

SUNDAY, JAN. 13, 1935

Left New York City about noon - headed for Washington D.C. When the bus drove out into the fields of New Jersey I felt like a man coming out into the clean air and sunshine after he has spent hours in a damp musty cellar sprouting half rotten potatoes. As we passed through Philadelphia I saw blocks and blocks of jammed together houses, 15 to 20 ft wide, with party walls - some places a perfect square clear around a block - no back yards I guess. Surely Philadelphia is a city of party walls. The people must be double jointed and double minded as well as two faced - they have seen so many double houses. In Pennsylvania you see double without even a single drink. On the bus there were two women sitting behind me. I heard the word "Reno" several times in their conversation. I took a glance back and saw it was an elderly woman talking to a young one. At a stop I said to the elderly woman "Did you say you were from Reno, etc." That started a long conversation. The elderly woman once went to Reno for a divorce and she was advising the young one to go there now. Of course, the fact that I am a Reno lawyer brought considerable surprise. The young woman, Ann Baxter, expressed a desire to see me before I leave Washington, D.C. I told her to call the Hotel Ambassador and make an appointment any time etc. Reached Washington about 9:30 and put up at the Ambassador.