

Newletter123

Keith's Corner/McGill News

September 17, 2021

Dan Bush Anecdotes

Back in ancient times, during the spring of 1945, my family made the big move from townsite, (26 E row) to #20 on 1st. street. I soon became good friends with another McGill heathen. That would be, Dan Bush, who lived a few houses away. He was one of those “characters” in everyone’s life that never fade from memory. Dan had 3 brothers, Keith, Tommy and Jerry. Like all McGill urchins in those days, they liked to play pranks on other folks. The more realistic the better, like this one.

One afternoon , Dan and his brother Keith, decided to play a major prank on their dad, Lester, who at that time worked in the KCC power house. After work ended for the day, he would walk down the hill and across the freight switch yards to his home on first street. He had the habit of picking up several pieces of coal that had fallen off the train cars and putting them in his lunch box. As he got home and passed the coal box, he would dump them in. By doing this all year, he accumulated a good supply for the winter and it helped keep the freight yards cleaner.

The two ruffians waited until Lester could see them in the back yard and then they proceeded to have a rough and tumble fist fight. They knew that Lester, like most McGill dads, would kind of snicker and think it was good for them to get it out of their system. Probably some silly little argument over a toy.

Dan and Keith deduced this and planned to go beyond such thinking. When they figured Lester was close enough, Dan pointed a gun at Keith and fired a blank. Keith staggered and in a great dramatic scene, grabbed his chest, smeared some catsup on it and fell to the ground.

Now Lester, was usually one to take his time walking, but now he sprinted to the yard, leaped over the fence and started chasing Dan around the yard hollering at him. Dan soon figured out that it wasn't a joke anymore and every time they passed by Keith laying on the lawn, Dan would holler at him to get up. Keith would just grin at Dan, as if to say Ha Ha, you are going to get a licking. Finally Lester caught Dan and started thrashing him. Keith could see what was happening and couldn't hold back any longer and started to laugh.

However, Lester, heard Keith and realized that it was a prank, so he turned his wrath on Keith, too. Moral of this story is, don't play stupid stuff like this on your Dad.

One fine spring day, I was walking home from grade school, daydreaming about saving some damsel in distress, when I noticed the Bush family's 1949 green Chevy pickup truck heading my way. It was going rather slow, but wandering from side to side, so I jumped up on the lawn of the nearest yard, to avoid being run over. As the truck went by I could see that the driver was none other, than little Jerry Bush, who was probably about 4-5 years old. He was standing on the seat and having a ball with the large steering wheel. There were two men running behind the truck, hollering. They finally caught up with it and managed to get in the passenger door and grab the key out of the ignition.

It turned out that Dan and Keith, had conned Jerry into standing on the seat and playing with the steering wheel. Then they pulled out the throttle (those were on all trucks back then), put the truck in low gear and whoopee, Jerry was driving down the street. The two older boys I am sure, suffered dearly for that stunt.

One cold winter day, (reminds me of a poem), Dan asked me to come over to his house and help him with a huge problem. When I arrived, he took me down to the basement and showed me a beautiful, handmade dog sled. Dan could build anything and everything. I told him how nice it was and asked what the big problem was. His face turned a little red as he explained that he couldn't get it

thru the cellar door . He had never thought of that. We finally did get it out after many hours of struggling.

Dan only had one dog and so he “borrowed” two more dogs from somewhere, to pull the sled. The only trouble was that the dogs did not like the harness and especially didn’t like each other. It was a mad house before we got them separated. I left and to this day don’t know if Dan ever made proper use of that sled.

There was never a dull moment with Dan Bush in the neighborhood. One had to be very careful when agreeing to do something with him. We remained close friends all our lives.

Wondering what the poem was? Have no fear, I never leave my readers wondering. I saw this poem under the glass counter in the McGill Club many moons ago. It goes something like this-----

One cold November day

There in a boxcar, a dying hobo lay.

His pardner knelt beside him, as he sang his last refrain

Then stole his shoes and socks and caught an east bound train.

McGill News

Sad news today. Mike Nass, who started a locksmith, thrift shop, U-Haul business in the old bank bldg.. is selling out. The governor has mandated that all employees get vaccinated or get fired. Mike is not getting the vaccine. I think the bank would be a great place for a McGill Museum. There is an apt. upstairs that a curator could live in. The vault could store valuable stuff. It is ideally located and the traffic count is increasing each year. There are thousands of former McGill folks around the world that might help. The building is in great shape. This sad news could be turned into good news with some effort. Think about it.

Oldies

1910—February 27—Dr. Tollhurst, McGill's first dentist, buys new electric engine drill.

1910—July 31—McGill Cooperative Mercantile runs ad in paper.

Old Photo



Huge fire in 1922 at the mill. It was rebuilt quickly.