

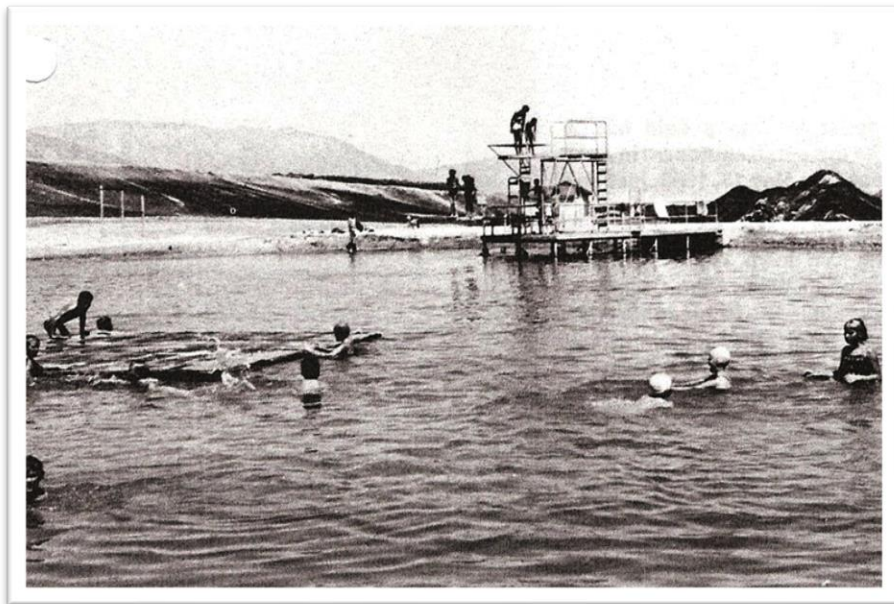
## Keith's Corner/McGill News

July 19, 2019

I received several requests that I start with the Corner and put the news last as that is the way the title reads. Sounds right to me, so here we go.

### Keith's Corner

When a person ages, it seems the body changes in many ways. The hair turns grey and then white and sometimes just disappears. When it is gone, then one has less hair to comb, but more face to wash. We all make those adjustments. Our comfort zone narrows from a wide range of temperatures to a very limited range that we can tolerate. This is especially true with me, as I am not a heat person. Yesterday it was a hot 94 degrees here in McGill. I can remember working out in the hayfields in hotter temps without too much discomfort, couldn't do it now. My first thought of course was to go jump in the McGill pool and cool off, climb up and dive off the high board into the deep cool water, play King of Bunker Hill with friends on the two rafts.



But, alas, my hopes were dashed with the thought of the pool in these so called modern days. No high diving board, no rafts, a high chain link fence, cement sidewalks, admission fee and many other things. Guess it is for the best, although it is not for me.



In my youth, there was no fence, which meant we could go swimming any damn time we wanted, such as skinny dipping at night. Old Hockshaw would drive down and shine his spotlight (cars used to have those on the side of the front door) all around the pool. It was easy to see him coming and scoot over and hide under the diving board platform till he left.

We would go down the stream that came out under the large wall behind the diving boards and try to catch goldfish. We usually ended up with some leeches on our legs. There were lots of different bugs flying around. It was a world of freedom not found today.

The Red Cross swimming lessons were utilized by a lot of us McGill heathens. It seemed like everybody and his dog could swim.

During the summer we were either at the pool or the ballpark, getting a full day of fun and exercise. Thankfully iphones and TV had not been invented yet. We enjoyed fresh air and good friends.

Memories of Buddy Jukich doing his famous cannonball, Kenny Giles walking across the bottom of the pool with a large rock, Johnny Roberts swimming 2 lengths of the pool underwater, dare devils jumping from the high board to the low board and a multitude of other historic events, are still fresh in our minds. One fall day in the late 40s, word spread around town that there were two huge rainbow trout in the pool.. Several of us went down and tried to catch them with rod and reel, but they would just dart under a raft until we left. Finally, one day Ray McDowell nailed them both with a bow and arrows with fishing line attached. The fish were probably in the 6-8 lb. range. It was surmised that they had come up from Bassett lake and gotten thru the bldg. where the outlet stream went into. Some said they came down somehow from the Duck Creek pipeline. I do remember seeing some large trout in the tank that the pipeline dumped into above the smelter.

Some enterprising kids one day decided to ride their bikes off the low diving board just for kicks. The moment the front wheel went past the end of the board, the bike went end over end into the deep water. It took a long time to drag the bikes out. One couldn't get up enough speed to launch out into the air, right side up. Another lesson learned the hard way, of course we like to remember it as a successful scientific experiment That happened a lot with us back then. Hey, at least we learned something useful.

To help you remember the old diving board and the beautiful water on a calm day, before the wind and sand started blowing, here is a nice picture. Just happened to be some lovely young gals sunning on the boards. The life guards chair is there also. This was the cover of the Kennevadan June 1956.



## McGill News

Not much going on now except the heat. We are in the 90s. Pretty blue skies with a few fluffy clouds in the afternoon and of course some wind that starts around 10 am. Same ole weather as when we were kids.

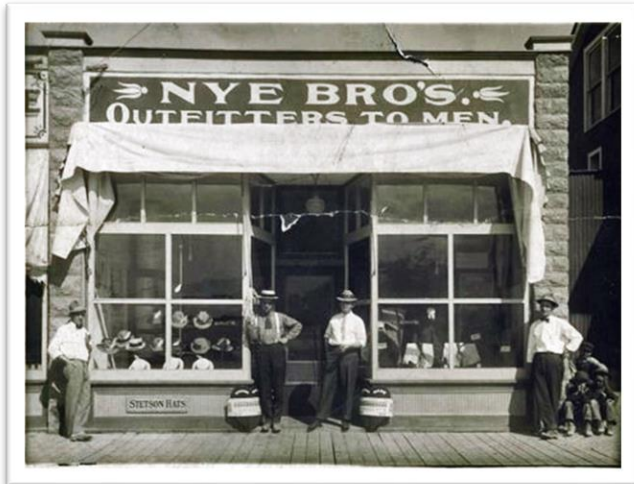
By the way I have had a few folks wonder why I don't write much about later years in McGill when a lot of them were growing up. The reason is that I wasn't living there at that time and so I couldn't write about it.

Anyhow, here are 2 old photos of main street.





This is the Campton store that was turned around in about 1925 and became the Goodman-Tidball Store. What is now the antique store was the M.J Holt Jewelers



and the Nye Bros. Outfitters.

Those photos were in the early 1900s. The Nye Bros. Photo was sent to me by the great grandson of them, who lives in Alaska. I happened to meet him by chance in the WP library. He was looking for the store in Ely and asked me if I knew where it was. I saw the block work and told him it was in McGill. His wife asked

me if I knew her great grandmother. I don't remember her name now, but I looked into the archives about the store. I was shocked to find that one of the Nye Bros. married the grandmother. I e-mailed the info to the couple in Alaska. They were surprised as they had met in Alaska and didn't know they were related. Small world, isn't it????

I am working on Vol III of Keith's Corner. It is the last 7 months of the Ely Times articles, before I parted with them. I have added some pictures and more text than were in the newspaper articles. I hope to get it to the printer soon and will let you know. There will be a discount for all you subscribers. I appreciate your support.