

Last night, after I had written the previous page, there came a long-distance call from Gulfport, Mississippi - Mrs. "Billy" Fodrin was calling. The name was not at all familiar to me. She said she was in my court two years ago in a contested divorce case. Her husband had moved to Nevada and still lives here in Carson City, employed by the State Highway Dept. His attorney was Richard Hanna. Her attorney was Frank Petersen. She said, "Judge Georgetta, I am coming to you for advice - I just must talk to someone I can trust. When I was out there, people told me you had been divorced and you didn't like women. They told me I couldn't expect much from you. Then when we got into court, you were so fair, you were so nice to me. You sat my husband down hard a couple of times and you made him pay me \$200 a month for my children. I just know I can come to you for advice," etc. and etc.

Here is the story in brief. Since the divorce he has paid her the \$200 every month and last summer he had the three children with him in Carson City, where he has remarried. She says all last summer her former husband and his new wife talked against her. True to human nature of the female, she hates the new wife and does not want her children to go to Carson City in June to be in the same house as that other woman. She is also afraid if he gets the children (7, 14 and 16 years old) out west this summer, he will never send them back. She says she has a lawyer there who will help her.

I advised her to go to his office and have him write all the facts to Harry B. Swanson or to Bradley and Drendel, ask the Nevada lawyer to file a motion to modify the Decree to provide he must put up a \$5,000 bond to guarantee he will return the children to her, and also that he will not himself or allow his present wife to degrade the mother in the eyes of the children. I told her since she has no money at all the Nevada lawyer can ask the Court to order the father to pay all costs and her expenses to come here to testify in favor of her motion.

The woman seemed greatly relieved and also very grateful to me. She said, "Oh, Judge, I just knew I could come to you for advice. I think you are a wonderful man. No one can tell me you don't like women and children."

Now here is an example! All the time I was on the Bench, time after time in case after case I gave both the women and the men a fair deal. True, I did not allow any woman to gouge a man for more money than he could pay, but at the same time if a woman was a fit mother, she always got her children for the school term, allowing the father rights of visitation and physical possession part of the summer if he supported his children to the best of his ability. Yet some of the damned old bags - these cussed unhappy old female character assassins around town - spread such gossip about me just because since my divorce over twenty years ago I have never found any woman I thought I could get along better with than without. Well, it seems that the world over, ever since Eve, women have said the same things about any man who did not stay married to one of them, or who did not keep on marrying them one after another.

While on this subject I have another little event I think will bear mention here. Early Tuesday evening I had a call from Mrs. Walter Payne, formerly Beatrice Petronovich, the neat, classy-dressed small woman who for many years lived on the corner of California Avenue and Gordon, one block from me. She was and still is a very good-looking woman, many years younger than I am. I took her dancing one night after a meeting of Union Federal stockholders. I had many invitations, one way or the other, to come back. She helped me organize the drive against the Court Street Freeway. I named her "The General." She still carries the nickname.

Despite all the "come on" signs, I always steered clear of the gal because I just knew she could be more trouble to me than the joys would be worth. A year or two ago she married Realtor Walter Payne, a many-times-married small man who never stays married long.

The purpose of her call to me was to offer her services in the Goldwater Campaign but primarily, I believe, to tell me Walter has walked out on her. She said it is no great loss because he never supported her adequately. Oh, yes, he gave her \$500 a month, but that was just a pittance. She didn't expect him to support her two children from Petronovich but from the day of the marriage she tried and tried to get him to support her.

It seems to me \$500 a month was quite a bit for Walter Payne because he is not rich and sells very little real estate. On the other hand, she is quite wealthy. She has several pieces of beautiful business property. Her gross income is high. From one motel alone I believe she gets \$2,000 a month rent on a lease. Her gross must be at least \$5,000 a month. Yet she wanted Wallie to "support her." Here is an example that many women do not marry for love - they marry to be supported, no matter how rich they are in their own names. Even when they have ample "security," the greatest word in the feminine vocabulary, still they want "support" from a man. And they usually get it too!!!

Today Mrs. Nelson brought me a letter from Caryl. It is a nice long letter telling me about her examinations and grades. She asks if we have had much snow in Reno but makes no mention at all of my recent illness. It is barely possible that she has absorbed her mother's idiotic Christian Science religion to such an extent that she simply ignores and does not mention illness. I doubt that, however, for two reasons. First, that was not at all her attitude when I had a heart attack. Second, she is too smart a person. She has too much brain power to ever take Christian Science so blindly. Her mother was and, no doubt, is yet an intelligent woman with a quick reaction time. In some ways, however, she was also dumb and blind in spots. She was afraid to examine the facts. She just wouldn't let her mind even think of anything contrary to the idiotic Christian Science theory of a matterless world her dumb, uneducated mother had soaked into Ruth's head when a small child.

I hope Caryl has enough intelligence to avoid having such a thing happen to her and thus deprive her of all the joy and happiness that comes from a deep understanding of all the material things of this world - the trees, the ocean, the mountains, the bees and the birds, etc.

This forenoon the loud carpenter put metal skid tracks under my wardrobe closet doors.

At noon I got dressed in a suit of clothes and, after completing my Sheep In Nevada article, about 3:00 I took it to the office for Nelson to begin typing. My desk, which I hadn't seen for almost six weeks, was piled high.