

Keith's Corner/McGill News

September 25, 2020

Pinky's Rock

That of course is a nickname for someone. The Pinky I knew and was friends with for many years and very close the last 10 years of his life, was quite a man. To a lot of people he was a critter that was best to avoid irritating.

Pinky grew up in that part of McGill, that was called in our day, Austrian Town. His real name was Josko Krmpotic, but was always called, Pinky. Why he was nicknamed Pinky and by who I never cared to find out.

He attended WPHS and later joined the U.S. Navy during WWII. When the war was over he returned to McGill and worked at the McGill Dairy. I remember seeing him on the milk delivery truck with Mr. Pickens, Later he bid onto the steel gang as an apprentice. He soon tired of that and moved to Reno to get into heavy construction, mainly pipelines. Upon retiring he moved back to McGill to care for his mother and work some construction for a few years.

I was driving a large truck hauling topsoil onto the sands below McGill and he was operating the loader. We became good friends and did many things together.

One time we were heading to McGill from Ely when he turned off the highway and started up to the Peacock Canyon road, to look for deer and pine nuts. We barely got to the end of the road when it started snowing. It was time to turn around and get off the mountain. On the way down he spotted a huge rock on the uphill side of the road. He stopped and studied it for a minute and then announced that "we" would take it home with us. He had a place for it in his yard. With no winch or any rigging in sight, I asked, how? Simple he said and

drove his truck off the road into a large ditch on the low side of the road. Then he dropped the tailgate and backed up until the tailgate touched the bank.

It was snowing good by then and I mentioned the fact that we didn't have coats or gloves and we were both too old for this stuff. But, hey, life is for living so we hopped out and proceeded to roll the rock down the road and into the bed of the truck, close the tailgate and scamper to the warm cab of the truck. That's when we noticed that the front wheels were off the ground, so we got back out and rolled the rock closer to the cab. The front wheels barely touched. Pinky started up the truck and we went nowhere. The back bumper was hung up in the bank of the ditch. Once again it was out in the cold, dig out the bumper. Finally we got loose and headed home. The snow had turned to rain by the time we entered McGill, so we decided to leave the rock in the truck until better weather showed up.

The next day was sunny and crisp, so I stopped by to help move the rock. As I pulled into his yard I noticed the rock was gone. Pinky came out of the house and with one of those well known grins on his face led, me to the front yard. There was the rock, sitting beside his cellar door. He had rolled the rock onto his 4 wheeler. The front wheels came off the ground, but he drove it anyway. He was a persistent cuss.

The rock is still there and I will try to get a photo of it for next week's NL.

It was a crazy day, but one for the cherished memories section inside our noggins. Looking back over the years, it seems that such crazy days are the ones that we can recall. All the other thousands of days blend into a big nothing. Try to remember what you were doing the days before or after such events. There were to be many more such days in the years to follow.

McGill News

The weather has finally cooled off and our annual Indian summer is under way. It did it's usual one or two nights of freezing all the gardens and then warming up. My tomato plants were nipped on the top half that got some wind, but the bottom is still green and producing lots of maters. Time to make some sauces for the freezer.

The county animal control has been trapping skunks around here. So far they had removed 26. Don't ever remember such an infestation here in town. They were a rare sight years ago. He also caught two racoons. Never ever saw one of those here either. We live in strange times.

Old Photos



Nevada Northern Depot and water tank. No date on this, but looking at all the passenger coaches I would guess it was before they stopped running the passenger service to Wells/Cobre. That service stopped in the 1940s. My Mother took my brother Paul and I on the train and we went across the salt flats on the Lucerne cutoff. All kids were given a postcard of the train and it had a miniature bag of salt attached. I wish I still had that.