

The evening was warm, the sky was bright with stars and the breeze was soft, as I drove into the center with a nod to the sentry at the gate from the open window of my car.

From every direction I could see that people within the enclosed grounds were walking in the direction of the outdoor theatre.

I parked next to the Service Division building, turned off the lights and without bothering to step into the office and check my desk for messages that might have been left for me I started off toward the Recreation Building where I knew the participants for the evening program would be gathering. Here they would be made up, and receive last minute instructions and wait for their turn to move from the building across the intervening space to the assembly wing behind the outdoor stage that shielded them from the view of the audience.

The night was calm and pleasant and there was just enough light from the moon and occasional outdoor lights to find my way along the walkways between the buildings and across the central areas between the rows of residential buildings.

Soft voices could be heard from all directions (I was always ~~amazed~~ surprised by how quiet the evacuees were.) People in small groups were quietly talking together as they made their way toward the site for the evening's entertainment. Now and then the ^{high-pitched} voices of children were audible as they called for friends to wait for them, or to hurry and join