

This "incident of history" I was to find later was not unique to the US. The actions of Canada were almost parallel to ours.

I checked my present location by recognition of familiar landmarks along the way and knew that I had only a short distance to go.

no P I had reached the more sparsely settled portion of the southern edge of town and was driving along a well travelled street heading east toward the morning sun ~~which~~ had now lifted itself above the continuous upthrust of mountains silhouetted along the eastern skyline of the San Joaquin valley. The ^{Cascade} ~~Range of hills~~ that stretched north and south as far as your eyes could see. ^{was} ~~The Cascade Range~~, part of that never-ending chain of mountains that extended through California, Oregon, and Washington to the Canadian border.

The sky was clear, the sun was bright and the mellow cool of early morning was gone. I had forgotten to bring my sunglasses so I tilted the sun shade down from its position above the windshield. This shielded my eyes from the glare of the sun almost directly ahead of me.

The homes in this part of Fresno were built on generous sized lots. The ample lawns and flower beds were tidy and well groomed and a substantial number of trees shaded the homes and grounds. At this season of the year bright spring flowers contrasted with the fresh green of rejuvenated lawns making it a very desirable residential area only a few miles from the center of town. Several owners were out watering the lawn and flowers before the sun siphoned its daily portion of moisture.

The impatient sound of an automobile horn at the intersection ahead interrupted the quiet sounds of morning. A lonely dog trotting across the street looking for a friend or a foe had caused the horn blowing. From some distance behind and to the west came the intermittent moanful pleadings of a railroad engine on the Southern Pacific Line which paralleled Highway 99