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and bisected the valley from north to south. For the past months that valley freeway and the railway lines alongside had been carrying an ever-increasing volume of war supplies and implements. The very tempo of life had intensified for everyone. The adrenalin of determination and retaliation was flowing through the veins of America and California was a main artery in the process. A car crossing in front of me from my left at the next corner compelled me to apply the brakes and bring the DeSoto to a full stop. Waiting for passage of this car, which hesitated because of uncertainty about the oncoming traffic from behind me, I remembered my last travel on this very road. It was only a month before, ^{when} and I ~~recalled~~ ^{ed} passing this area twice in the same day on my way to and from a recreational project the WPA was assisting in Reedley. I remembered this place especially because it was directly adjacent to the Fresno Fairgrounds on the west side. It had seemed unusual to me to find such a desirable residential community alongside a public facility of that magnitude. The Fairgrounds contained an oval dirt track, a minimum of buildings and the grounds were well care for and fenced. Residential development in a city pattern of streets and blocks now extended along this street for perhaps a mile beyond the Fairgrounds which I had not yet reached. It was only a few blocks ahead.

The corssing car completed its passage in front of me and I accelerated my car as I started to move again in order to swing into the right lane. I knew I would be wanting to make a turn to the right in a few blocks. The heat of the day was rising slowly and it was nice to have the windows rolled down. The fresh and fragrant air was clean in this desert valley the first few hours after sunrise, and the last few before sunset were always the most delightful in the spring and in the fall. We could expect only a few more weeks of this lovely weather if we were lucky, because May always