

Keith's Corner/McGill News

August 14,2020

Dairy Fresh

Everyday living in McGill during the 30s,40s and 50s was drastically different than the years since then. It was a slower and quieter time to be alive. We had time to sit down and have a nice homecooked meal and actually carry on a conversation with other family members. Many problems were solved, thus avoiding bigger ones later. Evening hours were spent playing board/card games, building things instead of sitting in front of the idiot tube watching mostly stupid commercials. Try turning the sound off and see just how stupid they are. We didn't need to go to a gym to keep in shape as we had chores and played lots of games like baseball, basketball and kick the can etc.. If you wanted to talk with a friend you walked or rode your bike to their house as we didn't have phones. This always was exercise, because no matter where you went in McGill, half of your trip was uphill.

All of these and many other activities left us with many fond memories.

One of those was the sound of the McGill Dairy truck stopping at each house along the street. The sound of the milk bottles rattling against the metal wire basket carried by the delivery man, is still a cherished memory. He would leave some bottles and pick up some empties. The full ones had a different sounding rattle than the empty ones.

The men that carried the bottles were from the labor pool and changed often, but I do remember the driver. We called him "Pick" His daughter Renae married Jack Smith.

The milk in those days was not homogenized and as a result of sitting still for a moment, the cream would separate and float to the top of the bottle. It usually filled most of the neck of the bottle. On cold winter days it would swell up and push the paper lid off. My Mom would decant the cream off and save it for

making whipping cream. That is another great memory, fresh homemade cream puffs.

You could order straight cream in smaller bottles. Here is a phot of some bottles that are in the McGill Drug Museum. The bottles are quite rare.



There was a dairy in McGill that was privately owned until Kennecott it in 1925. I don't know what year the dairy was closed.

All the dairy products were paid for by KCC deducting from the worker's paycheck.

Now days the milk comes in a waxed or plastic square container and is homogenized. There is regular milk, reduced fat milk or as I call it, "liquid chalk dust".

The dairy cows grazed in the large fields below the dairy. The dust from the "sands" settled on the fields and caused the cow's teeth to wear unevenly, so sometimes the teeth were smoothed out by worker's use a rasp on them. In my day, James Bell ran the dairy and the workers lived in the houses across from the road to the swimming pool.

Shown in the following photo.



The building where the milk was bottled. It is being taken over by sagebrush. Sad to see. We could get ice cream here. I hate to see such things. It is part of our history and daily life and it is being lost for all time.

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The eaves were removed because of water damage and rebuilt with metal coverings.

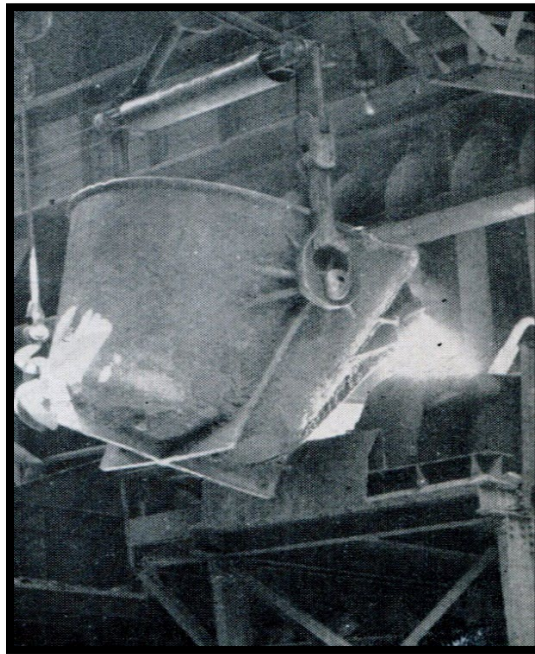


The only other news is that the annual McGill picnic has been called off. What a shame, due to the shamdemic.

Old Photos



Copper pot or ladle in 1910.



Copper pot in 1954