

## BERNARD MARTIN GOODMAN

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By John Francis Goldsmith

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I have the sad duty to notify the Court that a distinguished and genial member of this Bar, Bernard Martin Goodman, departed this life, in Easton, on the twenty-seventh day of this past July.

He was seized with a sudden heart attack after a gracious and fulfilling reunion dinner with his entire family — a reunion truly a fitting capstone to a long and happy and rewarding family life.

His marriage on May 5th, 1940 to Dorothy A. Kauffman, who survives him, was blessed by the birth of two sons, William, an Easton accountant, and Bruce, a Washington lawyer. For many years the family resided on Wayne Avenue, in Easton, in the former home of another distinguished, cultured and genial member of this Bar, the never to be forgotten Albert F. Kahn, who died in 1934.

Bernard Goodman and I have been good friends for the long span of fifty years — half a century. This is a lengthy time for a continuous and enduring friendship, and I feel a deep sense of personal loss in his going.

Sometimes we fail to grasp the full significance of the span of a long friendship or of a long lifetime. Perhaps if we will cast such a span of time in the context of the history of mankind we will gain a fuller sense of its significance.

We stand on the threshold of the two-hundredth anniversary of the Independence of the United States, seemingly a distant point in history. Yet it is only four times the period of my friendship with Bernard Goodman that takes us back to the First Continental Congress and the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

It is only a little over seven times the span of that friendship that takes us back to the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth and the settlement of the Crown Colony of Virginia. It is less than ten times the span of that friendship that takes us back to the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus and the reign in England of Henry VII, the first of the Tudors.

It is only forty times the span of that friendship that takes us back to the eve of the birth of Christ, when there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be taxed. Four, and seven, and ten, and forty, are not high numbers. And thus, even in the context of history, fifty years of a friendship is a long time.

Bernard Goodman was born on April 23rd, 1906, in Allentown, Pennsylvania, the son of the late William and Fanny Lowitz Goodman. He was graduated from Allentown High School in 1924. Notwithstanding the fact that he sat next to me in many classes — and thus fully availed himself of the opportunity to conduct a running fire of conversation — he was graduated *cum laude* from Lafayette College in 1928 with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. In 1931 he was graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Laws from the Harvard Law School.

The child is father to the man, said Wordsworth. As the reed is bent so grows the tree. This is what his classmates said of him in the Lafayette Melange, the college yearbook, in his student days:

*One can hardly believe that the Bernie whose remarkable ability with the saxophone has carried him all over the state, the Bernie who was so formidable in the freshman-sophomore scraps during his first two years at Lafayette, the high-hat vanity fair Bernie whose social achievements smack of dignity, are the one and same Bernie who will ever be known to his classmates as primarily a brilliant student.*

Although he was an enterprising and capable lawyer, giving a full measure of devotion to the practice of his profession, he found the time and the energy to be active in community and civic affairs. Besides his services as City Solicitor of Easton, which position he occupied within three years of his admission to the Bar, and as an Assistant District Attorney of Northampton County, he was at various times President of the Easton Kiwanis Club, a Director of the Jewish Community Center, President of B'nai B'rith, and a member of the Board of Trustees of the Easton Public Library. He was a member of the Pomfret Club, of the Locust Valley Country Club, and the Rajah Temple of Reading, and was a 32nd degree mason of the Lehigh Consistory.

George Weitzman, Esquire, his law partner of many years standing, who will follow me, will relate for the benefit of the Bench and Bar, far better than could I, the many attributes of our departed brother as a student of the law and a skilled practitioner.

Bernard Martin Goodman was a scholar and a gentleman and an outstanding lawyer. As I said on a recent occasion similar to this, memories of such lawyers play like the Northern Lights within the walls of this Courtroom. Their voices can still be heard, their skills admired. And now they are gone — to the undiscover'd country from whose bourn no traveler returns — while we are left to reflect upon the inspirational lines of William Cullen Bryant:

*Yet not to thine eternal resting place  
Shalt thou retire alone, — nor couldst thou wish  
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down  
With patriarchs of the infant world, — with kings,  
The powerful of the earth, — the wise, the good,  
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,  
All in one might sepulchre. The hills,  
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales  
Stretching in pensive quietness between;  
The venerable woods; rivers that move  
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,  
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,  
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —  
Are but the solemn decorations all  
Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,  
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,  
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,  
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread  
The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
That slumber in its bosom.*

January 20, 1975

## BERNARD MARTIN GOODMAN

by George Weitzman

Bernard Martin Goodman was admitted to the Bar of Northampton County on October 5, 1931, and until his death on July 27, 1974, practiced law as he had graduated Lafayette College and Harvard Law School: cum laude — with praise.

He came into immediate prominence as a lawyer on the local scene when Newton Turner, Esquire, 30-year Easton City Solicitor in whose office he was, died, leaving incomplete the staggering legal affairs of acquisition by the city of three separate water companies. Bernard Goodman brought this great municipal effort to completion and was, for those 16 months that this required, a Republican City Solicitor representing a Democratic City Council. Later on in practice, he became Assistant District Attorney and again City Solicitor. For 30 years, he was Appeal Counsel to the local Draft Boards.

For the last 25 years, we were partners in the general practice of law. Mine was the day-in and day-out, week-in and week-out and year-in and year-out experience of being intimately associated with a quick and discerning mind that could lift the thread of legal meaning out of a morass of jumbled facts. His knowledge of the law was bedrock sound. His feeling of what the Court could, should and probably would do, was accurate.

He had a mature lawyer's practice. I often felt that he would have been remarkably successful as the inside man — as counsel — in a large law firm, fielding legal questions of junior and senior members of the firm. He could have told them, in reply to their inquiries, what the law was, as well as its present direction; where to find it quickly and what it would probably say. After that, he would have been able to tell the inquirers what legal theories would blunt the adversary's thrust.

Bernie was the complete master of legal composition. He could dictate complicated agreements without help of form books except their use for topical references or check lists. He unsparingly edited himself. He rejoiced in perfect phraseology and coined fitting words incessantly.

He served his clients faithfully — often at cost to himself in health. He had an immediate grasp of their problems and they unfailingly followed his suggestions to their benefit and trusted him.

He loved a quick, fun story. His sharp wit relieved tensions. He had the gift of companionable gabbing. He could swap stories. He enjoyed his brethren at the Bar. Above all, he served his profession and this Court with distinction.

The bright men in large city law firms, with whom he came in contact, never forgot him, and although he received several invitations to join large city firms, he always promptly refused because he loved life at this Bar, before this Court and in this City, County and State. He felt fulfilled here, especially in having close at hand his dear wife, Dorothy, to whom he was utterly devoted, and his sons, Bill and Bruce, of whom he was justifiably proud in their progress and accomplishments. With his sons, he had a very special way of encouraging them without intruding upon them. He was especially close to his older brother Albert who practices law in Annapolis. He was always available to the members of his family, including his dear sister Sylvia.

Next to the loss being experienced by his dearly beloved wife, Dorothy, and his admiring sons, Bill and Bruce, my loss is the keenest. I know he cannot be replaced.

I pray that when this Honorable Court adjourns this day, it will do so out of respect to the memory of and with praise — cum laude — of Bernard Martin Goodman.

January 20, 1975