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Keith's Corner/McGill News

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The McGill Depot



The McGill Depot has been a landmark for many years. It was falling apart a few years ago, but was rebuilt and is now being fixed up even more. There is now hope that it will be used once again, possibly with 'ole # 40' chugging up to unload some passengers.

As a young McGill heathen, I remember #40 backing up to the depot with a few freight boxcars. The boxcars full of freight were left at the depot to be unloaded at a later time. Sometimes #40 would leave a boxcar at the old commissary

building by the main gate. Then it would move back into the main freight yard and pick up the empty boxcars, empty coal cars and several boxcars laden with copper bars from the smelter. The copper bars would be sent to the east coast to be further refined.

I can still remember hearing #40 chugging back and forth switching cars around until it had a trainload. Then one could hear it strain and start the line of cars on their way down to the McGill junction. There the caboose was added on and the whole unit was off on its journey to Cobre.

I don't know who the men are in the photo, but I assume they are, the telegrapher, the station master and a freight handler. During the late 1940s, the telegrapher/station manager and his wife would go on a 2 week summer vacation. They would have my brother Paul and myself take care of their dog, named Topper.



The telegrapher/manager and his family lived in the red Nevada Northern houses just above and behind the depot. To the left of the depot in this photo.



Some of the earliest memories I have of the depot were watching the freight handler drive an old Ford truck with a flat wooden bed, down K Avenue to deliver freight to the stores. One day as our family was driving down K Avenue, my Dad told us to look at a man walking down the sidewalk, carrying a large briefcase. He said the briefcase contained the Kennecott payroll cash for the bank. This happened every week, as there were paydays on the 1st, 10th, 15th and 25th days of each month. The man was never robbed.

I miss those days of the steam engines. Life was much simpler and not cluttered up with the constant barrage of news and thump, thumping of stereos.

McGill News

The snow windrows have been cleaned up, finally. It has been rather cold, but at least we have had some sunshine.

Old Photo



1912 strike at Nevada Con Copper. One of these men is Nevada's Governor, Odie. You can see some passenger cars on the tracks by the depot.