

Newsletter128

Keith's Corner/McGill News

October 22, 2021

Hunting Dogs, I Remember

Hunters, that used dogs in pursuit of game, have many great stories to tell about their favorite dogs. Several of us McGill hunters had Labradors and hunted ducks and geese as there were few upland game birds here. My brother, Paul, had a black Lab named, Blackie, that had quite the personality. Usually, we went duck hunting down on the outlet stream of Bassett Lake. We had a small duck blind there. We would get there before sunrise and get settled in the blind. We would all keep an eye on Blackie in the hope of catching him getting a drink. When he did, then whoever was closest would toss him in the stream.. Then it was a chore to coax him back out of the water, as Labs love water. We did this because several times in cold weather, Paul would bring down a duck and send Blackie to retrieve it. Blackie would head for the stream, but would stop as his front feet entered the cold water. He would have to be helped into the water. The rest of the day he was anxious to jump in and swim. It was just that first time.

If Paul shot at a duck and missed, Blackie would look up at him, as if to say, WELL!!

He worked great with Chuckers, Quail, Pheasants and Sagehens, but would not pick up a dove. He would find it and wait for you to arrive. Something about the feathers coming off too easily in the dog's mouth.

I had a black Lab named Tuffy. He loved the water and duck hunting. He would sit in the blind facing me and watch for ducks coming behind me. His head would start moving upward. At the right moment I could stand up and get a good shot.

I took Tuffy down to the old McGill dairy ponds, when he was a puppy and let him play in the water. He never paid any attention to the many blackbirds and other birds, but, when a duck flew over, he would stop and watch them. It must be instinct. I have noticed that with other Labs.

The first time I took Tuffy hunting, we brought back 3 large Greenheads. As I carried them to the back of the house to hang under the eaves in the brisk cold October air, Tuffy was sniffing at the ducks and wagging his tail. He was so proud.

I had a Yellow Lab, named Jake, that had a terrific sense of smell. My daughters, Alicia and Tamena, would let Jake smell an object then hide it in the sagebrush around the property, while I held Jake. Then we would turn him loose and like a magnet, he would find the object.

One day I heard my daughter, Tamena hollering, SNAKE, SNAKE!! I grabbed a shovel and ran to her. There was a large blow snake all coiled up and hissing. Jake was darting back and forth between Tamena and the snake. He was protecting her.

I never got to hunt with Jake. He developed a brain tumor and was put down.

The last one, was Matt. He was a gift from Kathy Smith, the owner of the hay ranch I was caretaking. He was out of a litter of 12, at Barbra Carter's Egan Ranch. He was 10% Golden Retriever and 90% yellow, Labrador.

I didn't hunt ducks anymore, but Matt was a great help in trapping gophers in the hayfields. He would sniff at all the gopher mounds, but would only start digging on certain ones. I learned to put the traps in those. Matt and I had almost a perfect score every day.

Hunting dogs are a great joy to be around. There are many kinds. All of them make a terrific hunting partner and friend.

McGill News

I haven't heard if Rudy was able to start work on the IOOF Hall and the theater after his trip to Carson City, but he is doing a lot of work on his RV park north of McGill.

There are rumors of a large grant to bring the train to McGill, but no real actions taking place.

Oldies

1912—January 28-Park's Movie Theater opens in McGill

1909----December 7—Morris Flowers was manager of Nye Bros. Clothing , McGill

Old Photo



The silver building in the center was the Standard Oil Bldg., at the bottom of A and B Rows. There were two sets of tracks crossing the road. One was the main line and the other was a spur to this bldg.. It was a warehouse to store oil, etc.