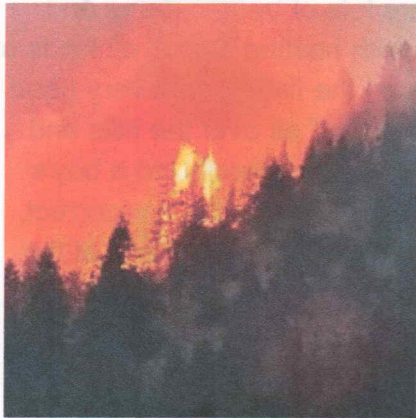


# Mitchell Sentinel

## Fearless, Fair and Free

Mitchell, Wheeler County, Oregon, Wednesday, September 18, 2024, Issue #23

### A Heartfelt Thank You to all of the Firefighters and Support Teams



Shoe Fly Fire, Wheeler County, OR

All of us here in Mitchell, Oregon, thank you for your selfless acts of bravery and service. There will never be enough words to fully express our gratitude. All we can say is thank you for risking your lives to save others.

**Shoe Fly Fire Update 9-11-24 at 1045 hours:** Incident Command, Wheeler County Fire Defense Board Chief, and Wheeler County Emergency Management made a unified decision to remove all evacuation levels involving the Shoe Fly Fire. There will still be visible smoke from the area, and fire suppression patrols will be working in the fire footprint for some time. Again, we thank our community for their help during this fire.

Wheeler County Public Health, Wheeler County Fire & Rescue-Oregon

### Earth Angels in Uniform

So little do we realize the many things they do or how much they affect our lives as each day we go through

Because each time disaster strikes - on them, we can depend to demonstrate their expertise as helping hands they lend.

So graciously they do their jobs with all the help they give and often risk their own lives that someone else might live.

When something tragic happens, you'll always find them there this special group in uniform with which none can compare.

The tragedies they cover are too numerous to tell, like fires, floods, and tornadoes, and small children in a well.

In daylight or in darkness, clear weather or a storm you'll find these Guardian Angels in a Fireman's Uniform.

by Patricia Capansky



## Thank You!

*Thank you! From ALL of Us and Our Entire Community!*

Wheeler County  
Trading Co.

Judy's Place

Tiger Town  
Brewing Co.

Route 26  
Espresso

Little Pine  
Lodge

The Oregon  
Hotel

Cannon's  
Tire Store

Bridge Creek  
Cafe

Little Pine  
Truck Stop

Skyhook  
Motel



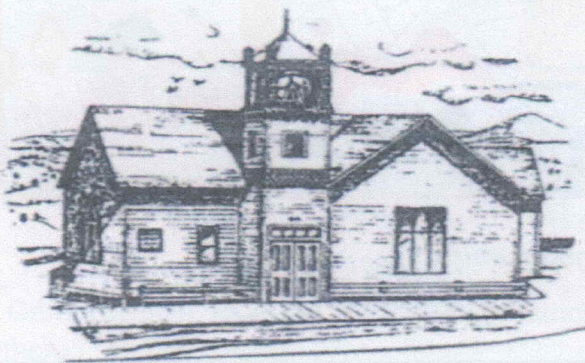
# Letter to the Editor

I am writing to express my appreciation to Dan Cannon for his recent "Mitchell Sentinel" article on the Owens Ranch! It brought back many childhood memories. I knew the ranch as the "Pansy Owens' Place" and lived there during summers, weekends, and holidays. It was during the time when Hudspeths purchased the ranch during the mid-fifties. My grandmother Estella Nicholas Helms Dobbs and my step-grandfather Oscar Dobbs worked at the ranch. My step-uncle Tommy Dobbs also lived there during those years. Granny tended the house, garden, and barnyard livestock, in addition to cooking for large haying crews, shearing crews, and the construction crew that was straightening the creek and building a small dam on the lower part of the ranch. It was a wonderland for a young boy! I stayed with Tommy in the top of the lambing shed and loved to wake up to the sounds of all the barnyard animals. The barn was full of every kind of buggy, surrey, buckboard, and wagon imaginable. At certain times of the year, there were enormous wool sacks that were ever so fun to scramble around on! There was a fully equipped blacksmith shed that had such a variety of tools that I

had no idea what most of them were used for. When I used to play with my trucks in the orchard, I would find oxen shoes in the dirt under the apricot trees where I was building roads. They were in the shape of a large teardrop and had a right and left shoe for each side of the hoof. Tommy and I got in trouble one day when we found a bunch of old pack saddles and promptly put them on some calves to do a little "bull riding." We caught hell from Oscar for messing with the livestock! Before they straightened the creek, I spent a lot of time playing there. There were lots of beaver dams and beavers to watch along with nesting ducks, all kinds of birds and other wildlife and the fishing was very good too! I rode my old horse "Paint" all over the hills and box canyons on the ranch and generally led a boy's "Life of Riley"! If my childhood memories are correct, the ranch hands spent many of the early days at the ranch, towing off the carcasses of dead dairy cattle. It was my understanding that Mrs. Owens was from California and wasn't used to putting up hay for the winter and her cattle had died in a bad winter shortly before Hudspeths purchased the ranch. Dan Cannon may know more about that than I do. In any case I am thankful Dan jogged my memory as it brought back many good ones.

Michael Jay Smith

Mitchell Baptist Church  
209 SE High St. ♦ Mitchell, OR 97750  
(541) 462 3914



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

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

Community Advertisement

## Reply to Michael Jay Smith's Letter to the Editor:

Dear Mike,

I am delighted to have awoken your memories. Tommy Dobbs was a schoolmate two grades ahead of me. To your question of Mrs. Owens losing her cattle, it may have had more to do with the State Highway being realigned. They had to revamp the irrigation system, and that may have interfered with Hay Growing for a few years.

It was nice to receive your letter. If I can keep my memories going, hopefully, I can stimulate your and more folk's memories.

Dan Cannon  
09/11/2024



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## 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!**

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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!



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Community Advertisement

## 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**

ISRAEL matters.



PRAY FOR ISRAEL.

# Mitchell Ambulance Chat

Greetings, Mitchell community! My name is John Hayes, and I proudly serve as an EMT with Mitchell Ambulance. Each month, I'll be sharing insights in the Mitchell Sentinel to keep you informed about our services and what you can expect in terms of care.

My goal is to educate you on various aspects of medical care and offer tips on how you can assist us should the need arise. Please note while I provide information, it's important to consult your doctor for medical advice.

In the coming months, I'll cover a range of topics to empower you and your loved ones with valuable knowledge. Understanding what we need from you and what we can provide during emergency situations is crucial.

Wheeler County has only three ambulance services, all operated by volunteers. Unfortunately, Fossil no longer offers this service due to retirement. There's a pressing need for volunteers county-wide, including drivers and EMTs. We offer a convenient online training course, fully funded by your local agency, which I personally recommend based on my experience.

Becoming an EMT through this course involves approximately six months of self-paced online learning, followed by the NREMT test and Oregon licensure. It's been incredibly fulfilling to be part of this vital service, and I encourage others to consider joining us in this noble endeavor.

Feel free to reach out with any questions or catch me around town. Stay tuned each month for more insights.

Thank you for your support, and here's to a wonderful Mitchell Ambulance Chat ahead!

Best regards,  
John Hayes  
Mitchell Ambulance



## Thirty Years Ago

September 20, 1994, is Mitchell's second day of infamy. This is the day that Phillip Brooks was murdered. Thirty years have passed, and there is still no resolve. Investigations, a \$64,000 reward offer, and prayers have not proved the desired effect. Phillip's mother, father, and sister have since passed. The family is gathering together in heaven. I wrote this poem for Phillip's funeral - Let us Remember.

Dan Cannon  
09/09/2024

### The Visit

This is hard, but with Phillip's help, we will get through it and do it well. The rest of you will have to excuse us because Phill and I are going to visit for a spell.

Do you remember? I think I first started teasing you in the third or fourth grade? Probably about how chunky you were or the silly faces you made.

I would have eased up a little had I known how big you were going to get. You know that's a lie; I ain't never eased up on anyone I ever met.

How ugly your girlfriend was, I said just for fun, jumping to her defense and shouting, "She isn't either!" I didn't even know you had one.

Yes, I remember how hard school was for you, but you got through it with stubbornness and a strong mindset. And it would have been easier had you not made it harder yet!

How about the time you wanted to be called James? Phillip wouldn't cut it anymore. If you were trying to

make the teachers think you were someone else, it didn't work. That's for sure.

That first High School Football game you played in, on the kickoff, you Karate kicked the Kid in the chest. You may not have known the Rules, but you did give him your best.

That Referee nearly tore his pants off getting his penalty Flag out. With that one play you gained notoriety and reputation, you might say football clout.

That year we worked together, I tried to teach you by the mistakes that I had made. Then you went out to prove nothing is learned unless you, yourself, have paid.

Sure, I remember that "scare me" saying it drove me up the wall. You used it in everything you said, as I recall.

How about that time that woman walked right by me? She reached right out and groped you for the whole world to see. (I never did get over that one)

Dean, Danny, James, RJ, and Shelby and you graduated in 1989 - I was your commencement speaker; it was one of my greatest honors in time.

Thank you for the visit, Phill. I feel better now. Everyone is getting hot and tired, so I'd better go. You come on back and visit anytime, my mind and dreams will always be open to you, I want you to know.

Oh! There is one thing you could do for me to help me in my goal, for which I have toiled. You and Dustin tune up those Pearly Gates and keep those hinges oiled.

I could go on like this, maybe for a week or so. But it would serve no purpose when the reality is that I just don't want to let you go.

Goodbye, Phill

## Mitchell High School

### Class of 1989

Left to Right:

Shelby Linker  
Danny Hopper,  
James Spoo,  
Miss Jan Wright  
Phillip Brooks  
Dean Poulson

Photo by Judy Roof





## My Story of the Great Depression

by Mirian Cannon Humphreys' Continues...

### A Little About Monmouth

Monmouth was an old Willamette Valley town and quite conservative at that time. It was "dry," which meant no liquor stores, taverns, or clubs were in the city limits. Independence, the wild town, had a liquor store, some taverns, and an especially scruffy little tavern between Independence and Monmouth. They didn't care if an O.C.E. student had an ID or not. Once in a while, some fellows would buy some cheap beer for a dance at Kenti, which was a dance hall past Independence on the Salem highway. Many Oregon State boys found their way to Kenti as well as finding O.C.E. girl students. Kenti and the haunted mill at Rickreall were off-limits to us, but the rule wasn't enforced as far as I knew.

There were so many more girls than boys at O.C.E. that social life was stilted. The boys were a bit spoiled by too much attention. A couple trying to go steady were constantly in danger of "poaching."

There were several formal dances during the school year. The girls invited boys from other schools in town and from the few O.C.E. boys available, and soon, the girls would cobble together a nice dance. We learned some manners concerning corsages, greeting and thanking the lucky ones, having to chaperone, and being in receiving lines—a stiff business but a part of the college scene and life as well.

The house Dad found for us was a comfortable old-fashioned house. The living room and dining room were connected by sliding double doors. There was a large kitchen with a slanting floor, and it was large enough for our big round table to fit into. One large bedroom was for Mom and the little girls and connected to our one bathroom. The dining room was closed off and became the bedroom for Gin and me. My college girlfriends spent many nights and weekends in that room. Ginny's high school friends did the same. I remember coming home one night and really reeking of beer. Gin said she was going to tell Mom, and I said she wasn't. We almost had a fistfight before I could get here to promise not to tell.

Upstairs were three bedrooms and a kitchen in between. Before we got there, the house had been bachelor quarters for a group of ball players and former students. Then, the house had been two apartments. Interesting to think about the one bathroom arrangement and all those boys. When John invited his new friend Les Buell to come to live with us, and later Les' brother Leonard, the three boys took over the upstairs. It was one busy household with the five of us from the first grade to high school, to college - then the two Buell boys, one in college

and one in high school. Then add to that all of our various friends coming and going.

There were a lot of meals served from that kitchen table, and we always felt free to bring friends home for a meal. There always was enough food, strangely enough. Many times after dances or movies (which were two for 25 cents), we came home for hot chocolate and, with luck, cinnamon buns. It saved the price of restaurant food, and Mom thought it was a good idea. She was right. It was a good, safe place to be.

The wood-burning kitchen range and stove in the living room heated the old house. Heat goes up so the upstairs was comfortable for the boys. When the Buell boys went home for the summer, John went with them to work in the Buell's prune orchard and drier. Gin and I moved upstairs for the summer, and I went to summer school while Gin played tennis every spare minute down on the college courts. An old retired fellow took it upon himself to coach her, and he really knew his business. She became very good. He did his coaching from a bench because he was frail and he also took nothing for it, just the joy of watching her progress.

Dot started first grade at the Grade School Lab. The student teachers got their practice teaching there and at Independence Grade School. She and Elsie were not in awe of the student teachers because they had seen many of them at our house many times. One little incident concerning Dot was about her little girlfriend and a cute little boy about five. The little girls talked the little boy into walking through a mud puddle several times. He did and didn't even seem to mind if they called him "Chubby Guts." He thought it was an honor.

During my first year at Monmouth, a friend of mine, Jackie, was having a lot of grief with her landlady and was at a loss as to what to do. Jackie batched and had very little money for school - just determination. At the term's end, she came to stay at our house until our sophomore year, and then she moved. She found a job at the hotel and could afford more. She and Mom didn't always get along, so it was best, no doubt. We did remain friends, even so.

Another time, our old house had a real invasion and it stretched the old walls to the limit. A student apartment house nearby had a fire, and several apartments burned, and the rest were smoke-filled. My friend Marylee came over and stayed for about a week, and three other girls, including John's girlfriend, also moved over for a few days. The girls' apartments didn't burn, but everything was so smoke-damaged that they couldn't stay in them for a while. Mother wasn't crazy about John's girlfriend being at such close quarters, so she was relieved when the siege was over for that one reason. To add to the problem, three of Mother's half-sisters from Washington arrived unannounced for the weekend. They also

(Cont'd on page 7)



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

had Dora's two little ones with them. There were beds all over the house, on the floor, in the davenport, and even in the hall. Actually, I thought it was fun. Grand Central, to be sure. Having the girls at our house eased the way for the houseparents to make repairs quickly and get back into the business of housing students. That was their only livelihood, so they didn't want to lose their paying guests for good.

Between terms one summer, I went over to Salem and stayed with Alean Courtenier and her mother while we worked in the cannery at Paulus'. Those jobs were hard to get, but Mrs. Courtenier had some pull with the boss, and also he was very interested in the kids who were earning money for college. It was hard work, and my job was to fill in for the women who had nights off so I didn't get so bored. About three am to four were the torture hours. I would get so sleepy and tired I thought, "If I ever finish this job, I will never come back." Teaching seemed pretty desirable at that point. Alean and I got off work an hour earlier than Mrs. Courtenier, and she always said, "To go straight home, girls, and go right to bed. Be asleep when I get there." We never were asleep, but we made a good pretense. It was a kinder gentler time then as we walked home about eight or nine blocks at 4 o'clock in the morning without an incident. Mrs. Courtenier wouldn't charge me anything for staying with them that summer because we had been friends with her family at Four Corners.

At the end of one summer term, I got a job picking up prunes at a local orchard. It was messy, and there were a lot of bees around. At the end of the job, two of the boys rubbed soft prunes all over some of our faces. When I got home that evening, there was a fellow down from Mitchell planning to start school that fall. There I was, looking my worst with prunes all over my face! That fellow, Trevor, was an important figure in my future, but I didn't know that. If he expected to see a smooth, pretty college girl, he must have been disappointed. One day of prune picking, Dot asked if she could go picking, and so she did. She picked all day and earned 25 cents. She went straight to the store and bought a doll for 25 cents. I thought she was really a spendthrift! (She should have saved that 25 cents for college!)

One paying job I turned down without even mentioning it to anyone. A friend asked me if I wanted to be a local artist's model. When I found out what the job description entailed, I said, "No, thank you." It didn't mean just painting a portrait with my clothes. He painted nudes. Also, I never did any waitress work, as Dad didn't want Gin and me to do that. (picky-picky)

One summer during summer school, I got measles. Going for a ride on a motorcycle the day I was coming down with

them didn't help, and I had quite a high fever for several days. The fellow with the motorcycle must have felt responsible because he brought me a milkshake every day while the fever was the highest. I was taking a writing class from Miss Anderson, the Dean of Girls, and she was so nice to let me make up my classes. Since it was summer school, it meant a story every day. The other teachers were very understanding, too, but I had to really buckle down for a week or so to get caught up. Gin and the little girls got the measles, too, so Mom had her work cut out for her while that lasted.

I found the teachers at Monmouth to be very caring and encouraging. One of the Social Studies Instructors was an atheist, and it crept into his teaching every now and then. It really bothered some students a lot, but my advisor, Mr. Christenson, said we should listen to all kinds of views but to make our own decisions as to religion. He was very sensible (he was a good Catholic). Another of his wise sayings was - to work hard, and when it's time to relax and play, forget all about the work for that time. He tried to show us the value of good study habits and organization of our time. I have to say, at that time, it didn't get through to me as well as it should. It took some years of maturity and the necessity to save time to make me fully see what "Christy" was getting at. Christy was very admired by the students and it always amazed and amused me to see him at Morland's Soda Fountain smoking a cigar and playing the slot machine.

My first experience at student teaching was enjoyable, and I was "hooked" on teaching. I taught health to five little fifth graders in a small room off Miss Bonickson's classroom. She was a pleasant, nice lady and was interested in her student teachers' lives as well as the fifth graders. She was very encouraging to me and thought she saw a potential teacher in the making.

I found Miss Arbuthnot, the geography instructor, to be very interesting. She had traveled all over the world and told many fascinating stories in her classes. She made the countries of Europe, which was becoming embroiled in the big conflict, seem much closer and their problems much more real to us.

The one teacher who should have been a real favorite of mine was the art teacher. Mrs. Heath was a widow who enjoyed being a widow all her adult life. She always wore black and was a caustic, sarcastic person who made pets out of the real art students. All one term, I painted the sky on a mural that Al (a real art student) drew on butcher paper. Each person in class had an assigned piece of the mural to paint. Old Al also got the job for one term's credit to paint a large scene in Mr. H's basement. My main fun in class was to accuse old Al of all sorts of hanky panky with Mrs. H. while he was doing the basement. He squirmed a lot but wouldn't

(cont'd on page 14)



## Raymond Ranch Caper

In 1962, the female youth around Mitchell had an active 4-H Club. They cooked, sewed, and had animals. The leaders planned an early spring campout. The Raymond Ranch was the chosen location. This place had a fair house that was inhabited only by the woodrats and an old barn where the bigger rats lived. The leaders and some of the girls stayed in the old house and in the old barn stayed the more adventurous girls. Late Saturday evening, a car stopped at the back gate, which was locked. Four young men got out of the vehicles as if it was planned. Young girls appeared with flashlights in hand. Knowing the route, the girls led the way to the barn, where the young men spent the best part of the night. The coming of dawn saw said car and men retreating from whence they came. Sometime during that night, God blessed the earth with 8 inches of snow. This greatly impeded the traction of said car. God once again came forward and granted a blessed trip back home until the next morning. The word traveled back as soon as the girls returned home. That same word echoed through the canyon that some of the fathers were saddened and irate that their daughters might have been in peril. But the fathers may have been judging by their own actions in their youth. You will notice that no names were mentioned. All of the irate fathers have passed, but those young men are now old men!

Dan Cannon

08/20/24

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**HERSHEY'S SYRUP**

Vintage AD



# Picture Perfect Weather Day for Painted Hills Festival!



Painted Hills Festival Water Trough Races - Labor Day Weekend, Mitchell, Oregon - Photo by Patrick Farrell

The annual Painted Hills Festival Water Trough Races made their way through the heart of Mitchell again this year. With the largest lineup ever, contestants from around Wheeler County vied for the coveted 3rd place award. All manner of cobbled together mechanisms lined up for a group photo at 5:00 in front of Wheeler County Trading Company, the traditional starting line.

Requirements to race were the usual; the mechanism needs to steer, have brakes (of some kind) to stop, possess no other power than gravity for propulsion, and must carry a minimum of 10 gallons of water.

The creative ingenuity of contestants, a staple of the race, was abundant. Mayor Jake Crawford gutted one of his many two-wheeled steeds, replacing the heart of the bike with a large mop bucket for water storage. Liz Lovelock of Mitchell fashioned a side-car hack affair for her bicycle - a first for the races. Several other creative uses of custom-built carts, buckets and troughs graced the starting line making it a most creative and enjoyable field.

A race bracket of sorts was created to help deal with the large field of racers. After several heats, one featuring an astounding crash and emptying of a water trough, the top three racers lined up to race for the winning 3rd place position. Strategies for attaining the

3rd-across-the-line spot emerged. The challenge; start with enough momentum to actually cross the finish line near the Post Office without any assistance (beyond an initial push at the top of the course), but not too much speed to cross before anyone else. All three contestants gently rolled off the line and headed toward the finish with alarmingly slow speeds. The Mitchell High School shop class race vehicle, piloted by Josh, found the sweet spot of slow roll and momentum which carried the craft to the win. In addition to bragging rights, the shop class took home the hand-made trophy, made by local artisan Michael Hoffman, and proudly added the achievement to the trophy cases located in the hallway at the school.

A note about the 3rd place winning position: While unorthodox, the 3rd place finish helps keep the race about the simple absurdity and fun of it all. And, having a slow-to-finish standard also helps keep the speed and potential for injury (or damage to vehicles lining the route), to a minimum. The Coffin Races, Water Trough Races, and Sleigh Races are all about community encouraging community, having fun, and giving an opportunity for creativity and ingenuity for all ages. Thank you for supporting the type of fun we still get to enjoy in our rural communities.

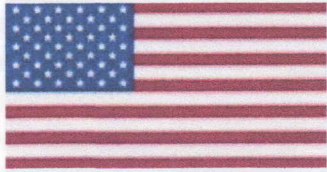
Patrick Farrell



## The Second Amendment

The Second Amendment, adopted on December 15, 1791, as part of the first ten amendments to the United States Constitution (the Bill of Rights), states:

**"A well-regulated militia, being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms, shall not be infringed."**



The Founding Fathers chose these words with great care, intending to leave no ambiguity for future generations. Let's break down the amendment phrase by phrase.

### **"A well-regulated militia..."**

After breaking free from British rule, the Founders were wary of any government that might follow a similar tyrannical path. They knew that disarming citizens, as Britain had attempted, could lead to oppression. The Revolutionary War was won not by professional soldiers but by ordinary male citizens, all of whom were expected to own firearms. James Madison, the primary author of the Constitution, defined a well-regulated militia as a citizen army, not a professional force like the National Guard, that is trained and prepared to defend the country. Militias, like the Minutemen at Concord and Lexington, needed training and unrestricted access to arms in order to be effective.

George Mason, who greatly influenced the Bill of Rights, emphasized that the militia consisted of "the whole people, except for a few public officials."

### **"...being necessary to the security of a free state..."**

The Founders wanted to ensure that the people had the means to resist any encroachment on their freedoms by the federal government. The right to bear arms was seen as vital not only for self-defense but also for rebelling against tyranny. Sir William Blackstone, an English legal scholar, described this right as essential for protecting natural rights like self-defense and resisting oppression.

Thomas Jefferson echoed this sentiment, famously stating that "a little rebellion now and then is a good thing."

### **"...the right of the people to keep and bear arms..."**

Over time, legal debates have surrounded this phrase. In

2008, however, the U.S. Supreme Court clarified its meaning in the landmark case *\*District of Columbia v. Heller\**, ruling that the Second Amendment protects an individual's right to possess and carry firearms.

### **"...shall not be infringed."**

The Constitution does not grant the federal government the power to regulate firearms; instead, the Second Amendment explicitly prohibits any federal interference with the people's right to keep and bear arms. Zacharia Johnson, a delegate to the Virginia Ratifying Convention, declared that "The people are not to be disarmed of their weapons. They are left in full possession of them." This means full, unrestricted possession—without federal oversight.

### **\*\*Conclusion:\*\***

Any federal gun control legislation stands in direct conflict with the Constitution and is essentially unconstitutional.

**\*\*Sources:\*\*** BillOfRightsInstitute.org; Tenth Amendment Center; TheFreeDictionary.com; Virginia Declaration of Rights [1776]; West's Encyclopedia of American Law, 2nd edition (2008); Wikipedia



## **Painted Hills Festival Committee Update**

by Kristi Dennis

We had a fantastic turnout at this year's Painted Hills Festival! The pie auction was a huge success, raising \$1,865. Two standout pies were Fred Carlson's cheesecake and Bree's strawberry rhubarb pie, which sold for an impressive \$225 each.

The event featured 24 vendors and drew a great crowd. Entertainment was lively, and the water trough race was a highlight, with Mitchell School's shop class taking home the trophy—a new addition this year, beautifully crafted by Michael Hoffman.

The Country Store was stocked with an incredible variety of baked goods from the community, and we nearly sold out, with just a few items left at the end.

Thank you to everyone who contributed and helped make the event such a success!



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- ANY MEAT - OK
- CHILI WITH BEANS - OK
- ALL CHILI MUST HAVE AT LEAST ONE RED CHILE PEPPER OR ONE GREEN CHILI PEPPER
- ALL CHILI ENTRIES MUST BE NAMED
- ALL CHILI ENTRIES MUST SPECIFY RED CHILE PEPPER OR GREEN CHILE PEPPER
- ALL CHILI ENTRIES MUST BE LABELED WITH LEVEL OF HEAT (MILD, MEDIUM, HOT)
- CHILI MUST BE BROUGHT IN A CROCK POT AT 5:45 PM ON THE DAY OF CONTEST
- CHILI MUST BE THOROUGHLY HEATED AND READY TO SERVE AT 5:45 PM

**CHILI COOK-OFF  
BEGINS AT 6:00 PM**

**WINNERS WILL BE  
ANNOUNCED AT 7:30 PM**



Chili Cook-Off Kits are \$7 each (Kids 9 and under free)  
All Kits include a Voting Ballot, All you can eat Chili,  
Chili Fixins, Cornbread, Drink, Dessert

CHILI COOK-OFF is sponsored by the Mitchell Grinch Busters. All proceeds benefit the Mitchell Grinch Busters and Mitchell Sentinel



# FIRE T-Shirts



[wildfire-tees.printify.me/products](https://wildfire-tees.printify.me/products)



# Get your COFFINS ready!

## Halloween Neighborhood Night

### Coffin Races

Thursday, October 31, 2024

**FREE to enter**

**Prizes Awarded for Most Spooktacular Coffin  
and Fastest Race Time**



#### Coffin Building Specifications

#### ALL COFFINS MUST BE:



**ABLE TO STEER**



**ABLE TO BRAKE**



**GRAVITY FED  
(push-powered)**

**For more information:**

**Contact Dajuana Dodd (541)462-3532  
or Pat Farrell [contact@spokenhostel.org](mailto:contact@spokenhostel.org)**





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

commit himself. What should have been lots of fun learning about art was hardly that. I really liked anything to do with art and liked teaching what little I dug out by myself to my little students for 23 years.

When we first started Oregon Normal, a name change was being considered. While we were there, the school became Oregon College of Education and became a three-year school. This meant one year longer than we had planned on. By going to school during the summers, I was able to graduate in January. It was a really bad time to find a teaching job.

In 1939, the Great Depression was easing off. President Roosevelt was credited with creating the C.C.C. (Civilian Conservation Corps), which had put about 2 ½ million young fellows to work, earning about \$30.00 per month plus their room and food. The C.C.C. was patterned after the Army in ways. It taught them discipline and a sense of doing something worthwhile, and mainly, it got them off the streets and employed. They planted trees, built campgrounds and parks, and restored historical places and old battlefields. C.C.C. and W.P.A. workers did much of the work on the new Timberline Lodge.

The Works Progress Administration (WPA) hired the unemployed to build much-needed roads, ports, bridges, schools, government offices, city halls, and sewage disposal plants. The benefits of these endeavors are still felt today. Many of the trails and parks built by the W.P.A. in Oregon's timberlands can still be seen.

One teacher that I knew at Portland's Sabin school said he was sent to Oregon to work in the C.C.C. He credited the C's with literally saving his life. He was barely existing in a big city, had no money or a job, and no prospects of any. He was quickly drifting into a life of crime, but since he wasn't a successful crook, he knew his lifespan was limited. From the C's, he went into the military, later went to college on the GI Bill, and then became a teacher. He was a fine teacher and a good man. He also studied and became a minister as well.

The "winds of war" in Europe were quickly blowing into gale force, and people all over the U.S. were getting very uneasy. On the West Coast, another threat was bothering us. Japan's aggression in the Orient made us uneasy that our coastline was next.

On the local level, the Oregon National Guard at Dallas was beginning to recruit young fellows for Monday night drills. A recruiter from Dallas came over to the OCE campus and signed up a group of our friends. John, Les, Leonard, Trevor, Ray Williamson, and more decided it wasn't a bad idea; after all, they made \$1 for each drill night.

In the fall of 1940, it was becoming more evident that our

country was in danger of war. The National Guard was called up to go to Camp Murray in Washington for a year. They would become "real" soldiers. Fellows came to Dallas from all around the Monmouth, Pee Dee, Perrydale, and the Dallas countryside to get ready to go and get organized for war.

The new soldiers were just kids in many ways. Some were straight off the farm, and many had never been away from home before. For some, the most exciting thing in their lives was to go to Kenti on Saturday night, chase down some girls, and "hang out" with the local fellows. Some had graduated from high school, and some had not. Most had held down a job or part-time job. All knew how to work hard, and all had felt the weight of the Depression throughout their short lives.

Anyone engaged to a girl got "war fever" and started thinking about immediate marriage. It may have been an urge toward some kind of stability to hang on to. The older fellows in the company became more than Sergeants and Lieutenants. They became the papas to a whole lot of teenagers getting trained for war. The Dallas Company had a lot of good, caring, protective, and strong young men ready to give their all if necessary. They didn't suddenly become angels by signing Uncle Sam's dotted line, but they became the best anyone could ask for to protect and fight for our country and us.

All the home folks who were related to "L" Company in any way were very supportive. They sent reams of letters and baked constantly to send goodies to the soldiers at Camp Murray, which was later called Swamp Murray because of the rain, mud, and other miserable conditions. Company L lived in tents that first winter because the new barracks had yet to be built. The whole country was terribly unprepared for war. The President kept hoping we wouldn't have to get into Europe's mess. It was not to be.

Mom started her scrapbook of any newspaper articles concerning Company L. She kept it going throughout John's wartime experiences, even after we found out that his company was in the South Pacific for the duration of the U.S.-Japanese War. Any information she found went into the scrapbook, and it ended up being one fat book. This scrapbook was a big help to John when he wrote his own war story. This was many years later, when he was in his 80s.

I remember going to a dance at the Armory in Dallas with a group from Monmouth. It was a sobering, strange time for teenagers and guaranteed to make one grow up fast, to even think of war. The next day was the last one at home for John, Les, and Leonard as civilians for a long time. Several of their Monmouth friends, also going to Camp Murray, stopped by that day, too. It seemed so quiet when they all left. Just us girls were left at home. Mother was very shook up about her only son going off to the army.

(cont'd on page 15)



(My Story of the Great Depression - cont'd from page 14)

The College was very fair to the fellows leaving for camp. Since they couldn't finish the term and graduate, they were allowed to graduate anyway. The talk down at the "Shack" and Morlans was about war and what all the countries involved should do.

I had to finish the Fall Term, and then I would be graduating in January. Marylee, Ruby, and I had become good friends, and I graduated before they did. Marylee stayed out each fall to work in her father's apple packing plant in the Hood River valley. Ruby started O.C.E. after I did, so they were behind me. I was glad to graduate and hunted the placement service, but jobs were few and far between in teaching. One job finally came up in Grant County in Eastern Oregon, and I decided to take it.

Our family moved back to Salem one more time. Since all the boys were gone, there were no men to help Dad carry boxes and load the truck. I went downtown and found a couple of high school kids I knew to come help us. One of the boys found a bottle of Creme-de Menthe flavoring in the woodshed. The two boys would take a good swallow each time they passed through carrying boxes to the truck. They each got quite a "buzz on" until they realized there was no liquor in the bottle. Anyway, Dad was grateful for their help. Their antics were quite funny. It wasn't long until one of the boys was in the military and heading for the South Pacific.

We were moving back to the Four Corners area again to a house that later on would be only a few blocks from the new I-5 freeway and across the street from the new Lancaster Mall, which wasn't even on the drawing board then.

Wartime and war jobs were having one positive effect on employment. Hard times were slacking up. In my case, the Depression was over - I had a job! My job paid \$87.50 per month, and I lived on \$20 per month with room and board. Since I didn't have other expenses like a car and so on, I saved money that year.

Before I left on the bus for Eastern Oregon, Dad and I went to the bank, and he showed me how to borrow \$75.00, get a checkbook, and plan my monthly payments. He said I needed the money to "run on." It seemed strange to me, as I had not "run on" money for so long. My first check was very exciting to me, and I still couldn't spend it easily. The frugal habits were so very strong, as they were for many people who grew up in the Great Depression. It was a great feeling to actually have money in the bank!

I had an actual money-paying job! Depression? What Depression! ■

The End.

## Hugh Reed

11/23/38 - 7/28/24

The only thing taller than Hugh Reed was the yarns and tales he spun.

He took story-telling to an art form and then semi-convinced you they were things he had really done!

His tales started out as fact. The more he repeated them, the more they stretched.

If he had ever put them in a book, No telling how much money they would have fetched.

For Hugh to accomplish anything, it had to be done the Hugh Reed way.

Not necessarily the right or easiest, no matter if it took the better part of the day.

When Hugh settled on Black Butte, he settled on a platform in a Juniper tree.

Hugh discovered if he wanted female companionship, living up a tree was not to be.

I heard a tale that Hugh got lucky. The first morning, she rolled out of bed until she hit the ground.

Hugh may have told that story himself; that's how his stories sometimes got around.

Hugh liked people but loved animals - that's how he acquired Henry the Bear.

A school no longer wanted him, so Hugh rescued him from there.

Henry had a new cage, fresh fruit, and all the flap jacks he could eat.

Henry thought he was in Bear Heaven. He sure had his old life beat!

Hugh was a legend in his own mind, and now he is etched in our minds.

For a big man, his heart was even bigger; he helped all in need because he was that kind!

In life, Hugh played it out until the very end.

Another thing etched in my mind, I honorably state Hugh Reed was my friend.

Dan Cannon

8/27/24



## MITCHELL HISTORICAL SOCIETY Update

Exciting news from the Mitchell Historical Society and Museum! During our August meeting, we geared up for The Painted Hills Festival, which was fast approaching. Our primary focus was boosting raffle ticket sales and sprucing up the museum, particularly the exterior. Despite the scorching August 21st heat, our dedicated team of Nancy, Kerri, Brandi, and myself (Terry) rolled up our sleeves and got the job done.

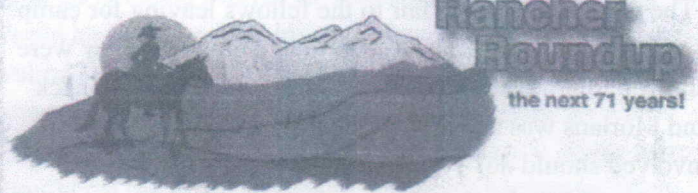
During the cleanup, a remarkable discovery surfaced at the entrance: an imprint in the sidewalk reads, '1918 Mitchell State Bank'. Preserving this historical artifact when the new sidewalk is laid became our top priority. We welcome any suggestions!

Unfortunately, it was too late to secure a booth space, but thanks to Kristi's assistance, we set up our information table under a shady tree near the park entrance. Here, we engaged with both locals and visitors, passionately sharing our mission to preserve Mitchell's rich history through our museum, which is in need of substantial repairs and care.

Despite the sweltering 90-degree weather, we received overwhelming support from generous donors who contributed homemade jewelry, apparel, gift certificates, leather goods, and even an electric multi-use saw to support our raffle. Your contributions are deeply appreciated. The raffle raised over \$700.00! Thanks to everyone!

Special thanks to The Mitchell Sentinel for featuring our monthly meetings, which attracted contractors interested in helping restore the museum's exterior and interior.

Thank you,  
Teresa Riley



### IN CASE YOU DIDN'T KNOW!

A nation that cannot control its borders is not a nation.

*Ronald Reagan*

Government is not a solution to our problem, government is the problem. ... Government does not solve problems; it subsidizes them. Government's view of the economy could be summed up in a few short phrases: If it moves, tax it. If it keeps moving, regulate it. If it stops moving, subsidize it. ... The problem is not that people are taxed too little, the problem is that government spends too much.

*Ronald Reagan*

Freedom is never more than one generation away from extinction. We didn't pass it to our children in the bloodstream. It must be fought for, protected, and handed on for them to do the same.

*Ronald Reagan*

We must never remain silent in the face of bigotry. We must condemn those who seek to divide us. In all quarters and at all times, we must teach tolerance and denounce racism, anti-Semitism and all ethnic or religious bigotry wherever they exist as unacceptable evils. We have no place for haters in America -- none, whatsoever.

*Ronald Reagan*

The greatest leader is not necessarily the one who does the greatest things. He is the one that gets the people to do the greatest things.

*Ronald Reagan*

It's not that liberals aren't smart, it's just that so much of what they know isn't so.

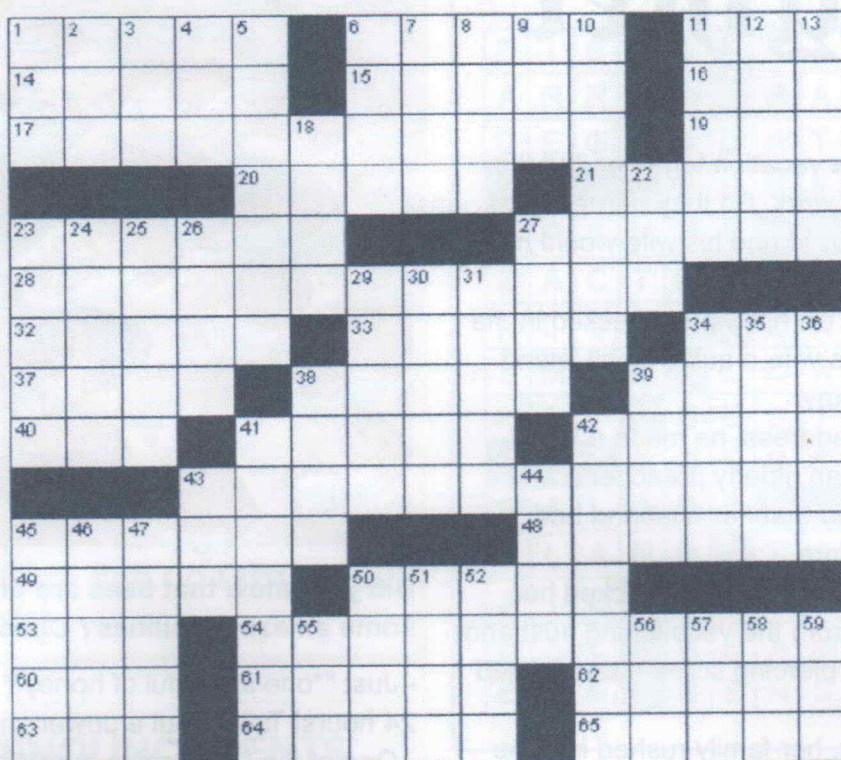
*Ronald Reagan*

*Scott*

SOURCE: Central Oregon Rancher, June 2024



# Crossword no.23



© PDFcrosswords.com

## ACROSS

1. Calorie-reducing plans
6. Oleoresin
11. South southeast
14. Shot from a bow
15. A radioactive gaseous element
16. An expression of surprise
17. Changing to a lower state
19. Thick bituminous liquid
20. Readjust
21. Pastoral or bucolic
23. Accept without proof
27. Traps
28. Study of germs
32. Not silently
33. Beats thoroughly in a competition
34. Clawed foot of an animal
37. Dirty air
38. Amounts lent
39. Traditional Indian music
40. Strike
41. 4th letter of the Greek alphabet
42. They make reefs
43. Resistant to change
45. Dishes of greens and tomatoes
48. Expunges
49. A loud resonating noise
50. Wounds
53. Help
54. Ardent supporters
60. Friend
61. Quantities of paper
62. Weeps
63. East southeast
64. Feel
65. Purity of gold

## DOWN

1. Father
2. Anger
3. Unit of energy
4. A prominent rock
5. Teemed
6. Historical periods
7. Tardy
8. Assemble or modify written material
9. Cow sound
10. 9 in a baseball game
11. A forest god
12. A sedimentary rock made of clay
13. Anagram of "Laser"
18. Bambi was one
22. 24 hour period
23. Cause to be embarrassed
24. A ragout
25. Move very quickly
26. Sun god (Sumerian mythology)
27. Weeps convulsively
29. False gods
30. Give a speech
31. Pertaining to the moon
34. City in France
35. American aloe
36. Part of the United Kingdom
38. Focussing glass
39. Anagram of "Taro"
41. Baseball team in Los Angeles
42. Motion sickness
43. Be able to
44. V V V V
45. Erect leafless flower stalk
46. Secret identity
47. Spoon-shaped vessel with a long handle
50. Comedian \_\_\_\_ Laurel
51. Unit of electrical resistance
52. Ploy
55. Born
56. Genus of macaws
57. Term of address for a man
58. Earl Grey or orange pekoe, for example
59. Supersonic transport

The Crossword Puzzle Solution can be found on page 19.



# Laughter

## Preacher's Wife

A couple were going on a vacation together, but the wife had an emergency at work. So they agreed the husband would go as planned and his wife would meet him at the hotel the next day.

When the husband got to his hotel and checked in, he thought he should send his wife a quick email letting her know he'd got there okay.

As he typed in her email address, he made a typo, and his email was sent to an elderly preacher's wife instead. It just so happened that *her* husband had sadly died just the day before.

When the grieving old preacher's wife checked her emails, she read the one from the vacationing husband and let out an awful, loud, piercing scream and fainted on the floor.

At the sound of her falling, her family rushed into the room. They tended to her and then looked at her computer and saw this email on her screen:

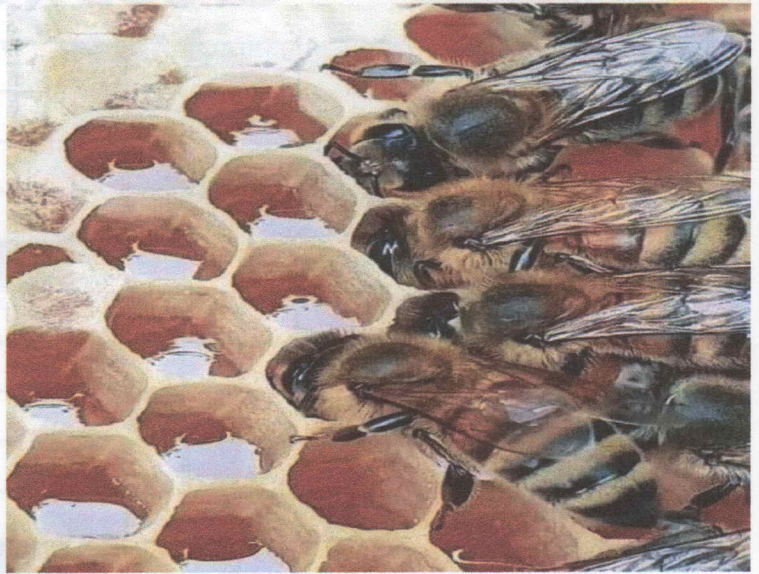
*Dearest Wife,*

*Just checked in to my room. Everything is prepared for your arrival tomorrow.*

*P.S. It sure is hot down here.*



Source: LaffGaff

## **\*\*Buzzing Fun Facts About Bees!\*\***



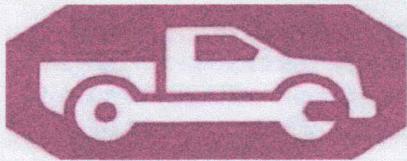
**Did you know that bees are tiny superheroes with some amazing abilities? Check these out:**

- Just **\*\*one spoonful of honey\*\*** can keep you alive for 24 hours! Talk about a power snack!
- One of the **\*\*first coins ever\*\*** had a bee symbol on it—bees were valuable even back then!
- Honey is packed with **\*\*live enzymes\*\***, but here's a fun fact: using a **\*\*metal spoon\*\*** kills them! The best way to eat honey is with a **\*\*wooden spoon\*\***, or you can use a plastic one if you're in a pinch.
- Honey isn't just sweet—it contains a special ingredient that helps your **\*\*brain stay sharp\*\***!
- Honey is one of the few foods that can **\*\*sustain human life all by itself\*\***—no wonder it's called liquid gold!
- Bees literally **\*\*saved lives\*\*** in Africa by helping people survive starvation. These little buzzers are lifesavers!
- Propolis, a product bees make, is one of nature's most powerful **\*\*antibiotics\*\***. Thanks, bees!
- Honey doesn't **\*\*expire\*\***—it's as timeless as a superhero cape!
- The bodies of some of the world's greatest **\*\*emperors\*\*** were buried with honey\*\* to keep them from decaying. Even in death, honey has a job!
- Ever wonder where the word **\*\*"honeymoon"\*\*\*** comes from? Newlyweds used to eat honey after their wedding to boost fertility. Sweet, right?
- A bee's life may only last **\*\*40 days\*\***, but in that time she visits **\*\*1,000 flowers\*\*** and makes less than a teaspoon of honey. For her, that's a **\*\*lifetime of work\*\***. Talk about dedication!

So next time you see a bee buzzing by, give her a thank you!  

## Black Butte Auto Repair

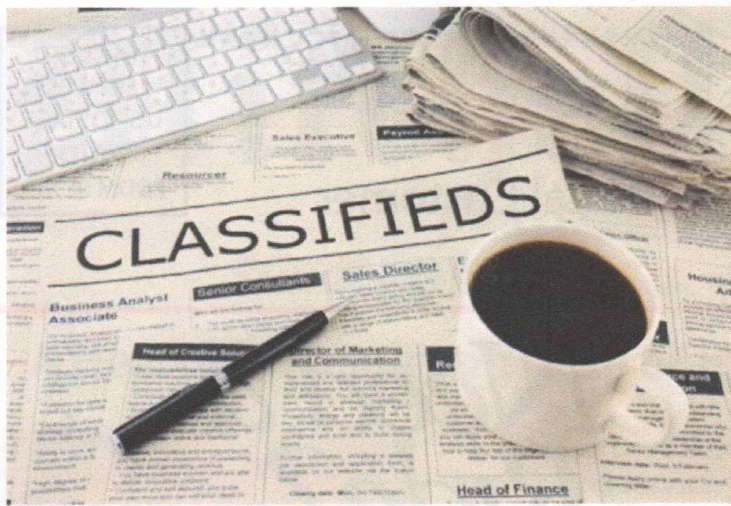
Lost Coyote Lane ♦ Mitchell, Oregon



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

Paid Advertisement





**FOR SALE: CHEST FREEZER**, 3.5 cu ft (the small one from Bi-Mart) 3 yrs old, clean, energy-efficient, \$75.00 **OBO** - call Linda (541)462-3183

## COMMUNITY ANNOUNCEMENTS

### THANK YOU

#### FIREFIGHTERS AND SUPPORT TEAMS!

**HELP WANTED: Sub Bus Driver** - Mitchell School District - Part Time - \$15.82 - \$22.47 / Hourly  
Contact: Janell Francisco, Principal @ Mitchell School (541)-462-3311

**HELP WANTED: Classroom Aide** - Mitchell School District - Full Time - (Monday-Thursday 8hrs a day) \$20.09 - \$28.52 / Hourly - Contact: Janell Francisco, Principal @ Mitchell School (541)-462-3311

#### Mitchell Historical Society

Meets @ 5:30 PM every 2nd Wednesday  
@ Mitchell City Park - Please Join Us!  
For more info, call Terry Riley at (541)390-2044

#### Senior Friday Lunch

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

#### Mitchell City Council

Meets every third Tuesday at 5:30 p.m. at the Community Hall. The Public is encouraged to attend!

## Solution

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

## 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

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

**215 Highway 26** Mitchell, OR - 3 bed, 1 bath, 1,545 sq ft, 1.21acre lot, 1 car garage, built in 1910, located within city limits - \$329,000 - (541) 447-7502

**16240 Lost Coyote Ln** Mitchell, OR - 1 bed, 2 bath, 1,440 sq ft, 203.6acre lot - \$435,000 - (541)-749-0402





## Thank You for Your Support!

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



## 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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# Need a Ride?



## Do you Need a Ride to the Fossil FOOD PANTRY?

I can accommodate up to 3 people (with bags and a cooler). The Fossil Food Pantry is usually open on the third Tuesday of every month. Just let me know by the second Friday of the month—it's first come, first served.

No smoking in vehicle.

Leave message for Cathi Cook at (458) 600-8496.

Community Advertisement

## Remembering Patricia Louise Carr

On September 15, 1950, two-year-old Patricia (Patsy) Louise Carr tragically lost her life at the hands of her mother in Mitchell, Oregon. Patsy lived in Mitchell with her parents and two younger brothers. Their home was located near Bridge Creek, right about where the northwest corner of Mitchell City Park is now. The house was destroyed during the flood of 1956. In less than two years, Patsy's mother, Juanita Louise Carr, took the lives of all three of her children. The first tragedy occurred on January 15, 1949, when Louise fatally threw her infant son, Donald, to the floor after feeding him. On June 27, 1950, she smothered three-month-old Gary in his crib.

The final heartbreak happened on September 15, 1950, when Louise smothered her daughter Patsy. Patsy was born on October 11, 1947. She and her brothers are buried at Juniper Haven Cemetery in Prineville, Crook County, Oregon. May their memories be forever cherished.