

ply of questions to be answered.

Walking outside from the subdued light inside the building, I had to stop for a moment to let my eyes adjust to the brightness of the morning sunshine. The heat of a comfortably warm spring day was beginning to build and the cool of the San Joaquin May morning was gone..The humm of traffic from the nearby highway was audible and the buzz of military planes in ^{the} distant sky blended with the lonely sound of a Southern Pacific locomotive traveling south through the valley.

I could hear the noise of hammers from someplace in the Center grounds and a large truck was pulling into the grounds at the main entry gate. With the exception of the truck driver I could not see anyone within my range of vision but human voices were discernible from somewhere nearby. Probably the the voices came from the location of the hammers.

Alongside of the building to the left I spotted 3 pickup trucks parked side by side. Instead of walking to the building on the right where I had been told my office would be, I turned to my left and walked over to the nearest pickup, opened the door, climbed in, put my printed material on the seat beside me, put the key in the ignition, found it turned in the lock, placed my foot on the starter and pushed. The engine began purr. One chance out of three and I had picked the right one. This had to be an omen of a good new association.

The truck was facing the side of a building. As I backed the vehicle away from the building, swinging in a curve to my right, I could see it was the last building on the east end of four buildings built in a row. Each building was about 100 feet in length, perhaps 20 feet in width, built about 50 feet apart. They were constructed with their long sides parallel to, and 50 feet away from, a high wire fence that bordered the major street passing the Center.

I drove ahead, passing the building I had just left, and parked beside the next building where I had been advised my office would be.

Carrying my armfull of operational details I walked a few feet from the truck and opened the left door, of two that were close to the center of the long side of the building, and stepped into my office. It looked like the inside of a barn. X

The floor was built of unfinished 6 inch planks nailed side by side with and occasional small knothole here and there.