

than verbal accord to the persistent voice, ^{that} seemed to indicate someone in authority over the other two. If the two agreeable men had any opinions of their own, they certainly did not express them.

I received my food and a refill of my coffee cup and began to enjoy my breakfast while the talking persisted and my mental picture of the conversation participants developed. My intellectual photo of the domineering voice possessor now envisaged a man in his late forties with rough hewn features and tight-lipped mouth, with a sarcastical lift at at one end. I pictured him probably dressed as a truck driver or some type of semi-skilled laborer, tall in stature and husky in build. Because of his bluntness I could not conceive of him as being well groomed or overly intellectual in appearance. The other two I had trouble in visualizing because they had contributed so little to the talk behind me. They could presumably be younger, unskilled, and accustomed to being bossed by someone else. They had seemed to express full accord with the intolerant sentiments uttered by their companion.

I was not surprised by the tenor of the conversation because it was only an echo of attitudes that were becoming general throughout the land. Anger and frustration were building in intensity. The public was calling for retaliation and looking avidly for some outlet to vent their pent up emotions upon. I was now beginning to realize that my destination this morning was a tangible product of the eventful time combined with public concern.

Conversation in the adjacent booth ended, before I finished my meal, when one of the trio said "I'm going to get a paper", walked over to the cashiers counter and returned to share parts of the paper with the other two. While he was gone the waitress returned with their breakfast orders and from that time on I heard only an occasional word.

I had allowed myself plenty of time ^{for} the restaurant stop so I completed my meal in a leisurely fashion. (I had no idea at this time that it was going to be the last unhurried meal, without a backlog of unsettled questions and problems in my mind to be resolved, that I would experience in the next six months.)

With my appetite satisfied I picked up the bill from the table, put a tip for the waitress under the edge of my plate, checked my watch, found my wallet and stood up ready to leave.

Turning to go I allowed myself plenty of time to have a good look at the people in the conversation booth. All of them were reading parts of a newspaper. No one was talking at the moment so there was no way to fit a face with a voice. To my astonishment, a young man in his mid-twenties,