

lasting 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 morning assured a moderate temperature 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 northwest corner of the fence that enclosed the grounds. From that point the fence extended south at right angles to the street I was driving on, far into the distance. From the same corner the fence paralleled the road for a considerable distance and was set back about 100 feet from the edge of the road. The fence itself was the only remaining identifiable feature of the fairgrounds I had seen only weeks before. Everything else had been changed and was unrecognizable from what was visible when I passed by the previous month. A multitude of one-story buildings seemed to fill the entire interior of the fenced grounds. The roofs and sides of all buildings was covered with some sort of black waterproofed paper. The buildings filled the grounds from east fence to west fence. From the fence alongside the road on which I was traveling the newly built structures 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 of time. Any construction project of this magnitude would have 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 in the war endeavors.

A gap in the high cyclone fence a short distance ahead revealed a double gate with each gate swung open to its widest apperture so I eased my car toward the curb, slowing down and activating my turn indicator for a right turn. On reaching a position opposite the open gates, I made the turn and slowly approached the open entrance. The two wide gates were opened outward toward the street at right angles to the fence. Now just beyond the hinged end of the left gate, tight to the fence, I could see a small wooden building that looked like a shelter for a guard or gateman. There was no one at the gate. The sun, low in the east, shining through the open gate on my left, cast a bright waffle pattern of sunlight and shade on the side of my car as I paused in the open entryway. This was my destination but I did not know where I would find the right place to report. I drove ahead until the car was within the fenced