

Newsletter112

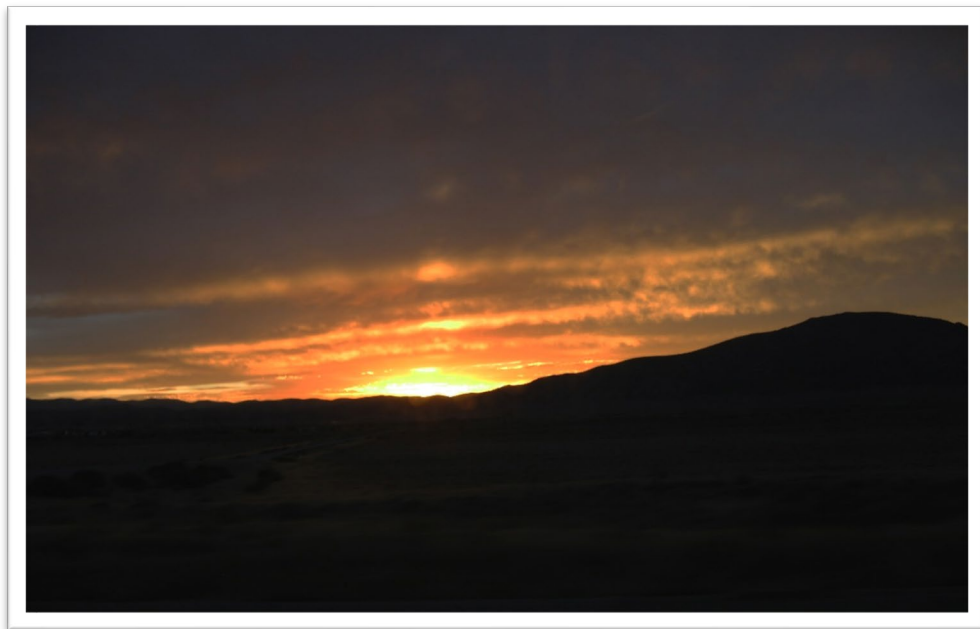
Keith's Corner/McGill News

July 9, 2021

Sunsets To Always Remember

White Pine has always been the recipient of many glorious and beautiful sunsets. Most of us can recall many of them and especially certain ones. One that I remember was many years ago in Duck Creek Valley. A lifelong, close friend and I were finishing up a pine nut hunting trip. Bonnie Mesic had driven us up a long bare ridge road on the east side of the valley. The pine nuts were big, dark and plentiful. It was before the gubbermint started messing things up and so it was a successful trip.

We were facing the sun setting, in the west, over Axehandle pass, which created a picture perfect sunset. I had just opened us a cold beer and Bonnie was playing a recording he and Dave McIntosh had made. The perfect way to end a wonderful day.



I commented on how great the sunset was and how nice it was to live here and enjoy such sights, along with the clean fresh air laced with scents of pine and mahogany and the sheer quiet of the mountains. The 'quakies' along the creeks were turning to their autumn golden colors. What a day.

All of a sudden Bonnie stopped the truck and started to get out. He called back at me and asked if I felt ashamed. He stood in front of the truck shaking his head in disgust. I got out and walked to the front of the truck, but before I could say anything, he pointed at the sunset and asked me again if I felt ashamed. I demanded to know what I was supposed to be ashamed of. He just grinned and pointed at the sunset. "That", he said. "aren't you ashamed of yourself, standing here, looking at that sunset, WHEN there are 12million people in New York City that can't see it"? I told him, not a damn bit. We both laughed and continued watching the sunset until it turned from orange to purple, savoring every minute even more than usual, because he got us to thinking about how lucky we were. No sitting at a red stop light, waiting for it to change to green. Meaning that now we had the gubbermint's permission to move ahead to the next light. We wondered how many minutes and hours, each year, are wasted. No traffic noise and smells. We are lucky, but soon it will change as the city folks are starting to flood in here looking for what we have enjoyed.

Bonnie was one of those unforgettable characters that lived around this area. He was a very good artist and a great guitar player. He had a voice that was a duplicate of Johnny Cash. He and his brother Joe learned their playing skill by teaching themselves. They both could invent stories out of thin air about anything. I wish I could remember some of them.

Bonnie spent a lot of summers in a cabin in Duck Creek, with his wife Lucille. They had many turkey BBQ's. He had a homemade spit to roast the meat over an open mahogany fire. He had made a large water wheel out of coffee cans, that slowly turned in the current of the little stream nearby.



Figure 1--Photo by, Payton Stewart, my beautiful Granddaughter.

Many a person came away from there, thinking that the wheel generated power to turn the BBQ spit. He had others believing that the wheel generated the power for lights at the cabin.

I spent many days at the cabin taking videos of Bonnie doing crazy thing, like flying a kite with his fishing pole. Another time it was in the cabin with some of the pet ground squirrels that would come in thru the open door and hop up on his knee. One in particular was after some pine nuts and Bonnie started giving it some. The squirrel kept filling it's cheek pouches until they were bulging. Bonnie kept asking if he wanted some more and the squirrel sat there until more came. Finally he couldn't hold another one and he hopped down and ran out the door. The total was 29. Couldn't quite get the 30th one to stay. Bonnie marked the record on the wall. I video taped the incident.

He had an imagination that had no bounds. I could start the camcorder and he would launch into a discussion of UFOs, large boa constrictors and so many odd things. We would laugh until our sides hurt. It usually took 2 beers and some vin rose to calm us down. A big regret I have, is not taking more videos. Thankfully I have a clear memory of those times that will always be with me.

McGill News



No one seemed to know what this contraption was used for. I had a photo of it in Newsletter 110. I forgot to tell you in NL111 what it was. Well it is a Dr. Scholl's Arch Fitter. In the old days, some of the shoes had metal arches. If the arch was uncomfortable, this machine could be used to bend the arch to fit properly. This one was made in 1915 and weighed 29 lbs. Quite the sturdy machine.

Oldies

1910—February 20---G. Morris was the manager of the Nye Brothers clothing store and Howard Hodge was manager of Clark's Drug Store.

1907—August 17—Smelter baseball team was organized.

Old Photo



The McGill Candy Store and the McGill Drug Store. We could sure use that awning these 97degree days. Notice the old lamp post. The pole to the left is still there. It supported the line that crossed over the street to the post office and had a blinking yellow light at one time.