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A Nevada Fairy Tale

ARNOLD DUMMAR: We weren't the richest folks in Nevada. When Melvin was a boy we lived in a trailer some of the time, moving around to where I could find work. I did some mining and I worked a lot of road construction. Back then they were putting in some of the major highways and Melvin would come out and see this clean, smooth stretch of pavement that his daddy built and then he'd see one of those big, roaring cars, like a Tucker or a Bel Air, come sailing through the desert on that road and he'd imagine the prospects of life just over the ridge. Even though we didn't have much, I think Melvin always saw the promise of things. He had dreams; he always had dreams. His momma was working in a motel for a time and I swear even years later when we'd drive by the place, the tears would well up in his eyes and he'd think of his momma cleaning up for strangers, making almost nothing and never seeing a tip from the rich men who could afford to stay in the rooms. Maybe he saw that Bel Air parked out front, I don't know. It's funny though. When we all heard about the will and how Howard Hughes had left Melvin--what was it, about a hundred and fifty million?--none of us was surprised. I mean, if it was going to happen to anyone, that kind of fairy tale, it was going to happen to Melvin. He wanted it so much....