

Last evening, after I had written the preceding page, I had a pleasant experience - a call from a girl with a very pleasant voice. She said, "Judge, this is Barbara Olsen. Do you remember me?" At first, I didn't. Then she said, "Well, Judge, I was the little girl in the Olsen case. Remember? You took me back in your chambers with you alone and then we had a long talk. Remember? You asked me which one I wanted to go with, my father or my mother. Remember?"

Ah, yes, then I did so very clearly. She was a reddish-haired, freckle-faced, little girl about twelve years old. She said she wanted to go with her mother and I so decreed.

She is now spending the summer with her father. She said, "Oh, Judge, you were so nice to me - I'll never forget you. You talked to me like no one ever did before. I am past seventeen now and all grown up, but you did a lot for me. I did just what you said. I went to school and studied hard in everything! Well, anyway, Judge, I just wanted to call you and tell you how much you did for me," etc. and etc.

Apparently this little girl has turned out well. She finished high school this year and will go to college this fall. It is truly a consolation to know I made a wise choice in one of those difficult cases where a judge has a child's future in his hands.

Today I went up to the Spring of Desire and worked a few hours putting tin around pipes on the bottom of the trailer in an effort to make it mouse-proof. This evening Mildred Smith and I were dinner guests of Julian and Anna Mandelstam, Manager of Lerner's store in Reno. (Jewish but very nice, interesting people.) They took us up to the Lancer for dinner and then to their nice home for drinks and chatting. It was about 11:30 when Mildred and I went to her home to have "hot stove laquer" and watch the Late Show on TV. It was about 3:00 a.m., when I left, and we had heard the National Anthem three times as various stations signed off.