

Thursday, 13 January 1955

Just another rushed day after which I attended writing class at the University, but had to leave early. At time of departure, I said to Dr. Eldridge and the class - "I'll give you a character to write about. This afternoon I had a long distance call from an incoming divorce client who flew over Reno to San Francisco, and is shuttling back to Reno this evening. I must go now to meet her at the Airport. On the telephone she said to me in an affected New York brogue - 'Mistah - Georgetta - do Reno taxis service the Aha Port. I ah just simply couldn't come in on the limousine. I have too much luggage. In fact, I may not be able to get it all in one taxi.'" "How much luggage do you have?" - I asked. "Well, let me see - I have one steamer truck - one hat box - one overnight case and 9 suitcases - and yes - by the way I have a dog, too - a "pooodle" - a French "pooodle"." At the Airport I met a rather attractive blonde about 40 - and persuaded her to leave most of her luggage checked until we can find a place that will take her dog. It is a small, neat dog that minds very well. As a favor to me, the Hotel Riverside agreed to let the woman and her dog stay there just one night. The dog's name is Mac or some such. While at the desk to register she said - "Mac - come - sit!" The dog sat down beside her and remained still until she left. As soon as the elevator door opened, the dog went to the rear of the car and sat in the corner - looking toward the door.

I went back to the office and worked until 12:00 midnight.