

Sunday, 17 July 1960

Ah, yes, a beautiful quiet day of repose, spent mostly in my lovely, secluded front-yard patio behind the big, tall, green hedge, with my "goop"-smeared body to the sun. This is what I need more and more of - rest - peace - quiet - and sunshine to keep my lungs and sinuses clear. I always feel so much better in summer because of my bronchitis condition.

Since the day was uneventful and I have no special events to write about, I will use this page to cover some events a few days back, concerning which I made "notes for my diary." While seated on the Bench, if some event takes place I wish to relate in this diary, I write a note on a slip of paper and put it in my pocket. In this way I have been keeping account of the kinds and types of men who wear the old gray coat, often mentioned in these pages.

Friday afternoon, for a change, the old gray coat with the white pin stripe showed up on a very handsome young guy, about 28 to 30, with a Greek-god profile as he sat on the witness chair, where I could see the right side of his face. He told of a jealous wife who falsely accused him of sleeping with every woman who ever spoke to him wherever they went. He could be a good character for a story. I will try to remember his face.

Oh, yes, on 14 July 1960, I granted a divorce to Charles A. Compton from Eva C. Compton, a woman he married in 1901, the year I was born. The old man was at least ninety years old and could barely climb up to the witness chair. The ground was three years' separation. He hadn't seen her for twenty years. Why did he want a divorce? I didn't learn.