

**COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF NORTHAMPTON COUNTY
COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA**

**NORTHAMPTON COUNTY BAR ASSOCIATION
MEMORIAL SERVICE**

**ANTHONY S. BLASCO, ESQUIRE
MEREDITH HEMPHILL, JR., ESQUIRE
JAMES A. HEMSTREET, ESQUIRE
WILLIAM P. HOGAN, ESQUIRE
CHARLES H. SPAZIANI, ESQUIRE**

**TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 2009
9:00 a.m. COURTROOM 1**

THE COURT: On behalf of the Bench of Northampton County I would like to welcome all of you to today's memorial service.

When we think of the term memorial service, we think of grief, sorrow or loss. That is not our purpose here. Today we gather for the purpose of celebrating the careers of those men of the Northampton County Bar who passed away. This past year it's appropriate that we gather here in Courtroom 1, a room so rich with tradition. I suspect that each of your colleagues who are being honored here today once stood before this bench and took their oath of admission to practice before the Court of Common Pleas of Northampton County. Each of them spent countless hours in this room performing work for the public good. These men came from various locations within our county and practiced in different areas of the law, but what they each had in common was a commitment to community and a sense that the practice of law was an honor and a profession and not simply a job. We welcome in families and friends and express our sympathy for their loss. We also express our gratitude for the contribution that our departed colleagues gave to this community.

At this time the Court recognizes the Honorable Jack Anthony Pennella who will make remarks regarding Charles Spaziani

JUDGE PANELLA: Good morning. May it please the Court, family members and friends.

The opportunity to speak this morning on behalf of Charles Henry Spaziani is a great honor and privilege for me. As you might expect, I will refer to him the way he will always be known to us in

our memories as Spaz. Joanne Spaziani is here with us this morning, and what great pride Spaz took with his six children and seven grandchildren. Now, if you know anything about Spaz, you know that attitude he had about life. How Spaz loved life, the way he lived, the way he loved life like no one else.

It makes me feel a little old to think that many of you in the courtroom may not have met Spaz. Let me tell you even though it was not along ago, Spaz practiced law in a different era and in a different climate. Spaz and his friends worked in the practice of law when it was fun. Don't ask me how they did it, but they held a high reputation in the community. They were looked upon with admiration and honor, but they managed at the same time to enjoy life like few others. This group of lawyers from the Easton area -- and you know sometimes the newspapers would have referred to them as the "Easton Rat Pack" -- was made up of Spaz, Gus Milides, Norm Seidel, Jerry Brose, Mike Franciosa and later Marty Cohen. They were the subjects of legends. Chuck Bruno and I were fortunate to come along in the later years and join in the tail end of that ride. And believe me Spaz was always the chairman of the board. Whether it was at the Peke Inn, or the Cross Timbers, or a few others places outside of the courthouse, these lawyers were like magnets in Northampton County. They attracted attention and crowds like few others.

Spaz also took great pride in helping young lawyers, and he was always friendly and willing to lend a hand to new attorneys. I'm not kidding you about this, but if you were a young lawyer and Spaz

would spot you in a restaurant or in a bar, you never had to pay a bill. Spaz would always take care of that bill for you without ever expecting anything in return. That's how much he cared about his fellow members of the Bar.

He also took great pride in the education he received at Easton High School, Lafayette College and Temple Law School. We don't have time right now, but his athletic career alone at Easton and Lafayette could take a night all by themselves, and he remained an enthusiastic supporter of the Red Rovers and the Leopards all his life.

His commitment to his country started at a very young age. Spaz enlisted in the United States Army and quickly attained the rank of First Sergeant. He used to tell his clients when they would look at him and say, "Please, don't call me sir. I'm an enlisted man." Notably Spaz commanded the first nonsegregated company of his division consisting of 800 diversified troops.

And we're breezing through Spaz's life here which is not easy. I must speak of three separate and distinct aspects of his career: politics, the practice of law and end with a man by the name of Larry Holmes.

First, let's talk about politics. Spaz was always interested in the political world as a way of serving people and bringing recognition and assistance to our area. He never hesitated to use political influence to help someone from the county, especially a member of the Northampton County Bar Association. He knew a good candidate when he spotted one, and he became a strong supporter and close friend of many

elected officials including the late Governor Bob Casey, the former Attorney General, Leroy Zimmerman, and the former Chief Justice Stephen Zapella, and the late County Executive, Gene Hartzell.

Spaz himself entered the political world serving as Assistant District Attorney and First Assistant District Attorney, and he was elected as District Attorney in 1967. Spaz was then the first attorney in the history of the county to be re-elected District Attorney for a second term in 1971 when he attracted about 60 percent of the popular vote. The news media was quick to point out the competence and efficiency of his administration. They used to say you could get away with murder in Northampton County, but not anymore. District Attorney Charles H. Spaziani has broken the jinx. In fact, in his first year as county prosecutor Spaz, even the newspapers called him Spaz, he chalked up a remarkable 90 percent record of convictions, two of them for murder. A conviction rate of 35 or 40 percent is considered good. 90 percent is probably a record breaker in Pennsylvania.

The news articles noted many distinguishing features of Spaz's tenure as DA: The remarkable drops in burglaries due to the arrest of key figures in three gangs around the county. The work done to slow the drug trade in the county, crediting both the increase in prosecutions and the pro-active position that Spaz and his staff took to the area's schools. The gambling crackdown, which forced bookmaking and other forms of gambling out of the county. Many newspaper articles complimented the dedicated staff of ADAs that Spaz had put together, consisting, among others, Michael Franciosa as First Assistant; a very

aggressive young attorney by the name of Lou Minotti, and also Nick Zanakos, Rich Shiroff and others. And it was also Spaz's policy to personally participate in investigations and drug raids. He didn't want any member of his staff to endanger themselves unless he was willing to take the same risks. And if you look at news articles from that period you will also see periods of Spaz with Edy fluck, Danny Montoro, or Al "Fats" DiGiancinto, his trusted detectives present at his side at arrests and raids.

Let's turn for a moment to the practice of law. Spaz worked his entire career at 20 South 7th Street, Easton. Chuck remembers this. His desk tipped to the right, and Spaz tipped to the right the same way. For 35 years Spaz had a classic general practice business; clients, domestic work, and estates. He developed very close ties with Gus Milides and later with Michael Perrucci and Phil Hoff to handle matters that needed specialized attention. He also practiced alone, but he had great support in his office by incredible professionals like Bernice Lavella who joins us here this morning.

In 1986 Spaz asked me to join him on South 7th Street, and we enjoyed many years of practice together until I was appointed to the bench by Governor Casey. Boy oh boy, back then the days never ended. We did it all. You name it, we handled that type of case, and it seemed every evening after a busy day we would be at a zoning, or a township hearing, or some other type of hearing. When we would get the typical calls from the yellow pages, we would say, "No thanks, we don't want any more work or any other clients."

After he have left for the trial bench, Chuck Bruno

moved up to the second floor and another great association developed. Correct me if I'm wrong, but I think you loved working with him as much as I did. This might be unorthodox. Chuck worked for him a few short years and he has a few words for you.

MR. BRUNO: Your Honor, may I be heard on Mr. Spaziani?

THE COURT: Of course.

MR. BRUNO: It's a privilege and honor for me also to be here today to speak on behalf of my late, great friend Charles Spaziani.

Within one month, in the month of December last year and in January, I lost two of the most important men in my life: Spaz and my father, and I miss them both dearly. But the one thing they both shared was, as Judge Panella said, this idea of living life to the fullest. And both of them lived life to the fullest, and it was a real pleasure for me to be able to share that with him at times, and I was part of that.

Back in 1993 I was working in Bethlehem for five years practicing law there when I knew of Spaz, the legend. And I asked to speak with him for a few minutes one day at lunch to see what he thought about me coming back to my home in Easton, to Pennsylvania. And it was Spaz's home too, and when I met with him in the Pomfret Club one day, he said that's a great idea, Chuck. Matter of fact, take the office that Judge Panella had and be upstairs. Well, that was the easiest decision of my career. And I have never regretted it once, and it was a great ride.

I remember the first time I went into his office to start working, and I looked in his law library, and he had a row of Purden's

Statutes. They're the statutes that we as lawyers rely upon heavily in our practice. When I looked at the statutes, I looked and saw that Spaz's statutes were from 1968, and they hadn't been updated. And I asked him, I says, "Spaz, you know, did you know that your statutes weren't updated?" And he said, he goes, "You think I should do something about that?" And I looked at him and said, "Spaz, if it ain't broke, don't fix it." And we never touched those statutes. He wasn't a book smart legal scholar, but he had a firm grasp of the legal issues we were forced to be dealing with. And if heavy research was needed, that's what I was there for to help him out.

People waited in line. It was like a deli. He had people who had appointments, and people who didn't have appointments, but he always saw them all. He had a place in his heart for people who didn't have a lot of money. He was that kind of guy. And as far as jobs go, people would ask Spaz to get jobs and somehow, some way Spaz found a way to get many people jobs. And as far as young lawyers go, as Judge Panella said, he helped a lot of young lawyers out. He helped refer a lot of work to them, myself being one of them.

The true measure of a man is when you look back and see how many people's lives he affected in a positive way. And I would venture to guess that there's no lawyer in the history of Northampton County, or very few, who touched other lawyer's lives in a positive way like Charles Spaziani.

He loved the practice of law. He was grateful for all of the talents that God gave him. He was ever humble and never forgot

where he came from. He was always a gentleman. I never heard him curse once in the office, never saw him lose his temper in the office. It wasn't his style, but best of all, he loved his family, and he spoke about family and siblings all the time. He loved his wife and carried in his pocket pictures of his children and grandchildren, and he always spoke proudly about their accomplishments and would never hesitate to do so.

It was an honor for me to speak today about him. It was an honor for me to share part of my career with Mr. Spazani and refer to him as my mentor and my friend. And with that I'm turning it back to Judge Panella.

JUDGE PANELLA: Now, we're turning to the last for a few more minutes: Larry Holmes. You know, we have in this county the world champion heavy weight boxer. We all take pride in Larry, and Larry, on the behalf of everyone here we want to take time to thank you for joining us here this morning for Spaz fills up at least two separate lives, but for Spaz the most exciting part of his professional life was his association and relationship with the world heavy weight boxing champion, Larry Holmes. Larry and Spaz traveled the world together as he compiled a professional record of 69 wins including 44 knock-outs. As many of us know he won the title on June 9, 1978 from Ken Norton, but Spaz's involvement with Larry started many years before that.

In 1973 he turned professional and that's when Spaziani and Larry started their close relationship. They hit it off together and Spaz became not only Larry's top advisor, but his closest friend. The local fights piled up in places like Scranton and Cleveland. They traveled the

world together; Hawaii, Las Vegas, Denmark, Manila. Larry was on the undercard at the Thriller in Manila. In 1974 Larry had the following quote placed in "Sports Illustrated Magazine":

"Mr. Spaziani has been a great help to me. He's more than just an attorney. He's my friend. He's almost been like a father to me. I don't worry about contract problems anymore. I let Mr. Spaziani have all my headaches. I just worry about fighting."

Well, Spaz was there for every fight. Larry's traditional way of unwinding and relaxing before a fight was to play gin rummy with Spaz in the locker room just before a fight. It didn't matter whether it was Ali or Bonecrusher Smith, before a fight, Larry and Spaz were always together. Just recently before his death Larry said these words,

"Spaz is a champion himself -- always fighting for justice. He's been a father for me for the last 35 years. He's been there for me time and time again until this very day. He's always been a great guy to me, and everyone in the community. "

Well, I'm proud to be here for Spaz. I think you can tell from the way we feel we're the brothers, and Spaz is that image in our minds. I know when I dream at night images quickly alternate between my own father and Spaz because they are one and the same person to me.

God bless you, Spaz. And thank you all for joining us here this morning. Thank you.

THE COURT: Thank you, Judge Panella.

The Court recognizes Jan F. Spirk, Junior to eulogize Anthony Blasko.

MR. SPIRK: Thank you, your Honor. May it please the Court, members of the Blasko family, friends and colleagues.

There's an old story from the horse and buggy days of a young minister called to his very first congregation in the upper mid-west in the dead of winter. After an arduous journey he arrives and has a week overlap with the retired parson. The young man works feverishly to prepare the first service that will have much fire and passion. The old preacher smiles and says, "My son, these are plain and simple people of great faith here. They don't need saving. In bad weather only a few even make it, so it's best to keep it low key." But the rookie plows ahead with his preparation, and on the appointed Sunday in a raging blizzard only a single parishioner appears. Undaunted, the new minister delivers his high intensity service. After which the farmer welcomes him, but he pulls out the preset order of service which is laid back, no frills especially when addressing farmers. Says the minister, "If you went out into a storm to feed your herd and found one cow missing, wouldn't you hitch up that rider and find that one stranded cow and feed him?" The parson then replied, "I would, but I wouldn't give him the whole load."

Tony Blasko always brought the whole load. From prosecuting a death penalty case, trying to represent a client in some support hearing, from singing the closing solo at the Bangor Elks Spring Musical, to filling his house with stuffed hunting trophies, he brought the whole load. From charging fees, to spending fees, to spending where there were no fees, from making jurists cry, to making friends laugh, Tony Blasko always brought the whole load, no half measures.

Tony Blasko had many, many talents and interests, but I think that being a trial lawyer defines him. In trial he was a force of nature. One time in Harrisburg we were trying a three or four week change of venue murder trial. And every morning we would come down to the hotel in shirt sleeves and have breakfast in the dining room. And when we went back up to put on tie and coat to walk across the street to the courthouse to trial, he was always the last one down. I said, "Tony, you know, why does it take you so long to put on the tie and coat?" He said, "Like in the movie Patton when George C. Scott, playing Patton, looks in the mirror, he cleans off every fleck of dust and fixes his tie. That's what I do before I go into battle." And for Tony the trial was a battle. By the time he walked into the courtroom he had actually convinced himself of the rightness of his case, and the evil of the other side. And Tony was very good at convincing himself of things. To him trials were not just cases they were causes.

Now, the story of Anthony S. Blasko is much more about who he was than about what he did, but he did a lot, and we should spend a moment talking about that. He began as a criminal defense lawyer who represented major motorcycle gang leaders when the motorcycle gangs were a big deal in the Lehigh Valley. He represented some of the participants in the Bethlehem Ale House riots which was the closest Lehigh Valley came to the civil disturbances in the late '60s and the early '70s. But then in his 13 years as the Assistant District Attorney he handled virtually every manner of high profile case that came along, most prominently the bank robbery cases. And in all these cases Tony didn't

mind being interviewed on TV, radio and the press. He didn't mind talking about these cases.

In his private practice he had a ton of clients. He made a ton of money. He bought a farm in North Bangor complete with horses and a closet full of cowboy boots. He would say he was a real cowboy as opposed to some lawyers who only wear cowboy boots. At his house there were always various members of his extended family living there. There was no better or more generous party host, and he threw lots of parties.

Then he served several productive years as first assistant county solicitor, the first such person to hold that position. And, finally, his last courtroom hoorah, the crowning glory he fought late in his career. He won an unlikely acquittal of a well known public figure accused of scandal. Tony felt his whole life had prepared him for that moment and that one case, and he won it outside of the courtroom.

He was an accomplished, professionally trained soloist who performed at weddings and church functions. And every spring, even from his wheel chair, he brought down the house on stage at the Bangor Elks Chorus, and every fall, even at the end in his wheelchair. He hunted game all over the country. Of course, he was a devoted husband to Bev who, despite recent knee surgery, is here with us today. A devoted husband and father, he provided to Bev, Sammy and Dezzy, the grandkids the great-grandkids, and, especially, his godson Michael. He was an accomplished person in all these areas, but I think it was the law he enjoyed the most.

It took him until he was 30-years-old to get there. He

worked his way through school at night. I think what he enjoyed most was the adversity of the system, the adversarial nature of our legal system. I think he was never happier than sitting at trial table, or when sighting a deer through a rifle. Our adversarial system decided to appoint their champion and send him in to do battle, and out of that combat truth and justice magically came out. Black versus white, good versus evil, both sides may have a beer when it's all over.

The preamble to the Pennsylvania Rules of Professional Conduct had no greater friend than him. As a lawyer, he zealously asserted his client's position. We did really see him make jurists cry in closing arguments. There's no exaggeration, but if that didn't work he had a presence in the courtroom.

He had a presence out of the courtroom as well. On one occasion he won a particularly surprising guilty verdict as a prosecutor. And afterwards some weeks later one of our fellow Assistant District Attorneys ran into socially one of the members of the jury. Tony, hot on his case said, "How did you come to get guilty on that?" He said, "We thought it was a tough verdict. We were afraid of the Assistant District Attorney and what might happen if we returned some other verdict besides guilty."

Like the prior honoree, he was not one to use books in Court, or in his practice. Now, he had an academic background from Lafayette and Catholic University. He could quote statute and scripture, but he was not a book guy when it came to the practice of law. One time he was trying a murder case here that lasted a couple of weeks, and the

Judge scheduled a session of court to move things along. So ,during the recess Tony and I went down the hall. We had to be in the courthouse and, of course, we were sitting in the law library looking through piles of books feverishly.

On another occasion he got a divorce case in which he represented the wife. She was living in the house and the husband pulled up to the house in a moving van, and he was starting to remove furniture. "I've got to find an injunction, or emergency relief, or something," Tony said sadly shaking his head. In the end, he got one friend to park the car right in front of the truck, and another car right behind the truck, and on Monday morning we came to motions court to figure it out.

He didn't get enough credit for the preparation he did. It looked like it came easy to him in the courtroom, and that he shot from the hip. Having spent nights in hotel rooms he would leave after the social festivities of the evening and go up to bed. He came down in the morning with a tablet all written out in red, black or blue pen. He spent a lot of time preparing cross-examinations. He spent a lot of time preparing closing arguments, and it came out effortlessly.

In our District Attorney days we would tease him mercilessly about his hunting trips that happened to coincide with criminal court weeks. We asked Tony, "If the deer had guns would you still go hunting?" Naturally, he thought about it for a moment. "Yeah, I'd still go." I think he meant it, too, but I'm sure that Tony would make sure his gun was much bigger than the deer's.

When criminal court week was on, Wednesday was

sundaes at Carvel Ice Cream at the bottom of Washington Street hill at the strip mall. During court week on Wednesday during the lunch recess we would get sundaes. It worked out good. There was one occasion where there were four of us and five sundaes, and we had to figure out what to do with the extra sundae. Tony ate two sundaes by the time we got to the top of Washington Street with cherry and with hot fudge. And when he got there he looked at us and he said, "Guys, did you see what I just did?" No half measures with Tony. Tony always brought the whole load.

Thirty years ago or so there was a memorial service like this. Back then when the bar was smaller we did it in an individual service within several weeks of the person's death. On this one occasion a prominent veteran lawyer had passed away. It was a tradition that most of the lawyers came to these things even if you didn't particularly know the deceased. For this occasion I will call the lawyer Harry, that's not his real name, the deceased. Walking back upstairs to the District Attorney's office Tony looked at me and said, "There's two guys buried in Harry's grave. There was Harry, then there was that guy we heard about upstairs."

Over the years, not so much when he was ill, but back when he was in good health, he and I would talk about this very occasion, a day like today with me standing here, and he made it very clear that he didn't want to have two guys in his script. He wanted a balanced presentation. He didn't want anything sugar coated. So, in the interest of balance, okay, maybe that ability to convince himself of things, maybe that seeing the world in black and white, while valuable in trial, maybe in

the outside world not so much where there are shades of gray and sometimes you need to see both sides.

Speaking of convincing himself, none of us would ever describe symptoms of any diseases around Tony because he would develop them the next day. He would go like this when you started talking about something. Okay, maybe that single mindedness of purpose that let him achieve all his goals in life, maybe that could be due to something of a little bit of inflexibility and stubbornness; maybe a little unwillingness to think outside the courtroom. But maybe that passion which enabled him to persuade juries, maybe outside of the courtroom that passion would get the better of him.

One time me and another lawyer were sitting in the downstairs office. Tony's office was upstairs, and they said he would be down for lunch in a minute. He might go with the client. Next thing the walls shook as we heard a thudding noise. The other lawyer and I raced out, and saw Tony's client laying at the top of the stairs. Tony was at the top of the stairs pointing his finger with rage in his face, and we heard his client's wife claiming he pushed him and to be careful because he's got a bad case of kidney stones. Tony said, "He's got a bad case of greed." A minute later we went to lunch. That's the very quality that brought him success. Maybe it also had at least a beneficial flip side, but those are small details and Tony was a big picture kind of guy.

So, let's close with a big picture. If his ability to close to a jury was legendary; if his ability to host a party, and enjoy life, and spend money was legendary; if his exploits, or maybe at least his stories

about his exploits as a hunter and a singer were legendary, then it seems one would have to conclude that he was a legend. And, of course, the thing about legends are they never die. They live on. Actually, they grow and become embellished over time which I think would be okay with you, Tony.

So, live on Tony. Every time we hear eloquence that moves us emotionally, live on. Whenever we buy what we want in as much as we want and whether we need it or not, live on. Whenever lawyers are gathered to relax and tell stories, live on. When veteran cops and sheriffs tell stories about the greatest courtroom display they ever saw, live on so that when we get to where you are, and we stand before the real Judge to make our case, we can hire you to do the closing. Live on Tony.

THE COURT: Thank you, Attorney Spirk.

The Court now recognizes Donald Swan, Junior to eulogize Meredith Hemphill, Junior.

MR. SWAN: May it please the Court, Judge Roscioli.

Meredith Hemphill, born October 12, 1931, died February 2, 2009. Trying to describe his character and accomplishments in a few words is a challenge. Reflecting on my long association with him certain characteristics kept recurring frequently. He was rugged with dogged determination yet relatively soft spoken. In undertaking any task he always had his sights on a successful conclusion regardless of the obstacles. Failure was never an option. Hemp was guided by high moral and ethical values with very strong religious convictions shared with his

wife, Beverly and family. He had the ability in any situation to accept the hand he was dealt.

On the golf course if he had a shot in the heavy rough, he would utter a philosophical sigh and prepare to extract himself from that position. He rarely complained. His favorite saying on the golf course was, "keep the ball in play". Hemp never criticized or spoke negatively of anyone, even his adversaries in litigation, with the possible exception of the coaching staff of the New York Giants football team after the Giants played poorly on Sunday. He had a thorough knowledge of the tactics and strategy of football and was glued to the TV set for all Giant games. At the opposite extreme, he had an almost fanatical love and knowledge of the opera, frequently venturing into New York to live performances of the Metropolitan Opera. With these general observations as background, we'll see how they impacted on his life.

Meredith was born in Spring Lake, New Jersey in 1931 and graduated from Manasquan High School in 1949 having been the quarterback on the football team. Hemp then proceeded to Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Upstate New York receiving a Bachelor of Chemical Engineering degree in 1953. While at RPI he played football, this time as a running back on offence and a cornerback on defence, and lacrosse, and he was on the student counsel. He joined the Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity. He was a member of the ROTC, and upon graduation was commissioned to second lieutenant in the US Marine Corps.

He was accepted into the loop course training program of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, a nationally acclaimed training

program widely sought after by college graduates, but first he had to satisfy his military commitment and entered the marine corps in August 1953 serving in the most physically rigorous service until July 8, 1955 when he left active duty as a first lieutenant. After leaving the service, he rejoined the Bethlehem Steel loop course receiving training in all aspects of Bethlehem Steel's activities. Upon completion of the training he was assigned as an engineer in the blast furnace department of the Johnstown plant. For those not familiar with blast furnaces, six may still be seen along the Lehigh River in Bethlehem. They are loud, particularly when the plugs are blasted to let the molten iron out. It's very hot, and the noxious gases are overwhelming. As my steel worker friends tell me, blast furnaces were the worst assignment in the plant except for the coke ovens. It's not surprising, therefore, that Meredith gave positive thoughts to the more environmentally friendly side of life, and after two years he left Bethlehem Steel on June 7, 1957 to pursue the study of law.

Hemp was accepted in the University of Michigan Law School in Ann Arbor, regarded as one of the top seven law schools in the country. He distinguished himself academically being elected an assistant editor of the Michigan Law review.

Probably the most momentous event of his life occurred while at Michigan. He met Mary Beverly Bell, a charming young lady who was taking graduate courses and teaching in a local school. A year-and-a-half later they were married in Clarkstown, Michigan and their union produced four children: Mary K. Scott, Geoff and Mark, and nine grandchildren.

Following graduation Meredith was hired by the prestigious New York Law Firm of Cravath, Swaine and Moore. He was assigned to the litigation department where he was enmeshed in research and writing primarily for the appellate level for the next six-plus years in litigation involving many of the nations leading corporations is including IBM. His attachment to the steel industry and Bethlehem Steel must have remained strong, Bethlehem Steel having been a major client of the Cravath firm, for in 1967 he returned to Bethlehem Steel as an attorney in the law department here in Bethlehem. This offered an opportunity to lead a normal life being able to be home at 6 o'clock and have dinner and spend evenings with his family. Over the years he rose to the position of associate general counsel and assistant secretary. In September 1979 Bethlehem Steel sent Hemp to the concentrated 13 week advanced programs at the Harvard Business School.. After his return, Hemp acted essentially as the Chief of Staff for the law department coordinating many of the department's operations.

Upon reaching a normal retirement age of 65 in 1996, Meredith opted to retire. At that time Bethlehem Steel's stock price, down from its peak value of \$48 was still trading in the \$14 per share price range. I often wonder in retrospect if Hemp and those like him had stayed active, whether Bethlehem Steel might still be a viable company today.

Retirement offered him the opportunity to concentrate on his golf game. He was the most consistent scorer between 87 and 92 I'd ever played against. In terms of ruggedness, he was one of the 60-hole

league. A small group that would play and walk all of the 60 holes at Saucon in one day. Retirement also offered an opportunity to spend more time with family and grandchildren with whom he closely interrelated.

Hemp was a heavy smoker, and he knew the risks. When the inevitable occurred, and he was diagnosed with lung cancer, he said he was prepared to accept whatever fate had in store. He never focused on his illness. Indeed, quite the reverse. Within a month of his death we were discussing the start of the golf season that was two months away and he said quite earnestly, "Don't count me out."

Meredith was the type of person you could count on; always straight forward and reliable, never pretentious and guided by strong ethical standards. He was a great credit to our profession.

THE COURT: The court welcomes the Honorable Franklin VanAntweren to eulogize James Hemstreet, Esquire.

JUDGE VANANTWERPEN: Thank you, Judge. President Judge McFadden, your Honors, may it please the Court.

We know from official records that James Allan Hemstreet was born in Wilkes Barre on March 16, 1923 to George and Mary Hemstreet. We also know that he entered the first grade early at the age of 4. They actually changed his birth certificate and he skipped a grade as he went through the school system so that he graduated from Easton High School in 1939 when he was only 16. Notwithstanding, his junior years, age-wise he was elected president of both his junior and senior class. And he then went to Muhlenberg College where he was president of his fraternity.

Now, there is, of course, much more to this man than the official records show. And it is difficult to properly sum up any one's life much less a life as full as his within the time customarily allotted for an event such as this. And being cognizant of that, there are four main aspects of Jim Hemstreet's life that come to mind. The first of these is Jim Hemstreet was a member of what has been called the greatest generation. The generation that saved this nation from its greatest threat since the civil war. Indeed, that generation saved the entire world from the insufferable tyranny of the Nazis, and the fascists, and the Japanese warlords, and that generation did all of this after growing up in the worst depression in the history of this nation. If you think 9.2 percent unemployment is bad, imagine 25 percent. In every fourth household the wage earner was out of work.

When World War II broke out, Jim voluntarily left college at Muhlenberg so he could serve as a lieutenant in the United States Navy. He was ultimately placed in command of an LSD, and he was decorated for his service during the war. He saw action in Europe, the Mediterranean and the Pacific theaters. And like most true Vets, the real Vets, Jim didn't talk about the actual fighting very much. Jim's generation is rapidly passing into history. I had mentioned Jim's military service first because of the great debt he owed to all those who answered the call to duty. As I said, the odds were as high as they were everywhere. Everything we hold dear as Americans was at stake. It was a war we had to win, and most of the bar today has no idea what it's like to be in a ship like an LST while cruisers are shooting high explosive ordnance at you

knowing full well that one direct hit will mean the end. Jim once said to me while we were having a few drinks that when people are shooting at you they are trying to kill you. It has a way of getting your full attention, and I think the very least we can do now is to pause and thank Jim and others like him for what they did then. To put it bluntly, if it wasn't for them I'd be talking to you in Japanese or German right now.

The second aspect of Jim's life to stand out is Jim the lawyer. After the war, like so many Vets, Jim went back to college under the GI Bill, and he then went to the University of Pennsylvania Law School, and he graduated in 1949. He was admitted to the Bar. He practiced in Easton in the firm of Hemstreet and Smith. He later practiced with me and with others.

Jim did not particularly enjoy the courtroom; that's no secret. Jim concentrated in four areas of the law: real estate, wills and estates, business clients and municipal law. The firm of Hemstreet and Smith was well known for its formal title services and vast internal title abstract files. They were kept in fireproof lockers in one of the rooms, and they were so vast it's impossible to search an entire title without going to the register of deeds office. You'd go in there thumb through, and you'd come to a house nearby that had already been searched. And the same attention to detail that marked real estate also applied to the wills which he had prepared. He would take the greatest pains pouring over the wording and make sure it was legally correct, and that every eventuality was properly provided for.

And Jim's business clients were numerous. They

included three automobile dealerships, two banks, and many large industrial concerns. Jim had a policy at the office of patronizing the local Americans and clients. He would often pay more for some item he needed to buy it from and support a local merchant.

Jim was also solicitor of Palmer Township. Before I inherited that title from him. Now, I should explain that was in the days before the Sunshine law. Yes, I know Palmer Township has formal scheduled meetings two or four times per month, but the reality was the township was really ran from 7:30 a.m. at Delroy's Diner with Jim, and the supervisor, and the chief of police. And somehow I never managed to get up in time to make those breakfasts; just kind of early when I was younger. Above all, Jim was a distinguished member of our Bar, and his word was his bond.

And from the practice of law we move into the third aspect of Jim's life, and that is the occupation for which he's known best to the public. Jim, the politician. Yes, Jim was a politician, and the word gives us all some hesitation because, unfortunately, there's a lot of bad news about some politicians these days. And let me say now that Jim was a good politician, a decent, honest, caring politician. And I'm afraid it will be a long time, if ever, before we see his likes again. Jim loved politics. In fact, he was so interested in politics that when the republican national was held in Philadelphia, he became the proud possessor of a single ticket for admission to that. He had a lot of classmates that wanted to go to that venture. He'd get into the place and wait until he saw someone going out the exit. Then he would take ticket out there and say get it to that guy

out there. Before he was done, he had the whole law school class in there with him all on one ticket. He became a county commissioner, and later was a member of the county counsel from 1964 to the year 2000.

It was the longest term of service in this county, and his portrait now hangs in counsel chambers. He truly cared about Northampton County and its citizens. Often when he would be walking downtown to go to lunch, someone would stop and they might have a complaint, they might have a comment about the way the county was being run, or the way they thought it wasn't being run, and Jim was never too busy to stop. He was never too important to listen to what they had to say.

And it's no secret that it was Jim who put me up to running for Judge in the Court of Common Pleas. I always suspected that Jim thought he was the republican that he didn't have a snowball's chance in you know where. When he called me up on the phone and he said, "You're not going to take this job, are you?" I said, "Well, the thought has crossed my mind." He was upset at my leaving the firm, but I think deep down he understood the call to public service.

We must not forget that Jim accomplished as a member of the minority party of Northampton County and his door was open to any citizen with a problem regardless of the person's party. When our first addition to the courthouse was being constructed, they had to do a great deal of blasting. I don't know that it was always done in the proper manner. Apparently, something I later found out had gone awry in one of the explosions. We first found out about it when a man appears in our

office carrying a bolder that had come through the roof of his house. He demanded to see the "Big Commish". We showed him to Jim's office. He calmed him down, assured him it was taken care of, and it was. I think we can truly say that Northampton County is better off because of Jim's many years of service.

Lastly, we have Jim the very private family man who was devoted to his wife Barbara for 57 years, and his four daughters and 12 grandchildren. In this aspect of his life Jim excelled in his own quiet way. In fact, he met his wife when he was a young lawyer. It was at the water, I believe, Barbara, that that event took place. Jim said the secret was to drink coffee black, liquor straight, and never argue with a woman. Of course, it's more complicated than that. And he had two brothers and sisters. He took his greatest pleasure just being home with his family relaxing with a good nonfiction book from his vast library.

Above all, Jim was a man who loved the law, who loved his family, who loved his country. Now, Jim was a life long Lutheran, but I think he has earned the salutation from an old Moravian Hymn Number 287 of the general hymnal of the Moravian Church. It reads briefly as follows:

"Servant of God well done. Rest from thy loved employed. The battle fought, the victory won, rest in thy Master's joy."

THE COURT: Thank you, Judge.

Last but certainly not least, the Court recognizes Phil Lauer who will eulogize the Honorable William Hogan, Esquire.

MR. LAUER: Thank you, your Honor. May it please the

Court.

In the late 1960s I came to practice law in this courthouse and there was at that point someone we then called a preceptor. And a preceptor was an older lawyer who was expected to assist in determining those things that we couldn't determine as law students. How correctly to relate to the Court, how to relate to the clients, how do we best do this job and do it in an ethical way and in a proper way. My preceptor was a good man, and I think taught me well, or tried to, and the errors I made were my own. But I never forgot one of his points that he stressed to me repeatedly, and that was to never forget that the Hogans were good lawyers, and there were a hell of a lot of them. And I didn't.

I'm going to talk to you about one of those Hogans. William P. Hogan, Senior passed away November last year, November 21, 2008 at the age of 78 years. And I want to point out something that struck me as the morning went on. He was not corrupt. He was not a litigator. He was not a politician although he served his party politically. He was maddeningly quiet and precise. I tried cases with him because he didn't try cases, and occasionally he would grace me with the privilege of helping him with a case, and periodically he would be asked by a Judge to say something. He was quiet. So quiet that I often would have to stand up and repeat what he said because I didn't think the Judge heard it.

So, how does this man make an effect of the type that he did? And I'm thinking about this as everyone's talking, and I think the affect that Bill Hogan made had a lot to do with the fact that he was a

spectacular, good lawyer and brilliant man. It had more to do, I think, with the fact that he was a decent man, that he was an ethical and principled man, and that may be a little bit because he was also, I think, a stubborn man. Stubborn about the things that he believed to be right. He was multi-faceted.

I'd like to talk to you about some of those facets. He graduated from Lafayette College. Well, first of all, interestingly, he was born as a depression baby on June 16, 1930 in Easton, Pennsylvania into a family where there was the flamboyant well-known, highly regarded trial lawyer for a father, Charles Hogan. He had, I think there were six siblings and along them a brother, James Hogan, also a very accomplished trial lawyer.

Bill left Easton after graduating from Lafayette College going to Georgetown law school, graduated from Lafayette in 1952. While at Georgetown he worked, interestingly, for the FBI. He worked not as an agent, but he ended it, as I understand it, as the FBI publisher; that was typically him. The decision, the ease with which he could think and create words served him well in that capacity.

He moved back to Easton in 1955. I'm told that when he moved back here, he moved back here with his wife, Lee, about whom I'll talk in a moment. He moved back here on the day of Hurricane Diane which flooded Easton. He called his father to indicate that he and his wife were on their way back to Easton, and his father told him that he should be careful. He couldn't get up the hill the normal way because the town was flooded. He reported that to his wife and said, you know, dad always

exaggerates. He's a little flamboyant. They were astonished to find out the town had flooded, so his father was telling the truth. He came back to Easton and practiced law with his father for a number of years until his father's passing, and then with his brother, Jim, for a number of additional years. It was an interesting record of where they practiced law. They practiced law in the Drake building until that building got taken down. Then they went across the alley to the Alpha building until there were no more offices there. Then across the street to the Bank building, and then he made a big move in his career, one block to the west on Fourth Street where he practiced law next to an establishment known as Oscar's Deli. And then eventually all the way out to Seventh and Washington Streets where he finished practicing as an office lawyer in 2005.

My knowledge of Bill Hogan was interesting because we had nothing in common with respect to the nature of our practice. Probably very little in common with respect to the nature of our personalities, but I had the highest regard for him, and I consider him to be one of the most influential people in terms of who I am and what I do with my law practice today. He was a transactional lawyer, a wonderful transactional lawyer. He studied -- this is not my field so I may butcher it, but we have what I consider to be a somewhat archaic and crazy way of titling real estate. As compared to some of the western states it requires effort, it requires knowledge and skill. Bill was good at it. Bill did the kind of pre-settlement work that transactional lawyers did, and he did it in an excellent way, and he mentored many younger lawyers along the

way. Bill used to say that by the time you got the settlement it was done, and it wasn't done. It would never be done right.

Some things about him that I find to have been particularly memorable with regards to his transactional work was in a case involving something that eventually resulted in litigation. Someone came to me and said, "Would you please deal with this lawyer on the other side? He's making me a little nuts." And I inquired as to who the lawyer was. I said, "Oh, okay, I can do that. I know him. It's Bill Hogan." So, the case went forward. It was a lot of correspondence back and forth, and the lawyer on the other side became a little impatient that perhaps my transactional methodology wasn't to his liking. So, he began writing to Bill Hogan, and then he began writing back to him, and in about six months he came to me and he said, "Could you settle this case, please?" And I said, "Why?" And he said, "Because Bill Hogan's letters make me feel so inadequate that I can't stand it anymore. Let's just get rid of it." His letters were works of art.

It was Bill's personality that brought these other areas of interest to life for him. The areas that I think meant the most to him were areas such as the study of the constitution. You could talk to Bill about the constitution any time. He knew it. He understood it. He lived it. He lived by it. Many of you may not know this, but before this computer era where all of us are either computer professionals, or we hire people who are, Bill Hogan was the Bill Gates of Easton. I guess he was good at the computer. He came by my office repeatedly, and I would listen to him and learn something about computers; how to use them. I resisted

as long as I could, and eventually took his advice, as many of the rest of us did.

He was not a politician. He was a servant to his community. He served as city solicitor. He was, of course, a democrat. What else would an Irish American family in Easton be at that time? He served his party. He had many interests in addition to those I had mentioned. He struggled for years to have this community retain support and hopefully keep going forever in the Bushkill Park; something that was near and dear to his heart. He became essentially the proprietor of the park. He rebuilt the carousel. And not many of you know this about him, but there's a skating rink there, and he became quite a skater.

His partner in all this was a gentleman known as Neal Fehnel known in the community as Balloons the Clown. The two of them worked tirelessly and ultimately unsuccessfully, but they worked hard for this pet project of theirs. His children told me a story that one day at the park a patron asked, "Are you one of the owners of the park?" And he said, "Yes, I am." And the individual wanted to know are you the lawyer or the clown? Bill responded by indicating he wasn't sure he knew the difference.

Perhaps the most important part of Bill's life was his family. He had six children. He and his wife of 57 years, Lee Hogan, had these six children over a period of 34 years. Bill was reminding people he was fond of all with the same mother and father. He has, in addition, a number of grandchildren who were a joy to him.

The other thing that's happened to me in the preparation

of this speech is that over the last week or so I have received from an incredibly attentive and supportive family group repeated mailings, e-mails and documents which I've tried to incorporate in this, and I ended up 8:30 this morning scrapping my entire speech. They knew him better.

His last years were still occupied with client affairs. He had an extended illness which Bill treated with courage and dignity. Those who knew him until the end and knew his partner, George Bercott, marvelled, I think, at how these two seriously impaired men were both getting in and out of automobiles and going to lunch. He was Bill's daily limosine partner who took him to lunch for many years. They spent time at the establishment I mentioned earlier. Of course, many of you in the audience may not know we heard important decisions made at Delroy's Diner where I don't know that any was decided, but virtually everything was discussed over lunch everyday. Bill was the founding member of that group and certainly enjoyed it to the end. Bill could hardly have had a better friend during his last days than George Burcott. He took marvelous care of him and made sure that he participated in all of this to the very end.

Bill considered his clients his friends. I'm not sure of the wisdom of that, but for him it worked for him. His clients were people who trusted him and he expected to justify that trust. I'm told by one of his daughters that, literally, on the last day of his life a client who was clamoring for something came by to get it, actually saw Bill and spoke to him briefly. And Bill continued the practice of law to the very last day of his life.

I had an interesting interaction with Bill, and maybe that's what explains his affect upon me. I was admitted to practice, and I received, as I told you, the warning from my preceptor about the Hogans. I came to town and rented a house, and found I was living directly next to him. I then eventually moved into an office not far from here, and found myself practicing law next to Bill Hogan. He was a wonderful friend. At a point in time in my life when my parents had passed away within a matter of days of each other, and I was let's just say pretty thoroughly off my game, Bill Hogan found out about it, came to me, rounded me up, took me off somewhere and explained to me what needed to be explained, then encouraged me that that was not an unusual thing to have happened to me. It happens to all of us.

He took care of them. He took care of his clients. Bill Hogan was regarded as a man of charm and good temperament, great intelligence, true kindness, wit, elegance. He leaves behind many of his friends and every sense of a true appreciation of the real commitment expected of a lawyer in his profession. He had no customers. He fully understood the meaning of the word client. He had total confidence in his preparation, and he suffered no breach of effort to protect his client's rights and legal well-being. In those instances when they had, he didn't hesitate to call out anyone advocating bad faith position to balance the scores. We relied on him professionally. We'll remember him with family as a good man who left this world better than he arrived.

And I just wanted to quote to you a portion of something that someone wrote about him shortly after his death. "And when a

lawyer needed a definitive answer to a thorny question involving a will or a deed, he was the go-to guy. There was not a lot flashing, but it was a whole lot of substance."

When we adjourn today I would ask we carry Bill Hogan with us. Thank you.

THE COURT: Thank you. I would be remiss today if I did not mention our beloved Judge Griffo who passed away recently. At the request of his family we're having a separate memorial service for him at a later time.

Our final remarks will come from our current president of the Northampton County Bar Association, Joseph Corpora.

MR. CORPORA: May it please the Court, ladies and gentlemen.

It's most fitting that we're gathered together today in this courthouse here in courtroom Number 1 this year to remember our colleagues of the Northampton County Bar Association that passed away. For as Judge Roscioli noted it is here in this very courtroom that our recently departed members, as young lawyers, took the oath of admission into the Bar and began their careers in this great profession. Some of you present today may have been here for the special inductive ceremonies.

As we've heard this morning these men wore many hats during their legal careers; community leaders, public servants, who, in many cases, contributed their time, and they donated their efforts to the needs of the less fortunate working pro bono for the public good, not out of a desire for position, reward or self recognition, but rather a sense of

public service and professional obligation. But none of this should come as a surprise. That's part of our calling as lawyers.

What is more noteworthy, though, is the way in which these men practiced law old school. Old school even while technology was changing quickly, and then Spaz resisted getting a fax. While modern technology rapidly entered into their practices, yet they maintained the old school ways in which they practice law. The wisdom they shared, the guidance they gave younger members of the bar were not things that could be found in the Internet search. Their handshake meant more than a confirmation email or fax.

Today was a pause to remember our colleagues. We take time to reflect on their noble contributions to our community as lawyers of the Northampton County Bar. Yes, certainly we grief their loss. Let us also celebrate their careers and honor their memories and express our gratitude of service by carrying on the traditions and customs of the old school ways that they established as members of our Bar.

The Bar associates are sponsoring a reception immediately following the service in the jury lounge. Please join us for that. Thank you.

THE COURT: Thank you, Attorney Corpora.

That concludes today's memorial service. For those of you who will be returning for the call of the argument court list, Judge McFadden will return at quarter to 11.