

Russell Harrison, who is at the Camp Young Desert Training center at Indio, California, writes:

"Monday morning about fifty of us boarded trucks for Freda to take the place of the fifty-five already there. You never saw a bunch so eager to get gone from a place in your life. About half of them had been in the hospital and several others might better have been there, and them here only a week.

"We started to work Monday noon and got along swell. There are no lights of any kind here so we have to go to bed at dark and get up as soon as we can see. Tuesday was cloudy and we worked all day. About 6:00 p. m. we were just starting to eat when a sand storm hit. It blew so hard that you couldn't see ten feet and could hardly breathe. Our meal was ruined and most of the tents blown down. Our clothes were scattered all over the map.

"The wind and sand storm was followed by wind, rain and lightning and were we ever a mess? My hair was so full of wet sand it felt like a horse's tail and my face so dirty I washed three times before I could close my eyes. The wind continued to blow so we tied the cook tent to a truck and about 8:00 o'clock we had a lunch out of cans, using truck and peep headlights for light.

"We put up a few tents and hunted up some dry blankets and went to bed. My blankets felt like two pieces of sandpaper but I slept very well at that. The tent I was in was torn so bad we didn't put it back up, but moved to another one.