

ing where a newcomer to town could find protected parking.

The chinese gold DeSoto was glistening in the morning sun but the metal was cool to the touch as I inserted the key and opened the door. The neutral temperature of the naugahyde upholstery was soothing to the touch as I slid behind the steering wheel. The interior temperature of the car^{was} cool, still untouched by the beginning heat of the day.

Looking through the windshield I could see it was only five minutes after six a.m. according to the large clock above the entrance to the bank on the other side of the street. It registered on my mind that I would have plenty of time for breakfast at my favored "Coffee Shop" before heading out to the fairgrounds.

The motor began its quiet hum of power with the first touch of my foot on the stsrter button. I rolled down the front window on both sides of the car and sat there letting the motor warm up for a few moments.

Somehow, reading the morning paper in my hotel room this morning had filled my mind with concern about how things were going out there in the Pacific where Japanese and American military forces were clawing at each other in deadly earnest.

What a change in my life since that shocking Sunday only a little over four months ago when Pearl Harbor was attacked. Everything was changed for everyone. No one knew for sure what the future would bring. Some of my friends were already in the service and others were busy with plans to move to new locations where they could work in war related industries. I was 33 and registered for the draft. This was a time of innumerable questions without answers. A time when hatred, patriotism, suspicion and intolerance rampaged through the country.

When the announcement of the Japanese assault at Pearl Harbor burst forth from thousands of radios all over California an avalanche of public concern about the vulnerability of the west coast Military Bases to furtive enemy assailment, was set in motion. This juggernaut of public opinion had been accelerated into giant proportions by a new found realization that by some strange coincidance almost every one of these militarily ⁿsensitive locations had an adjacent sizeable population of Japanese American citizens and non-citizens.

The attitude of many caucasian residents of California toward people with faces like the enemy, since the declaration of war, was tinged with a belief that oriental minds were devious and capable of all sorts of treacherous acts. Because of the sneak attack on Hawaii many people were convinced that there was a genuine possibility of similar raids along the west coast of the United States. The closer one gets to a fire