

## Keith's Corner/McGill News

September 11, 2020

### Looking Thru An Old Window

While making my sometimes daily jaunts around McGill in a frantic effort to shed some extra unwanted pounds, I go by the Sheriff's office. I pause and look thru the windows. My mind races back 70 years. Several visions slowly make their way thru the cobwebs and dust that have accumulated in the old grey spongy stuff.

Instead of the big hole where the floor used to be, I can see Earl Edwards sitting with his back to the wall heater. There is old Deputy Simpson sitting at his desk. He was the night watchman.

Earl and I used to arrive every morning before the sun even thought of rising. It was cool even in the summer and so we liked to warm our back on the heater. We didn't have to wait very long before the big P.I.E. truck from Salt Lake showed up. He would back up to the large curb, open the doors and start tossing out our bundles of the Salt Lake Tribune. Then Earl and I would carry them in the office and start folding and putting them in our bags. It was a good time to catch up on all the things going on in school and around McGill. Those moments are etched in my mind as a cherished and unforgettable memory. Now days people don't ever seem to stop long enough to visit like that. Always in a hurry to go somewhere. So later in life will they have any cherished memories of anything other than being in a big rush to be somewhere. I think the human brain needs a little time to absorb stuff to actually make a memory that will last.

Such memories help cement the close relationship we McGill heathens had for each other. Some call it "that McGill thing".

As Earl and I left to go on our routes, other memories were being added. There was Norm Linnell opening up the McGill Club so that he and George Mallas could get it ready for the new day. Gene Tidball was unlocking his store. The single men were filing out of the Boarding house with their lunchboxes under their arms, heading up the hill to work. As I started down first and second streets the traffic was picking up. Most of it was foot traffic and we all greeted each other. We all knew each other in some way and that is a very comfortable feeling for a young kid, especially in the darkness of the morning.

Several times during that darkness the sky would suddenly light up for about 15 seconds. We knew that it was another atomic test. A few minutes later the ground would shake and a few windows rattled.

All of those things flashed thru my mind just because I took a few minutes and looked in an old window. Will you have such memories or just a blur of movement.

My old, great grandfather Bill Hayes used to tell me very detailed stories about his life in the late 1800s and early 1900s. I asked him how he could remember such fine details. He told me that unlike folks then, (1950s) who cluttered up their minds with all kinds of drivel they see on TV and newspapers, his generation had time to absorb things and that remembering one thing led into other memories. I can now understand what he was telling me.

# McGill News



Last summer we had a cloudburst of epic proportions that flooded the town. The grocery store ended up with several feet of water and a bulging foundation on the south side. Many basements were flooded, with a lot of damaged goods. The main reason for the flood was the fact that the drains in the gutters were full of sand and gravel from over the years. The outfit, NNE, in the picture is cleaning these drains. Hopefully we won't get flooded again.

Mike at the Thrift Store and U-Haul has been very busy, since the untimely death of Lance Gale and the closing of the White Pine Motor and U-Haul business in Ely.

## Old Photos



This is an enlargement of an area of the photo in last week's NL, taken from a plane. Many people have asked me what was on the lot behind the old commissary. Well, there was a one story dormitory. Here is the only way I can show it, as I have never seen a photo of it. The dorm is the long one with the windows, at the top. The large building below it, was the old Bates barn. There was a row of houses there also. They were later moved up to townsite and other areas. .