

Newsletter125

Keith's Corner/McGill News

October 1, 2021

Fall Arrives In McGill-1948

September, is the month that was dreaded by us young McGill boys. It signaled the start of the compulsory, mandatory, no way out, school year. Our glorious summer days of freedom were now over. The only saving grace, was that October was just around the corner and that meant that Fall was in full progress. The quakie leaves were changing their bright green summer colors to the beautiful shades of yellows, reds and oranges. They stood out against the green pine trees and against the dark blue of the fall sky.



The rustle of the leaves in fall, is a forever memory.

The air was crisp and clean. The pine cones popped open, littering the ground with the nuts that we loved. The chipmunks and squirrels were busy stashing them for the winter months.

The baseball World Series was on the radio. Football was about to start. All of these wonderful things helped lighten the agony of school, but the best thing, was the fact that deer and duck hunting would soon be at hand.

Opening day was usually the first Sunday in October. This meant that rifles had to be sighted in at the gravel pit, just a short trip down the Bassett Lake road. Knives had to be honed on the whetstones, boots coated with Neetsfoot oil, red hats and red sweaters dug out of hiding. It was all exiting to do these activities.

Another milestone was going into the back of the Goodman-Tidball store, past the meat counter to the outdoor supplies area. Hunting licenses and deer tags were acquired, along with a duck stamp.

Ammo for the guns was purchased if needed. We all bragged to each other that we only needed one shell per season. The others were for sighting in the rifle. No one believed this of course.

Some scouting was done but generally everyone knew where to hunt and where everyone else in town would be hunting. The deer seemed to be all over the place in the 40s and 50s. They weren't scattered from all the hunting pressure and of course the number of hunters was a lot smaller than in later years. I think that the long seasons now days, are the reason that we see more and more deer in the towns. It is not so crowded with people and vehicles, like it is in the mountains.

Equipment needed back then consisted of a rifle, boots , red sweatshirt and hat, sharp hunting knife and some long woolen skivvies if the weather was cold. Now days it is rifle, scope, spotting scope, pick-up, range finder, ATV, GPS locator, maps and sometimes elaborate motor homes etc.

If one was going to camp for a few days then a menu was in order. Gas cans were filled and checked for leaks. The wall tent was dug out of the basement

along with sleeping bags. Dutch ovens and the good ole cast iron skillets and grills, (most of them made at the KCC foundry), were located.

The one thing I have fond memories of, was Coleman lanterns. The noise they made is a unique sound, never to be forgotten. Extra mantles were packed along with the necessary white gas.

It was all very exciting and helped to push that “buck fever” feeling to a high pitch. It helped us McGill heathens cope with sitting in class. We could day dream about getting a large buck to bring home, slung over the front fender of the family car, for everyone to see.

Fall, was my favorite season. It gave me lots of fond memories to carry me thru the dreary winter months of school, until spring. Then, the excitement of the start of fishing season, brought me back to reality.

McGill News

Picked the last of the “real” tomatoes for the year. Got down to 22 Tuesday night. Winter is upon us.

Oldies

1907—May 7—Ground broke for Steptoe Valley Hospital by workmen from McGill

1907—September 13—East Ely Depot almost finished.

Old Photo



Dick McGuire
Bonnie Bower
Grandma - Grandpa
Sam Lages
Joe Bower
Elmer Bower

Lages (Stage Stop) in the late 40s-early 50s.

