

# Keith's Corner/McGill News

April 24, 2020

## Memories of An Old Friend

It was another beautiful warm summer morning as I herded my trusty 1964 Chevy pickup truck up the main Duck Creek road, to visit an old friend at the rustic cabin he lived in, during the summer months. I turned off the main road, eased thru the chokecherry bushes and up a very steep hill. At the top of the hill I glanced over toward the cabin and caught the glimpse of something in the sky above the trees. It was darting from side to side. Looking thru the binoculars I finally determined it was a kids kite. I knew right away that kite flyer was a 72 year old life time friend, named, Bonnie Mesic. He was in front of the cabin as I drove up. Now it is understandable that everyone gets a longing for their childhood days and flying a kite is one of those things. However, this overaged kid was flying his kite with his fishing pole. Unusual?? Not for this character. I grabbed my video camera and recorded the event for posterity. This historic demonstration of kite flying soon ended as he tried to buzz the cabin and ended as he managed to wrap the kite and string around the brick chimney. He quickly explained that it wasn't his kite flying expertise. It was because somebody had built the chimney in the wrong place.

The actual purpose of my visit was to help Bonnie BBQ some turkeys for a wedding that day.

We gathered up some mahogany firewood and stuffed the burn barrel with it. Then after a miniature atomic explosion of all the gas he poured in the barrel, we went into the cabin and got the turkeys out of the coolers on the screened in front porch. He stuffed them with cut up onions, lemons, limes, apples, garlic cloves and some red wine, while I got the string and large burlap sack needle to sew up the skin flaps. As I was doing the first turkey I noticed a large portion of one side of the breast had a huge hole in it. I looked at Bonnie and he just shrugged, but he had a grin that I knew was hiding something. Out with it I demanded.

His explanation was a riot. He put the turkeys in a cooler and set it on the screened porch and left the door open to get a nice flow of cool night air over the cooler. During the night, being a light sleeper, he was awakened by a series of thumps coming from the porch. He grabbed a flashlight and checked things out. There was nothing suspicious. Soon he heard the thump again and checked it out, but found nothing. This time he decided to sit on the couch where he could see the cooler. There was a bright moon shining on thru the porch screen and he could see the cooler easily. After a while he saw a small dark form stand up in front of the cooler and stick its nose under the lid and then push the lid up and jump in. The lid made a slight thump. Then the lid opened up again and the little weasel hopped out with a chunk of turkey in its mouth and the lid went thump again. He didn't get the weasel, but he put a large weight on the cooler lid and went back to bed.

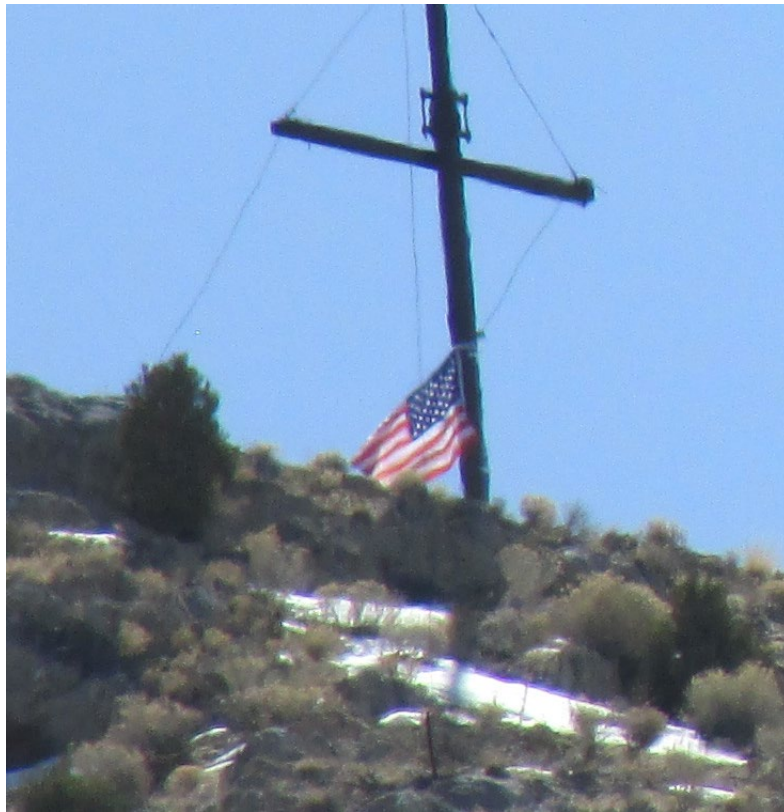
I stitched up the gaping hole and pulled some skin over it and we put the turkeys on the spit. Not one person noticed or said anything. They ate everything but the bones.

Finally, with a belly full of turkey and wine I herded the Chevy back down the mountain. There was a beautiful sunset that filled the whole windshield of the Chevy and thus signaled the end of another perfect day.

## McGill News

Well, April is going by fast. Time sure flies. . It was over a hundred years ago that the flagpole on the peak was put up there. It still amazes me how those guys did that feat. Drilling a 10 foot deep hole in solid rock with hand tools is not an easy task. It not only serves as a great marker for our town, but it is also a much better

promoter of exercise than most exercise videos on the market. Plenty of folks have hiked up there over the years. During our recent no snow winter and good weather some local kids hiked up and put up the American Flag.



Old Photos



McGill-June 4, 1908



Enlargement—Houses on A and B rows and mill and trestle. Pole line to Ruth.