

Newsletter284

Keith's Corner/McGill News

October 18, 2024

Winter Has Arrived in McGill

Yesterday, October 17, we got our first snow. I am not ready for it. My body is telling me in many ways, that it is not ready for the cold weather. It seems that our weather here is either hotter than hell or colder than ice. My body doesn't seem to make the change fast enough. Centuries ago, as a young McGill heathen, our magnificent bodies never seemed to mind what the temperature was.

We adapted somewhat to the weather. In the spring when we were finally released from our gulag for the three summer months, we first shed those uncomfortable school duds and put on our loose fitting and comfortable overalls. The silly oxfords were traded for some comfortable ankle high shoes, that we called "work shoes". Next step was to get a butch haircut from Johnny The Barber.

So, with properly fitted clothes and shoes and just enough hair to see, we were ready for the heat.

If we felt too hot, we spent the day at the McGill pool. Running through the sprinklers at the various parks was another way to cool off.

My favorite way to stay cool was fishing Timber Creek. It was very shady and the water was ice cold.

Our summer fun was soon ended and we were forced against our will to wear school clothes and shoes and have hair long enough to comb and look funny. The only thing that saved us was the cooler September weather. It gave our bodies time to adjust slowly to the impending cold. We were soon wearing long johns, snow boots, hats and gloves. I don't remember any of those items being

waterproof. Our gloves seemed to soak up water the second we touched snow. This of course hindered one of our favorite sports, throwing snowballs at the girls. We boys never really wore snow boots per se like the girls. We wore our “work boots” and sometimes wore galoshes or overshoes. The girls had real snowboots, with some fur around the top. Most of the girls didn’t wear gloves, but had their hands in a “muff”. We favored the ones with the muffs, because with their hands in the muff they couldn’t run fast.

On our two free days each week we spent hours getting cold, riding our sleds.

One of the joys of life back then was to come home wet and half frozen. With ice cold fingers we managed to untie our boots and get our wet socks off and then wiggle out of the pants with pants legs frozen up to the knees. Throw on a bathrobe and slippers and head for the kitchen wood/coal stove. Mom would pull the oven door down for us to sit and feel the warm heat. She would slice some potatoes and brown them on the stove with some salt and pepper. We would wash that down with some hot cocoa. I will never forget how great that felt.

All in all, I think our bodies could cope with the changes in weather a lot better when we were younger.

With all the high tech clothes and boots of today’s world, very few people get to feel the joy of being very cold and then warming up to a warm wood/coal stove with potatoes and cocoa.

Last winter I thought about being cold and how great it was to warm up the way we did as kids.

I went for a walk on a very cold day and tried to simulate those old memories. I didn’t have wet cold feet or frozen pants and of course, no wood/coal kitchen stove. And of course, my Mom was not there to make the potatoes or coca.

I opened the oven door, turned the oven to 300 degrees, put some sliced taters in a non-stick pan and made some coca. The taters didn’t taste the same, so I improved the taste a little bit by switching to a cast iron pan. The heat was not the same and the coca made with 2% milk was terrible. Therefore, I am left with just my memories.

McGill News



That young man standing to the left of that old McGill heathen, is none other than our Lt. Governor, Stavros Anthony. He is in charge of tourism in Nevada and is doing a great job. He stopped in for a nice visit and liked the Drugstore. We had a chance to chat. He is a great spokesman for Tourism in Nevada

More great news. Rio Tinto gave the McGill Drugstore and the McGill Library some grant money to help us. It has helped the Drugstore in scanning documents and doing some needed repairs, so thank you Rio Tinto.

Old Photo



I had this photo on an earlier NL and asked if anyone could identify these McGill folks. Randy Jones put it on Facebook and several people identified them as Casper and Blanche Bennett and son Raymond.

I even got an email from Clark Bush with his address and have mailed the photos to him. Thanks Randy for the help.

I knew Cap and Blanche and Shirley. I don't remember Raymond. I worked one summer at the KCC foundry with Cap.

Shirley and Clark were 1 or 2 years behind me at WPHS