

San Joaquin valley.

The sounds about me were the early wake up noises of most any moderate sized western city at this time of day. The streets were clean and groomed ^{having received} ~~after receiving~~ their usual early morning shower and brushing by the City's street machines.

Things were beginning to stir and the sound of an automobile horn at the intersection a half a block away, echoed along the entire block. Across the street a shopkeeper was washing off the sidewalk in front of his store with jets of water from a hose. From a distant sky you could hear the far off raspy buzz of military planes in early flight. A jeep with two uniformed men, I assumed to be from one of the primary training air bases in the valley, hummed by as I turned right to walk to the next corner where my car was parked in an open air parking lot.

Some distance ahead I could see two people walking toward me. One was a young lady wearing high-heeled shoes and a lightweight jacket over what seemed to be the uniform of a waitress. She was hurrying at a pace just short of a run. I could hear the click-click-click of her heels as they echoed between the buildings on either side of the street in the early hush of the day. Without doubt she was on her way to work and on the verge of being late.

She was just about to reach and pass a man in heavy work clothes, wearing well-worn hightop boots. He was moving in the same direction but at a much slower pace. His big heavy boots with hard heels made a ka-lop sound that ^{blended} ~~combined~~ with the staccato ^{of} her steps ^{to} produced an echoing ~~tapedance~~ cadence. The street and sidewalk were in shade but I could see as I glanced upward that the top floors of the hotel building had already been painted by the sun. The young lady brushed past ^{me} leaving the air permeated with the