

Tuesday, October 15, 1940

More dictation - and a few visits from various clients. One day at noon - during the Read trial, George Fudge, a fellow I went around with a few different evenings during my years of single life, sent me a client, a Mrs. Lynburry, who desires a divorce from a husband who owns  $\frac{1}{2}$  interest in the Bank Cafe, which does a \$200 a day business. She came today for a longer conference. The grounds ~~are~~ rather weak, and it will be a fight over community property. That is, the grounds were weak, as his objectionable conduct consisted mainly of sulking spells and remaining away from home a few nights. This evening about 8:00 my telephone at home rang and a woman's sobbing said, "This is Mrs. Lynburry. My husband has just beaten me up. He struck me and kicked me, etc. and etc." "Was anyone else there?" "Yes, my friend, Mrs. Andrews (wife of Mr. Lynburry's partner - but she will testify - maybe?)" I advised the woman to leave the house and spend the night with her friend. We will start things tomorrow. The evening was spent in my library as I demanded at least one evening of repose. Last evening after I had written up the last page - Stewart Williams, chairman of the state Central Committee called me and asked that I come to headquarters to make a speech to a small audience of about 50 colored people who have formed a Wilkie club. I dressed and drove to town and made another speech.