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REMINISCENCES ON MARIAN GALLAGHER

Harry M. Cross*

In thinking about Marian’s performance as a member of the faculty and law librarian I am mildly surprised at concluding that it is not really exceptional—rather it has always been extraordinarily fine; I know of no exceptions. The efforts of her staff to be helpful and their loyalty to her are almost legendary, and favorably reflect the quality of her performance and the wonderful kind of person she is.

Effective service by the library for students and faculty has always had priority among Marian’s goals. That such service is not so keenly sought in all law libraries is suggested by two illustrations.

Some years ago, while he was a visiting professor at a prominent eastern law school, one of our colleagues read in the Monday papers of a decision announced that day by the United States Supreme Court. The next day he asked that the library send him the slip opinion, only to be told that it would be probably about three weeks before it would be available. Startled, he said that since he could have the opinion on his desk 3000 miles away in Seattle within a week, he was surprised that it took three weeks to travel only a few hundred miles. For the balance of his visit he did get them promptly. I have not heard whether such service is still aberrational there.

In another highly regarded eastern law school in which I was a visiting professor, I wanted to check how a particular problem was resolved in tort law and went looking for Prosser on Torts, finally finding apparently the library’s only copy. When I think of the extent students here use the multiple volumes of such books on reserve in this library, I am perplexed about the consequences for the less affluent students there.

Marian is modest and usually seems somewhat surprised when something she has undertaken turns out well (though she shouldn’t be), and very pleased when someone is observant enough to compliment her. That modesty and inaccuracy of expectation almost led to her missing initiation into the Order of the Coif after she graduated from law school. Dean Falknor, barely in time, finally located her at a summer cabin on one of the Puget Sound islands where she and her classmates were unwinding from the pressures of third-year finals, relaxing through innovative forms of hide-and-seek.

Her sense of humor has brightened many a day around Condon Hall and her sympathetic ear has relieved tension for many of us. Not infrequently she has put aside some pressing task (to be completed on her

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“own time” that night) while caring for a library-related problem of one of her colleagues. In her unassuming way she has effectively carried more than her share of law school committee and other loads, and far more than most of us realize, she has given generously of her time on general University assignments and in library affairs throughout the nation.

She has been known affectionately as Marian or Mrs. G by her colleagues and the students who have worked for her. When she left her assistant librarian’s post here as Marian Gould she became law librarian at the University of Utah and there became Mrs. Gallagher. Later, one of the old timers on the faculty here was quite incensed when there was a reference in a memorandum about this school’s new law librarian, Mrs. Gallagher, because it was his understanding that Marian had been persuaded by Dean Falknor to take the job. Upon being assured that indeed she had, he was pleased and relieved that Marian was back, whatever her name might be.

The mention of the name of Marian or Mrs. G rather automatically brings her to mind. One former student who worked for her, whose name also began with “G”, had a note from his secretary on his desk one day to call Mrs. G, so he did. They talked about their current experiences for quite some time while Marian gradually began wondering why he had called, pleasant as the conversation was, until both finally realized that the note was to call his wife.

I think she must be liked by all who know her; by those of us who know her well she is affectionately held in highest regard.

The smooth operation of “her” library has eased the tasks of her faculty colleagues more than we know. We’ll miss her presence in Condon Hall.