

# Mitchell Sentinel

Fearless, Fair and Free

Mitchell, Wheeler County, Oregon, Wednesday, August 21, 2024, Issue #22

Our thoughts and prayers in Mitchell are with several families and their friends this month dealing with losses. Know that we are all here for you when you need us!



## Raffle Ends Soon!

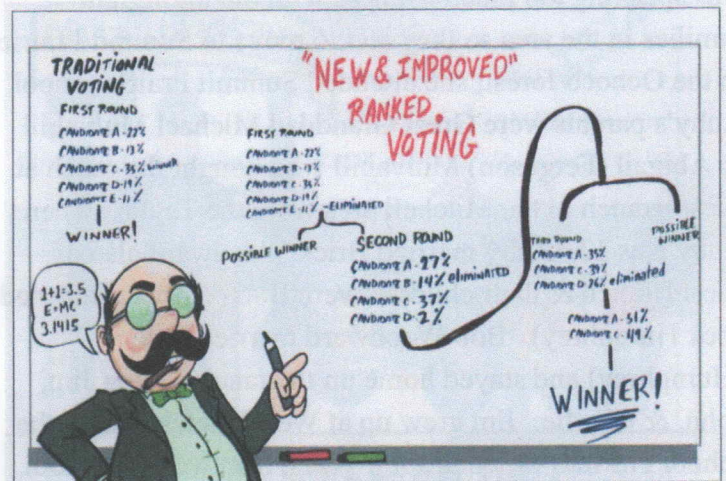
The Mitchell Historical Society is selling raffle tickets to raise money for the future Mitchell Historical Museum. The cost is only \$5.00 for 4 raffle tickets!

## Win Big Prizes!

Raffle tickets are available for purchase at Judy's Place, Little Pine Lodge & Souvenir Shop, and Wheeler County Trading Co.

## Prizes Displayed in Window at the Little Pine Lodge

The drawing will be on Saturday, August 31st, at the Annual Painted Hills Festival, and you do not need to be present to win!



We made a visual representation of the rank voting scheme. This issue will be on the November 2024 ballot.

Source: Taxpayers Association of Oregon

## 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

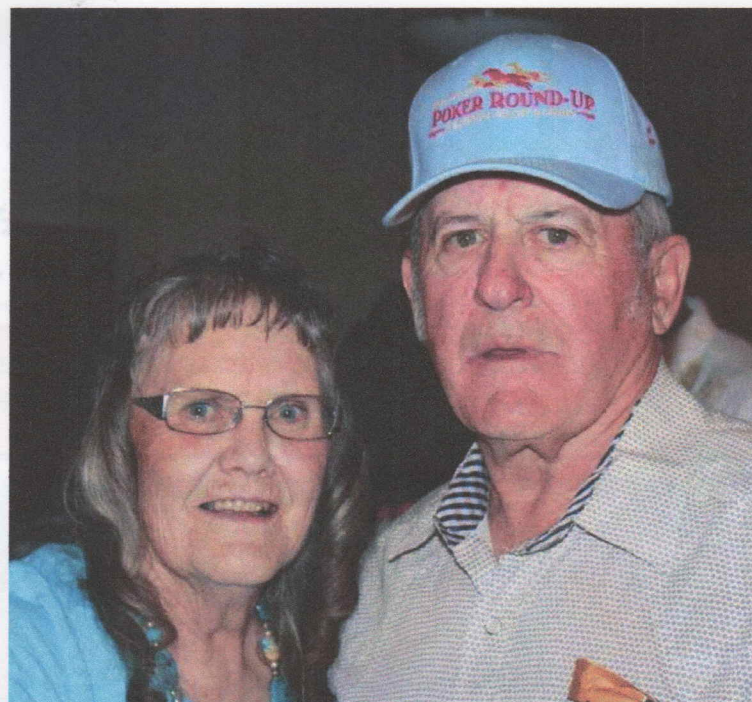
## Jim & Betty Woodward Grand Marshals 28th Annual Painted Hills Festival

The Painted Hills Festival is honored to have Jim & Betty Woodward lead our parade on August 31st in Mitchell this year. They both come with histories and great stories that go way back in the area.

Jim was born in Prineville to Bob & Jane (Humphrey) Woodward both longtime Wheeler County residents. Jim holds the framed invoice from the hospital where he was a costly baby at the time for \$90! On his mother's side, her parents had homesteaded in the Richmond/Waldron areas. Grandfather Jim Humphrey married Lizzie Keys riding horseback from Spray to Richmond to court Lizzie who was the daughter of R.R. and Emma (Paul) Keys. All 6 of the Humphrey children attended the Waldron & Mitchell schools where their father proudly served on the Mitchell school board.

On his father's side, his Grandma Ruby (Mulvahill) McTimmond was born in 1883 along with her brother John (Charlie) later in the Dalles. Her family said she was speaking too much Chinese with the immigrant families in the area so they had to move to Summit Prairie in the Ochoco forest; she attended Summit Prairie school. Ruby's parents were Great Granddad Michael Mulvahill & Abigail (Ferguson) Mulvahill who bought the ranch at West Branch in the Mitchell area from the Taylors when Ruby was 13. Ruby married Brick Woodward also of West Branch & their children were Bob & Abbie (married Jock Humphrey). Bob Woodward married Jane (Humphrey) and stayed home on the ranch having Jim, John, & Charlie. Jim grew up at West Branch, riding the school bus into Mitchell for 9 years, then went to school in Prineville for 3 years to play sports excelling to Everett Washington with a college scholarship for football & baseball. He was recognized in the Elks all-star football game in 1959 and was 2nd string all-state in baseball. To be near Prineville with kids in school, Jim's parents ran the Prineville Dairy Queen (currently the Sandwich Factory) for 3 years. They could peel 100 pounds of taters in one hour. Electricity had come to town about then!

Betty's family has deep roots in Crook County. She was born in 1943 to Carl & Thelma (Smith) Robertson along with brother Jerry. 9 years later, brother Jack arrived. Her mother Thelma was raised at Grizzly between



Madras & Prineville. Thelma's parents Lon & Sylvia Smith had 5 girls and 3 younger boys. They had a mill at Grizzly, then moved to Mill Creek and started another sawmill in the late 1920s. They then moved the sawmill from Mill Creek to the Ochocos near where the Ontkos live being awarded the first timber contract to cut timber in the Ochocos. The girls who were all older attended the Howard School in the Ochocos. He was awarded the contract to cut the timbers that went into the fill of building the front of the Ochoco Dam. They then sold the mill, leaving the timber industry, and eventually moved near the Lamonta area in Prineville and farmed. The boys all went to school in Prineville.

Betty's Dad, Carl, worked in the Prine Products mill and drove fuel truck, then eventually had an appliance store. About the time TV arrived, they had the 1st local TV set in their store, and were also one of the 1st homes with TV. Her family was very supportive of all the sports; although girls were not able to play sports, she loved to watch. Her Mom Thelma worked in the potato warehouses on Lamonta Road. In 1949, they moved to Culver and ran the grocery store there for several years with many good memories. After selling the store, they moved back near grandma Sylvia—she is remembered as a wonderful woman who Betty had a close bond with.

Jim met Betty at Crook County high school & eventually married in 1959 during her junior year. They welcomed daughters Carla in 1960, then Roberta (Bobbie) in 1961.

(cont'd on page 3)

(Jim and Betty Woodward - cont'd from page 2)

Betty drove a 73-passenger school bus for 10 years, hauling the sports teams around, and even helping coach the state championship track team. Her hobbies have included quilting, photography, taking Crook County Fair pictures for 35 years, plus a "million" wedding pictures. At age 52, she started bowling in a women's league when a friend asked her to fill in a spot. Then she, additionally participated in the co-ed senior league. She improved to the point that she won the 1999 singles state championship after 4 years with a 218 total. In 2012, Betty was inducted into the Prineville Bowling Hall of Fame. Betty also taught herself to paint and is an accomplished acrylic painter. One of her most interesting jobs has been her ability to find water as a Water Witch helping others locating where to drill for water over the years.

In 1959, Jim went to work in the Hudspeth's sawmill outside Mitchell until it closed in 1961. Jim then went to farrier (horseshoeing) school at Oregon State University. He also worked for the state highway. Jim soon quit that and fell timber of Ochoco Lumber for 5 years. He then started his own logging company with the help of Ochoco Lumber for a few years. Next, he went his own way, falling timber on his own for 17 years. Jim also established a successful firefighting outfit. After a close call with fire, he personally built his own skidgen design to have water sprayers all around his 6 skidgens.

Jim & Betty built their current home at the site of old Hudspeth sawmill and have been here ever since. Early on, they moved to Dayville for 3 years, but moved back home when Grandad Bob had cancer to help with the ranch in 1985. The girls went to school in Prineville, Hereford, & Mitchell over the years graduating from Crook County. A friend of the girls, Laura Edmark, lived with them during high school and went on to have an impressive national career on the ARMY track team. Jim & Betty helped raise grandkids Heather (Mortimore) Earnest and Neeko Rachor during their high school years at Mitchell. During COVID, they even helped raise great-grandkids for a bit too! Their daughter Bobbie passed away at the age of 50. Their 3 grandchildren Heather, Neeko, & Meesha all live in the Central Oregon area. They have 10 great grandchildren:

Cashlynn, Traycen, Cohen, Jaxon, Rylee, & Gracie (Heather & partner Mitch' kids), then Gunner and twins Sawyer & Leddie (Neeko & Jordan's kids), and Justy (Meesha and partner Justin's daughter). Daughter Carla is now married to "Super" Dave Groves.

Mitchell can also thank the Woodwards for their support of kids in our community over the years, and their generous donation to our town's electronic reader board today. We hope you can come out to see them at the festival this year! ♦

Join us on August 31st as the Painted Hills Festival honors the Mitchell HS Graduating Class of 1974.....Our "Golden Grads"!!! (Robert Taylor is deceased)



## ON SALE NOW!

Cliff Heck's New Release

### "In Rural Districts"

Now on Sale at the  
Little Pine Lodge  
100 East Main Street  
Mitchell, OR



Mention that you saw this AD  
in the Mitchell Sentinel  
and get Cliff's book for **only \$17.95**

## Ambulance Volunteers Needed

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

### Help US Help YOU!

#### 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	Spray Volunteer Ambulance	Mitchell Volunteer Ambulance
541-763-2698	541-771-7331	541-462-3043

Community Advertisement

## Israel-the Apple of God's Eye

Did you know that the time clock for Jesus Christ's return isn't based on America's timeline? It's based on what is happening in Israel.

Did you know Jesus wasn't a "Christian"? He was a Jew. He celebrated and kept the Jewish holy days and customs, as well as the feasts of the LORD. He didn't come to eradicate the Torah and writing of the Prophets / Old Testament. He came to fulfill the prophecies that were written in them.

When Jesus returns, He isn't returning to the United States. The Bible says He is going to plant His foot down on the Mount of Olives and go through the Eastern Gate, which is currently sealed off with 16 feet of concrete. A cemetery was also placed in front of that gate because touching the dead makes a Jew considered unclean and unable to enter the Temple, which is considered Holy. The Word of GOD says He will return there, and from there, He will rule and reign for 1,000 years.

The final battle isn't going to be on U.S. soil. It's going to be in the Valley of Megiddo, in Israel. The Bible says as the nations wage war against Israel, Jesus will come and destroy His enemies with the breath of His mouth. 2 Thess 2:8

GOD did not replace the Jews with Christians, as some believe. We are actually grafted in with them as you would graft a wild branch into an existing tree.

The Word of GOD says, "When you touch Israel, you touch the Apple of GOD's eye." Zechariah 2:8 "He that keeps Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps. The LORD is thy keeper." Psalm 121:4 "I will bless those that bless you, and I will curse those that curse you." Genesis 12:3 We are also commanded to pray for the peace of Jerusalem in Psalm 122.

ISRAEL matters.



PRAY FOR ISRAEL.

Keven King, Singer, Songwriter, Evangelist  
East Carroll Parish, LA  
<http://kevenkingmusic.com>

## Opinion From a Former Judge

I am a student of law whose age is 85. My first year of college was 68 years ago. One class I took was political science. A half-page of my textbook essentially outlined a few steps to overturn a democracy:

- 1) Divide the nation philosophically.
- 2) Foment racial strife.
- 3) Cause distrust of police authority.
- 4) Swarm the nation's borders indiscriminately and unconstitutionally.
- 5) Engender the military strength to weaken it.

- 6) Overburden citizens with more unfair taxation.
- 7) Encourage civil rioting and discourage accountability for all crime.
- 8) Control all balloting.
- 9) Control all media.

What was printed in 1954 as a possible diabolic nightmare has become an emerging reality. I hope that Americans will unite enough to pen a good finish - Go dwelling.

KEITH M. ALBER  
CALIFORNIA

Image courtesy of Facebook and The Napa Register (1959)

# Run For Mayor or City Council For the City of Mitchell!



The City of Mitchell is having another Election!

In November 2024, each recently elected member of the City Council has to run for their seat again.

This means that the Mayor seat and each Council Position is open for anyone to run.

Candidate Filing Forms can be picked up at  
202 SE High Street  
or via email by request.

Submissions must be made to the City Clerk Office by close of  
business day on August 27th 2024.

Call 541-462-3121

Tues-Thurs 9am-2pm

or email to: [cityclerk@cityofmitchelloregon.com](mailto:cityclerk@cityofmitchelloregon.com)

With any questions.

**\*Residency qualifications apply.**

**Available Positions:**

**Mayor, Council Seats 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 & 6**

## My Story of the Great Depression

### by Mirian Cannon Humphreys' Continues...

#### Jobs We Had

Gin and I found a job early in the summer of the first year picking peas, then berries, then hops and peaches. We mostly worked for one man, and he was good to us. Two and sometimes three of his own children came along. He saw that we were each one not cheated by some unscrupulous farmers. Early on, this man was a rancher in Idaho and was a state representative but the Depression certainly changed his way of life. I still remember the very early mornings getting up at 5:30 and heading out with Mr. Boley to pick. Gin was unique as she could pick all day and never get her hands stained but there was a ring around her mouth from berry juice. When it rained, we had to slog around in the berry rows with clay mud an inch thick on our shoes. Strawberry picking was hardest on the back, but, all in all, we had fun being with all the kids, and many entertaining things happened.

John got a job as a wire-down boy in the hop fields. He carried a long pole with a hook on the end and let the wires down low enough to pick the hops. He also picked cherries and made more money than we did. We couldn't handle the big ladders. One fall during the State Fair, John got the job of exercising the big Clydesdales. During the second year of hop and peach picking, I got hop and peach poisoning, and that ended my picking. I had to stay home and do homework and smear calamine lotion over all the itchy spots. I can't say I was sorry to miss the hops or peaches.

Just before school started, we made a trip downtown to buy school clothes. That was fun but very hard to spend that hard-earned money. Each evening after work Dad would add up all of our earnings and brag on us for being so hard-working. Mom spent all of her time cooking, cleaning, washing, and sewing, in general, keeping everything together as we went all directions to our various jobs.

Working at the penitentiary was hard for Dad to adjust to - for one thing, he worked the night shift, and it wasn't easy for him to sleep in the daytime. He had been used to being outdoors most of his life. Instead of deep blue skies and the wonderful scenery of Eastern Oregon, he had to live with those grey walls and grey skies and smell the stinky drying flax. It grew in the fields outside the prison grounds. Guards took crews of convicts out to work and to turn the flax to dry. It was certainly different kinds of people he had to deal with day after day. He was tired a lot of the time when he was home because of the sleep problem. I had to be an adult myself to realize and appreciate what he gave up for his children's future. Then came the time when a convict was going to be put to death by gas.

As a guard on the night shift, Dad had to do the deathwatch along with a young priest, a very nervous young man who was reluctant to do this. Gather Kelly would talk to the prisoner and pray for him, then he asked Dad, "Do you think I am doing this right?" O.A. replied, "How the hell should I know?" It was a hard time for all the guards and prisoners as well. Dad and Father Kelly became good friends from then on.

When that misguided soul, the con, was sentenced, a new gas chamber was ordered, and I can remember seeing it one evening after school. We were coming home via State Street and were held up by traffic at the train crossing across from the pen. On a flat car was the huge metal cylinder with the sunshine glittering off it. It was very sobering when we recognized what it was. There was a lot in the news about this death sentence because the gas chamber was new in Oregon. For some reason, curiosity perhaps, I asked Dad if I could get a ticket to be present at the "gassing." He said I could, but a few days before the fateful night, I realized that was a real living, breathing person going to be gassed. I decided that my presence there would not help that man and certainly wouldn't do me any good. Dad agreed. For the next week, he did a lot of pacing up and down and working in his garden. It wasn't something to take lightly, no matter the rotten crime the prisoner did.

Since our family lived about 10 miles from high school and Dad needed the car at night, we didn't take part in any school activities and had no desire to do so. Our friends were the neighbors in the Four Corners area. Mostly what we did for fun was at each other's homes and going into Salem for movies now and then. There was a matinee and talent show on Saturday afternoons called Zollie's Gang. It was in the old State Theatre, and I usually went with our neighbor who was my age. We caught the bus to town and rode home with his older brother, who worked in a jewelry store. The time between show time and going home, we spent exploring the town. Everything in the city was new to me and interesting. Phil said it was fun to show the country kid the city sights. We rode the elevator to the top of the Livesly Building and it seemed immense to me, and we looked all over all the stores. Phil liked being around a large family as he was raised alone so he spent lots of time visiting over at our house. He was a friend with everyone. One Christmas, he brought over gifts for all of us. The little girls got some nice toys from his retired toy box. He gave me my first manicure set and often came over early Saturday morning to shine the heels of my suede shoes. He was bound to improve my looks for Zollies. Such innocents we were. We parted ways after a while when he made a spectacle of himself riding a new and cute girl on the handlebars of his

(Cont'd on page 7)

(My Story of the Great Depression - cont'd from page 6)

bike. I couldn't put up with that! Actually, we always remained friends with him and his family. The cute girl and he later married, and he became a fireman.

When John and I and whoever else drove off to school each day, Virginia and Elsie walked the shortcut through the field and over to Auburn school. Cafeterias were unheard of then so we all took lunches to school. Mom must have made a million sandwiches in her time.

Virginia and I were always "roommates" since we were the older girls. We shared many stories about school, friends, and people in general. She was a good partner, although we didn't always agree on our room decoration and arrangements. I took on a fit of room cleaning one Saturday, and it was such a thorough job that I removed all of Gin's movie star pictures and they tore coming off the wall. She was so incensed but didn't retaliate until a little later. What she did was cut the head off my little black sponge dog. It was a replica of President Roosevelt's Scottie dog, Fala. I had sent off a box top and got it free. Fala made Scottie dogs popular, and President Roosevelt made Fala popular. People liked him because of his compassion for the poor and his many work projects. Fala apparently wasn't such a hero at our house anyway.

The State Fair was a big occasion for all of us. We had saved enough from our summer of work to do the fair a couple of times. The rides were simpler then, and not so many of them. One fair night I went with a boy who had saved 15 whole dollars for rides, and we planned a big evening. After the first ride, he discovered his billfold was lost or stolen, so we had to spend the whole evening walking around and couldn't even go home until his brother and a girl got through having a wild evening of rides and met us to go home. It was disappointing and a bit boring, but not too bad.

It was surprising how many people who used to live in the Mitchell country and had to move to "the valley" for jobs ended up coming to visit us. Several former Mitchell students who were going to college came by from time to time. Among those were Loy Cole, Wesley Vaughn, Jock Humphrey, and Trevor Humphreys. Since they were all so much older than me, I didn't pay much attention to them. I should have taken more interest in one of them, but that was to come later.

In the spring of 1938, I graduated in the second class to graduate from the new high school. This was before the cap and gown era. The boys wore new suits, and the girls wore long formal dresses. My dress was a tangerine color, and my whole outfit cost about \$15. Most of us had never worn a formal before, and I, for one, was nervous about going up the

four steps to the stage. I was so relieved about getting up the stairs successfully that I don't remember getting the diploma. Adding to my nervousness about going up the steps was that a set of twins both stumbled on their dresses just ahead of me. So graceful! A fellow in my homeroom asked to take me to baccalaureate, and he arrived at our house in a black Model T Ford. He borrowed his friend's car because it was so cool to drive a Model T Ford. It was fun, and we lagged a lot. He was nice, and we had fun.

Many of the teachers had been there too long, and one or two should never have been there, period (in my opinion). However I especially remember my Home Economics teacher, Mrs. Creech; she was a wonderful lady, very sensible, funny, and full of good advice. Her class was a very stabilizing influence on a lot of senior girls in 1937-1938. I wouldn't say any of the rest of the teachers I had were especially inspired or caring.

The time had come, college faced us. Dad thought it would be a good idea for us to go to Mt. Angel, and for some reason, we didn't like the idea of that. (Maybe Don and LaBranche's stories about the nuns did it to us) Little did we know what a good school it was. It took many years for me to realize this. The closest and least expensive for us was to go to Monmouth. About that time, I was thinking that being a nurse was a glamorous thing to be. Dad said he thought it was really hard work, and he didn't think I would like to have to wash dirty old men. I agreed.

The college at Monmouth was called the Oregon Normal School when we started and was a two-year course for teachers. I didn't especially want to be a teacher but it was a stepping-stone to something else. When I said I didn't think I would be much of a teacher, Dad said, "Well, surely you are as smart as Effie Jackson or Lorraine Reed."

John and I had our summer savings, meager as that was, and we found out that there was a loan program at the college, and we became steady customers. Every term, we made our way to the President's office to fill out forms for loans. Then we paid them back little by little during the term. Somehow, we hung on. Many couldn't and had to go home. The college was small, and we began to feel at home right away.

Our whole family moved to Monmouth in time for the opening of the Fall Term of 1938. Dad lived at the pen during the week and came home on weekends. Once more, we were all transplanted. Mom liked to move and found it exciting. I hated moving and all the mess and confusion of it. This move was a good one, and we all felt much freer to move around and "be kids." We were much more restricted in Salem as there was always the threat of ex-cons who delighted in

(cont'd on page 14)

# The Brewmaster

Back in the days when ½ racks were unheard of, and six-packs were rare,

Men threw hops, malt, sugar, and a little yeast together and brewed their own with special care.

My uncle Tone was the head brewmaster, and my father, Bob, was his apprentice in training.

Tone figured if he taught him how he might make his own instead of using his vat, that Bob was always draining.

Their brewing vat was a 50-gallon oak barrel with a tied cotton sheet for a top.

The sheet allowed the gasses to escape because, at this point, you didn't want any to stop.

One day, a curious cat climbed upon the barrel and, in the sheet, became caught.

When Bob checked the brew in a day or two, he found the cat dead but happy; it looked like he hadn't even fought.

Tone removed the feline by his tail and gave him a fling over the fence.

He then replaced the sheet. Letting this brew go to waste, to Tone, just didn't make sense.

Now most people would have deemed this batch bad and tainted.

But Tone was optimistic about it and wouldn't pour it out, no matter what kind of picture Bob painted.

Now cats are supposed to have nine lives, and I guess that's great,

But you had to know that this cat wasn't coming back. He died too drunk to ever use the other eight.

When Tone offered Bob a brew, though they had a plenty, for the next few weeks, Bob refused and said he didn't want any.

This batch wasn't their greatest because the cat messed it up.

Bob drank none, Tone drank some, and neither hesitated to pour a visitor a cup.

*Dan Cannon*

# Norma Misener Hunt

January 11, 1948 - July 24, 2024

Norma Misener Hunt passed away on July 24, 2024, at the hospital in Prineville, Oregon. She was born on January 11, 1948, to Virgil and Mary Misener. She is survived by her son, Charles Hunt of Tualatin, Oregon.

Stepchildren... Michell Hurst of Oroville, CA; Michonna Brooks of Peach Tree City, GA; Wendy Pete of Labam, WA; Kimberly

Hessell, Cheyenne, WY. Roderick Hunt, Ashland, OR. She was preceded in death by stepdaughter Sharon Brown. She is also survived by her sister Irene Naas of Mitchell and brother John Misener of Keizer, OR.

Norma moved home to the family ranch in 1994 to take care of her mother, Mary Misener. She continually lived in Twickenham until her death. She had a private burial at West Branch Cemetery in Mitchell, Oregon.

She loved to make quilts...and call the county when they hadn't sanded the road up the canyon as she thought they should. All of her family were given quilts from her loving hands. The Mitchell Baptist Church has quilts on all the benches for those who attend. She added color to the old auditorium. Of late, she had been involved in making wall hangings for many people. She also kept the books for the church for over 20 years.

Memorial donations may be made to the Mitchell Baptist Church.



**WE WANT YOU** in the Painted Hills Festival parade line-up on Saturday, August 31st!

If you know of someone who might want to participate, please share!

We have a great festival planned. Join us in honoring our Grand Marshals Jim & Betty Woodward--longtime community members in Mitchell who have always shown a lot of support over the years.

We are also honoring the MHS Golden Grad Class of 1974.



NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

PHONE # & EMAIL: \_\_\_\_\_

Describe your parade entry. Example (float, horse, car, walking...etc). If more than one, describe each: \_\_\_\_\_

Please tell us how you would like to be announced at the parade: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**MAIL FORM TO: Toney Ryno, P.O. Box 9, Mitchell, OR 97750**

CHECK IN at the east end of town at **10:45 AM** on **Saturday, Aug. 31<sup>st</sup>** to pick up your parade entry number. PLEASE arrive early so we can get you in order for the announcer. The parade will **START** at **11:30 AM**.

**Questions?** Call Toney Ryno at 462-3065 or [toneyryno@hotmail.com](mailto:toneyryno@hotmail.com)

*We want to thank all of you in advance for participating in this FUN day!*

*Everyone loves a parade...young and old.*

There will be a quilt show, food & craft vendors, & entertainment all day with several great bands and acts, including music with James Lawrence Andrews, Dan Robinson, Betty & the Barristers, a Tahitian fire dancer act who was a member of Cirque Du Soleil, a local traditional Mexican Dance act, kids games with bouncy house, face painting, water trough races, Chad Halligan on piano, line dancing, a street dance and more! MANY door prizes are given throughout the day-- just pick up a raffle ticket at the park. Lastly, the 1/2 marathon, 5K, and 10K races are offering an incredible discount to county residents. Check race info out at [PaintedHillsHalf.com](http://PaintedHillsHalf.com)

Community Advertisement

# *Painted Hills* **FESTIVAL**

**AUGUST 31, 2024**

*Mitchell, Oregon*

**ENTERTAINMENT  
& LIVE MUSIC**

**FEATURING DAN ROBINSON**

**BETTY AND THE BARRISTERS**

**JAMES LAWRENCE ANDREWS**

**PLUS VARGAS DANCERS**

**& TAHITIAN FIRE DANCER**

**FOOD, VENDORS, PARADE!**

**STREET DANCE KIDS GAMES**

**QUILT SHOW WATER TROUGH RACES**

**HALF-MARATHON 10K AND 5K RUN**

**SPONSORED BY WHEELER COUNTY COMMUNITIES - A 501(C)3 NONPROFIT**

**[WWW.MITCHELLOREGON.US/EVENTS](http://WWW.MITCHELLOREGON.US/EVENTS)**

**[WWW.PAINTEDHILLSHALF.COM](http://WWW.PAINTEDHILLSHALF.COM)**

# Painted Hills FESTIVAL

## AUGUST 31, 2024

### SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

7:00 a.m. 5K, 10K, & HALF MARATHON RACES (check in at 7:00 a.m. Mitchell Gym)

10:00 a.m. QUILT SHOW open until 4:00 p.m. (Community Hall)

11:00 a.m. RACE AWARDS (in the park)

11:30 a.m. GRAND PARADE (check in at 10:45 a.m. east end of town)

12:00 p.m. DAN ROBINSON (music in the park)

1:00 p.m. PIE AUCTION FESTIVAL FUNDRAISER (in the park)

1:30 p.m. KIDS GAMES (in the park)

2:00 p.m. JAMES LAWRENCE ANDREWS (music in the park)

3:15 p.m. VARGAS FAMILY TRADITIONAL MEXICAN DANCE (in the park)

3:30 p.m. TAHITIAN FIRE DANCER (in the park)

4:00 BETTY & THE BARRISTERS (music in the park)

5:00 p.m. WATER TROUGH RACES (in front of Wheeler County Trading)

5:30 p.m. CHAD HALLIGAN ON PIANO (music near Tiger Town)

7:00 p.m. SWING DANCING WITH EMILY (lessons on street near Tiger Town)

8:00 p.m. STREET DANCE (on street near Tiger Town)

DOOR PRIZES IN THE PARK ALL THROUGH THE DAY, GET A FREE TICKET!

## One Big Day in a Small Town!

By Toney Ryno

The Painted Hills Festival kicks off Labor Day Weekend every year, and we encourage you to head to Mitchell, OR, this August 31st for a variety of activities for both young and old.

In its 28th year, the annual Painted Hills Festival in Mitchell will offer several acts on stage, a half marathon, 10K and 5K fun runs, a grand parade, a quilt show, craft vendors, food booths, old-fashioned kids' games, and the one-of-a-kind Water Trough Races. The festival, hosted in downtown Mitchell (48 miles east of Prineville on Highway 26), celebrates the majestic beauty of one of Oregon's 7 wonders, the Painted Hills National Monument.

The day begins at 7:00 a.m. with the Half-Marathon, 10K, and 5K shuttle bus leaving the high school gym. Half-marathon runners begin their journey over rugged backcountry roads. The 10K and 5K runs stagger start as the shuttle bus moves closer to town. Registration for the run can be done online at [paintedhillshalf.com](http://paintedhillshalf.com), which includes a discounted rate for Wheeler County residents and an opportunity to purchase a race t-shirt as well.

Festivities, music, and fun start as runners make their way to the finish line in the heart of downtown Mitchell. There will be a host of entertainment, including a world-class Tahitian Fire Dancer, new music with James Lawrence Andrews, local Fossil artist Dan Robinson playing country, the Vargas Family Traditional Mexican dancers, music act Betty & the Barristers, an annual pie auction, and more.

The Grand Parade begins at 11:30 a.m., honoring longtime citizens Jim & Betty Woodward as Grand Marshals this year. Mitchell High School golden grad classes of 1974 will also return home with a float in the parade as well. You can count on horses, classic cars, folks in costume, kids on bikes, motorcycles, CANDY (lots of it), and other creative entries. Parents, don't forget the free face painting and Bouncy House!

New this year is a swing dancing class with Emily Gazin just before the street dance begins. You'll get your chance to learn a move or two and then test it out at the dance! Chad Halligan will also make an impression with his piano skills near the dinner hour near Tiger Town Brewing.

A quilt show fills the upstairs of the Mitchell Community Center on Nelson Street, boasting an impressive collection that this community can certainly be proud of from local seamstresses. In the early evening, the road is cleared for the annual Water Trough Races, an unorthodox gravity-powered race where contestants must create a rolling water trough with steering and brakes for a low-speed race down Main Street. A

street dance starts at 8:00 p.m. in front of the brewery, so plan for a fun-filled day and night!

More details about the free, family-friendly event can be found on the Painted Hills Festival Facebook page. ♦



Dear Mitchell,

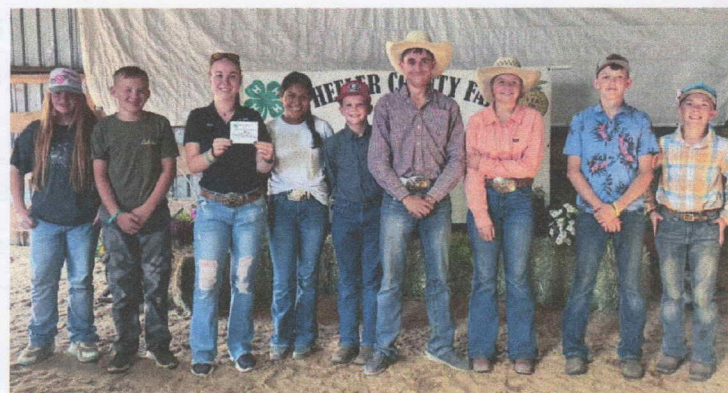
**The Painted Hills Festival COUNTRY STORE would love to have some donations of baked goods, and extra veggies from your gardens. See you at the festival on Saturday, August 31st!**

## Great Week at the Wheeler County FAIR!

By Toney Ryno

I was really proud of Lilly with her goats, Jenni with her sheep, Nyla with so many things the whole year, Sam with his photography, and my boys with their beef and shotgun, too. Oh, and I also forgot to mention that Pomp Latshaw had pigs as well, and the Mitchell club won the Herdsmanship award.

Here is the Mitchell Feed 'em Eat 'em & More Club winning the Herdsmanship award pictured. It was Lilly, Sam, Jenni, and Paul's first year in 4-H.

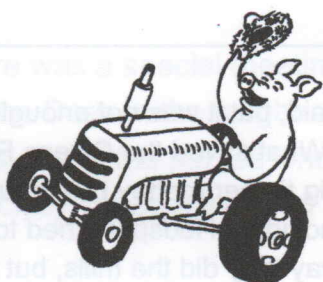


Left to Right: Lilly Cannon, Sam Salvage, Nyla Bennett, Jenni Vargas, Paul Ryno, Oran & Molly Davis, Charlie Ryno, Pomp Latshaw

## New Release!

### "In Rural Districts" by Cliff Heck

A book of short humor stories by Cliff Heck, Mitchell High School Class of 1960. No, the mishap in chemistry class is not mentioned. If you identify with any of the characters, perhaps you have a problem with low self-esteem. And for only \$18.95 (plus \$4.95 if mailed).



Order from:

Foulwater Bay Press  
PO BOX 596  
Mount Vernon, OR 97865

foulwaterbay@yahoo.com

## Explosion at Mitchell High School

In 1959, Russia put a satellite in orbit around the Earth, and the world went Rocket Crazy! Included in the "Crazy" was Mitchell High School. Remember, we had no internet, so we had to do hard research. The Junior Class of that year consisted of some really intelligent students. A few of the boys were not only smart but they were loosely wrapped, just crazy enough to build rockets and solid fuel to propel them. I will not be mentioning girls in this story which proves that the females were the most intelligent people in the school. Success was just enough to keep the program going. First, you get a piece of pipe about 2 or 3 feet long, weld the top closed, grind to a point was an option, weld fins on the back - also an option, pack the pipe with fuel, install fuse, and then get back! It was soon discovered that the stand had to be situated just right; if not, your rocket became a missile or a long bullet. The problems were worked out; more classes joined the program. Then an unforeseen problem arose - our main fuel mixer got too much friction in the mixing bowl and set off a huge blast in the science room! A large cloud of smoke soon evolved the high school, which we evacuated. The mixer had burns to his hands and face and was soon carted off by the ambulance. We got the rest of the day off, and the science room was closed for painting and repairs for a while. The mixer got elected Student Body President and the Sputnik Satellite era was over in Mitchell High School, as soon as it started.

Dan Cannon

08/01/2024

## Only in Mitchell



## BACK TO SCHOOL SALE



PAINTED HILLS FESTIVAL - LABOR DAY WEEKEND

JUDY'S PLACE ♥ MAIN STREET  
MITCHELL, OREGON

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(My Story of the Great Depression - cont'd from page 15)

making subtle threats and the guards' hearing about what they would do to guards' families when they got out.

**To be continued...**

Mirian's amazing story will continue in the next issue of the Mitchell *Sentinel*. The next chapter is the Last Chapter of Mirian's book and will conclude her story. Don't miss it! ♦

### *From Which it Came to Which it Will Return*

Leander Lafe Jones entered this world in London, Kentucky, on an unknown day in 1871. L. L. was one of six children and when he was 18 years old, he boarded a train to Shaniko, Oregon, then on to Twickenham to work sheep for S. B. Davis. Ten years of saving his money, he married Lula Payne, partnered with his father-in-law bought 640 acres of land 1 ½ miles west of Mitchell. The partnership was dissolved a few years later. L. L. started to build his ranch; he bought up homesteads and acres of land for back taxes. He turned the original 640 acres to a final account of 35,000. L. L. was the largest sheep owner in all of Oregon in the 1930s. He had 6 bands which means he owned 36,000 ewes. In the spring of the year, L. L. sheared his sheep and then trailed them beyond La Pine to summer pasture.

With all his sheep, he had to produce a lot of Alfalfa Hay for winter feed. L. L. and Lula had two daughters, Mary and Ida. Mary helped on the ranch until a young man by the name of Charles Cottengin migrated from London, Kentucky, to work on the ranch. Mary and Charles were married in November 1920. They stayed on the ranch for 32 years until L. L. died in 1949. L. L. had other interests likd the Stock Growers Association, Director of the Pacific International Livestock Exposition, and President of the Mitchell State Bank that he and Erie Laughlin opened in 1918. Jones built a 2-story, 4-bedroom home complete with a water pump in the basement. He built a large barn, bunkhouse, smokehouse, and other outbuildings. L. L. passed in 1949 and Lula Jones sold the ranch to a lady from California by the name of Pansy Owens.

Charlie Dollarhide, who also owned the Shoemaker Ranch, was the California Realtor who handled the deal. It was said that the first time he showed her the ranch, she stated that a place didn't seem like home when it didn't have free-range chickens roaming around. The second time he showed her the place, there were over 100 chickens roaming around. Done Deal!

Things changed in 1953—Highway 26 was re-aligned. ODOT actually split the ranch in two and went right through her two main fields. I do not know what she was

paid, but it was not enough because it ruined the place.

What saved the Owens Ranch was Hudspeth and their big timber money buying up all the ranches, hers included. Hudspeth tried to run the ranches the same way they did the mills, but the outgo was much more than the income.

Hudspeth held possession of the place until the late 1960s when they unloaded it on Charlie Miller.

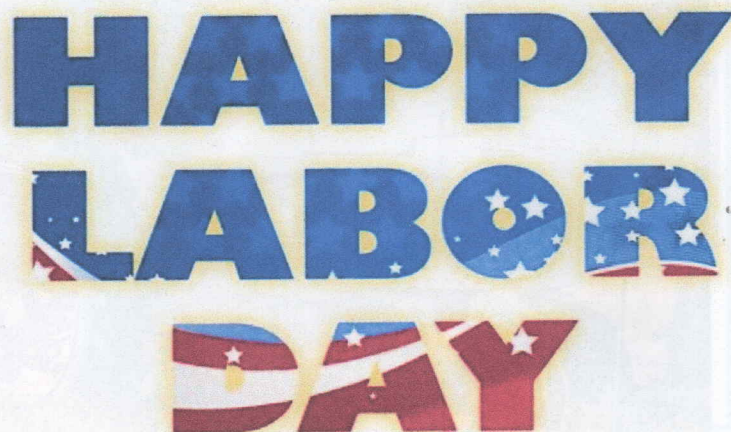
Charlie ran it as a working cattle ranch for quite a few years and found out, like previous owners, that the only time they made any money was when they sold it.

Bill Smith and Jack Collins took old Charlie off the hook when they purchased it. Their partnership lasted until they traded it to the BLM in 1986. They traded 49,000 acres for less land outside the boundaries of Wheeler County. This land had more value because of its location and quality.

The BLM has done very little to improve the place. It has potential as a recreational property. The City of Mitchell showed interest in acquiring the Owens Ranch, the Airport, and lands south of the Haul Road. Everyone they have dealt with has been positive so far except the people who own the land - the BLM. The BLM would rather see this land revert back to the wasteland from which it was born. The beautiful old house is in disrepair, the barn's roof is gone, soon to be followed by the rest of it.

Dan Cannon

07/24/2024



# Letter to the Editor

## "A New Dawn"

On the 8<sup>th</sup> of August, there was a special meeting of the Mitchell City Council, regarding "The Uncontrolled Behavior of the Dogs in the neighborhood."

I attended the meeting as one of the parties who are being affected. I was pleasantly surprised by the many attendees and especially the courtesy and attentive behavior of the council. My oh my, how times have changed!

The spiteful and hateful behavior of the previous council is finally behind us. Even if we could not find an immediate solution, there was a willingness to find one—using video tape proof or shock collar control. Special thanks to Sheriff Jeremiah for his friendly demeanor and openness. I hope more citizens get involved to bring the city a brighter future.

Barbara Jacobi

## TIGER TOWN BREWING CO.

➤ MITCHELL, ORE. ➤



**Now Open For Breakfast Weekends ♠ Friday - Sunday 7am - 11am**

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## Stop and Smell the Yeast

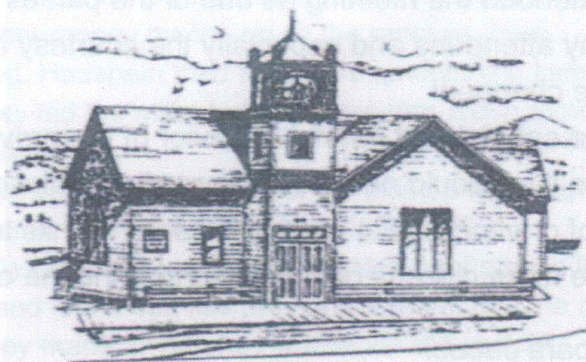
I was a sophomore at Mitchell High School in 1959. The excitement of that freshman year was waning quickly into boredom. The superintendent made an announcement that in two weeks, new instructors would be teaching a week-long class on alcohol awareness. This class might help since, at 15 years of age, I was starting to become aware.

The class started. At first, it did little to alleviate my boredom. It started off by defining the evils of alcohol, addiction, and all the negative values of it. On the third day, the instructor started getting into the meat of alcohol. To explain the science, you have to announce the chemicals and combination of them. I was no longer bored, for I knew what was coming - the recipe! The only time in the class I took notes. By the time Friday rolled around, I learned how to make beer, wine, and distilled booze! I really don't think that was the intention of the class, but that's what I learned, and I intended to put it to use.

The four main ingredients, malt, hops, yeast, plus water, were easily found. In Grandma's 2 ½ gallon crock, the mix was set. Secured a cotton sheet over the crock to let the gas escape. A couple of weeks and on to the bottling process. I borrowed a bottle cap from the Coles, and I am ready as soon as the brew is. I peeked under the cotton sheet, bubbles still working, and smelled of yeast. Caution was to be used. Do not bottle it if fermenting is going on especially if using old beer bottles! It was finally time to bottle; the mix had quit bubbling. It still smelled of yeast. Mom said I was not storing the brew in the house, which proved later to be a good decision on her part. A week after, I had stored the bottled beer in the shed outback. The temperature turned to over 100 degrees. Late one night, it started to sound like someone was having grenade practice out back. The sound was coming from the shed. I opened the door only to be met by shattered brown glass and frothy foam that smelled of yeast. It was decided to cool it off as quickly as possible so Dad and I picked up the bottles on our arms and placed them under the water faucet to cool. While cooling, some of the bottles continued to burst for another 20 minutes. I lost better than half the brew, and after drinking some, I deemed it all lost. My brewmaster days were over. Now I was moving on to wine. It would be easier anyway. To make the wine, you just had to pour juice into Grandma's 2 ½ gallon crock, throw in some yeast, and wait. Not much science to it. The result was a

cloudy, like liquid that smelled of yeast and tasted terrible, but it had the combination effect of a probiotic and a laxative. This ended my manufacturing of alcohol. Because I knew with my luck, the distilling process would produce my doom and demise!

Dan Cannon  
07/29/2024



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

## Hugh Allen Reed

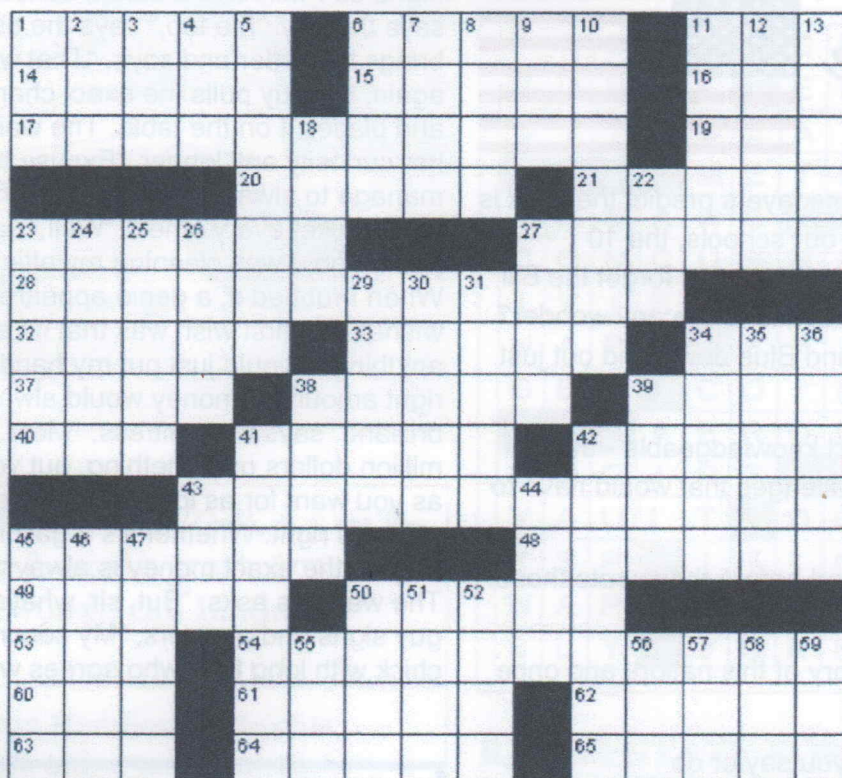
November 23, 1938 - July 28, 2024



Hugh Allen Reed of Mitchell, Oregon, passed away on July 28, 2024. Hugh was born on November 23, 1938, in Roswell, New Mexico.

He is survived by his wife of 41 years, Waunita Reed, and his adopted friend and special companion, Henry the Bear.

# Crossword Puzzle



© PDFcrosswords.com

## ACROSS

1. Fragrance
6. Intelligent
11. Monetary unit of Laos
14. Marten
15. Strange or weird
16. American Sign Language
17. Provoking a response
19. P
20. Alloted
21. Plant life
23. Not rational
27. Drenched
28. At the same time
32. Types of vines
33. Not silently
34. Collection or series
37. Short sleeps
38. Blot
39. Expunge
40. G
41. Metal money
42. Prank
43. The branch of mechanics involving airflow
45. Encircle
48. Rich in decorative detail
49. Safe
50. The oldest of the 3 orders of Greek architecture

## DOWN

53. Extra Sensory Perception
54. Proposed travelling plans
60. Short sleep
61. A satirical and improbable comedy
62. Classes by kinds
63. Crafty
64. Bumpkin
65. Perspiration

## DOWN

1. Donkey
2. Decay
3. Japanese sash
4. Mother
5. A graduate
6. Chair
7. Anagram of "Teem"
8. Dry or parched
9. \_\_\_\_ de Janeiro, Brazil
10. 10 times as much
11. The silk-cotton tree
12. A river in southeastern France
13. Appeal
18. Facial expression of contempt
22. Place down
23. Frosting
24. Exploded stars
25. Shoot from a concealed position
26. Cards with just one symbol
27. Render senseless
29. Relative magnitudes of two quantities
30. A type of African antelope
31. Loud
34. Reddish brown
35. Select by voting
36. Brief and to the point
38. Anagram of "Rots"
39. Expletive
41. Guarantee as meeting a

- certain standard
42. Dead body of an animal
43. Be unwell
44. French for "Black"
45. Levels or smooths
46. Relating to the nose
47. A small freshwater fish
50. Dagger
51. A single time
52. Bobbin
55. The ultimate principle (Taoism)
56. Propel a boat with oars
57. Anger
58. 7th letter of the Greek alphabet
59. Supersonic transport

The Crossword Puzzle Solution can be found on page 19.

# Never Say Die

Dan Cannon 08/28/2013



The naysayers and the doomsdayers predict the USA is going under. Take God out of our schools, the 10 Commandments out of public places, and forget the Bill of Rights and the US Constitution. Is there any wonder? Don't count the Red, White, and Blue down and out just yet!

Our forefathers were wise and knowledgeable - they knew later there would be challenges that would have to be met.

They prayed and called on God before they wrote those precious documents of old.

The people will rally to the glory of this nation, and once again, it will be solid as Gold.

Politicians, beware of things you say or do

Do the right thing for the right reason because God is also watching you!

Politicians can fool and con us...but God, they cannot.

So if they are going to sell their soul for riches and power, make sure they are putting it in a fireproof pot!

Let's not write off the world's Greatest Country; that's what I have to say!

And one more thing, "GOD BLESS THE U.S.A.!"

## Laughter

### The Man With The Ostrich

A man walks into a restaurant with a full-grown ostrich behind him. The waitress asks for their orders. The guy says, "A hamburger, fries, and a coke," and turns to the ostrich, "What's yours?" "I'll have the same," says the ostrich. A short time later, the waitress returns with the order. "That will be \$18.40, please." The man reaches into his pocket and, without looking, pulls out the exact change for payment. The next day, the guy and the ostrich return to the same restaurant, and the guy says, "A hamburger, fries, and a coke." The ostrich says, "I'll have the same." Again the guy reaches into his pocket and pays with exact change. This becomes routine until one night, they enter the restaurant, and the waitress asks, "The usual?" "No, this is Friday

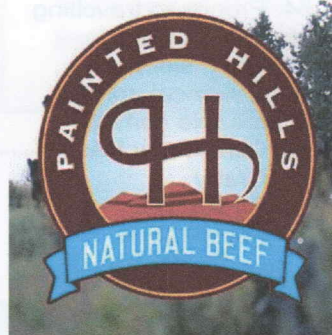
night, so I will have a steak, baked potato, and salad", says the guy. "Me too," says the ostrich. The waitress brings the order and says, "That will be \$42.62." Once again, the guy pulls the exact change out of his pocket and places it on the table. The waitress can't hold back her curiosity any longer. "Excuse me, sir. How do you manage to always come up with the exact change out of your pocket every time?" "Well," says the guy, "several years ago, I was cleaning my attic and found an old lamp. When I rubbed it, a genie appeared and offered me two wishes. My first wish was that if I ever had to pay for anything, I would just put my hand in my pocket, and the right amount of money would always be there." "That's brilliant!" says the waitress. "Most people would wish for a million dollars or something, but you'll always be as rich as you want for as long as you live!"

"That's right. Whether it's a gallon of milk or a Rolls Royce, the exact money is always there," says the guy. The waitress asks, "But, sir, what's with the ostrich?" The guy sighs and answers, "My second wish was for a tall chick with long legs who agrees with everything I say."

Source: LaffGaff

## Painted Hills® Meat Sale

All natural beef



No Antibiotics ever and  
No added Hormones

exclusively at

**WHEELER COUNTY  
TRADING COMPANY**  
IN DOWNTOWN MITCHELL

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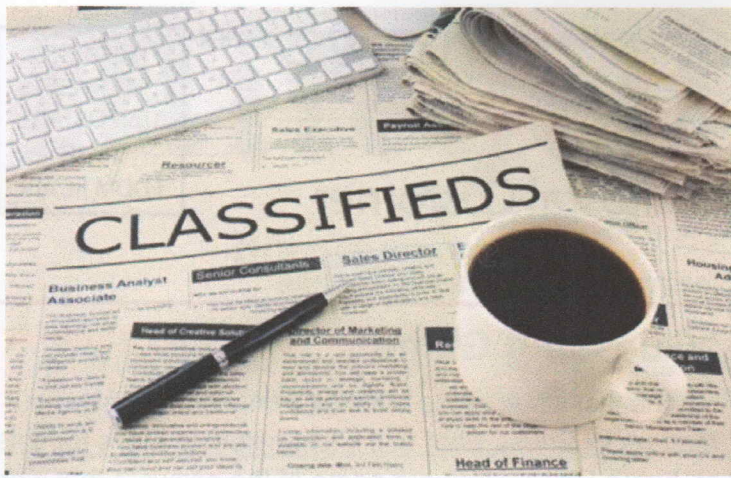
Ground Beef	\$3.99/LB
Sirloin Steaks	\$5.99/LB
Painted Hills Hot Dogs or Franks	\$8.99/pkg

**Prices good until September 8th**

**Open 8 am - 7 pm Monday - Saturday**

**Open 9 am - 7 pm Sunday**

Paid Advertisement



## Solution to Crossword Puzzle

A	R	O	M	A		S	M	A	R	T		K	I	P
S	O	B	O	L		E	E	R	I	E		A	S	L
S	T	I	M	U	L	A	T	I	O	N		P	E	E
						M	E	T	E	D		F	L	O
I	N	S	A	N	E						S	O	A	K
C	O	N	C	U	R	R	E	N	T	L	Y			
I	V	I	E	S		A	L	O	U	D		S	E	T
N	A	P	S		S	T	A	I	N		D	E	L	E
G	E	E		C	O	I	N	S		C	A	P	E	R
				A	E	R	O	D	Y	N	A	M	I	C
E	N	G	I	R	T					O	R	N	A	T
V	A	U	L	T		D	O	R	I	C				
E	S	P		I	T	I	N	E	R	A	R	I	E	S
N	A	P		F	A	R	C	E		S	O	R	T	S
S	L	Y		Y	O	K	E	L		S	W	E	A	T

**FOR SALE: CHEST FREEZER**, 3.5 cu ft, 3 years old, clean & works great. \$75.00 or will trade for firewood...call Linda at 541-462-3183

**YARD SALE** - 502 Huddleston Heights, Mitchell. August 24th only. 9am to noon. Refrigerator, electric dryer, electric cooktop, chair, coffee table, other misc items. Appliances are older but work great! Cash only.

## COMMUNITY ANNOUNCEMENTS

### FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL IS AUGUST 26TH

**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

### Mitchell City Council

Meets every 3rd Tuesday @ 5:30pm at the Community Hall - The Public is encouraged to attend!

### Mitchell Historical Society

Meets @ 5:30 PM every 2nd Wednesday @ Mitchell City Park - 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!

## REAL ESTATE FOR SALE-MITCHELL

**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

**TL 1309 Lost Coyote Ln** Mitchell, OR - off grid, 41.73 acre lot, build a cabin or use a weekend getaway in your RV or tent, scenic views, good dirt road access - \$75,000 - Coldwell Banker Bain (541)-382-4123

**204 W Main St** Mitchell, OR - Former Sidewalk Cafe, 1,280 sq ft - \$114,500 - Coldwell Banker Sun Country 541-447-4433

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

## Black Butte Auto Repair

Lost Coyote Lane ♦ Mitchell, Oregon



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

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## Thank You for Your Support!

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## 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!

Age 60 +  
\$5.00



Age 59 -  
\$6.00

\*\*\*\*\*ECRWSS\*\*\*\*

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## "Guessing Game"

In the last issue of the Mitchell Sentinel, we asked our readers to Guess what this kitchen item is that's for sale at Judy's Place. Here are some of the answers that were submitted:

1. Angel Food Cake Cutter
2. Angel Food Cake Cutter
3. Bread Slicer
4. Angel Food Cake Cutter

The CORRECT  
Answer is...

Angel Food Cake Cutter

Seems like this kitchen  
item was not as  
"mysterious" as we  
thought!

Thanks to all  
who played our game  
and submitted  
guesses!



Angel Food Cake Cutter  
For sale at Judy's Place  
on Main Street in Mitchell

## Bridge Creek Cafe

Mexican Food is Served  
every Friday Night



Weekly Dinner Specials



218 US Hwy 26 - Mitchell, Oregon

Homemade  
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