

It fell to my lot to cut short Dry Lake City's shovel-craze. The fair thing to do, I felt, was to inform the camp of recommendations I proposed to make to my directors, and the changes certain to ensue.

My announcement stunned the city but did not faze Martin, who, resourceful as ever, called a public meeting which he addressed. He said:

"Fellow Citizens: In this crisis we must take thought for the future. Some time or other, this reservoir will be completed. It will then be no longer necessary for us to furnish shovels to our workmen. Shovels will be worthless. Shovelers will be out of jobs.

"So another duty—a duty whose clarion call I have heard—lies before us. Someone must furnish the land of this valley to those who wish to occupy it. I am happy to inform you that I have taken steps to do this.

"Through a Sacramento law and real estate firm, I and those who have been associated with me in furnishing shovels to our shovelers, have taken options on the vast area of Dry Lake Valley from the sheepmen who now graze it, for purchase at \$2.00 per acre.

"The shovelers who have shoveled this reservoir have informed me that when water flows upon this fertile valley they intend to settle here. Other settlers will swarm