

"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 am classified 1A".

"When do you think you will be drafted?" asked the first voice. "I don't know" replied Joe. "I called the draft board and asked if they had any idea." "They said it depended on the size of the next quota they would have to fill". "All I know now is that I will probably be taking an over sea trip before the end of the year"

The waitress returned to my table to take my order for scrambled eggs with German sausage and as she left, ^{to}hang my order on the clip in front of the cook, the authoritative sounding voice that had first asked for coffee, from the booth behind me, broke in with "I tell you, its time we do something about those Japs around here". "Only yesterday a friend of mine told me, they've just about taken over the town of Florin."

This statement was followed by various expressions of agreement from the other members of the trio. Encouraged by their accord, he continued with his opinion of what the government was not doing and should be doing about the resident Japanese. The domineering voice constantly insisted that the presence of Japanese living near airports, water supplies, power plants, harbors and military bases was an open invitation to sabotage and he could not understand why the U.S. government had taken so much time before issuing orders to have "those Japs moved away from potential sabotage points". He reminded his companions that one of the planned internment camps was going to be "right here in Fresno at the fairgrounds, and that's right close to where we are eating now". he said.

The waitress came back to take their order and the other two failed to make any response to his tirade.

As in most conversations where more than two people are involved, one voice was dominating the conversation. I found that I was endeavoring to sketch in my mind the kind of person that would fit the voice. I knew from many previous efforts how difficult it was to match voice, intonation and conversation with a face and appearance. Nevertheless, while waiting for my German sausage and eggs I was trying to paint a mental picture of each individual from their voices.

While I waited for my breakfast, the conversation continued and increased in volume. Two of the booth occupants contributed little more