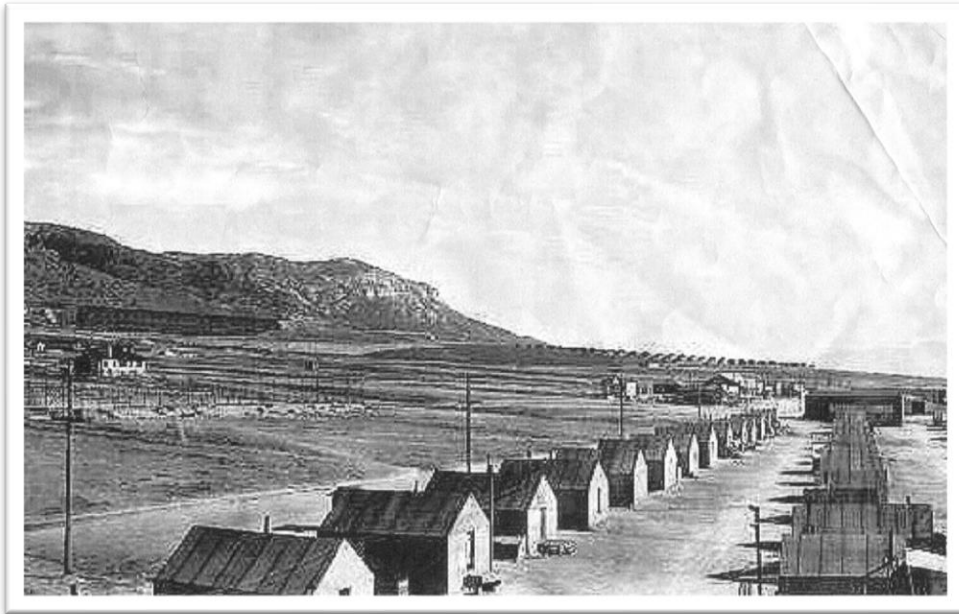


# Keith's Corner/McGill News

August 23, 2019

## McGill, Over The Years

There have been many changes in so many things in our little town since it was first carved out of the sagebrush in 1906 or thereabouts. We don't live in tents anymore.



We don't have to drive on dirt roads. I remember that townsite had dirt roads until the 50s.



Speaking of dirt, we don't have to play football and baseball on a dirt ballpark, thanks to the new park that has grass, that was built in 1949-50. I remember the ground balls coming your way might hit a small rock and bounce into you head. The field was level around the bases, but then sloped up to the grade school. It was a lot of fun to ride a bike down the slope and pedal to a high speed and then stand on the brake and slide, usually sideways. The hero of the day was the one that left the longest skid mark. We played a lot of alley basketball in the dirt. There was a backboard in almost every alley in town. The grade school team played in the old "rec" hall for years and then in the gym at the Clubhouse. I remember that gym. The backboard was hanging on the wall, which made for a very difficult layups. The side lines were only a foot from the walls. The large windows were covered in heavy wire fencing material. We rode our bikes there after school for to practice. The new gym by the school. Built in 1950 solved those problems.

Our track team practiced just south of the "new bldg." in the dirt. The pole vault pit was filled with some sawdust from KCC. We used a bamboo rod the Cononelos furniture wrapped their rugs around. The same sawdust was used for the high jump.

Not very many kids made it thru grade school without losing some skin from arms and legs. If it bled too much, the quick cure was to put a handful

of dirt on the spot that was leading that salty red stuff. In the olden days they had barbers that bled people to get the evil spirits out. That is the reason for the red stripe on barber poles. Heck, us McGill heathens didn't need a barber to bleed us, we had the rocky McGill sports fields to do that. There are lots of changes in life in McGill and most of them are for the better. The biggest one most people think of is the green hay fields that cover the "sands". The McGill dust storms were a legend in their own time. Every one of us kids can still hear our moms hollering get the clothes off the lines, sheets and white things first. Aw, such memories. We lived thru it and came out OK, at least as we see it.

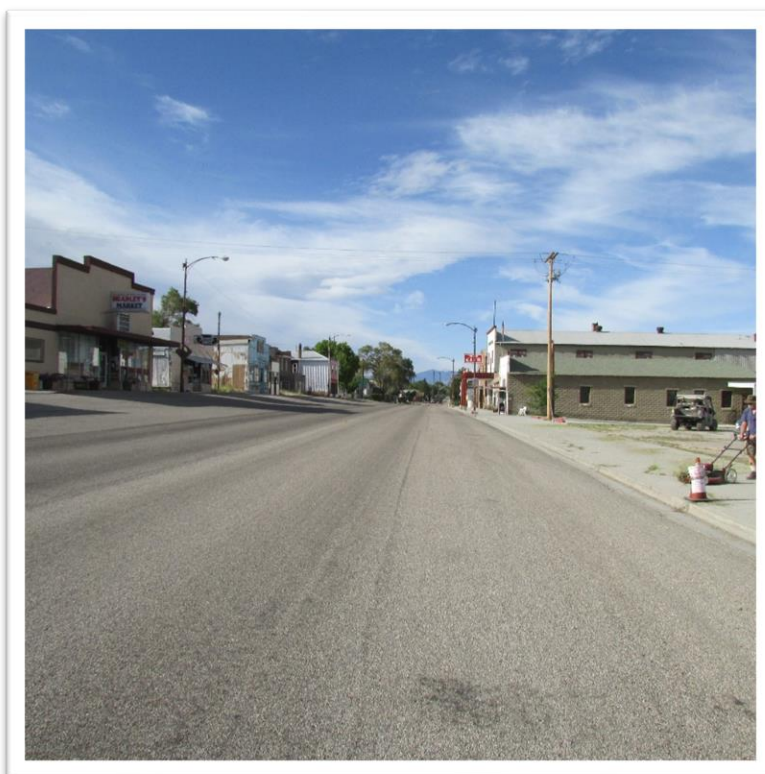
Another great improvement was not having to stand in line to get into the Clubhouse indoor pool after old man Kinnear had the little pond at the dairy converted into the greatest swimming hole in the world. It was a place many of us goof balls spent many a day wearing ourselves out, swimming, diving and playing on the two large rafts. Then it was the grueling uphill hike back to town. Coasting on our bikes down to the pool was nice, but the uphill trip wasn't. As one of the heathens growing up in McGill, I don't remember going down hill as much as going uphill. Must be a mental thing.

## McGill News

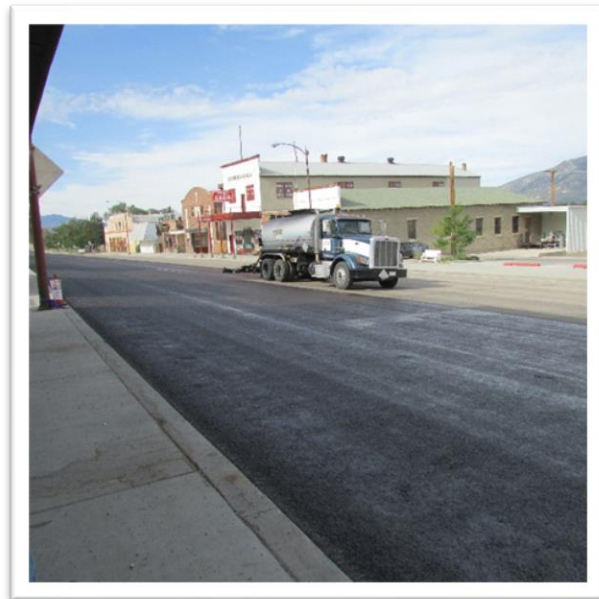
The road crew was back in town Wed. August 21 putting a top coat of oil on the stuff they did a week ago. As usual they moved very fast and smoothly. They made it from Ely thru McGill in one and a half days. Amazing!! First came the sweepers to get rid of the loose stuff.



There were three of them and after a quick sweep thru town out main street looked clean as a whistle, whatever that means.



Then came the gooey black stuff. It dried in a few minutes.



The McGill "Rec" hall team in 1950 circa.