

WEDNESDAY, DE.C. 12, 1934

Reached El Passot 6:30 a.m. I desired to see Juarez, Mexico, just over the river from El Paso, so I decided to take the next bus at 1:30. Took a room and went to bed from 7:00 to 12:00. At 12:30 I was in the dirty little Mexican town of Juarez, one of the Divorce centers of Mexico. I did not see many law offices - but this is "mail order divorce business" and many of the Mexican lawyers who have a large practice through advertising in New York papers, have no office at all and no books etc. They merely fill out a set of printed blanks, go over to the Courthouse, have the seal put on and mail a copy of the decree to the client, or "agent" in New York. El Paso is a city of about 80,000 people, and is in the desert. A ways out, at Fort Hancock, we had a ten minute stop. I saw a very fine looking woman get off the bus, walk around to limber her toes or something. The opportunity was created and Clel said "Do you know anything about Texas?" That was the beginning. At Van Horn we had a 30 minute stop. When we boarded the bus she came and sat down beside me and we began talking about dogs. That conversation drifted into many subjects (and lasted until Friday morning Dec. 14), with several long spells of silence. She was a very attractive woman, a bit heavy set but well built! - not well educated, not widely traveled, but quite bright and very good company. Late in the night she woke up and found my arm around her or perhaps the other way about. I woke up and found her asleep on my left shoulder - well anyways, it was a pleasant ride and strange as it might seem, before we met up had both decided

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to take a lay over at Fort Worth and rest one day or night. She assured me of her virtue, etc., but we decided to go places and do things.