I Remember Them Well

Marian Gallagher
University of Washington School of Law

Julius J. Marke

Arthur A. Charpentier

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.law.uw.edu/faculty-articles

Part of the Law Librarianship Commons

Recommended Citation

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Faculty Publications at UW Law Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Articles by an authorized administrator of UW Law Digital Commons. For more information, please contact cmyberg@uw.edu.
I REMEMBER THEM WELL

Marian Gallagher*
Julius J. Marke**
Arthur A. Charpentier***

I. MARIAN GALLAGHER

We who have undertaken the task of translating our AALL memories of personalities into words should not be viewed by our readers as having been present at the Narragansett Pier organizational meeting.¹ We date from the early forties. No one now living can take any of us back to 1906. What we know of our early people we have gleaned from the Law Library Journal, and so should you, for we shall not talk of them. Ours is to be personal recollection, and we have known enough remarkable people to be content with that. Nor shall we talk of people who are still active. It's the others, the ones whose careers live in memory who may escape us as a recollection fades. It is for them that we reach in admiration and affection.

No one can really cover the territory needed to give our readers a clear picture of those who preceded them in manning the bastions of AALL activity. The Law Library Journal reminds us of events and performs admirably as a chronicle of happenings. It fulfills less well the role of collective biographer, leaving us with few clues about the members' personal qualities. Editors, indeed, tend to remove these from formal accounts of action taken, creating ghosts now and then of sensational floor speeches which somehow are never printed. It is left to the Memorials Committee to set us straight as to what our people were like, and it must be said that they accomplish their task with widely varying amounts of success.

Nor will the advent of audio recordings of educational sessions make one's task much easier. Memories of personalities are made of other stuff as well. In recalling and retelling, we must also remember that conduct which is characteristic as we see it in our day may, to a later generation, appear only as being peculiar. We must then take care as we present the “foibles” of the past.

Memories actually vary with the personal quirks of the venerable recaller. The faithful, front-row occupant, for example, remembers the scholars, the forceful speakers, the crucial votes, and those events that made meaningful history. Most of us don’t really fit that category. We may recall at least as vividly the people with whom we cut convention programs to play golf or attend a ball game—relying on the Journal to keep us up to date on serious things. We are mixtures and our recollect-

---

* Librarian Emeritus, University of Washington School of Law, Seattle, Washington.
** Librarian, New York University Law School, New York, New York.
*** Librarian Emeritus, Yale Law School, New Haven, Connecticut.
tions are mixes—about like yours, I expect, those amalgams of serious and other-
wise which we treasured in the people we are about to describe. I wish we could
describe them all, but we can’t. How sad!

My first convention was the Toronto meeting in 1940, and the only member
I knew was my ex-boss, Arthur S. Beardsley. He hadn’t hired me; the Dean had.
Art didn’t like working with women, and I didn’t like working with men who didn’t
like working with women, but aside from that we got along pretty well. He taught
me an awful lot. In two years he taught me one-third of all that he knew, and in
1940 he put me on the Association program to get instant visibility.

I got to read the paper of some fellow who didn’t show up. In those days you
could get instant visibility by sitting in a squeaky chair. With only eighty attending,
the whole convention could be crammed on one bus provided it had running boards.
But that all changed after World War II, and meetings became larger and larger.
Well, here are some of the people who for one reason or another made them worth
attending:

Harold Bowen, from New Haven, was a prominent athlete turned law librarian
(New Haven County Law Library) and the only authentic Wiffenpoof Club member
the Association ever had. A cherub in appearance, he was an annual meeting fixture
for years. His high spirits attracted crowds, and for some time he answered calls
to act as a banquet master of ceremonies. It was a privilege to see his sweeping cavalier
bow when introduced to a new member (preferably a memberette).

Alice Magee Brunot, of the Louisiana State Library and its Law Library, held
offices in both the AALL and the National Association of State Libraries and surely
had no rival as Queen of the AALL. A titian-haired, striking-appearing woman of
great charm and dramatic presence, her official AALL nickname was “Cherie,”
and she was designated “Cajun Story Teller.” Her appearance at convention banquets
was a tradition. Unfortunately, only one of the three of us was privileged to attend
a dinner where she performed, and she has neither the memory nor the talent to
demonstrate. We must depend upon parenthetical editor’s notes in the Journal for
assurance that she enlivened early meetings with “inimitable,” “humorous,” “read-
ings in dialect.”

Margaret Coonan, of the Baltimore Bar Library, the New Jersey State Library,
the U.S. Retirement Board, and the University of Maryland Law Library, served
for many years as the secretary of the Association. She was a one-person CONELL.3
Margaret arrived at the registration desk every morning when it opened and stayed
until it closed for the specific purpose of greeting each new face. (In those days it
was possible to recognize a new face, particularly for Margaret who had greeted
all the old and new faces for many years.) She would then introduce the new member
to some of the oldies standing about, and life wasn’t nearly as scary as it otherwise
might have been. She also was the most enthusiastic of our front-row attenders.

2. See, e.g., Address by Mrs. Alice Magee Brunot, Forty-fourth Annual Banquet of the American
Association of Law Libraries (June 27, 1951) in Proceedings of the Forty-fourth Annual Meeting of
the American Association of Law Libraries at Boston, Massachusetts, June 25 to June 28, 1951, 44 LAW
LIBR. J. 119, 281 (1951).

3. Conference of Newer Law Librarians, presently a meeting of newer and older law librarians
which meets annually prior to the AALL annual meetings in order to introduce newer members to each
other and to the functions of AALL.
She took notes. But, more important, her facial mobility gave encouragement to the speakers. She oohed, aaahed, sympathetically deplored, became horrified and, upon occasion, bounced with joy. More of our members should have learned to do that.

A. Mercer Daniel was the urbane Librarian and sometime Dean of Howard University Law School, where the law library now bears his name. He became the first black member of AALL in 1933, and compiled an unbroken string of annual meeting attendance through 1975. He was loyal to AALL, and the members to him. It was not until 1954 that an AALL meeting was scheduled in the south, when a Miami hotel agreed to house Mercer and allow him access to dining rooms, provided he would be accompanied by two or more white members. The dignity with which he endured indignity and his proud, dedicated service to AALL and its members won him innumerable friends.

Bernita (Bea) Long Davies of the University of Illinois must have filled more committee positions and executed more successful projects for AALL than several hundred other members combined. One of our most highly educated members, she seemed able to do anything asked of her, and to do it well. Her presidency, unfortunately, ran afoul of World War II, when the convention was cancelled, and because she was a devotee of excitement, we were sad—but not very, because she was a most adaptable person. She was a charmer, an achiever, and a person with no peculiarities. (A pity that our mission here is to tell readers about “characters.”) She was what every association needs: a truly nice, popular, energetic, efficient, no-peculiarities member.

Miles Price told us that Elizabeth Finley was a genius, and that makes her the Association’s only certified genius. The certification was born of Miles’ amazement that one who had achieved only a high school education could learn so fast, absorb so much, and out-think so many. As Law Librarian for Covington and Burling, as premier advisor to other firm librarians, as the authority on how to cope with temperamental partners, and as the author of the definitive work on law-firm librarianship, she was important enough already. She didn’t need to be a genius.

She served on the AALL Executive Board for twelve years, for thirteen years as the treasurer of the Association, and in the 1950’s as its President. In all positions she was known as a “tight ship” captain. She was a very positive person who did not suffer fools gladly and who wasn’t afraid of anyone, not even her superior and close associate at Covington and Burling, Dean Acheson. Neither was he afraid of her, we suppose, although he may have been hinting at it when he addressed the AALL Annual Meeting in 1958 (when Elizabeth was President). Commenting on Charles H. Rhyne’s statement that “you librarians have in your hands the key to the world and the universe,” Acheson said:

I was prepared to be respectful. All of us in Covington & Burling take off our shoes when we enter the library. But the idea of meeting the keepers of the key to the universe reduced me to almost incoherent awe. Where do you keep it? Is it as hard to find as the key to the arrangement of your books? Is the chief keeper, your president, known in the arcana of your liturgy as Miss Universe? As I approached hysteria, lines of Walter de la Mare’s kept going around in

my head: I have a small fat grandmamma with a very slippery knee; and she’s the keeper of the cupboard with the key, key, key. No, no, I thought, keep Grandmother out of this and pull yourself together. . . . Then I remembered Emerson’s acidic words: It is not observed that librarians are wiser than other men. With the follow-up: Meek young men grow up in libraries. . . . The fatal word “men.” There is nothing meek about the women who grow up in libraries.¹

No, she wasn’t meek, but she was effective and great fun to be with. If we’d had more Elizabeth Finleys, there would have been hope for a headquarters much earlier.

Frederick C. Hicks was an early member, much before my time, whose impact upon AALL was sufficient to give us the unrealistic impression that we knew him personally. Had we met him, we surely would have noticed because from our first day of work in law libraries, our bosses gave us copies of his Materials and Methods of Legal Research and expected us to have read it all within a week. The reading takes longer than that but is quite a monument to a man who left many monuments. The magnitude of his accomplishments defies fitting into this piece or any ordinary time schedule. We are forced to refer you to other tributes published in the Law Library Journal. You will find that he was a moving force in the development of the Association, a scholar, developer of the collections at Columbia and Yale, successful library administrator, innovator, one of the first law librarians to offer instruction in legal bibliography to law students (and to attract crowds to voluntary sessions), the author or editor of twenty books, fifty-two articles and bibliographies in twenty-three different periodicals, and sixty-seven contributions to encyclopedias, collections of essays, pamphlets, reports, and book reviews. His interest in legal history and his felicitous style gave his writing a timeless value. If you have not yet explored his Materials and Methods of Legal Research, you’re missing something great. If you have a copy, share it, but lock it up between usings.

Helen Newman doesn’t seem to be pictured in the photograph taken of the Golden Jubilee Banquet held in Toronto in 1940. That must mean either that she was in the Royal York kitchen carving the roast or that she was taking the picture. Because Helen, in 1940, was the AALL. She was the AALL, in fact, from 1943 through 1945 and, to many, forever. She served as editor of the Journal, 1934-42, and as secretary, treasurer and headquarters of AALL, 1943-45. All of the meeting arrangements and much of the program planning were hers. The Roalfe Plan² spoke of the need for a clearing house for general information and to act as a repository for material on law library administration—and she was that, too.

If Bob Roalfe, about whom I’ll talk later, became known as our “dependable trailblazer,” Helen earned the title “dependable wheel greaser.” Without Helen, the Roalfe Plan would not have progressed so well and, in fact, might not have survived its infancy. Membership expansion was essential to the plan’s success. It was Helen’s eloquence that sold the institutional membership format to the Executive Board of the Association of American Law Schools, which resulted in widening of the membership base.

The fact that she was elected to fill the first of her many offices after she had been an Association member for only three years is fair testimony to her leadership qualities beyond mere eloquence. The length of her tenure says something about her durability.

How could one woman accomplish so much without the assistance of word processors, rapid copy machines, or, we suppose, even a calculator for balancing Association accounts? This was a spare time job. She set aside Saturdays and Sundays for AALL, except for an annual two weeks at Old Point Comfort, which she habitually took after having edited the annual proceedings. With all of this, she was an exceptional law librarian, earning high praise from her patrons at George Washington University and, later, at the Supreme Court of the United States.

In appearance she was striking: tall, erect, the kind who fits the "fine figure of a woman" image, and the kind who swept into a room like the Admiral's flagship under full sail, followed by tugs and tenders chugging in her wake.

What she managed to accomplish should have struck us all tongue-tied with awe, and perhaps it did, on first meeting. The warmth of her personality and her friendly concern for the new and as yet unknown members, as well as for the established members who were her old friends, had its effect. She was a friend. We can recapture that feeling of awe, however, merely by concentrating on her accomplishments.

Tributes to Helen appear in volume 59 of the Journal,7 one issue of which is dedicated to her. Because we cannot do her justice here, we advise all of our historically minded readers to place that volume in their professional reading stacks.

Loewi Piacenza of the UCLA Law School came from Italy and worked for Miles Price at Columbia for many years. He eventually came to know as much about the law book market and the value of secondhand books as anyone except Arthur Pulling. Louis was an entertaining, vigorous man, who ran before running was in fashion, and who always could be depended on at an annual meeting for a pre-breakfast swim. He was short on diplomacy, long on friendship, disliked pretension, liked straight talk, and was devoted to the profession and to the Association. (Note from Charpentier: Louis was probably the last of the self-taught major law librarians in this country, and he was an exceptional, volatile man, full of warmth and very intelligent. He and his wife, Eleanor, were good friends of ours, and when I was president of AALL they gave a post-convention wind-down reception at their home which I shall always remember.)

Meira Pimsleur of Columbia University Law School was the most productive of our bibliographers, a person extremely "unpushy," except toward herself. She was a woman of high intelligence and hard-earned scholastic attainment, superbly organized with a demonstrated concern for others. She had many, many friends. We were most lucky. Without Meira our libraries would be much messier than they are.

Ervin Pollack of Ohio State Law School furnished a rare example of successful operation as a law library administrator, a collection builder, a law school facilities planner, a substantive law teacher, a writer of a major text on legal research, and a great, good supporter of his professional colleagues. Following his AALL presidency, Ervin was very active in the devising of Class K. During his years in AALL councils, he may be said to have been our philosophical and ethical voice through years of issues and debates—a thoughtful, prophetic sort of Old Testament man of a kind seldom seen and always cherished.

Miles O. Price succeeded Frederick Hicks as librarian of Columbia University Law School in 1929. He became a master bookman and legal researcher and a skilled

administrator. That he shared his wide knowledge and expertise with the world is one of the reasons for his giant-ness. His research manuals made better librarians and better researchers of those who used them.

It may still be the prime ambition of most budding law librarians, certainly all budding reference librarians, to find a mistake in the first edition of *Price and Bitner.* Why is that? One finds mistakes in all kinds of legal bibliography books and passes it off as a misprint of no moment. But a mistake in *Price and Bitner* is an oddity and should be publicized because it will create a ghost. Everybody copies *P & B.* For a description of the meticulous work habits that form the basis for our trust in its accuracy, read Harry Bitner’s tribute to Miles in volume 62 of the *Journal.*

The contributions Miles Price made to law librarianship are awesome. More than any one person, he may be said to have, through his unremitting writing, teaching, and work, shaped the techniques we use today.

He compiled and guided model catalogs and basic manuals for law library workers in technical processes and encouraged collection organization and enlargement in small libraries. He was a visible meeting participant and forceful speaker, often called upon to represent AALL interests among the legal profession. Deans respected his advice (even though they seemed never to grasp, in public, the difference between cataloging and classification). For many years he was a frequent target of requests for advice.

He initiated the first law library service course in any accredited library school. The distinguished law librarians who once studied under him are numerous and united in attesting to his gianthood. He was a teacher also of those who couldn’t take advantage of his formal courses: those who worked under him or with him on special projects and those who asked for advice. It seemed not in the nature of the man to refuse help if he could give it.

His counsel was wise and practical, sometimes blunt, but never unkind: “Young man, before you write to prospective employers on that typewriter, get yourself a new typewriter ribbon.”

He was AALL’s major placement source for almost twenty years, sometimes as chairman of a committee for which he did all the work, often by dint of requests from prospective employers or hopeful applicants. He worked unceasingly to convince employers of the benefits of hiring educationally-qualified law librarians, of the need for support of librarians and staff, and of the need for salaries commensurate with educational preparation, ability, and value to the institution. He supported the Association’s effort to collect library statistics, but he opposed the publication of salary figures. He said the “home town girls” depressed the averages, and that was bad for our status, to say nothing of our salaries.

Miles Price was colorful in appearance and demeanor, and he was a welcome addition to any Association group. We have not met anyone who did not like and admire him; we know no one who would not have enjoyed his company as a dinner companion, as a partner in a two-person kayak down the Colorado, or as the life of the then traditional convention “expedition” (e.g., to Monticello, to the Santa Fe Pueblos, or to Lexington and Concord).

He was a day-brightener.


Arthur Pulling was the book man supreme. He turned law book collection building into a fine art. He built, in the course of a long career, four academic collections, twice returning from retirement to establish new law school libraries to meet and exceed accreditation standards.

A modest and friendly man, he was generous with help for the less experienced, but he did not concentrate on publication, nor was he one to “speak up” often at AALL meetings. Clues to his activities are sparse; therefore, we find in the pages of the Journal evidence of his prophetic thinking.

His “Future of Law Libraries” speech to the Association in 1915 took its theme from Caleb Cushing, who had said, “whither is this rapid increase of reports to lead us?” Pulling forecast the inability of practitioners to sustain self-sufficient sets of case reports. He expected them to turn to research collections for help, but worried lest those collections could not continue to confine their collecting to materials of the English-speaking world. Is there one among us today to question his omission of the solution?

One of the interesting spectacles of the 1930’s was the rivalry between Arthur Pulling at the University of Minnesota and Arthur Beardsley at the University of Washington, both building their British Commonwealth collections. We know that personally they were cordial, but professionally it was war. Arthur Pulling had a better field position. He received his copies of dealers’ catalogs in Minnesota while Professor Beardsley in Seattle was still waiting for the oxcart from London to arrive. By the time Arthur B. had torn the wrapper from his copy, Arthur P. already had ordered all the goodies. Well, that’s one of the disadvantages of being a frontiersman. Even now the President is sometimes elected before it’s time to vote.

The collections that bear the Pulling imprint are, besides Minnesota and Harvard, the law libraries at the University of Maine and at Villanova. His success was based on a knowledge of the literature, both current and historical, and an understanding of publisher and dealer practices. He employed, more successfully than others, a combination of astute exchanges, a knowledge of values that allowed him to move more swiftly than others in the secondhand market, and a sure sense of what would be needed in the future.

Those who worked with him and under him have carried on his traditions with the same sure sense of collecting skill. He was also a fine teacher of the book world which enthralled him.

Laurie Riggs was a snow-thatched practicing lawyer who headed the Baltimore Bar Library. He was a courtly presence whose faithful attendance at annual meetings could not be interrupted by minor incidents, not even the broken leg incurred in his seventies while sliding into second base at the Baltimore Bar Association summer outing.

William R. (Bob) Roalfe was the Association’s long-range planner and goals keeper. He saw AALL as something more than an informal gathering of persons who liked to meet together to discuss professional problems but who had no secure organizational structure or agreed mission. The history of the Roalfe Plan was documented in the Golden Jubilee Issue. The Plan has to be mentioned again in

---

11. The Harvard foreign law collection is said to owe much of its beginnings to Massachusetts lawyers who cleaned their shelves of unwanted American Bar Association Journal issues.
12. 49 LAW LIBR. J. 81 (1956).
I REMEMBER THEM WELL

every meeting that focuses on Association structure or history because we still have a couple of unaccomplished objectives and Bob isn’t here to nudge us, gently and persuasively, to get going. The Plan grew out of a letter from Bob to the then president of AALL, Rosamund Parma, which he wrote in September 1930.13

He advocated that the Association have at least one or more full time persons on its staff at a central headquarters “to encourage, augment and coordinate the work of all those engaged in law library administration and development.”14 He also advised (1) the enlargement of the Law Library Journal, (2) the publication of a bulletin listing current legal literature, and (3) the enlistment of foundation help in the financing of Association projects.

He called attention to the highly effective organization of the general library profession and suggested that AALL might, on a smaller scale and in a specialized way, take guidance from this activity. He noted our close association with the legal profession and called attention to the organization of law teaching standards within it. He suggested that law librarian salaries were, by universal agreement within the profession, too low.

Roalfe suggested that the Association take a more active interest in the production of indexes, checklists, and bibliographies. He recommended voluntary efforts to compile these publications and Association sponsorship of their publication. He envisioned the Association acting as the clearinghouse for general law library information and as the depository for material on law library administration.

Bob was recurring the chairman of those enterprises requiring the most thought—on hand to explain things to the recalcitrant or to the dim-witted and to settle disputes with diplomacy and courtesy. He spoke often at annual meetings because he was asked for advice on every conceivable subject. He spoke articulately, confidently, and unassumingly. I do not remember his ever setting himself as an example, no “how we do it good at Northwestern” speeches, because he was, first of all, an Association man.

He was one of the organizers of the International Association of Law Libraries and its first president. (Naturally, he had been president of AALL long ago.) He has been honored by that association as well as by ours. He is honored through his publications, including his post-retirement biography of Wigmore, and through the marks he left on USC, Duke, and finally Northwestern Law Schools.

None of the tracks he left in the Law Library Journal provide a clear picture of the unflappability and gentle courtesy of the man. He could greet the most obscure and unnecessary visitor to his office as though he had nothing else in the world to do except to make him or her welcome, and we may have imposed upon him because of his willingness to listen, to think and to advise.

Vernon Smith, of the University of California at Berkeley, a man of many talents, came to law librarianship from law practice and administrative positions with the California Bar Association. He served, in addition to his librarian duties, as endowment counsel to the university president, and he did it with proper attention to the task. One of us recalls having a scheduled luncheon date with him on a day when

---


14. Roalfe, supra note 13, at 60.
a wealthy potential donor unexpectedly arrived in his office about 11:30. We were
dropped like a cold potato. Vernon was a polished, courteous kind man. If it had
not been so, for a person in his position, the drop like a hot potato would have
been expected. Besides the generous Lloyd M. Robbins endowment, which greatly
enhanced the Berkeley collection in ancient, medieval, and canon law, he negotiated
donations for other parts of the university, skillfully and diplomatically. He was
an AALL member and a frequent counselor when we had difficult problems to
consider.

William B. Stern’s monuments are many and prominent. Most evident today
are the foreign law collection of the Los Angeles County Law Library, the Index
to Foreign Legal Periodicals, which, in collaboration with Howard Drake and Bill
Murphy, he launched and nurtured through its formulative years, and the Inter-
national Association of Law Libraries, an organizational success he shared with Bob
Roalfe.

Our memory of Bill Stern is of a man with four arms. The number of projects
he could initiate and keep going at the same time was deflating to the normal human’s
ego. He was supremely organized and a compulsive organizer of others. At the Los
Angeles County Law Library, the library aides seemed to walk faster when he came
into view. To become a library aide, first class, one needed to keep his uniform
clean and his hair combed, and he must never be caught without a pencil, a pad
of p-slips, and a dusting cloth. He had to be able to recite, without faltering or using
notes, the motto of the library aide: (1) order, system and discipline; (2) left to right,
top to bottom; (3) if it’s in the library, it can be found.

Like the library aides, we of AALL who were privileged to work with Bill Stern
were never in doubt about what was expected of us. He led a lot of us into trying
harder because it made him sad when we failed to reach his standards. Unfortunately,
we failed often; fortunately, his friendship was seldom affected by our shortcomings.
(Note from Charpentier: As editor of these three pieces, I have few privileges, but
I’d like to exercise one here. Bill Stern was a good friend of mine, and I liked and
admired him very much. You may remember breakfast meetings with Bill at one
or another convention. The minute everyone was present and seated, he would start
the “business” meeting, and that ended any serious eating. I once told him that
someday I would go to a breakfast meeting of his and actually get some breakfast.
He told me that he didn’t think I would. He was right. I never did.)

Kate Wallach, like Bill Stern, was a refugee from Hitler’s Germany, and like
Bill and Kurt Schwerin and so many others, she added great things to our profession.
She began by studying American law to supplement her civil law background,
achieved Order of the Coif in so doing, and went on to acquire degrees in librarian-
ship. She guided Louisiana State University Law School to one of the country’s finest
civil law collections and taught in its comparative law program even after her retire-
ment as librarian. She was one of few law librarians recognized by the presidency
of her state library association. As AALL president she made the first serious effort
to bring AALL closer to the general library world to form a more secure bridge
to the benefits of advancing technology. She took her new profession (in Germany
she had practiced law) very seriously, but, off the platform and away from commit-
tee meetings, she had entertaining, sometimes hilarious, pixie moments. We didn’t
have many pixie scholars in those days.

Well, these are a few people—so very few as I review the years—but it’s time
to turn this over to Julius.
I REMEMBER THEM WELL

I. JULIUS J. MARKE

I recall reading somewhere that people can be divided into three groups: those who make things happen, those who watch things happen, and those who wonder what happened. My reminiscences of "old timers" will reflect the personalities, *joie de vivre*, and independence of the first group—in a sense, based on the thought that people rarely succeed in their careers unless they have fun doing it. They were leaders—aggressive, thoughtful, imaginative, energetic and courageous—self-dependent rather than depending on the group—and a delight to associate with.

It seems only yesterday that I was a newcomer to the AALL, shortly after I returned from army service in World War II. The first convention I attended was in St. Louis, Missouri, in July 1947. Helen Newman, Librarian of the U.S. Supreme Court, served as toastmaster during the banquet. St. Louis was hot and humid at the time, and this irritating, uncomfortable situation was aggravated by the lack of air conditioning in the hotel. Our guest speaker was a judge who had served on the prosecution team at the Nuremberg Trials.

Helen was a tall, large, dignified and handsome woman—"a fine figure of a woman" as Bernita Davies once noted. She usually "swept" into a room, as Bill Wheatley described it. She once did a great amount of work on a project for a publisher without any compensation. The publisher, in appreciation, sent her a package which Helen returned, unopened, explaining she did not think it proper to accept the gift. The package came from Cartier's!

Helen presided over the proceedings with charm and obvious understanding of the role she had to play. Her background and experience had well prepared her to act with precision and conciseness. She had been executive secretary of AALL, had developed the Roalfe Plan for expansion of AALL programs, and had been editor of the *Law Library Journal*. As fourth librarian of the U.S. Supreme Court, she was at ease with the many important people she worked with. She had a sense of confidence that came with the realization of her own strength of character and independence. She served the Supreme Court so well that when she died on July 21, 1965, while still Librarian of the Court, the flag of the Court flew at half mast for three days.

The judge was properly introduced while the coffee and dessert were being served and began what appeared an interminable discussion of the significance of the Nuremberg trials. After noting for the third time that what he had to say following would be his conclusion, he started on his fourth concluding statement. By that time, with the intolerable heat in the banquet hall and the food and drinks we had consumed, it was obvious that we could not tolerate the speech much longer. Yet the judge was a highly distinguished guest, and we could not be rude. Helen, however, met the challenge superbly. When the judge reached the end of his fourth concluding statement and stopped for a moment to begin his fifth one, Helen arose with measured dispatch, and in a delightful, charming manner thanked the judge for his contribution to legal history. The judge was startled for a moment, as he had been concentrating on how to start his fifth conclusion. Helen, however, shook his hand, and with her bulk gently pushed him away from the mike. Somehow this maneuver was accomplished so expertly that the judge could not take offense. From that time on, I was completely captivated by Helen and became her admirer for the rest of my days.

Later, I got to know her better and quickly became one of her intimate friends. This was easily done, for Helen was a very comfortable person to talk to. She never gave a thought to her importance—rather she gave you to understand that you were
important to her. She particularly enjoyed taking under her wing young law librarians who were professionally motivated. She became for me a prototype that I have endeavored to emulate over the years, and I am hopeful that I have been as encouraging to young law librarians on the move as she had been.

Helen had a delightful sense of humor and a vigorous personality, which was reflected in the determined, innate sense of confidence she exuded. I shall never forget the Seattle AALL Convention of 1950. Helen was then President of AALL. The local arrangements committee had organized a one-day steamship trip to Victoria, British Columbia, Canada. A group of Helen's friends arranged for a cabin on the ship, and Marre Coonan, the Law Librarian of the University of Maryland Law School, with characteristic foresight, purchased several bottles of bourbon. I am not sure whether the name of the bourbon or the name we later gave to those bottles was General Jackson. By the time we returned to Seattle, late in the evening, we had consumed practically all of their contents. As each bottle was finished, we would drop it into the sound with a rousing cheer for "General Jackson's last stand." As Seattle loomed into sight, it was reassuring to know that none of us felt any pain whatsoever. Helen, particularly, could handle her bourbon, without embarrassment either to herself or to her drinking companions. She was always the delightful, self-contained professional that she was in real life.

As the ship was prepared for docking, we were advised over the public address system that we had to go through customs. Two lines would be formed: one for those who purchased anything in Canada, even though the amount purchased was exempt from duty, and another line for those who had not purchased anything. Helen had purchased a pair of mocassins in the Hudson Bay department store for about four dollars. The exempt amount was five dollars. She therefore owed no duty on it. The line, however, for those who had to declare their purchases consisted of almost every person on the ship. To get through the other line was a matter of seconds. Helen was in no mood, considering what we had accomplished with General Jackson, to stand in the longer line. She, therefore, with a twinkle in her eye, removed the mocassins from their package and placed them neatly under her bodice. Her ample girth was such that they immediately lost their identity under very comfortable circumstances. Helen, then, with our admiring and encouraging support, rose to her full dignified and ample stature and majestically swept through the customs post designated for nothing to declare. Her calm appearance in no way reflected the mischievous, adventurous purpose she had in mind, and certainly the customs inspectors were so impressed by her appearance that she wasn't even questioned as to whether she had anything to declare. When she reached the other side, we cheered, Helen bowed to us ceremoniously, and the customs inspector looked a little bewildered. Later that night we continued battling with General Jackson in Helen's hotel suite, where she proudly wore her mocassins.

When I first decided to pursue a career in law librarianship, I quickly learned that the AALL conventions offered a splendid opportunity to learn about the profession of law librarianship by socializing with older librarians at meetings—participating in social events such as cocktail parties and trips. It wasn't necessary to become a candidate for Alcoholics Anonymous, but it was a wonderful way to become aware of the more sophisticated aspects of our field. I have gained just as much professionally from conversations I've had on those social occasions, speaking to Arthur Pulling, Sidney Hill, Hobart Coffey, Miles Price, Tom Dabagh, Luther Evans, Bob Roalfe, and with some of my contemporaries, Marian Gallagher, Art Charpentier, Harry Bitner, Bill Stern, Morris Cohen and so many others—riding
on buses, visiting historic sites and other events—as I learned in library school.

I see from the latest Association Newsletter that AALL is once again involved with constitutional reform. I recall with nostalgia the stirring days of the late forties and fifties, when hardly a convention took place without a march to arms of the doughty warriors of the time who relentlessly refused to budge from their stated position on constitutional changes—Carol Moreland, Miles Price, Ernie Breuer, Sidney Hill, Elizabeth Finley, Bob Roaife and others. After one of those bloody battles, Vincent Fiordalisi was moved to exclaim: “I have been listening with great interest to these exchanges of brotherly love.” It should be noted here, however, that these battles invariably occurred in public debate, spontaneously—usually in response to a statement made by one of the group—they rarely continued in private.

One thing is certain. Most AALL’ers of those days were public figures, articulate and voluble in debate. When they were on the scene, their presence was known, and they stirred others to battle. Never was it said of them, when they passed to their final reward, what was said of President Coolidge by Dorothy Parker, when told he was dead. “How can you tell?” she exclaimed.

The 1948 AALL Convention was a notable one for me, for it gave me the opportunity, as chair of the local arrangements committee, to get to know better the leading law librarians of the time. It also was memorable for the unusual circumstances that followed a colloquy on the Library of Congress K classification, of all subjects.

**Dr. Luther Evans**, Librarian of the Library of Congress and former Secretary General of UNESCO, and later law librarian of Columbia, was a tough Texan, who would rather be right than president. He knew his own mind, resented pressure of any sort, and was a formidable person to confront. At that Forty-first Annual Meeting, he was involved in a classic confrontation which made him the topic of conversation wherever law librarians gathered. Two years had elapsed since the Law Librarian position of the Library of Congress had become vacant, and law librarians were greatly concerned about the effect of the vacancy on the leadership needed in that office.

When Evans attended that New York Meeting, there were many senior law librarians present who believed they were not only qualified for the position, but actually entitled to it. At cocktail parties and elsewhere, they badgered Evans to make such an appointment, and, characteristically, he stubbornly refused to concede. Finally, it was his opportunity to speak on the Library of Congress classification scheme for law, which was then being prepared by his staff. He was closely questioned on the process and on the judgments involved and soon began to show his irritation. Completely unrelated to Evans’ topic, Vincent Fiordalisi, then a young turk from Rutgers, stood up to voice more concisely what was on everyone’s mind. “Dr. Evans,” he asked, “how long has the post of Law Librarian of Congress been vacant?” Dr. Evans replied, obviously anticipating Fiordalisi’s next question, “It has been vacant as of April 30, two years ago.” Fiordalisi then asked: “Is there any reason why an appointment has not been made?” Evans drew himself up, paused, slowly looked around the huge hall as if he were personally reviewing each law librarian present, and with evident satisfaction, replied, “Yes, the reason is largely that I haven’t seen the person I wanted to appoint yet, and we have been on such bad terms with you people, that I thought I would just wait until we get on better terms, so I could get some good news from you.” Sidney Hill tried to help placate the situation by suggesting, “I think you also wanted to get the grade up before you made the appointment.” Evans refused to budge. He was ready for battle and threw down his
guantlet. "I did not want to get the grade up, it is now P.8 where we wanted it in the first place."

I was a comparatively young law librarian at the time, but I felt that he had treated us rather shabbily. It was just the wrong way to treat a colleague professionally. Although I later worked closely with Luther on other projects and learned to respect his ability and professionalism, still when he offered me the position of Law Librarian at Columbia on his retirement, provided I worked with him for a period of two years on running the Columbia Law Library, one of the reasons for my declining was my recollection of the manner in which he handled that awkward confrontation in July 1948.

The 1952 Toronto Meeting, graced over by George Johnston, was also a memorable one to me, especially due to Fred Dennis. He invited a group of us to travel in convoy style with our cars to Buffalo for a tour of his facilities, a big party at the Buffalo Country Club, and a tour of the city of Buffalo. The tour was a wild experience since we were escorted through the city by a motorcycle police escort, with their sirens screaming. Our group enjoyed a wild ride through the town, disrupting and even stopping the traffic in that busy city, passing red lights, as the police escorted us uninterruptedly to the club, then to Fred's house, and finally to our hotels where we planned to stay the night. The next day, one of the librarians starting his trip home, just barely missed stopping on time for a red light. He was given a dressing down by the policeman on duty and a traffic ticket! What a let down from the wild experience he had enjoyed the day before!

When I was President of AALL, the Fifty-sixth Annual Meeting was held at Mackinac Island, Michigan, on July 4-7, 1963. This was a memorable occasion for me for a number of reasons. First, it was held at the historic, plush Grand Hotel, and as president, I was assigned the Presidential Suite, where, I was given to understand, a number of our U.S. presidents had stayed. Shortly before then, Queen Elizabeth, while touring Canada, had also stayed there for the night. It was indeed a palatial suite with many rooms, and my wife, daughter, and I were literally swallowed in it. Its size allowed me to institute a program, which I am pleased to note, has been continued on a grander scale by succeeding presidents—a cocktail party and buffet for committee chairpersons and national officers of AALL who had served during the past year, in gratitude for their splendid efforts on behalf of AALL.

It had been customary over the years to ask Dillard Gardner to give the invocation at the AALL banquet, when a cleric was not easily available. He had done so graciously and in such good taste, that he had practically become an institution for that purpose. We all looked forward to the unique, dignified, and intelligent prayer he would invoke on the occasion, with his characteristic Southern drawl and sonorous basso voice.

Dillard referred to himself as a "mere mountain-lawyer who loves books and the law," but he was much more than a "poor, country lawyer." He was Marshal-Librarian of the North Carolina Supreme Court and had been so for more than twenty years. He taught Sunday School and was also a legal scholar, author, historian and teacher. He was much in demand as a toastmaster, especially noted for his perceptive humor and ready, delightful laugh. He looked like and had the same mannerisms as Tennessee Ernie Ford. Everytime I saw him, I anticipated his breaking out in

song with “Sixteen tons and what do you get—another day older and deeper in debt.” Bill Wheatley aptly described him as looking as if he were reading a Bible. At one AALL convention, Marian Gallagher, emceeing the annual banquet, introduced Dillard as “the only person listed in Who’s Who in America whose biography reads like that of a scholar, who speaks like a poet, who acts like the perfect Southern gentleman, and who looks as though he would pinch ladies in elevators.” Dillard later complained to Marian that he had trouble getting into convention elevators, but he loved it.

Before the convention, I wrote to Dillard asking him to give the invocation at the annual banquet. He replied that he was not planning to attend the convention, and could he be excused this time. The thought of not having Dillard made me so unhappy that I persisted, asking him to reconsider, for friendship’s sake, at least. He relented, and I greeted him with real joy when we met at Mackinac. I noticed that he looked a bit piqued and wan, but his vibrant personality soon made me forget about it. He was just as great as ever at the banquet. He added the tone and quality which really enriched the occasion. I later thanked him, and he voiced his pleasure at being there and said that he was grateful for my persuasive appeal which made him change his mind. What we did not know was that he was suffering from cancer and had made the trip out of loyalty to his friends and colleagues. Dillard died of cancer about seven months later.

I was also indebted to Helen Snook Roalfe, who served as local arrangements chairperson for the banquet, even though she lived in Chicago, quite a distance away. She contributed greatly to the success of the convention by her enthusiastic and dedicated planning. While librarian at the Detroit Bar Association, before her marriage to Bob Roalfe, she was a strong supporter of the use of microform for legal materials. She continually pleaded with her library committee to approve purchases in the field without success. Finally, after a number of years, the Committee approved the purchase of a reader—but disapproved the purchase of microfiche.

The Mackinac Convention is also noted for the one-night performance of “The Rule of Law Goes West,” a one-act play with music in three scenes, “to be performed only after somebody rehearses.” Never before—nor ever since—has there been such a hilarious event in the history of AALL, or for that matter in the history of any professional library association. Adopted from the successful television series “Gunsmoke,” with story by Jim Kelly and censored by Marian Gallagher, it was an event that anyone who performed in it, or saw it performed, will never forget. Marian also reminds me that one reason it was such a smash was that the whole convention had to attend. On Mackinac, there wasn’t any place to go at night. Only one person missed it, having made the mistake of dating one of the hotel employees who wasn’t allowed to mingle with the guests.

Jim Kelly was a huge man. He was an exceedingly funny feller. According to Bill Wheatley, it was not necessary for Jim to tell stories to arouse laughter. All you had to do was see an elevator door open and behold Kelly—all six feet, four inches, and 230 pounds—standing there resplendent in kilts.

Jim played “Marshall Dillon;” Roy Mersky, “Doc;” Della Geyer, “Kitty;” George Skinner, “Chester;” Fannie Klein, “Priscilla Featherwaite;” Gene Wypyski, a bartender; and I took the part of an AALL ad man. There were assistant librarians, Bill Gaunt, Ernie Breuer, Dan Henke, cowboys and hangers-on, Ed Bander, Al Blaustein, Lionel Coen, George Johnston, Lou Piacenzia, and Fred Rothman. The outstanding hit of the show, however, was the Dance Hall Girls (although they were described as “not quite”), Margaret Coonan, Bernita Davies, Frances Farmer, Harriet French, Marian Gallagher, Jacquelyn Jurkins, Mary Oliver and Kate Wallach.
Everyone on the stage was dressed in post-bellum costumes. Kate Wallach actually wore a costume which had been on display in a museum in Baton Rouge. A problem arose in staging the choreography—for Kate Wallach could only kick with one leg. Marian Gallagher discussed the problem with the Physical Education Department of the University of Washington, and they came up with dance steps which featured one-legged kicks only, with the right foot. The Physical Education Department suggested it would be wise to keep the left leg in shape, too. The steps also featured a bit of skirt-waving, a maneuver designed to compensate for limited activity below the knees. Therefore, the skirts worn by the dancers had to be full enough to wave, and colored garters were added as a nice touch.

Albert Blaustein was the director, and from a sweet, casual guy, he became a monster in directing us on how to perform. He shouted, ranted and almost physically abused us—but it worked and many stellar performances resulted. “If you can’t sing good,” he hollered at us, “sing loud.” Al also wrote the lyrics to “The Law Books Down in Texas.” Jim Kelly wrote the hit song, which I sang as a travelling Scot Book Salesman, dressed in simulated kilts, entitled “The Meeting O’ the AA Double L,” which has unofficially become the AALL “Hit Parade” song. The song became an immediate hit—even though I sang it! To the air of “I Love a Lassie,” it went:

THE MEETING O’ THE AA DOUBLE L.

Ye ought to gae there, a merry time ye’ll hae there
   Tis always at a very good hotel;
All the lads and all the lasses who tend lawbooks for the masses
   Come to hae a guid time just amang theirsel’.
And it hardly costs a penny, for the publishers are many,
   Who pay, and have a grand time there as well.
I must make a sma confession, I did not attend one session;
   If the boss knew he would gie me hell.

Then came the rousing chorus in which all joined in with great abandon.

Ye ought to gae there, a merry time ye’ll hae there,
   At the meetin’ o’ the AA double L.
Och the fuid is sae guid there, the whuskey flows sae free there,
   The meetin’ o’ the AA double L.

Ye ought to gae there, a merry time ye’ll hae there,
   At the meetin’ o’ the AA double L;
Och, I had tae meet the fellers, who represent the lawbook sellers
   So I packed ma kilt and went off there ma’seil’.
I went to Monticello, where a bonny dapper fellow
   Called Fred Rothman if may memory’s not amiss,
Discussed with great precision, cutting costs in acquisition,
   Which filled my Scottish heart wi’ bliss.

CHORUS
(repeat)

Ye ought to gae there, a merry time ye’ll hae there,
   If a pairson for your opening you seek,
Och, they all get together, in that bonnie summer weather,
   And they sit and eat and drink for near a week;
They have panels and discussions, which have no repercussions,
   To me the whole thing sounds like Greek.
Everyone repeat the first verse and the chorus.

David Moore's "The Modern Law Librarian" also went over big. Sung to the air: "I am the Very Model" (from "Pirates of Penzance") by Kelly as Marshall Dillon, it went:

She is the very model of a modern law librarian,
Her mind's encyclopedic, but her tastes are proletarian,
She's called in the profession a Retriever Informational,
Her brain is like her figure, sirs—in other words—sensational;
While others get ahead by Price and Bitnering or Pollacking
Her own especial talent is for rollicking and frolicking,
In fact a more successful girl attorney there is nary an'
She is the very model of a modem law librarian.16

A bar and a bartender were part of the scenery on the stage. When we walked over to the bar for a drink, expecting to be served tea made to look like liquor, we were unaware that Jim Kelly had arranged for real bourbon to be substituted. I shall never forget my surprise when I took a hefty swig for the first time and felt it course through my body—it was literally an eye-opener. Others had a similar experience, but were in no way inhibited from returning for another. Before long, its effect began to be noticeable, as we joked, stumbled and improvised on our lines. I must admit I cannot really remember accurately how it all ended, but it was contagious, for the audience was influenced by it as well. The overall effect created an informality and togetherness rarely experienced at an AALL program. It was indeed a fabulous occasion as the chorus finally sung to the air "Get me to the Church on Time" amidst a standing ovation:

Our play is done now, we hope you've learned
So for this evening, we stand ad-journed.

III. ARTHUR A. CHARPENTIER

It's great fun when you attend your first annual meeting to put faces to a number of names you've heard or read about. Some people don't look as if they have done all of the things they have managed, but others do in various spectacular ways.

Sidney B. Hill was one of these, a white-maned, forceful-looking, carefully groomed man always ready to take on all comers or relax with friends as the case might require. He was a doer and a good one. Typically, it was Sid Hill who arranged the incorporation of the Association in Helen Newman's time. And, typically too, he was in the middle of any Association negotiation in his time, particularly if it involved Washington politics, which were a passion with him. He lived and worked in the pragmatic world of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York and over many years occupied just about every office in our association. He had decided opinions about almost everything (including convention hotels, most of which struck him as being deficient in some particular or other), and he spoke up often with reasoned force and good effect. He was a far-seeing, wise man.

Elizabeth Benyon, on the other hand, was an effacing, gracious lady who willingly left the stage to others, but not without some trouble. Hers was a magic name

in cataloging, and people simply wouldn’t leave her alone. She developed Class K for Chicago, Stern expanded it, and Elizabeth’s handiwork was everywhere in the Class K scheme when it was finally adopted by the Library of Congress. She seemed to me to live cataloging, and, I guess, that is why no cataloging meeting for a great many years seemed complete without this quiet woman, pointing out in her low, precise voice, just what might be done and why.

Hobart Coffey, comes readily to mind while we’re in the Midwest. He was the sage of the University of Michigan Law School and was pointed out and listened to for years at our annual meetings. Hobe was an urbane, entertaining, intelligent man, who delighted us time after time with his wit and discernment. It was Hobe who, one year at Michigan, wanted to save some offices in his center for emergency use later in the year and decided that the best way to do it was to pretend they were assigned to someone. This he did. He “assigned” the offices to the twelve apostles and duly affixed a name card to each door. I’m told by Fred Smith that one of the great recollections at Michigan is of Hobe solemnly agreeing with somebody or other that “Mr. Matthew didn’t seem to be using his office very much.” That was Hobe. You should have known him.

You most certainly would have known Ernest H. Breuer, the New York State Law Librarian, if you had attended any annual meeting from the middle forties to the late sixties. Ernie was a heads-down, passionate doer who looked as if he had high blood pressure and probably did. No meeting, business or otherwise, was complete without Ernie’s rising for a few fervent remarks, but it should be said that he loved this profession and was very, very good at it. He would follow an inquiry to the ends of the earth, and he would do anything for a “colleague,” as he loved to call the rest of us. I recall one time we were running the annual meeting in New York, and Ernie decided that the Governor of the State of New York and the Mayor of the City of New York had just better designate the week of our meeting as “AALL week,” with appropriate framed citations to mark the occasion. What followed was probably the most vigorous pursuit of elected officials ever seen in the Empire State. In the end an exhausted John Lindsay and an enervated Nelson Rockefeller both put their signatures to paper. Ernie always got his man.

Joseph L. Andrews, on the other hand, was a quiet, gentle man who just happened to be the best reference librarian our work has ever seen, which explains why our annual bibliographic award is named for him. The most remarkable thing about Joe was that he was almost entirely self-taught—the most omnivorous reader with the longest memory I have ever known. He was a devout man, a thinking man, and you may have met him at our meetings of years ago because he was one of those people who was sought out for his staggering knowledge and his graciousness in imparting it. Of all the people I have met in more than thirty years, Joe was the one person whom everyone that I ever met genuinely liked and trusted.

Howard Stebbins attended a great many of our meetings from his stronghold, the Social Law Library in Boston. Marian has talked of Bill Stern’s running a tight ship. Howard’s was tighter. People behaved themselves in Howard’s Social Law Library. It was, by all odds, the easiest and safest thing to do. All that paid off—his library was easy to use, and everything was in its place. Howard was a graduate of Amherst, and behind his formal, “keep off the grass” facade, lurked a gentle man and a fine writer whom I liked. The cross of his life was the Massachusetts Law Quarterly, whose business affairs he handled for years. This quaint periodical used to maintain interest (years ago) by now and then giving the same number to two issues or, to vary the scenario, issuing an issue with no number at all. The result
was that Howard was the only man in the whole world who knew just what constituted a complete run of that noble publication. Of course, he was accused of causing all of the confusion (which he didn’t), and since he was a fussy perfectionist, that used to drive him up the wall. Finally, he published a collation list, but that didn’t end it. Librarians would still call Howard to replay the old record once again.

It’s not unusual in our work to know many libraries whose effective direction is generally associated with a pair or more of people, rather than one person. I, for instance, always associate the Los Angeles County Law Library with the team of Forrest Drummond (the best library administrator I’ve ever known) and Bill Stern, surely the most unusual subordinate. I’m sorry to tell Forrest, however, that my favorite team reigned long before he and Bill hooked up on the coast. Dennis Dooley and Ethel Turner ran the Massachusetts State Library for years in the thirties and beyond, Dennis as the State Librarian and Ethel as his assistant.

Dennis held forth in an ornate Statehouse office on Beacon Hill in Boston. He was a deft and charming Irish gentleman, who looked not unlike Tip O’Neill, present-day speaker of the House of Representatives, and, like Tip, Dennis was an erudite, accomplished politician.

Miss Turner (I’m sure someone called her “Ethel,” but no one in my circle ever did) sat in an office next to his. She was a gracious person with the crisp and correct politeness one associates with the Beacon Hill of John Marquand. She knew more about that library than any person has before or during or since.

Together they made a great team. Dennis knew everybody, of course, and he had real vision when it came to the running of a book enterprise. Ethel could implement any project, flesh out any program or—as she frequently did—bail out any patron, whether humble or exalted. They used to attend annual meetings, and, in keeping with their personalities, one saw a great deal of Dennis and little of Ethel, but both were there and both contributed.

Like so many successful teams, when one finally left his position, the other shortly followed. Al Matkov came, the scene changed, and their generation was done.

Charles McNabb hasn’t figured in our accounts yet, but no old timer in AALL would count the list complete without him. Charlie, from the Chicago Bar Association, was our insurance expert for years. He was a reasonably tall, spare man with a lean face, and he wore rimless glasses. Generally, he was liberally draped with cameras and accessories. (Oddly enough, his successor, Bill Powers, is generally hung about with cameras, too—must be something about Chicago.) Charlie could be quite caustic although not as cutting as he imagined, and he rather liked to be on the down side of many arguments. He was colorful, he was smart, and he was a lot of fun. He added much to our meetings for many years. He ended his career in Rochester, but most of us will always associate him with Chicago.

Harrison MacDonald, State Librarian of New Mexico, was very active in the Association during the late forties and fifties, and he was the editor of the *Law Library Journal* for four years. Mr. Mac was a tiny whisp of a man, but physically he was tough as a pine knot. I can still see him on one of the annual meeting side trips to Cripple Creek or wherever, struggling along, reeling into the wind as if he were going through the Donner Pass, and hanging on for dear life to his hat, his cameras, or any other flapping thing. It wasn’t until the trip was over that you realized he was always up front, always the first in and the last to leave, and always the first to be ready to go again. Actually, he was an avid fisherman, a good golfer, and a more than passable gardener. His hobbies were writing—and he was a very good writer—and music. He played the cello and for years was the treasurer of the Santa
Fe Symphony. He was nominated for the association presidency, but withdrew before election. His eyes had become troublesome, and to our great regret it wasn't long before he retired and passed from the scene. You would have liked this cultured, courtly man.

Phillip Putnam, a Bostonian who spent his life in the Harvard Law Library, always seemed to me to radiate Beacon Hill in his speech, dress and culture. He was one of a group of people who were common in large law libraries of another era—the one man on the scene who knew more about the library than anyone else, who had over a great span of years personally handled more books than any other, and who was the court of appeal in any doubtful case of lost tome or misplaced title. These people (Phil, Pete Hern at the Association of the Bar of the City of New York, Jim Golden at Yale, Hans Held in Los Angeles, etc.) drove catalogers wild because they never used catalogs. Their memory was their catalog, and as long as they lasted, deficiencies in shelf listing and shelf arrangement didn't amount to pressing problems. They were, in short, indispensable if anyone was, and they commonly took succeeding administrations in their stride with good-humored tolerance, secure in their long service, long memories and very hard work.

Phil was the last of them to retire. He was an engaging, quiet man of charm and authority, and I think he knew every other person who had gone to or taught in the Harvard Law School over a fifty-year span. His hobby was climbing mountains, I'll have you know, and hiking and rousting about in the outdoors. He attended many annual meetings, and the Boston crowd used to gather about him, the united front of old New England facing the Western hordes!

There is a great temptation to go on and on about the people one has known and liked, but there are imposed limits and one must stop somewhere. The fact is that everyone is interesting, but the fact is, too, that memory fades or becomes misleading, and we must be careful to catch it when it is fresh enough to be accurate—to mirror the people about whom we talk. A work like this should really be done every decade or so.

The sad fact is that people don't really live in memorials which tend to exalt them a bit too much. They live in the stories which are told about them in relaxing moments when no one "official" is listening, and they live in the work they have left behind them. All three of us have provided but a sampling of the range of law librarians who have peopled our past. If you would like to recall others, why don't you do it? Send your recollections to headquarters, and we'll build a file of who we were.