

Birds in the citrus trees on an adjacent lot were cheering up the morning while they tuned up for the day, as I opened the car door and stepped out onto the paved surface. Without rolling up the window I closed the door and ~~locked it they~~ walked behind the car, heading toward the entrance to the restaurant. The lingering scent of fruit blossoms enhanced the early May morning freshness giving promise for the usual and abundant early summer harvest of fruit in that part of California. I paused for a moment to let a car with three occupants pass in front of me, enroute to a place to park, then proceeded to the restaurant entry and stepped inside. The temperature was slightly cooler than outside and the light subdued. With an instant of hesitation to let my eyes adjust from sunlight to shadow I moved across the tiled floor and seated myself in a booth on the window side of the room. The seats in the booth were highbacked and leather upholstered. As I sat down I noticed the booths on both sides of mine were unoccupied. I was facing away from the entrance to the dining room but I could tell by sight and sound that a goodly number of tables and seats were in use.

A waitress approached ^{my} table with a container of coffee which she extended in a questioning manner and then filled ^{my} cup when I indicated my wish with a nod of the ^{head} ~~head~~.

"We'll have some coffee, too", said a voice from the rear as I could feel the vibrations of people sliding into the booth behind me.

"Three coffees please," said the voice again as the girl turned to serve them. Another voice sounding somewhat younger asked, "Joe, have you gotten your classification yet?" Joe replied with, "Yes I did, I received it last week and I'm classified 1A."

"When do you think you will be drafted?" "I don't know. I called the draftboard and asked if they had any idea. They said it depended on the size of the next quota they have to fill."