

Newsxletter193

Keith's Newsletter/McGill News

January 21, 2022

McGill Theater-Update

Here is a photo that will take a lot of us old McGill heathens back many, many years. Rudy Herneden was able to get the power to the theater and light up the marquee for the first time in probably 40-50 years or more.



Rudy has been fighting an uphill battle with the NV government in Carson City and locally. They stop him every chance they get and it ends up costing Rudy a lot of money. He is a fighter and will win in the end.

Rudy has done a lot of good for McGill. He is keeping us on the map and showing a lot of naysayers, that McGill will NEVER be another Nevada ghost town, but will be a growing and vibrant community like it has been for 116 years.

Here is a closeup of the Marquee.



He is advertising his music festival that will be here at the grassy park by McGill's world famous 'swimming hole.'

When those lights came on, a ton of memories flooded through my feeble brain cells.

We always referred to the theater as 'the showhouse'. Every home in McGill had a monthly flyer, thumbtacked to the kitchen wall, detailing a full month of movies.

We youngsters, searched for the Saturday afternoon matinee. It was usually a cowboy flick. Our cowboy heroes, were numerous. Such greats as, Hopalong Cassidy/Topper, Tom Mix, Gene Autry/Champion, Roy Rogers/Trigger, Wild Bill Elliot and Tim Holt, to mention a few of them.

The afternoon Saturday matinee had a cartoon before the main feature.

We loved Looney Tunes and Merry Melodies, with Bugs Bunny, Elmer Fudd, Tom and Jerry, Woody Woodpecker, Colonel Foghorn, Henry The Chicken Hawk and many others. My favorite was The Roadrunner and the mangy coyote.

Between the cartoon and the show we were treated to a continuing serial. My favorites were the Dead End Kids and The Little Rascals with Alfalfa. There were military heroes like, Steve Canyon, Terry and the Pirates, Don Winslow of the Navy and others. The serial ended each week with the hero in a death struggle. That was so we would be back the next week, which of course we were.

Whether it was an afternoon or evening show, we always had a large box of Jolly Time popcorn, with real coconut oil and butter. It was popped right before our eyes. May Fields ran the concession stand. I can still see her dumping the hot popcorn out of the cooker at the top of the stand, then scooping it into a large box. The smell of the hot, freshly buttered popcorn is never forgotten. I remember the Jolly Time box had a rounded tab sticking up on one end of the box. If you tore the tab correctly, it left a hole near the top of the box on the narrow side, to dump out the popcorn a little bit at a time.

When the show was over, most of us headed for the side doors of the theater to avoid the rush at the front doors. The walk home consisted of rehashing the whole show. We imagined we could talk like Woody Woodpecker or the bleep, bleep of the Roadrunner. Some tried Bugs Bunny's famous, "What's Up Doc" The more talented heathens would try Porky Pig's stuttering or Elmer Fudd's, 'Rascally Wabbit' routine.

It was called imagination and pretending. That is something the youngsters of today aren't doing. They are too busy with their games on the smart phones etc. It is so sad, because they are not developing and good and long lasting memories to enjoy in their old age.

Next time I will try the evening movies.

Here is a question for you brainiacs. What would you call certain drawings of something in Ireland? It is a takeoff of the last name of a very famous actor.

Old Photo



Ore train coming out of the tunnel. I don't know the date, but probably early 20s, because the Ruth road looks like it is still dirt.