

Keith's Corner/McGill News

September 13, 2019

Keith's Corner

Friday And #13

That dreaded day is upon us once more. It has always been a black day, ever since I was a kid. I have never in 83 years of life, ever figured out why. There are lots of horror stories of things that happened on a Friday the 13th, as I am sure there are lots of wonderful things that happened also, but never seem to get as much attention as the bad things. Guess, humans like to dwell on the dark side for some dumb reason. I remember a poem that was under the glass counter at the McGill Club. Norm Linnell the lifelong main fixture of the Club, used to point to it, all the time. I hope I can remember it correctly. "LIFE---From the day you are born—til the day you ride in the hearse—things never get better—but what they get worse". Maybe that was written for someone that was born on a Friday the 13th all their life. The author is unknown to my best recollection.

Why the combination of the number 13 with a Friday baffles me. There are probably just as many Monday the 13ths as there are Fridays each year.

Are folks that celebrate TGIF every week just as joyful when it falls on the 13th ?

Speaking of the 13th, there are buildings that do not have a 13th floor. If you go into a building that is 18 stories high the top floor will be labeled 19. Why no 13, it is still there in the structure? While going to college I was a night manager at a 50 unit motel that had no room #13. I lived in an apartment complex in San Francisco that had no Apt.13. Out of sight , out of mind must be the answer.

Maybe someone decided that all bad luck should be relegated to a Friday that was the 13th day of the month. Doom and gloom seemed to be used a lot in poems. My favorite poet of all time was Robert Service. He was the only one that

I ever could understand that made sense. He wrote poems about every facet of life. He never gets the credit that the poets I can't understand get all the time. Another gloomy poem about humans and life that I read years ago-- goes like this== "Twas a cold November day—there in a boxcar a dying hobo lay—his partner knelt by him as he sang his last refrain—then the partner stole his shoes and socks and caught an eastbound train"

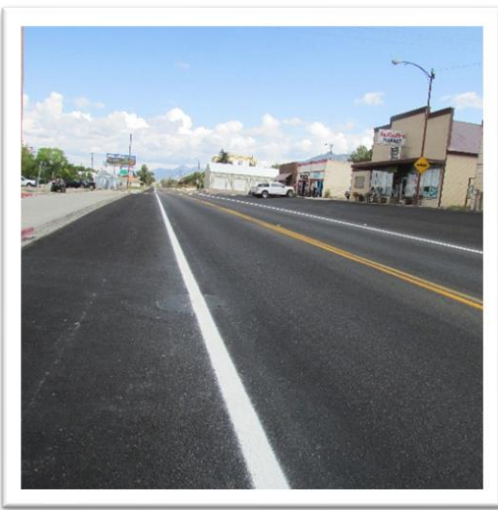
I am sure, that for the more intellectual geniuses that abound in our world, the following words are more appropriate----friggatriskaidekaphobia or paraskevidekatriaphobia. These come from the era of Frigg the Goddess of Wisdom. These words mean a fear of the number 13.

Other origins are—the 13th member of the Last Supper was Judas ---the 13th guest at a Norse Dinner did the honored guest in.

Whatever —we have one coming up this week and I hope we all are luck as can be that day.

McGill News

The Nevada State Highway Dept. spent the better part of 3 days painting the lane stripes and crosswalks on the newly sealed and chipped road from the Bassett lake road to Ely. They had roadblocks at the Duck Creek turnoff and Ely, thus there was a long wait. I counted over 90 vehicles in a line as they went thru McGill. The traffic here is crazy.



Well, at least it is over with for a while and we have a nice new looking street. I hear that the next step to tear up main street in Ely and make it only 2 lanes with a bicycle lane on each side for the 2-3 folks on bikes. If the rest of us have to give up so much space then I think the bikers should have to ride their bicycles year round, carry insurance and have license plates and safety checks. Fair is fair.

The thrift store is doing fine. Mike started working at the prison last week as the locksmith and he is doing great with the key business here in town. He has a van and gets calls as far away as Ruth.



How many of you older McGillites remember this building. It was built by KCC to house the single women teachers that KCC used to bring in for the school. It was a beautiful place. Individual rooms, housekeeper and cook on duty. Then it was turned into a garage for the fire trucks or something like that. It is still there but not occupied. What a shame.

Just think –you now have two new long words in your vocabulary to impress your friends and grandkids.