

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF LEHIGH COUNTY

2013 BAR MEMORIALS CEREMONY

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MONDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 2014
9:00 O'CLOCK A.M.
COURTROOM 2A
LEHIGH COUNTY COURTHOUSE
ALLENTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA 18101

*John E. Roberts, Jr.
*Robert G. Tallman
*Honorable Augustus C. Martin
*Howard A. Wiener
*Charles Shoemaker, Jr.

BEFORE:

HONORABLE CAROL K. MCGINLEY, P.J.
HONORABLE EDWARD D. REIBMAN, J.
HONORABLE WILLIAM E. FORD, J.
HONORABLE ROBERT L. STEINBERG, J.
HONORABLE J. BRIAN JOHNSON, J.
HONORABLE KELLY L. BANACH, J.
HONORABLE JAMES T. ANTHONY, J.
HONORABLE MARIA L. DANTOS, J.
HONORABLE MICHELE A. VARRICCHIO, J.
HONORABLE DOUGLAS G. REICHLEY, J.

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ERIN ALEXANDER, RPR
Official Court Reporter

PRESIDENT JUDGE MCGINLEY: Good morning, ladies and gentlemen. As usual, there are seats in the front of the courtroom; so those of you who are coming in can easily find a seat there.

On behalf of my colleagues of the Court of Common Pleas, I welcome you to the annual Lehigh County Bar Association Memorials, a special session of court convened to honor the memories of those members of our Bar Association and our Bar who passed away during the previous year.

The Court recognizes Mr. Gavin P. Holihan, Esquire, President of the Bar Association of Lehigh County. And I would remind those who have just come in to make sure your cell phones are turned off for this.

Thank you.

MR. HOLIHAN: Thank you, Judge McGinley. Thank you to all of those who have joined us today, especially the families and the friends of those we remember today, and particularly the Lehigh County Judiciary. We thank the Court for all the support you've shown for this tradition, and for allowing this break in the regular court schedule to permit all of us who wish to attend to do so without the fear of being held in contempt in another

courtroom.

Today we remember five attorneys who bid farewell to us in 2013, John E. Roberts, Jr., Bob Tallman, Augustus C. Martin, Howard "Bud" Wiener, and Charles Shoemaker. Helping us honor them today will be John E. Roberts III; Matt Sorrentino, Vanessa Nenni and the Honorable Arnold C. Rapoport.

This tradition dates back to the earliest years of the Bar Association. I can say that with confidence because Judge Rapoport told me that it's true, and, apparently, he was there when it all started. The Bar Memorials allow us to reflect on those who recently made their exit, but it also reminds us that our own time is short; and it should encourage us to reflect on our own behavior and think about the way we would want to be remembered at such a memorial at some point in the future. Most of us will leave a legacy behind based on our accumulated everyday actions and interactions. Very few of us will be defined by one or two noteworthy accomplishments.

It's in the everyday that we build our individual histories. The friendly interactions with colleagues; the time taken out of your day to guide a young attorney; the opportunity to right a wrong or to poke fun at a judge; or just to help someone who's having a significant hardship make it through their day. Those are the things that show our character and that we should be doing on a day-to-day basis.

I don't believe there's anyone here who would like to be remembered as the attorney who never budged an inch in negotiations, or the one who churned the most hours, or the ankle biter who fought everyone on every point, or the condescending twit who criticized and belittled at every opportunity, or even a guy who really didn't care about anybody else. Although we don't want to be remembered that way, many of us spend our time doing those very things; day after day, creating a personal history that we would be embarrassed to hear about at our own memorial service.

It does not have to be that way. A memorial service gives us insight into the lives of those who recently made their exit; reminds us that our time is short; and it should encourage us to reflect on our own behavior and to recommit ourselves to being better. Better attorneys. Better to our families. Better members of our communities. And better to each other.

John E. Roberts, Jr., left us in January of 2013. His son, John Roberts III will say a few words about him now.

PRESIDENT JUDGE MCGINLEY: Thank you, Mr. Holihan.

Before we begin to hear from Mr. Roberts, I did want to be sure that any families of those being memorialized are

aware that there are seats reserved for them here in the front of the well; and you are invited to come forward and sit in those seats if you so wish. If not, of course, you're welcome to remain where you are. But if you're beloved one is being memorialized and you wish to sit closer to the speaker, you're welcome to come forward and do that.

All right. Thank you. Go ahead.

MR. ROBERTS: Good morning. May it please the Court, President Judge McGinley and Honorable Judges of the Lehigh County Court of Common Pleas, other distinguished members of the Bench and Bar and colleagues and family and friends.

My father was a lawyer's lawyer. He entered the profession at a time before the Bar grew so rapidly and numbers made the practice less about the law and more about money and prestige for the sake of prestige. He often described those days to me with fondness and almost nostalgia -- days where collegiality and respect among lawyers were the norm. Times when lawyers did not abandon civility to acquiesce to the base desires of clients to exact revenge as part of making their claims in court. And as the years passed, I believe he missed those days; but he stayed engaged with the law until his final days.

John Roberts, Jr., was born in Evanston, Illinois on October 21, 1943. His father, John Sr., was a cadet at West Point and became a pilot the Army. The family, which eventually consisted of Senior, wife and mother Kathryn, John Jr., and his brother Bill, moved often following the father's stationing in Oklahoma, Washington state, Texas, Florida, Washington, D.C., Germany and Japan. Just a day or two prior to the Korean War Armistice, John Sr.'s plane was shot down over Korea on a reconnaissance flight and John Jr. and Bill were left fatherless. John at the age of approximately 10.

His father's death had a profound effect on John. It forced him to focus on school and hard work; and that clarity in purpose led him through Malvern and St. Joseph's Preparatory School and to Villanova for college and law school, where he excelled. As an aside, in law school, by alphabetical fate, he at times sat directly next to Ed Rendell in class, which of course he would say allowed Ed to move on to bigger things.

Shortly before graduating from law school, his married life began with Ellen Singer and I was born. My two siblings, Kate and Andrew, followed before John's divorce from Ellen and subsequent marriage to Linda Hutchinson, whom he remarried. Linda had two children of her own, Jim and Sara, both of whom my father cared for and mentored.

His legal career began as corporate staff counsel with GAC Finance and Chrysler First; and, shortly thereafter,

he entered private practice with then Edward Cahn. When Ed Cahn became the Honorable Edward Cahn in the early '70's, my father took over the practice and eventually he partnered with Tom Traud, Tom Wallitsch, Ron Corkery and Angelo Almonti, in addition to numerous associates.

While he was a brilliant lawyer, my father had shortcomings in certain aspects of his life, some of which flowed into his practice. For instance, an ongoing source of frustration to his partners and office staff was most certainly his inability to control the ever-expanding amoeba which was his legal pads, files and miscellaneous working materials. As his personal office space would shrink in the face of clutter, he would simply slide into the conference room and spread out. So to extricate him from the conference room before a real estate settlement or some other unnecessary use of that room by others would require prodding and manipulation typically reserved for mules. At one time, there was even a room designated as the Upper Saucon Room where he worked. This was really a glorified storage area, but it was likely labeled this way to convey a sense of importance for a room which contained stacked accordion files; but he made it his own.

So part of this man was quite stubborn, but another part of what made him a great lawyer was his tenacity in representing his clients. When he and a truly innocent and injured client would find each other, the opposing side would need to buckle up. The fee would become secondary and his client would reap the benefit of the zealous advocate taking on the minor cause celebre for as long as necessary.

He represented Upper Saucon Township as solicitor to the Board of Supervisors for 30 years and Weisenberg Township for a few more. He trained police officers in evidence issues, acted as a public defender and served on countless arbitration and CLE panels. And his specialty was sewer-related issues. He would say insert your joke there -- that was his specialty.

But most important to me personally, he, along with Ron and Angelo, allowed me to join their firm and begin my legal career after clerking. I practiced with him for almost eight years before I took on my current position. And when I think of my experience with my father as a legal mentor, I am reminded of the wisdom he would impart to me repeatedly. Things such as "beware of the lawyer with one case to try," meaning get prepared for your opposition. And "if you're doing pro bono work, make it intentional," meaning don't find out after the fact. And, of course, his famous granddaddy of all lawyer jokes which I have retold many times is he would ask a person: "How many lawyer jokes are there?" The listener would say "probably a lot" or "too many to count." And he would say,

"Nope. There's only three. All the rest are true."

He loved pitching for the Legal Eagles softball team, which he did for probably 20 years. He also loved pinball, scrabble, flounder fishing and poker, any of which would be enough to distract him from the practice of law at least for a while. And that lesson, taught later in his professional life, the one telling you there are more important things in life -- other important things -- is one I have taken to heart.

My father died on January 4, 2013, almost 14 months ago now. During the past year, I have many times thought how I'd really like to call him up and engage him in some legal talk. His keen analytical mind was perfectly suited for his profession; and I can say with all honesty and no false modesty that after watching him attack issues, bury himself in legal research, and litigate fairly but forcefully myriad complex cases, I was not and never will be able to match his acumen and tenacity with the way he prosecuted his cases. But I am okay with that as I don't think many really are.

I miss him and the Bar is certainly a less colorful place without him.

So thanks, Dad.

MR. HOLIHAN: Bob Tallman departed in February of 2013, and Matt Sorrentino will speak about him.

MR. SORRENTINO: May it please the Court, President Judge McGinley, Honorable Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, my colleagues, friends, family, Barbara, Rich. Most of you who know me, know that I began my career in Lehigh County as a Public Defender, and later I was an insurance defense litigator. Often, in those pursuits, I was trying to put the best face I could on my clients to get judges and juries to see them in a better light. Most of the time it was a struggle.

So when Barbara asked me -- honored me with the request to deliver Bob's Bar Memorial, I thought, well, compared to what I have to do sometimes, this will be a walk in the park. Bob's career was so splendid and rich. And then I sat for hours, humbled by the thought of capturing that career in a few words and pages. As I set about the task, I remembered a quotation from United States Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter from a case deliberating on the meaning of "good moral character" as a prerequisite to admission to the Bar.

It reads:

"Certainly since the time of Edward I, through all of the vicissitudes of seven centuries of Anglo-American history, the legal profession has played a role all its own. The Bar has not enjoyed prerogatives; it has been entrusted with anxious responsibilities.... From a profession charged with such

responsibilities, there must be exacted those qualities of truth speaking, of a high sense of honor, of granite discretion, of the strictest observance of fiduciary responsibility, that have, throughout the centuries, been compendiously described as 'moral character.'"

In this audience today, almost everyone is either somebody's lawyer or some lawyer's client. Those among us who are lawyers understand these responsibilities and we aspire to these qualities; and those among us who are clients hope for all of these qualities in our lawyers. Those among us who practiced with Bob Tallman and those among who were served by him as clients know that he was the very personification of all of these qualities.

Bob graduated from the University of Virginia Law School, one of the most prestigious in the country, in 1954. He then served three years in the United States Army Judge Advocate General's Corps in Japan from 1954 to 1957. Following his time in the service, Bob began practicing law with Butz, Hudders, Tallman & Rupp, his father's law firm and the oldest established law firm in the Lehigh Valley. In 1962, he became a partner in the firm, and, after 27 years, left that firm to form Tallman, Hudders & Sorrentino in 1989 with Jack Hudders, Ollie Foucek, Tom Sadler, Bill Fitzgerald and me.

Bob retired from the active practice of law in 2009 after the merger of Tallman, Hudders & Sorrentino with Norris, McLaughlin & Marcus was secure. Throughout his career, which spanned more than 50 years, Bob distinguished himself as a scholar and a student of the law and an advisor for clients large and small and as a skillful and astute law firm builder and leader.

To give you just a thumbnail of the breadth of Bob's impact on the law and the legal profession in the Lehigh Valley, some of you may know that Bob was probably Pennsylvania's leading authority on agricultural cooperatives, and for many years was General Counsel to the Lehigh Valley Farmers Dairy Cooperatives.

In the course of the day, Bob could go from giving advice to one of his farmer friends or clients, sometimes in Pennsylvania Dutch dialect, to having an in-depth conversation with the CEO of a large corporation on the nuances of international tax issues. Some of the largest and most important corporations and charitable organizations in our community regularly called upon Bob for his counsel and guidance. The Lehigh Valley Health Network, Cedar Crest College, Twin County Cable, Arbogast and Bastian, the Frederick Group, Crowder Jr. Company, and Lehigh Structural Steel were among the important businesses and community assets that called Bob their general counsel.

And at the same time that Bob was building this wonderful legal practice, he was always attentive to the

business of the law and the impact our firm could have on our community. He insisted that we become part of the community and donate both our time and treasure to organizations and causes we believed in. In so doing, he led both Butz, Hudders & Tallman and Tallman, Hudders & Sorrentino to become the Valley's largest and most comprehensive law firms, and he encouraged us to use that position for the benefit of our clients and the community we call home. And Bob did more than just talk the talk. During his career, at various times he chaired the boards of the Swain School, KidsPeace, Lehigh Valley Hospice, Cedar Crest College, and the Lehigh County Historical Society.

But all of these facts do not really capture who Bob Tallman was as a partner, a mentor and a friend. So, if you'll allow me, I will share some thoughts with you about Bob that I hope will illuminate some of his most admired and endearing qualities.

In a profession where words were currency and many of us like to hear ourselves talk, Bob was a consummate listener. Meetings with clients or partners would drag on and everyone would speak their piece, and then Bob would announce his view -- very much like the word of God -- showing that he had been listening intently and was laser focused on the issue or matter at hand.

And in a profession where form is often exalted over substance, Bob was a pragmatist. On one occasion, actually before we were partners, there was a negotiation to dismantle an entity called the Allentown and Sacred Heart Computer Center. Bob was more or less a mediator in the discussion; and one of the lawyers involved was intent on making a career out of this matter, covering and recovering the same ground often with contradictory and contrary positions.

So at one point when we took a break, Bob leaned over to me and he said, "We really need to get this finished." He said, "How about if every time he says something that you agree with, you raise your pen." I complied and the matter proceeded, and Bob skillfully drew us to a swift and amicable resolution. It may have helped that it was a Friday and very close to 5:00 and the Butz Hudders tradition of Friday cocktails. But it would not have been resolved without Bob's ability to cut to the heart of matters -- a trait admired by Pennsylvania Dutch farmers and CEOs alike.

And in a profession where tax and corporate lawyers are generally thought to be risk averse, you would not have expected risk to be so much a part of Bob's makeup; yet in 1989, he and I and the then-young partners I mentioned risked everything we had on the birth of Tallman, Hudders & Sorrentino. With Bob's leadership and commitment to reinvest our resources and

grow our firm, it quickly grew from six of us to over 35 lawyers. Bob understood always that without some measured risk, there was little chance that we would achieve real reward.

And in a profession not generally known for the sense of humor of its practitioners, Bob was always willing to engage in some good-natured ploy -- often at the expense of one of us, his partners. And so it was that early in our relationship, I spent weeks reacting to his critiques of my neckties and the fact that they clashed with my suits, only to find out from his assistant that he was actually color blind.

And in a profession where one could be direct to a fault, Bob was the consummate Virginia gentleman, an endearing quality that sometimes made for maddening results. I recall on one occasion our need to terminate one of our associates. The task fell to Bob and me, and when the associate appeared in Bob's office, Bob began a long narrative on the mountains versus the seashore as preferred vacation spots. And he continued on about how some folks prefer their coffee with cream and others like theirs black. I knew Bob's indirection was designed to gently get across the point to this fellow that he just wasn't a good fit for the firm. After about ten minutes of this conversation, noticing the blank look on the associate's face, I finally leaned over to him and I said, "What Bob's trying to tell you is that you're fired." From that point on, all such sensitive conversations in the firm became known as "mountains and seashore discussions."

And in a profession where we are sometimes too rushed and stressed to notice the people around us, Bob's door was always open for everyone. Whether it was comforting our staff over the loss of Bill Fitzgerald and Tom Sadler, reassuring others in our office that they would survive the physical challenges that he had survived, or telling everyone that notwithstanding the fact that our offices had collapsed into a sinkhole, we would survive and thrive. Bob was that point on the compass to which you could set your course and hold fast.

Finally, in a profession not known for the graceful exits of its elder statesmen and senior partners, Bob understood the wisdom and the grace of the autumn leaves, an understanding that transcended his life in the firm. When he decided several years ago that he was going to step back from the active practice and firm management, he simply said to me, "It's time, and I will do whatever you want me to do for you and for the firm." He was always there for a consult or a tune-up; he always insisted that he be brought up to date on things at the firm. And he and Barbara and Ronnie endured many dinner conversations and long walks on the beach during which I sought and received his counsel right up until a

few weeks before he died.

As a hunter, a sailor, a furniture maker and an aspiring Ragtime pianist, Bob Tallman was truly a renaissance man. And there are many more stories I could tell you about my friend and partner: firm picnics at the farm, sailing in the Chesapeake, forced labor, cutting a winter's worth of firewood on the farm -- but most of these stories are better told as he would tell them, later, and over a cocktail.

In closing, I am reminded that recently I was asked to describe Bob Tallman's legacy. And I hadn't really thought or focused on the word legacy before. But in trying to answer that question, I ran across a wonderful quotation from Ray Bradbury's *Fahrenheit 451* that I would share with you.

It reads:

"Everyone must leave something behind when he dies, my grandfather said. A child or a book or a painting or a house or a wall built or a pair of shoes made. Or a garden planted. Something your hand touched some way so your soul has somewhere to go when you die, and when people look at that tree or that flower you planted, you're there.

"It doesn't matter what you do, he said, so long as you change something from the way it was before you touched it into something that's like you after you take your hands away. The difference between the man who just cuts lawns and a real gardener is in the touching, he said. The lawn-cutter might just as well have not been there at all; the gardener will be there a lifetime."

And so now, although we go on without Bob's physical presence, we are touched by his hand and left with a rich and beautiful legacy: his enduring passion for the law, our profession, our community, our clients, and, of course, the firm, partners and staff he cherished. He was, in fact, the most talented gardener.

MR. HOLIHAN: Thank you, Matt.

Augustus C. Martin passed away in February of 2013. Vanessa Nenni is here to say a few words about him.

MS. NENNI: May it please the Court, President Judge McGinley, Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of Lehigh County, distinguished guests, family, friends, colleagues. I'd like to thank you for this opportunity to tell you a little bit about "Gus."

I arrived in the Lehigh Valley in 1986 and I started working at a local firm that was then known as Margolis, Smith & Baker. It was there that I first met Gus, and our paths seemed to cross regularly thereafter. Gus and I served as board members, officers, past-presidents, and coworkers. Gus served as President of

the Bar Association of Lehigh County in 2001, and I served as President of the Bar Association of Lehigh County in 2003.

In 2005, the Bar Association of Lehigh County would be 100 years old. Gus had this idea, a dream, of putting together what he described as a coffee table book, a book that would commemorate the 100-year history of the Bar Association of Lehigh County. The idea and the fact that the 100-year anniversary was approaching led to the formation of a centennial committee. The centennial committee was charged with the daunting task of essentially recreating the 100-year history of the Bar Association. A group of individuals were assembled and created a centennial committee for the purpose of basically sifting through hours and hours of archives and preparing this book which would be *The Bar Association of Lehigh County 1905-2005*. Gus left the area before the Bar Association publication was published in 2005, but he, nonetheless, deserves credit for his vision and having dreamed of this book which was ultimately published in 2005.

In preparing the history of the Bar Association of Lehigh County, the then living past-presidents were asked to, essentially, submit a biography of themselves. In Gus's own words, this is what he had to say about himself:

"Augustus C. Martin was born and raised in Lehigh County, Pennsylvania. After graduating from Emmaus High School, he enlisted in the United States Navy and served more than seven years active duty which included submarine service. After leaving the Navy, he obtained an Associate Degree in Electrical/Electronics Technology from Penn State University and began a 32-year career with Pennsylvania Power & Light Company. In 1970, during his career at PPL, he attended night school and received a Bachelor of Arts Degree in Economics from Lafayette College, an MBA from Lehigh University and a J.D. from Temple University. He received his professional engineer's license in 1977 and was admitted to the Bar in 1986.

"After admission, Mr. Martin was actively involved in Bar Association activities, while serving terms on the East Penn School Board and Lehigh Carbon Community College Board of Trustees. During his presidency, Mr. Martin supported the acquisition of parking lots adjoining the Barristers' Club. Mr. Martin was the first corporate counsel to serve as President of the Bar Association of Lehigh County and believed that all lawyers, regardless of their employment, should not only support but also be involved in the Bar Association to ensure high ethical and professional standards."

Although I always seemed to be a few steps behind Gus on his career path and we served as officers and board members of the Bar Association of Lehigh County, Gus was a

private man and rarely shared personal information about himself. For that, to give you a little bit of insight about Gus today, I turn to his family, colleagues and friends.

I'm told that Gus began his career at PPL on June 15, 1970. He worked for a number of years in the Fuels Department. In the early 1980's, while working full-time at PPL, he attended evening classes at Temple Law School. Gus passed the Bar Exam and chose a legal career in PPL's office of general counsel.

He retired from PPL on October 31, 2002. Gus worked as an administrative law judge for the Office of Disability Adjudication and Review, initially in Maryland and then South Carolina, and was so employed until his untimely death.

Gus's passion was martial arts. Gus began training with his brother Ed Martin in the Bujinkan Ninjutsu of Dr. Masaaki Hatsumi during the early 1990's, and advanced to the Judan rankings which is 10th to 15th Degree Black Belt. Gus traveled to Japan many times over the last 20 years to study the martial art of Ninjutsu.

He and his brother Ed also traveled to Australia two years ago where his brother was giving a series of seminars and classes. Gus studied the art from the perspective of a multi-dimensional professional background. He helped many other students see the value of using Ninjutsu as a basis for self-development and by applying the tenets of the art to a broader spectrum of life.

You learn amazing things about people when you dig a little bit and you take the time to ask. Never in a million years would I have believed this, even if I heard it from Gus's own lips; but, apparently, not only did Gus dispense legal advice, but he was a reader of palms. So Gus, I'm told, could provide advice of all types: on life, love, fate, and the law.

His brother tells me that when they were young, they would go camping in the pop-up camper. Apparently this was always quite an adventure. Gus would tell ghost stories. He also made sure that his siblings were self-sufficient. I'm told that one night as a teenager, his brother was driving home and hit a deer. The deer was fine, but the front grill of the Oldsmobile was in pieces. Gus handed his brother a tube of superglue, and that's how the grill got fixed.

His siblings remember Gus fighting for justice. When the legal system permitted actions that he believed were unjust, he spoke up and worked to correct those wrongs. While serving on the East Penn School Board, he believed wholeheartedly that the previous board had wrongly taken a local farm through the condemnation process. Gus was instrumental in correcting what he

saw as a terrible injustice and saw to it that the farm was returned to the family.

Gus would want to be remembered as someone who made something of himself and who achieved notable professional stature. He worked hard and was proud to be an engineer, a lawyer, and a judge. He was good with math. He was not so good with dancing. The family attended and enjoyed the 2000 New Year's Eve celebration at the Bar Association of Lehigh County. He was really proud of that event and happy his family was there.

The Honorable Augustus Christian Martin, 68, of Ladson, South Carolina entered into eternal rest Friday, February 15, 2013.

He is survived by his daughter Kim Martin Korda and her husband, Peter, of Larchmont, New York; two sons: Andrew C. Martin and his wife, Margaret, of Alexandria, Virginia, and Jonathan R. Martin and his wife, Denise, of Bordentown, New Jersey; five grandchildren: Samantha, Alexander, Cara, Jessica, Isabella; a sister, Betty; and four brothers: Ed, Bob, Jim, and his twin brother, Ben.

This world is a richer place having Gus been in it. It was my honor and privilege to share Gus's life with you.

Fair winds and following seas, Gus.

Thank you.

MR. HOLIHAN: Howard "Bud" Wiener passed away in August of 2013; and Judge Arnold Rapoport will speak about him.

JUDGE RAPOPORT: Good morning to the Honorable Judges of the Court of Common Pleas. They have a formidable array of legal talent; and I tell you that because I am fully retired so I'm not trying to curry favor, which leads you now to the inescapable conclusion that they really are as formidable as I say. Anyhow.

Howard Alan Wiener -- it's hard for me to say that. Everybody who knew him knew him as either "Bud" or "Buddy." And so if I refer to him as Bud or Buddy, it's because that's how everybody knew him.

He was born in Paterson, New Jersey, along with his older sister, Claire, and younger sister, Marjorie. They both predeceased him. In any event, he came here -- I'm not sure. He was about three years old. The family moved; his father moved his business here. And that's when I first got to know him. I was born and raised here.

And he was a quiet man, if you -- you know, sort of reserved if you didn't know him the way I did, family and friends -- close friends did. He was a good friend of mine for all these

years. He went through schools here in Allentown. His family -- parents -- sent him to Blair Academy for 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th grade. From Blair he went to the University of Pennsylvania into that law school and then came back here and started practicing.

Now, you heard so much about fellow lawyers that I could tell you something; but by this time, it would be rather repetitious. So everything that all these people said about the achievements of those lawyers, that included Bud Wiener.

And later on in life, he developed some heart problems; but before we get to that, he was about ten years old when he became interested in golf. The family belonged to a country club, and they had a rule there that you couldn't play golf until you were at least 12 years old. So by the time he was 12 years old, he took up the game; and he became quite involved in it. And so, as I said, he developed some health problems later, and it so happened that so did I. But we stayed in touch all that time. And so he was involved in the community. Always, he was -- his word was his bond. And life went on as he always practiced.

Now he took a fair amount of ribbing because he was going to be getting two partners: his oldest son, Joel, and his next son, Stephen. And he and his wife, Barbara -- Bobbe -- were married in 1955; had a daughter named Suzanne. So during the time when his new partners joined him, he had the usual problem of making them understand that he really wasn't, you know, dumber than they were. So they finally worked out an understanding wherein they -- I don't say that they gave up grudgingly, but, you know, they accepted the fact that, you know, he was at least as smart as they were. And so they continued. The firm, you know, developed. Friends, old friends, people would call and they'd say, "I want to speak to Buddy." And unless the young woman answering the phone had been advised ahead, she would say, "There's nobody here by that name." Surprise, surprise. Buddy carried that name with him.

He continued playing golf as he got older, and he got rather good with it and it became his hobby. He started playing seriously at age 12, and continued right on. He practiced law, and, as I said, was involved in all those things you heard the various and sundry accomplishments of the lawyers here; he did them too.

When he got a little older, he developed some problems, some heart problems, but he kept on playing golf. So the one day, we were talking as we did often, he called me and he said, "I did it." I said -- I didn't know what I should ask him about, you know, a pregnant girlfriend or something. No, he had a hole-in-one. That was in January and he died in August.

I reminded him that obviously he passed the other exam meaning -- probably as difficult as the Bar Exam. An

exam, a test if you will, that was used, at least in this part of the country. And I talked to him about it, and he said, "Yeah." He was sort of unsure. I said, "You don't remember the test?" He said, "Yeah, something about a snow shovel." And I said, "Well" -- this was the test. And since you had a hole-in-one, obviously you passed the test. And he said, "Well, what was the point of it?"

Well, if you pass this test, you got special privileges. You know, you got the better seats in the restaurant, at the club, the better locker, and, you know, a certain amount of heads up, you know, the caddies all knew that his name was on the wall of the caddy shack as having passed this test. He said, "I don't remember the details; something about a snow shovel."

Well, the test here -- I don't know about the rest of the country -- was that you had to be able to hit the rear end of a cow with a snow shovel; and if the cow walked away in a straight line, you passed. I guess he passed. A hole-in-one.

He was sort of a, you know, a closed guy. But when I roomed with him in Blair Academy for one year in 12th grade. And, you know, you hear about being a bully. Well, he was never as tall as he wanted to be and he got picked on sometimes. And he dealt with it; but I realized that the deeper his voice got, the taller he felt.

So that's how I remember him. He had a sense of humor. And he was ready to laugh and did often. He was a success as a lawyer, and as a father, husband; and, so, that's how I remember him. And that's how I would like him to be remembered.

And, on that note, I think that I've said enough. Bearing in mind that I've sort of braided and drawn into the conversation remarks made about other lawyers. He was all of those.

Thank you.

MR. HOLIHAN: Charles Shoemaker, Jr., died in November of 2013; and John Roberts III will speak about him.

MR. ROBERTS: May it please the Court and President Judge McGinley, honorable members of the Lehigh County Court of Common Pleas, other distinguished guests and family and friends of Attorney Shoemaker.

Charles "Chip" Shoemaker, Jr., passed away in November at the age of 59. I knew Chip professionally, and knew him to be bright, thoughtful and always prepared for court. However, in speaking with his children and his wife, Lisa, it's apparent that Chip squeezed an immense amount of juice from all aspects of life before his shamefully untimely passing. So forgive me if I borrow from one of his children's words in describing the personal part of Chip's life, including some anecdotes I found amusing or meaningful.

Chip was born in Washington, D.C. on

January 13, 1954. After graduating as the valedictorian from high school, he attended Lehigh University, from which he eventually graduated with an accounting degree in hand and, once again, first in his class. He then found his way to Yale Law School where he graduated near the top of the class once again, all while finding time to become the middleweight champion boxer of the Ivy League. After passing the Bar in 1979, he opened his own office in 1980. That same Allentown office where he spent the rest of his practice days engaged in handling business transactions, drafting contracts and litigating divorce and other family law cases. The phone at the office by the way was answered for quite a while by his mother who has since retired; but I grew very fond of her as well.

Chip married Martha in 1981. The two of them had one child, a daughter named Ginger. Chip and Martha eventually divorced, and Chip married Lisa, his partner until death. Lisa brought three children to the marriage, a daughter Gwynneth and two sons, Eric and Christian. These were his stepchildren technically, but by all accounts, Chip treated each one of them as his own and helped in varying extents to raise them.

In summarizing Chip's life, his children would say he was a renaissance man who paid keen attention to the details of life around him. He enjoyed hunting, reading, and was a history buff, particularly interested in the American Revolution and the Civil War. He liked John Wayne, Johnny Cash, National Public Radio and he engaged in the beat down of countless crossword puzzles. In fact, Chip was a master crossword puzzle conqueror and an expert Scrabble player. And these traits undoubtedly aided him in his wordsmith duties as an attorney.

Of course, everyone has weaknesses, and one of Chip's was apparently cooking, which his daughter Gwynn would describe as somewhere between nauseating and inedible. She says even the dogs would not eat it. And apparently even the process of cooking was taxing to this brilliant man, as Lisa describes an incident where Chip broke the pull tab off of a can of soup. His solution was not a can opener; it was a hammer and chisel. And fast forward several weeks, months or years later, Lisa continues to find remnants of tomato soup in kitchen crevices.

Chip, the attorney, a role he took quite seriously, married his obsessive tendencies with his use of words and found his primary legal love -- contracts. Chip negotiated countless contracts for a multitude of business and personal clients, and his skills helped him in the many business partnerships he himself participated in. In family court, I oversaw many divorce cases where drafting difficulties would arise between him and opposing counsel. And Chip would say quietly, "Let me take a crack at it." A day or two

later, on the cover page to his one-page fax in the notes section would be some suggested language, which more often than not cut the gordian knot.

Of course, as most in this room would agree, there is value in steering the people you love to careers outside the law. So Chip must have loved dearly all of his four children as all of them interned at his office; and by the time he was done mentoring them, none of them chose law school. But all of them have successful careers in the rest of the world, and Chip supported them in all of those endeavors.

For himself, Chip loved the practice of law. He took on each case as a puzzle to be solved, attacking it with logic and precision. His mind invigorated with each new twist of the fact pattern. In cases he had before me, he would corral the details, he would cull the relevant facts, he would lay the dispositive part of the case on the table, leaving the ultimate decisions on settlement to the client, but with a gentle reminder to this actual participant of the toll in dollars and in lost minutes of life. This approach shows the essence of Chip Shoemaker, I believe: attention to detail, completing the assigned task with vigor, but, in the end, seeing both forest and the trees. At 59, his life here was far too short, but the juice he squeezed during those years and the impact on the people who knew him, rendered his time nothing if not well spent.

Take care, Chip.

MR. HOLIHAN: Thank you, John.

I would also like to thank all of our speakers today, and particularly single out John Baker for his help and efforts to continue this valuable tradition. I'd like to, again, thank the Court for making it possible and for supporting this ceremony completely. And I thank all of you in attendance for showing your respect.

On behalf of the Bar Association, at the close of the Court's comments, there will be a small reception in the hallway with coffee and tea.

Thank you.

PRESIDENT JUDGE MCGINLEY: Thank you, Attorney Holihan.

Each member of the Court has treasured memories of those memorialized today, and an event such as this gives us an opportunity to share among ourselves and with each other some of our treasured memories as well.

We want to appreciate the efforts of the Bar Association for continuing this valued tradition. Also our special thanks to John Baker who is the chairman of the committee for his hard work in making this and previous Bar Memorials a success. And

we thank the speakers who have so beautifully memorialized our departed colleagues. They have helped to continue a great tradition, allowed us to share in the lives of our departed members, and to learn for the first time or be reminded of some of the qualities we wish to emulate. We are grateful for the lives of those memorialized and for their commitment to the principles of justice. We are gratified by the attendance of all who came to remember them today.

The official court reporter is directed to transcribe the notes of these testimonials and to make a digital copy of the memorial available to the Bar Association of Lehigh County; and the Bar Association does publish these transcripts on its home page for anyone interested in a copy and who would like to read it, print it, or download it from the site.

We are also gratified to see with us today, of course, Judge Rapoport; thank you so much for participating in your memories of Attorney Wiener. Senior Judge Platt of the Superior Court; retired Judge Young of our court; and Federal Judge Gardner.

At this time, we will adjourn the ceremony and we will do so out of respect for our departed colleagues and in honor of the profession of law and the honored traditions of Lehigh County.

And please, if you can, join us all for coffee and refreshments in the hallway adjoining.

Mr. Warmkessel, you may recess court.

(Whereupon, the memorial ceremony concluded.)

* * *

CERTIFICATION

I hereby certify that the proceedings are contained fully and accurately in the notes taken by me of the above cause, and that this is a correct transcript of the same.

Date

ERIN ALEXANDER, RPR

JUDGE'S CERTIFICATION

The foregoing record of the proceedings in the within matter is directed to be filed.

Date

CAROL K. MCGINLEY, P.J.