

Newsletter320

## Keith's Corner/McGill News

June 20, 2025

### Shangri-La, Yahody, 23-Skidoo

The day before the opening day of fishing season back in 1944 was always exciting for us McGill heathens. Yes, there was an opening day for fishing season back then, It was usually about the middle of April for the creeks in our area. There was a limit of 15 trout also.

My brother, Paul and I went into the basement and found our fishing poles and canvas creels. They were easy to find as they all hung next to my Dad's straw creel. Our poles were the telescoping kind that are not used today. My Dad's pole was kept upstairs in his closet. It was a special one. It was a gift to him from our Mom. It had a chrome telescoping pole mounted on a long wooden handle. It was unique in that the line from the reel went directly into the handle and out thru the inside of the pole. Our poles had the line hanging in loops below the pole. All of our poles had a tiny compartment in the handle where we kept our fishing licenses.

The morning of opening day Dad got us up at the crack of dawn, Mom had breakfast ready and soon we were loading our stuff into the family 1929 Model A coupe. It was too chilly for Paul and I to ride in the rumble seat so we piled in with Dad. It took a few moments before the manifold heater warmed up.

Dad drove to Keith Murphy's house and after picking him up, we headed for Duck Creek.

We stopped and dug a bunch of nice worms at our favorite place, just before the Bird Creek turnoff.

We fished Bird Creek for an hour or so, but didn't catch any keepers. We decided to go to Timber Creek. It was warm now, so Paul and I jumped into the rumble seat, after grabbing some rocks to toss at things along the dirt road.

The Ford was heating up when we go to the Timber Creek road, so Dad decided to go on up the road to a small stream for some water for the radiator. The little stream was often called. Pat and Mike Creek.

The little stream flowed under the road in a pipe and then spread out into a grassy area. It was hard to get any water in the bucket but we finally got enough to cool the Ford down. We were getting back into the Ford when someone hollered, look at that. There were 2 nice 12 inch Rainbow trout swimming up thru the grassy are. Their backs were out of the shallow water, but they made it up and disappeared into the pipe. We looked on the other side of the road and could hardly see the creek with all the grass hanging over it.

We quickly decided to fish the little stream, so Dad parked the Ford down along the main Duck Creek, so other folks would think we were fishing there.

It was hard fishing thru the grass, but we soon caught a nice mess of trout before the stream got to small and shallow. Several times we stuck our arms into the creek and found that it was small in width but several feet deep.

We were in a state of euphoria as we hiked back to the Ford. What a find. We were sure nobody knew about this. We couldn't wait to tell out friends. Dad told us not to tell anyone. He knew it would be hard

for us not to tell our friends, so he told us to say that we caught our fish at Shangri-La.

I had no idea where that was. Dad explained that it was a mythical place and was used by President FDR during WWII, whenever he was asked about his future travel plans. Military leaders used it to confuse the enemy. Civilians used it like we did to keep people from finding good fishing and hunting spots.

One day, my Dad caught me opening and closing the refrigerator door. He asked me what I was doing. I told him I was trying to see if the light in the refrigerator stayed on when the door was closed. He told me that Yahoody turned it off. He explained that Yahoody was an imaginary person that was blamed for many things in life.

23-skidoo was a slang term from the roaring twenties that meant someone was leaving the scene. It was used in a lot of movies about college life in the twenties and thirties along with racoon coats and racoon tails tied to aerials on hotrods.

These terms are not used no and a lot of the younger generations have never heard of them, so here it their chance to get educated. Look them up on your smart phone.

## McGill News

We had a very important visitor to the Drugstore today. It was Dr. Steven Culbert from Houston, Texas. Steve is the son of Jerry and Elsa Culbert. Steve is the last of the 3 Culbert sons. Mike was a pharmacist and had his own drugstore in California. Dan was a civil engineer and worked for the Nevada Dept. of Transportation . Mike and Dan have both passed. I had a great, long conversation with Dan a few months before he died. He told me some terrific stories about the store and his parents. Steve also told me a lot of interesting things today on his visit. Here is a photo of Steve and his family.



Steve talked and looked like his father so much, that it took me back many years to the 40s, 50s doing business with Jerry and Elsa. He liked the tributes to his Mom and Dad in the Drugstore that they ran for so many years.