

## Keith's Corner/McGill News

June 4, 2021

### Schellbourne Bar and Café

The Schellbourne Bar and Café was located a few miles north of McGill. During my formative years, after turning the magical age of 21, the place was run by the husband and wife team of Lyman and Charlcia. They were always there.

She put out some great meals and served them in the tiny, one table, dining room. The food was great and usually more than you could eat at one sitting.

He tended the bar and pumped gas from the two pumps in front of the place.

I found a picture of Lyman, but sorry to say, could not find one of Charlcia.



There were many stories about Lyman. Some of them were hard to believe, unless you knew him. There was a lot of stories about one of his customers, especially the one that was always there.

He never left his spot at the end of the bar in front of the Pony Express Mural on the wall behind him. He never had a name, that I ever heard, other than “The Indian”. I do have a photo of him.



One time, some local McGill renegades had been fishing and stopped in for a few beers. They liked to sit next to the India, in case a foreigner (tourist) came in for a drink. One came in and the locals went into action. One of them called to Lyman and ordered a round for the house and pointed to the Indian. Lyman served everyone and pretended to take money from the Indian. Lyman was always game for a fun trick. Later, the tourist bought a round. Then Lyman got one. Every time the Indian got a new drink. One of the locals would switch him with an empty glass. The tourist kept looking at the Indian and then finally came down and walked up to him. When he realized it was a mannequin, he started laughing. He said, that was one of the funniest jokes ever played on him. Gee, I guess city dudes never have any fun.

One day, long ago, several of us locals were in visiting with Lyman, when he looked over our heads, towards the huge parking lot. A tourist had parked just off the highway and was walking across the big empty parking area. We all went to the window to see him. Lyman came around the bar and locked the front door. He told us to keep out of sight. Pretty soon, the door handle rattled and then the guy started knocking on the door. Lyman, cracked the door a little bit and asked what he wanted. The guy said he wanted to get a cold beer. Lyman then asked him for his membership card. We could see the guy get a dumb look on his face.

He turned around and looked all over the area and then said, “ this is a private club out here?????”. We all started laughing and so, Lyman let him in. He was startled for a few minutes and then cracked up laughing. Most people enjoy a good jest once in a while.

Lyman had a great sense of humor. One time, a tourist had been playing the quarter slot machine for a long time, without winning anything. He turned to Lyman and angrily asked, “ who was the last person to win anything on this machine” ?? Now Lyman was never one to be intimidated, so he shot back, “I don’t recall the guy’s name, but it’s on his tomb stone, in the back yard”.

I sure miss the place, but am grateful for the many memories.

Anybody have a photo of Charlcia? Hope I spelled her name correctly.

## McGill News

The guys from the Salt Lake firm, Abstract, are back putting the finishing touches on the outside walls and roof of the theater.





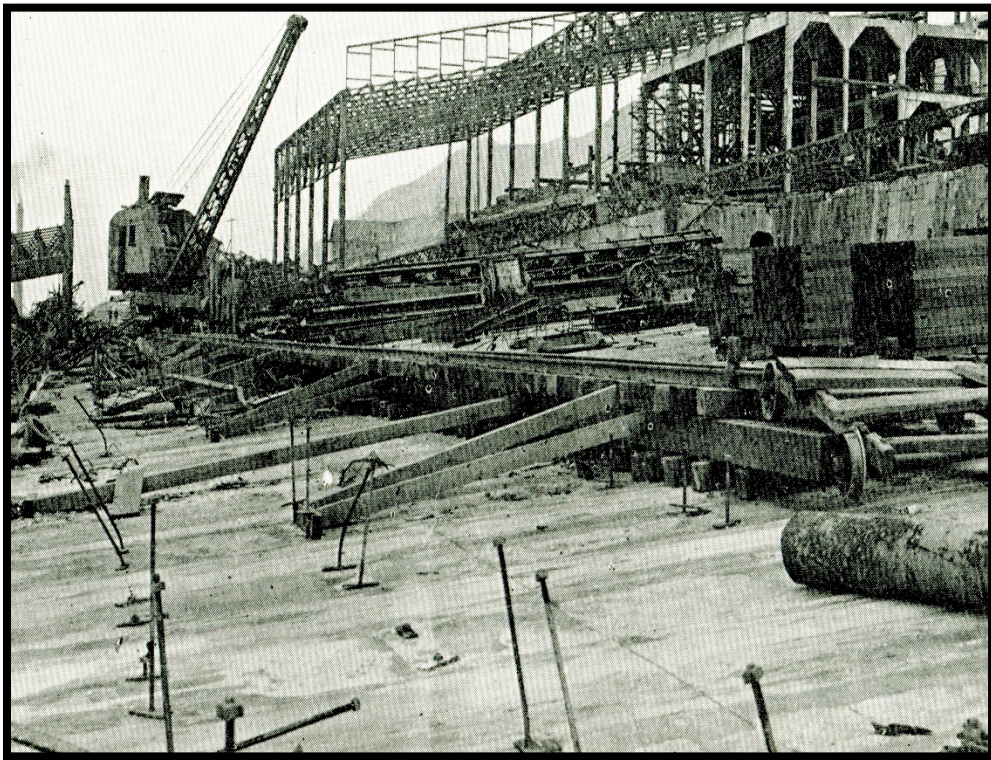
## Oldies

1922—September 6—Miss Thelma Brown arrived from Creighton, Nebraska, to start as a teacher at the McGill Grade School.

(She was my 2<sup>nd</sup> grade teacher. She was the mother of Bill “Irish” Ireland. She also wrote many poems under the Pen Name of “Brownie” and was known by that nickname in McGill. I last saw her at a book signing of her poems, in Macy’s in Reno in 1988. I walked up to her and she recognized me and called me by my name. It had been at least 45 years)

1908—August 22—There was a saloon in Ely named—The Copper Klink.

## Old Photo



I was recently asked if the old trestle burned down with the mill in 1922. It did not burn. It was taken down and used to shore up some temporary tracking for the cranes to travel on, while cleaning up.

