

WinkWorld July 2005

After the return flight from Alabama, I stopped at a local (sort of) carwash to wash the dried SD prairies' gumbo* from my 'Lil Red Chile. Once again it took my quarters, but no water came out of the pressurized water sprayer. As this is not the first time I have had this experience at this place, I called the owner at a number listed on the wall. He was not in, but returned my call. Enjoy our conversation.

"What was the problem?" he asked me.

"I put my quarters in and no water would come out of the sprayer," I explained.

"Well, you just come on down, and I'll give you the training," he offered.

"The training?" I queried.

"Yes, I'll give you the training so you can learn how to do it," he offered.

"Learn how to do it?" I replied. "What is there to learn? Put in quarters and turn it to on? I think I know how to do that," I offered.

"Well, you just come down, and I'll show you just how to do it," he responded.

I imagine that there are some who think I've had just about enough "training" in my life, but this is one I don't want to miss. Just hope I can learn it.

*Gumbo, for my new Alabama friends, is not the delicious gumbo we ate in Birmingham. Rather, it is what happens to the prairies after a rain; the soil turns to gumbo. When gumbo is wet, it grabs you and pulls you down until you are stuck; and, when it is dry, it reminds me of hard brown concrete. Prairie people always cuss the gumbo.

The 3 'Lil New Mexicans swimming in a dam.

[3inthedam.jpg](#)

Playtime on the ranch.

[playtimeontheranch.jpg](#)

[pickingupconcrete.jpg](#)