

Newsletter161

Keith's Corner/McGill News

June 10. 2022

Birds Chirping—Real or Fake

The other morning, as I was starting to wake up, I could here some birds chirping. My still groggy mind flashed me back to 1945 when I was 10 years old and waking up to some birds chirping. Then, reality hit my feeble brain and I was still in 2022. The birds chirping were part of the new fangled electronic alarm clock, i.e. the chirping was fake. I reached over and hit the stop button on the alarm, then, closing my eyes I drifted off into never land and back to 1945. The birds chirping were real. They were cavorting around the vines on the hanging trellis by the open window. I could also hear the roar of the tailings ditch from the mill as it tumbled past our yard. There was of course the smell of the oils used in the mill process. I could also hear and feel the thumping of the large jaw crusher at the mill as it crushed the large boulders of ore from the mine. I could also hear the thump, thump of the large compressor at the power house as it pumped air into the lines for the plant.

As I lay there in 1945 I could hear the chug chug of the steam engine, old #40 as it switched cars in the staging yard above 1st street. I could hear the switched cars bang into each other. When all the col cars were linked together I could hear the engine spin it's wheels and start the long push up the hill to the power house with a long line of coal cars.

It was so very peaceful and quiet. There were no dirt bikes, side by sides, ATVs roaring up and down the road. Back and forth like some stunned bug spinning in circles. No vehicles with baffle mufflers to pretend to sound like a fancy Italian sports car or a diesel truck. People enjoyed the quiet and had respect for other folk's solitude. Even the birds chirping was for real. It was so very nice and relaxing and then abruptly I was back and awake in 2022 as a dirt bike shattered the morning. He went past the house several times, back and forth looking for some attention.

I prefer the birds chirping as I know they are at least doing something useful.

The past few years I have noticed that there are fewer and fewer birds around town. I remember large flocks of starlings/sparrows flying in large groups from one tree to another down the street. I don't remember seeing any Robins around either. Not very many butterflies, especially the large yellow or orange monarchs. What has happened to our bird population? I would certainly prefer the songs of the Robins and starlings to the noisy vehicles.

McGill News

The music festival turned out to be a great event. Everyone from out of town that I walked with, were very impressed and want to come back next year. Lots of comments about how well it was run. Several of the bands came in the Drugstore and raved about how well they were treated and taken care of. Rudy did an excellent jo

Old Photo



I don't know what the date was. Guessing the early 1930s as there was a CCC Camp on Bird Creek