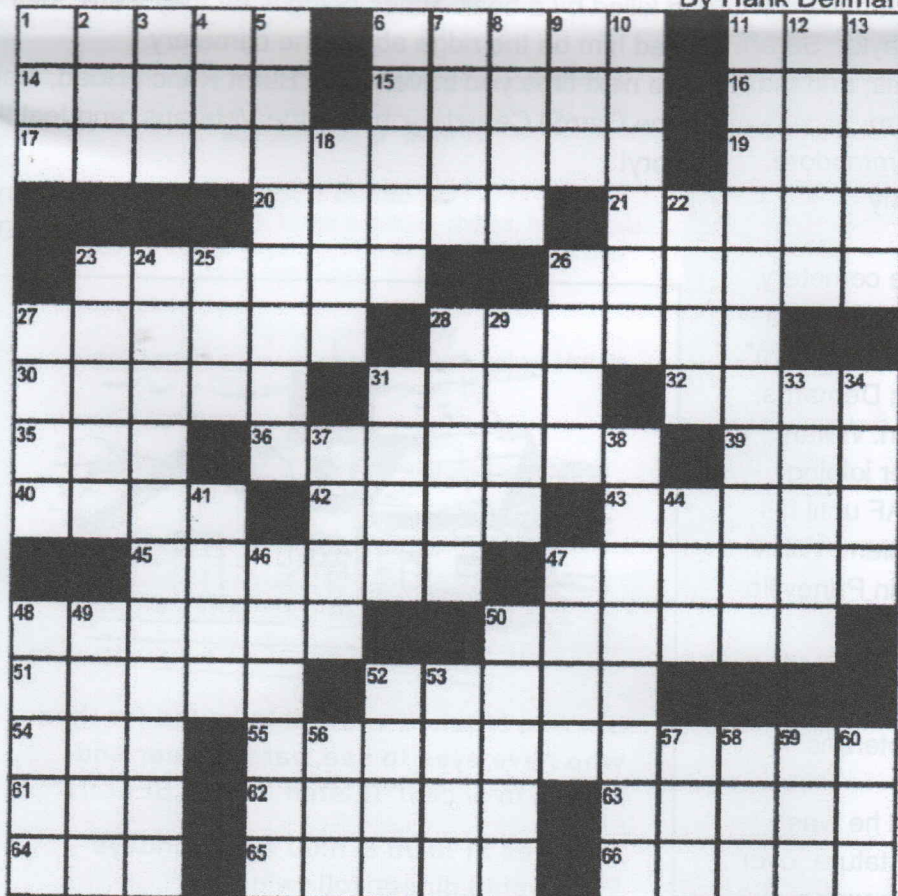
- | | |
|------------------------------|--|
| 1) Getting on | 39) Cry's partner |
| 6) Say "Li'l," e.g. | 40) Future indicator |
| 11) Branch | 42) Unpleasant burden |
| 14) Low point | 43) All excited |
| 15) Arc lamp gas | 45) Charioteer constellation |
| 16) Babe in the woods | 47) Kind of column |
| 17) Teen years | 48) Soaked to the gills |
| 19) Type of wrestling | 50) Pang |
| 20) Decorative jugs | 51) Double-reed instruments |
| 21) France's major river | 52) In front of |
| 23) Of the flesh | 54) Casbah headgear |
| 26) Country on Lake Victoria | 55) Arm of the Mediterranean |
| 27) Curiosity | 61) British beverage |
| 28) Ancient manuscripts | 62) Meat cuts |
| 30) Comanche clan | 63) Rose protection |
| 31) Actor's goal | 64) Confession component |
| 32) Bygone despot | 65) Related maternally |
| 35) Actor Arnold | 66) Deviated from a course, as
a ship |
| 36) Compatibility device | |

DOWN

- 1) Santa ___, Calif.
- 2) Wander (with "about")
- 3) Words said at an altar
- 4) Not even one
- 5) Chinese restaurant offering
- 6) Go great guns
- 7) Goatish glance
- 8) Not-final resting places
- 9) One of the Seven Dwarfs
- 10) Pep
- 11) Reprimanding
- 12) Three minutes, in boxing
- 13) Euripides drama
- 18) Go to and fro
- 22) Male red deer
- 23) Kind of drive
- 24) Cheap
- 25) Barbecue offering
- 26) "What've you been ___?"
- 27) "Laura" director Preminger
- 28) ___ New Guinea
- 29) Crafts' counterparts
- 31) Sudden sharp pain
- 33) Surrounding glows
- 34) Casting need
- 37) Bump off
- 38) Quickness
- 41) In one's birthday suit
- 44) Bad thing to see after hearing
"Shark!"
- 46) Flea market deal
- 47) Belt out of the park
- 48) Chesterfields, e.g.
- 49) Old manuscript marks
- 50) Annoy persistently
- 52) Opera solo
- 53) Clue
- 56) "The Godfather" title
- 57) When doubled, a dance
- 58) Boar's mate
- 59) "... ___ he drove out of sight"
- 60) "Go on ..."

AD SPACE

By Hank Dellman



Crossword Puzzle Solution can be found on page 15.

Carroll - Helms

Do a walk-through in any rural cemetery, and you will get a synopsis of the local history. The Carroll Cemetery definitely describes one of these places. Burnt Ranch Road, which leads to the Painted Hills, also passes by the cemetery. The Carroll family settled here in 1870, and soon after, the family started dying. George was the first to be buried here in 1870. He was the first son of Sam and Margaret Scott Carroll and passed at 13 months old. Tragedy reared its ugly head when a flash flood on June 2, 1884, took the lives of Nancy Carroll Wilson and her children Maggie, Autie, and George. Little George's body was never recovered.

Steven, the family Patriarch, was born in 1793 in New Jersey. He served in the War of 1812 and in the Blackhawk War in 1849. Mr. Carroll was made of stern, tough stuff. He lived to be 93 and died in 1886, leaving a long lineage of Carrolls to follow in his footsteps.

Interred at the Carroll Cemetery are Sam and Margaret Carroll, their son John W., John W.'s son, Paul, and also a Willis Bates, who died at six years old, son of W. and Margie Bates, in 1902. Frank Cornwall, "a friend," also died in 1902. Foster, "a boy neighbor," died in 1880.

Sam and Margaret's children married locals in the area. Nancy married a Wilson, Caroline married a Taylor, Sarah married a Marvin, Mary M. married Perry Helms, and that union xxx the Carroll-Helms connection. William Sylvester, Charles, George W, Samuel Jr., Commodore, 9 in all, continued the Carroll Family Tree, many branches.

When you look at the southeast corner of the cemetery, you see newer stones of granite and marble. Here rests the Helms Family, the Patriarch being Autia Wilson "Slim" Helms, the Matriarch being Goldie Goff Helms Demarris. Also at rest here are three of their four children. Willard Bryce Helms was born on June 27, 1919. After joining the aviation program, he continued in the USAF until his retirement in 1972 after 20 years of service. Glenn Willis Helms was born in 1920. He did various jobs in Prineville. He served in the US Navy in WWII and the Korean Conflict aboard the Saratoga and Yorktown. Raymond Norton Carroll, who was born in 1922, also served in the Navy during WWII. Together, there are five Veterans in the Carroll Cemetery.

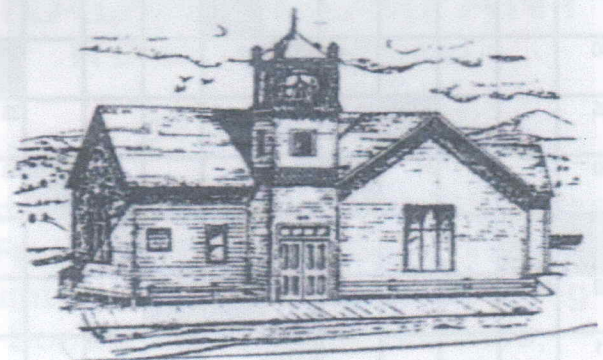
Autia Wilson Helms was his given name, but he was best known as "Slim." This is because of his stature: over 6 feet tall, erect, and straight as an arrow. Slim was a talented man. He could do all sorts of things. He had

served time in the Army. Prohibition produced another talent - Slim went into the business of making moonshine. First at John Boyd's place on West Branch and later at Henery Speck's place. Slim got busted when the revenuers found his still hidden up a tree. The cost of Moonshine was 75 cents and was guaranteed "nine fights to a bottle!" I personally remember him being the City Marshall in 1956. He had a wood shop in a building where Schnee Grocery now stands. Here in this building, he worked with Juniper. He let us hang and watch him turn out bowls on his lathe. Slim was interred at the cemetery on July 23, 1961. Pallbearers were covering the grave, and Clarence Jones bent over, and 5 or 6 cigarettes fell into the grave. Ned Norton was the officiant. He remarked, "Hope that's enough to get him there." Slim was a chain smoker all his life. Looking at the graves, I realized they all came home at the end, even the ex-wife.

The Carrolls ran a band of sheep; a band being 1000 to 1200 sheep. In the summer they were in Carroll Camp on Pisgah. The Indians were raising hell, so they brought the herder home. Sometime later, they went back, and the dog had only lost two sheep. Their luck was not so good - the next problem with the sheep, the herder, was mauled and killed by a bear. Times being what they were, they buried him on the ridge above the cemetery.

The next time you travel down Burnt Ranch Road, stop by the Carroll Cemetery, honor the Veterans, and feel the history!

Dan Cannon
06/25/2024



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

TIGER TOWN

Breakfast

Friday-Sunday
7am-11am

BREAKFAST

Big Valley Breakfast Sandwich

Ham or Bacon, egg, cheese and herb Aioli on telera roll.
Meal served with house potatoes and fresh fruit
Sandwich 11 Meal 15

Chorizo Burrito

Chorizo, egg, house potatoes, cheese, homemade pico on tortilla. Meal served with house potatoes and fresh fruit Burrito 11 Meal 15

BLT

Crispy bacon, mayo, lettuce, and tomato served on a telera roll. Meal served with house potatoes and fresh fruit Sandwich 11 Meal 15

Veggie Burrito

Vegan Chorizo, egg, house potatoes, cheese, homemade pico on tortilla. Meal served with house potatoes and fresh fruit Burrito 11 Meal 15

Biscuits and Gravy

Scratch made sausage gravy over fresh baked biscuits
half order 9 full order 12

Yogurt Parfait

Greek honey yogurt with fresh fruit and granola 10

BREAKFAST COCKTAILS

Full bar available, ask your server for your favorite cocktail.

Bloody Mary

House specialty with cucumber vodka 12

Greyhound

Fresh squeezed grapefruit juice and vodka 10

Mimosa

Fresh squeezed orange juice and champagne 10

Spiked Arnold Palmer

Lemonade and ice tea with Crown Royal peach whiskey 12

Lemon Mimosa

Fresh squeezed lemonade with Champagne 10

White Russian

Vodka, coffee liqueur, cream 12

PASTRIES AND SIDES

Beignet

6 deep fried pastries tossed in sugar and spices. Choice of plain, chocolate/hazelnut or raspberry filled 10

Assorted Pastries

Ask your server for current selections

Yogurt

Honey Greek Yogurt 5

Bacon

4 strips of bacon 5

Fresh Fruit

Assorted seasonal fruit 5

House Potatoes

5

GROWING GENERATION TO GENERATION



Theme & Photo Credit: Danielle Hunt

WHEELER COUNTY FAIR & RODEO

August 7-10, 2024

Fossil, OR

Community Advertisement

2024 WHEELER COUNTY 4-H LIVESTOCK AUCTION

Hello Livestock Supporters!

The Wheeler County Stockgrowers would like to invite you to our 2024 4-H Livestock Auction held **Friday, Aug 9th at 5:00 pm in the Jack Steiwer Pavilion on the Wheeler County Fairgrounds**. We will be set up to register bidders at 3:30 pm.

All in-person bidders will receive a coupon for an onsite catered dinner which will be served starting at 4:00 pm.

Your past and continued support of the Wheeler County 4-H program is appreciated and we hope to see you at this year's auction.

Sincerely,

Jason Davis,
Wheeler County Stockgrowers Rep
541-233-3527

Dinner Catered By:
Lonnie McGhehey



**FOR MORE INFORMATION
CONTACT:**

Judy Potter, Treasurer:
541-468-3265
Wheeler County
Extension Office:
541-763-4115

Thank you



2023 LIVESTOCK BUYERS



**Purchased two or more animals*

- *Aiken Well Drilling, Bend
- Alscoff Antone Ranch, Mitchell
- *Fred & Miesha Bennett, Mitchell
- Black Bear Diner, Madras
- C4 Cattle, Twickenham
- Candy Renner, Medford
- *Community Counseling Solutions, Heppner
- *Coral Construction, Wilsonville
- *Dave Boise Construction, Spray
- Diana Tomseth, Mitchell
- Fopiano Ranch, Mitchell
- *Helena Chemical, Culver
- Hicks Ranch Sales, Prineville
- *Jasper County Ranch, Mitchell
- Ben Logan, Fossil
- Michael Moore, JM Works, Fossil
- *Morrow County Grain Growers, Lexington
- Pavement Protectors, Bend
- Pavilion Construction Circle Bar S, Lake Oswego
- Prairie Ranch, Fossil
- *Rock-N-A Ranch, LLC, Twickenham
- Ross Ryno, Mitchell
- Tiger Town, Mitchell
- Todd Longgood Farming, Pendleton
- *Wheeler County Auction Pool
- *White Butte Ranch, Mitchell
- Wilco Farm Stores, Bend/Mt Angel

2023 AUCTION POOL CONTRIBUTORS/ADD-ON SUPPORTERS

- | | | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Abbas Pump & Well Drilling | Donnelly Basin Ranch | Painted Hills Natural Beef |
| Advanced Entry & Automation | Full Draw Plumbing | Pillar Consulting Group Inc. |
| AgWest Farm Credit | John Geer in memory of Midge Geer | RDO Equipment Co |
| Frank & Chun Asher | Sharon Helms | Grant Schott in memory of Midge Geer |
| John & Carol Asher | Homer Ranch | Tom Schott |
| Backed Up Plumbing LLC | Hunters Rendezvous | Swift Steel |
| James Baldock | JSN Land & Cattle LLC | Lacey Tankersley |
| Bank of Eastern Oregon | Wayne & Peggy Lindquist | Wilbur-Ellis Co. LLC |
| Big Basin Ranch | M&A Auto Parts | Wagner's Market |
| Big Service Corral | NAPA | Wheatland Insurance |
| Central Oregon Ranch Supply | Perry Nikolay | Kim Williams |
| Columbia Power | Norton Cattle Co | Wilson Ranches & Retreat in memory of |
| Coastal Farm & Ranch | Pacific NW Arborists | Nancy Wilson |

4-H POTENTIAL AUCTION CONSIGNEES FOR 2024

- | <u>SWINE</u> | | <u>BEEF</u> | <u>SHEEP</u> | <u>POULTRY</u> |
|------------------|--------------------|-----------------------|-------------------|-----------------|
| • Layne Winters | • Ryan Eaton | • Paul Ryno | • Lily Newton | • Silas Fischer |
| • Pomp Latshaw | • Maddy Neuburger | • Jon Nolan Asher | • Nyla Bennett | |
| • Joel Eaton | • Tenley Towell | • Molly Davis | • Talley Towell | <u>GOAT</u> |
| • Ruthie Newton | • Taylor Towell | • Oran Davis | • Brodie Wright | • Hannah Smith |
| • Harper Eaton | • Jaelle Fischer | • Charlie Ryno | • Sami Stockton | • Lilly Cannon |
| • Molly Davis | • Zach Neuburger | • Titus Fischer | • Jon Nolan Asher | |
| • Blake Newton | • Morgan Cole-Hand | • Talley Towell | • Tenley Towell | |
| • Esther Fischer | • Gabby Neuburger | • Kate Newton | • Wyntir Wilde | |
| • Hannah Fischer | • Olivia Humphreys | • Joel Fischer | • Taylor Towell | |
| | | <u>RABBITS</u> | | |
| | | • Sierra Stormbringer | | |





2024 4-H Fair Schedule “Growing Generation to Generation”

TBA

4-H Shotgun Shooting Sports Contest - Fossil Rod & Gun Club

Monday, August 5th

7 pm

Mandatory Pre-Fair Orientation Zoom - 4-H Livestock/Small Animal Exhibitors

8 pm

Mandatory Pre-Fair Orientation Zoom - Static Entries/Shooting Sports Exhibitors

Wednesday, August 7th

8:00 am – 10:00 am 4-H Static Exhibits Entered – Isobel Edwards Hall

10:00 am – 6:00 pm 4-H Static Exhibits Judged – Isobel Edwards Hall

1:00 pm 4-H Presentations – Isobel Edwards Hall

5:00 pm – 7:00 pm 4-H Market Animals Weighed and in place

7:00 pm All 4-H Small Animals & Livestock Entered and on grounds

7:00 pm 4-H Welcome Dinner & Fair Kick Off Fun – Pavilion

Thursday, August 8th

7:30 am 4-H Exhibitor (Small Animal & Livestock) Meeting – Pavilion

8:00 am 4-H Rabbit & Poultry Show – Small Animal Barn

Immediately following – Open Class rabbit & poultry – Small Animal Barn

9:00 am 4-H Livestock Market classes begin

- Swine
- Sheep
- Meat Goat
- Beef

9:30 am 4-H Livestock Auction Photos (**MANDATORY** for ALL auction animals)

- Small Animals (Market & Showmanship)
- Swine, Sheep and Goats
- Steers

TBA

Poultry Health Check (Exhibitors to hold birds)

Lunch Break

1:00 pm

Open Class Pee Wee Showmanship - Pavilion

Immediately following – Open Class Livestock Show - Pavilion

2:30 pm

Livestock Judging Contest (4-H & Open Class) – Meet at 4-H Office

5:00 pm – 5:45 pm

Play Night Entries – enter in fair office

6:00 pm

Play Night, Arena



Fair Schedule continued on Page 9

Friday, August 9th

8:00 am

4-H Livestock Exhibitor Meeting – Pavilion

8:30 am

4-H Livestock Showmanship Classes begin

- Swine
- Sheep
- Meat Goat
- Beef
- Dairy Goat

After each class:

4-H Livestock Showmanship Photos: ALL Grand Champion/Reserve
Grand Champion Showmanship winners only (Goat, Sheep, Swine, Steer,
Dairy Cattle, Dairy Goat)

Lunch Break

1:00 pm

4-H Breeding Livestock Classes

- Swine
- Sheep
- Meat Goat
- Beef
- Dairy Goat

1:30 pm

All Around Showmanship Contest – Pavilion

5:00 pm

4-H Livestock Auction – Pavilion

PM after auction

Some market animals depart (others will leave Sat PM or Sun AM)

Saturday, August 10th

8:00 am

4-H Exhibitors Meeting – Pavilion

10:30 am

Parade line-up & Judging – Courthouse

11:00 am

Parade

12:30 pm

4-H Shooting Sports Archery Contest

3:30 pm

4-H Awards - Pavilion

4:30 pm

4-H Thank You Notes - Pavilion

Sunday, August 11th

8:00 am

4-H Exhibitor Meeting - Pavilion

All 4-H Exhibits Released – immediately following exhibitor meeting

8:00 am – 10:00 am

ALL Livestock, Small Animal & Horse Pens Cleaned and Inspected (4-H and Open)

9:00 am

All OPEN class exhibits released*

ALL EXHIBITS (4-H and OPEN class) NEED TO BE PICKED UP BY 12:00 PM

12:00 pm

Exhibit Buildings will be closed and locked

EXHIBITORS WILL NOT RECEIVE PREMIUM MONIES IF STALLS ARE NOT CLEANED

*(For Open Class) ALL MONETARY AWARD PRIZES WILL BE PAID IN CASH WHEN ENTRIES ARE PICKED UP BETWEEN THE HOURS OF 9 AM AND NOON, SUNDAY, AUGUST 11TH AT THE FAIRGROUNDS OFFICE.



My Story of the Great Depression

by Mirian Cannon Humphreys' Continues...

High School

The Depression was still going on when I became a freshman at Mitchell High. John had already put in his freshman year boarding with the grandparents. So it was arranged that I join them, also. The whole high school only had about 40 students. It was hard for most of the parents to cut corners to get their offspring to high school. Some didn't get to go but had to get jobs or work on their parents' ranches. Poor as circumstances were, we didn't feel especially deprived as everyone was in the same boat. We had grown up in hard times, so it was normal for us. We improvised to have fun—anything to get together and have simple, innocent activities.

We stayed with the grandparents during the week, but Dad was there on the weekends to take us back to the ranch. It was like living in two worlds only nine miles apart.

Many of our classmates were doing the same thing as we were. We had a great deal in common with those kids, and almost everyone felt lucky to be in high school. In most cases, it was a sacrifice for a ranch kid's parents to send one or two children off to high school. One of our neighbors, Art Brown, rode his motorcycle to Mitchell every day nine miles one-way. Later, he boarded at Alpha Nelson's and Aunt Tillie's. Some of the town kids had more clothes, money to spend, etc., and some had less. In the end, it didn't matter really. Other things counted more.

One family who lived out west of Mitchell was especially determined to send their high school-age boy and girl to Mitchell High. They had a large family and lived on a little farm. Money was very scarce for them, but ambition was fierce. They built a tiny little two-room house in Mitchell for their two and provided what they could for them. Mr. Shepman, our high school principal, in his infinite wisdom, saw the problem and suggested to all the high school students that we have a surprise "pound party" for Hazel and Wesley. We all brought a pound or more of food to put on their kitchen shelves. It felt pretty good to help someone and have a party as well. Wesley and Hazel's struggles paid off. Wesley went on to law school and became a lawyer for a large corporation in Florida. Hazel married a young rancher and brought up a nice family. More than 50 years later, we went to the funeral of a Mitchell school friend. I was so impressed by the young pastor of the church and the address he gave that day. Later on, I spoke to Hazel about the fine talk he gave. She smiled and said, "He is my nephew." Another success story for the Vaughn family. One younger brother of Wesley's was a bugler on a large navy ship during World War II. The ship was hit, went

down, and his short life was over.

Freshman week was crazy and fun in a way. All the freshmen had to wear gunnysacks, paint our faces, and look very messy. The upper-class people laughed at us, and we didn't care. Only one girl got mad and wouldn't pay penance. She was mostly ignored. I did learn from the incident - when I talked about it to Grandpa, he said, "More to be pitied" (than censored). She never did fit in, but I learned later that she had a very harsh and cruel father, so I tried to be nice to her and include her whenever possible. I felt very sorry for her. And all because Grandpa gave me a new insight. I am thankful.

Freshman year, my best friends were Jean Maxwell and Jane Humphrey. Jean's family lived on a ranch west of Mitchell. We had lots of fun and never quarreled or had a cross word for the two years I went to school in Mitchell. We studied together, visited at each other's ranch homes a few times, and discovered boys about the same time. Mostly, Jean and I thought boys were from outer space and silly acting. At that point, Jane liked them all. Both girls were fun and good friends to me. Jean and I agreed that if we were boys, we sure would be wild ones. We felt that all boys were definitely the privileged ones. Jane worked for her board at Faye McCarty's. Her brother Jack stayed there as well as the two high school teachers. I stopped off at her house a lot after school. Jane was a hard worker and had quite a lot to do to help Faye. Her parents had gone to high school with Mother at Fossil in their youth. Jim Humphrey served on the school board with my dad, so we had quite a lot in common.

I can remember the week before starting high school as a time when I was very apprehensive and nervous about the prospect. I can remember the day before school started, being at the grandparents' house. Cousin Lucille and I were in the parlor—mainly because all the grown-ups were in the dining room talking. I was pacing back and forth, and finally, Lucille said, "What is bothering you? Sit still or stand still." I finally realized why I felt so shaken.

The next day finally arrived, and I don't remember much about it except that Mr. Shepman came into the freshman-sophomore classroom to register us. When he came to me, he asked how old I was. I said, "Twelve." Some smarty in the back commented, "She's young in her old age." It was young when you consider some of the high school students were eighteen and older. After about the first week was over, I became used to the classes and my new surroundings, and I thought high school was great. All the different classmates at school to choose friends from were so nice. All the pettiness of grade school dropped away and each new experience was an adventure to discuss with my cohorts.

(Cont'd on page 11)

At home at the ranch, I was used to Grandpa and found him easy to talk to, although, to my regret, he didn't talk about his early years in Kentucky. He could have told volumes about his life as a child, his parents, and memories he must have had about the Civil War, as his parents were so involved. His father, as a P.O.W., was chained with others in a courthouse yard in Virginia until he died. Great-grandpa was only 18 years old. Grandpa Cannon came west with an aunt and uncles. His life was hard.

Living with Grandma Cannon took some getting used to for me and I'll bet for Grandpa years earlier also. Grandma was used to "hired help" during her lifetime and, even in the Depression got "hired girls" to work for her at times when she was ailing. I was supposed to help her around the house, but going to school and being a housemaid at 12 was a bit much. Grandma was having a hard time with arthritis; only it was called rheumatism then. The doctors thought that staying off her feet and staying quiet were good for her rheumatism. Naturally, she only became stiffer and less mobile. Although she was cranky and sarcastic a lot, she did take time to teach me to do things properly especially about being ladylike. Her job was cut out for her, as being a tomboy was my main interest up to that point.

There wasn't a surplus of ladylike girls at Mitchell High School in those times, but indeed, very good girls with good basic training. Some of the upper-grade girls were experimenting with smoking on the quiet. I went "walking" several times with Lucille and her friends, but those girls wouldn't even let me have a drag. "Too young," they said. Little did they know we had tried smoking Indian tobacco under the bridge at the ranch, as well as chewing Dad's Beech-Nut tobacco.

The year before high school, Claudia and I learned to dance a little. John was learning to dance in Mitchell, and on weekends, he taught Claudia and me the steps he knew. Claudia's parents had a manual-operated Victrola, and that was our music. Aunt Elsie wasn't crazy about us wearing the wax off her floor, so we used their narrow front porch as a dance floor. We danced down the length of the porch, turned, and went back. We could dance a little when high school rolled around. During lunch hour, we rushed back to school to practice dancing. Gussie Reed and Margie Cottengim could play a few dance tunes so they each played them over and over on the piano. Mr. Shepman believed that any decent activity was to be encouraged and that kids needed lots of things to do.

The juniors and seniors tolerated the learners and helped us learn, and most of them liked to dance as well. A few classmates were too shy to learn, and a few had joined the Baptist church where dancing was taboo. The church was strict in its beliefs about sin. Dancing, card playing, and any

drinking were sinful. Of course, all of the Ten Commandments were observed at several levels of commitment. The church folk busily watched for sin especially in the young people. The sinners were the first to notice any backsliding and falling from grace on the part of the "churched." It made for lots of discussion on Piety Hill and Tigerr Town. My aunt Eunice was "un-churched" for the sin of choosing to give her tithe to the local church and not the national Baptist organization and overseas missionaries. She thought the needs of Mitchell were best served at home, not overseas. She was excommunicated for a while and then taken back in. Instances like this made for lots of hurt in that church. Although the church did not approve of the dancing, somehow, their influence didn't win out in this instance.

In our freshman year, the freshmen and sophomore girls often went to the Mitchell dances in groups as we had graduated from going with our parents. There were rules of behavior that we learned early. A girl didn't turn down an invitation to dance if the fellow was presentable, behaved okay, and wasn't drunk. A girl didn't leave the hall and go outside with a boy unless it was suppertime at midnight. She was expected to get right back to the dance in a reasonable time. A girl who went to the dance with a date did not go home with another boy. There was always a little drinking by some boys and girls but it was rare. There were a few serious drinkers in town who could be expected to make fools of themselves at the dances.

It was a little exciting and caused a stir when boys and girls from other towns came to the dances. It gave us a wider choice of partners.

Sports were very important to the high school, as well as town boosters. Mitchell's basketball team went to the state tournament in Salem for the finals during my freshman year. They lost out, but it was a thrill to see that they had achieved so much coming from our little school. The competition was stiff.

The girls had a basketball team also, and this was during the days of being able to play the whole floor. A few years later, there was a ruling from the State Department of Education that girls could play only half the floor. We had only two high school teachers to cover all the subjects and sports, so the girls had to have a volunteer from town to coach - Ellen Falston. She was a graduate of Mitchell High School and a pleasant and patient person. I wasn't the greatest athlete ever, and didn't really care about sports until college, although it was fun to be with the other girls as well as yelling at the ball games. Volleyball was unheard of then.

Another enjoyable activity we had was the Saturday night (movie) shows, which were very cheap and entertaining.

(Cont'd on page 12)

(My Story of the Great Depression - cont'd from page 11)

An enterprising man started bringing shows to all the towns in the John Day Valley and some towns in Wheeler County – each night, a different town, but the same show. Mitchell's night was Saturday night. Mother liked the shows and so did us kids. The shows we saw then are now shown on TV and are considered classics. We sat on hard benches in the old community hall in Mitchell. It was fun. One old man sat on the front bench and tried to see a dancing girl's underpants in barroom scenes in Western movies. He really didn't understand the whole concept of movies, and it seemed real to him.

One fine spring day, the freshman and sophomores got the brilliant idea to skip school. The very next afternoon nearly everyone met up by the bridge east of town. We hiked away up the highway and had fun being goofy for a few hours. We were beginning to realize that we might be into a little trouble when we got back to the bridge, and there were upper-grade high school students just getting home from class. The school day was over, and we had to face the music the next day. We did! Mr. Shepman told us what our torture was, and it was this: We were to each write a valedictorian speech and then give the speech before the whole high school. It was all rather painful, but I couldn't say I was 100 percent sorry to have skipped. Mom and Dad must have thought our punishment was enough, as they didn't add to our torture. Maybe it helped for our incident to be a "class action." At least misery loves company. I don't remember actually giving the speech except talking really fast to get through as soon as possible. The upper-grade students were all highly amused, and if any one of them felt sorry for us. They didn't show it.

When I was a sophomore, Mother and the girls moved to town and John and I were once again left at home. The folks rented Aunt Lena's house that she bought so that her children could go to school. It was located at the bottom of Piety Hill, across from the wooden sidewalk that led up the hill. It had a view of all the foot traffic up and down Piety Hill. On the days Mom made cinnamon buns, several of John's cronies managed to visit, as they could smell the good smells when they were coming down the sidewalk. Dot and Elsie played in the dirt pile below the house with two little fourth cousins from next door. They were Reva and Bill Campbell.

Dad still had all the ranch work to do, so he batched. The parents' lives had changed, and sometime during the year, they talked, planned, and decided to leave the ranch. The reason was to move so we could be in a college town when the time came. They felt that the ranch wouldn't support fine college educations. They were so adamant about college for us that this became their goal, for which they sacrificed their next years. At that time, the Depression didn't seem to be subsiding.

There were many families, as well as single men on the move, trying to find any kind of employment. They rode the rails, hitchhiked, and hiked all over the nation. Times were terribly hard on the East Coast and especially in the big cities. A large group of young fellows came out from Kentucky and the Carolinas to Mitchell. Most were willing to work at anything, but many had too much time on their hands. Some found jobs on the ranches and, in a few years, worked at logging and in the mills that started up. The Lafe Jones ranch was a stopping place for the Kentucky fellows. There was an incident where two fellows got into a fuss in the bunkhouse. Before it was over, one fellow had a badly bitten nose, and he carried the scar from then on. The men were all young and lonely, so they were quite interested in the older high school girls. The girls, of course, were all atwitter to the attention. From my standpoint as a freshman, it was all a silly bit of business.

It was not unusual at all to have "bums" stop by the ranch for a meal. They did all sorts of odd jobs to pay for a meal. Mom got the front yard spaded up to put into a lown by a "bum" passing through. Dad was a bit irked as the fellow broke his shovel handle on a tree root. The lawn grew even if the old-timers said it wouldn't grow because it was too cold.

Dad started asking about jobs in the Willamette Valley from friends who had moved away in search of jobs. He was put in touch with a job at the State Penitentiary. We moved back to the ranch for the summer from Mitchell to put up the hay one more time when Dad's call came to take the job. This left the responsibility on John, who was just 16, and Bob and Granpa's shoulders, but they thought they could do it. Grandpa was getting up in years and had arthritis, too. We also had to think about moving before school started in the fall. Salem seemed to be our destination. Our crew consisted of Bob and John to cut the hay, buck, and rake, and Granddad to drive the team to pull the net loaded with hay up on the stack. I rode the horse to pull back nets. I don't remember who the stacker was, but we managed to keep him busy enough. We did all of our jobs for the last time, and it was really a nostalgic time for me that summer. John didn't say how he felt about going, but Mom was excited and glad to be leaving. She never liked living on the ranch, she said. The loneliness and hard work did take its toll on her, no doubt. I really hated to leave, as I loved the ranch. The memories have lasted all these years. It was a nice, secure, happy place for young ones to grow up in. Telling our relatives and high school friends goodbye was wrenching, but the time came at last.

All of our belongings were loaded on a truck by our neighbors and several relatives. Mom said that the only tears she shed were when Johnson and Pete, our dogs, were taken to their new

(Cont'd on page 13)

home at the Collins ranch. The dogs seemed to know it was goodbye, and they acted very subduedly and strangely. They whined and carried on. Our dinner bell, that had always been at home on top of the woodshed, also went to the Collins ranch. We had always used it to call the crews for dinner and also used it as an emergency alarm. I don't know if the Collins' were aware of the rules. John, at sixteen, drove our Chevy to Salem with all of us displaced persons on board. The old car would "shimmy" every so often, and he had a hard time hanging on and keeping it on the road. The Mt. Hood Loop Highway was being built, and it was very rough with coarse rocks and potholes.

The house Dad had rented for us wasn't ready for a few days, so he found a temporary one in north Salem. It was so close to the main railroad track that trains roaring through day and night would shake the house. The first night when the trains went by, it terrified me to be awakened that way. Also, I remember when we first got there, Dad was waiting, and I saw Mom and Dad hugging out in the shadows. Since they were always very proper in company, I was very embarrassed and amused at the same time.

In a few days, we again packed up and moved to the bungalow-style home near Four Corners and within easy driving distance for Dad to go to work. It was also a few blocks from the grocery store, so Mom could walk there if she needed to. Mostly, folks on payday drove downtown in Salem and laid in a month's supply of staples at the Busick store (just like shopping when we lived at the ranch).

Dad worked nights and it was hard for him to sleep during the daytime after a life of regular hours. We Cannons had to learn to keep quiet around the house and teach our friends to do the same so he could get enough rest. Guarding convicts is not a job to doze off on.

This new home had a barn on it, a little chicken house, and a garden spot. A cow was bought, and chickens also. Dad planted a big garden, and we had a mini farm. The vegetables helped us live well. Less than \$100 per month wasn't a lot for seven people to live on, but we were lucky because many families had no income, home, or prospects of any. The "Dust Bowl" families from the southwest were coming to Oregon and California. They were so poor and discouraged. What many of the snobbiest Salem people didn't realize was that these people, given half a chance, would work and work to get ahead. They weren't well received. In a few years, their diligence and hard work began to pay off, and they and their children made a place for themselves. They had goals just as our parents had. We may not have had much money or owned our home, but we were not "poor" or downtrodden in spirit.

The friends I had in high school were from these Dust Bowl

families. We were all the new kids on the block, and we had a lot in common. John and I had come from a school of forty to the largest high school in the state. The first day of school was terrifying. All I could see down that long hallway was a sea of faces. Somehow, we got ourselves sorted out and into a homeroom and from there to classes. Our Mitchell High School classes didn't fit too well with the Salem High School, but we took what we could. I took a home administration class without ever having any cooking or sewing classes. Also, I started an art class before to learn basic design; I dropped that class fast.

I never did like going to Salem High School. In my senior year, a new school had to be built to accommodate all of the new students coming in. North High, as it's known now, was a nice new building, and it seemed quite luxurious. The old school downtown was torn down, and in its place, the new Meier and Frank store was built. John had graduated the year before, so he took a postgraduate course and was also the chauffeur for three neighbor kids and me. One boy, Gordon, played guitar, and that was his conversation. He did look like an owl. Don La Branch also traveled with us. He was a rascal. For instance, he deliberately annoyed the nuns at the Catholic school so much he was kicked out even though his family were good Catholics, and one aunt was even a nun at Mt. Angel. Don actually wanted to go to Salem High School. His family arranged for him to ride with us. Don's family owned a pub called the Pink Elephant at Four Corners. It became Dad's "watering hole" when he felt the need to visit with local gentlemen of the neighborhood and catch up on all the local talk. A neighbor girl, Ruth, was our third rider. Her dad became a friend of Dad's, so they arranged it.

Ruth was our first experience with a spastic person. It was hard for us at first, but we worked to try to treat her well. We learned very soon that she was intelligent and did all of her written work with a typewriter. She loved to read and was a well-read person. She also liked jokes and liked to laugh. Any of our antics greatly amused her. Ruth's father later remarked to Dad that those rides to school and home with us was the highlight of school for her because we treated her as a normal healthy person and were nice to her. Not many at Salem High School were nice to her or even paid any attention to her. It was a good experience for us and helped prepare us for all kinds of people.

Salem High School really had all kinds as it drew students from out in the country, south Salem snob types, as well as the River Rats from west Salem who had a tough secret society. The students at Salem High School didn't do drugs, but they were well into secret societies where lots went on.

(Cont'd on page 14)

(My Story of the Great Depression - cont'd from page 13)

I only remember when one nutty fellow tried to sell refers to some shop students and they just laughed at him. The superintendent, Mr. Wolf, was instructed to get rid of the secret societies, so kids were hauled into his office by the dozens. Many were kicked out of school. One girl we know (and were related to) was called to the office "grilled" and dismissed from school for a few days because she lockered with a known secret society girl. They had been locker partners since Parrish Junior High. This incident happened six weeks before graduation, and she was bitter, as she wasn't a secret society member had all.

To be continued...

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

Red, White, and Blue



LTR: Jack Grisham, Ethan Gazin, Jerod Gazin, Dan Cannon (not pictured, Fred Carlson)

Do you want to make a big Impact on the quality of life in Wheeler County?

Volunteer for your local ambulance service!

Rewarding ❖ Substantial ❖ Vital

Your local emergency medical services, Fossil Ambulance, Spray Ambulance, and Mitchell Ambulance, all operate with volunteers serving their communities.

EMS (*Emergency Medical Services*) Training for EMR (*Emergency Medical Responder*) and EMT (*Emergency Medical Technician*) now offers self-paced and online options.

Drivers also needed!

Learn how you can join a team of dedicated and skilled responders!

EMS is not easy, but it is incredibly rewarding and is a critical service for the quality of life we enjoy.

Contact your local agency to learn more!



Fossil Volunteer Ambulance 541-763-2698	Spray Volunteer Ambulance 541-771-7331	Mitchell Volunteer Ambulance 541-462-3043
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Community Advertisement

If you are traveling Highway 26 through Mitchell on Memorial Day, you will see a beautiful patriotic sight. The upper and lower cemeteries will be decorated with Veteran's U.S. Flags. This tradition was started by the Lion's Club over 30 years ago. When a Veteran passes and his family is presented with HIS flag, the flag can be donated to the cemetery where he is interred. The Vet's name is written on the flag and also on a plaque in the Community Hall. Some vet's families had donated the flag when the decedent may not be interred there.

Flags are also displayed at the West Branch Cemetery 14 miles west of Mitchell. Our local cemeteries are honored to rest over 130 veterans.

The Lion's Club here today has depleted its numbers, so local folks have pitched in to help raise the flags, lower them, and fold them.

I would like to challenge all cemeteries to establish a system to do the same. Veterans need to be remembered by flying their flag, not by storing and hiding it. When one of our flags wear out, we find a donor, replace it and retain the veteran's name. God Bless our Veterans!

Dan Cannon
06/26/24



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@mitchell.k12.or.us

HELP WANTED: Housecleaner for this Summer - \$25/hour - See **AD** on page 1

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!

Black Butte Auto Repair

Lost Coyote Lane
Mitchell, Oregon



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

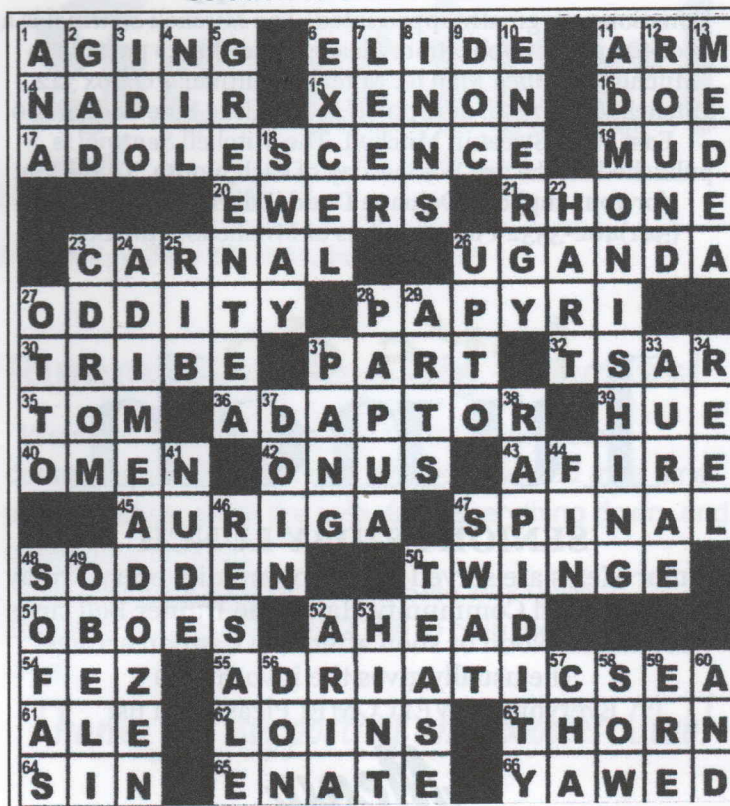
Paid Advertisement



TAO used popular memes like this to fight tolling on Oregon roads. So far, Kotek's tolling plan has stalled.

Source: Taxpayers Association of Oregon

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

16240 Lost Coyote Ln, Mitchell, OR - Off Grid,
203.60 Acres, Pond, 720 sqft 1 bed, 2 baths -
\$445,000 - Contact Crook County Properties LLC
(541)-447-3020

18817 US HWY 26 Mitchell, OR - 3 bed, 2 baths,
1,514 sq ft, 5.34 Acres, wood stove, half-acre garden
& mature fruit trees - \$344,900 - Contact Shannon
Little (541)-213-3105, Keller Williams Realty

320 Cole Rd Mitchell, OR - 3 bed, 2 bath, 1,728 sqft,
built in 2003, workshop w/concrete floor, 16 ft high
ceilings, roll up doors, 6.67 Acres - \$360,000 Contact
Coldwell Banker Sun Country (541)-447-4433



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

JULY 19	Beef and Chicken Enchiladas, Salad, Corn Muffins, Brownies
JULY 26	Jerk Steak & Shrimp over Yellow Rice, Salad, (Jello) Dessert
AUGUST 2	Baked Potato Bar w/Ham, Bacon, Chili, Cheese, Peppers, Tomatoes, Chives, Sour Cream, Dessert
AUGUST 9	Slow Cooker Brisket, Potato Salad, Muffins, Biscuits, Cake
AUGUST 16	Hamburgers, Hot Dogs, Salads, Watermelon, Dessert
60 + \$5.00	 59 - \$6.00

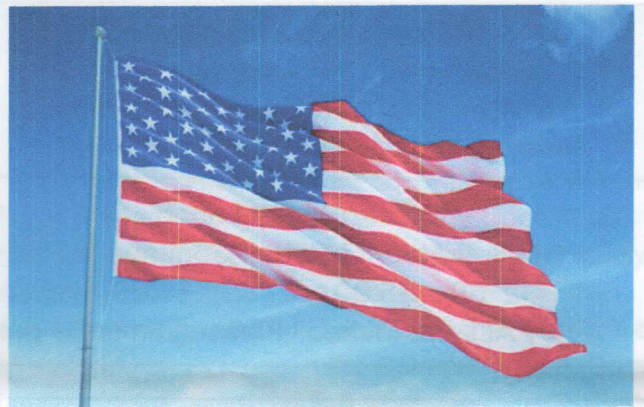
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"The Flag"

George Washington believed the new Country, made up of 13 colonies, needed a flag. Washington showed Betsy Ross what he had in mind, which she redesigned: 13 five-point stars and 13 stripes representing each colony.



On June 14, 1777, the Continental Congress passed the first Flag Act. The flag of the United States was made of 13 stripes, alternate red and white, and 13 stars of white in a blue field representing a new constellation. The flag of today has 50 stars in a field of blue while keeping the 13 stripes, alternate red and white, of the original colonies.

The color red symbolizes hardiness and valor.

The color white symbolizes purity and innocence.

The color blue represents vigilance, perseverance, and justice.

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