

Newsletter239

## Keith's Corner/McGill News

December 8, 2023

### CCC Tribute, Part 2

I received several emails about Newsletter237 on the CCC camps and especially after it appeared in the Bristlecone Tribune newspaper. Thanks Teresa Stewart, owner of the paper. Most of them asked what we did that night and the next day.

I had written that we set up tents and went to bed in them, however, most of the time if it didn't look like rain, we slept outside on the ground. Most of us liked the outside best, so we could stargaze, especially after the campfire died out and the Coleman lanterns were turned off. Some of the scouts knew several of the constellations and would point them out to us.

Someone always had a spooky story to regale us with. As the darkness settled on our area it was easy to imagine all sorts of monsters lurking in the dark bushes. As the cold air from the mountains came down the canyon pushing the warmer air out causing some bushes and branches to move, the monsters became more realistic. Bigfoot came alive in our imaginations. However, the babbling of the creek and the rustle of leaves, along with the clean pine scented air quickly put us into la la land.

As the darkness of the night moved out of the way, to let the early light of the dawn to descend on our campsite, which in turn, triggered the various birds to start their cheerful chirping. A better alarm clock is yet to be made.

We stuck our heads out of our warm bags, took a large breath of cold air and was soon wide awake. We unzipped our bags, put on the warm socks we stashed under our pillows, wiggled into some cold pants and shirts, put on some cold boots and were soon ready for the day.

Next stop was a quick wash in the cold creek to further come to life.

Fires were started in the CCC stove and firepit. The aroma of Hills Bros. coffee brewing in the blue and white speckled pot, soon arrives to spur us on. A griddle, (made at the KCC foundry), was sizzling with bacon. Some Bisquick biscuits were starting to brown in the Boy Scout reflective oven near the campfire coals. These biscuits with REAL butter would soon be on the table to be enjoyed.

With the bacon out of the way we cooked our own eggs the way we liked them and then sat at the CCC table and devoured breakfast. The taste of everything is enhanced in the outdoors, which leads to a ravenous appetite.

With our heathen bellies full of good grub, dishes done, fires out, sleeping bags rolled up, we get ready to do some hiking. Canteens are filled, a note of where we are hiking is left under a rock on the table and we soon are hiking up the South Fork of Timber Creek. Next—the hike, our favorite lunch and dinner.

The feeling of being alive never get better.

## McGill News

Recently, a classy young lady from Conn., did some videoing at the Drugstore. She dreamed of get a John Wayne or Clark Gable for the tour guide, but had to settle for a close substitute. Times are rough these days.

Her name is Nikki and she does fantastic stuff for you tube. She has over a million followers. She travels the country finding unique things and places to video. She has many episodes to watch.

The one she just finished about McGill will be on You Tube at noon ET this Friday Dec. 8. Be sure to tune in. The link is—[www.YouTube.com/Nikkidelventhal](http://www.YouTube.com/Nikkidelventhal)

Some things to watch for—Nikki verifies how cold the water is at Bird Creek.

She does wonders with her drone.

Her faithful dog, Camper, is a character all his own.

Notice the specially designed, fashionable, blue visor that helps guide her through those narrow passageways.

All in all a superb video. Thanks, Nikki.



Front window of the Drugstore. My friend Gemma put the tree up and hung the decorations.

## Old Photo



Ruth Pit June 18, 1910.