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HE WAS huddled on a large flat rock by the roadside, morosely contemplating a spear of buffalo grass and shedding an aura of dejection all around. From his seat he could view the sprawling expanse of Dry Lake City.

He narrowed his eyes, protruded his jaw obstinately, leaned forward about an inch as though that concession were intolerable, and croaked defiantly:

"A shovel is made to shovel with!"

"Quite true, my friend," I replied.

"Do you admit it?" he inquired eagerly.

[1]