

the street, looking for a friend or a foe, had caused the horn blowing. From behind, to the west, I began to hear the intermittent, moanful pleadings of a railroad engine on the Southern Pacific line. The Southern Pacific tracks paralleled Highway 99 and bisected the valley from north to south. For the past months the freeway and the railroad lines alongside had been carrying an ever-increasing volume of war supplies and implements. ~~The adrenalin of determination and retaliation~~

In May of 1942 the very tempo of life had intensified for everyone. The adrenalin of determination and retaliation was now flowing, inexorably, 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 slow down and bring the DeSoto to a full stop. Waiting for passage of the car, which hesitated because of uncertainty about the oncoming traffic behind me, I remembered my last travel on this very road. It was just a month ago, when I passed this area twice in the same day, on my way to and from a recreational project the W.P.A. was assisting in Reedley. I could remember this place because I had noticed it was directly adjacent to the Fresno Fairgrounds, on the west side. I remembered thinking it seemed unusual to me to find such a desirable residential community alongside a public facility of that magnitude. I recalled the Fairgrounds included a considerable amount of acreage, an oval dirt track, a minimal amount of buildings, and the grounds were well cared for and fenced. Beyond the Fairgrounds, to the east, there was little residential development adjacent to the county facility, but on the other side of the avenue I was now driving on, the residential pattern of developed streets and existing homes continued for about a mile. The Fairgrounds was on the boundary of the builtup section of Fresno in this direction.

The crossing 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 more blocks.

The heat of the day was continuing to rise and it was nice to have the windows rolled down. The fresh and fragrant air in this desert valley was always the most delightful, in spring and fall, the first few hours after sunrise and the final hours before sunset. We could expect only a couple more weeks of this jovely weather if we were lucky, because May always ushered in the scorching heat of summer. The only uncertainty was when it would happen during the month. Sometimes it came early in the month to be followed by several weeks of "Indian Spring" before the ever-