

Newsletter338

## Keith's Corner/McGill News

October 17, 2025

### October 1950

Today, October 15<sup>th</sup>, we saw our first snow this winter on the mountains locally. When I saw the snow on the mountain around the Peacock area above the BLM, my thoughts raced back to October 1950. I was a freshman at White Pine High School. I had just gone thru the month of September with all the new changes in my daily life. I had survived the hazing from the upper classmates, such as the paddles and the march up the hill to whitewash the famed WP. The senior girls would grab us and paint our faces with lipstick and the boys would use a paddle on our backsides. Then there was the trauma of waiting to see if I made the famous WPHS band. Which I did. Not being able to play football because I had a splint and bandage on my left index finger from an accident with a sickle blade on a mowing machine.

I remember the first two weekends of October 1950, deer hunting with my father and brother on Peacock canyon. It had snowed and was cold. We always parked our 1940 Chevrolet car at the bottom of the tree line at 5 a. m. and then hiked up the mountain to the big white rocky top.

We had the slight cold breeze coming off the mountain top in our face as we climbed. This meant that the deer would not get our scent.

We arrived at the top, just as the sun was coming up over the top of the mountains above Timber Creek. It was always such a beautiful sight to behold. It was also comforting to feel the warmth as its rays played out on our cold clothes.

The slight cold breeze came to a halt as the sun warmed the air and soon a slight breeze of warm air was coming up the mountain toward us. We separated and crouched behind some cover on the Duck Creek side of the mountain.

We could smell the odor of coffee and bacon cooking. It was drifting up from Sagehen and Boneyard Canyons. We knew that Dick Crane and his deer hunting party would soon be on horseback heading our way. Soon we could hear Dick blasting away at some deer. He always said that if the deer are in sight, then they are still in range.

A few minutes later several deer came pounding past us in the mahogany trees. I watched several does and small bucks fly by and then a nice 4 point ran by me and stopped about 50 yards from me and was looking back down the hill. Then he jumped in the air and turned around and bounced several yards and was looking down the airport side of the mountain. I assumed he had heard some members of the Lusetti family. They always started a little after sun up and one canyon over from us. The buck then turned and started to run toward the south in the direction of the Success Boy Scout Camp. I knew it was my last chance and so I fired the Winchester 30-30 lever action model 94. It was a quick shot and soon I had the buck dressed out as my Dad had taught me. We were taught to do our own

dressing out an animal and getting it back to the car. It took me until 4 that afternoon to get the buck back to the car. It was a great thrill and something I will never forget. Next thing was to get in some good duck hunting at Bassett Lake.

Also, now that I was in the big high school band I had to catch the early bus to school for band marching practice. It was a lot different than the grade school stuff. We were practicing to perform at half time at several football games and especially the home coming game. Every day was filled with new things to learn and do. I liked it much better than grade school and 4 years later I found that I liked college better than high school. That's how life works.

While doing so many different things every day I was able to meet so many new friends. That is one blessing of school. The one thing we didn't have in high school as we did in grade school was recess. But, we had too many other ways to get some free time.

We McGill heathens seemed to fit in with the heathens from Ruth, Ely, Lund and Baker. One strange thing was that the Ely boys usually dated the McGill girls and the McGill boys dated the Ely girls. Guess the old adage was true—the grass is always greener on the other side of the fence. Oh well!!!!

## Old Photo



A couple of old buildings. The theater had just gotten a new awning. I sure wish that Rudy could have finished the theater and the IOOF building.

We could have used them both.