

A Voice in the Nevada Desert Making History

Miner of the Century™ Quarterly Newsletter

THE BURRO EXPRESS

Founded in 2000 AD

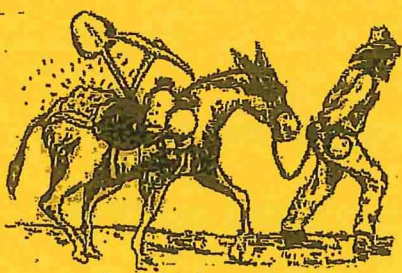
Historic Goldfield Nevada

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Let Us Hear From YOU!

The Burro Express

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Greetings,

Me and my pal Jake stumbled upon a meeting of the Goldfield Business Ladies in Tonopah. We wuz on the way to Winnemucca to meet up with our old friend Wade in Hawthorne and get the news coming from Golden, Coloradee.

Jake especially cozied up to Miss Edie from the Parlour Stonehouse. He likes to visit thar when the ladies feed him along the side behind the bushes, since Jake's silent looks say "I know nothing".

The conversation wuz that there wuz going to be a new sheriff in town, but of course that's always the talk of the town. The other news wuz that the China man running the kitchen at the Oriental had no choice but to ride outta town, to avoid being put in jail. As local news goes, he wasn't just cooking up Chinese food but wuzn't cleaning up his messes and got in really hot water.

A new dude opened an eatery where eggs, spuds, biscuits and gravy are the daily special fer travelers. The newspaper lady and the radio lady were busy looking at the new menu and eye-balling the travelers getting off the stage coach. Some on the way to San Francisco, others coming to check out the mining news out of Goldfield. The newspaper lady pulled out a story of a new and unique business starting out in Goldfield: A Nevada Detective Agency.

Well, by golly Jake and I left on our way to the diggings. Keep on prospecting until next time,

Your Secret Mining Pal

Our Town Yesterday

Glory Days of Goldfield

Goldfield District, Nevada

Excerpt from June 17, 1905

Mining & Scientific Press

The most interesting mining region in the western United States today- that is, the one which is at present attracting the greatest amount of attention, is that about Goldfield, in southwestern Nevada. This district was discovered in the latter part of 1902, and was at first called the Grandpa District. This was later changed to Goldfield. This district lies 23 ½ miles south of Tonopah (about 28 miles by wagon road), and was located late in the spring of 1903. At the time the writer's first visit, shortly after its location, the only work being done was by a few men on what is now known as Columbia Mountain. Now there are probably upward of 6000 inhabitants in the district.

Goldfield is reached by stage from Tonopah, to which point a railroad runs, connecting with the Carson & Colorado Railroad at Rhodes; a branch is now under construction to Goldfield. The camp has water supply which is said to be sufficient, but in all other respects—fuel, climate, supplies, etc. —it partakes of the inevitable disadvantages of the desert.

Columbia Mountain is the most prominent of the local ridges. The area of known ore bodies has, since last year, spread far out from Columbia Mountain, so that now it may be estimated at about 6 miles square. The most productive area is enclosed in a square 2 or 2 ½ miles in either direction. The chief mines at the present time are the Jumbo, the Combination, the Florence and the January, all grouped together about a mile south of the southeast end of Columbia Mountain.

The ores are often of very high grade. The values are generally all in gold; silver is usually practically absent.

The Goldfield Historical Society

P.O. Box 393, Goldfield, NV 89013

www.geocities.com/goldfieldhistoricnewsletter

John Ekman. President

Our Town Today

Local News, Views, Gossip & Events

Find out what's going on in our town today by tuning in to **KGFN RADIO GOLDFIELD** 775-485-3773 or 702-241-1901. Let Carl and Patti know you are a Burro Express subscriber and that you saw their Ad in this issue – Better still tell them you are listening in from anywhere in the world to the Voice of the Old West on **www.KGFN.org** – and they will get you connected to receive a 24k gold Historic Goldfield Souvenir. They are currently broadcasting from their new Red Caboose studio across the street from the famous Goldfield Hotel.

Another source of local news:

Go to the **Main Street** website www.goldfieldmainstreet.org. Click "Goldfield Gazette", click on the page you would like to read and a high-resolution copy will be available.

*With Compliments
of
Buck Kamphausen
and
Richie Clyne*

"Two for the Road"

Goldfield Fire Museum

Historic

Goldfield, Nevada

*Circa 1907
on Hwy 95 between Las Vegas and Reno*

The Prospector



Sharon Sirnes Artlip

Goldfield Miner, Artist,

Author, Editor

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When I first went to Hidden Gulch with my blankets on my back, the gulch had been extensively worked the previous two seasons and a large amount of gold obtained. There were still a few miners working along the gulch and these were doing well. The earlier miners had worked successfully, getting good pay until they reached a place where the grade of the gulch was steep and the pay poor. At the head of this steep pitch a mass of bedrock outcropped, dividing the stream into two branches. Neither of these branches contained gold paying quantity, but above this reef the gulch became flat again; for some reason a strip of a hundred yards or more in width had not been mined. I found an old prospect hole in this flat, and, although it indicated no gold had been found, I started in at the head of the bar in the middle of the gulch and got a good prospect in the first pan. For several days I got fair returns for my labor and at the end of the week had reached the old prospect hole. I was hard at work when I heard a footstep. Glancing up, I saw a tall, spare man, with large beard, and dressed in the rough garb of a miner. He spoke pleasantly and informed me he had sunk the hole which I had just reached in my own work. I didn't know but that he might lay claim to the ground, so I didn't magnify the results of my labor at all. I asked if he had found anything in the hole and he answered:

"Only a single color- a piece worth \$1."

"Why did you not continue?" I inquired.

"Thought it wouldn't pay," said he; "but I hope you will do well." I hoped so too and he went down the crooked little gulch. Before nightfall I had stripped and washed the ground at the end of the hole sunk by the old man, and had gone some little distance beyond it. The ground was rich, and the single piece, worth \$1, he had found lay within a foot of a pocketful of nuggets. I could have covered over \$50 worth with my hat. The remainder of the un-worked ground on this part of the gulch paid as well as any portion had paid. Some men don't know a good prospect when they see one. -Miner

-Compiled and Edited by S. Sirnes Artlip

Killing Time Waiting to Get Rich Quick

A large number of the idle men out in Matheny's mining district are now Devoting their attention to prospecting. This is a big improvement in the way of "killing" time than to be loafing around saloons drinking, and swindling the saloon keepers out of their poor liquor and boring the ladies in the red-light district.

Thanks to Miss Sharon for all her contributions to the Burro Express. Her stories can be heard "LIVE" when you visit her store if you're lucky to find her there on Hwy 95, Goldfield, across the street from the Goldfield Chamber of Commerce. She'll tell you and show you where to go - and for FREE!!

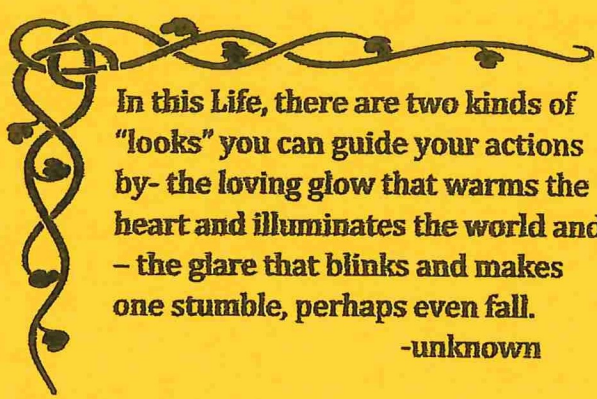
This is Life?

*For those with the mind of inquiry, in search of life's
Most Secret Treasures and the True Meaning of Life.*

ONE of the striking characteristics of successful persons is their faulty of determining the relative importance of different things. There are many things which it is desirable to do, a few are essential, and there is no more useful quality of the human mind than that which enables its possessor at once to distinguish which the few essential things are. Life is so short and time so fleeting that much which one would wish to do must fain be omitted. He is fortunate who perceives at a glance what it will do, and what it will not do, to omit.

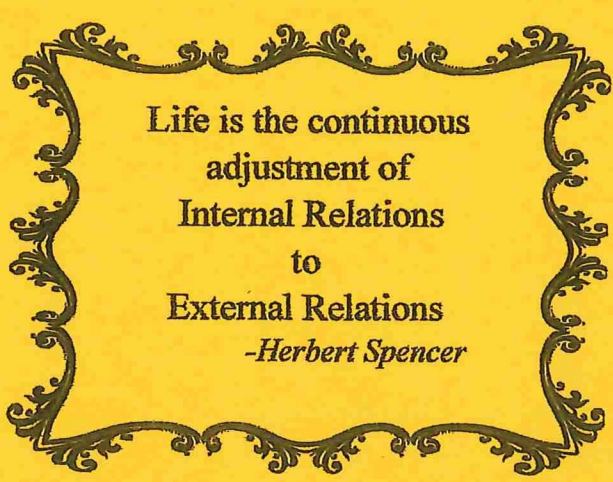
This invaluable faculty, if not possessed in a remarkable degree naturally, is susceptible of cultivation to a considerable extent. Let anyone adopt the practice of reflecting, every morning, what must necessarily be done during the day, and then begin by doing the most important things first, leaving the others to take their chance of being done or left undone. In this way attention first to the things of first importance soon acquires the almost irresistible force of habit, and becomes a rule of life. There is no rule more indispensable to success.

-Unknown



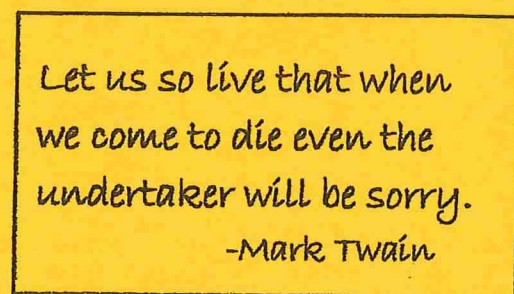
In this Life, there are two kinds of "looks" you can guide your actions by- the loving glow that warms the heart and illuminates the world and - the glare that blinks and makes one stumble, perhaps even fall.

-unknown



Life is the continuous
adjustment of
Internal Relations
to
External Relations

-Herbert Spencer



Let us so live that when
we come to die even the
undertaker will be sorry.

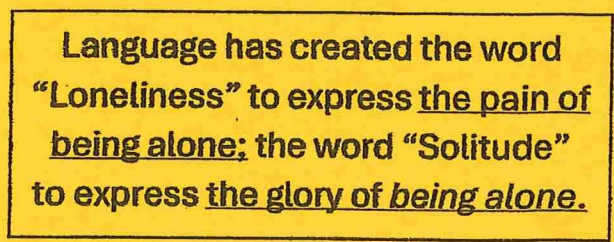
-Mark Twain

Would you like for your Life to
repeat its self?

Think about it...Ben did.

"Were it offered to my choice, I
should have no objection to a
repetition of the same life from it's
beginning, only asking the
advantage authors have in a second
edition to correct some faults in the
first."

-Benjamin Franklin



Language has created the word
"Loneliness" to express the pain of
being alone; the word "Solitude"
to express the glory of being alone.

We are shaped and fashioned by What We Love

-Joann Wolfgang Von Goethe

Something to Think About...



Is there a *difference in things* we think about?

Somewhere I read:
"Instruct the Ignorant"
It didn't say
Instruct the stupid.

I shall drink no wine before its time.
IT'S TIME!!!!

People Who Whine

There is a class of persons in this world, by no means small, whose prominent peculiarity is whining. They whine because they are poor, or if rich because they have no health to enjoy their riches; they whine because they have no luck, and others prosperity exceeds theirs; they whine because some friends have died and they are living; they whine because they have aches and pains, and they have aches and pains because they whine; they whine, no one can tell why. Now, a word to these whining persons: First, stop whining—it is of no use complaining, fretting, fault-finding and whining. Why, you are the most deluded set of creatures that ever lived! Do you know that it is a well-settled principle of physiology and common sense that these habits are more exhausting to nervous vitality than almost any other violation of physiological law? And do you know that life is pretty much as you make it? You can make it bright and sunshiny, or you can make it dark and shadowy. This life is meant only to discipline us— to fit us for a higher and purer state of being. Then stop whining and fretting, and go on your way rejoicing.

Requesting frequent readers to send in their favorite peeves for upcoming articles for this page. A barrage of whining-winning articles came in. Hard to pick out the best. I don't know many or any whiners – Do you?

My whining acquaintances share their Chardonnay or Merlot on a cool evening at the beach or by the pool. Or a Cabernet at the park.

Whiners? O' Yeah!!!

Wine, Good cheese, good bread, and good conversations. Oh! Lucky me and you.

MY DEAR FELLOW GRUMBLERS:

Poets, philosophers, and fools, in all ages, have been writing and preaching on the art of being happy, without a mighty sight of *seals* to their ministry, I guess.

But, as many can't be satisfied unless *miserable* in body and mind, I am going to show all such persons the several means to be used for the attainment of such a desirable end.

In the first place, my beloved whiners, in order to attain an end, you must get up a stiff resolution and determination to *conquer*. Yes, my hearers, you must set down your foot, grit your teeth, let your resolution be as stiff as boilerplate, let your firmness be as unwavering as the rocks of Gibraltar. Be determined to be miserable, and you shall get your desires. Never mind what people tell you about the bounties of Providence and the beauties of Nature, the balmy breezes of spring, the twittering and warbling of birds, -you must sheer off from them like a wealthy upstart from a poor relation.

Put on a sour, savage, snapping-turtle physiognomy; look daggers and *act out* your feelings; this is the first great commandment with misery: Think you are the most forsaken mortal that misery ever held a mortgage on. *Hate* mankind; call 'em all liars, cheats, swindlers, villains. Look at everything on the wrong side. If it has no dark side, *make* one, just so as to enjoy yourself looking at it. Take it for granted that everybody about is especially interested to torment you. Fight everybody and everything. You can't hit amiss. The world is all *wrong*. Everybody is a villain but *yourself*, and it is your duty to teach mankind manners. Go at 'em. You can't *fail* to be miserable.

Humor & Human Events

Laugh or cry at the shenanigans of Human Beings

The human condition with humor...



Over Heard

Two ladies having lunch at Denny's. So, Diane, you were saying you got fired from the job you had for 15 years! Why?

I don't know Janette, I've been doing the same job the same way for many years. I actually was promoted from clerk to administrative Technician my first month.

So, what exactly did you do in that position?

Well, I entered the dollar amounts for paper checks being sent out, and same for direct deposits. I was doing the same process exactly how I had been trained many years ago.

"What reason did they give for firing you?" asked Janette.

"They said I was sending checks to dead people. How would I know they had died? Don't they check to see if the person signed the back of the check?"

Janette exclaims, "People don't sign checks anymore! Don't you know that? Everything is automated. People can deposit a check by taking a picture of it with their phone. Most deposits go directly to their banks. And most people use debit cards so they don't even go into their banks to get cash anymore."

Well, I go into my bank, says Diane and they ask for a pin number, and my I.D. before I can get cash. So you think If I die, the money will just pile up and the bank won't realize I died?

Janette, what are you doing on the floor? Waiter! Waiter! Come quick my friend just fainted!

Flys in your honey jar? Or trying to get into your honey jar? Shooing them away doesn't work, they keep coming back. So, use a fly swatter. ONE friend's complaining to another girl, this one pesty one, keep coming in spite of being swatted, once or twice.

Try putting lemon juice or vinegar around the jar on a sponge says the friend. You know flies swarm around "sweet things" – know what I mean?

"Would you like to be my fly swatter" asks the sweet thing.

No, not really replied the friend-friend, it's not easy to be my brother's -ugh-sister's keeper. Someone once told me: If you're not willing to put up with flies, don't be a pie.

When you live in a small town, it's hard to tell, who's telling the truth about anything. Someone spread a rumor that the sissy who was hired to ry at funerals, in case no one like the dearly departed, had died suddenly of a broken heart. Well-not true, the dear soul was seen in Las Vegas shopping. Gone-Yes, but only for a whole week.

Happy tidings, written simply by a happy humble host with a gem
of a name who requests to remain anonymous.

Esmeralda's Corner...



POEM

Some stop to lose
Their minds
In lofty thoughts and find
Their souls
In fragrant suds among
The birds
In a garden or grotto
In the
Fullness of time.

-Esmeralda Goldfield

The Road Not Taken

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I-
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.
-Robert Frost (1875-1963)

Short Stories, etc., for the Mind and Heart.

From the Pen and Inkwell
of

Esmeralda Goldfield



Dearly Beloved,
Before taking "One for the Road" Trip,
First, decide the Space in Time allowed.
Second, consider Travel Time. Third, stay
away from places in the path of tornadoes.
Fourth, when possible, pick the season, not
too hot, not too cold, etc. . . Fifth, consider
lodging locations and costs. Sixth, find
sites of interest for purpose of "One for the
Road". Seventh, consider. . . is this
vacation, pilgrimage, research, educational,
recreational, déjà vu or just making
beautiful new memories. -Esmeralda

Ode to Esmeralda

Can heart cease its peaceful search,
Seeking gain beyond measure?
In rare gems found too in church
But out-sparkle earthly treasure.
He sows silver as a lure,
And gold far beyond one's dream.
But true claim is ever sure,
In what hides in beauty's scene.
Pan for joy in desert pure,
Uplifts prospector's vision.
In unsullied heat so sure,
Prayer's sluice is true commission.
Fools shun full desert fury,
Ever chasing cool results.
Poor stake — reward of hurry
Desert mellows every pulse.
Nights gift; a sheer cosmic dome,
Mother Lode of prayerful ore.
Not false claimer's mine, but home;
Call all to golden shore.

-Charles Wright 5-17-2025

East Meets West

For Wayfarers, Pilgrims and
Seekers on the Great Quest

美
Beauty

Poem

A gent with long
white hair, pale in
The moonlight.

An ordinary man
With extra ordinary airs-
Flew away one
Moon-lit night.

-F. Arjuna 2021

I fear God, and next to God – I fear
him who fears him not.

-Saadi

TRUTH is truth, even if nobody
Believes it.

A LIE is a lie, even if everybody
Believes it.

East Meets West on the Freeway in L.A.

In 1968 Los Angeles, there was no K-Town, no K-pop, or K-drama- just a clan of Korean immigrants who settled close to each other that eventually became in mid-1970's, Korea town.

My father spoke fluent English, and many Koreans who needed assistance for various reasons, came for his advice. One such person I still remember vividly was a man who bought a bicycle, and rode around looking for a job in the neighborhood. One day, he rode his bicycle on Crenshaw Avenue, southbound, and saw a sign that said freeway on Santa Monica.

He conjectured himself that freeway was a roadway all could enter. In mid-sixties in Korea, there was no freeway. Obviously, he probably never saw a freeway. Thus, he entered the freeway, eastbound. The on-ramp has a long downward slope; whereupon, he raced his bicycle at full speed along the right-side emergency shoulder lane. The American motorists on the freeway who saw him waved their hands, and he thought that the Americans were welcoming the "Asian man." He waved his hands at them, and continued to ride the bicycle. Shortly, a California Highway Patrol officer pulled him over, and was cited. He could not understand why the officer told him to get out at the next off-ramp.

Thereafter, he came to consult my father, who explained that the word freeway is not a roadway that everyone may enter, freeway means motorists may drive at high rate of speed.

He thanked my father and left. My mother made an interesting comment about the man. It was little English that he knew that actually caused misunderstanding about the sign. If he did not know any English, he probably would not have entered the freeway. It is a common occurrence that many immigrants would make mistakes in any hosting country due to language, cultural, and social differences.

-Submitted by Jian Yu, Garden Grove, CA

Jesus Christ, As Seen by a Contemporary

HERE has appeared in this our day, a man of great virtue, named Jesus Christ, who is yet living amongst us, and with the Gentiles is accepted as a prophet of truth, but his own disciples call him the Son of God. He raiseth the dead, and cureth all manner of diseases; a man of stature somewhat tall and comely, with a very reverend countenance; such as the beholder may both love and fear; his hair is of the color of a filbert, full ripe, and plain down to his ears, but from his ears downwards somewhat curled, and more orient of colour, waying about his shoulders. In the midst of his head goeth a seam or partition of hair, after the manner of the Nazarites; his forehead very smooth and plain; his face, nose and mouth so framed as nothing can be reprehended; his beard somewhat thick, agreeable to the hair of his head for colour, not of any great length, but forked in the middle; of an innocent and mature look; his eyes grey, clear and quick. In reproving, he is terrible; in admonishing, courteous and fair spoken, pleasant in speech, amidst gravity. It cannot be remembered that any have seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep. In proportion of body, well shaped and straight; his hands and arms most beauteous to behold; in speaking, very temperate, modest and wise; a man of singular virtue, surpassing the children of men.

-Publius Lentulus

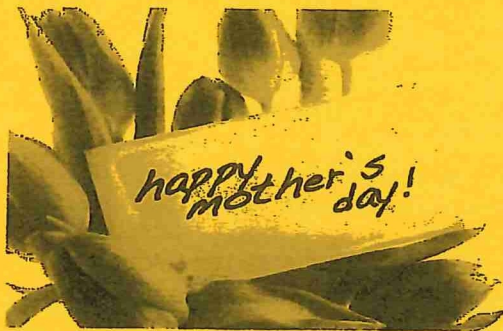
The Mother Lode

For those in search of the Real Gold

When I was 5 or 6 years old- (number 8 of 9 kids), my mother used to tell us, "Is it going to take an act of congress to get you to do as I tell you?" (like clean your room or wash the dinner dishes).

We didn't know what an act of congress was until junior high school and still didn't get it.

Now as a grandmother, I wonder, do the kids of today really know what "An Act of Congress" is and does?



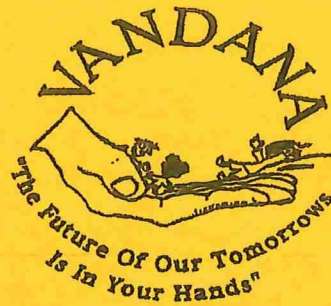
Today's Mother Raising Tomorrow's Presidents – Pope – Peace Maker!

Did you know?

The Noble Peace Prize was named after the inventor of dynamite??

ALFRED NOBEL was a Swedish chemist, inventor, engineer, and businessman. Aside from inventing dynamite he is know for bequeathing his fortune to establish the Nobel Prizes.

What good is there, could there possibly be in suffering and pain? A young son asks his mother. The mother replied: Pain and suffering is a part of life and living. It isn't about what's happening to you, but what you do with what happens to you.



If you think you are beaten you are;
If you think you dare not, you don't;
If you want to win but think you can't
It's almost a cinch you won't.
If you think you'll lose you're lost;
For out in the world we find
Success begins with a fellow's will'
It's all in the state of mind.
Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger and faster man,
But sooner or later the man who wins
Is the man who thinks he can.

-Norman Vincent Peale

O' you, historian, the ink of your pen honestly describes our horrendous history and tells our children about the terrible misfortunes so that, when they read what you wrote, they join in our suffering and turn away from their fathers' sins so as not to show the same misery.

-Pierre de Ronsard (1562)

The Bulletin Board

Local News, Views, and Events

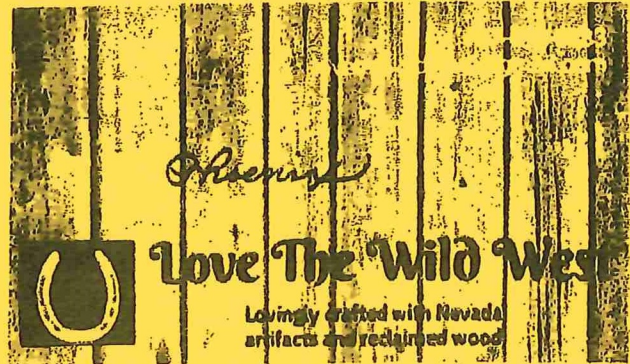
A Blast From The Past

While searching for articles in past Burro Express issues to make a collage for upcoming (2026) 25th Anniversary of publication these tiny memories sprung up.

The Marthas & Marys Ladies Club originated in 2005 in tri-states-Nevada, California and New Mexico.

As of 2015, the ladies and some gents have since joined up in Heaven and are still hard at work. They inspired what is now the St. Barbara Grotto & Gardens. Their hands planted the first four grape vines named: Mark – Mathew – Luke – John, respectively Merlot, Chardonnay, Cabernet, Zinfandel. His Helping Hands built the grape arbor; their names and certificates are posted in their honor inside the gift shop.

(Cont. on page 12 The Corridor)



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The Marthas & Marys Ladies Club

New-Mexico, Nevada, California

Recreational, Working and Praying Group
Fraternal - Beneficent - Educational

Mission Statement

Let your light so shine, one by one
Pray earnestly with fraternal Love
Study diligently, gently teaching with care
Serve willingly without self-interest

Education

Improving oneself first - improves the world
Workshops - Seminars - Travel
Reading - Listening
Books, CDS, Tapes, and Field Trips

Beneficence

Helping others to help themselves by Charitable
Acts of Kindness and Gifts of Generosity
Learning a trade or continuing Education

Self-less Service

Devotion by acts of unselfish service to humanity
offered lovingly without motives for
recompense, rewards or awards, and with proper
respect for each person's human Dignity

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ST. BARBARA GROTTO & GARDENS
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The Corridor

PASSAGE UNTO WHICH MANY RIVERS FLOW

Once in a Blue Moon

Once in a blue moon something happens in a certain part of the world that calls the attention to a few. Those few who are somewhat (or more) sensitive to the ways of the world and the ways of what is not of this world. Such places have probably existed since the beginning of time and one may ask –why now?

Sedona, Arizona has been known for decades of being such a place for curiosity seekers to go see a place where an energy vortex is a tourist place of interest and not a destination place to plant roots or make a life for families.

Gift shops multiply as coffee and tea shops, souvenirs and photo ops in near or close to “the” energy center or vortex. In New Mexico several such places exist and subsist, according to what the economy can bring in to keep the locals busy and with enough income to survive.

Places such as these are usually found or discovered by accident or chance in remote untraveled areas of the world. As time goes by and these places where peace and tranquility are the souls’ companions, just by walking sitting, or being in the vicinity of these special places. In forests, mountains, valleys, deserts, or close to where water runs. Crowds gather bringing the world and its enchantments. One spiritual (so-called) guru said, upon visiting a well-known very crowded “place of retreat”- there was no there-there.

So, what happens? What to do when one “accidentally” stumbles into such a place? Where just being there, in a few moments in time, just passing by for a few hours, a person leaves as if a heavy load one has been carrying around has been lifted. Coincidences where this happens more than one?

In the middle of the Central Nevada desert, such a small fairly unknown place has a small hidden corner. The citizenry in this small community do not want this place to become a Las Vegas Glitz or even a small tourist town. So, until now, the best kept secret is still a mysterious site with little or rather no advertising. Those on a Spiritual Quest will hear the silent sounds of a different drum and follow the vibes or the haunting sound of flute music like a Kokopelli seen only by those few, who are not chasing what the world has to offer. Those who respect the desert come, enjoy and leave it untouched for the beauty, silence and solitude it offers to many.

Continued from page 11- A Blast From the Past

The Foundation for the rebar-structure was also built by the brawn, energy and treasure of HIS HELPING HANDS The original Jujubee and Mulberry Trees were also donated and planted by his – still living and working – Helping Hands.

Another gift the M & M's left in Goldfield is the LAST CHANCE Christmas Bazaar held at the Community Center on the 1st week end of December, come snow or sunshine. The bazaar with vendors and artisans from near and far has been a great success in the same spirit of joy – love gifts, raffles, drawings and fellowship with new friends coming each year. For more info, contact via email:

Stbarbaragrotto@yahoo.com

Docents, volunteers, men for His Helping Hands are welcome! Located at the corner of Franklin and Miners Ave.

Jest Kidding



Laugh and live healthy and long



"It' \$100 in your pocket," whispered the defendant's lawyer to the juror, "if you can bring in a verdict of manslaughter in the second degree." Such proved to be the verdict, and the lawyer thanked the juror warmly as he paid him the money. "Yes," said the juror, "it was tough work, but I got there after a while. All the rest went in for acquittal."

American Wit and Humor, George W. Jacobs & Co., 1900

I was in the Texas Rose last night at the bar waiting for a beer, when a butt-ugly, big old heifer came up behind me and slapped me on the rear.

She said, "Hey, sexy, how about giving me your number?"

I looked at her said, "Have you got a pen."

She said, "I sure do."

I said, "Well, you better get back into it before the farmer notices you're missing."

My dental surgery is on Monday.

I was reading an article last night about **Grandfathers and Granddaughters** and memories came flooding back of the time I took my **Granddaughter** out for her first drink.

Off we went to our local pub which is only two blocks from the house. I got her a **Molson Canadian**. She didn't like it, so I had it. Then I got her a **Labatt Blue**. She didn't like that either, so I had it. It was the same with the **Guinness** and **Harp Larger**. By the time we got down to the whiskey I could hardly push the stroller back home.

Two elderly men met in the park one sunny afternoon and decided to sit on the nearest park bench and "shoot the breeze for a spell". A subject that seems to always come up in a "senior: conversation is health matters.

One of the men asked the other, "at our ripe age, which would you prefer to be diagnosed with; **Parkinson's** or **Alzheimer's**?"

The other man replied, with what wisdom that only many years of living can give person-

"**Definitely Parkinson's.**

Better to spill half an ounce of **Jack Daniels**, than to forget where you keep the bottle!!"

A young Irishman was turning 21, the drinking age. His grandmother told him that his father, grandfather and great-grandfather were all able to walk across the water to the pub for their coming-of-age drink. When the lad's birthday came up, he and his friend took his boat out to the middle of the lake. He got out to "walk across the water" and fell into the lake. His friend helped him back into the boat. The young man went to his grandmother and told her what happened. "You idiot," she said. "Your father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were all born in December and the lake was frozen.



Dear Editor,

What's happening to the Burro Express? What's with the fancy-colored pages? What happened to the humble primer? They don't take away the "real stuff" in some of the articles my wife said, but I liked it better when it was more earthy and humble. *Long time reader in Arizona*

Dear L.T.R. in Beautiful Arizona,

First, thanks for the packet of goodies! Second, by the time you read this you will have received the Spring 2025 issue. Almost out of color paper and you are right- we try to keep subscription fees down. In these times some of our ads have gone out of business and here we are... Thanks for hanging in there with Jake and his Secret Mining Pal for almost 20 years. *Editor*

Dear Editor,

We are not from Goldfield and passing by in 2007 we picked up the Burro Express and have been subscribers ever since. My wife writes ghost stories so we visit a lot of ghost towns. Goldfield is one of the favorites. Yes, we would like to come celebrate your 25th Anniversary. Just let us know the time, date, etc. Is there lodging in town? *Wondering in California*

Dear Wondering,

Wonder is great – that's Goldfield! After 25 years of publication and living here, I'm still wondering, why? It's for folks like you. You will be receiving a V.I.P. invitation for the shin-ding scheduled for the first weekend in August 2026. It would be an honor to have you join in our parade float. Lodging in town is scarce. Make reservations early. If you have a camper or R.V, there are three spaces with hook-ups right behind Jake's Hide-Out out at the Miner of the Century park where the party will top off the celebration. Contact: Burroexpress@yahoo.com

Thanks again for your support, Editor

Dear Editor, How come your jokes aren't as funny as they used to be? *Me in Las Vegas*

Oh! Dear Me in Las Vegas, Probably because you stopped sending some in. *Editor*

Dear Editor, Do you all have a web site yet?

Diana in Seattle, WA

Dear Diana,

Thank you for reaching out! We do have a brand new website: Burroexpres.com Let us know what you think. We continue to add to it. We appreciate you! *Editor*



The Burro Express Newsletter

Is a Quarterly Publication of the Miner of the Century™ Publishers. Stories, articles and some of the writings are from our Regular Contributors and OUR READERS AT LARGE who enjoy reading WHAT'S FIT TO PRINT and laugh at healthy humor knowing and loving human nature at its best. Thanks. Keep Them Coming!

Contributor's Guidelines

1. On the first page of your letter, print your name, address, and telephone number. If you're submitting for a particular column, note that as well. Keep stories to 500 words or less
2. We accept black and white prints, slides or high-resolution digital photos. For prints, include your name and address on the back of each one. Digital images should be about 4x6 inches at a minimum resolution of 300 dpi (dots per inch) and send jpegs on a CD or via E-mail. Whenever possible, send the original electronic file rather than home printouts which do not reproduce well.
3. *If you want your materials returned*, include a self-addressed, stamped envelope.
4. After you share your story or photo, please be patient. We receive a lot of mail and it takes our small staff a while to catch up. We may hold your material for consideration in a future issue without informing you first, but we will let you know if we publish it.
5. By submitting material for publication, you grant the Burro Express, M.O.T.C. Publishing, its parent company, subsidiaries, affiliates, partners and licensees use of the material, including your name, hometown and state. We reserve the right to modify, reproduce and distribute the material in any medium and in any manner or appropriate place. We may contact you via phone, Email or mail regarding your submissions.
6. Send submissions to:
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Points to Ponder

For the Philosophical Mind

Hospitality is not just shelter
But the welcome behind it.

Generosity without substance
Is Nobility
Not sustenance.

*The Tree of Life
is not petrified wood.*

*Hospitality is the sacred duty
at the heart of all that is good.*

*What would life be if we had no
courage to attempt anything? -
Vincent Van Gogh*

**Those who can feel the
littleness of great things,
cannot but experience the
greatness of little things.**

If you really love one another
properly, there must be sacrifice.
-Mother Teresa

*When you share, even a little of
what you know
Your generosity is beyond words.*

**Exaggeration – another name for
lying.
Imitation – a new name for faking
or deceiving**

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twenty years to contemplate the teachings of the Masters
& the Masters' Masters. From a hermit-like life in the
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thank you, either often or loud enough

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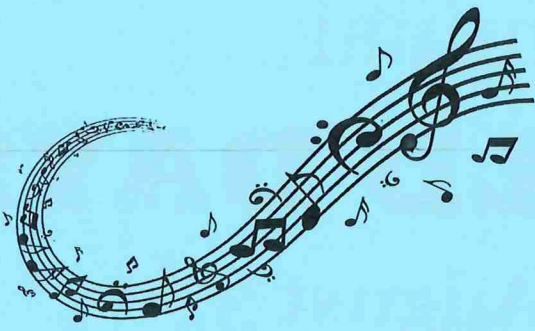
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