

ushered in the scorching heat of summer. The only uncertainty was when it would happen during the month. Sometimes it came early in the month to be followed by a few weeks of "Indian Spring" before the everlasting heat of summer took over. This season of the year you were thankful for every comfortable day you experienced. A pleasant temperature at this time of the morning assured a moderate climate for the balance of the day.

I was nearing the Fairgrounds. As it came into view, I had a startling surprise. Ahead and on the right I could see the ^{cor} northwest corner of the fence ^{* see insert *} extended south at right angles to the thoroughfare far into the distance. From the same corner it paralleled the road for hundreds of feet, to the east. It was set back about 100 feet from the edge of the road. The fence itself was the only remaining identifiable feature of the ^{Fairgrounds} grounds. Everything else was changed and unrecognizable from what ^{had been} was visible when I passed by, less than a month before. Now the entire fenced area was covered with a multitude of one-story buildings constructed of unfinished pine boards. The roofs and sides of all buildings were covered with some sort of waterproofed black paper. The buildings seemed to fill the grounds from fence to fence, east to west. From the fence alongside the road on which I was traveling, they extended row, on row, on row, to the south beyond the perceivable limits of my vision. It was incredible and beyond comprehension that a vast area of this size could be transformed from sand to massed buildings in such a short ^{period} segment of time. Any construction project of this magnitude had to be considered a vital part of the war effort in order to secure the immense volume of materials and labor needed for completion. The speed of this construction accomplishment was so amazing that you had to be sure it was considered by the government to be a project of top priority for the war effort.