

Continued

The mental picture ~~began~~ to develop as I received my food and proceeded to enjoy my breakfast while the talking proceeded behind me.

My intellectual photo envisaged the domineering voice to belong to a man in his late forties with rough hewn features and tight-lipped mouth with a sarcastical lift at one end. I pictured him ^{probably} possibly dressed as a truck driver or some type of skilled laborer and being tall in stature and husky in build. The other two I could not visualize because they had contributed so little to the talk behind me. They could presumably be younger and maybe unskilled laborers. They had been in full accord with the intolerant sentiments expressed 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 for an outlet to vent their pent up emotions.

no # My destination this ~~very~~ morning was a product of the time.

The conversation finished just before I finished my meal, picked up the bill, checked my watch, found my wallet and stood up to leave.

no # Turning to leave I allowed myself plenty of time to have a good look at ^{people in the} the ~~conversational~~ booth. All of them were reading parts of a newspaper. No one was talking at the moment so there was no way to match a face with a voice. To my astonishment, a young man in his mid twenties, with wavy blond hair, fair complexion and blue eyes, dressed in a business suit was seated on one side of the table and across from him sat a dark skinned, dark haired, youthful looking adult probably in his mid thirties, dressed in neat, casual clothing with a grey haired, pleasant faced, older man, possibly in his late fifties sitting next to him.

There was no one there to fit the mental image I was trying to match.