

OUT OF THE PAST

75 years ago
Kimberly shepherd with 9th Air Force promoted to Staff Sergeant
George O. Manuell, son of Mrs. Minni Manuell, Route 1, Woodville, Wisconsin, a crew chief in a widely known P-47 Thunderbolt group of the Ninth Air Force in Germany, has been promoted to the rank of Staff Sergeant.
Staff Sergeant Manuell has served overseas more than thirty months in North Africa, Sicily, Italy, Corsica, France and Germany. His group has been cited five times by the War Department and has participated in eight major campaigns in the Mediterranean and European theaters of operation.
The group was the first tactical unit of the First Tactical Air Force to operate east of the Rhine and at the time of the German capitulation was operating from a base deep in Germany.
Staff Sergeant Manuell was a shepherd with George W. Moore, Kimberly, Oregon, before entering the service in March 1942.

50 years ago
John Day intersection gets an upgrade
New and larger stoplights at the John Day crossroads of highway 26 and 395 will mean improved visibility for drivers and less chance of unintentional “red light running,” a hazard to pedestrians and other drivers alike. State Highway Department crews put up the signals last week, then came back Monday to readjust the lights so beams were aimed directly into the driver’s lanes at all four corner stops after business and apartment dwellers in the area complained the flashing safety device was too bright during night hours.



Eagle file photo
From 50 years ago: Larger stoplights were installed at the intersection of highways 395 and 26 in John Day.

SENIOR

Outlook

Chester's

Prairie City Seniors

Rose Coombs



Hot enough for ya? That proves summer really did get here! Yeah! The corn is 18” high, the sunflowers are approaching 5’ and the peas have grown a foot above their 3’ support and have blossoms. Double yeah! The surprise flower has made seed pods, so I hope to harvest them before the birds and bugs do. There are blossoms on the cucumbers too, sooooo...

Our takeout and pick-up meal today was so good: pork chops in cream gravy, mashed potatoes (without the skins – triple yeah!), pickled beets, a green salad and spice cake. Helpers were Tom, Pam, Carla, Ginger and Carole. Carlos and Luann did the home deliveries. Thanks to Laura and Laura for a great meal. Also, this meal was in memory of Lyle Marrington, a special friend of head cook Laura. We also want to thank Valeria Andrews for the donation of a box of chicken patties. Thank you so much for remembering us.
I got the leftover paint all mixed and applied to the hallway and restroom ceilings. Then found some more in a different color and mixed to put on the walls. Ah. I like the color. No, I LOVE color. Beige and tan and brown and ‘earth tones’ just don’t cut it for me. They are depressing! And I don’t need anymore of that right now!
Got a quip from a friend: “Giving money and power to government is like giving whiskey and car keys to teenage

boys.” Which is why we have a constitution to take care of such things, right? On a related note, new citizens know more about our history than those who have gone through the school system here. Now, what’s wrong with that picture? And if the USA is such a bad place, why are people dying to get into it? And that’s the soap box lecture for today.
Back to the continued story on the hook on the restroom stall door... Asked a few people how to get the ‘unremovable screws’ out of the door. Oh, there is a special tool to do that with. Don’t try to find one in Grant County though. Maybe a saw that cuts metal (the name escapes me right now – ask me later after I’ve finished this) can be used to just saw the screws off. Nope. No way to get them. Perhaps vice-grip pliers can get a good hold and you can turn the screws. Double nope. At this point, frustration took over, and I grabbed the jig-saw and just cut the whole screw-holding area out of the top of the door!!! There. Job completed. Dab some dark brown stain on it and forget it!
So I enquired of my contractor son why there was such a screw. It was to keep vandals from removing doors from public restrooms... Now you know. So when the restroom was constructed, the contractor just ordered so many door kits and that’s the screws that came with them. So the next time you are in a store restroom, check out the screws in the hinges.
Revelations 3:20 “Here I am! I stand at the door and knock. If anyone hears My voice and opens the door, I will come in and eat with him, and he with Me.”

John Day Seniors

Dusty Harris



Yes the center is closed to come in a set. This is a makeover if we were there!
Greeters: Lucel and Rickie
Servers: Aliens

from Mars. We’re so glad they could come back for another day
Door Prizes: 1st Cher won a sack of apples, 2 Sonny won a Cookie Jar, 3 Toby won a child’s guitar. A Big thank for coming out today.
July 20
Lasagna with meat sauce, Green Salad, Bread Stix, Brownie Cheesecake bars.

July 23
Sweet & sour Ham and Rice, Egg rolls, Fortune cookies, Lemon Salad Dessert Sponsored by Susan Howard, In memory of William Chootate
July 27
Chicken Fajita, Rice and Beans, Pineapple upside down cake.
July 30
Beef & Mushroom Hand Pie, French Fries, Pea Salad with Vinaigrette, German Chocolate Cake
We want to thank you all for ordering your lunches through us, Shay says it has doubled, we want to let you know how much we all appreciate your remembering us.
Stay safe.

Monument Seniors

Soo Yukawa



Our cooks Terry Cade and Carrie Jewell made some tasty teriyaki chicken stir fry with dry noodles and vegetables, pot stickers, and cookies for dessert. We thank them ever so much for helping us have some semblance of our wonderful Tuesday senior meals. We miss seeing everyone and visiting. We will never take that for granted again, speaking for myself here.

Our helpful volunteers were Kristi Guimont and Jan Ensign who counted the money and filled out all the paperwork. Bob Cockrell collected and delivered the meals to the waiting patrons. All this teamwork help make for a smooth operation in doling out these yummy meals. Thanks to all for their help!
Rocky Maley’s funeral service was really nice. There were so many people. We had to park almost by the highway and walk all the way to the gravesite. Thankfully I was wearing my cowgirl boots and not some sandals or flip flops or something. That would have been very bad and my feet would have been black. I hope Deanna and the kids were blessed to see that their husband/daddy was very beloved indeed. Many, many people came to pay their respects and like I have said before, I wish I had gotten to know Rocky just a bit more. Well, I guess that will happen on the other side of this life. I pray that the preaching that his cousin did with the truth of salvation through Jesus planted many seeds.

I haven’t had a chance to get Jeffrey the mean rooster yet. Oh, it will happen soon, maybe. He was out again with some of his girls and I finally found the hole in the netting where they were escaping. I had to hit him with a stick again because he tried to attack and spur me. Yes, it is only a matter of time before his mean days are over and I will have my sweet revenge of eating him.
I have been picking tons and tons of raspberries. We are eating a lot of them but also washing, bagging them up, and freezing them. I will have to make raspberry jam later when it is a little cooler. I don’t know how they did it in the old days with a wood cook stove, seriously? Those pioneer folk were tough! I will have to have some friends come and pick some because there is way too much for us to eat.
Well, it looks like this week is going to be a scorcher. We have been very blessed so far to have such a mild summer. Although, it did wreak havoc on my garden because it was too cold for the peppers, tomatoes and green beans. I guess the sun is making up for lost time. My tomato plants are finally doing well and so are my Armenian cucumbers. They are looking mighty fine! I shall soon reap the rewards of my labor in my zucchini plants. Yes! They will be ready in a week.
Galatians 1:20 “I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me.”

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