

Mitchell Sentinel

Fearless, Fair and Free

Mitchell, Wheeler County, Oregon, Wednesday, November 20, 2024, Issue #25

Mitchell Grinch Busters Host Successful Chili Cook-Off Fundraiser on Halloween Neighborhood Night

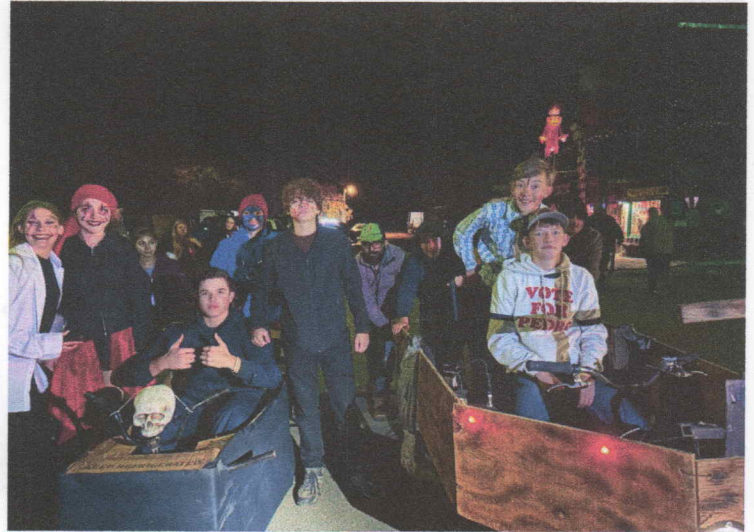
Mitchell, OR – The Mitchell Grinch Busters Annual Chili Cook-Off Fundraiser was a wonderful success on Halloween Neighborhood Night, with our community coming together to raise \$682.00 for the Mitchell Sentinel and holiday decorations, thanks to the sale of 69 tickets and \$199.00 in generous donations. To everyone who attended, supported, and contributed to this family event, THANK YOU! And to the nine talented chefs who brought their best pots of chili for the cook-off, we couldn't have done it without you! The evening was, no doubt, a night to remember.

The Chili Cook-Off winners were:

- ****Grand Champion****: Brittany Dye with her "'Bull' of Chili," a hearty elk chili
- ****Second Place****: Dan and Mary Cannon's "Cannon's Cajun Chili," featuring large shrimp and crabmeat
- ****Third Place****: Cathi Cook's "Three," a hearty three-meat chili

In addition to the delicious chili, the night was filled with festive activities all along Main Street. Dennis and Summer Lewchuk produced and directed the Haunted House on the upper level of the Little Pine Lodge, which thrilled visitors with its spooky ambiance. Meanwhile, Tiger Town hosted a Costume Contest and a "Dip Your Own Caramel Apple" station at the direction of Katie Franklin, bringing excitement to all ages. At Judy's Place, Sam Salvage took home \$10.00 for his close guess in the "How-Many-Candy-Corn" jar. Judy also held a coloring contest: Lilly Warren (preschool) won a basket full of goodies, Jaelynn Guthrie (K-2) and Gimena Valencia-Hernandez (3-6) each won \$10.00. Judy also celebrated local creativity with a "Spooky Story" contest. Read all of the Spooky Stories submitted starting on

page 5. Pomp Latshaw's eerie tale, "Moving Statue Park," won first place and \$10.00 and kept the audience on the edge of their seats. And as usual, the Coffin Races were spooktacular!



The funds raised from this year's Chili Cook-Off will support the Mitchell Sentinel and help the Mitchell Grinch Busters create a magical Christmas on Main Street. Thank you, Mitchell, for making this fundraiser a success and for bringing joy and community spirit to Halloween Neighborhood Night! ■



Photos Courtesy of Emily Gazin

Mitchell Ambulance Chat

Hello everyone and welcome to the November edition of the chat!! This month I would like to give you some tips on how you can help us to better help you should you need us. There are important things we need to know about you in order to take care of you and the more information we have about you and any health issues you may be facing the better we can tailor our care to address your needs.

We need to know what medications you're currently taking and at what dosage. We need to know if you have an advanced directive, like a living will outlining your wishes, or if you have a DNR, which stands for Do Not Resuscitate. Another form that's in use is called a POLST, which stands for Physician Orders for Life-Sustaining Treatment. The POLST allows you to specify what treatments you want in the event of a serious illness. We will always provide comfort measures in these situations, but the POLST lets you customize your care to your wishes should you not be able to communicate. The state of Oregon maintains a POLST registry that we can contact to check if you have a POLST on file should we not be able to locate it. POLST and DNR's are both required to have you and your physician's signature and be dated to be valid.

Write down any current and past health conditions you have. A condition from your past history could be affecting you in the present. Knowledge of your previous health history is a huge asset to us in diagnosing what's currently happening with you.

An emergency contact list should also be included so we can inform your loved ones of your condition and where we're taking you. We are required to take you to the nearest facility where higher-level care can be administered, St. Charles in Prineville. Should you need more care, they will most likely send you to St. Charles in Bend from there. If you go in a medical helicopter, you will go straight to Bend. We can inform your loved ones about your destination if you have provided us with their contact numbers.

We will look on the refrigerator door, the kitchen table, or on a table next to your chair or bed for these items. Please make your list and place it in one of these locations

for us to find. The information you share with us before a sudden illness strikes can result in a better outcome for you!!

Have a safe and happy month!!!

John A. Hayes,
Mitchell Ambulance

**Do you want to make a big
impact on the quality of life in
Wheeler County?
Volunteer for your local
ambulance service.**

Rewarding ~ Substantial ~ Vital

Your local emergency medical services,

Fossil Ambulance, Spray Ambulance, and Mitchell Ambulance all operate with volunteers serving their communities. But overall, the crew-roster numbers have been dropping over the last few years and now -across the County- rosters are at a critically low level. It is not an overstatement to say- if new responders don't join our ranks, its possible one or any of our communities could lose local emergency ambulance response in the future.



Alternative options for EMS Training: EMR & EMT

There are new ways to acquire EMS training, (Emergency Medical Responder and Emergency Medical Technician) ~ NOW includes self-paced and online options. Drivers are 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!**



Contact your local agency to learn more!

Fossil Volunteer Ambulance	Spray Volunteer Ambulance	Mitchell Volunteer Ambulance
541-763-2698	541-468-2086	541-462-3043

**A huge thank you to our
current responders -
We appreciate your dedication!**

Marvin Leroy Halstead

April 27, 1933 ~ October 6, 2024 (age 91)

Marvin Halstead Obituary

Marvin Leroy Halstead, a beloved husband, father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, passed away peacefully on October 6, 2024, at St. Charles Hospital in Bend, Oregon. Marvin was born on April 27, 1933, in Primrose, Nebraska, to Lester and Marceline Halstead. Marvin grew up in Hermiston, Oregon.

Marvin proudly served his country as a private in the 1st Cavalry of the Army. After his military service, he dedicated 30 years of his career to the Highway Department of Oregon as a grader operator. Marvin and Phyllis made their home in Mitchell, Oregon, where they lived for the last 55 years.

Marvin is survived by his devoted wife of 70 years, Phyllis Halstead; his children, Robert Halstead and Cheri and Bob Cook; and his grandchildren, Brian and Lovelyn Halstead, Bobbie and Wayne Thomasson, and Brandie and Larry McNamee. He also leaves behind nine cherished great-grandchildren: Analise and Kaden Thomasson, Addie, Avery, and Alex McNamee, and Johnathan, Josephina, Johanna, and Jocelyn Halstead. Marvin will join his deceased daughter, Michelle Rene.

Marvin had a passion for hunting, rock hounding, and farming, activities that brought him great joy throughout his life.

A memorial service to celebrate Marvin's life will be held on October 26, 2024, at 11 am at the Baptist Church in Mitchell, Oregon.

Marvin will be deeply missed by all who knew and loved him.

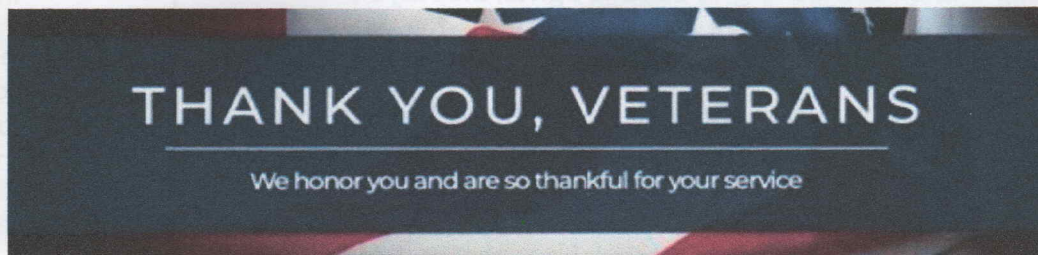
Marvin Halstead's funeral was Saturday, the 25th of October. Rev Naas called to tell me he was ill and worried about someone digging the grave. I reassured him I would take care of it. Marvin was cremated so the hole would not have to be too big. It was almost time to start the service when Marvin's son, Bob, asked me why the hole wasn't dug? I informed him that it was a tradition that the firstborn son had the honor to dig the hole, and the shovel was in the back of my truck. He then asked, "What if it was hard to dig?" I simply replied, "Move the hole." I told you, Rev, I would handle it.

P.S. Had I seen Brian, Bob's son, first, I would have changed the tradition to the firstborn grandson!

P.S.S. I did cover the hole later. The tradition has been established and will be strictly followed unless the decedent had daughters.

Marvin Halstead bailed out for the final time when he jumped for the Lord on Sunday, the sixth of October, two thousand and twenty-four. This marked the first time he parachuted since he was discharged from the U.S. Army Airborne

Dan Cannon
October 2024



Sutton's Mountain

Al Sutton lived in the Dalles in 1858. Every day, he would notice freight wagons leave destined for central and eastern Oregon. Gold was discovered in Canyon City in 1862. The leaving wagons doubled, then tripled. Sutton noticed the wagons were also coming back loaded. They were heaped with gold ore, wool, wheat, and other crops. Thinking there was money to be made there, Sutton relocated to the lower Bridge Creek area in 1865. He put to use the knowledge he had learned in England in the agriculture field to start a ranch.


Sutton chose to live on Bridge Creek. The water flowed year-round parallel to the mountain that carries his name today. He had noticed that the soil was richer along the stream that covered the soil from the alluvial and fluvial flow off the rocky ridges. The soil was just deep enough to grow a good crop of hay and other feed. The stream was semi-contained to irrigate the crops and water the livestock. Sutton's hard work started to pay off. He

bought sheep and soon had over three bands. His success brought more opportunities. He purchased another ranch on Roe Creek. Sutton had always claimed the mountain that paralleled his ranch as his mountain. He now owned land on both sides, and it is still Sutton's mountain today.

Sutton had a claim to fame as being the first postmaster in the area.

Sutton lost out on another claim. In 1892, R.W. Donnelly petitioned the state to form a new county out of parts of Crook and Grant. This failed and was reintroduced in 1895. This was to be Sutton County to honor the early pioneer. This petition also failed and was put up again in 1899, which eventually was passed. Because of the failed action, Sutton's name was withdrawn and replaced by another early pioneer, H. H. Wheeler.

Dan Cannon
11/04/2024




County-wide
cash award
competition

Holiday Light Festival Details

Wheeler County Fairgrounds

Prizes: 1st - \$150, 2nd - \$100, 3rd - \$50

- FREE** to set up a display and to view
- Set up lights/display by end of day on Tuesday, December 10th
- Self guided viewing December 13th-29th from 5-8 pm
- Bring all your own equipment - (LABEL timers, ext cords, power strips)
 - LED lights
 - Heavy duty electrical cord
 - Power strip or outdoor splitter
 - Timer - **required** (set for 5 to 8:30 pm or 4 hour setting)
 - Waterproof sign w/name of business/group that can be placed in a visible location in front (or to side) of display.
- Helpful hints:
 - Secure everything!
 - Bring Zip ties or something to secure lights/displays t
 - Use stakes or weights to keep things secure (it can get really windy)
- Small pine trees will be provided to "fill in" as needed



Timer recommendation -
these work better than the
light sensor ones

What is the Holiday Light Festival?

There are two components to the Festival.

- 1) a self-guided, drive thru display of holiday lights that businesses, organizations, individuals set up.
- 2) an evening filled with games, crafts, Santa that kicks off the light display.

The history behind the event: In 2020, the holidays seemed so dreary that the light display idea was born to add some holiday cheer. The evening event was added in 2021.

Everyone is welcome to set up a display and/or participate in the kick off event either with a table or as our guest.

Contact Miesha or Amy at the Wheeler County Extension Office with questions or to register: 541-763-4115

Community Advertisement

SPOOKY STORIES

The following original "Spooky Stories" were written and submitted by students at Mitchell School for the Halloween Neighborhood Night Contest sponsored by Judy Boehlke of Judy's Place.



The following six stories all received Honorable Mentions. Congratulations to all entrants!

The Cornfield of Souls

By: Charlie Ryno

Dylan and Eric were driving down the road on their way to their dads for Halloween. Dylan, who was 17 and driving, was talking to Eric, who was 12, about school. Eric had beautiful, sweet blue eyes. After a while, Eric fell asleep, and since it was late, Dylan got drowsy. Dylan noticed he had 18 miles to the gas station since his tank was low. As Dylan got tired, he took a wrong turn and started driving into the middle of nowhere.

As he was driving he looked into a cornfield he was driving by. He noticed eyes looking into him and felt the back of his hair stand up. As he drove on there were more eyes in the cornfield looking into him. Dylan saw a shack by the cornfield that looked very old but since he was low on gas he said he would give it a try. As he pulled up he saw a strange looking man run into the cornfield. Dylan told Eric to stay in the car as he walked up to the shack and knocked on the door. As he did this little man whispered for Dylan to hide in the house. Dylan was suspicious but thought it was for the better. As he walked into the house the little man was trying to tell Dylan about getting out of here as fast as you can before something happens in the cornfield. Just as Dylan was about to run a man covered in blood slammed open the door and stood there as Dylan ran away. Dylan jumped into the car as the man covered in blood laughed as hard as he could. Dylan looked into the cornfield and saw those sweet blue eyes of Eric staring into him, he whipped his head around to see if Eric was in the car but there in front of his eyes was an empty seat with no Eric. ■

The woods...

By Lilly P.

(10/17/24)

One day Carl and Eddy were going on a camping trip, and they were having the best time of their life. They went swimming and hiking and were telling jokes. It became late and the current time was 8:00 and they decided to tell scary stories and Eddy asked Carl if he had heard about the "Woods." Carl shook his head no, so Eddy did. Eddy told Carl



Moving Statue Park

By Pomp Latshaw

THE BELL RINGS TO GET OUT OF SCHOOL. "COME ON COOPER, LET'S GET ALL THESE HOUSES BEFORE ANYONE ELSE." SAID ELI, ELI IS COOPER'S BEST FRIEND AND COOPER IS ELI'S BEST FRIEND. TODAY WAS HALLOWEEN, AND THEY HAD EVERY STEP PLANNED FOR TONIGHT. AS SOON AS THEY GOT TO ELI'S HOUSE THEY WENT TRICK OR TREATING. "BE BACK BY NINE!" SAID ELI'S MOM AS THEY WERE GOING OUT THE DOOR. BY 8:00 THEY HAD GOTTEN TO THE CITY CEMETERY. DEREK (THEIR CLASSMATE) WAS STANDING AT THE ENTRANCE. "I WILL PAY YOU TEN BUCKS IF BOTH OF YOU WALK THROUGH THERE". WITHOUT THINKING COOPER PULLED ELI IN. AS THEY WERE WALKING THROUGH THERE WERE HUNDREDS OF STATUES. "ARE THEY LOOKING AT US?" SAID COOPER. ELI STAYED SILENT. THERE WAS ONE TALL ONE THAT SEEMED TO BE BREATHING MOVING UP AND DOWN SLOWLY, AND AS THEY LOOKED BEHIND THEM ABOUT FIVE OF THEM WERE GONE AND AS THEY TURNED BACK AROUND THE FIVE MISSING ONES WERE STANDING IN FRONT OF THEM "AAAAAAAH HHHHHHHH!!!!" THEY SCREAMED AND RAN OUT AS FAST AS THEY COULD. THEY NEVER SAID A WORD THE WHOLE WALK BACK.

THE END

(cont'd on page 6)

SPOOKY STORIES

The Woods... by Lilly P. - (cont'd. from page 5)

that one day a guy came into the woods and he went in and never came out he was presumed dead. Carl was so scared and the thing that scared him the most was they were staying in the woods that the guy went missing in, and he had to stay there for another week because Carl's job is to find new species of things like trees and mushrooms.

So Carl and Eddy decided to go to bed at 10:30. Carl woke up at 2am in the morning to a loud scream. It wasn't just any scream it was like a loud screeching noise mixed with an elk noise. Carl went outside to check and see what it was but he saw nothing so Carl just went back to bed. but he wondered where that sound came from and why it was there.

Carl woke up and Eddy was already outside making breakfast Carl asked if Eddy heard that loud noise last night he said he did not, Eddy told Carl that it was probably just a dream so he should forget about it and so he did. So Eddy and Carl went on with their day they went hiking and swimming, they finished their day off with a super long hike. It became dark so they went back to their tent and went to bed.

Carl woke up again to the creature screaming so he went to wake up Eddy, he pulled the sleeping bag and he was not there so he built up the courage to go outside. He stepped outside the tent and he saw the creature, he was face to face with the thing he was horrified he didn't know what to do.

The creature ran away, and Carl just decided to forget about it he went to the police, and Carl told them, and they went on a search and never found him. If you ever go to the woods and hear a creature screaming, get out of there immediately.

The end... ■

Bigfoot Rampage

By: Caden Miller

20 Pioneers that were exploring Oregon. Along the trip they had to look for food and start a fire. They used a muzzleloader to hunt deer and when they shot deer they skinned and ate the deer. And while they were eating they

heard a howl like they never heard before. It was a cross between a Ape and a man. They went out to explore and saw a female but it did not look like a human more a monster. There was also a Smaller creature. They decided to take a Shot at the creatures. They killed the Supposive mother, one shot to the head. They tried to shoot the kid but hit him in the stomach. Another creature heard the screams of pain. The creature rushed to the Sound Of the Screams and Saw his dead family with missing parts of their bodies, So the monster went on a rampage, a BIGFOOT Rampage! It followed the pioneers to a scientific cabin and the pioneers gave the body parts to the scientist. As they did they heard a yowl!!! When they looked a hand punched through and pulled someone out. The guy screamed in agony. Everybody got scared all got pulled out and Beheaded. Besides 5 guys. As they looked for Bigfoot they got charged by him, they all got shot, were crushed, 3 got injured. Bigfoot passed out from the bleeding. Bigfoot Set a trap before he passed out a rock fell on them as Bigfoot walked into the distance Sad and depressed.

The End ■

Uninvited guest

Made by: Lilly Peterson

One day Kaite, Daisy, Cat, and Oliver were all friends and they were on their way home from school and as they were walking they saw a missing poster of a little girl but they didn't care. Kaite suggested that they should have a sleepover at her house and they all agreed so they started walking to her house and were thinking of things to do at the sleepover.

They arrived at Kaities house they were having a lot of fun listening to music and jamming out and it became 8:00 at night and Cat suggested that they should play Ouija board and everyone agreed except Kaite, she was not sure but they assured her everything would be alright so she decided to agree Cat asked first "are you here?" The ghost said "yes" then the upstairs attic started to have rapid banging noises "BOOM" "BOOM" "BOOM" it didn't stop so they decided to check and they did.

They came face to face with the attic door and they built up the courage to open it and they did. They walked all the way to the back of the attic and they saw a glowing door and they went through it. They went through and they have apparently walked into a city but the city wasn't any ordinary city it was dark and gloomy and Cat went up to someone to ask where they were but when the guy turned around he had no face, His face was all blurry Cat screamed at the top of her lungs and in the corner of Kaite's eye was the missing girl that they saw in

(cont'd on page 8)

Memories of My Brother

by Jim Spoo

Bill's life was a happy, fulfilled life, but not without hurdles, but of a different difficulty and with different rewards. As his brother of 73 years, I, Jim, have countless memories of growing up together and much beyond. These are some examples:

As kids, we grew up in a sawmill camp owned by our grandfather, Ed, with logging woods managed by our dad, Bob, and operations participated in by our uncle, Bud. The mill camp was the center of a fully functioning center all of its own, with houses, cookhouse, shops, office, all kinds of equipment, and, of course, the sawmill. Bill and I were familiar with every inch of it. Family and friends had fantastically memorable get-togethers there at holidays, hunting season, and much more. We had endless fun making forts with friends in the willows, damming up the creek, and crawling around in the muddy water that stuck to us. Rides to Mitchell to school with the half-blind Mr. Crandel driving the bus never failed to excite us.

We took trips with Mom and Dad to Prineville, Redmond, and Bend to see Grandpa Sim and Grandma Ollie, Bob, who is here today, and Clyde and Clifford. Also, the Roaches and Nunnellees, including Ann, who is here today, are the greatest friends of several generations. A stop at the Dairy Queen for a Brown Derby was indispensable. We shopped in Erickson's for many an hour with Mom, usually bored numb. We had mouth-watering hamburgers with Grandma Hazel in the super-greasy Chuck Wagon. Mitchell had Norton's grocery store and Brookshire's Pine Tavern restaurant, which we loved but which cautious people didn't risk.

We really liked trips to Portland with other family members like Suzy and Cindy, where our running through the halls, turning up the TV's full blast (having no such technology at home), buzzing the elevator ladies, and playing on the fire escapes eight or ten floors above the street kept the Imperial Hotel a humming, fun place. We relished going to Meier and Frank's with mom, Grandma Hazel, Aunt Lil, and Nel Nunnellee; while they shopped the store to exhaustion, we would sit on the carpet on the television floor watching numerous sets at once, a phenomenon we barely comprehended.

When we moved to Eureka, upending our lives we thought, where a new sawmill and logging operations

had been bought, we found ourselves in parochial school, which never really made total saints of either Bill or me. We learned in Eureka to love fresh fish of every description off the boats a couple of hours after being caught, but we preferred chili burgers at Steve's Coney Island or 19-cent ones, including fries and a coke at the Fresh Freeze. Dad thought after a few years that we needed the rigors of work after school or weekends at the sawmill doing chores like shoveling mountains of sawdust, but also including an escape sometimes to the mill pond to walk the logs, resulting often in a deep dunk into the smelly water. Trips to the beach to dodge waves and smack hot dogs roasted over the fire gave countless memories.

As time went on, Bill became more and more a junior manager of the sawmill operations, and I was often his tag-along, but we learned jobs and work habits that were beyond our years, like driving forklifts, loaders, caterpillars and dump trucks, and operating mill equipment that only long-time workers usually learned. We continued to have time for hot arguments about almost anything, although they had subsided from actual combat to what we thought were intelligent disputes. We were finding and would never ever forget that our ties were stronger than anything that set us apart.

Bill married Charlene in a few years, and they added John and Jennifer in Eureka. He advanced to fully managing some sawmill operations, along with going to college, while I continued in college and was ultimately drafted into the Army. But we had continued to work together. Dad, as his dad, and mom, as she was taught, saw work as a privilege, for which Bill and I never forgot to admire them.

When Dad bought undeveloped ranchlands north of Gerlach, many a gut-wrenching workday were ahead, at first during some summers for me when Bill wasn't yet there, although he was itching to progress from sawmill work to farming and cowboying. At the time, I figured he had gone off the rail. Due to my military service and being married to Jean while in service, thereafter, going on in my career, a number of years succeeded in separating Bill and me. Nevertheless, he traveled all the way to Washington, D.C., where I was stationed to be my best man. But there was some remaining time for me to go back to the ranch to pitch bales, drive equipment, and change sprinkler lines in the middle of the night with Bill.

(cont'd on page 9)

SPOOKY STORIES

Uninvited guest - by Lilly Peterson - (cont'd. from page 6)

the poster.

They all ran out of there as fast as they could and they finally got back into Kaite's room and they were all there except for Oliver, the rest of them went to the police and told the police everything that happened and the police didn't believe them so they went back to the house and they were scared but the corner of Kaite's room was Oliver. Cat and Daisy ran to him for a big hug but Kaite didn't she knew something was off. Then Oliver covered Cat and Daisy's mouth then he vanished.

Kaite ran to the police and told them what happened again but they told her "if you keep coming back with lies we will arrest you!" So she went back home and the next day they were all reported missing and there still reported missing to this day. If you ever walking down Laura William Av and see house 1237 run as fast as you can or if you see a clone of yourself run home and lock your doors immediately! ■

It Comes When it's Dark

By: Joni Oberg

Shadowy light illuminates the cemetery; the moon shines brightly overhead, while fog covers the ground. It's 10:27 p.m. exactly, and I'm headed back home from work and studying at the library. The air is chilly and I wrap my jacket around me tightly. October in Salem Oregon is frigid and gray, not to mention all the weirdos who believe in the witches and all that Halloween stuff. I breathe out and a puff of cold air exits my mouth. Damn it's cold.

I hate passing the cemetery at night, it's so creepy, I always feel like something is watching me. I look out into the cemetery, my eyes squinting to peer farther. Dark shadows seem to move and swallow up the tombstones, swirling around in a hypnotic way. For a split second I see eyes, glowing clearly in the night, looking right at me, then they disappear as if they were never there. A shiver runs down my spine, I shake it off, it was probably just a cat prowling around. I begin to walk faster, wanting to be home as soon as possible. The hair

on the back of my neck prickles and I feel like a gaze is boring into my back. I whip around to see nothing, just the dark street, with street lamps illuminating small areas around the street. I shiver, looking around, nothing, just the dark quiet street. I breathe slowly turning back around, I look up and there's a figure ahead of me, about twenty feet. It stands in the small pool of light created by the street lamps, it's a person, but I can't tell who. Though it stands in the light I can't see its features. I stop in my tracks, it stands frozen, its silhouette sharp against the street lamp. "Hey!" I call out, my voice shaky as I swallow hard. The figure doesn't respond, I squint stepping closer, the figure finally shifts, cocking its head to the left. Fear shoots through me and I take a step back. I can't help but glance back towards the cemetery, feeling the weight of the darkness. "Hello?" I try again, my voice is weak, strained, the figure cocks its head further, and for a moment, I think I catch a glimpse of a face—a pale haunting visage framed by long, straight hair. Its eyes gleam black, no irises visible. My heart pounds in my chest, and I turn to run, feeling the fog swirl around my ankles like icy fingers. I dart past the street light glancing back only once. It's still there, watching me, eyes wide and hollow, its gaze follows me as I run. I don't look back again as I race down the street, the cold air biting my cheeks. As I round the corner, running down my street my heart begins to slow. What was that. It was so—eerie. I dart up my driveway and bang open the door, closing it behind me with loud wham.

"Goodness, what has you all riled up Dianne?" my mother asks, she sits on the couch wrapped in a blanket with a steaming cup of tea. I relax immediately, my mom's warm brown eyes stare at me puzzled. "Nothing, well, actually I have no idea what happened. I was walking back from the library and there was this person, who was just standing underneath a street lamp. It was so weird, and creepy." "Huh, probably just some Halloween fanatic, trying to scare people." she chuckles, returning to her book. I don't feel comforted, this thing was creepy, and its eyes, they were full black.

A shiver runs down my spine, and all of a sudden I feel queasy. "I'm going to head up stairs, take a shower, then go to bed, goodnight mom." "Goodnight sweetheart."

I walk up the stairs to my room, this day has been weird. I twist the handle to my door and open it, it creaks slowly, revealing my dark room. I hear a scuttling sound, freezing, I peer into the darkness. I see a glint of light, and a pair of eyes peer back at me. What the, I flick on the light, but when I do nothing is there. Just my bed and dresser, pictures of my family smiling back at me. I flick the light off and it's there again, the gleaming eyes. They blink, and I turn the light back on, but still nothing is there. What is going on? I step into my room

(cont'd on page 12)

Memories of My Brother - (cont'd from page 7)

Little by little, Dad re-discovered how great it was to have Bill present to start taking over the quickly growing ranch operations, and it was known that Dad despised the devilish details of the ranch operations, just he had despised the nitty-gritties of sawmill operations. He preferred to channel into his own special tasks at the ranch, like his total pleasure running the road grader over the same roads repeatedly. Bill was happy to have him pre-occupied.

Gerlach, and Bruno's restaurant, to be sure, became the focal point of life of unequaled high-desert lifestyles for Bill and Charlene, and of course, for the kids with horses, motor scooters, and tractor and endless pickup rides on the Black Rock, including Tom and Jamie, who had been born in Nevada. It was school life, work life, and the life of Gerlach characters like found nowhere else on earth. Bruno Selmi, Big Lena, Clyde Fisk, Helen Thrasher, and a whole town full, actually. The family will never forget Gerlach, what it was and what it wasn't. Beautiful to some, beyond imagination to most, and sort of a trainwreck to some - in fact, the good citizens of Gerlach sometimes created actual Western Pacific trainwrecks to re-supply themselves with interesting commodities.

Bill overcame numerous hurdles and contributed immeasurably to the family, learning a complicated sawnilling business and equally complicated farming and ranching operation. In the following years, we had many discussions about almost anything, again, food, people, world events, and politics, which we usually ended up laughing about.

Nowhere was he happier than back in Mitchell with Charlene in his final years on his place just West of town, where he could do a bit of farming, make roads with his older-than-old caterpillar, repair various equipment, make never-before-seen pine-branch lamps and unforgettable tin drinking cups. He would go to Prineville for a touch of the old days, maybe for a chicken fried steak or liver and onions. Most of all, he would go to Mitchell for his daily coffee with Dan Cannon, a friend since first grade, and he would attend a weekly breakfast at the Baptist Church. He told me he convinced the pastor he was interested in the little sermon but that he mostly appreciated the eggs, pancakes, bacon, and coffee. Bill had a real religion down deep, which was first-class treatment of family and friends, honesty, hard work, and a constant humor,

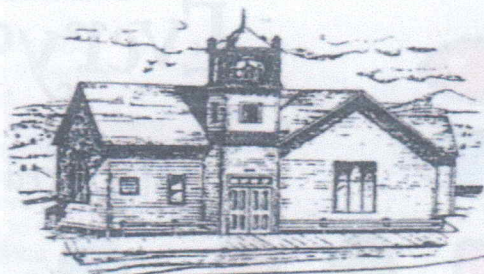
like our mom's. Bill was never opposed to a good time. So, thanks beyond words, Tom and Julie. Celebrating his life, meaning a celebration for us, too, is just like he would have wanted it. He told me several times in his final days by phone or text, before I could arrive, that, typical of him, he didn't want anyone seeing him while he couldn't talk. A day before he slipped away, I said my goodbyes while the nurse held the phone for him. He acknowledged me, and I will forever be grateful, as in our many years, we just simply talked. These and many more memories are the gifts that our loved ones leave behind for us. ■

In remembrance of William "Bill" Robert Spoo



April 11, 1943 - October 19, 2023

Men's Breakfast and Bible Study 6:00 am Thursdays



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

Community Advertisement



Holly Jolly

Tree Trimming Party

Saturday,
December 7th, 2024
2 pm - 4 pm
Mitchell City Park

Lights, ornaments, and garland galore -
Help us decorate our tree from the ceiling to the floor!

It takes more than one to Trim the Tree -
Then we'll light it up for all the world to see!

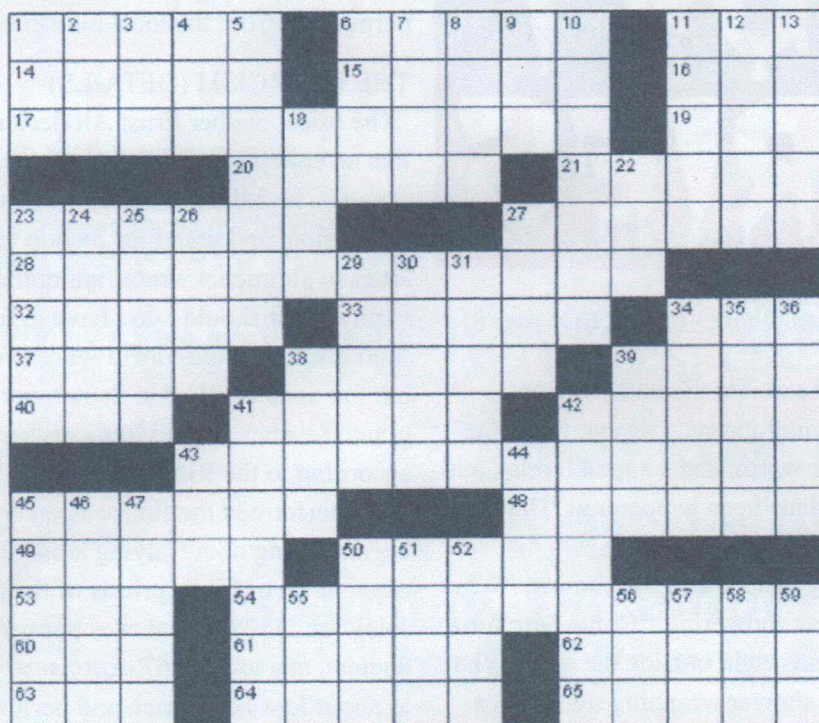
Refreshments Provided

Everyone is Welcome!

Sponsored by the Mitchell Grinchbusters

Community Advertisement

Crossword no.25



© PDFcrosswords.com

ACROSS

1. Muscle
6. Emblem
11. Panda
14. Swelling under the skin
15. Extraterrestrial
16. Self-importance
17. Water-driven turbines
19. Earned Run Average
20. Fees
21. Bovine mammary gland
23. Rouse
27. Deleted
28. Takes arbitrarily
32. Anagram of "Drool"
33. Former Pakistani copper coins
34. Doctrine
37. Assemble or modify written material
38. Airplane driver
39. Against
40. Soaked
41. Encrypted
42. Malicious setting of fires
43. Sofa
45. Length of a pants leg
48. Speaks
49. Engine
50. Desert "trees"
53. Consumed
54. Teenage years
60. G
61. A long backless sofa
62. Regions
63. Peculiar
64. Make a great effort
65. Requirements

DOWN

1. Stitch
2. Anagram of "Aid"
3. Mesh
4. Scottish for "Uncle"
5. Soldier
6. Monetary unit of Thailand
7. To the windward side
8. Becomes deceased
9. Mousse
10. Guarantees
11. Unwanted plants
12. Consent
13. Save up
18. Bend out of shape
22. Hyrax
23. Cover with drops
24. Afterpiece in ancient Roman theater
25. Divided
26. Lope
27. French for "State"
29. Sudden short attacks
30. Cove
31. Positive electrode
34. Something inserted
35. Absconded
36. "Great _____ think alike"
38. Lyrical composition
39. Operatic solo
41. A word acted out
42. Pertaining to the continent of Africa
43. Chief Executive Officer
44. Decays
45. An insect in its final adult

stage

46. Renowned
47. Horse
50. A small arm off of a larger body of water
51. Wing-shaped
52. Penny
55. French for "Ten"
56. Before
57. Born
58. Someone who is morally reprehensible
59. S

The Crossword Puzzle Solution can be found on page 15.

SPOOKY STORIES

It Comes When it's Dark - by Joni Oberg - (cont'd. from page 8)

cautiously, tip toeing around. I head into the bathroom and close the door behind me. I'm going insane, I swear. I turn the shower on and step in, the water warm, and I hope I'll relax and forget about all the weird stuff thats been happening. "Dianne!" I hear my mother call.

Turning the water off, I poke my head out of the shower, "What is it!", I call back. I told her I was showering. "Come here for a second." my mothers voice sounds right outside the door. What does she need? I step out of the shower wrapping myself in a towel, then I open the door a crack. My mothers face appears immediately, pressed against the frame.

"What is it, I was showering." "Just come out here for a second, I want to show you something." She smiles oddly, showing her teeth, her eyes glint green as she stares at me. I look at her puzzled, then it hits me, my mom has brown eyes, not green. ■

THE POSSESSION OF ANNELIESE MICHEL

By Lilly Cannon

BASED ON TRUE EVENTS

September 21, 1952. This is when ANNA ELIZEBETH (Anneliese) MICHEL was born. A German woman underwent 67 Catholic exorcism rites during the year before her death. They believed she was possessed by a demonic entity, maybe even several. Before continuing, I will advise you that this subject might be sensitive for some people, if you wish to proceed.

When she was 16, Michel experienced a seizure and was diagnosed with psychosis caused by temporal lobe epilepsy. Shortly after, she was diagnosed with depression and was treated at a psychiatric hospital. When she became 20, she had become intolerant to various religious objects and began to hear voices. her condition became worse despite medication and became suicidal, with displaying other symtoms, for which she took other medication as well. After taking all this medication for five years failed to improve her systems, she

and her family had made the conclusion that she was possessed by a demon .As a result her family appealed to the catholic church for an exorcism. While rejected at first, two priests got permission from the local bishop in 1975.

THE EXORCISM (DETAILS)

The priest, Father Ernst Alt declared that Michel "didn't look like an epileptic" and that he didn't deserve her experiencing seizures. he believed that she was suffering from a demonic possession, and urged the bishop for an allowed exorcism.in a letter to alt michel wrote" am nothing, everything about me is vanity, what should i do i have to improve. You pray for me "and also once told him" I want to suffer for other people [...] but this is so cruel..." in September 1975, bishop Josef Stangl granted Father Arnold Renz permission to perform an exorcism according to the *Rituale romanum*, but ordered total secrecy. Renz performed the first session on September 24, and Michel began talking about "dying atone for the wayward youth of the day and the apostate priests of the modern church"; they relied solely on the exorcism rites because Michel requested no more doctors. at a total of 67 exorcisms, about twice a week lasting to about four hours each and performed over approximately ten months in 1975 through 1976.

DEATH

July 1, 1976, Michel died in her home, the autopsy report states the cause of death was due to malnutrition and dehydration resulting from almost a year in a state of near starvation while the rites of the exorcism were performed. She weighed 66lbs at the time of death and suffered broken knees from genuflections, also was unable to move without assistance and was reported to have contracted pneumonia.



Anneliese Michel before and after the possession

BY LILLY CANNON,

Thank you for reading my story! I put a lot of effort into this and I enjoyed the process of making it. Oh and, do me a favor, don't look behind you :). ■

WHEELER COUNTY HOLIDAY LIGHT FESTIVAL

At the Fairgrounds in Fossil
December 13-29, 2024

Free
Entry

Event Kick-Off

Turn ON the lights!!

Saturday, December 13, 4-7 pm
Isobel Edwards Hall

Light dinner available for purchase by the
Wheeler County Shooting & More 4-H Club



Kick-off event
All welcome
Drop by anytime 4-7 pm

SANTA
Games
Crafts

Cookie decorating
Fire ring & S'mores
Hay rides

Drive thru
light display
5-8 pm nightly.
December 13-29



Oregon State University
Extension Service
Wheeler County

OSU Extension Service prohibits discrimination in all its
programs, services, activities and materials.

Community Advertisement

The Insider

Many years ago, the ODOT Crew was installing a new water supply pipe across Highway 26 for the north side. They had the trench down about 4 feet when a young man of limited and questionable intelligence appeared on scene. This individual was also curious and very inquisitive beyond being a nuisance. The crew were all wearing hard hats as per regulations, which this individual questioned about. The Boss, Pat Perry, stated that the hats protected from falling rocks. Soon, the party picked up a good sized stone and dropped it on Marvin Halstead's hard hat head. The blow knocked Marvin to his knees. Pat Perry then told the perpetrator he had best be gone before Marvin came to and climbed out of the trench!

Another event that occurred involved the ODOT Crew. This crew included Pat Perry, Marvin Halstead, Jim Shaw, and Jim Huddleston. They all volunteered to help Callie Jackson and repair her rock wall. The day warmed, and since they were working on their day off, beer got involved. Folks would come by and see them working on the project and reward them with another 12 or 6-pack. These rewards seemed to slow the project, and the quality started to wane. This is when I, Dan Cannon, came on scene. I am returning from Prineville - also returning with me is two bottles of MD 20-20, which stands for Mad Dog 20% wine. I feel compelled to share with these community-spirited men. This project ended about 8:00 PM not because it is finished, but because they are. Jim Huddleston makes it home alright because he lives in crawling distance from the project. Jim Shaw makes it to the turn-off to Okie Flats, where he wrecks his motorcycle. Pat Perry takes Marvin to the restaurant and feeds him a hamburger, which he expels all along the route to his house. I make it home OK because I live right across the street, and I came to the party (I mean project) late. If there was a P.S. to this story, it was because Marvin quit drinking.

Marvin stopped by the store and wanted to know how long you had to live here before you were not considered an outsider. All this time, he's talking to a man who is 5th generation on one side of his family and 6th generation on the other. Every 5 years or so, he would ask that same question. And today, now that he is gone, I can proudly state you are finally an insider.

Dan Cannon
10/17/2024

Mitchell Praise 300 US 26 Mitchell, Oregon

Praise focuses on simple gatherings as a community in the quiet town of Mitchell, Oregon. We meet on Sundays at 11:00 AM and share lunch together directly after service. Come as you are. All are welcome.

If you can't make it on Sunday, join us on YouTube

www.youtube.com/@PraiseMitchell

Community Advertisement

Laughter

Speeding Motorist

Late one night, this guy is speeding down the empty road. A cop sees him go flying past and chases him, pulling him over. The cop goes up to the car, and when the man rolls down the window, he asks, "Are you aware of how fast you were going, sir?" The man replies, "Yes, I am. I'm trying to escape a robbery I got involved in."

The cop looks at him disbelievingly and asks him, "Were you the one being robbed, sir?"

The man casually replies, "Oh no, I was the one who committed the robbery. I was escaping."

The cop is shocked and surprised that the man has admitted this so freely. He says, "So you're telling me you were speeding...AND committed a robbery?"

"Oh yes," replies the man calmly. "I have all the loot in the back."

The cop is now starting to get angry and says, "Sir, I'm afraid you have to come with me," as he reaches into the window to take the car keys out of the ignition.

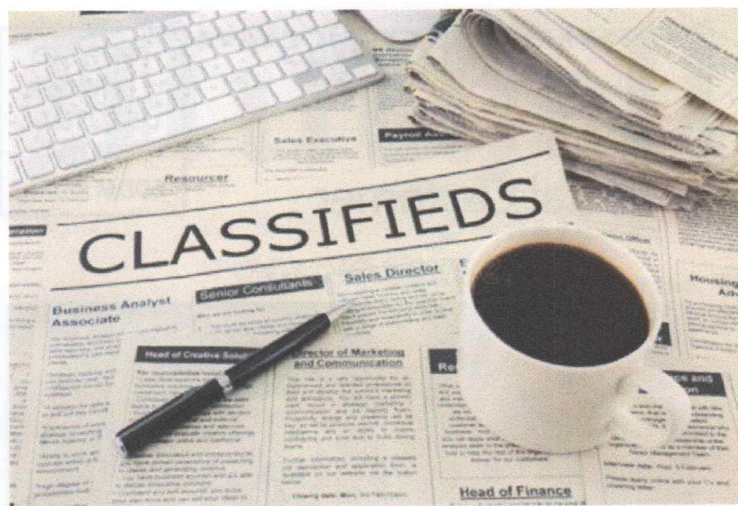
The man shouts, "Don't do that! I'm afraid that you'll find the gun in my glove compartment!" At this, the cop pulls his hand out of the window and says, "Wait here," as he returns to his car and calls for backup.

Soon, there are cars, cops and helicopters all over, everywhere you look. The man is quickly dragged out of his car, handcuffed, and taken towards a cop car.

However, just before he is put in the car and taken away, a cop walks up to him and says, while pointing at the cop who pulled him over, "Sir, this officer tells us that you had committed a robbery, had stolen loot in the trunk of your car, and had a loaded gun in your glove compartment. However, we didn't find any of these things in your car."

The man replies, "Yeah, and I bet that liar said I was speeding too!" ■

Source: LaffGaff



CLASSIFIED AD: Place your AD here for only \$5.00 for up to 3 lines - then \$1.00 per line after that - submit your AD on our website - MitchellSentinel.com - or call Dajuana at (541)462-3532 or (541)788-7042 - or mail your AD to Mitchell Sentinel, PO BOX 312, Mitchell, OR 97750

COMMUNITY ANNOUNCEMENTS

NO SCHOOL 11/25 - 11/29
Due to Thanksgiving Break

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

Men's Breakfast and Bible Study
Thursdays at 6 am - Mitchell Baptist Church

Senior Meal in Mitchell
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

S	I	N	E	W		B	A	D	G	E		W	A	H		
E	D	E	M	A		A	L	I	E	N		E	G	O		
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O	D	D			E	X	E	R	T			N	E	E	D	S

REAL ESTATE - MITCHELL, OR

18817 E US HWY 26, Mitchell, OR - 3 bed, 2 baths, 1,514 sq ft, 5.34 Acres, wood stove, half-acre garden & mature fruit trees - \$339,900 - Contact Shannon Little - (541)213-3105

320 Cole Road, Mitchell, OR - 6.68 acres, 3 bed, 2 bath, 1,440 sq ft - \$360,000 - Renee Moss - Coldwell Banker Sun Country - (541) 447 4433



Vintage AD

Mitchell, Oregon Property for Sale and Monthly Rentals can place AD here for FREE!
Call Dajuana at (541)462-3532 or (541)788-7042

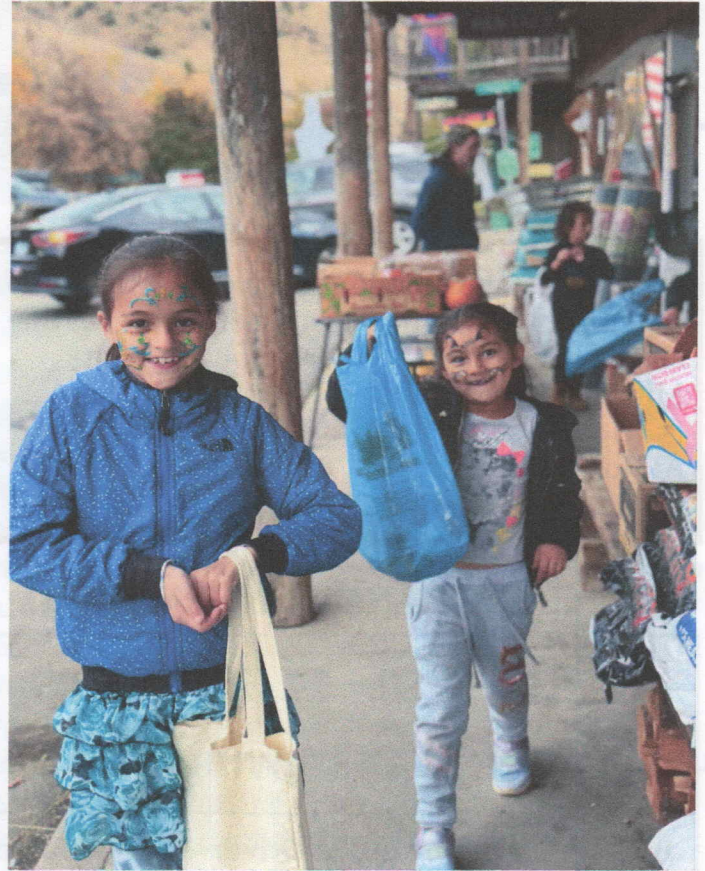
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Postal Customer

Halloween Neighborhood Night in Mitchell



Photos Courtesy of Emily Gazin