

Newsletter330

## Keith's Corner/McGill News

August 22, 2025

### Driver's License Exam 1951

A driver's license is one of those wonderful milestones in one's life. It is a privilege and not a right.

In December of 1951, I made it to the magical age of 16 somehow. This meant that I could apply for a driver's license. I could apply for a driver's license.

My Mom drove me over to the Nevada State Driver's License Office in Ely. It was the little building on the south side of Aultman just below the Cal Ranch store. I filled out the paperwork and took a written test and an eye test. I passed these and the examiner Bill Keega set a date the next week for my driving test in McGill.

I was on pins and needles the next few days. I heard horror stories about the test from the older kids. None of them turned out to be true.

The day of the exam finally came and I drove the family 1950 Chevy pickup down and parked in front of the McGill Sheriff's office. I eased the truck up to the high curb that used to be on the upper side of main street. I pulled on the parking brake handle as far as it would go and put the 4 speed gear shift on the floor into first gear or

compound. We used to call it “Grandma”. I didn’t want the truck to move an inch.

I got out of the truck, jumped the high curb, hurried across the dirt to the sidewalk. With a shaky nervous hand, I opened the door and went in.

Bill Keegan greeted me and asked me a few questions about driving and then we got in the truck.

He had me back out onto main street and then back up about 50 feet, stop and then drive forward. I used the side mirror to do the backing up and he said that was OK, but it is better to turn one’s head and look out the back window.

(Note-I remember back when Bert “Big Red” Cooper was doing his driving exam. As he backed out onto main street, he pulled out the throttle, opened the door, stepped out onto the running board and steered with his left hand. Keegan gasped and told him to return to the parking place. He asked Bert why he did that and Bert said that was the way his dad taught him. Bert, then had to do it over the correct way.)

Bill had me drive thru town and turn down to the swimming pool. I made the proper left turn signal with my arm out the window. Turn signals had not been invented yet. We drove down and parked at the fence by the pool. Then I backed away from the fence and headed up the hill. I stopped at the stop sign and then turned right, towards town. He had me turn left on K Ave. and then right onto 3<sup>rd</sup> street and another right onto J Ave, stop at main street and then back to the sheriff’s office.

We went into the office and he said, that I had passed, He took my picture, gave me a temporary license. My real license came in the mail a week later.

What a great feeling that was. I was on top of the world.

## McGill News



The south wall in this backroom has been rebuilt, insulated, sheet rocked, painted and a shelf installed. It is ready for some old holiday stuff.

## Old Photo



This building housed the large jaw crusher and the ore car dumper.