COLUMNS & HISTORY

GRANT COUNTY SENIORS



For our first opening meal at the Monument Senior Center since the lockdown that lasted more than a year and a half, we had about 18 people show up and 39 takeouts. Our cooks were Terry Cade and Christy Howell. They prepared for us tater tot casserole, bread, corn and peanut butter cookies. We thank our cooks tremendously for their efforts.

The volunteers at the table were Kristi Guimont, Jimmy Cole and Sylvia Cockrell. Kristi and Jimmy filled out the paperwork and counted up the money. Sylvia wrote down info and checked in the guests. Bob Cockrell poured the drinks for the patrons. Bodean Anderson made the announcements and prayed the blessing over the meal.

Max Breeding was the winner of the free lunch ticket, and Mac McKinnen won the Len's Drug gift card. We thank all our volunteers and those who support our senior center.

Hope everyone is excited about our center reopening and that we never take for granted the freedoms that we have meeting freely with friends and neighbors to enjoy a meal together or any other gathering for that matter.

I did not go the lunch that day but opted for the takeout. I was extremely tired from the previous week of driving to and fro to John Day three days in a row and then hauling and moving hay the next two days after that. I was one pooped out person, and I kind of slept a lot that day. The weekend was busy too so I just plain needed rest.

So, I have some visiting mini donkeys at our place. We are helping out a friend who needed help to board her mini donkeys for awhile. They are funny. The first day after they arrived, I led them over to a greener pasture and they followed me around a bit. They have been here for a week, and my friend came over to visit them. They ran away! Maybe they thought she was going to take them back home (they were in a pen) and did not want to leave? They were hilarious. I think they finally realized that she just wanted to give them a treat.

The mini donkeys are keeping to themselves and not really hanging out with my goats. I guess I wouldn't blame them; my goats stink. The goats look really nice and fat. Ī am definitely going to have to try and butcher a couple of the wether goats and try the meat. Those goats don't have names so I have no emotional attachment to them.

I am going to have to bring in the three female goats that have been hanging out with the males. They look pretty big and pregnant. If my timing estimation is correct, I will be expecting kids in September. Oh boy, I know Bonnie is going to most likely have triplets again. I am going to have to mentally prepare for bottle feeding a baby goat, or maybe not, I think I have a plan.

Psalms 81:1 "Sing aloud unto God our strength: Make a joyful noise unto the God of Jacob.



Wow! What a meal we enjoyed! It is called "hobo dinner" and is made this way: In a small loaf pan place potato rounds, carrots, onions and a big hunk of hamburger. Cover and bake. And talk about hearty portions! Whew. Then there was a roll and muffin to go with it, plus a fruit salad with marshmallows and real whipped cream. Oh my goodness! Kudos to cooks Pam and Laura for this repast. What will they come up with next? Stay tuned.

Ginger, Gwynne and Carlos took care of the home deliveries, and Pam and Carla got the bags to our drive-in customers. Remember that some of the containers are recyclable so don't forget to bring them back or have them ready for the delivery drivers to return for you.

One new family today was son No. 1 who is spending a week of his vacation with us in Grant County. So I gave him and his family a tour of the new construction that son No. 2 has accomplished in the ol' hall. He related to his children what he remembered about the building when there really was a "pool room" back there. If you wanted to play in the winter time, first you had to build a fire in the old wood stove, which entailed going down to the basement and hauling up firewood first. And with these 12-foot ceilings, it took awhile for the warmth to get down to table level. Ah, the good old days.

Then said son helped us assemble and erect one of those spiffy corner shower caddies.

After I had bought the item, I read the directions and determined that it would take an engineer to get it installed. That was on June 5. Bert got it taken care of exactly two months later. Hooray and PTL! (He really is an engineer — in the manufacture of ink cartridges for printers.) So now maybe we won't be knocking the shampoo off the tub edges. That makes an awful clatter!

The contractor said that he would be prepping the building in earnest next week. One of our diners is so excited about the new siding, she can hardly wait for it to be done. She's not the only one! The best part is not having to think about painting - for a long, long, long time!

In the process, we've gotten one new interior and four new new exterior doors that are up to code, put swinging hinges on the two doors into the main dining hall, removed the door to the old stairwell (that is no longer there) and filled in the lower stairwell access opening to the basement. So there are no funny projections to deal with when the new siding gets put on. Hurrav! When all the prep work is done, the siding should go on speedily. And the building will go up in "grade" in fire resistance due to metal roofing and siding. Whooppee!

So what have you been up to? Not much during the heat, I suspect. Hopefully the fair week won't be too hot so people can get out and view the exhibits and parade. Congratulations to our Prairie City native on her grand marshal-ship. (Now there's a good word!) Have a roaring good time, y'all!

Psalm 145:7 "They will celebrate Your abundant goodness and joyfully sing of your righteousness.

OUT OF THE PAST

75 years ago Betty Welch chosen Queen of County Fair

A very important announcement has just been released for all the "Fair" minded people in that the Committee has selected Miss Betty Welch as the Queen of the 1946 Grant County Fair.

Miss Welch, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Welch of John Day, is a graduate of Grant Union High School. Betty is 18 years old and anticipates attending Oregon State College this fall. For the past several years she has owned her own horse, which she cares for herself. Miss Welch has shown a great deal of interest in horse back riding and is a charter member of the Grant County Riding Club.

There are to be four attendants to the Queen to be chosen from other parts of the county, announcements of which will be in a later issue of this paper.

50 years ago 'Huey' goes to work

This large helicopter, a Bell 205-A, is the same ship as the "Huey" used as a gun ship in Vietnam. It is powered by a 15,000 horsepower jet engine, which enables it to carry heavy

loads at fairly high speeds. The "Huey" took men and supplies to the Cabin Creek Fire last week 3 miles south of Aldrich Mountain in about 30 minutes. It would have taken the crew over three hours to drive and walk to the same spot. In another quick trip it took a fourman crew to a small clearing near Eagle Creek and returned to John Day in 27 minutes.

OFF THE BEATEN PATH **County fair competition**

s a high achiever, I've earned a shelf full of county fair ribbons and awards. In my dreams.

Actually, my winnings consist of a participant badge signifying I'd shown up.

I was a late-comer to county fairs. When I was in high school, a farm woman asked me when I was going to the fair. I'd never been to one before.

With my parents' consent, the woman took me and my brothers to the fair. Wow! What excitement! The fair food! The livestock barn! The handcrafts! The baked goods! The artwork! I never knew our county folks possessed such talents and skills. Our parents brought us back to the fair another day — and they were hooked also. The fair



Jean Ann Moultrie

became an annual family excursion. Through the years, I considered submitting an entry for judging.

At one time, a younger brother raised homing pigeons. He gave me and the other brother each a pigeon to raise. On test day, my two brothers and I fastened cages to our bicycles, tucked our pigeons inside and peddled into the country. We parked, took out our birds and tossed them into the air. My brothers' pigeons circled and headed out. My pigeon kept circling as though he was in a holding pattern at the airport. We jumped on our bikes and pedaled like crazy for home. My brothers' pigeons beat us home. My pigeon didn't show up until the next day. He looked as if he'd stopped off to party with friends living under a bridge. He fluttered down to the pigeon coop disheveled and definitely not blue-ribbon material.

In time, our children enjoyed county fairs and achieved success with their entries. Still, I remained reluctant to enter, until one summer when vacation plans changed and I was off work before the fair started. I resolved to enter the county fair competition.

I started with fruit, having long admired the beauty of bottled peaches. After a sweaty afternoon in the kitchen, I realized my sliced peaches turned out looking as though they'd been hacked with a hand ax. On to my "no-fail" cookies. I slid the cookie sheet into the oven where the measured clumps of goodness proceeded to puddle into a pond of cookie dough.

My mistake — I'd uttered the words "county fair entry" out loud. At which point, the tomatoes dropped off the vines, now brown and mushy as bugs tunneled through them. Grasshoppers and earwigs hung out near the Oriental lilies waiting for the buffet of blossoms to open. Potatoes turned knobby like deactivated hand grenades.

I heeded advice to "be creative." I creatively tried to dehydrate lettuce. There was no spot for edible entries that look like green lint.

County fair competition for me, I've discovered, is as much about learning as winning or not winning. I developed a deeper appreciation for the work of others.

I'm off to the fair. The food! The livestock barn! The handcrafts! And what I don't accomplish now, I'll work on for next year.

Jean Ann Moultrie is a Grant County writer. Her painting was judged a "G" by friends, which meant it was appropriate to hang in a garage.

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Grace Chapel (EMC) 154 E. Williams St. Prairie City, Oregon 541 820-4437

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