

# Keith's Corner/McGill News

November 29, 2019

## Thanksgiving 1941

First-I hope you all had a great Thanksgiving yesterday with family and friends. That is what REAL life in America is all about.

It is hard to remember all the Thanksgivings in one's life unless something major happened. My family, Mom, Dad, brother Paul and myself lived in a one bedroom house, #26 on E Row. Paul and I slept in a bunk bed in a small porch room with no heat for several years and during the summer of 1941 KCC carpenters built a bedroom on the other end of the house. We got twin beds and our door opened to the kitchen so the heat from the wood kitchen stove could reach us. It was quite a deal.

The day before Thanksgiving our local detention center let us out at noon. That, alone, was reason enough to be thankful. We had 4 full days to sleigh ride, build snow forts and have huge snowball fights. KCC closed the road on E Row for us to sled on and dropped off piles of wood for a bonfire.

The only bad thing that day was the fact that now us heathens had to start acting the part of little angels, just in case Santa was watching. We were polite, did our chores without complaining and behaved ourselves.

Mom always cooked the bird in an electric roaster. It was yellow and had a large black enamel insert. The turkey rested on a rack so that the drippings were later available for real turkey gravy. There was an aluminum lid that had a vent hole that let out the wonderful aroma that stimulates the hunger pangs. Mom cooked her special potato rolls in the oven right after the pumpkin pies were done. Other goodies were simmering on the stove. All those different aromas exist in the far reaches of our heads. It was a wonderful meal. The pie was topped with real whipped cream from the McGill dairy. Not long after stuffing ourselves to the limit and beyond we were tucked in bed and off to dreamland.

We of course had no idea that less than two weeks later the sneaky, cowardly attack on Pearl Harbor would happen. That event changed our lives forever.

George Washington first declared Thanksgiving as a holiday in 1789. Lincoln set it on the last Thursday of November. FDR in 1939, moved it to the third Thursday in a futile attempt to stimulate the economy. Most people labeled it "Franksgiving". The House on October 6, 1941 changed it to the last Thursday, but the Senate quickly changed it to the 4<sup>th</sup> Thursday. FDR signed the bill on December 26, 1941. It is still the 4<sup>th</sup> Thursday.

## McGill News

The theater roof is being worked on, but with the snow it is a slow process. We missed the big snowfall and ended up with a few inches.

Some of the lamp posts and power posts are being decorated for Christmas and some yard and house decorations are up.

## Old Photo-1929



Taken from the Clubhouse. Tennis courts in foreground distort it a little.

In the November 15, Newsletter26, I mentioned a gas station that was right below the main gate to KCC and just in front of the old commissary bldg.. I found the above photo and have enlarged a portion of it. The canopy of the gas station is seen between the two chimneys on the house. Note also the two houses next to the depot building. The telegrapher lived in one of them.



The canopy is between the two chimneys. There was room for one car at a time. You had to pay with company coupons. I have a photo of the station taken in 1946, but haven't located it yet. It was taken from the front lawn of the hospital and shows the station in full.