

ing that they were not welcome in their new communities. This situation was ending the possibility of more voluntary migration away from the west coast.

In recent weeks the U. S. Government had made decisions of historical significance regarding American residents of Japanese ancestry. These decisions were being widely applauded by the public and press alike. The entire country seemed to be in agreement and little audible or readable objections were evident. The events now in motion were considered necessary by the President, his cabinet and the Military Command. The actions now underway had nearly unanimous approval of all the State officials and National legislators from the west coast states.

This day I was on my way to become a part of an "incident in history" considered by most Americans, at that time, to be born of military necessity for the protection of individuals and satisfaction of national concerns. This "incident of history" I was to learn later was not unique to the United States. The actions of Canada were almost parallel to ours and involved about the same percentage of their total population.

I checked my present location by recognition of familiar landmarks along the way and knew that I had only a short distance to go. I had reached the more sparsely settled portion of the southern edge of town and was driving along a well travelled street heading east. The morning sun had now lifted itself above that continuous upthrust of mountains silhouetted along the eastern skyline of the San Joaquin valley. This was the Cascade range that stretched north and south as far as your eyes could see, and part of the never ending chain of mountains that extend 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. The slight breeze, gently flowing through the open windows of the car, was soft and warming. I did not have my sunglasses so I tilted the sun shade from its position above the windshield to help shield my eyes from the glare of the sun, almost directly ahead.

The homes in this part of Fresno were built on generous sized lots. Their ample lawns and flower beds were tidy and well groomed. A substantial number of trees and shrubs 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 the moisture.

The impatient sound of an automobile horn at the intersection ahead interrupted the quiet sounds of morning. A lonely dog trotting across