

Newsletter126

## Keith's Corner/McGill News

October 8, 2021

### Deer Hunting Stories-Fact or Fiction??

It has been a known fact that fishing stories tend to get better and better with passage of time, along with the passage of alcohol into the story teller. This also occurs with deer hunting stories.

The distance that the hunter brought down his quarry, increases by several yards with each additional drink. My father used to counter these stories by stating that he always treated his bullets before the hunt began, so that he could shoot extremely long distances.

He would dip them in olive oil, then salt and then pepper. The oil would lubricate the barrel, thus allowing the bullet to go faster, increasing the range. The salt would keep the meat from spoiling until he could get there and the pepper kept the flies away.

The McGill Club and the Victory Club in McGill were the favorite watering holes for hunters to regale others with tales of their hunting and shooting skills.

There were of course many funny stories that actually happened.

One true story was related to me by 91 years old, Tom Dotson, who was raised in McGill. He told me that his father was quite the deer hunter and supplied the family with plenty of venison during the 1930s and 1940s. His father, Tim, would gas up their two door Model A Ford sedan and head for the hills whenever the supply of meat was running low. Sometimes he would open the deer season a few months ahead of schedule, if necessary. In such cases he had a master plan. The Model A had a back seat that had lots of leg room. He would place the deer

on the floor in front of the seat and then pile lots of mahogany branches over the deer. Everyone knew that he heated the house by burning mahogany. After covering up the deer, he would head for town.

He always parked in front of the McGill Post Office. He would then, slip into the post office and get his favorite out of town newspaper. Then, because, for some unknown reason, the U.S. Post Office was located near the McGill Club, he automatically ended up at the bar. He liked to have a couple of boiler makers and then get a bucket of beer to take home. He was in this procedure one time, when a friend, Al McCubbin came into the bar and announced, loudly, that Tim needed to get his Model A and the load of mahogany home quickly, because it was bleeding all over the street.

Another story was the one about Dale Cotrell and Tom Dotson deer hunting in Butte Valley. Now that valley was the source of many huge bucks and these two characters felt that they had just bagged the biggest one ever. It was loaded onto the right front fender of Dale (Snorts) old chevy and headed for town.

They parked in front of the McGill Club. At the bar they bragged about just how big it was and that both of them had a struggle to get it on the fender. Al McCubbin stopped them short by saying that there was never a deer too big for him to lift by himself. That did it. Money was put on the bar and the bet made. Norm Linnell the bartender held the stakes. The whole crowd went outside to see who would win the bet. Al took one look at the huge deer and admitted defeat. Then, he started to laugh and pointed to the front tire. Snort had put 4 new ones on a few days before the hunt. The tire now was shredded to almost nothing. The deer had been so heavy that it pushed the fender's angle iron support down onto the tire tread. In their excitement, both Snort and Tom were unaware of the problem. A few beers, also helped in that regard.

Kendall Horton and Tom Mallas had been hunting in the Mt. Moriah area one year. Kendall had shot a huge buck and they were heading home, when a game warden stopped them. He checked the buck over and then asked who shot it. Kendall took the credit. The warden asked why he had not put his deer tag on the deer. Kendall said that he wanted to get a bigger one. The astonished warden exclaimed that they don't make them any bigger. The deer was confiscated and Kendall got a huge fine. The buck was mounted and hung in the Carson City Fish

and Game office for years. I asked Kendall if he ever got a bigger one and he pointed to a large mount hanging on his living room wall.

The many hunting tales told over the years may have been exaggerated to a large extent, but a tour thru the McGill Club may dampen such thoughts. A good look at the deer mounts on the walls dating back to the 20s, 30s, etc. is a good indication that many of those tales were true. There are some fine old mounts there.

I remember a lot of us kids walking around town in late October and looking at some of the huge bucks hanging from the rafters on the north side of the houses. Andy Morel's house was a certain one and so was Growler Monson's and Dick Crane's. The deer were wrapped in several layers of cheesecloth to keep any flies out. After a few weeks of aging they were taken down, skinned and cut and wrapped for the freezer. There were no large freezers in the homes at that time, but most folks rented a freezer locker in the back of the McGill Commissary. Such were the deer hunting times in the past.

## McGill News

Great news. I had a talk with Rudy at the IOOF Hall. He said that he was going to Carson City this week and submit new plans to the fire marshal and hopefully get working on the Hall soon. He is doing a lot of road work at his 80 acre RV park next to the Bassett Lake road.

## Oldies

1933—June—Dr. George O. Roberts was on staff at the Emergency Hospital

1937—March 10—Keith Gibson got his first haircut at Johnny the Barber's Shop

## Old Photo



I was asked if the Sheriff's Office was always just that. Here is a photo from 1926 showing it as a laundry. I don't know when it became a Sheriff's Office as yet.