In the spring of 1966, "Ole Dirtman" had cabin fever. He had labored long in the land of Morton, Agar, Pierre, Valentine and Rosebud soils. Looking at the tops of snow drifts out the second story window he said, "Hell, there must be someplace where it doesn't snow higher than the hip pockets on a tall Sioux."

A call came from the land of Milk and Honey, and Ole Dirtman packed kit and kabootle, 6 kids, clay, silt, sand, gravel, peat, and ole what's his name, and moved to this land of Milk and Honey, where it doesn't snow. They arrived with the smell of orange blossoms in their nostrils. The natives grew strange crops, cotton, flowers, citrus, apartment buildings, and freeways; and all seemed to worship the pile of horse droppings in their backyards.

Dirtman spent the next three years dodging traffic and looking for places to dig in vacant lots, back alleys, and planter boxes in shopping centers.

He developed a suitable dialogue to fit the moods of the populous: the curious, the children, the irate citizens and the haughty dowager. "Hell, I dodged golfballs on 40 golf courses and didn't even get hazardous duty pay." We finished it down to the last acre.

They sent Ole Dirtman down to the border and said, "Make a survey for the Park Service, where the Organ Pipe and Saguaro grow." The soils were skeletal, had petrocalcics, duripans or lithic contacts and old Dirtman traded his augers in on picks, bars and steel-handled, lead-weighted spades. Access was a few trails and we drove in the washes, avoiding the