

A gap in the high cyclone fence a short distance ahead indicated 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 hand turn. On reaching a position opposite the open gates, I made the turn and slowly approached the open entrance. The gates were opened outward toward the street at right angles to the fence ~~and tight to the outside of the fence, and~~ Now behind the open gate I could see a small wooden building. It looked like a shelter for a guard or gateman. There was no one at the entrance to the grounds. The sun to the east shining through the open gate on my left cast a bright waffle pattern of sunlight and shade on the side of the car as I paused and then drove in past the fence and stopped the car. To my left I spotted three buildings built parallel to the fence and beside the most distant building several cars were parked.

This was my destination. I turned left and drove across the hard-packed sandy surface to the third building, ~~and~~ There on the side of the building opposite to the street I parked my car. Three other cars were parked there. I turned the key, the engine stopped and everything was quiet with the exception of the traffic passing by on the street beyond the other side of the building. ~~There was an open door in the black paper sided building.~~ ^{I had parked beside.} There was an open door in the black paper sided building I parked beside. A small sign was fastened to the building above the door opening. From my location in the car I was unable to read what it said, but I was reasonably certain this was the location ^{where} ~~at which~~ I was expected to report ~~to on~~ this morning.

Walking toward the open door of the building after closing and locking the door of the car, the hardpacked sandy surface gave forth sounds like scratching finger nails. I stopped to see if my steps were the cause of the