

Today was going to be the start of a new chapter in my life and I had no preconceived ideas of what the coming months had in store for me. I was on my way to become directly involved in the war, ⁱⁿ ~~in~~ a way that no civilians had ever been included in the history of our country. My services would be civilian and not military. I was soon to become aware that war can produce casualties not related to physical injuries, ~~That hysteria~~ mixed with anger, frustration and prejudice combined with military concern can result in wounds that prove to be the most troublesome of all, ^{wounds} ~~wounds~~ that can only be soothed and never mended.

My life would be changed by this coming experience but only in small proportion to the changes that would effect thousands of other men, women and children who were also American civilians. The power of humility and family unity was to be demonstrated to me before long and I was destined to develop an endless appreciation for those able to accept "restraint with quiet acceptance", and adversity with dignity."

Today I would become involved in a venture decreed by the "United States Government" that would invoke controversy for years to come. ✓

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. Various sized trucks could now be seen parked here and there at the curbs, loading and unloading commodities, ~~for delivery~~. In every direction movement was growing on street and sidewalk. * INSERT MISSED COPY *

This area was ~~one of the most~~ familiar portions 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 two days ago I had