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4	PRESENTATION OF THE PORTRAIT of
5	SENIOR JUDGE JOSEPH M. McLAUGHLIN UNITED STATES CIRCUIT JUDGE SECOND CIRCUIT
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7	UNITED STATES DISTRICT JUDGE EASTERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK 1981- 1990
9	Thursday, June 27, 2002
10	4:30 p.m. Ceremonial Courtroom Brooklyn Courthouse
11	Brooklyn Courthouse
12	Welcoming Remarks:
13	Chief Judge Edward R. Korman Eastern District of New York
14	Speakers: Judge I. Leo Glasser
15 16	Senior United States District Judge Eastern District of New York
	P. Kevin Castel, Esq.
17	President, Federal Bar Council
18	T. Edward Tighe, Esq.
19	Former Law Clerk, Judge McLaughlin
20	Remarks by Judge Joseph M. McLaughlin
21	Remarks by Judge Joseph M. Mellaughilin
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1	(In the Ceremonial Courtroom.)
2	CLERK OF THE COURT HEINEMANN: All rise.
3	This special session of the United States District
4	Court for the Eastern of New York is now open for the
5	presentation of the portrait of the Honorable Joseph M.
6	McLaughlin, Senior United States Circuit Judge for the Second
7	Circuit, and formerly United States District Court Judge for
8	the Eastern District of New York.
9	Chief Judge Edward R. Korman and the Board of
10	Judges will preside.
11	CHIEF JUDGE KORMAN: Judge McLaughlin, Chief
12	Judge Walker, my colleagues on this court, Judges of the
13	Court of Appeals, members of Judge McLaughlin's family, it is
14	my pleasure to welcome you here today for the ceremony in
15	honor of Judge McLaughlin, who served as a judge of our court
16	for nine years before he was appointed as a judge of the
17	United States Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit.
18	Judge McLaughlin left us on October 17, just one
19	day after his certificate of appointment was signed by the
20	President. Some explanation is necessary for this delay
21 22	that is, this delay in honoring him today. Some seven years ago, after he became Chief Judge,
23	Tony Sifton inaugurated the tradition of honoring our senior
24	judges who continue to serve. As most of you know we could
25	not function without the aid of our senior judges and, of

course, since they have the option of retiring at full salary, the service they render is a gift to the Court and to the people of the United States.

Tony engaged the services of Michael Spano, who has been described as an artist among photography's greatest innovators, to do the portraits of our senior judges. The product of his work adorns the wall to my left of this ceremonial courtroom.

My contribution to this effort was to begin a project to secure portraits of each of the judges who have served on our court. Judge McLaughlin is one of the most ablest and distinguished of our predecessors and the gift of his continued service on the Second Circuit surely qualifies him for this place of honor.

It is a tribute to those who are involved in selecting the judges of our court over the last half century that his photograph is preceded by a group of judges that includes several of the most able trial judges to have graced the federal bench in the United States.

The reputation of the Court, particularly one as small as ours, reflects the character, judgment and wisdom of the men and women who administer justice here every day.

Over the last four decades the appointments to our court have come from three diverse pools of talent and experience:

Those who have spent their careers in public

service, and whose work has been acknowledged and rewarded by judicial appointment; those who have combined experience in the political arena with distinguished careers in public service. Our late colleague, Gene Nickerson, who is the only one of that group to actually win elective office, came from that particular pool of talent.

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Of course, the third group came from the academic world. The first such appointment was our senior colleague, Jack B. Weinstein, who I have often described here as a "jewel of the federal judiciary." Then came Joseph McLaughlin, who was the dean of Fordham law school, who we honor today, and I. Leo Glasser, who was the dean of Brooklyn Law School, and whose service overlapped almost completely Joe McLaughlin's service on this court. And last, but of course not least, David Trager, who was also a former dean of Brooklyn Law School, who succeeded Leo Glasser in that position, and who joined us in 1993.

The scholarly judicial work of these judges, their temperament and common sense and their experience in the world of thought and ideas was both a resource to their colleagues and a blessing to those who appeared before them. It is fitting then that our first speaker today is Judge I. Leo Glasser, who served, as I said, with Joe almost from the date that the two were appointed.

Judge Glasser.

JUDGE GLASSER: I was at an occasion not very long ago at which Judge McLaughlin was honored. After being introduced in laudatory terms which were embarrassingly exaggerated, he rose in reply and said, "I am reminded of Patrick O'Reilly who couldn't swim, fell into a vat of Guinness and was heard to intone on his way down, "Lord, I pray that my mouth is equal to the task."

2.

In trying to prepare for this afternoon, I casually browsed through several volumes of the Federal Reporter, on the spine of which there is sometimes found a small black label which reads "Presentation of Portrait" of a named judge. The remarks made on presentations I read were invariably filled with praise. In this District, however, experience has been that the occasion lends itself to a eulogy or a roast, or a subtle blending of the two. The competing demands of truth and friendship are, for me, too difficult to reconcile to be able to do justice to either a eulogy or a roast. And I couldn't effectively play the role of devil's advocate either.

The devil's advocate, you may recall, was designated by the Roman Catholic Church to subject to the most corrosive criticism any proposal to canonize a saint -- not to destroy the nominee's reputation, but to make certain he was worthy of the great honor.

I had some doubts about mentioning this at all.

Knowing a little bit about the wit of lawyers when it comes to talking about judges, I thought about the possibility that Judge McLaughlin would be referred to after today as "The Saint," but then I decided that, nah -- nobody would ever call him that. In any event, a corrosive criticism is not something that can conceivably be leveled at Joe.

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I will also not dwell on Joe's virtues. The reputation that he rightfully earned -- as a teacher, a scholar, a judge, and by his service to the profession as a whole by membership on numerous bar association committees for which he was recently honored -- is surely known by every person in this room. I would be remiss, however, if I didn't acknowledge the devotion and support of his charming wife, Frances, and of his admiring family, all of whom contributed to and undoubtedly made his impressive accomplishments possible.

In thinking about the remarks I would make this afternoon, I was struck with how similar our lives have been and how frequently our paths have crossed over the years.

We were both editors-in-chief of law reviews and spent a good number of years on the full-time faculties of our respective law schools. I first met Joe approximately 35 or more years ago when we both gave bar review lectures under the auspices of The Practicing Law Institute. I guess that over the years we lectured to 50,000 or more lawyers. I used

to wonder in those days when the Italian-American

Anti-Defamation League would descend in protest upon Joe's evidence lecture. He generously sprinkled that lecture with criminal law hypotheticals in which the defendant was always named Del Vermo -- never Murphy or Goldberg or Kowalski -- but always Del Vermo.

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Years went by, Joe was the dean of Fordham Law School and I was the dean of Brooklyn Law School and our paths would cross again at meetings of the Association of American Law Schools or at the ABA Section of Legal Education.

In November of 1981, Joe was appointed to the bench of this court -- and I was one month later. In 1983, Joe accepted an application of a young woman who came clear across the country to Brooklyn Law School from California to spend the fall semester of her third year as a student intern in his chambers. My son Jim was at Brooklyn Law School at the time. The two met at Woolworth's one day, subsequently married, and are the parents of two of my ten grandchildren. I don't believe I ever told you that, Joe, that you were the proximate cause of all that, and I thank you belatedly for enriching my life in that fortuitous way.

When the photos of the rest of us up there were unveiled, Judge Gleeson made the presentation, which was priceless. Looking up at them, he said that he understood

that the United States Attorney's Office, as part of its effort to sign up accomplice witnesses, started bringing them down here and telling them that if they don't cooperate they'll be indicted. Then, he said, the assistants point to those photos and tell them if they get indicted, there's a good chance their case will be assigned to one of those men. I suspect that what they will do now is tell them if they go to trial, get convicted, and then appeal, the chances are good that their case will be heard by that man at the end.

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Judge McLaughlin served on this court from 1981 to 1990, when he departed for Foley Square. Having spent nine years in this, the most collegial of federal courts, having had the enviable position of being what someone once described as a shamefully underpaid spectator of the greatest show on earth, and having been on the Court of Appeals for some 12 years now, I wondered what Judge McLaughlin's view would be of what the late Judge Wyzanski was reputed to have said about being asked to serve on the Supreme Court. He said it was like being asked to spend a night with Cleopatra. First, of course, you would accept; second, you would have some doubts about your ability to perform; and, third, after you had done it, you would find that it wasn't as much fun as you thought it would be. We know, Joe, that you have performed admirably on Foley Square, and we hope that it has been as much fun for you as you might have thought it would

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My law clerks tell me that a WestLaw search revealed 580 published decisions during the nine years that Judge McLaughlin was here, with an indication that only 15 of those appear to have been reversed. Now that is a remarkable record. Those of us who are familiar with his opinions may wonder whether the 565 that were affirmed were written in Latin.

Many years ago, when I had a more immediate interest in such things, I read a book by Gilbert Highet, entitled "The Art of Teaching." Highet was the Anton Professor of Latin Language and Literature at Columbia. that book, he devoted several pages to the powerful force of tradition. I recalled that book as I thought about the purpose served by these unveiling ceremonies and those purposes became apparent. To preserve tradition for an institution instills a sense of belonging among us and demands some responsibility for keeping that tradition alive. The tradition that we observe here today not only instills a sense of belonging among us, it also serves the purpose of memorializing for future generations the judges who served here and of whom it hopefully will be said, they served with a sensitivity to injustice without regard to the race, color, creed or gender of the litigants who came before them and who, through the classrooms that are their courtrooms,

transmitted the values of a free and civilized society.

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I am told that the portrait or photograph of no former or senior Court of Appeals judge hangs on the walls of that court and that no or virtually no portrait of a former or senior judge of the Southern District hangs on the walls of that court. The reason why that is so is apparently not known, or may be as obscure as the reason given by the old farmer who wouldn't tell the "drummer" -- the traveling salesmen, that is -- what the time of day was.

The story is told by Joseph Mitchell of an old farmer who lived beside a little branch line railroad in South Jersey, and every so often he'd get on the train and go to Trenton to buy himself a crock of apple jack directly from the distillery. He did that one morning, went to Trenton, bought his crock, and that afternoon got on the train for the trip home. Just as the train pulled out, he took his gold pocket watch from his vest, looked at it and put it back. A drummer sitting across the aisle leaned over and said, "Friend, what time is it?" The farmer looked at him and said "Won't tell you." The drummer thought he was hard of hearing and spoke louder. "Friend, what time is it?" "Won't tell you, " the farmer repeated. The drummer, exasperated, said, "For Lord's sake, why don't you tell me the time of day?" "If I was to tell you the time of day," the farmer said, "we'd get into a conversation, and I got a crock of spirits

between my feet and in a minute I'm going to take a drink and $% \left(1\right) =\left(1\right) \left(1\right) $
if we were having a conversation, I'd ask you to take a drink
with me and you would and soon I'd take another and I'd
ask you to do the same and you would and we'd get to
drinking, and then the train'd would come to the stop where ${\tt I}$
get off, and I'd ask you to get off and spend the afternoon
with me and you would and we'd walk up to my house and
sit on the front porch and drink and sing, and along about
dark my old lady would come out and ask you to take supper
with us and you would and after supper I'd ask you if
you would care to drink some more and you would and
it'd get to be real late and I'd ask you to spend the night
in the spare room and you would and along about two in
the morning I'd get up to go the john, and I'd pass my
daughter's room and there you'd be, in there with my
daughter, and I'd have to turn the bureau upside down and get
out my pistol, and my old lady would have to get dressed and
go down the road to get the preacher, and I don't want no
god-damned son-in-law who don't own a watch."
Joe, we don't care whether you do or don't own a
watch but we're very happy to have you hanging in our courthouse.
(Applause.)

CHIEF JUDGE KORMAN: Our next speaker is Kevin Castel, the President of the Federal Bar Counsel.

1	MR. CASTEL: Chief Judge Korman, Honorable
2	Judges, Judge McLaughlin, members of the Judge's Family,
3	Ladies and Gentlemen:
4	I embarked on the study of law approximately 30
5	years ago this September, and although I did not have the
6	benefit of a Fordham education, it was by spring of my first
7	year that I knew of this giant in the field of New York
8	practice named Joseph M. McLaughlin.
9	Now, unlike some of my culturally impoverished
10	classmates, no one needed to tell me that it was not
11	pronounced "MacLoff-lin."
12	And I learned that, like the writings of St.
13	Augustine, McLaughlin's Commentaries on the CPLR were not
14	scripture themselves, but they gave a scholar a more profound
15	understanding of the sacred text.
16	So, with all due respect, Judge Glasser, I believe
17	that Judge McLaughlin has a legitimate claim on sainthood in
18	a very liberal sense.
19	Upon completion of my academic studies, it came
20	time to study for the New York Bar, and I was one of the
21 22	50,000 students who attended the Practicing Law Institute seminars at the time. But I was a little bit leery of making
23	the rather uncertain journey from Queens to Manhattan, so I
24	sat in an empty classroom in front of a reel-to-reel tape
25	recorder listening to the disembodied voice of a person I had

1	never laid eyes on, one Professor Joseph M. McLaughlin
2	expounding on the tales of Del Vermo.
3	Now, in my mind, after listening to Professor
4	McLaughlin for the 37th hour, I decided that he probably
5	looked like a cross between Mel Allen and Joe Garagiola.
6	I went on to clerk for a Fordhamite by the name of
7	Judge Kevin Thomas Duffy, who sits on a far and distant
8	shore, and throughout the clerkship I heard about the
9	witticisms of Dean McLaughlin. I then moved to Cahill Gordon
10	& Reindel, and there I heard stories about a former associate
11	by the name of Joe McLaughlin, who was a hard worker and had
12	a great sense of humor. I began to wonder how many Joe
13	McLaughlins there were in this town.
14	And over the years, McLaughlin, the educator, has
15	made it his mission to shine the light of knowledge in the
16	dark corners of our society. Let me give you a couple of
17	examples:
18	A couple of years ago, Judge McLaughlin was
19	honored by the New York County Lawyers Association with their
20	highest award, and he came to the dinner in New York County
21 22	and proceeded to lecture this proud organization, not about their own County, but of the virtues of growing up in
23	Brooklyn. For him, education is an exercise which requires

Now, in a similarly bold move, Judge McLaughlin

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great courage.

was asked to address the Society of the Friendly Sons of
St. Patrick at their anniversary dinner in March of 1987.
Instead of starting off with cheap applause lines
Judge McLaughlin would have none of that he proceeded to
reeducate the audience on Virgil, Homer, Rudyard Kipling.
Only then did he launch into a description of Irish funerary
practices.

And with the zeal of a missionary, Judge
McLaughlin has taken the Tales of Del Vermo into the Borough
of Queens by teaching at my alma mater, St. John's, where he
has faithfully served as an adjunct professor from 1992 to
1997.

Contrary to what you may have heard, today is not the public hanging of Judge McLaughlin; that apparently has already taken place.

We honor Judge McLaughlin today for his service to the citizens of the District and the country and, yes, it's true, he authored 500 opinions on the District Court, and I came up with a number of about 268 opinions since leaving the District Court. So you can see where most of his writings are placed.

His opinions are really like finely cut crystal.

The reasoning is transparent and the logic is clear. He has instilled respect for our system in untold hundreds of jurors and citizens who have been sworn in, in this courtroom and

1	elsewhere. As future generations gaze upon this handsome
2	portrait, I have no doubt that they will agree that Judge
3	McLaughlin looks nothing like Joe Garagiola or Mel Allen.
4	Judge McLaughlin is bright, wise, and keenly
5	interested in people. Judge McLaughlin is held in extremely
6	high regard by the Bar, and on behalf of the 1700 members of
7	the Federal Bar Council, and all practicing lawyers in this
8	District and throughout the City of New York and the entire
9	Second Circuit, I congratulate him on this great honor.
10	(Applause.)
11	CHIEF JUDGE KORMAN: Our next speaker is Judge
12	McLaughlin's first law clerk, Edward Tighe.
13	MR. TIGHE: Thank you, Judge Korman.
14	I wasn't actually Judge McLaughlin's first law
15	clerk, perhaps his first law clerk of historical
16	significance.
17	Speaking ahead of Judge McLaughlin, I feel a
18	little like Frank Sinatra, Junior, just warming up the crowd
19	for the Old Man. By the way, no good can possibly come of
20	this.
21 22	At any rate, I appear today on behalf of McLaughlin clerks everywhere the long gray line. At last
23	count we numbered 36, slightly fewer than the College of
24	Cardinals in Rome, but better instructed by the Judge in
25	matters of Canon Law.

1	That's our group photo hanging in the back of the
2	courtroom.
3	Well, as did Dickens, let us begin our story at
4	the beginning. March the 10th, 1982:
5	"Dear Ed, I am delighted to offer you a position
6	as my law clerk for the year 1982-83. While this is a
7	one-year clerkship, I would ask you to give some thought to
8	making it a two-year clerkship in the event that after your
9	first year we both agree that this would be a good idea."
10	"I am looking forward to working with you, and I
11	am confident that you will find it a worthwhile experience.
12	Please call Georgene at your convenience to start arranging
13	things for next year. Sincerely, Joseph M. McLaughlin,"
14	signed, I might add, by the Judge's long-time secretary,
15	Kathy Keenan, in her finest Catholic school Palmer method,
16	which, by the way, bears not the slightest resemblance to the
17	Great Man's own imprimatur.
18	At any rate, what came into this world as a humble
19	business record has, with the passage of 20 years, achieved
20	the exalted status of a ancient document and is among my most
21 22	treasured keepsakes. Where has the time gone, Judge?
23	In the summer of 1982, when I reported aboard for
24	duty, the Judge called me into his chambers and offered me
25	the following advice: "Ed," he said, "you only need two

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2	loyalty."
3	I quickly learned that most of the humor would be
4	at my expense, but I also learned that that is the surest
5	sign of the Judge's regard and affection.
6	As to the drafting of his opinions, the Judge
7	instructed me as follows: "If I'm reversed by the Second
8	Circuit then so be it, but I never want to have an opinion
9	remanded for lack of clarity."
10	The first opinion that I worked on, an injunction
11	in a labor dispute, was immediately reversed and remanded
12	but, I hasten to add that each of the Second Circuit judges
13	remarked upon its astonishing clarity. Thankfully, only 14
14	more of the opinions that I worked on were reversed. I can't
15	imagine how Judge Glasser's clerks found them all.
16	My two years with the Judge were easily the best
17	two years of my professional life. During that time, I
18	learned many valuable lessons, one of which has served me
19	well to this very day. When a buddy of mine got into hot

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things to work for me: a sense of humor and a sense of

well to this very day. When a buddy of mine got into hot water for saying too much to a reporter, I shared with him Judge McLaughlin's succinct advice on such matters. Shortly after my arrival in chambers, the Judge began the IRA gun-running case -- a 13-week criminal trial that sparked a tremendous amount of international interest. At any rate, halfway through the trial, a local

news station called to confirm some fact or other, and I went straightaway to the Judge to ask his policy on dealing with the press. He looked up from his reading, took a puff from his cigar and gave me the following instructions: "Give them nothing, and damn little of that." Since that day I have governed myself accordingly.

I also learned quite a lot about the rules of evidence while clerking for the Judge, an acknowledged master of the subject. When one of the IRA defendants took the stand and began a detailed and colorful recitation of the history of Ireland's troubles, the government's lawyer sprang to his feet, objecting on grounds of relevance and moving to strike.

"I'll allow the testimony," said the Judge. "On what grounds?" protested the lawyer. "It's interesting," said the Judge.

But the Judge was quite evenhanded in his treatment of the attorneys in the IRA case. When one of the defendants called an auxiliary bishop from Brooklyn as a character witness, it soon became readily apparent that the bishop had only the foggiest notion of who the defendant was, such that the government hardly bothered to cross-examine.

Taken by surprise, and having no further witnesses lined up, the defendant's counsel asked the Judge to adjourn for the day. At sidebar, the Judge inquired pleasantly,

1	"What's the matter, Murphy, Rent-a-Bishop closed?"
2	At another point in the trial, one of the defense
3	attorneys requested a sidebar to protest one of the Judge's
4	evidentiary rulings. Running low on patience, the Judge
5	finally said, "I thought you told me you were a law
6	professor."
7	"I am, your Honor," said the attorney.
8	"Well it's a good thing you don't teach
9	evidence," said the Judge.
10	"But I do, your Honor," said the attorney.
11	I also recall that at some point during that
12	trial, the Judge's secretary at the time, who shall remain
13	nameless, delivered a note to the Judge on the bench before a
14	jam-packed courtroom. Intending to leave the courtroom
15	through the side door, the secretary instead opened the wrong
16	door and, unbeknownst to the crowd, walked into the lawyers'
17	tiny little cloakroom, where she remained out of
18	embarrassment for some 20 minutes until the Judge mercifully
19	declared a recess and set her free. I can still see her
20	standing there, blinking her eyes in the bright lights of the
21 22	courtroom. Each day when the Judge took the bench, I watched
23	him greet attorneys with courtesy and respect, ready to
24	indulge any colorable claim, as they say. A sunny "What can
25	I do for you?" is invariably the first line of any McLaughlin

1	transcript.
2	Still, he had little patience for incivility or
3	lack of preparation, and was not above restoring a wayward
4	lawyer to his proper place, as only the Judge could do. But
5	I never saw him go overboard in that regard reasonable
6	force under the circumstances was always his rule.
7	I recall the time a woefully unprepared attorney
8	attempted to ingratiate himself with the Judge in chambers by
9	complimenting him effusively on the suit he was wearing. The
10	Judge responded by saying, "Thank you. I'd like to return
11	the compliment, but honesty forbids it."
12	On another occasion, a plaintiff's attorney came
13	before the Judge asking to be removed from his case
14	against his client's wishes, I might add. The attorney
15	actually argued that his client's claim, although
16	meritorious, was not worth as much as the attorney had first
17	believed.
18	The Judge responded by saying, "May I remind you,
19	Sir, that this is a profession. We're not selling ladies'
20	underwear here."
21 22	During oral argument of the summary judgment motion in the Army Chaplaincy case, the plaintiffs, who, to
23	the best of my recollection, were representing themselves,

argued before a crowded courtroom that the Army Chaplaincy

Program was essentially a superfluous anachronism, an

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1	unwarranted drain on the public fisc, and unconstitutional to
2	the core.
3	The Judge, a veteran of the Korean War, listened
4	politely, and when they had finished, said softly, "We found
5	them mighty comforting at Wee Jon Bu."
6	The Judge, as you know, is a masterful writer and
7	a vigilant guardian of the King's English. Once, in an
8	immigration case, the petitioner's lawyer, who was seeking a
9	restraining order against his client's imminent deportation,
10	began his argument by saying excitedly, "Your Honor,
11	circumstances have literally catapulted me into your
12	courtroom this morning."
13	After discretely scrutinizing the ceiling panels
14	for evidence of damage, the Judge assured the lawyer that,
15	given his chosen means of conveyance, he looked none the
16	worse for wear.
17	On another occasion, an enthusiastic attorney used
18	the word "all-bite" continually throughout the course of his
19	argument. Finally, the Judge's curiosity got the best of
20	him. "Spell the word "all-bite," he demanded.
21 22	"A-L-B-E-I-T" said the attorney. "Do you mean 'all-be-it?'" asked the Judge.
23	"I suppose so, your Honor. I've seen the word
24	before, but I've never actually heard it pronounced."
25	Once, in a criminal insurance fraud case, the

1	government's lawyer had skillfully led his cooperating
2	witness to the punch line of his testimony.
3	"What was the condition of the speed boat when
4	you last saw it?" asked the lawyer. "It was completely
5	'mangulated,'" answered the obliging witness.
6	This, of course, prompted several follow-up
7	questions from the Judge.
8	Given the volume of cases that came through the
9	court, sometimes even the Judge made a slip of the tongue,
10	"all-bite" on rare occasions. My favorite was during an
11	arraignment in which the defendant, who was charged with
12	criminal tax evasion, had just entered his plea of not
13	guilty emphasis on the "not."
14	The Judge then concluded the proceeding by telling
15	the defendant, "I want to assure you that nothing will be
16	done to prejudice your rights until the time of sentencing."
17	I also recall the time that an English barrister
18	appeared before the Judge and addressed him continually, and
19	without correction I might add, as "Your Lordship."
20	Subsequently, and for a period of several days, the Judge
21 22	adopted the royal "we" in his dealings with his law clerks. "You there, Clerk. We are most displeased with
23	our draft."
24	In fact, it was at about this time that I asked
25	the Judge if a particular attorney was deserving of his

reputation as a great lawyer. "Ed," the Judge responded,

"there are only a few great lawyers in this whole city, and

we know who we are."

Nor was there ever a dull moment in chambers. One morning I was sitting at my desk, perusing the New York

Post's engrossing cover story: "Headless Body Found In

Topless Bar." My professional reading period was interrupted, however, when the Chief Marshal burst into chambers, demanding to see the Judge immediately.

Months earlier, the Judge had sentenced a gentleman by the name of Sal following his guilty plea. The marshal was there to alert the Judge that Sal had just escaped from a federal penitentiary in Florida and might be headed back to New York.

The reported circumstances of Sal's escape defy belief. Apparently, he was playing left field on the prison baseball team. When the batter connected, Sal was off with the crack of the bat, and, not unlike the ball itself, he was going, going, and ultimately gone -- over the left field fence and through the adjoining swamp. Did I mention that this was a minimum security prison?

When I asked the Judge if he was concerned about

Sal's possible reappearance, he said, "not in the least."

When I asked him why not, he explained that he had recently signed an order directing the prison's warden to provide Sal

with a new set of false teeth. The Judge seemed to believe that if Sal were to show up on the Judge's doorstep, it would only be to say thanks for his dentures.

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Anyone who has ever clerked for Judge McLaughlin can tell you that he remains available long after the clerkship to offer his support and advice.

In 1994, when I was under consideration for a position as a labor attorney at the N.F.L., I listed the Judge as a reference. After my interview with Dennis Curran, the N.F.L.'s counsel, Dennis called the Judge and expressed some misgivings about my candidacy.

Dennis explained that he was looking for someone to represent the N.F.L. Clubs in rough-and-tumble arbitrations against the union, and that I had come across as a little too "academic" to be successful in such endeavors. To which the Judge responded in his inimitable style, "Well, I suppose Tighe could pass himself off as an academic if he thought there were anything in it for him, but I can assure you, you really needn't worry on that account." All lingering doubts about my pedigree having been satisfactorily resolved by His Honor, I was hired by the N.F.L. that very day.

I began by mentioning the Judge's twin ingredients for a happy life: humor and loyalty. As to loyalty, lest you think that the Judge does not abide by the same high

1	standards that he sets for others, I'd like to close by
2	sharing with you the final line of a letter I recently
3	received from him. I quote:
4	"I assure you that, as the Irish loved to say, I
5	will stand at your back till the belly is kicked out of you."
6	When you live your life as Judge McLaughlin lives
7	his, is it any wonder that good people come together to honor
8	you and to hang your portrait in a public place?
9	(Applause.)
10	CHIEF JUDGE KORMAN: Now our Honoree, Joe
11	McLaughlin.
12	JUDGE McLAUGHLIN: Thank you, Ed. It took me
13	hours to write that. He spoke good.
14	I have been complimented several times in my
15	lifetime, yet they always embarrass me. I always feel that,
16	with the exception of Ed Tighe, they don't go on long enough.
17	I now begin to understand why so many people greeted news of
18	my hanging with such glee, and I am thankful that an
19	introduction is not an affidavit.
20	As my eyes swept across these portraits, the
21 22	austere countenances of my predecessors stirred up memories of what great judges this court has attracted. Some were
23	right out of Dickens. Arguably, the most memorable was Judge
24	Robert Inch, whom Learned Hand (who had a rather low opinion
25	of Inch's talents) constantly referred to as Judge

Millimeter. He served on this bench from 1923 to '58.

2.

No one would have characterized Judge Inch as a slave of convention. Some of you knew the court when it was across the street in the post office; the heat there was unbearable, and on a day like this was simply sweltering.

Judge Inch's solution was to appear on the bench, clad only in his robe, under which he wore his shorts and a pair of slippers.

He could slip in and out of the court unobtrusively because the door of his chambers opened directly onto the bench. This worked well until, one summer day during World War II, a sudden fire drill was called and the wardens herded everyone, including Judge Inch, out onto the sidewalk. There, a vagrant breeze blew his cover.

As I look out on the sea of smiling faces, it is difficult to duck the cascade of memories that well up at this point. Nostalgia may not be what it used to be, but the phantom from my career as a district judge flits regularly before me. Ed Tighe has brought back many of these memories.

A few that evaded his recollection: On voir dire, one of the standard questions is: "What do your children do?" And I asked that one day of a prospective juror. I said, "What are your adult children doing now?" There was a pause and then the juror answers, "Two to six in Otisville."

Another standard question is: "Is there anyone,

close friend or relative, that you know who works in law or law enforcement?" I asked the 18 prospective jurors. One by one, they proudly told us about their cousins who were cops and friends, who were security guards.

One woman was quite shy. "My husband is a lawyer," she said, in a barely audible voice. "Does he practice criminal law?" I asked. "Yes. He does real estate development."

The conduct of trials, as Ed has pointed out, is not without its light moments. It is standard practice in the criminal practice, at the criminal bar, for a defense counsel, if he has a client who has a criminal record, to bring it out on direct. As you know, this takes the sting out of the anticipated cross-examination.

Well, in this particular case, defense counsel forgot to ask it on direct. On cross-examination by the Assistant, it went as follows: "Sir, have you ever been convicted of a crime?" "Yes." "How many times?" "Twice." "What were they?" "Larceny and assault with a deadly weapon." "Are those the only two?" "Yes." "Are you sure?" "Yes, two. This will be my third."

I am not the first to observe that the weakest judge from the District Court appointed to the Circuit Court often raises the average IQ of both courts. In my case this was only half true, but I forget which half.

An important part of being an effective appellate
judge is the selection of good law clerks. Ed Tighe made
that point rather clear. There is no dearth of applicants;
hundreds of applications come through each year. About a
dozen are brought in for interviews, of whom two are
selected.
You would be amazed at the blunders that occur

You would be amazed at the blunders that occur during this process. I asked one candidate to give a good illustration of the organization skills she was boasting about. She said she was proud of her ability to pack suitcases real neat. She said she had just graduated cum laude. She had no idea what cum laude meant. She was, however, proud of her grade point average -- 2.1.

Letters of recommendation are routinely provided, though I personally place very little reliance upon them.

Many are living testaments to the conclusion that proofreading must now be numbered among the lost arts.

I have two that I would like to call your attention to. One is from a Stanford law school professor, who is singing the praises of one of his students.

"Her legal research and writing instructor showed me the first draft of her long research memo as an example of the best the class could produce. I was dazzled by its fluency, elegance, and acute analysis. Here is one student who comes with a full warranty on what a judge needs moist."

1	Here's a letter from a Duke law professor: "I
2	write to recommend X to you for a judicial clerkship. For
3	sheer intellect and analytical power, I do think you could do
4	much better."

It is very easy in the monastic setting of an appellate court to lose touch with the realities of trial practice and the day-to-day tribulations of the trial bar.

I am acutely sensitive to the parochialism shown by a learned Irish judge sitting in the Central Courts of Dublin, who granted a judgment against a defendant, a humble turf digger, with the terse holding that, quote: "This is a classic application of the ancient common-law rule of res ipsa loquitur."

When the defendant and his counsel stared blankly at each other, the eminent jurist pontificated, "Surely you and your client are familiar with res ipsa loquitur?"

Responding, the lawyer said, "My Lord, on the windswept, bleak and rocky West Coast of Kerry, where my client ekes out his modest living, at the close of his daily labor, he and his neighbors sit in front of the turf fires in their lonely thatched roof cottages and they drink their poteen, are they familiar with res ipsa loquitur? My Lord, they talk of little else."

As Yogi Berra said, "I want to thank everybody here who made this occasion necessary." I won't presume to

describe today's ceremony as necessary, but it is one that my family and I shall long remember, and I am profoundly grateful that you shared this day with us.

2.

At the risk of sounding both ungrateful and immodest -- and I know it's too late now -- but if I had been consulted earlier, I might have advised Chief Judge Korman, or the powers that be, how things are done in the University of London.

Jeremy Bentham, though not the founder of Utilitarianism, is generally regarded as its principal spokesman. It is a philosophy whose fundamental tenet is that what will bring the greatest happiness to the greatest number is the true measure of a good act.

The year before he died, Bentham wrote a pamphlet entitled "Auto Icons, or Further Uses of the Dead to the Living." In it, he speculated whether any pleasure might be conferred on a society by a dead man. Bentham answered, Yes. Aside from their obvious usefulness in anatomical study, he wrote, corpses of exceptional individuals, whether geniuses or villains, might be preserved and displayed for the inspiration of future generations. Implementing this thought, he left his entire estate to the University of London on condition that he be dissected, stuffed, posed, as if deep in thought, and placed in an appropriate receptacle at University College.

1	Further, he requested that his Auto Icon be
2	present at every board meeting of the University. His last
3	wishes have been granted to the letter and the board minutes
4	faithfully record his attendance as "present, but not
5	voting."
6	Now, by way of conclusion, I propose to the
7	Eastern District Board of Judges that when the time comes for
8	me to cross the Great Divide, they retain a taxidermist to
9	exercise all of his skills and artistry to perform the
10	necessary services, so that not only my spirit but my very
11	body may be ensconced in this Ceremonial Courtroom, if not,
12	indeed, in the lobby. In this manner, like Bentham, I will
13	always inspire the court's deliberations and I will rest
14	eternally secure in the knowledge that though I may be
15	forgotten, I will never be gone. Thank you.
16	(Applause.)
17	CHIEF JUDGE KORMAN: I invite you all to join us
18	for a reception in the corridor outside the courtroom. We
19	stand adjourned.
20	(Proceedings concluded.)
21 22	
23	
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