fragrance
odor of violets and in a few more strides I passed the man with the boots. The close-up view of his tired face persuaded me that he was on his way home after a night of hard work.

The rhythm of their footsteps diminished behind me as I reached the cross street. A look to the left and right revealed no street traffic near the intersection. With a quickened step I crossed the street and headed for my car which was located halfway down the right lane of cars, in the black-topped parking lot on the corner.

Every available space in the lot was filled. Offstreet parking space in this secton of Fresno was difficult to find. The military installations nearby and wartime oriented activities in the area had suddenly inflated the population and the demands for housing and every kind of community service.

Although my home was one hundered miles away in Bakersfield, my work during
~~druing~~ the past year had involved my spending most of my time at our district headquarters here in Fresno. Fortunately for me I had been renting my space on this lot for many months. As I approached my car I was wondering where a newcomer to town could find protected parking.

The chinese gold "DeSoto" was glistening in the morning sun but the metal was cool to the touch as I inserted the key and opened the door. The neutral temperature of the naugahyde upholstering was soothing to the touch as I slid behind the steering wheel. The interior of the car was still untouched by the beginning heat of the day.

Looking through the windshield I could see it was only a few minutes after 6 AM according to the large clock above the entrance to the bank on the other side of the street. It registered on my mind that I had plenty of time to have breakfast at my favored "Coffee Shop" before heading out to the fairgrounds.