

Newsletter315

Keith's Corner/McGill News

May 16, 2025

Spring Break 1950s-Part 3

Not long after falling asleep, I was awakened by the howling of some coyotes not far away. The horse gave out a soft whinny, as though they cared less.

I could feel the wind picking up in speed. The sky full of stars seemed to not be as bright. I looked for the moon and thought I saw a dark cloud move across it, or was it just my imagination.

The was getting stronger and the air colder. The rustling of the leaves had a different sound now, as though they knew something was changing. And it was the weather..

Paul and Jimmy must have felt the same thing, as I felt the tarp over our heads moving and soon we were all talking about the increased wind. What was going on?

Now, back in those olden days we relied on our instincts to know what was happening, we didn't have a smart phone to give us an update on the weather. The stronger winds, colder and more humid air, the horses were turning their backsides to the wind. These things were strong messages to us that a change in the weather was dur.

We talked briefly about it and decided that there was nothing to worry about. We had secured our food and other camping stuff, the horses

were fine, so we tucked our heads under the tarp and went back to sleep.

Just before the sun started creping over the mountain I awoke and felt the tarp pushing on my head. It seemed like it weighed more. That got my attention. Paul and Jimmy felt the same thing and at about the same instant we pushed the tarp away and got a face full of cold wet snow. How the hell did that happen so fast, then we remembered that we live in White Pine County.

We very quickly put on our cold clothes and squirmed out of our bags. Jimmy checked the horses, Paul and I pulled some dry logs out of our firewood pile. There was not the time to rub two sticks together to start a fire. We used a more scientific method. I poured some white lantern gas on the wood and Paul threw a lighted match on the wood and presto, a nice fire. Next step was to get some bacon and eggs cooking. The coffee pot was soon boiling. The smell of the bacon and eggs and coffee at a time like that is breathtaking and never to be forgotten.

The breakfast was quickly washed down the gullet with some great, 'on the trail coffee'.

The snowflakes were getting bigger by the minute and there were more of them. We knew that our well planned camping trip was over. There was no way that this storm was a little one. This was the start of a large storm and we knew it, so we started breaking camp. We knew our folks would be out soon to pick our stuff up, for the trip back to McGill.

We had just finished piling our gear by the road when Mom and Dad arrived. The gear was put in the trunk and back seat of the car.

Since it was Mother's Day, I went over to the creek and unsheathed my favorite deer hunting knife and proceeded to cut a nice branch of pussy

willow for our Mom. I held the branch with my left hand and started whacking. Somehow I got my little finger along with the branch. It was a bad cut and the folks wrapped a cloth tightly and got the bleeding stopped. It was quickly decided that I would not ride on the horses, but in the car and head for Ely to my Uncle Reed Anderson's doctor's office.

Paul and Jimmy saddle up and headed over the mountain in a blinding snowstorm.

This was the typical life and times of us McGill heathens. One day the weather is perfect and we go camping. About 24 hours later, Paul and Jimmy are on horseback in a severe snowstorm and I am getting stitches in a cut finger. Crazy stuff, but it is a wonderful memory to be able to bring up in old age.

McGill News

Good news from Rio Tinto. I received a \$6400.00 Grant from them to scan records at the McGill Drugstore. This will allow us to finish scanning around 100,000 pages of invoices etc. They will be in PDF and searchable and will be put on thumb drives. Then they will be sent to the national Archives in Washington, D.C.

So a heartfelt shout out to Rio Tinto. Thank you!!!!

Old Photo



Pouring hot metal into some molds at the foundry way back in the 50s.