

737. 93
Kimball, Neb.



Miss Yuri Domoto

6F-5c

Amache, Colorado

Tuesday 19th.

Dearest Yuri,

The heavens were pale blue this morning when we started work. The air was still and crisp. It was a good day to work in - not too cool, not too warm.

It was getting cool at noon. The wind stired a bit. A little amount of dust which was stirred by our shuffling feet rose in dazy clouds and floated south.

Our sacks, as usual, became heavier in the afternoon. We rested more frequently. To catch our breath or to give relief to now aching muscles.

In the meantime, two potato diggers - hitched to two tractors were moving up and down the rows of potatoes, digging them up and dropping them on the surface. They remind me of two tanks swarming up and down the hill.

We were walking into the wind now. It began to blow. The rain started to sprinkle.

Most of us weren't prepared for neither
the cold or less so, for rain. Then the grey
wall of dust came sweeping toward us. We
involuntarily ducked tho' we were already
in a crouch position. I had my goggles on
over my glasses but clouded ^{to my regret} ~~about~~ my eyes to
slits because the powder like dust filtered
into them. Could see only ten feet away. The
rain was spotty but wherever it fell the
dust clung on in grey dots. The temperature
dropped to freezing.

The end of the row was four blocks away.
I spat every ten steps. My only concern was
to reach the end of the row. The fire ~~of~~ of
spuds nighed like 20th, 30th.

We finished that section. silent, grimy
tired. God, my back.

The foreman came by, comfortably seated
in his enclosed car. "come on guys. There's
36 more rows. They got to be pushed. We
can't let them freeze. The rain started to

come down in earnest. It blew from the North^{west} and began to wet our left side when we finished that line. It was raining and hailing.

"Four more lives guys."

By now we didn't give a f--- d--- we were wet, cold, sniffing.

One fellow couldn't take it. He went up to Bob (he's the foreman) and said, "Bob lets go home."

"Hell no, for Christ sake, these spuds can't freeze. There's two weeks wages worth here."

"You going to be responsible for the doctor's bills?"

"Sure" - He didn't sound too sure.

He didn't get wet. He stayed in the car.

Hailing, I must admit then that I called him ^{and} S.O.B.

We finished alright. Everybody was
wet. I took off my shirt and wrapped
a gunny sack around my shoulder. At
least it wasn't wet and we still had
a 45 minutes drive before reaching

home.

My partner lent me his machinaw
jacket. It was the thing which kept me
from catching cold.

Now, everything in the house seems like
any other night. There's the usual game
going on. A lot of us including Dick went
to see Casablanca - an excellent picture
for this place.

We've talked about our mutual
experience. Perhaps it is done like this -
a tough boss and willing men which
shape the world - a break ^{it} there. For
me, there is a satisfaction of work done.
Of a fight against nature ~~and its~~

and the man inside which protest but
refuse to give.

I'll be back soon, you. In one piece.
This work is damned good for my soul
and spirit. I'm bringing home something
more valuable than wages for services
rendered.

I hope to be able to share it
with you. Good nite.

Dick