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ABSTRACT

In Nevada a book was developed to bring history to life for adult students who are beginning to discover the joy of reading and to let new readers and tutors tell their own stories about reading. The first part of the book includes 17 original stories written by Phillip Earl, a popular author and newspaper columnist in Nevada. Articles were selected for high interest value and adaptability for adults able to read at a sixth-grade level or above. The second part of the book includes three personal stories about reading submitted by new readers and their tutors. (MG)

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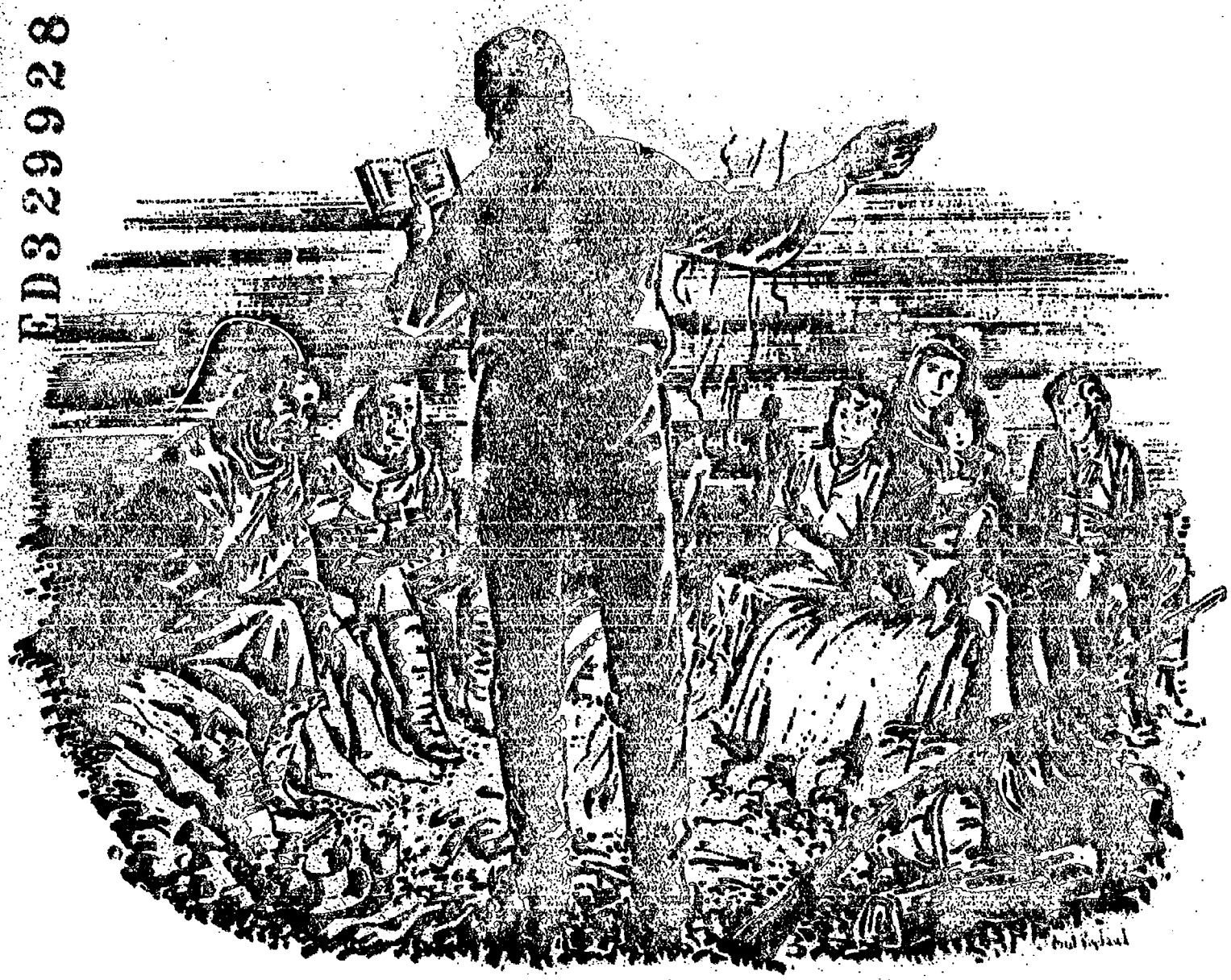
STORIES AND MORE

NEVADA HISTORY FOR NEW READERS



VOLUME I
Reading Level 6 to 8

Compiled by

Nevada Literacy Coalition
Nevada State Library and Archives

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PREFACE

Literacy tutors everywhere are constantly in search of stimulating stories and articles suitable for Adult New Readers. In Nevada imaginative creators of programs struck upon an idea to bring history to life for students who are beginning to discover the joy of reading and to let new readers and tutors tell their own stories about reading.

Phillip Earl is the Curator of History for the Nevada Historical Society. He is an extremely popular author who writes a column called "This Was Nevada" for newspapers across the state. For Part 1 of this book, Phil enthusiastically agreed to open his rich store of articles to the Lahontan Valley Literacy Volunteers in Fallon. The original stories were edited through a grant to LVLV from the Nevada Humanities Committee. Articles were selected for high interest value and adaptability for adults able to read at a 6th grade level or above. The goal was to retain as much of the author's entertaining style and flavor as possible.

Reading Phil Earl's stories is like being present at an adventure. Not only will new readers experience the pleasure of reading these true stories about the past, but they can also visit the sites where the tales took place.

For Part 2 of this book, new readers and tutors from all of Nevada submitted their personal stories about reading to be shared with others. We are very grateful for their willingness to help.

This publication is supported by a "Bonus Grant" from the Gannett Foundation to the Nevada Literacy Coalition to publish much needed materials for literacy training. Gannett Foundation's "The Literacy Challenge" resulted in an array of products and publications with universal appeal.

Bonnie Buckley
November 1989

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Nevada Literacy Coalition gratefully acknowledges the support of the Gannett Foundation in strengthening the literacy movement in Nevada. The NLC came into existence in May 1987 in response to Gannett's "The Literacy Challenge" and was funded into a second year of successful programming. Award of the "Bonus Grant" for this publication now makes it possible to share the "fruit of our labor" with literacy programs everywhere.

The NLC thanks author/historian Phillip Earl for granting permission to publish his delightful articles under the title *Stories and More*. The entertaining stories will serve both to educate new adult readers and motivate them to read for sheer enjoyment.

The NLC recognizes the important role of Shirley Huzarski, the Nevada literacy volunteer who edited Phil's stories through a grant from The Nevada Humanities Committee. The NLC appreciates the increasing interest of The Nevada Humanities Committee in developing quality programs for adult literacy students. Thanks are also due to Elaine Fuller, Director of the Reading Information and Referral Center, and Tammy Bender for determining the reading level of the stories via the Frye Readability Formula.

The wonderful illustrations in this manuscript, by Paul Nyeland, were originally published in *Pioneer Nevada* Volumes 1 and 2. They are reprinted here courtesy of Harolds Club of Reno.

This manuscript was prepared for publication by Ramona Reno, Management Assistant for the Nevada Literacy Coalition at the Nevada State Library and Archives.

CONTENTS

Six-Mile Canyon's Ghost Treasure

Somewhere along Six-Mile Canyon to the east of Virginia City lies a buried treasure with a strange history. Those who know about it claim the treasure is haunted by the ghost of the man who hid it all those years ago.

A.J. "Jack" Davis was his name. He was a Comstock pioneer who arrived with the first wave of fortune seekers in 1859. He started a livery stable in Gold Hill and was the Recorder of the Flowery Mining District for several years. He also had a small gold mill in Six-Mile Canyon, but the gold he milled came from a special source. Davis and his pals were robbing stagecoaches on Geiger Grade, melting down the coin and bars, and selling the product as having come from Davis's mill. Much of this gold was stashed deep in the canyon. It may be there to this day.

Davis's cover as a businessman and mill owner was useful. He even taught Sunday School. His downfall came when he and his gang pulled off the famous Verdi Train Robbery on November 4, 1870. He was caught and sentenced to ten years in the state prison.

In September of 1871 he helped his guards and the warden at the time of a big prison breakout in Carson City. He also refused to join the other convicts in the riot. Prison officers were grateful to him, and people asked to have him released. On February 17, 1875, less than five years after he entered the prison, he walked out a free man.

Davis returned to Virginia City and to his old ways. In July of 1877 he showed up in Eureka. Two months later he and two friends took over the stagecoach stop at Willows, about forty miles to the south. After tying up the blacksmith, they waited for the stagecoach to come in from Eureka with a payroll for the Tybo mines.

As the coach pulled in, Davis called to Jack Perry, the driver, and the Wells Fargo agents, Eugene Blair and James Brown. When the agents stepped down, Davis put his revolver to Blair's neck. Shooting then broke out between Brown and the other two robbers. Then Brown shot Davis in the back with a load of buckshot.

The two robbers fled. Blair, who had been wounded in the leg, and Davis were taken into the station. Both men survived the night and were put on the next stagecoach for Eureka. Davis died on the trip, however, and was buried in Eureka that afternoon.

Talk of Davis's hidden treasure in Six-Mile Canyon had spread for many months, but no hunt for it was made until a few weeks after his death. The story goes that those who first searched were met by a ghost. A huge, bearded, pale-faced monster appeared out of the ground just at sunset. The ghost laughed wildly and warned everyone off. The men pulled their revolvers and fired into the darkness. Then the thing seemed to sprout wings as it rose in the air. That was enough for the treasure-seekers, and they lit out in all directions.

The story grew in the telling, as each man added to it. Some people, including the writer Dan DeQuille of the Territorial Enterprise, had another story. According to DeQuille, a bunch of men had rigged up a sheet on wires and pulleys hung from a cliff. The "ghost" was hidden in a hole so it could be hauled up at the right time to scare off anyone seeking the

treasure. The yells and warnings had been made by the people in on the plan.

Those who had been scared that first night insisted that there had really been some wild goings-on. Not a single one of them ever tried going back. Later searchers said that strange sights and sounds did indeed come from the canyon. Davis's treasure became known as "The Ghost Treasure of Six-Mile Canyon." There is no reason to believe that anyone has ever found it.

---- P. Earl

Walker Lake's Lost Gold Sack

Among the most interesting features of Nevada's history are stories of lost mines. In many ways, the tales are alike--trouble of some sort always happens to the miner, and he leaves his find for some reason. He later tells others, and searches are made. All fail. The unlucky prospector ends his days by losing his mind or his life in the fruitless search. Such was the story of Walker Lake's Lost Gold Sack.

In the late 1860's, a California prospector made his way across the Sierras to the Gillis Range, east of Nevada's Walker Lake. Within several weeks he had located a rich placer ledge just inside the Walker Lake Indian Reservation. Day by day he dug out rich ore, washing it in the lake. But early one evening he saw a party of Indians watching him from a distance. That evening he decided to pack up and leave for California. Hastily putting his nuggets and dust into two canvas bags and taking a small sack of dried rabbit meat, he set out for safer ground by the most direct route. His trip across Hawthorne Flat in the direction of North Canyon was slow and difficult because he was loaded down with the gold. The Indians had meanwhile picked up his trail, and he could see smoke from their campfires by daylight. Rather than push on with his heavy load, he hid himself for two days among the large rocks which were scattered over the upper end of the flat. His food and water soon ran out, and on the third night he decided to try to escape.

In his weakened state he knew that he could not carry all his gold, but he did not want to leave it. He decided to hide the largest bag beneath a large rock. Then he began a dangerous trip over the mountains to the west. He managed to avoid the Indians, and within a week he arrived at a miners' camp on the Tuolumne River.

Crazy with hunger and thirst, he was unable to tell about his mining trip for several weeks. At last, however, he recovered enough to guide a party of prospectors back across the mountains to locate his mine and his bag of nuggets and gold dust. The strain on his body was too much, however, and just as the party reached the top of the mountains, he collapsed. Waking, he was able to point out to his companions the general location of his claim and the spot where he had hidden his treasure. Before the prospectors set off down the slope, however, the old man died. A few moments were spent in burying him. Then the group could not find the mine nor the nuggets. An Indian attack the next day drove them back to California. In later years lone prospectors tried to locate the rich placer ledge. Many unsuccessful searches for the lost gold sack were also made. As far as is known, the sack is still out there somewhere buried beneath a large rock on Hawthorne Flat.

---- P. Earl

Lost Whiskey Cache

Some twenty-three miles south of Beatty, in southern Nye County, lies one of the few real sand dunes to be found in Nevada. It is about two miles long, a mile wide, and two hundred feet tall. Somewhere beneath the dune, lies a hidden treasure of sorts - an abandoned wagon loaded with several barrels of the finest California whiskey. The driver and his team had spent a few days with the ranchers of Oasis Valley before setting out, but he was soon overtaken by a storm out near the dune. Turning his horses loose to fend for themselves until the storm let up, he bedded down beneath the wagon. He hoped that would save him from death at the lonely spot.

When he awoke the next morning, he found himself in the midst of a dead calm. He rustled up some breakfast, lit his pipe, and walked out in search of his team, but the horses were nowhere to be found. Disgusted, he took what water he had left and began the long hike back to Oasis Valley. Arriving the next afternoon, he told the ranchers what had happened and was able to secure a new team.

After resting for a couple of days to regain his strength, he led his new team back to the landmark sand dune, but the whiskey wagon was gone. He searched for wagon tracks and other signs leading away from the site, but to no avail. He then thought back, got his bearings, and looked for the wagon where he had remembered leaving it. The site was covered by a part of the dune which had apparently shifted over during another storm while he was back at Oasis Valley.

Without a shovel he knew he could not uncover his cargo, so he gave the whole thing up as a bad job. Returning north, he told the ranchers of

his loss and invited them to try their luck. He left the area soon afterwards and was never seen again.

Although the dune has been searched many times over the years, likely as not the well-aged whiskey is still buried where the storm covered it almost a century ago. For those who are interested, the dune is about three miles west of Highway 95. One has to walk the last mile in, because the ground is too sandy for most vehicles. To your health!

---- P. Earl

Stray Dog Bob: The Hound with a Nose for Gold

When Stray Dog Bob showed up in the camp of Manhattan in the summer of 1905, he caused no more excitement than any other dog which happened through town. Medium sized, yellow in color, short in the tail, with sharp ears, he appeared to be a mixed collie breed of some sort. It was said that he had once belonged to an old Indian who had been turned out to die by his tribe. The dog had remained with his master until death claimed the old man, and had then taken up with a group of prospectors who had found the body and given it a decent burial.

Within weeks of his arrival in Manhattan, Stray Dog Bob had staked out his claim to fame. He was with Clark Davis when the richest discoveries were made on the April Fool Lease in August of 1905, and had been a visitor when the Annie Laurie Lease operators found almost pure gold in September. The dog was at the Bronco Lease later in the fall when white quartz seamed with yellow gold was struck, and he was on the Nellie Gray Claim when the extension of the Briggs Lease was discovered. The Iron King and the Iron Queen Claims, both rich placer digs, were also into good dirt a few days after the dog paid a visit.

The leasers, men who always trusted to luck and who were strong believers in omens and signs, soon made the connection between the dog and the good fortune of their fellows. When any new discovery was made, the question always came up: "Was the dog around?" More often than not, this was the case. The rich leases on Litigation Hill were

opened up shortly after the dog visited, and Frank Mershon located his Yellow Horse Claim just south of town in January of 1906 when the dog was staying with him.

As word of Stray Dog Bob spread, he became a favorite around town, though he was not a friendly dog. Some miners in the boarding houses would cut the centers out of their steaks in an attempt to attract him out to their claims. Others fed him boxed candy. Beds of soft cotton batting were set up in every tent and shanty in hopes that he would pay a visit. But he could not be tempted, seeming to come and go at will. He seldom stayed anywhere more than three days. Once he left a certain host, he would never return, nor would he greet the man when he met him in town.

In late February of 1906, Stray Dog Bob disappeared from Manhattan and was never seen there again. Many residents of the camp thought that he had joined an Indian band, but word came in March that he was at Miller's, a camp near Tonopah, some forty miles south of Manhattan. Within a week of his arrival, it was reported that several leasers hit pay dirt for the first time. The dog did not remain long, however, and was heading south toward Goldfield when last seen.

---- P. Earl

Camel Shearing in Nevada

Camels were brought to the American West by the U.S. Army in the 1850's. At the start of the Civil War in 1861 several camels were brought to haul freight across the mountains from Sacramento to the Comstock Lode.

Although they were raised for the deserts of North Africa, the camels had no trouble getting across the Sierras in the dead of winter. Other camels were used to haul salt to the quartz mills on the Carson River from Rhodes Salt Marsh south of Mina. Camels were soon seen carrying firewood up Gold Canyon to the Comstock. Horses and mules bolted at the sight of the pack trains. Several towns passed laws banning them from the streets.

The camels were also a source of wonder and amusement. Many camel stories are still told on the Comstock to this day. Down near Buckland's on the Carson River, two Frenchmen ran a camel ranch. In September of 1870 they had a herd of twenty-six, all but two born in Nevada.

One day in the fall of 1870, so the story goes, some hands on the ranch decided to try to shear Old Brigham, the boss camel of the lot. The men wanted to use the hair from his four-foot mane to decorate their saddlebags and chaps. Riding over to where the old bull was feeding with his herd, one of the men coaxed his spooked horse close enough to throw a lariat over the camel's head.

Old Brigham gave a jerk as the rope settled on his neck. Throwing back his ears, he opened his mouth and let out a roar which would have scared a tiger. He charged the rider. The horse, wild with fright, reared and took off on the run. Old Brigham kept up the chase for nearly a mile before returning to his herd, and no one ever tried to shear him again.

Two Mexican cowboys tried the same trick with another bull, Old Heenan, and got the same treatment. While trying to recover his prized lasso, one of the Mexicans was charged by the camel and was chased through a nearby Indian camp. The Indians watched quietly as the rider and the camel dashed through the sagebrush. When the Mexican got back to the Indian camp he offered $5.00 to anyone who would go out and get his lasso.

One young man took him up on it. As he neared the animal, it turned and took out after him. Running for his camp with Old Heenan on his heels, the Indian disappeared into a tule hut. The camel proceeded to destroy the camp, scattering baskets and babies, snapping at dogs, and forcing the Indians to run for the Carson River. Old Heenan screeched right up to the bank and stopped. Snorting, blowing, and showing his teeth as he paced up and down, he stared across the water, daring the Indians.

It was the last time anyone ever tried to shear a camel in Nevada.

---- P. Earl

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The Prospector's Best Friend

In song and story there is no more famous creature on God's earth than the lowly burro. Slow, stubborn, and always wanting to have his own way, the animal was the surest means of travel on the desert. Horses were likely to go down from the heat and to become tender-footed. Mules would wander off, but the burro could endure thirst like a camel and had an appetite for greasewood, sagebrush, or any other plants found in Nevada's deserts. Sometimes burros have been known to eat their own manure or the tails of other burros to keep from starving.

The burro would stay close to the lonely camp of the prospector and depend upon the small amount of water the prospector carried on his back, yet the burro seemed to have an instinct for finding water himself if given freedom. Many are the tales of wandering prospectors saved this way. Stories are also told of prospectors who moistened their own tongues from the tongues of their pack animals and, though unconscious, of being carried to water. Sometimes burros were bled to make blood soup. Prospectors were sometimes forced to eat the animals or starve.

Burros were not really fond of company. They seemed to go along with men only out of a sense of duty. With a pack almost as large and heavy as themselves, they would trudge through the desert sands and burning heat without complaining. Indeed, so eagerly did they go about their work that they seemed to take the same stubborn interest in locating a gold claim as their owners. For months the two would live and work together. The prospector would find himself talking to his pack animal as if it were a human being. If the animals could only talk, what tales they could tell of hope and disappointment.

On the trail and in the prospector's camp, the burro was fine, but in the mining camps, the animal got into trouble. He would prowl from tent to tent and become a beggar and common nuisance. Young boys would often round up and hitch burros to carts, tie tin cans to them, and set dogs upon them. Cooks would throw hot water on the animals. Sometimes men would use them as targets for meat cleavers and knives.

The burro's feet would just fit into the small tin cans lying about a camp. The animals would not be there many days until their feet became stuck in them. The cans would cut into their legs, and they soon became as scarred and crippled as a human tramp.

When the animal's owner was rested or had spent all his money from his last prospecting trip, he would find his faithful friend, take off the cans, and soon be out on another trip across the desert. The little animal's wounds soon healed up, and his body once again was healthy. Like his master, he would also regain his independent manner.

---- P. Earl

Carson City Cave Dwellers

The winter of 1887-1888 was marked by several heavy blizzards in western Nevada. When spring came, Carson City butcher, George Hark, was missing more sheep than usual from his small flock grazing out near the prison. Taking his rifle, he went out to look around one morning in April of 1888.

About an hour later, as he walked through the sagebrush, George began to climb a rocky mound. He eased up over a small ledge and came upon the opening to a small cave. Searching farther, he crawled in and soon came to a larger cavern. There he saw two men and a woman hunched down around a fire. They were eating what smelled like mutton. The butcher backed out quietly and returned to town for the sheriff. Early that afternoon the three were arrested.

Back in Carson City it was discovered that the three were quite well known among local criminal types. One of the three was "Bodie Jake," a burglar and a thief. His favorite weapon was a sandbag. Martinez, the second man, had been in and out of Nevada jails since drifting up from Mexico. Agnes Miller, the woman who was spending the winter with the men, was an even stranger figure.

She claimed to be the daughter of a European diplomat, but would not tell her father's name. She said she was born on a warship anchored in New York City harbor. She did hint that she had once been part of a famous divorce scandal in Washington, D.C. Her current husband was

serving a sentence in the prison not a quarter of a mile away from the cave.

The three had moved into the cave in the late fall. When their food supplies ran out before Christmas they had taken to stealing Hark's sheep. The cave was too small for a real shelter. Sagebrush was used for cooking and heat, but the three must have suffered from the cold that winter. A large bed of brush and the fleece from the stolen sheep were also found in the cave.

At the first court hearing, the two men stood by their female friend. They refused to connect her in any way with the theft of the sheep. The arresting officers had found the track of a woman's shoe alongside those of the men near Hark's sheep corral. The shoes she was wearing at the time of her arrest had disappeared, and she had a pair of overshoes instead.

Positive that a jury would never convict the woman, the Justice of the Peace dropped the charges against her. "Bodie Jake" and the Mexican were bound over to the grand jury on a bond of $1,000. They were later convicted for the theft of Hark's sheep and sent to prison. As fate would have it, they were given cells from which they could see the cave where they had spent the winter. They were warmer and better fed for the next few seasons, but not as free as they once were.

---- P. Earl

Hot Creek's Shotgun Judge

Early-day Nevada judges were a cocky and brave bunch. One of them was Dr. James W. Gally, a Justice of the Peace at Hot Creek in the early 1870's. He was an Ohio dentist who moved to Nevada in 1864 and tried mining, hauling, ranching, and newspaper reporting before he was appointed to the courts.

Nevadans knew him as "Singleline," the name he used to sign his writings. His neighbors in Austin, Tybo, Shermantown, and Hot Creek knew him as a pleasant man who was always willing to help a friend or to go off on some mining or business adventure. Those who met Dr. Gally as a judge found him to be even-handed to both friend and foe. The following case is like the many he handled.

A man by the name of Harry Newton was running a mine project near Hot Creek. He was bluff and bossy, and he soon got in trouble with his neighbors. Newton threatened a nearby rancher, Aleck McKay, with a gun, and McKay swore out a complaint against him. Newton was arrested and brought before Judge Gally for a hearing the next day.

The judge ran his court in the front room of his log cabin. On the wall in back of his table was his twelve-gauge shotgun which he was known to pick up and handle while hearing a case.

On this day, McKay and his wife sat on one side of the room and Newton on the other side. The two men glared at each other, and it was not long before harsh words were said. Newton suddenly made a move to draw his revolver, and McKay reached for his wife's handbag.

Judge Gally grabbed his shotgun off the wall. "Order, gentlemen!" he roared as he drew a bead on them. They sat down, and Gally ordered the constable to disarm both men.

Newton gave up his weapon slowly. A search of Mrs. McKay's handbag turned up a large, ivory-handled Colt revolver. Gally then laid his own gun on the table and continued the hearing.

Newton was bound over for trial on a charge of recklessly waving a firearm. Bail was set at $1,000. When Newton heard this, he told Gally that he would see everybody damned before he would put up that kind of money. He also told the judge that he could be found in Belmont if anyone wanted him.

Gally had turned to put his shotgun back on the wall, but when he heard Newton's statement, he suddenly whirled as if to fire. Newton threw up his hands.

The judge informed him that he might indeed be going to Belmont--but to the county jail there. Newton then sent for a friend, and the bail was paid. He was later heard to say that he felt Judge Gally's treatment of him was unfair, but that he "...couldn't refuse to obey the order of a court that was run with a shotgun."

Gally remained as Justice of the Peace at Hot Creek for a few more years, becoming one of the best-known judges in central Nevada. In 1874 one of his mining projects paid off, and he moved his family to a fruit ranch near Watsonville, California. It was there that he died in 1891.

---- P. Earl

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Man Hung Three Times

Rufe Anderson could have been the first three-time loser. Sentenced to be hanged for a brutal and senseless murder, Rufe had to be dropped through the gallows trap three times before the sentence could be carried out.

The story begins in Austin, in early 1868, when the town was in poor shape with many mines closed. Anderson was only twenty-one, but he was known as a bully and a show-off. His mother ran a boarding house and was trying to collect overdue board bills from some of her lodgers. One of the men who had run up a bill was Noble T. Slocum. He had lost his job and had to move to a shack built of tin cans and scrap lumber.

On the evening of May 5th, 1868, Rufe and his mother went to Slocum's cabin and asked for something on account. Slocum agreed to partly pay the debt his next payday, but he said that the bill should be reduced because of some repair work he had done for the Anderson's rooming house. The remark enraged Rufe. He jumped to his feet, swearing at Slocum. A friend of Slocum's rushed between the men, but Anderson drew a pistol and fired two shots that fatally wounded Slocum. Others in the room grabbed at Rufe. The remaining shots went into the roof, walls, and floor of the cabin. Anderson was completely out of control and managed to kick the twitching body of Slocum twice as he was manhandled to the Austin jail.

During his short trial, Rufe did not change his story or try to explain his actions. He was genuinely satisfied that he had done the right thing, and he would do it again. Threatening the jury, he said that he bought the pistol for use and, if he was freed, there were others who would feel his wrath. The jury considered him a mad dog and took immediate steps to

rid the town of a nuisance. He was declared guilty of murder and sentenced to hang. Appeals were denied by the governor's office in Carson City.

On October 30, 1868, Rufe was led to the gallows in Austin. A large crowd of men and women were kept under control by the Lander Guard, which posted pickets around the courthouse yard. The condemned man said a few words to the crowd, had the noose tightened around his neck, and was dropped through the trap. But the rope was not secured tightly to the gallows, and Anderson landed on his feet with the noose flopping down his back.

There was a wild cry from the watchers, who rushed forward to see what had happened. The crowd was pushed back by the militia, and Rufe was again led up the thirteen steps to the gallows floor. The rope was again secured to the wooded arm, and Rufe dropped through the trap. Amazingly, the noose slipped, and Anderson landed on the ground. By this time he was almost unconscious.

The sheriff rushed a chair to the bottom of the gallows and had Anderson tied to it. The prisoner was carried a third time to the waiting noose and was finally hanged as ordered by the law.

Throughout the whole morbid affair the calmest man present was the young Rufe Anderson.

---- P. Earl

A Highwayman with Integrity (An Honest Thief)

Great men often grow through hard times. The honesty and frankness which brought them to later high positions were shown in whatever they tried, even crime. For reasons of privacy, the name of the highwayman in the following story is not given. He later climbed the heights of power, and his name is well known to students of Nevada's history.

In the late spring of 1865 a horseman rounded a sharp curve on the upper grade leading into Austin and met a highwayman. "Throw up your hands," the man said. "Hold out your purse." He covered his victim with a revolver. The horseman obeyed. The armed man grabbed the purse, opened it, and took out a single dollar. He could have taken a lot more money. Instead, he returned the purse and told the traveler to move on.

The confused robbery victim thought he had perhaps happened upon a toll road with a tough collector. But he soon forgot the incident since his loss was so small. After a short ride into Austin he stabled his horse and ambled over to Marioni's Rotisserie for breakfast.

As he waited he picked up a newspaper and did not look up until the meal arrived. The man who had joined him down the counter was the lone highwayman.

Neither man spoke, and each slowly finished his meal. They then stepped to the cash register to pay. The highwayman laid down the dollar he had taken from his fellow diner and bought a cigar with the change.

Once outside, the still confused traveler stopped the other man. "Excuse me, but haven't we met before?"

"Yes, we have," came the reply.

Surprised at the man's coolness, the traveler then said, "Well, will you please explain your actions."

"Certainly. I am broke and hungry and can't get work. I'll be damned if I'll beg."

This explanation seemed sincere, and the former victim was so impressed that he pulled out five dollars from his purse. "Take that to eat on," he said. "When it is gone, if you have not found work, come to me and get more."

The highwayman thanked him, found work, and became a good citizen of Austin. He later moved up to a better job in Carson City, then went on to national fame. To this day his victim on that long-ago morning has never told the man's name. But many Austin old-timers know the story. They say independent action was a major part of the highwayman's entire life.

---- P. Earl

How Eureka Got A Jail

Dealing out justice in many of Nevada's early mining camps was often blocked by the lack of a jail. Men who got in serious trouble sometimes ended up paying their dues on the short end of a long rope. Those who committed lesser crimes were tarred and feathered, ran out of town, handcuffed to a hitching post, or chained to the nearest tree for a couple of days.

The camp of Eureka did not become important until new smelting methods were invented in 1869. The district still pulled in its share of drifters and troublemakers. The County Commissioners in Austin, county seat of Lander County, refused to spend money for a local jail. Eureka's citizens took it upon themselves to put up a rough log building to serve their purposes.

For the ordinary troublemaker, the new jail was enough. But Newton Thacher was no ordinary man. After a long drinking spree and a near riot in the red light district, Thacher and his partner found themselves confined to the new log building. Their drunken sleep was disturbed by a friend on the outside who called to them through the walls. An ax was soon passed through a handy crack. Newton and his partner chopped down the door and walked out free men.

The pair soon appeared at the bar of the nearest saloon and ordered drinks for all present. The barkeeper seemed surprised that they were loose. Thacher explained what had happened. Showing the ax, he asked the barkeeper to tell all who asked that "...Newton Thacher, like George Washington, cannot tell a lie. He done it with his little hatchet."

The local police took Thacher at his word and arrested him again within half an hour. The pair were returned to jail without the ax. They were chained to the floor for the night. Next morning they appeared before the Justice of the Peace, were fined, and ordered to repair the door.

Other prisoners found the log building just as easy to crack. But the County Commissioners in Austin still refused to spend good money on any such foolishness as a proper jail. Eureka's leading citizens, feeling that justice had to be served, finally set up a plan to make the stubborn Commissioners see the need for a real jail.

In early October of 1868, one of the county officials, a Mr. Jackson, arrived in town with his rig heavily loaded with sacks of barley. Since the hour was late, he pulled out his bed roll, spread it beneath the wagon, and went to sleep. A local man, Major Dennis, saw his chance. He soon located two willing fellows and paid them to steal four sacks of barley off Jackson's wagon. The deed was done. Within an hour the barley was stored in a back room of Major Dennis's house.

When Jackson woke up the next morning and found his grain gone, he was wild with anger. "What kind of a town is Eureka?" he cried. "Stealing my grain when I'm asleep!"

"Well, you see," Dennis told him, "we have something of a crime problem here because we don't have a jail. These thugs can run loose even after they have been judged. We can't be hauling them over to Austin every day."

23

Commissioner Jackson stormed off down the street. He sold the rest of his barley before leaving town. Perhaps he considered himself fortunate that he still had his team of horses to pull his wagon. While he was having a drink in a nearby saloon, someone unhitched the team and led them away. Jackson finally hired another team and whipped them back to Austin.

Shortly after his return, he called a meeting of his fellow Commissioners and told them how he had been treated in Eureka. At that meeting they voted to provide funds for a jail and sent a rider to inform Major Dennis to start building it right away.

Strangely enough, Commissioner Jackson's team and missing sacks of barley were "found" and returned to him some months later when he traveled to Eureka to see how the jail was coming along.

---- P. Earl

Nevada Christmases Past

The people of Nevada have celebrated the Christmas holidays many ways over the years. Christmas, 1846, found the last of the unlucky Donner Party snowbound in the Sierra Nevadas. They were too hungry and weary to know that one day was any different from the next. Only the mother of eight-year old Patty Reed remembered the day. The girl told how her mother had saved a few dried apples, a piece of tripe, and a small piece of bacon. As the family sat down to this special meal, the mother told them to eat slowly. Patty said that she was never again able to sit down to a Christmas dinner without thinking of how grateful they were for those bits of food.

In 1854 the family of Reverend W.W. Brier spent Christmas camped on the edge of Death Valley during their trip across the desert to California. The three small, tired sons listened to their father as he spoke of the need for them to better themselves through education. Their mother was, meanwhile, making a stew from one of their oxen which had become too weak to go on. Their Christmas feast was stew, black coffee, and biscuits.

Tonopah's first Christmas was celebrated at the Mizpah Club in 1901. Since there were no pines or firs growing nearby, most families had to make do with hanging up their stockings. The people planning the town's Christmas doings went nature one better. They took thin strips of wood from a packing crate and nailed them to a two-by-four to make branches. On the end of each branch, a big, round, red Edam cheese was hung. Gifts were piled beneath the so-called "Nevergreen Tree." It was a party never to be forgotten. Three years later, when no

trees were shipped in because of a freight blockade on the railroad, the members of the Tonopah Club got a large pole which they nailed to the floor in the middle of their hall. Boards were nailed on to serve as branches, sagebrush was used for greens, and gifts were hung from the tree.

The people of the Mormon town of Bunkerville in Clark County, had little time for rest and fun in 1877, the first year of the town's history. They decided to do it up right with a dance on Christmas Eve. A building with canvas walls and a rough, planked floor was put up next to the dining hall. The back wall was the outside of the dining hall, and the other side was left open for a huge bonfire. Kerosene lamps provided light. Ithaner Sprague supplied the music with his accordion. Settlers came from near and far with their children. Babies were put in a long box behind the accordionist. Older teenagers found a corner where they could dance and talk. The adults acted so merrily, that it was necessary to clear the floor every hour or so to sweep away the pine splinters. The dancing lasted until daybreak, when the weary couples sorted out the sleeping children and made their way home through the brush.

At the Ramsey camp in northern Lyon County, the Christmas tree, a real one this time, was decorated with gold nuggets in 1906. Dance music was provided by the Ramsey Orchestra, and everyone who received a gift had to give a speech. The children's speeches were short and to the point. The mine owners and politicians who had drunk too freely of the Christmas cheer got carried away. They talked on, and on and on. Someone finally got tired of all the words and told the orchestra leader to strike up the music for dancing. It was the last time that anyone ever suggested that gifts be honored by speeches.

One of the oddest places any Nevadan ever spent Christmas was at the bottom of a mine. Such was the fate of A.D. Bailey, Fred Brown, and F.C. McDonald who were trapped in a pit at Copper Flat in White Pine County in 1907. As crews worked to free them, the three men feasted on a Christmas dinner lowered down to them through a 1,000-foot air pipe. Singers also came to cheer them up by singing over a telephone line. Their fellow miners passed down some whiskey. The men also spent New Year's down there, finally being freed on January 18, 1908, after forty-six days below ground.

---- P. Earl

Bull Frogs in the Black Rock

Many Nevadans were excited in the 1960's about earthworm ranches. However, there are few people around who remember one of the strangest businesses tried out in northern Washoe County forty years ago. This plan called for a huge bullfrog industry smack in the middle of the Black Rock country. Mr. and Mrs. John Garrett intended to ship tons of prime frog legs to markets all over the world from their large ranch eighteen miles east of Gerlach. And they did it, too, being described as the Bull Frog Kings of Nevada. Restaurants with national reputations swore that the Garrett's frog meat was the tastiest this side of Europe.

In the middle 1920's, the Garrett family moved to the Black Rock Desert to set up a cattle ranch and alfalfa farm from the dry lakes and mountains that cover that remote part of Washoe and Humboldt counties. John Garrett had prospected in the area for years and believed that he could find artesian water in some of the dry lakes. If the wells flowed, he could then raise alfalfa to winter feed cattle that grazed the nearby hills in summer. Over a period of ten years he found several artesian areas where wells produced both hot and cold water. By 1943, Garrett had fourteen wells that fed the fields and a series of ponds where he was going to develop his frog leg factories.

He bought his breeding stock in 1935, consisting of five pairs of Nufond Giant Bull Frogs, recommended as the best kind for eating and was shipped from Louisiana. Each frog was supposed to lay 10,000 eggs per year. At first, they were the usual tadpole, but by two months of age legs

appeared. It needed two years for the frogs to grow up, but by then they weighed about a half-pound each and were ready for market.

The frogs were huge, some reaching almost two feet in length. The largest sold for $4.00 per dozen and were eagerly snapped up by buyers for food chains. They began marketing in Nevada, but by 1943 the Garretts had an offer for the entire crop from the American Frog Canning Company of Louisiana, one of the largest processors of frog legs.

The idea started in a small way. After the Garretts settled in the lonely Black Rock area, they sometimes had parties of hunters come in the fall months. On a dare, Mrs. Garrett made a dinner of frog legs for a hunting group and was surprised to find that they ate everything she fixed and yelled for more. Within a few years, the Garrett's frog leg cooking was a tradition on the ranch. Fixing the frogs was simple. The legs were skinned and either deep-fried in batter or slow-baked in a dutch oven. Visitors like them either way.

Garrett knew they had a good thing going. There was little work in raising the frogs. They ate minnows, insects, mosquitoes, or each other if the regular food thinned out. Other ponds were dug, and gradually the frogs filled them all to the brim. To harvest, the Garretts either used nets or small caliber rifles. By the middle 1940's, the Garretts were famous in northern Nevada, with their frogs proudly served in the largest hotels from Reno to Elko.

So, the next time you hear a tall story about Nevada's ranching empires, tell the people that beef was not the only product from the Great Basin grazing lands. Tell them of the Black Rock, where the frog was king.

---- P. Earl

High-Grading and Highgraders

Mining colleges and textbooks on mining engineering in the nineteenth century prepared students for most everything they might find in the field except the practice of high-grading. The pocketing of extremely rich gold ore by miners working in the depths of the mines was seldom mentioned. From the miner's point of view, the practice was merely a job benefit. To the mine owners, it was outright theft. All miners denied doing it, and all of them were blamed. The best that the owners and superintendents could do was to keep the practice to a minimum. Men who were joint owners and worked in their own mines would not steal from themselves, but mining companies owned by faraway stockholders were fair game.

Mineralization in a gold lode is seldom evenly distributed. Men might blast and muck for weeks without seeing any gold at all, even though it was there. Then, without warning, they might suddenly come across a very rich natural pocket of native gold nuggets the size of marbles. Any man would be tempted by such a find.

The lunch pail was undoubtedly the first and favorite method of getting high-grade ore out of the mine at the end of a shift. Specimen bosses hired to examine pails at quitting time put an end to this practice. Mine owners gained little from inspections, however, as the miners simply found other means of hiding the gold.

Small smears of clay covering nuggets were sometimes placed about the body, but a shower or a dip in a vat of water washed them off. A variety of other means were also devised -- a double or false-crowned hat which could hold up to five pounds of rich ore, a long sock or cloth tube hung inside a trouser leg, small pockets sewn inside a waistband of the trousers or false cuffs. The miners also used a corset cover, a chemise-

like affair worn beneath the shirt and likewise equipped with pockets. Greed might well subject a man to a double hernia, but the risk was cheerfully accepted.

Some mining companies eventually set up change rooms where the miners going off shift could discard or store their soggy work garments, shower under the eye of a supervisor, and put on street clothing. The highgraders often bypassed the change room by enlisting the supervisor and offering him a share of the proceeds.

In the Goldfield mining camp, the change room practice became an issue in a bitter labor dispute. When the officials of the Goldfield Consolidated Mining Company discovered that they were losing up to forty percent of their bullion through high-grading, they established change rooms. Urged on by the leaders of the Western Federation and the radical Industrial Workers of the World, the miners struck and threatened to take over the town and all the mines. Three companies from the 22nd Infantry Regiment were finally dispatched from San Francisco by President Theodore Roosevelt in December of 1907, and the strike collapsed.

The people of most mining camps encouraged high-grading and slugs of melted-down ore and dust were accepted without question in saloons, brothels, and honky-tonks. Prosecuting attorneys had a hard time convicting highgraders because the average juror had good reason to suppose that he himself might be in the dock the next time around. Even the clergy dealt carefully with the practice. A mining company in Goldfield once paid a preacher to blast the sin of theft during a Sunday sermon. He did right well until he came to high-grading. Judging the temper of his congregation, he concluded his sermon by remarking "... but gold belongs to him what finds it first." A novel, but welcome, explanation of the eighth commandment. ---- P. Earl

Goldfield's Banana Industry

From the earliest days, Nevadans have been interested in making some commercial use of the native plants in the Great Basin. The sagebrush has been used as a fuel for mine smelters. There have been attempts to get rubber, potash, and other chemicals from the shrub. If we are to believe Mark Twain, the Indians made soup from sagebrush. Although a once popular mixture to tint gray hair is no longer available, sage scented soup can still be purchased. In the 1890's, editor Sam Davis of the Carson Appeal tried to promote "sagebrush oil." Sage tea has also been recommended as a medicine for influenza. A powder from the creosote bush was once said to be good for both killing fly eggs and repelling fleas. Over the years, there have been attempts to graft various fruits onto a number of plants --- poppies and blueberries on sagebrush for example. Most of the grafting experiments failed miserably, but at least one such project is weird enough to report on.

In the early days of this century, agricultural experts became involved in grafting and budding fruit trees. In 1907, it was reported that some scientist was working on the grafting of bananas to joshua trees. This report was of special interest to the people of Goldfield since their town lay in the heart of a belt of joshua stretching across the central part of the state. If the grafts could be made, a new farm enterprise was in the offing --- since joshuas require no irrigation or care of any kind. It would only be necessary to make the grafts, allow the fruit to ripen, and ship it off to market.

Those Goldfielders who first heard the story believed that they could do better by bringing in a few stalks of bananas and tying them to the joshuas. When the trees were thus loaded with the fruit, they planned to photograph the "plantation" and use the pictures to interest eastern

investors. Stock in joshua plantations could then be sold, and then promoters could skip town before word of the scam got out.

Other Goldfielders of a more honest nature had faith in science and seriously considered trying to establish plantations. They believed that the fruit would ripen quickly in Goldfield's warm climate. There was some talk of cutting prices to half that of South American bananas. Other citizens talked of cornering the banana market and expanding the undertaking by grafting mangoes and other tropical fruits. Pamphlets on grafting were secured from universities and various governmental agencies. Several stalks of bananas were shipped in from San Francisco. On an appointed day in July, a number of men took bowie knives, splints, and rags and rode out to a healthy stand of joshuas. They spent the day splicing, grafting, and binding, but their efforts were all for naught. The grated bananas only wilted and rotted in the summer heat. Goldfield's children enjoyed those left over.

The experiment thus yielded nothing, not even a name for the fruit --- bajoshuas, perhaps joshanas, or more appropriately, josh fruit.

---- P. Earl

The Rawhide Bonanza

There will never again be another town like Rawhide during the madness that was there in the fall of 1907. The stage line from Fallon, owned by the I.H. Kent Company, and other stage and auto lines from Luning and Schurz were jammed with passengers. New people came in on foot, by private wagons, riding burros, or leading them. Some were coming in with pack horses and others were even getting rides with freight teams. It was a mixed crowd made up of all classes, from the very rich to the very poor. Even old saloon bums came from larger cities. Many of these same men died later that winter from cold and hunger.

Most businesses were on Nevada Street. Great crowds filled this street day and night. As wide as Nevada Street was, there was not enough room for all the people on foot, or for the big freight teams that were made up of fourteen to twenty horses and mules pulling huge wagons. Added to this was the yelling of the newsboys and peddlers of clothing and dry goods.

But the loudest noises of all were those coming in from the new rich strikes constantly being discovered. The fellows who had made these strikes came into town carrying pieces of ore in their hands. Many men would shout like crazy persons, then go into bars to celebrate. Men got so excited when they made these strikes that they would throw their hats on the ground, jump on them, and even tear their shirts to pieces.

So great were the crowds at this time it was hard to go anywhere along the street or to get into the stores to make purchases. Another serious problem was to get the mail. One could either stand in line at the post office and wait for many hours -- sometimes all day -- or give a boy some money for his place in line.

All during the fall and winter of 1907, the population of Rawhide had grown to 25,000 people; some said 30,000. It was indeed a strange sight where the people lived in seventeen hundred tents and cabins which were placed on the top of hills, down canyons --- everywhere and anywhere. Water for these people was hauled six miles from the flat south of Rawhide; twenty-five cents bought a gallon.

Such was the picture of Rawhide in late 1907. Rawhide's insane excitement will never be known again in America's mining states. Never again will people be stampeded into such a rush out into the desert in their quest for gold.

---- P. Earl

A Gambler's Gift

Many people think gamblers are hard-hearted persons concerned only for their own welfare. A case in point was Andy Flinn of Virginia City. He made his living at the gambling tables on the Comstock.

One morning after a streak of bad luck at cards, he was stopped by a stranger who asked him to come to a nearby shack. The gambler went along and found a sight which would tear at the heart of any man. The father was sick in bed, the mother and two hungry children were shivering around a small fire.

Rushing back outdoors, Flinn cursed the man who had led him inside. When he stopped for a breath, the other man said quietly, "I like that. I like to see you fellows that take the world so easily and carelessly get stirred up. What is a big, strong, healthy fellow like you going to do to help those poor people in that cabin?"

Flinn thought it over for a moment, stuck his hand in his pocket, and drew out his last fifteen dollars. Just as he was going to hand it over, a thought struck him. "You come with me," he said. "I am going to try to take up a collection. By the way, do you ever pray?" The man said he did sometimes. "Then you put in your best licks when I start my collection."

The pair went downtown and entered a saloon. A card game was going on in the back. Flinn exchanged his money for chips. Once he began to gamble, he hardly looked up for the next two hours. Losing at first, he suddenly began to win. He finally threw down his cards, raked in his winnings, and pushed himself away from the table.

Flinn led the stranger to a back room where he emptied his pockets on a table and counted the money --- $248.10. He picked up a ten dollar piece and a five, then pushed the rest away. "Now you take that money and go fix those people up the best you can," Flinn said. "Tell them we took a collection among the boys. Don't say a word about it to anyone. And see here, if you ever again show me a sight as horrible as that family down the street, I'll break every bone in your body!"

"But this is not right," said the stranger. "This is too much. Give me fifty dollars and you take back the rest." Flinn got angry. "What do you take me for? Don't you think I have any honor about me? When I went into that saloon, I promised God that if He would stand with me His poor should have all the money I could make in two hours. I would be a liar and a thief if I took a cent of that money. You praying cusses seem to have no clear idea of right and wrong." The puzzled stranger scooped up the cash and went on his errand of mercy. Flinn went back to the card game to see if his new-found luck held.

---- P. Earl

What Learning to Read Means to Me

ONE

To learn to read means that I would be free of needing help from other people. I would be able to read books with no help. I would be able to know what is going on in the world. I would be free to do what I want and able to become more that I am. I would like to write books and stories for TV. To be presented with a piece of paper and not being able to read it, what do I say? I find an excuse from my list of excuses and I feel hardened to the act.

Illiteracy is like being an alcoholic. The dumbness, I am ashamed to admit to it like making the first phone call to AA. My self image is affected. I feel small, dumb, not as good as others, acting always on my toes. I am feeling shame. I image that I can never be able to read as I would like to. It's almost like moving into the hereafter.

To reach my goal would mean that I could read the books that were interesting to me, books about alcoholism and mental problems, or books about why people think the way they do. I dream of being a psychologist. I don't want to go to the grave just being a pawn. I feel like I have been slighted.

I plan to go through 5 or 6 teachers at UNLV for the next three years so that I can read better. I have set a goal of reading 300 pages a month or 10 pages a day. Now, this is a hard goal to reach, but I know I can do it.

TWO

It is difficult to put into words what learning to read means to me. Being able to read has brought so much joy and pride into my life.

At the beginning, names and sounds of letters meant nothing to me. Now I participate in several activities that I couldn't as a non-reader.

Many of my family members don't read. When they saw that I could learn, some of them, even my ex-husband, decided to give it a try. Hopefully, my grandchildren will learn from my experience and work harder while in school.

My health isn't good. Often I cannot get out of bed. At times like that I wonder, "where are my people?" Then I take out my Bible and read. It comes to me, never again will I really be alone because I can read.

THREE

When I was growing up, I had problems reading and no one seemed to care. I developed the attitude that I could learn on my own without anyone's help. I was slow at it. I fell behind, and got to the point where I would hide not being able to read and try to fool people. Because I couldn't read, I was embarrassed and ashamed. As an adult, I continued to hide my reading problems. I had my wife fill out my applications for jobs. Now I am tired of all this. I want to get somewhere in life. I like the feeling of accomplishing something. I like to understand what I am reading, and I have gained more knowledge about things. Now I enjoy reading more. I've noticed that when I am going down the street I am sounding out words on signs and I am correcting myself more. I am reading faster and enjoying it. I feel good about myself. I love reading poems and being able to read them correctly.

I started a journal about myself and my kids, so that my kids can read it twenty to thirty years from now. I want to get somewhere in life and to be someone. I am thankful for this reading class and the patience

that Lynda has in teaching me. She doesn't let me slide on my work at all. It's become easier to learn because someone cares. Reading will continue to open new doors in my life.

FOUR

What does learning to read mean to me? In the first place, it's convenient. Words have become very interesting to me. Reading street signs, notes above the clock at work, words on television and words everywhere have become a part of my day.

Years ago filling out an application took two hours even with assistance. Today I can fill out forms and read the "great deals" offered in my junk mail.

Shopping was confusing. Items could be recognized by the shape, color or picture. Now it's interesting to read the ingredients contained inside the package or can.

Reading and writing English was a requirement for my becoming a citizen of the United States last summer. This year I will vote for the first time.

One thing is for sure, "THE MORE I LEARN, THE MORE I KNOW I DON'T KNOW," but I will ask questions and keep learning.

FIVE

I was born in Europe. I came to the U.S.A. 24 years ago. I have an education from my own country. When I came to the States, I started to work right away and I put English aside. Today, I feel sorry that I didn't go to school right away to learn to read and write English.

Today, in the 20th century, without school it is so hard to exist. I think when you live in any country you must learn to read and write. That is so important for your own life, to think better and to live better. In my opinion, without reading is like earth without sun, our mouth without our tongue.

SIX

Not being able to read is like darkness in a world of light and you can't see the truth. Having a lack of confidence in my world is going to be my greatest defeat or greatest victory. I have lost my love in life because I felt that she could see the light of the world and I could not see the light. She had confidence passing the first step in life, which is school. She was an intelligent person and I felt I was in the dark. I was easy game. I gave up and she left.

Without being able to read, I will not last in my work. I have not worked for long years. I will marry and have children. I want to read to them. If I can't read for work, I have not worked. If I can't read to my love, I will not have love. If I can't read the Bible, I will die a sinner. If I can't read, I will die in darkness.

SEVEN

Reading would make everything a lot easier for me, like reading labels on medicine bottles so that I wouldn't give anyone the wrong medicine. I know you all see signs that say "do not enter." And reading is knowing how to call for help in an emergency. Someone could be hurt or killed. The dangers a man would have to face because he doesn't know how to read are life threatening. Reading means safety for me and others around me. Reading is so many things to me. Reading would open a new world to me, the world of books. Everything that man has done is in a book, so I would like to read some books about building a log cabin. These are some of the things that I'm interested in.

I know reading would help me to enjoy life. Reading a newspaper for good movies and looking for a good restaurant when I have a date. Think of all the reasons for learning to read. I don't go hunting or fishing and camping because there are signs and road maps to help find these places. I would like to be able to do these things someday. I must keep learning to read.

EIGHT

Learning to read has given me a new self-confidence. I no longer have to cover up the fact that I can't read or spell. The fear I once had is much less because now I tell others about what I am able to do. I also teach them how to teach me, so I am able to go on and learn more things.

Learning to read has caused me to be more willing to try new things. I even make my own decisions instead of automatically asking someone else to do it for me. I now read and pay my own bills. I also read and help fill out my own papers. I even took my own car to a mechanic!

Learning to read has freed me from the past intimidations of life. I used to quickly agree with other, even when I didn't really understand. Now I am much more aware of what is going on around me and too better informed. Reading has stimulated my mind and has got me working and relating to things I never related to before. It is as if I just woke up to all of life, a new way, a new freedom, a new beginning!

NINE

Knowing how to read makes me feel better about myself. I makes me feel like a part of society.

I can help my sons with their homework. When I see an article in a magazine, I can read it.

I am from Belize. Now when people ask me, "Where is Belize?", I can show them on the map.

Before when I was in a roomful of people, I used to feel like I was the only one who could not read. I felt out of place. I no longer feel like that.

When I go to the doctor, I can fill out my own application. I can take messages.

My sister took me to lunch. I was able to read the menu!

TEN

I know that not being able to read is like being shut in a small room and watching the world go by from a smaller window. Learning to read is like coming out into the warm sunshine and not being afraid. Now that the door of happiness is open to me, I can share more of my life with my family and friends. I don't have to be scared that someone might learn my secret.

Being able to read means I can sit and watch T.V. with my family and help guess the puzzle on Wheel of Fortune and now I don't have to depend on the T.V. for all my information. I have a choice between that and the paper or magazines.

I feel I'm a better parent because I am becoming more involved with my child's education. I feel I'm a better wife too. I feel my life is more fulfilled and I like the new me.

ELEVEN

I like to read because it is good for me and it is something that is good for everyone, and I don't know how to read. I don't know how to read signs. If I don't know how to read, I can't help my children when they need help. Reading is good for travel, that way the trip is not boring.

Reading is important for everyone, especially for me because that way I can help others and because it is special for me and my children. If I could read better, I would feel good about myself and I could help my neighbor, because she can't read. I know she would like to read too. If I read more and more, I can read stories and would be willing to memorize the book and explain it to others.

What Works for My Students

For those of you whose students may have a difficult time with spelling, perhaps some of the thoughts below may help to foster new ideas.

1) Firstly, did you ever think the reason your students cannot spell a word is because they never learned to pronounce it correctly?

2) If they have difficulty with certain words, be innovative. Think up clues that will help trigger their memory. For instance, if they have trouble differentiating between "for" and "four", which word has 4 letters? When do we use "sun" and when do we use "son". We use U in sun, because the sun is up in the sky. Since "heart" is not spelled as it sounds, perhaps they will remember that you told they this is an "ear" word.

3) Occasionally, give them a word to learn that is beyond their present level. It is surprising what being able to spell "university" or "enough" can do for one's self confidence.

My husband and son are the educators in my family, but I guess we all have a bit of the "frustrated teacher" in us, because the enthusiasm of my students has certainly made me feel special.

My Most Funny, or Most Moving, Tutoring Experience

My student makes me work to keep up with her in her eagerness to learn. I have an eager, motivated student with a 6th grade level Korean education. Circumstances forced her to learn conversational Spanish before coming to the United States. Both her Spanish and American speech is based upon listening intently to others. Her interpretation of the American language indicates how carelessly the majority of us voice our language. What joy is expressed by my student when she learns the meaning and correct pronunciation of words she has been attempting to use and what pleasure shown when able to write those words. What joy she shows being able to read! She cannot be contained within the current lessons. Due to her hunger to read, she stumbles through word pronunciations and meanings in more difficult books, gaining understanding through context of the story. Help! My student is gaining on me!