

Mitchell Sentinel

Fearless, Fair and Free

Mitchell,
Wheeler County,
Oregon,
Wednesday,
January 15, 2025
Issue #27

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Judy's Place
CLOSED
January

Little Pine Gift Shop
Closed January &
February

The Legacy of Ferguson's White Butte Dairy: A Family Enterprise in Rural Oregon

In the rugged, pastoral landscape of Wheeler County, Oregon, nestled on the "old" Gable Creek Road between Mud Creek and Gable Creek, stood Ferguson's White Butte Dairy. Though its operation spanned only a handful of years in the early 1950s, the dairy remains a vivid chapter in the lives of the Ferguson family and the broader Mitchell community. Its story reflects the industrious spirit of a family dedicated to hard work and community service.

The Fergusons: A Family Rooted in Perseverance

Kenneth Lorain Ferguson, born on August 17, 1907, in Kandiyohi, Minnesota, was the son of Arthur John Ferguson and Mabel Marilda Swensen. His wife, Dorothy Kathryn Colgrove, born in 1915 in Dickinson, Dakota Territory, shared Kenneth's resilient character. The couple married on June 5, 1936, and had four children: Mabel Ann, Donna Mae, William Arthur, and Anna Marie. Each member of the family contributed to the success of their dairy enterprise.

Kenneth and Dorothy settled in Mitchell, Wheeler County, Oregon, by 1950, where they established the White Butte Dairy Ranch. The ranch began operation around 1951 or 1952 and continued until approximately 1955 or 1956. The family's commitment to the dairy business reflected their desire to provide high-quality dairy products to their community while instilling a strong work ethic in their children.

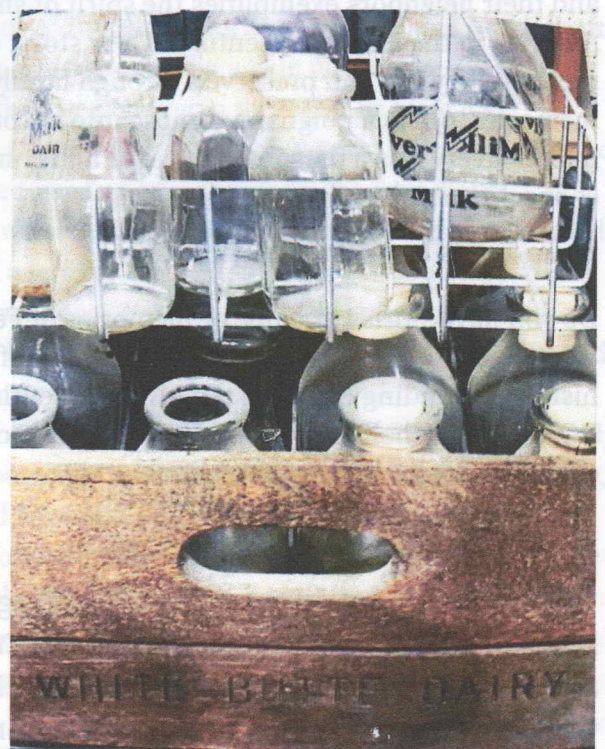
The Operations of White Butte Dairy

The White Butte Dairy maintained a herd of 30-35 dairy cattle, comprising breeds such as Brown Swiss, Guernsey, and Jersey. Each day began and ended with a labor-intensive process of milking by hand, a task shared by Kenneth, Dorothy, and their young son, Bill. The milk was processed at the pump house and bottled in glass quart bottles. On average, the Fergusons produced 150-200 bottles daily, along with cream processed through a separator.

The milk and cream served as vital staples for the Mitchell community and the logging sawmills—Hudspeth Mill and Spoos Mill among them—that dotted the surrounding area. The Fergusons delivered their products directly to homes, mill housing, and cook shacks, fostering close ties with their neighbors and customers.

Childhood Memories and Challenges

Bill Ferguson, who now resides in Bethel, Alaska, vividly recalls his family's dairy operations. He described their daily routine



(cont'd on page 2)

Photo submitted by Bill & Cauline Ferguson

of milking and bottling, a process that instilled both discipline and pride. His sisters, Mabel Ann and Donna Mae, fondly remember their first cows, "Chip" and "Daisy," respectively, reflecting the familial connection to their livestock.

Despite its successes, the dairy faced significant challenges. The transition from glass to paper milk bottles in the mid-1950s marked a turning point. The cost of switching to paper bottles proved too costly for the Fergusons, and consumer preferences shifted away from reusable glass bottles. Ultimately, this economic pressure led to the dairy's closure around 1955.

The Legacy of White Butte Dairy

Following the sale of the ranch in 1958-59, Kenneth and Dorothy relocated to Gold Beach, Oregon, and later to Redmond, Oregon. Kenneth passed away in 1970, and Dorothy in 2003, but their legacy endures through their children and the memories of their dairy enterprise.

Today, Mabel Ann resides in Union, Oregon; Donna Mae in The Dalles, Oregon; Bill in Bethel, Alaska; and Anna Marie in Prineville, Oregon. Each carries the lessons and values imparted during their years at White Butte Dairy.

Reflections on a Bygone Era

White Butte Dairy symbolizes a time when family-run farms and dairies were the backbone of rural communities. The Fergusons' commitment to their craft and their neighbors exemplifies the spirit of small-town America in the mid-20th century. Their story, as recounted by Bill and preserved through family memories, offers a poignant glimpse into a world where milk delivery was a personal endeavor and community connections were paramount. ■

[Sources: Bill & Cauline Ferguson]

Do you have stories, photos, or memories of Ferguson's White Butte Dairy? Help preserve this piece of Mitchell's history by sending copies to the Mitchell Sentinel, PO BOX 312, Mitchell, OR 97750. Let's keep this cherished chapter alive for future generations!

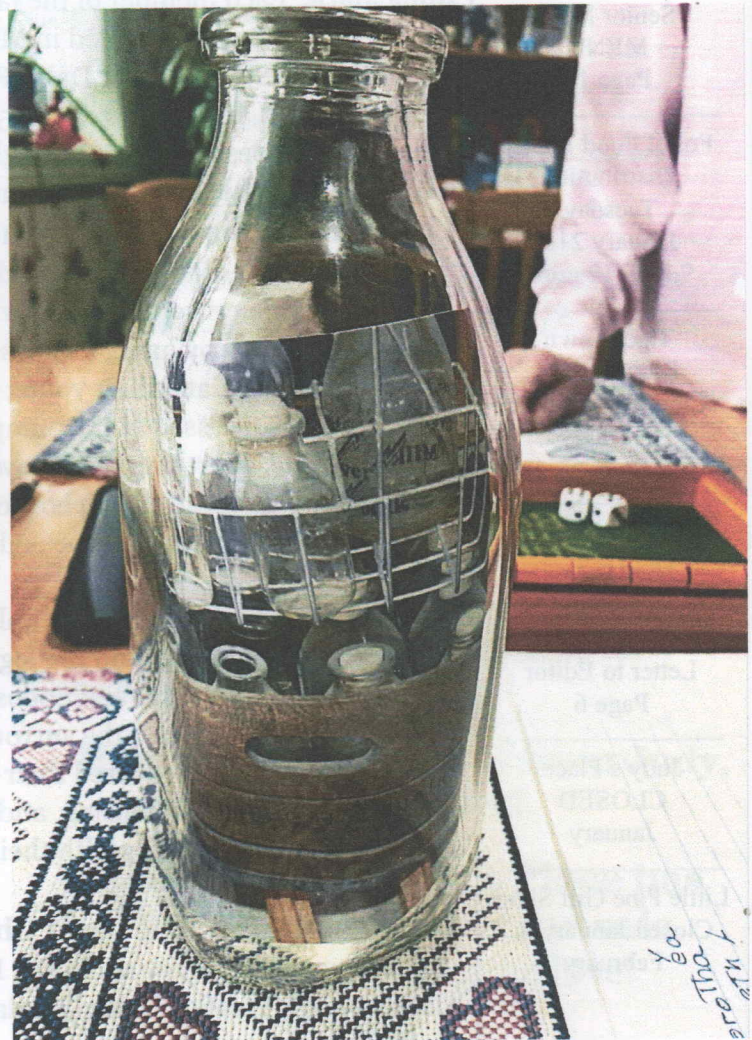
A Story About Kenneth Ferguson

A story I heard many years ago, Ken Ferguson lived on a farm between Gable and Mud Creeks. He and his family ran the White Butte Dairy. Ken also worked at Hudspeth's Sawmill on West Branch Creek. Mornings saw Ken delivering milk to the

camps around the mill. Ken, being a sound businessman also had a Coke machine (vending) on the front porch of the mill office, which was next to the mill pond.

Now, the rest of the story: while servicing the machine early one morning — most likely from lack of rest — he had the container that retrieved the bottle caps in his right hand and the container that held the dimes in his left. He inadvertently dumped the container of dimes in the pond. Not to create a dime rush, the pond has since been filled in. Jim and Betty Woodward own the land now. Enough said!

Shared by Dan Cannon
12/18/24



Photos submitted by Bill & Cauline Ferguson

Captain Mike

The 1990s saw Jack Habecker, Mike Carroll, and Dan Cannon headed to the central Oregon high lakes on the opening day of fishing season. My main job was to document these trips. In this and the following issues of the Mitchell Sentinel, you can share that experience. I swear that the events happened just as I wrote them. You could not make these stories up!



Dan Cannon 12/27/2024

CAPTAIN MIKE I - Male Bonding

The alarm rang at 5:30 am. I was already awake; I was sleeping with one eye open, hoping the large hand would never reach the six!

It's time for our "First Annual Opening Weekend Fishing Trip." I had to pick Jack Habecker up at 5:45. I must have been early because he came to the door in his skivvies, mumbling he wasn't ready yet, which I could tell by his attire. Six o'clock found us at Mike Carroll's. We loaded our gear into his pickup and boat. Then we were off!

Little Cultas Lake, our destination, was reached at 9:00 am. Captain Mike backed the boat down the ramp. It wouldn't be long now!

Jack has just discovered gas has spilled and saturated his boots. He will have to wear his ratty old sneakers.

The boat is in the water, and Jack and Mike are in the boat. I push off and jump aboard. Captain Mike fires up the powerful 6-cylinder engine. Backing out from the ramp, somehow, the engine's prop found a nest of rocks that wreaked havoc to one of the blades.

Jack and I were rigging our fishing rod up when Jack remarked that his ratty old sneakers were getting wet! Water kept rising in the boat. Even I, being a non-expert land lover, knew the water was supposed to be on the outside of the boat! Jack asked Mike if he had put the plug in. To which Mike replied, "Bleap-bleeping, bleap bleap," which must be a nautical term for 'no'.

Back to the ramp we sped, well as fast as a broken prop would take us. On Captain Mike's boat, the plug installs under the outboard unit of the engine, and by this time, Captain Mike discovers he has a rather large hole in his

hip waders right about crotch-high. So, with his shirt off, his left hand pinching off the hole in his boot, his right hand grasping the forgotten plug. There he was, bobbing, grasping, pinching, and poking with goose bumps so big he looked like he had bubble-wrapped skin. Several tries later, he was successful, and off into the lake we went.

We trolled the paint off of an assortment of plugs, spoons, and fish lookalikes, plus we drowned a herd of pig pen worms. It was fitting that Captain Mike caught the only fish of the day, and we can't divulge what he caught him on. We plan to go back and catch another one someday! The only thing caught were an assortment of weeds and not being a vegetarian, I threw them all back. Reeling in once, I hooked Captain Mike's line, and as I was untangling it, his line hooked around the prop of the trolling motor. His reel was a smoking, and he was a screaming for Jack to shut off the motor, and Jack was screaming he doesn't know how! Jack finally choked the motor to a stop while Captain Mike had lost 50 or so yards of super Dupont line! With Captain Mike hanging over the back of the boat and I holding up the motor we were only delayed 20 minutes or so.

Late afternoon found us making the decision to travel home; besides, we had caught all the fish this trip could afford.

Captain Mike carefully backed the trailer down the ramp. Jack carefully lined the boat up. I manned the pull rope; such teamwork!

Mike moved the pickup forward and the boat broke from the water, and there for the whole world to see was our catch of the day flopping in the dirt. The team had forgotten to unhook the stringer. After a little wash-off, the fish looked good as new except for the drag marks.

At last, we were headed for home. 5 miles down the road, we heard a terrible screeching noise, found a place to pull off, and went back to check the boat. Seems a hydraulic hose that holds the motor had leaked. The loss of fluid had let the motor drop down, and 2 inches of the rudder had dragged off. Captain Mike, using nautical terms again, only bleeped once this time! I, trying to see something positive, suggested we could find our way to the lake easier next time by following the large scratch in the road.

This male bonding thing was great and Jack and I can hardly wait until Captain Mike gets his boat fixed and can afford to go again. ■

Dan Cannon

Laughter

Deep Hole

Two guys are walking through the woods one day when they stumble across a big, deep hole. The first guy peers into it and says, "Wow! That looks deep." The second guy says, "It sure does. Let's throw a few pebbles in there and see how deep it is. We'll be able to tell the depth by how long it is before we hear the noise of the pebbles landing."

So they pick up a few pebbles, throw them in, and wait. Nothing. There's no noise. The first guy says, "Jeez. That is really deep. I know, let's throw one of these great big rocks down there. Those should make a noise."

So they pick up a couple of football-sized rocks and toss them into the hole and wait... and wait... Again, nothing.

They look at each other in amazement. Then the first guy gets a determined look on his face and says, "Hey, over here in the weeds, there's a railroad tie. Help me carry it over. When we toss that sucker in, it's gotta make some noise."

So the two of them drag the heavy tie over to the hole and heave it in. Once again, not a sound comes from the hole. Suddenly, out of the nearby woods, a goat appears, running like the wind. It rushes toward the two men, then right past them, running as fast as its legs will carry it. Suddenly, it leaps in the air and into the hole.

The two men are astonished with what they've just seen and look at each other in amazement. Then, out of the woods comes a farmer who spots the men and ambles over. He asks them, "Hey, you two guys seen my goat out here?" The first guy says, "You bet we did! Craziest thing I ever saw. It came running like crazy and just jumped into this hole and disappeared!" "Nah," says the farmer, "That couldn't have been my goat. My goat was chained to a railroad tie." ■

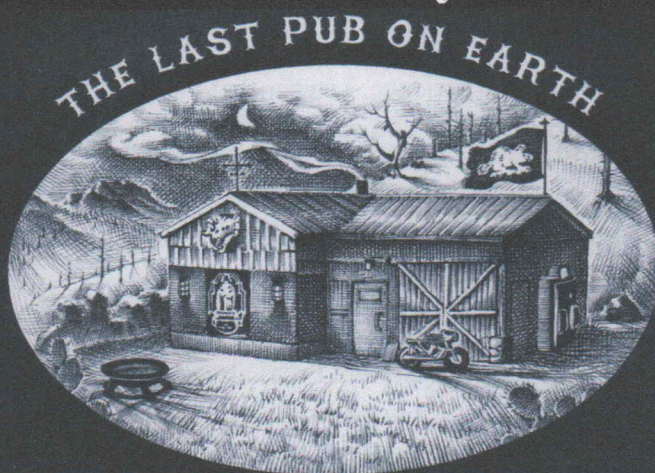
Source: LaffGaff

Four Miles north of Mitchell on Hwy 207 in the early 1900s, an oil company was drilling an oil well. They used a 12-inch casing, and late one afternoon, they lost the drill. The crew pulled the shaft, tied a rope around George Babeon's ankles, and lowered him down the casing. George tied a rope around the drill head, they raised him up, and it was said he was smoking a cigarette when he came out.

Dan Cannon 12/27/2024

Tiger Town Brewing Co. Will be CLOSED

January and February



TIGER TOWN BREWING CO.

We will reopen in March!

Tiger Town will be closing for the months of January and February. We will reopen in March.

The summer of 2024 was a difficult one for Mitchell and the rest of Wheeler County. We were plagued with wildfires and a heat wave that resulted in significant reductions in tourism (we get it! Who wants to camp in a wildfire?). Being a small town of 130 nestled between two mountain passes, the winters can be unpredictable, but without our summer profits, we are unable to weather the winter season. Have no worries! Tiger Town will be back strong this spring, and we have lots of plans to celebrate our tenth anniversary!

Lots of love to our community, our employees, and our customers and cheers to another decade! ■

Crossword no.27

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	
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60					61					62			
63					64					65			

© PDFcrosswords.com

ACROSS

- 1. Heroic tales
- 6. Inward
- 11. Egg of an insect
- 14. City in Nebraska
- 15. A stringed instrument
- 16. Fuss
- 17. Estranged
- 19. Minute (abbrev.)
- 20. Bus tariffs
- 21. Evil spirit
- 23. On a train
- 27. 60 seconds
- 28. Takes away someone's material possessions
- 32. Extraterrestrial
- 33. Despises
- 34. Thigh of a hog
- 37. Appealed earnestly
- 38. Ice pinnacle
- 39. Salary
- 40. God of war and strife (Norse mythology)
- 41. The sound of a bell rung slowly
- 42. Anagram of "Sense"
- 43. Converted into other languages
- 45. Important person
- 48. Oddity
- 49. Local slang
- 50. Not a credit

DOWN

- 53. Light Emitting Diode
- 54. Remorselessly
- 60. Young boy
- 61. A genus of Mediterranean herbs
- 62. Depart
- 63. Crafty
- 64. Periods of intense anger
- 65. Abominable snowmen

DOWN

- 1. Mat of grass and soil
- 2. French for "Friend"
- 3. Petrol
- 4. An expression of surprise
- 5. Orange yellow
- 6. Always
- 7. Pleasant
- 8. Infants
- 9. Beer
- 10. Fathers
- 11. Mother of the gods (Sumerian mythology)
- 12. Fool
- 13. 1000 kilograms
- 18. Temporary crazes
- 22. Printing linear units
- 23. Adjust
- 24. William
- 25. Withe
- 26. Mimicked
- 27. Millisecond
- 29. Luster
- 30. Noblemen
- 31. A compartment in a stable
- 34. City in Viet Nam
- 35. Spy
- 36. Untidy
- 38. Catch
- 39. A low dam
- 41. Lambskin
- 42. Elegant
- 43. 2
- 44. Anagram of "Lair"
- 45. Buffalo's football team

- 46. Model of excellence
- 47. Silly
- 50. Medication
- 51. Latin for „Behold!“
- 52. Partiality
- 55. Earned Run Average
- 56. Perceive visually
- 57. Seated oneself
- 58. 56 in Roman numerals
- 59. Affirmative

The Crossword Puzzle Solution can be found on page 11.

Letter to the Editor

Dajuana—This is a great Rattlesnake Story that I found in a scrapbook created by my great-grandmother Ruby Mulvahill, Helms, Woodward, and McTimmons. It is probably from around 1910 to 1920, but I don't know what paper it was published in. Probably the Mitchell Sentinel, but I am not sure. If you are interested in other stories from the scrapbook, please let me know.

- Mike Smith

BILL MCGREER DESCRIBES EFFECT OF RATTLER'S BITE.

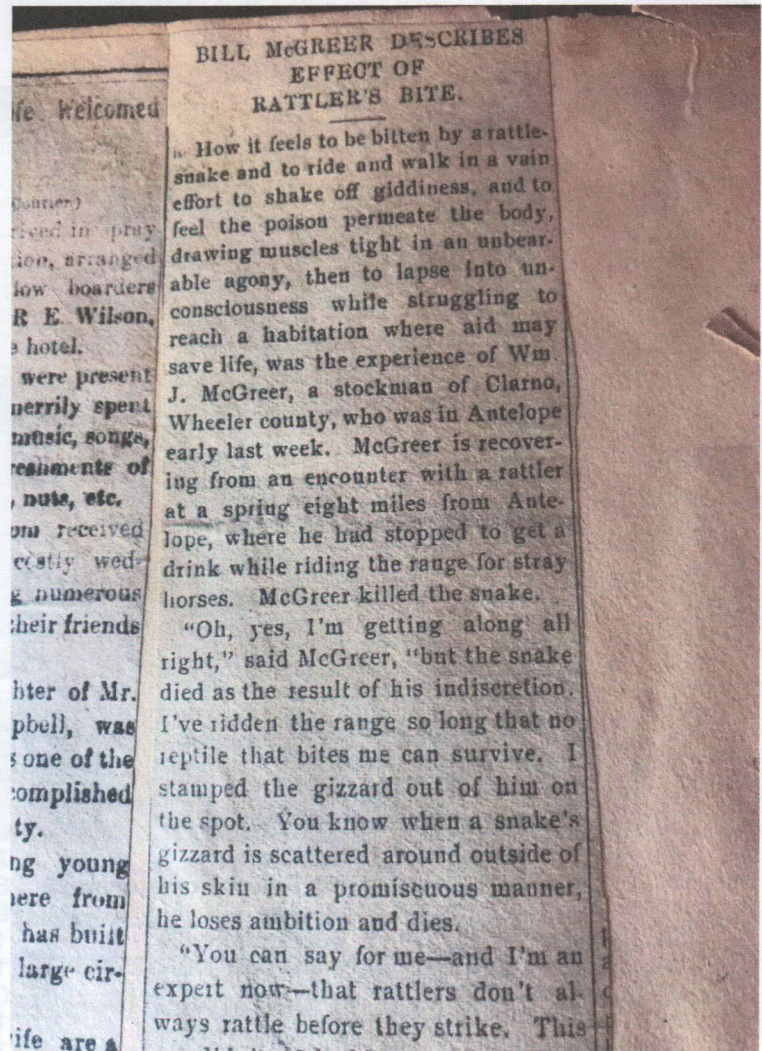
How it feels to be bitten by a rattlesnake and to ride and walk in a vain effort to shake off giddiness, and to feel the poison permeate the body, drawing muscles tight in an unbearable agony, then to lapse into unconsciousness while struggling to reach a habitation where aid may save life, was the experience of Wm. J. McGreer, a stockman of Clarno, Wheeler County, who was in Antelope early last week. McGreer is recovering from an encounter with a rattler at a spring eight miles from Antelope, where he had stopped to get a drink while riding the range for stray horses. McGreer killed the snake.

"Oh, yes, I'm getting along all right," said McGreer, "but the snake died as the result of his indiscretion. I've ridden the range so long that no reptile that bites me can survive. I stamped the gizzard out of him on the spot. You know when a snake's gizzard is scattered around outside of his skin in a promiscuous manner, he loses ambition and dies.

"You can say for me—and I'm an expert now—that rattlers don't always rattle before they strike. This one didn't. I had just got in position to drink from the springs in Galliger Canyon when the cuss struck me on the right arm between the wrist and elbow. It felt as though someone had given my arm a hard jerk. The snake hung on by his fangs. I knocked him off with my left hand and killed him. He had six rattles and was about 18 inches long.

"I immediately tore my handkerchief into strips and bound the arm tightly at wrist and elbow. I reached for my knife expecting to cut the wound. When I found I did not have it with me I was scared. My arm did not pain me then—it was between my shoulders. That nigger was right who said 'it ain't no disgrace to run when yo's

scair't', so I got on my horse and lit out for Antelope, about eight miles away. By the time I reached a mud hole about half a mile from the spring, I was having excruciating pains all over my body, as though my muscles were all contracting. I dismounted and plunged my swelling arm into the mud.



"I think I must have been crazed by the pain, for here I turned my horse loose and started on foot for Bill Malone's house, a distance of four miles. The only thing I remember from the time I left the mud hole till I got to Malone's house was eating tobacco. My chaps were found near about two miles from the spring, but my hat hasn't been found yet.

"The horse I was riding was a good one, and if I had stuck to him he would have landed me in Antelope in 40 minutes from the time I was bitten.

"However, as soon as I arrived at Malone's ranch, John Malone cut open the wound and Jack Brogan sucked out as much of the poisoned blood as he could. Undoubtedly this service is all that saved my life until Dr. Bower arrived from Antelope, which was about fifteen minutes

(cont.d on page 10)

Looking Back through the Mitchell Sentinel - 2024

Here's a quick reference list of last year's articles and information published in the Mitchell Sentinel - all past issues are available in the Archive section of the MitchellSentinel.com website

January	Issue #15	Wildwood Forest Camp by Dan Cannon, Remembering Bob Hudspeth, Sears & Wards by Dan Cannon
February	Issue #16	Rick Paul Obituary, What's in a Name? (Mitchell's named after...), Mitchell in the Old Days by Ralph Winebarger, Judy Marie Melvin-Boehlke, Waterman Flat, Caleb
March	Issue #17	My Story of the Great Depression by Mirian Cannon Humphreys begins, Hickeys by Dan Cannon, Sheep and Cattle Wars by Dan Cannon, Daylight Savings Time by Dajuana Dodd
April	Issue #18	My Story of the Great Depression continues, Cougar shot in Mitchell (after attacking dog), The 42-Gallon Barrel by Dajuana Dodd
May	Issue #19	My Story of the Great Depression continues, Mitchell High School Class of 2024 Graduates, Volcano near Mitchell by Dan Cannon, Ernie Critchlow Obituary, The Hallowed Wall by Dan Cannon, C.C. Maxwell - Dan Cannon
June	Issue #20	My Story of the Great Depression continues, Lewis Rock by Dan Cannon, Walton Lake by Dan Cannon, Mt. Pisgah by Dan Cannon, Burn Ban, The Game by Dajuana Dodd
July	Issue #21	My Story of the Great Depression continues, Carroll - Helms by Dan Cannon, Wheeler County Fair & Rodeo (August 7-10), Red, White and Blue - Dan Cannon, The Flag - Dan Cannon
August	Issue #22	My Story of the Great Depression continues, Jim and Betty Woodward Grand Marshalls 28th Annual Painted Hills Festival Labor Day Weekend, The Brew Master by Dan Cannon, One Big Day in a Small Town by Toney Ryno, Explosion at Mitchell High School by Dan Cannon, From Which it Came to Which it Will Return by Dan Cannon, Norma Hunt Obituary, Stop and Smell the Yeast by Dan Cannon, Hugh Reed Obituary, Never Say Die by Dan Cannon
September	Issue #23	My Story of the Great Depression continues and concludes, Ambulance Chat by John Hayes (1st Chat), Shoe Fly Fire, Thank You to Firefighters and Support Team, Letter to Editor from Michael Jay Smith, Owen's Ranch (Letter to Editor), Phillip Brooks Murder (30 year anniversary) by Dan Cannon, The Visit by Dan Cannon, Raymond Ranch Caper by Dan Cannon, The Second Amendment by Dajuana Dodd, Hugh Reed by Dan Cannon, Halloween Neighborhood Night (October 31st) - Chili Cook-Off, Coffin Races, Costume Contest, Remembering Patricia Louise Carr
October	Issue #24	Ambulance Chat by John Hayes, League Champions - Baseball - Mitchell High - 1940 by Dick Gabie, Write or Wrong by Cliff Heck, Annual Chili Cook-Off Fundraiser, Patricia Bond Obituary, Terry Schnee by Dan Cannon, Halloween Neighborhood Night, Don't Ever Get Old, You're Not Going to Like It by Bob Collins
November	Issue #25	Ambulance Chat by John Hayes, Marvin Halstead, Sutton's Mountain by Dan Cannon, Spooky Stories written by Mitchell School students, Memories of My Brother by Jim Spoo, The Insider by Dan Cannon, Christmas Tree Trimming Party (December 7)
December	Issue #26	Ambulance Chat by John Hayes, Christmas Tree Trimming Party & Lighting, Mitchell Elementary Students Christmas Singing Program, Columbia Power Co-Op celebrates 75 Years, Joanne Humphrey Obituary, Thanksgiving is a Turkey by Dan Cannon, Veterans by Dan Cannon

PREDATORS by Cliff Heck

Living here a mile north of Mt. Vernon, we had considered our environment fairly civilized, nearly urban, until recently. When I went to let the chickens out of their pen, I discovered one of our nine chickens stone-cold dead, obviously by a predator, and two more missing completely. A fourth ("Red") had a bad wound across her back and was missing all her throat and tail feathers. I had considered varmint predation when we acquired our chickens, and I had added an electric hot wire just above the six-foot chain-link fence surrounding what had been a dog run to discourage things like raccoons and skunks. Warm Springs Creek is only a few hundred feet away, and I had assumed that any number of wild animals might like the taste of chicken.

Our predator has managed to break the hot wire (probably after getting tangled up in it) and still had managed to kill one chicken, wound another, and carry two more back up over the fence. This is most likely not a skunk or raccoon but a fairly large and nimble animal!

Using the dead chicken as bait and setting up my critter cam, in the morning, we get a good look at the culprit; the grainy picture is clearly of a Lynx. I repaired the fence, and we now close the little chicken door in the wall of the very substantial coop, but guess what; we are still minus a chicken ("Red") the next day, taken after we have let them out to graze that morning! (Even though they have unlimited food in their feeder, they love to graze on the green grass outside the chicken yard.) We then restrict their free-range grazing to only sunny daylight hours and still lose yet another chicken! The daylight window is reduced to just a few hours with no better results; another chicken gone midday.

Our remaining three chickens now only get to go out for one hour under supervision, and this seems to work; we have had no additional chicken depredation for several weeks. Perhaps the Lynx has moved on (or is just biding his time.)

Why the sudden peril to our chickens? 2024 had the worst wildfire season on record, something like

two million acres. Those acres were populated by squirrels, gophers, rabbits, and all sorts of food sources for the predators; having lost those happy hunting grounds, of course, they had to find something to eat. Are you missing any cats, small dogs, goats, or anything else that could sustain a predator? And keep in mind that includes cougars, coyotes, bears and even wolves. Back in Mitchell in my youth, Lynx periodically killed our sheep. Think what a hungry Cougar could do. Even small children might not be safe. In the mantra of the Boy Scouts, BE PREPARED!

Cliff Heck, Mt. Vernon

CLIFF BIO

"In Rural Districts" is a book of short humor stories by Cliff Heck. If you know the works of Pat McManus, you may notice some comparisons. (Or not.) McManus and writers like Mark Twain, Will Rogers, Max Brand, Jack London, and Garrison Keillor were influential in Heck's writing "style," if indeed he has a discernable "style."

Heck grew up on Thompson Creek in a remote part of Eastern Oregon without the conveniences of electricity, indoor plumbing or even a telephone, with no children his own age nearby. His parents were old fogeys (in their forties and more, back as far as he can remember), so he grew up almost feral with limited social skills. (His older brother and sister had flown the coop as soon as they could.) It was no surprise that he grew up a shy, reclusive (some said weird) little boy.

Just before Cliff entered the first grade at age five, his mother handed him a sheet of paper and a pencil and he began his lifelong passion, attempting to put words on paper. Having not yet learned the alphabet, it was a poor beginning.

Upon entering school, he read everything in the Windchill School library. (To this day, no one in Windchill remembers anything at all about him except that he blew up the chemistry lab in high school.)

Cliff's Grandmother Bessie had all the works of Zane Gray, B. M. Bower, Jack London, William

(cont'd on page 9)

T-Posts and Wire



TRUCK LOAD SALE

Paid Advertisement

Wheeler County Trading Co.



Inquire at Store
100 W Main Street ♦ Mitchell, OR



Cliff Heck BIO - (cont'd from page 8)

MacLeod Raine and others, all of which he read, some more than once.

In about the fourth grade, his mother pushed him into a children's writing "contest" in the now-defunct "Oregon Farmer" magazine, which was published and for which he received one dollar. This sparked a writing binge that has never ended.

Lacking many real friends, he adopted several from his favorite authors and invented a few of his own, including RB, Hogeeye, Jeep, Warden Varmint, and Mrs. Kinderbane.

Heck's worldview was broadened by a four-year stint in the Air Force, always hoping for an overseas assignment but only getting one too-short week in Madrid, Spain. A little later, he and a "friend" managed to roll a brand-new, rented Piper Cherokee aircraft down the freeway

near Fresno, California, which broadened Cliff's worldview even more. (Always INSIST the friend land for gas!)

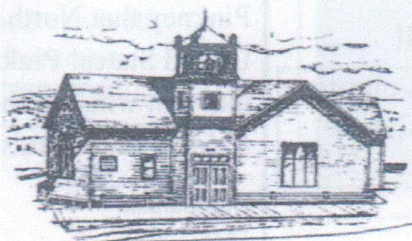
Following his service in the military, Cliff wrote his tell-it-all block-buster novel of the Cold War titled "16 Minutes to Moscow" that, due to the sensitive details regarding classified nuclear weapons and the Kennedy assassination, has been severely repressed and remains unpublished.

In college, Heck's post-apocalyptic "Something of Value" (sorry, Ernest!) was published in the Literary magazine. In 1996, Cliff received a Certificate of Achievement for finishing in the top 1% of the Writer's Digest Magazine writing competition.

Heck began writing for the "Senior Sunset Times" in 2007 and has continued ever since, sixteen years and counting, something on the order of 660,000+ words! Whew! No wonder he's always tired.

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

Services at 10:00 & 11:00 am
Sundays
Fellowship dinner following



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

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

Community Advertisement

Mitchell Ambulance Chat

Hello, and welcome to another edition of the chat. I hope everyone had a wonderful holiday season!!

This month, I'm going to explain another mnemonic we use called OPQRST to help us determine what's going on with you. Last month, we covered the mnemonic SAMPLE, which stands for signs and symptoms, allergies, medications, past medical history, last oral intake, and events leading up to your injury or illness. OPQRST stands for:

- Onset** - when did the pain start?
- Provocation or Palliation** - what makes the pain better or worse?
- Quality** - what does the pain feel like? Sharp, dull, crushing?
- Region or Radiation** - where does it hurt? Does the pain radiate to other areas?
- Severity** - how bad is the pain on a scale of 1 to 10, with 10 being the worst?
- Time** - how long have you had this pain, and how often does the pain occur?

The answers to these and other questions we ask are extremely useful for us in determining what is going on and help us to formulate a treatment plan for you. These mnemonics are used in the prehospital environment to assess and treat patients worldwide and have been tried and tested. Please do your best to answer these questions when asked so we can formulate the best plan for your treatment and help ensure a good outcome for you!!!

John A. Hayes,
Mitchell Ambulance

Ambulance Volunteers Needed!

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

Rattlesnake Story by Bill McGreer - (cont'd from page 6)

after they telephoned for him. A drummer (whose name I do not know, but who has my sincere thanks) brought the doctor out in an automobile.

"It was some time after the doctor arrived until he got my arm to bleeding. I was suffering indescribable agony and my arm was swollen to an immense size and was a glassy red in color. Dr. Bower worked with me all night and, I understand, took two quarts of blood from my arm. The doctor and Jack Brogan took me to Antelope the next morning, where the treatment was continue through the day. My brothers, George and Ed, had come over from Clarno and looked after me that night, and then I was under the care of Miss Connie Murphy and Miss Howie, trained nurses from The Dalles.

"I believe I was bitten about 7 o'clock and arrived at Malone's about 9:30, so it was at least two and a half hours before I received medical attention." ■

Laughter

Map Shields was known for his sense of humor and for being a practical joker. Map was a pioneer of Mitchell and was always pulling something. This practical joke almost got him killed or crippled. Map was on a loose haystack, topping it out. Helping him was a young Earl Reed. Typical for Map, he started faking a seizure, complete with a foaming mouth. Earl got scared, panicked, and, not knowing what to do, pushed Map off the haystack. When Map hit the ground from 15 feet up, his seizure ceased, and his situation was reevaluated. He was OK when his air returned.

Pinkney Reynolds hailed from North Carolina, he went up in the hills and came to town seldom. When he did, Pinkney always looked up Map Shields for all the latest news. One time, Map was ready for him, and he informed Pinkney that North Carolina had declared war on the United States! Pinkney retorted back, "North Carolina may not win, but the United States will have one hell of a fight on their hands!"

Dan Cannon
12/27/ 2024

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COMMUNITY ANNOUNCEMENTS

Fossil Food Pantry
Tuesday, January 21st
9 am - 12 Noon

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!

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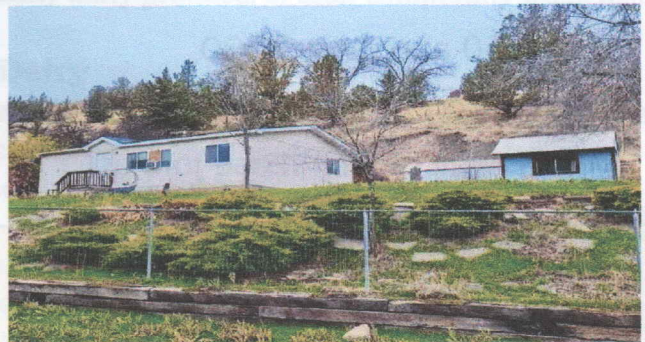
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Dajuana Dodd, Editor & Publisher
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Solution

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Mitchell Senior Meal

Menu

Fridays at Noon

Jan 17	Spaghetti, garlic bread, green salad, fruit, cake
Jan 24	Chicken Pot Pie, fruit w/ jello, pudding
Jan 31	Dirty Rice w/Hamburger, green beans, fruit, dessert
Feb 7	Hearty Tomato Soup, ham and cheese Stromboli, veg tray, fruit, dessert
Feb 14	Orange Chicken, sticky rice, steamed veggies, cookies

Mitchell Community Hall

60 and over \$5.00,
59 and under \$6.00

All are welcome! Please join us!

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 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

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♥ Valentine's Day ♥ Contest at Judy's Place!

Think you know your Valentine's Day trivia?
Here's your chance to prove it!

Here's what we're asking:

- 1 What's the date we celebrate Valentine's Day each year?
- 2 Who created the first Candy Conversation Hearts, and in what year?
- 3 Who introduced the first Valentine's Day box of chocolates, and when?

🌸 Stop by Judy's Place and take a guess! 🌸

The lucky winner will take home a **Box of Candy**—just in time to share (or keep for yourself 😊)!

🌟 Happy Valentine's Day from Judy, Doug, and Patches! 🌟

And don't forget—**Judy's Place has Valentine's Day Cards for sale**, perfect for spreading the love!

Main Street ♥ Mitchell, Oregon

Community Advertisement