

Memorial Proceedings for
President Judge Clinton Budd Palmer
Monday, June 25, 1979

Remarks by George Weitzman

May it please the court and my brethren at the bar:

And now, this 25th day of June, 1979, the family and friends of the court and we of the bar have assembled to say a few fond farewells to Judge Palmer, and, fittingly, in this place he loved, where he served us so nobly with grace, charm, wit and justice.

The committee of the Northampton County Bar Association has requested that I assume the substantial task of listing some of the special occasions in the life of our late great President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, Clinton Budd Palmer.

I am quite sure the chronological sequence of events in the life of Judge Palmer is about the last thing he would find pleasant. I find the recitation of it almost overwhelming. I am quite sure he would have been dryly content with the facts of birth on November 16, 1915, and death on February 19, 1979, leaving each of us to fill the colorful inbetween in our own special way, born out of the impact he made on each and every one of us.

Judge Palmer was the son of Dr. C. B. Palmer, a well-known veterinarian with an extensive practice, and Harriet C. VanAiken Palmer. He was a product of the Easton public schools and was graduated from the Easton High School in 1932 and was a life president of his class.

Judge Palmer was graduated in 1937, as befitted a Quaker, from Swarthmore College, with honors; and, thereafter, from the University of Pennsylvania Law School in 1940. From 1941 until he died in 1979, he served superlatively as a public servant. From 1941 to 1946 he was in a combat role in the Navy in the Pacific and in the European Theater of war, being separated from the military service with the rank of Lieutenant Commander. He was married on January 23, 1946, to the lovely Alice May McCluskey, and to them were born son, Clinton, Jr., and daughter, Peggy.

On June 10, 1946, on motion of his father-in-law, the Honorable Frank P. McCluskey, Past President Judge of this County, Clinton Budd Palmer was admitted to the Bar of Northampton County, and in that year, through 1951, he served as Special Assistant to the Attorney General of the United States, and then as Assisant United States Attorney for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania; and then in 1952 he was appointed Assistant District Attorney of Northampton County.

He was elected District Attorney of the County in 1955, and was appointed Judge of this Court in 1956.

At the ceremonies on December 21, 1956, in this room, H. P. McFadden, Esq., moved this Court to read the commission from Governor George Leader, stating on that occasion that Mr. Palmer had "all the attributes of mind and character indispensable for the office of Judge." How right he was! The commission was read by Judge Carleton T. Woodring, and the oath of office was administered by the then President Judge William G. Barthold. Judge Palmer then commenced a judicial career of great effectiveness, after being robed by Judge McCluskey.

In 1957, Judge Palmer was elected for a full ten-year term commencing January 1958, and re-elected for another ten-year term commencing January, 1968, and retained almost by acclamation in 1978 for another ten-year term. When then President Judge Barthold retired on July 1, 1969, Judge Palmer became our President Judge and served in that capacity until his death.

From 1957 to 1979, 22 years on this great bench, Judge Palmer gave devoted, ceaseless, conscientious service, using the humbling power of his office in the cause of all of us, advancing justice without fear or favor. In his role as President Judge of these Courts, he magnificently performed as administrator, making an art form of this difficult assignment.

During this period on the Bench, he served his Commonwealth on a Statewide basis as Fellow of the Pennsylvania Juvenile Court Institute, chaired the Advisory Council of Judges of Pennsylvania on Crime and Delinquency, and was President-elect of the Pennsylvania Conference of State Trial Judges, and, by appointment of the Chief Justice, served on the Judicial Council of Pennsylvania.

This multi-sided man conferred on each and every one of us

sparks from the many fingers of his personality, making rare any association with him.

We are blessed with these memories and enriched. Next to his lovely wife, Alice May, and children, Clinton, Jr., and Peggy, we are the chief mourners.

How he looked and stood, how he walked and talked, how he turned, how he held us in the ambit of his glance, will remain in our mind's eye forever.

Remarks by Herbert Fishbone

May it please the court, distinguished guests and friends.

You have heard a detailing of the landmark events which occurred in Judge Palmer's public life. My remarks result from the intimacy of a friendship of almost 30 years. I have reflected on this very close relationship, and while I don't know and certainly never will know what it was that I contributed to the relationship, I learned certain very important lessons from my friend, Clinton Budd Palmer, some of which I wish to impart into the record. As I do so, I am constrained by the very strong physical sense that my friend is sitting in his accustomed chair in this Courtroom, leaning forward with one hand cupped over his ear, the better to hear me, and very obviously resisting the urge to say to me, "Counselor, will you please get to the point," which I hasten to do.

To my friend, my thanks, especially for teaching me that political office is a decent calling. I could detail and make the subject alone in this eulogy his profound respect for the office which he held; his being ever mindful that it carried with it responsibilities for maintaining the dignity of the Court; that the administration of justice was a highly personal matter requiring a constancy from which one could never relax; and that not least, it was a very important part of our scheme of government. I don't think I can say it more succinctly than I did when I was called the morning after his death by one of the local newspapers for my comment and I replied that "Clinton Budd Palmer was a man who was aware of the great authority which his office carried. His unique quality was that he always exercised it with restraint and compassion." He never forgot that he was a public servant and, therefore, remained accessible to

all members of the public and of the Bar. It was no accident that he was available at all times to members of the Bar to sign routine Orders, even if it was at 10:00 a.m. on Saturday morning at Leslie's Drugstore Coffee Counter. And not to be forgotten is his continuing expression of concern for each of the individuals who was caught in the web of our criminal justice system. One of his own favorites was a long poem by Oscar Wilde from which the following verse may reflect his concern for prisoners:

"I never saw a man who looked
With such a wistful eye
Upon that little tent of blue
Which prisoners call the sky,
And at every drifting cloud that went
With sails of silver by."

More eloquent than anything I could compose is the unique testimony of the action of the prisoners at the Northampton County Prison on the day after his death, when they voluntarily took up a collection among themselves to make a contribution in his memory.

I thank him for teaching me that great responsibility can best be exercised when leavened by wit and civility. There are numerous examples of this, and I choose only two for this moment.

In 1969 he was writing an Opinion in a zoning matter which hinged upon the definition of a "bakery," and in discussing this legal question, he could not resist adding a footnote to his Opinion, which I quote to you:

"It was suggested by counsel for appellee at argument — perhaps facetiously — that a bagel is a baked doughnut, and conversely, a doughnut is a fried bagel. The similarity in appearance — if not in taste — has led one expert to observe that 'bagels are known as doughnuts with a college education.'"

The case has ever since been known as "The Bagel Case."

A recent example of his approach to matters which might seem to counsel to be momentous but which, in proper perspective, do not add anything very important to the law but must be disposed of in the routine business of the Courts, I transmit to you from a matter which arose in our office. It was decided by Judge Palmer a short time before his death, and is

known in our office as the "burning issue trilogy." We filed a Complaint on a subject whose nature is not relevant here. The Defendant was motivated to file a Preliminary Objection in the nature of a Motion to Strike. Counsel for the Defendant, in submitting a Brief, stated, "Nothing is gained by the inclusion of this language in the pleading. Its presence does nothing more than add fuel to a fire already out of control." Our own Brief replied, "If, as defense counsel alleges, the presence of this allegation does nothing more than to 'add fuel to a fire already out of control,' then this author would submit that the parties are already scorched, that no further injury results from this, and that the best way to douse the entire matter would be to proceed to the tribunal forthwith to determine the issues clearly alleged." Judge Palmer disposed of this weighty matter with the following Order.

"And now, this 3rd day of January, 1979, after review of the torrid Briefs of able counsel, Defendant's Preliminary Objection in the nature of a Motion to Strike is hereby extinguished and dismissed."

I thank my friend for setting an example in his own lifestyle of complete freedom from religious, racial or ethnic prejudice. I need not enlarge on this. I know that everyone present is aware of it.

I thank my friend for teaching me the difference between fashion and style. It was not for him to watch the gradually expanding width of neckties. He remained firm in his conviction that style dictated the wearing of a necktie not wider than one and one-half inches, and he was vindicated by the most recent fashion. I will not impart to you the secret which I possess of the source of his continuous supply at a time when fashion dictated a scarcity.

I thank my friend for teaching me the importance of flexibility in perceiving the changing lifestyles of the younger generation. It should be recorded that his services were very much in demand in performing marriage ceremonies. His flexibility was best demonstrated in the language of the ceremony as it would vary to meet the special procedures which were required by the couples whom he was to join in marriage.

I thank my friend for teaching me an appreciation of English history.

I thank him for initiating me into the epicurean appreciation of good food and wine. It is probably a matter of general knowledge that we were members of a small group who experimented with the cooking of what are known as gourmet foods and that, in the process, we learned very much about good wines and fine food. Not infrequently, this Court adjourned early on days when the group dined. It is not a common experience to know a man intimately who enjoyed the reading of Cookbooks and recipes for pleasure.

Last, but not least, I record my appreciation of his love of good books and his fondness for poetry. He was addicted to various forms, some rarities such as doggerel, and the mutant form of poetry known as the limerick. I can find no more fitting words with which to conclude this than to read from one of his favorite poems by Eugene Field:

Once on a time a friend of mine prevailed on me to go
To see the dazzling splendors of a sinful ballet show;
And after we had reveled in the saltatory sights,
We sought a neighboring cafe for more tangible delights.
When I demanded of my friend what viands he preferred,
He quoth: "A large cold bottle, and a small hot bird."

Fool that I was, I did not know what anguish hidden lies
Within the morceau that allures the nostrils and the eyes.
There is a glorious candor in an honest quart of wine,
A certain inspiration which I cannot well define.
How it bubbles, how it sparkles, how its gurgling seems to say:
"Come! On a tide of rapture let me float your soul away."

Remarks by Charles H. Spaziani

It would be appropriate that a few days after a fight, the telephone would ring, and invariably it would be the P.J., "Spaz, you looked tired on the tube. I think you better make a little trip," and there was no place better to go than London, and away we would go.

Budd Palmer was a good husband and a good father and a heck of a fine Judge, but he was good in a lot of things. He was a good campaigner, and he loved to campaign — almost as much as Alice — but he felt just as much at ease if he was

talking to the Knights of Columbus in Erie or the Shriners in Lancaster or the VFW in Wilkes-Barre.

He had a way with his wit and charm in telling stories, and he could win anybody over on any point at any time. He loved it, and he did it well.

He loved to travel, and he was a better good-will ambassador for our country in Europe than anybody in the State Department. He never followed the tourist trail. He got off the beaten path out into a little village, and he had a natural instinct and a knack for finding a little place with good food and the best wine. He's responsible for the rose wine, Gran Caruso, from the Village of Ravello being in this area, because when a group of us and a bunch of crazy lawyers, following the judge, came upon the village and tasted the wine, six hours later we decided it was the best anywhere in Europe. We now have rose wine from the Village of Ravello in the Lehigh Valley.

He liked to tell stories, stories about the time he was in the Navy, but not war stories, humorous stories, and usually at his own expense.

He loved to tell the story about the time when he was stationed in England, in the southern part of the island. They were out on a little party, as you know our GIs did once in a while, and it was a foggy night. And at about four o'clock in the morning, a bunch of officers were driving back to London in a jeep. Unbeknownst to them, there was a circus in the area, and an elephant had gotten loose. And they were going up the road at four o'clock in the morning, in the fog, and they passed an elephant. Nobody said a word for about ten minutes; and finally, Budd turned and said to one of his fellow officers, "Did you see something back there?"

He just loved to tell stories about serving his country, but doing it in some of the most unusual ways: At Claridge's Hotel in London, being in the crazy type of bathrooms they have in London, where they have call cables to call for the valet or the night servant or the night maid, at two o'clock in the morning ringing the bell for the maid, and a little old English gentleman walked in and said, "Did you ring, sir?" and Budd looked at him and said, "Well, I rang for the maid," and the old man said, "You're not the first American that stayed at this hotel."

You know, the P. J. had an inchoate sense of justice. He

could mold the law to fit the facts and circumstances when they were warranted.

Herb told of the prisoners at the county prison taking up a collection at the time of his death. He was at his best when he was trying a case where an individual deserved some consideration, but still within the realm of our judicial system. On a Thursday afternoon of criminal court, when trying a case without a jury with some nice old gent from up-county when the man was charged with being a little tipsy and the evidence was overwhelming because a bunch of police officers from the Slate Belt really had an open-and-shut case, Judge Palmer turned to the old gent and he said, "You know, if you had some character witnesses that would come in and attest to your reputation for sobriety, for being a law-abiding citizen, good character witnesses, that would be enough to raise a reasonable doubt and we could find you not guilty. Now, do you have any witnesses that could come in here and attest to your reputation?" The old gent looked consternated, and he said, "You know, Judge, everybody in Wind Gap loves me," and the Judge said, "That's enough. That's reasonable doubt."

Who else but the P. J. would sentence a man to prison and have the compassion for the individual, months later, to con the defense lawyer to be the best man, to con a couple of fellow lawyers to donate a cake, and another fellow lawyer to be the photographer and to perform the wedding at the prison, and then find out not many months later that everybody's getting sued because we infringed on his constitutional rights in having the audacity to perform a wedding at the prison? He was that kind of guy. Beautiful.

And, you know, he got such joy out of so many things, but especially watching Alice and Peggy and Clint; the joy he got in Puerto Rico watching Alice learn how to roll dice with some two-dollar bettor looking over her shoulder, or carrying an iron lamp from the Village of Ese, on the Riviera, on her lap all the way back from Europe; or going to Israel with Peggy; or watching Clint make a bathtub out of wood.

He was a good guy. He meant a lot to a lot of us. He passed our way, and he left his mark, and I think most of us are richer because of him.

Remarks by
The Honorable Carleton T. Woodring

Judge Williams, my fellow citizens.

President Judge Williams will speak for the Court, and I will try not to usurp his subject matter. But as one who was closely associated with Clinton Budd Palmer for more than a quarter of a century, I am constrained to make a few observations. Our association began when he was an assistant district attorney. He prosecuted many cases in my Court, was always well prepared, and presented the commonwealth's case in a capable and effective manner. More than that, however, Budd was always able to relieve the boredom of a routine trial by introducing some facet of human interest and concern into each case. It was fun to try cases with Budd Palmer.

In 1957, he and I campaigned together. I might add, parenthetically, with his lovely wife. Budd Palmer was campaigning for a full term following his appointment to the bench, and I for my second term. For me, campaigning was an unpleasant task, but I must confess that to do so with Budd Palmer was, in not a few instances, enjoyable. His sense of humor helped bridge over countless situations which otherwise would have been most difficult.

Budd was my colleague on the bench for 12 years until my retirement in January of 1968. What a bench: My lifelong idol and friend, President Judge William G. Barthold, Judge Palmer and I. Those were my halcyon years, the happiest and most satisfying of my judicial career. The close spirit of cooperation, the common purpose to improve the administration of the judicial system, and the social and personal relationship between the Judges was delightful. It all went to make work a real pleasure.

Judge Palmer contributed in large measure to the attainments of the Court during that period. His kind spirit, consideration for others and his latent but restrained sense of humor served as an invaluable intermediary between the Bench and Bar and between the Court and the County Commissioners.

Someone has said "Appreciation is the hallmark of a gentleman." Budd never failed to express his appreciation, and was a gentleman in the highest sense of the word. He never failed to express his personal thanks to me at the conclusion of each term of Court in which I had assisted since my retirement.

Apropos of Judge Palmer's thoughtfulness, kindness, generosity and foresight, upon my retirement, he suggested that I should share his chamber. That I did, and the tenancy by sufferance existed to the day of his death. Those 12 years brought Budd Palmer and me ever closer and enabled me to continue to breathe and live in a judicial environment.

Yes, he was inherently kind and a delightful companion. He is being and will continue to be missed by me and many, by people in all walks of life. His legal and judicial careers will serve as an inspiration for the Judges and lawyers throughout many future years.

Remarks by
The Honorable Richard D. Grifo

President Judge Williams, Judge Franciosa, Judge Woodring, Alice May Palmer, Peggy Palmer Maggio, members of the Northampton County Bar, and friends of Clinton Budd Palmer.

A person is measured by his contributions to his family, to his friends, to his profession and to his community. Clinton Budd Palmer met those measures as a husband, as a father, as a friend, as a lawyer and as a jurist. A little in each of us has died with his passing. I am happy to have been his friend and proud to have been his colleague as a lawyer and as a Judge. All of us whom he has touched will miss him.

Remarks by
The Honorable Michael V. Franciosa

My colleagues on the Bench and the Bar, ladies and gentlemen.

The features of Judge Palmer's long tenure on this Bench are being covered by other speakers. His outstanding career does merit the many tributes which are being paid to his unremitting service in improving this State's judiciary. These memories recalled to this point certainly have made it clear that Judge Palmer — Budd Palmer, as we called him — was not a stuffy man.

I, too, shall remember him best as a joyous companion. I found that he was always welcome at any gathering, not only for his reputation as a Judge, but for his humor and wisdom.

His passing is visibly and profoundly felt by those of us with whom he had daily contact.

Remarks by
The Honorable Alfred T. Williams, Jr.

It is altogether appropriate that on this first day of a new week of civil court the Bench and Bar of Northampton County follow the custom of noting on the records of this Court the life and contributions and passing of one of its members.

The reason for this occasion — the passing of President Judge Clinton Budd Palmer — could and should have been delayed for many years, but over such events even a Judge has no control.

We have heard a chronology of the life of Clinton Budd Palmer, and a fair appraisal of his character, his learning and his activities from both lawyers and Judges. It is our purpose to pay tribute to him and express our feelings of regret as we note his passing and inscribe upon the records of this Court a tribute to his memory.

I'm certain that almost each person in this courtroom has his own memories, his own recollection, his own anecdotes. Clearly, Judge Palmer still lives in the hearts of his friends

and loved ones. The sincere friendliness, courtesy and the many other characteristics which endeared him to everyone still live among us and will always be remembered.

Judge Palmer also still lives in the character of his work in this Court, and it is to this phase of his life that I will attempt to direct my remarks. The members of this Court have always been in close contact with each other and none of us are under any illusions as to the mental equipment of his brethren. Constant and close association discloses the strengths and weaknesses of each of us.

From the time of Judge Palmer's appointment to the Bench in December, 1956, following the death of Judge Frack, he was the "baby judge" for eleven years with Judges Barthold and Woodring. In addition to carrying a full share of the load with them, he frequently accepted assignments to sit in Philadelphia County, where he established an unusually favorable reputation for a visiting Judge.

During the last year of President Judge Barthold's tenure, Judge Palmer assumed more and more of the increasing administrative burden of the Court. Judge Barthold frequently said that "By the time we finished discussing a problem at lunch and I got back to my office, Judge Palmer had it solved."

He was appointed President Judge on July 1, 1969, and until his death on February 19, 1979, he led this Court in the fullest sense of the word, not authoritatively but by the strength of his own dynamic personality. We can attest to the courage of conviction, the sound learning and painstaking study that characterized Judge Palmer's work. He possessed in abundance the qualities which go to make a great Judge — intellect, courage, compassion, a sense of humor and a sense of presence — that ability to relate the past to the future — and of justice. He was not afraid of hard work or painstaking legal research. It was difficult to ever get him to take a vacation of more than a few days. He enjoyed good lawyers and legal problems and the work of a Judge.

Probably due in part to his remarkable genealogy, Judge Palmer was always a student of history. He had a sense of history and, as with others before him, he loved this courtroom — despite its damnable acoustics. With the permission and assistance of the late Charles Maxwell, Esq., he arranged the

portraits here to his own taste and was able to tell the life story of each subject — which he did to his law clerk each year and to any others who would listen.

Indicative of the caliber of Judge Palmer's judicial work is the fact that of the well over one thousand opinions handed down by him during his career, only eighteen were reversed by the appellate courts while the balance were either affirmed or not appealed at all. And yet there was no egotism in this, for he was devoted to achieving the just result he felt was required by the record. He took delight in recalling the case in which he was reversed not only by the majority opinion of the Supreme Court, but by the dissenting opinion as well.

He reserved his greatest patience for young lawyers, doing his utmost to permit them to get their best case before the jury; but those lawyers, new or experienced, who mistook patience for weakness or his wit for lack of knowledge of the rules of evidence or law or who misrepresented the truth could expect to see a reddish hue begin at the collar of his robe and rise quickly to squelch the miscreant. There were but a few who were able to generate this response in him.

Judge Palmer was a man of principle and courage. This was shown time and again by his reserving to himself the more difficult and sensitive cases, such as the perjury cases that resulted from the 1967 grand jury investigation, the so-called Vietnamese refugee assault case, and the exclusion of the press from a pretrial hearing a few years ago which was erroneously described as a "gag order," and his 1977 order ruling that magistrates had no authority to exclude the press from those hearings, which was applauded as a protection of a free press.

To symbolize Judge Palmer's courage and principle, others, including Mr. Fishbone this morning, have referred to his adoption of narrow one and one-half inch ties during his naval days and the way in which he remained firm and loyal to them throughout his life, though fashion went to three and four inches and more. You can imagine how difficult it was to get such narrow ties during the past 20 years. The laughter in this courtroom this morning is most appropriate, and it would just be wrong to attempt to conduct these services and this memorial without at least a mild effort at humor in reminiscing.

Judge Palmer's special interest was the criminal law, both

substantive and procedural. As President Judge, he handled a disproportionate share of guilty pleas and sentencings — the most difficult task assigned to a Judge. It was in this area that he acquired a well-deserved reputation for fairness and compassion, for firm but just decisions.

As a Judge, Budd Palmer's talents came to full growth — only to be cut down before he might be able to fully enjoy it.

He was one of the founders of the Pennsylvania Trial Judges Conference 15 or so years ago because he, with a few other Judges, believed that there was a need for judicial education and uniform policies throughout the state long before the 1968 Constitution mandated a unified judicial system. And it is significant that he was an original member of the short-lived Judicial Council, which attempted to further the same goals. A month from today he was to begin a term as President of the Trial Judges Conferences — a difficult and weighty office, but indicative of the esteem in which he was held by Judges throughout the state.

While he had spent many of his lawyering days as a prosecutor in the office of the U. S. Attorney for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania and as Assistant and then District Attorney of Northampton County, he never adopted a prosecutor's attitude as a Judge. He was an early member of the advisory council to the National Council of Crime and Delinquency, an organization which years ago was in the forefront of trying to change prisons from warehouses into rehabilitative and treatment centers, because he knew and recognized that almost every criminal defendant returns to his community.

As a result of his leadership, we were and are the only judicial district in the state with a regular sentencing council, a program designed to reduce disparity in sentencing as well as the individual bias of a Judge.

When Judge Sidney Hoffman, now a Senior Judge of the Superior Court and a close friend of Judge Palmer's, began a preindictment probation program in Philadelphia to give non-violent first offenders an opportunity to clear their records, Judge Palmer transplanted the idea to Northampton County with just the flimsiest authority under the procedural rules, but it worked, and the program is now in effect throughout the state.

On the civil side — court control of cases after filing, rules

to speed disposition of preliminary objections, mandatory pre-trial conferences and settlement conferences were introduced by Judge Palmer in an effort to meet the rising tide of litigation that we have faced. "Palmerized" has become an expression of legal art in this jurisdiction. Lawyers were invited into his chambers to "show cause why the case can't be settled before you get a chance for trial!"

It was exciting and challenging to be a member of this court under Judge Palmer because we always felt that we were on the front edge of what was happening in the law and that we were not merely observers or even passive participants as the Court. You couldn't be in his company!

Reference has been made this morning to Judge Palmer's lovely wife, Alice, who campaigned and supported and comforted him throughout these years. One of the Judge's most difficult jobs in 1977 was to convince this daughter of a Judge that in a retention election he wasn't supposed to be out on the campaign trail every evening and weekend. Their children, Peggy and Clint, were greatly loved and returned that love to their father. It was one of Judge Palmer's joys that in late December, a few weeks before his death, he and Clint spent an evening together in a favorite pastime — reading poetry aloud. Obviously, our loss does not compare with theirs.

These words come with difficulty, and the event still seems unreal. I fully expect to meet him in chambers one of these mornings just back from a trip to his beloved England and full of stories of cathedrals and Cambridge and luncheons at lovely country inns and the difficulty of getting fresh orange juice in England — or the sign in the little town of Bourton-on-the-Water that read: "Don't let your dog put a dirty mark on Britain," and his efforts to see that such signs were raised in the City of Easton.

We often shared the view that we were most fortunate in being Judges, doing what we most wanted to do in life. I shall never forget the generous and helpful attitude which he exhibited toward me when I was elected to the Bench and his guidance and help in making the many adjustments and decisions that arise to confront a new Common Pleas Judge. It was a characteristic of his which never changed.

But the actors move. He is gone and we're one less — but not quite!

No more will cases be continued until Guy Fawkes Day — a holiday remembered principally by Judge Palmer and his son, Clint. No more the sharp insights, the remembered bits of prose and poetry or the select stories from a vast store of anecdotes about past and present members of the Bench and Bar and of others. There is a line in *Scaramouche*, which he loved, that I believe he sometimes felt applied to him: "He was born with a gift for laughter and a sense that the world is mad!" But Judge Palmer's accomplishments, his outstanding record and his spirit will continue to influence us, Bench and Bar alike, for years to come and will continue to bring honor to his wife and children and to this county which he loved so well.

Just before the Christmas holiday last year, Judge Palmer lost a dear friend in the death of Mariano Saveri, President of the Atlantic Apparel Contractors' Association, and he spent an evening searching poetry for an appropriate passage to read at Mariano's funeral service. He settled upon the closing lines of Milton's *Samson Agonistes* — words which had been used in eulogies for the father of a man who had inspired Judge Palmer and his career, Judge James Gay Gordon, Jr., of Philadelphia — lines frequently quoted by Judge Palmer over the years. They are most appropriate now:

" . . . Come, come, no time for lamentation now,
Nor much more cause: Samson hath quit himself
Like Samson, and heroically hath finish'd
A life Heroic . . .

* * *

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair;
And what may quiet us in a death so noble."

The Court notes the resolution that has been presented and the memorial remarks offered by the Committee of the Bar Association. That resolution is unanimously adopted. We also note the presence of so many distinguished members of our Bar and of the community this morning. Their presence bears further witness to the regard and esteem in which Judge Palmer was held.

The record of these proceedings is ordered transcribed and filed and made a part of the Court Minutes. Copies thereof shall be sent to Judge Palmer's family. When Court adjourns this day, it will do so out of respect for and in honor of Clinton Budd Palmer.

Northampton County Bar Association
Memorial Services Committee:
Herbert Fishbone, Esquire, Chairman
George Weitzman, Esquire
Robert H. Holland, Esquire
Curtis H. Barnette, Esquire
Lawrence J. Briody, Esquire
Charles H. Spaziani, Esquire
Robert A. Freedberg, Esquire
Robert C. Brown, Jr., Esquire
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