

ever existed.

Now I was only a few short blocks from the parking lot and the tempo of activity in the downtown area had increased measurably making it necessary to stop at some intersections for vehicle or pedestrian traffic. The volume of early morning sounds was increasing. The selfish impatience of a self centered driver was being expressed by the irreverent use of a horn in some car on the block ahead. Various sized trucks could now be seen parked here and there at the curbs, loading and unloading commodities. In every direction movement was growing on street and sidewalk. A newspaper vendor at the corner just passed, was doing a brisk business with several people waiting to buy one of the copies from his rapidly depleting supply of papers. Another indication of peoples thirst for information ^{about} the progress of the war in the Pacific.

This area was a familiar portion of downtown Fresno to me. It was the second building on the right in the next block that had been my office headquarters for the past two years. Only three days ago I climbed the stairs to the second floor, for the last time, and opened the door that displayed a sign saying "Works Project Administration-Recreation Division," and with a "good morning" to the office staff, and had crossed the room and seated myself at a desk where the nameplate said, W.E. Pollock, Supervisor. For the last time I started the day with a review of the projects within the district that would need my attention before leaving. This district covered the central valley of California from Merced on the north to the Ridge Route south of Bakersfield. It also included a large part of the Mojave Desert area east of Tehachipi. But the heart of the district was the San Joaquin valley, that flat productive land along the backbone of California, bounded on the east and west by mountain ranges.

For two years I had worked out of this office in a federaly sponsored program which helped establish recreation programs in almost every community within the confines of our district. The Federal Government had been paying the salaries of recreation leaders hired from each communities backlog of unemployed persons and our department, in addition to selecting and employing these individuals, had been providing a constant training program and some needed equipment.

It was only ten days ago when the State Director of the W.P.A. Recreation Division, seated across from me at that very desk, had surprised me with an offer of a new and challenging assignment directly concerned with the war effort. It was an offer I accepted at once because the enormousness of the unprecedented undertaking fascinated me.