

U. S. DISTRICT COURT
MEMORIAL SERVICE

RICHARDSON DILWORTH

MAY 10, 1974

JAMES A. SUTTON, ESQ.

IN THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
FOR THE EASTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA

MEMORIAL SERVICE IN MEMORY OF

HONORABLE RICHARDSON DILWORTH

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Friday, May 10, 1974

HON. JOSEPH S. LORD, III, Chief Judge
(Presiding)

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PRESENT:

HON. JOSEPH S. LORD, III, Chief Judge
(Presiding)

HON. THOMAS J. CLARY, Senior Judge

HON. ALFRED L. LUONGO, District Judge

HON. A. LEON HIGGINBOTHAM, JR., District Judge

HON. JOHN P. FULLAM, District Judge

HON. CHARLES R. WEINER, District Judge

HON. JOHN B. HANNUM, District Judge

HON. EDWARD R. BECKER, District Judge

HON. DONALD W. VAN ARTSDALEN, District Judge

HON. DANIEL H. HUYETT, 3rd, District Judge

HON. J. WILLIAM DITTER, JR., District Judge

HON. JAMES H. GORBIEY, District Judge

HON. RAYMOND J. BRODERICK, District Judge

HON. CLARENCE C. NEWCOMER, District Judge

HON. CLIFFORD SCOTT GREEN, District Judge

HON. LOUIS C. BECHTLE, District Judge
HON. HERBERT A. FOGEL, District Judge
HON. JOSEPH L. McGLYNN, District Judge

(Convened at 10 o'clock A. M.)

CHIEF JUDGE LORD: Good morning, ladies and gentlemen.

We are gathered this morning to pay tribute to the name and to the memory of the Honorable Richardson Dilworth. Before beginning, I should like to read a letter from the Chancellor, the present Chancellor of the Bar Association, William R. Klaus, addressed to me, in which he says:

"Dear Judge Lord:

"I was most pleased to see the notice of the memorial service to be held for the late Richardson Dilworth on Friday, May 10, in your courtroom, and the judges of your court as well as outstanding members of our community are scheduled to appear at the proceedings. Unfortunately, I will not be able to attend the services, as I will be out of the country.

"To me Richardson Dilworth was all that a lawyer and leader of the civic community could have been. I sincerely regret that I will not be able to be present on the 10th.

"Sincerely,

"William R. Klaus."

The Court will recognize Morris Duane, Esq.

MR. DUANE: May it please the Court: Members of the Dilworth family, ladies and gentlemen. When Richardson Dilworth died, some of his family undertook to make a collection of newspaper and other articles and cartoons which appeared in newspapers around the country. I asked their permission to file a copy of this collection with Your Honors so that you could, if you wished, attach it as an exhibit to the record of this proceeding or perhaps place it in the court library. I have it here and I would like to have it presented to the Court.

(Document handed to Judge Lord.)

CHIEF JUDGE LORD: Thank you.

MR. DUANE: It is particularly appropriate that a memorial service be held in this court for Richardson Dilworth. For many years as a practicing attorney he was an officer of this court and appeared here in many cases of importance.

My first memory of Dick Dilworth as a lawyer was when he was practicing on the 13th floor of the Land Title Building as an assistant to Ralph Evans, who was one of the great trial lawyers of his day. Evans, as the Court knows, had been an assistant to John G. Johnson, then the top lawyer in the entire nation.

Dick was a great admirer of John G. Johnson, and made a collection of books about Johnson. He particularly

admired and tried to emulate Johnson's skill in cross-examination, which he believed was based on careful preparation.

The story is told that when J. P. Morgan, the adviser to presidents and the leading financier of his day died, that John G. Johnson should represent the financial interests in the Northern Securities case in the United States Supreme Court. Mr. Morgan wrote Johnson requesting him to come to New York to see him. Johnson wrote back something as follows:

"Dear Mr. Morgan:

"I am in my office to see clients every day from 8:00 A. M. to 9:30. I should be glad to see you there any morning at your convenience."

J. P. Morgan ordered his private railway car, spent the night in it mostly in the old Broad Street Station, and was in Johnson's office at 8:00 A. M. two days later.

This forthrightness and independence of the rich, the powerful and the great must have rubbed off on Dick Dilworth, for it was typical of him throughout his life.

Under Ralph Evans Dick received great experience in all kinds of litigation, and after the war when he served with distinction as District Attorney of Philadelphia, this training stood him in good stead. The lawyers in that office all knew it was headed by a real trial lawyer.

When in later years Dick Dilworth became the

senior partner of the law firm which bears his name, it is fair to say that he helped establish that law firm as one of the very, very best in the entire State of Pennsylvania. He surrounded himself with extraordinarily able men, all of whom worked well with him in an exciting practice of law.

After World War II Richardson Dilworth and Joe Clark led a political revolution which in 1951 accomplished the overthrow of the Republican Party in this City and opened the door to 23 years of Democratic rule since that date. The reforms which they instituted included a new City Charter; Civil Service in City Government; increased participation in City affairs by business and civic groups; emphasis on improved health, education and welfare, and many others.

Richardson Dilworth was elected Mayor of the City of Philadelphia in 1955 and became one of the finest mayors this City ever had.

During his term as Mayor he carried forth the reforms which he and his close friend, Mayor Joseph S. Clark had jointly initiated.

He led in the development of an area of public transportation system; in establishing the Food Distribution Center; in rebuilding West Philadelphia in the vicinity of the University of Pennsylvania and Drexel University; in the development of the area around Temple University and in many

other physical improvements in this City.

His greatest achievements, however, were perhaps in the area of human rights. He cared deeply for the underprivileged and the poor people of this City. He loved Philadelphia and was deeply concerned with improving the quality of life for all Philadelphians. Even at the end of his illustrious career, at the age of 70 he accepted the duties becoming Chairman of the Philadelphia Board of Education solely because of his conviction that good education was the fundamental right of every American citizen.

He enthusiastically supported the integration of the School System and the integration of Girard College. His achievements were many and will be spoken of by others here today.

I wish for a brief moment to talk about Richardson Dilworth as a friend and as I remember him.

What lingers in my memory are the qualities of character and humor which set him apart, above and beyond many of his fellows.

Those who were close to him experienced a great joy in his friendship. His enthusiasm, his frankness and his laughter were contagious. When he was around people perked up.

When I think of him I think of vitality,

laughter and action; all kinds of action and lots of laughter.

What were some of his other characteristics?

He was strong and healthy and believed in physical fitness.

In college he was a ~~starting~~ left end on the Yale varsity football team and also rowed on the Yale varsity crew. Almost to the day he died he did daily calisthenics, pushups, and even worse. He was a fighter and wanted to be where the action was.

He possessed an immense joy for living. Dick loved parties and he always looked forward to them. He also looked back on them sometimes with mixed emotions.

(Laughter in the courtroom.)

MR. DUANE: Dick was a student as well as a man of action. Although an extrovert, he liked to be alone, to read, to think, to plan and to write. Normally he read as much as one book each week. His favorites were biographies, histories, both political and military, and novels. Dick was a close friend of John O'Hara, Dorothy Parker, and of other literary figures of his day.

Dick's principal weakness was shooting from the hip, and he frequently got into hot water doing so.

Many people have thought his off-the-cuff statement that the United States should resume relations with Communist China cost him the governorship of Pennsylvania, an issue which certainly was not part of that campaign.

He was courageous almost beyond belief. Three instances remind us of his courage. He returned from World War I, badly wounded with a huge scar in his left arm, a winner of the Legion D'Honneur, and many other decorations.

One of the stories that is told concerns a young man who said, "I would never have been born had it not been for Dick Dilworth."

He then went on to tell how at Belleau Wood a young soldier was lying badly wounded in No Man's Land and everyone had given him up for dead, when another soldier suddenly ran out into No Man's Land under intense fire and brought him back to safety. This rescuer was Dick Dilworth.

In World War II when Dick was the father to a family of eight children and was 44 years of age, he insisted on rejoining the Marine Corps. Dick went to Quonset with a group of men young enough to be his sons, graduated that very tough course, to become an air combat intelligence officer, and then, unlike others of his age, pulled every string to get himself sent to Guadalcanal which was then held by the Japanese except for a small beachhead held by the United States Marines.

Later he told me that when he arrived at Guadalcanal there was only this small strip of beach and he reported to the colonel in charge. The colonel said, "What are

you doing here?"

Dick said, "I am an air combat intelligence officer, sir."

The colonel said, "What the hell is that?"

Dick said, "I am supposed to interview the pilots when they come back from their reconnaissance flights. I put together all the information they give and present to you a view of the overall situation."

"Well," said the colonel, "if anybody is under my command attached to the air arm here he will fly every day. You are to fly as an observer with my pilots every day and come back and tell me what you saw as well as what the pilot saw."

Dick told this story with relish.

When I was in the Navy I was in charge of a group of about 35 officers in Washington, with some others in the field working on aircraft construction priorities, labor, and other problems. These men, of course, did not get to the front, and it was our practice to ask officers who had come in from the various combat zones to come talk to us at our morning meeting at 8 o'clock.

When Dick came back from Guadalcanal I asked him to come. Meeting time arrived and we were all sitting around in our room waiting for him, and no Dilworth. So, we

proceeded with other business.

About 8:30 A. M. in walks Dick Dilworth looking absolutely magnificent. Rows of ribbons across his chest, gold braid around his shoulder; his Marine uniform perfectly pressed; his boots shining so you could see your face in them; standing erect, sunburned, healthy and handsome as he always did.

As he walked in everybody jumped up, and he said, "Gentlemen, I am terribly sorry to be late, but I have just been arrested for jaywalking."

I said, "Dick, what happened?"

He said, "Well, I was here on time, and I was on the north side of Constitution Avenue, and I started to cross and this big traffic cop -- he was about 6 feet 4 inches tall and about 240 pounds -- whistled and yelled at me and said, 'Get back on the curb; you can't cross here.'

"I said, 'Why not?'

"He said, 'You are not allowed to cross.'

"Well," Dick said, "I asked him why he wasn't on Guadalcanal with the Marines and he and another cop arrested me and took me before a magistrate. Of course, he dismissed me at once, and I am sorry I am late."

Speaking of his courage, you all remember how he was practically the last man off the "Andrea Doria" when it sank, and how he worked so hard to release some of the

passengers who were imprisoned as a result of that collision.

You all remember the pictures of when he went down into South Philadelphia to defend his action in advocating abolition of parking, where he was attacked by tomatoes, eggs, and vegetables.

Dick was always forthright and frank.

I remember when he gave a birthday party at the Barclay. I think it was an anniversary party. This was right after the Electrical anti-trust suit \$27 million verdict attained by his partner, Harold Kohn.

Dick started this dinner, three or four hundred people I guess, by saying, "I want everybody to know that this party has been made possible by Harold Kohn. Harold, please stand up."

(Laughter in the courtroom.)

MR. DUANE: A great part of his charm was his ability to tell jokes on himself. He always took his job seriously, and he never took himself too seriously.

He was extremely fortunate in his family. His wife, Ann, helped him for years at every turn. For all the years of their marriage, when Ann was needed, she was there.

Even in his last illness when Ann was far from well, they had adjoining rooms in the Pennsylvania Hospital and she was with him constantly.

A few months before he died he gave Ann a small surprise dinner in a Philadelphia restaurant, and their children were there as a united family group.

Dick Dilworth was blessed by a happy, fruitful life, marked by extraordinary service to his family and to his community, rendered with joy and dedication.

His life represents the best that America has to offer and will long be an example to all of us as to how to achieve true happiness through service and love for others.

Those of us who shared his friendship are extremely fortunate.

Thank you, Judges.

CHIEF JUDGE LORD: Thank you, Mr. Duane.
The Court will recognize Harry A. Kalish,
Esq.

MR. KALISH: Members of the court, members of the Dilworth family, ladies and gentlemen: Richardson Dilworth was my friend and partner for over 35 years. I am therefore grateful for this honor and the opportunity to share in a tribute to the singularly most decent man I have ever known. He meant a great deal to me, and I am sure that he

meant a great deal to many people in this audience.

In his time Dick Dilworth reached out and embraced all the life and laughter, action and emotion that 75 years can offer.

When Senator Hill first said that he thought I might like to participate in this tribute, I was very much concerned because I thought I might choke up.

As you know, many of you know Dick was a very emotional person and I must say that I am somewhat emotional. However, it occurred to me that he wouldn't have wanted me to deliver a solemn memorial oration, and I won't.

I can still hear his voice on the other end of the telephone line first listening politely, as he always did, to my latest outlandish proposal, and then saying, "Harry, you can't do that." Most of the time I didn't.

This much, however, must be said. As the life of every man, particularly every lawyer, who chooses to enter public service today is somewhat soiled by the incredible mess in government, the memory of Dick Dilworth's outspoken integrity will set a standard of statesmanship not only for the City but for our country.

This extraordinary Philadelphia Democrat was born in Pittsburgh on August 29, 1898, the second son of

two staunch Republicans.

A man who later in life would champion the cause of every minority was educated at the elite St. Mark's School and Yale University. Yet the most profound lessons of his young life weren't learned from books nor from schooling; they were taught to him in the trenches near Belleau Woods. You heard in more detail some of the things that happened in that area.

In the summer of 1918, as a young Marine volunteer, he returned to Yale and played football even though his shoulder had been ripped apart by German artillery. His lifetime commitment to courage started very early.

Following graduation from law school in 1926, Dick joined the prestigious law firm of Evans, Bayard and Frick. It was here that he developed both the skills of an advocate and an impatience with those whose devotion to certain inequities of the past blinded them to the possibilities of the future.

In 1938 Dick left the Evans firm to join or cast his fate with a mixed bag of brash young attorneys who had formed a law firm that was then called Murdoch, Paxson, Kalish & Green. Having broken with the tradition of religious uniformity and frankly not being encumbered by many paying clients, Dick's arrival at the office was well, very well

received. He came in with the Philadelphia Inquirer, got a number of additional clients, and he did a great deal to steady our somewhat financially shaky status.

M. L. Annenberg, the father of the present Ambassador to England, admired Dick. He watched him in action one day in the court of Judge Gordon. I remember some of the details, but Dick was very aggressive, as usual, and Mr. Annenberg liked it. So, the Inquirer stayed with us.

Not only did he admire Dick's fighting spirit, but he wanted to support the new kind of law firm that we were establishing or trying to build. That is what he told us.

Time and time again throughout the years at Dick's insistence we took cases that were almost unanimously turned down by other firms. May it please the Court, we even went so far as to sue sitting judges, when discretion would have indicated we better duck. But there was no way to duck, not with Dick insisting when he did.

I can remember the day 22 years ago when Dick came to my office advocating that we hire a Harvard Law Review editor, a clerk to Justice Felix Frankfurter, and a native Philadelphian who merely wanted to practice law in his own hometown. I said, "Let's go after him." Dick said quietly, "Well, we might have some trouble with other partners,

you know. He is black."

We didn't. Our judgment of this man's superb talent, legal talent could not have been more accurate. Dick would not tolerate "Yes" men around him, certainly not in a law firm. I don't think he did anywhere, but certainly not at the law firm. He sought out men of ability, men such as Harold Kohn, Richard Levy, William T. Coleman, and many others too numerous to mention, and he found it.

When it came to politics it was often I who would reach for the phone and say, "Dick, you can't do that," and frankly I knew he listened but most of the time he did as he felt best anyway.

In 1951 the Democratic leadership and particularly Chairman Jim Finnegan wanted Richardson Dilworth to run for mayor. The Republican Party had been crippled by exposure to widespread City corruption. Dick somehow pledged his support to Joe Clark. I was asked to persuade him to reconsider that pledge. He just wouldn't do it. He said he just couldn't walk away and wouldn't walk away from the commitment.

When he thought it was right to permit Red China into the United Nations and to charge for parking in South Philadelphia, he just said so out loud in public and in person. He could have taken a more cautious note

and perhaps gone on to higher office, but I wonder if it would have been worthwhile; if the cost wouldn't have been too high. We know today that just winning an election isn't enough if a great deal is lost in the process.

I understand more clearly today than ever before that although some campaigns were lost, Dick Dilworth was never defeated. He always won the only fight worth winning, the permanent preservation of his personal integrity.

Well, our firm grew and prospered over the years, but no one has ever dealt, no one ever dealt with a more even hand while holding public office than the man I was proud time and time again to call my partner.

I find it hard even now to believe that the energy and the enthusiasm which radiated from those polished shoes and well-pressed double-breasted suit has been extinguished.

For three-quarters of a century Richardson Dilworth was there where courage counted. From Belleau Wood to Guadalcanal; from urban redevelopment to civil rights; from the doorway of the Board of Education to the decks of the "Andrea Doria."

As long as I knew him, beside him was Ann -- not behind him, beside him -- as the source of the warmth and wisdom which one can only derive from a woman like Ann and

a family as devoted as Dick's.

I have tried to tell you something of what I knew and still feel about Richardson Dilworth. Perhaps the words of a man that Dick admired best expressed Dick's own philosophy of life. In 1910, Theodore Roosevelt told the gathered students at the Sorbonne in Paris:

"It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbles, or where the doer of deeds could have done them better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who knows the greatest enthusiasms, the great devotions; who spends himself in a worthy cause, who at the best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement, and, who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who know neither victory nor defeat."

Richardson Dilworth knew both. He believed, in the words of Oliver Wendell Holmes, that:

"It is required of a man that he should share the passion and action of his time, at peril of being judged not to have lived."

Dick was in the arena, diligently and

Mr. Kalish

pugnaciously defending his convictions and adding new dimensions to the life of the City he loved, Philadelphia.

There are many ways one can travel through life. I accompanied Dick Dilworth for 35 years. Members of the Court, ladies and gentlemen, that is traveling first class.

Thank you.

CHIEF JUDGE LORD: Thank you, Mr. Kalish.

The Court will recognize Mr. Warden Dilworth.

MR. WARDEN DILWORTH: May it please the Court, ladies and gentlemen: I am a schoolteacher by profession, and one of the cardinal rules is you never turn your back on a class, at least not more than once, so I feel a little apprehension because there is a large audience behind me.

I have never been in a federal court before. I have certainly never spoken here. I was speaking to a friend in Boston, and he said the last person he knew who spoke in a federal court got five to seven. I hope my luck is a little better.

(Laughter in the courtroom.)

MR. WARDEN DILWORTH: I find it difficult to speak about my father. I think most of us would say, I think truly, that we all had a great deal of admiration for him.

He was, in thinking about him, hard. He was a study in contrast I believe. He was an emotional person; he was quite emotional at times. He worked on the same principle as my wife's father. He believed one only beats one's children in anger. If we fouled up we knew about it immediately. There was no sulking from him. There was no fussing for hours or days later.. Bango! Right then and there. It was good. I always knew where I stood.

Reel 1

As I got a bit older, there was certainly less spanking. He was remarkably tolerant of me, remarkably tolerant of all my brothers and sisters, perhaps because his mother had been a very strong parent and maybe he felt he didn't want to smother us, but at the same time when we were out of line he would still let us know.

I remember on one occasion, I can't remember what I had done wrong, although by the time I saw him I was convinced I was right, and he listened to what I had to say and he said, "Warden, no applesauce." He knew I was wrong, I knew I was wrong, and he knew I knew he knew, and there was no applesauce.

He was extremely supportive though of us, at least I know he was of me, and I am sure he was with my brothers and sisters from what I could see.

He listened to us and was interested extremely

in what we wanted to do.

I am not sure he always understood what we wanted to do. I told him I wanted to be a schoolteacher. His comment was, "Have you seen the Blackboard Jungle?"

Later on though he became a schoolteacher too in a sense and I always found that he was interested in what I was doing and I learned something from him, and I think in our conversations he learned something from me.

I was always amazed. He threw himself strongly into his campaigns and he often got quite emotional against the people he ran against, and I once asked him, I said, "Dad, what do you think of this fellow you are running against?"

He said, "Warden, it takes you 24 hours to realize the man you run against is. . ." Expletive deleted.

And yet afterwards when he finished, after the campaign was over and he was discussing this particular gentleman, I was amazed how objective he was about him. I felt the guy was a really miserable person, I couldn't tolerate the things he had said about my father, and my father pointed out to me that whatever this fellow had said about my father, my father worked very hard to get as good as he got, and my father understood the rules under which politics were played, and in a sense there really were no hard feelings. Almost

a grudging admiration for the people he ran against. That really amazed me. I just couldn't be quite that objective.

Also, when I think about the contrast, he was an extremely liberal person in many ways, both a 19th Century liberal and a 20th Century liberal, and yet he was conservative.

He was way ahead of me I think in talking about civil liberties and thinking about civil liberties. If Winston Churchill is a child of the House of Commons, I think my father was a father of the common law. He loved the law; he loved justice.

He also had a great admiration and love for this country. I remember getting in an argument with him about the flag, I am very nervous about saying that in here, but there was a law, and I think it is still on the books, which stated that anyone burning an American flag could be sent to prison for five years.

Now, I agreed with my father that burning an American flag was a very bad act, I think it should have been punished, but I was quite surprised at the severity of the law. Perhaps he was a little bit surprised too at the severity of the law, but he told me how strongly he thought how important the flag was as a symbol to this country and how important it was that it should be honored.

He was very partisan about the Marine Corps. My brothers, all my brothers and I were in the Marine Corps, we all liked it, but I don't think we ever felt quite so enthusiastic as he did.

He was telling me that a class he taught recently, some of the students that he had questioned him about the Marine Corps. They claimed it was a neo-Facist organization, it was used to suppress the people, and I think this surprised him and sort of startled him. He was not a great lover of the defense establishment certainly. He always told me that he felt one of the best things that President Eisenhower had done was to in a sense warn us about the alliance of the defense and the Congress and big business, but at the same time he felt this country had returned to what he considered to be sensible patriotism, and that is what he told the class. I think they respected his opinion, although they didn't agree with him, and I am sure he respected theirs.

He was certainly a person I think of mixed taste. Mr. Duane and Mr. Kalish have already mentioned these things. He really was interested in what was best in life. He was interested in history and biography.

I was amazed -- as I say, I am a schoolteacher, but he had always read the books that I know I should have read. I could talk to him at great length about it and always found

him fascinating.

He loved the theater, he loved movies, and he saw every movie that was ever made, although I have seen recently Market Street movies have changed greatly. I don't think he went too often to them.

He loved sports but he wasn't a fanatic about it. I think if he had seen what happened last night in Boston -- I am a Bostonian -- he would have realized, as much as he liked the Flyers, that an injustice was done to the Bruins. It was a miserably refereed game. As a matter of fact, the Bruins have asked me to appeal this in front of the Court of Appeals.

(Laughter in the courtroom.)

MR. WARDEN DILWORTH: He loved gossip; he loved stories. We would sit sometimes and listen to his stories and we would say to ourselves, "Now, that isn't quite the way we heard it a few years ago," and yet, when I think about it, even if the details weren't completely accurate, and they usually weren't, nevertheless he was a great character, he was a great cartoonist.

He would take a situation and like Harbach or like Fitzpatrick, he would elaborate a little bit on it and yet he would get the essence of it, and when I thought of what he had to say, he really had pinned the situation and pinned it beautifully.

He was a most amusing person. He was a tease. He was fun to be with. He listened. He really listened to what people had to say.

He was a great father and, God, how I miss him.

CHIEF JUDGE LORD: Thank you, Mr. Dilworth. You need occupy the penalty box for only two minutes.

(Laughter in the courtroom.)

CHIEF JUDGE LORD: The Court will recognize Mr. I. M. Scott.

MR. SCOTT: May it please the Court, ladies and gentlemen: I appear before this Honorable Court with deep humility but certainly with no small measure of pride for the honor that has been afforded me to participate in this memorial service.

Somehow I feel that my remarks may appear to be a summary of those of the previous speakers. That is one of the penalties you pay for being No. 4 in this lineup.

I must observe that I feel that the Boston Bruins were rather fortunate to be in a one-to-one position rather than a deficit of two-to-nothing, and please take that word back to Boston, Mr. Warden Dilworth.

Richardson Dilworth has been described, and I

think properly, as the most significant and outstanding Philadelphian since Benjamin Franklin. It seems appropriate on this occasion, therefore, to recall the story about Benjamin Franklin and his lantern.

When Franklin wished to interest the people of Philadelphia in street lighting he didn't try to persuade them by talking about it. Instead he hung a beautiful lantern on a long bracket before his own door and then he kept the glass brightly polished, carefully and religiously lit the wick every evening at the approach of dusk.

People wandering about on the dark streets saw Franklin's light a long way off and came under the influence of its friendly glow with grateful hearts.

To each one it seemed to say, "Come along, my friend. Here is a safe place to walk. See that cobblestone sticking up? Don't stumble over it."

It wasn't long before Franklin's neighbors began placing lights and brackets before their homes, and soon the entire City awoke to the value of street lighting and took up the matter with interest and enthusiasm.

And so it was with Richardson Dilworth. He was forever as a leader setting the example. Hanging out lanterns, beacons if you wish, to which this community happily learned to respond and from which experience great

benefits began to flow.

A record of unparalleled distinction marks every association that Richardson Dilworth had in Philadelphia.

While he was the recipient of many coveted awards and honors, what he treasured most was his love of his Philadelphia. The many achievements of Richardson Dilworth both within and without his profession have drawn our respect and admiration, but it was in his capacity as a citizen that he won our highest regard. Amazing qualities of analytical discernment, wise judgment and sympathetic understanding were found in him in abundant concert.

"With him is wisdom and strength. He hath counsel and understanding." Job's words reflect the man whose memory we today honor.

This sensitive, kindly giant amongst giants had a very unique way of bringing men and ideas together and so commingling them as to benefit our society.

He was a man who fortunately could view the forest and at the same time each individual tree within the forest.

He was a direct, natural and unaffected individual. A man whose life was a fair and open manuscript.

A daring and intrepid man who seized principle and task with a great fortitude; who assumed public responsi-

bility without regard to hazard; who suffered sacrifice without any pretense of martyrdom and capitulated to no unworthy triumph.

He pursued his course in providing a quality of leadership with deep understanding and tremendous courage and unwavering determination.

He was just great in action. In those most critical moments, those moments of great decisions, he resorted to bold strokes that are the mark of a great leader.

On another occasion, the bestowing of the Philadelphia Award, I had the privilege of observing that when he had a spike to drive, he didn't use a tack hammer.

His infallible determination, his sympathy and eloquence combined with his learning and imaginative insight guided him as he led this community in searching out the power of truth and understanding.

Our role in society provided him with an opportunity to pursue his need for adventure.

Throughout it all he reflected a sensitivity to the needs, the potentials of human beings, and a sincere concern and a warmful passion for his community and those who live within it.

Others have referred to his integrity. If there be one word that would describe this man, let that be

integrity. The integrity of his individuality; the integrity of his work; the integrity of his philosophy; the integrity of his dedication; the integrity of his pursuit of excellence.

When there was turbulence of the sort that might lead others to despair, this turbulence directed Richardson Dilworth toward more aggressive and forceful leadership.

Summarizing his service as Mayor, a noted commentator said:

"He has invested the office with an atmosphere of aggressive, creative leadership; establishing the idea of quality in government service; achieving discipline, a sense of common purpose, and a high level of morale among employees. He has surmounted political differences to establish a cooperative relationship with the business and professional community that has resulted in great achievements."

Amidst frustration and difficulty he never lost his own identity or sense of purpose. He was possessed of that unique ability to keep both feet firmly planted on the earth while reaching for the stars.

He was such a kindly persuasive intellectual, a towering figure in the panorama of our times.

His warm, friendly human side, his magnetic personality immeasurably enriched those who were close to him.

His instinctive ingenuity provided a welcome relief from the inhumane straitjacket of rigid and unyielding finality of thought that is so much a part of the negativism in a large part of public life.

There was such a sincere humility and naturalness in this man, and that quality permitted him to deal constructively with reality. He was direct and straightforward, forceful and pragmatic, and when he knew something was right he pursued it with passionate dedication.

These observations about Richardson Dilworth would be sadly lacking without including his beloved Ann. This one example of their relationship hopefully will suffice in this regard.

Once when confronted with a particularly difficult challenge that involved the possibility of Ann and the family being slandered, Dick turned to his wife and said, "Ann, how can I let you in for this kind of dirty politics?"

Mrs. Dilworth picked up the Bible and pointed out a line, and Dick read it over.

"Whither thou goest, I will go."

Ann added: "Even to the end."

At this point in my remarks I have the quotation which Mr. Kalish gave you, and certainly a timid soul was not part of Richardson Dilworth. Dick once said of himself:

"I am an emotional man. I am a fighter. Do you think there would be any cities if there were not men to fight for them? I had had milk bottles thrown at my house. I have had threats of violence, threats of kidnapping to my family. I had had threats of libel suits and telephone calls at all hours of the night and insults to my wife. Yes. I will fight for the City because I love it."

As a tribute to the memory of Richardson Dilworth and by way of rededication to the objectives he pursued, may I read a short prayer, a prayer which I feel would have appealed to Dick:

"Let us pray that strength and courage abundant be given to all who work for a world of reason and understanding; that the good that lies in every man's heart may day by day be magnified; that men will come to see more clearly not that which divides them, but that which unites them; that each hour may bring us closer to a final victory, not of nation over nation, but of man over his own evils and weaknesses; that the blessings of peace be ours; the peace to build and grow, to live in harmony and sympathy with others, and to plan for the future with confidence."

And then in conclusion. His passing recalls

this fine poem by Markham:

"He held his place;

"He held the long purpose like a growing tree;

"Held on through blame and faltered not at
praise:

"And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
as when a lordly cedar, green with boughs goes down with
a great shout upon the hills, and leaves a lonesome place
against the sky."

Our sky has such a lonesome place.

CHIEF JUDGE LORD: Thank you, Mr. Scott.

Do any of my colleagues wish to say anything?

Judge Higginbotham?

JUDGE HIGGINBOTHAM: I think that I can
say to the Dilworth family and even among my esteemed colleagues
with whom I have been privileged to share ten years now that
the corridors of my life I will still think that some
of the finest days of my life were those which I have been
privileged to work as an assistant district attorney intimately
with Richardson Dilworth.

One of the tragedies of public life is that
there are few barometers which truly measure the real man and
assesses one's contributions to our society, for we know through

a contrived manipulative public relations program basic veracity can be masked as angelic stances and that insensitivity and hatred can be wrapped up in preplanned packages labeled compassion.

Thus it is only in the rarest instances when a society will have the opportunity to know the real character of a man and his actual vision. But, fortunately, for each of us here, Dick Dilworth needed no deceptive facade to give his image, for by his integrity, his compassion and his indomitable spirit he let the public and all who heard him know where he stood, and from my view his stature, his concern, his contributions have made him as significant as a Benjamin Franklin or Thomas Jefferson, and that the Profiles in Courage must be rewritten to include him. Let me give one simple example.

Before Richardson Dilworth became District Attorney, no black lawyer -- Raymond Pace Alexander knows this better than anyone -- was ever permitted as an assistant district attorney to go into the major courts as a trial lawyer, whether they came from Harvard or Timbuktu. The door was closed. Within one second after he took office, those centuries of oppression were wiped away by a man who put justice over political advantage; a concern for dignity over any momentary unpopularity.

He did the same for his law office, and thus while others were giving pompous speeches about the Magna Carta, the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution, Dick Dilworth rejected pomposity and instead focused on results.

But his greatness is more than the opportunities which he gave to blacks. His greatness was that he cared for all citizens and all those who have been excluded for too long from fair and equal opportunities in society.

He was an extraordinary link between business and labor; black and white; rich and poor.

Perhaps even his finest hour may have been his last position as Chairman of the School Board, for he was willing to subject himself to a daily taunt by very little men of partisan zeal and small vision. He more than anyone else recognized that a great city cannot be built by short changing a public school system.

It was almost 34 years ago when France had fallen, and Churchill was required to speak to the English people to summon up their courage, and he concluded by saying:

"Let us therefore brace ourselves to our duties, and so bear ourselves that if the British Empire and its Commonwealth last for a thousand years, men will say: This was their finest hour."

Dick Dilworth had a feel for history; to act daily as to the necessity of the obligation of public men to try to make each moment and each day their finest hour.

CHIEF JUDGE LORD: Thank you, Judge Higginbotham.

Judge Clary.

JUDGE CLARY: I believe I was Dick's companion on the first city-wide office he ever ran for, Mayor, in 1947, and, in retrospect, when I was asked to be on the ticket with him I suggested to the then City Chairman many others who I felt probably would add more to the ticket than I would, and I was told by the then City Chairman that of nine names submitted to Dick Dilworth, he had informed the City Chairman that I was the only one on that list that he would agree to run with, and, in retrospect, what an honor that was.

We knew we couldn't win the campaign. We kept Harold Kohn busy, every time we went on television or radio, to make sure that what we said weren't libels.

Mrs. Dilworth and Mrs. Clary I think hit every main intersection in Philadelphia, when Dick and I in turn would speak from the top of a sound truck. We lost, but not nearly by as much as we thought we would.

When Dick won in 1951 I called to his mind something that had been in existence for too long a time. His

first order when he went into the District Attorney's Office was to order the District Attorneys, Assistant District Attorneys out from behind the Bar and put them down into the arena where they belonged. That was something that was never known before in Philadelphia. It gave the District Attorney an inordinate advantage, and he again stopped something that was entirely unfair.

I don't believe there was an unfair bone in Dick Dilworth's body or life.

He and I from the time he came to the Bar were close friends. May his soul rest in peace.

CHIEF JUDGE LORD: Thank you, Judge Clary.

Judge Weiner.

JUDGE WEINER: I had the pleasure and the privilege of being associated with Mr. Dilworth and his wife prior to him becoming District Attorney, and it was most interesting to visit the Tenderloin areas of the City of Philadelphia -- of course, they don't exist any longer -- and to see a well-manicured, well-dressed and a very fine spoken man standing on top of a sound truck speaking and his wife standing in the crowd, lost amongst the hecklers who were sent there, and Dick Dilworth delivering his message to the people.

One particular evening -- this never got into the history books -- there was one gentleman who was heckling

Mr. Dilworth at quite some length, and it got to the point where -- Dick Dilworth wasn't one for taking a great deal of heckling, and he was about to come off the truck to convince this man of his own position and how wrong he could be, when suddenly this gentleman disappeared into the crowd. The rumor was that Ann Dilworth had persuaded him to leave. You will have to ask her about the more intimate details of that but it was said that she carried a clutch purse that had rolls of 50-cent pieces or quarters at the bottom of it and they were very persuasive in an argument.

It was heartening to the people who were then trying to do something about Philadelphia that here were two people willing to put themselves on the line and who could have very comfortably stayed at home and done whatever they wanted to do without anyone interfering with their evenings or having to listen to a lot of people harangue them and arguing and being engaged in very serious controversy.

One of the most interesting things about Mr. Dilworth, and there are people in this room who remember it well. During the infamous days of the McCarthy Hearings, when one or two people were being talked about and whose names were being bounced in the newspapers, who were professional people and who had no right to be maligned by this committee, Mr. Dilworth went to Washington and appeared before the

Committee on these people's behalf. They didn't ask him to do so, but he knew what they were going through, and he put himself on the line. In 1974 that doesn't sound very courageous, but back in the fifties it was a very courageous thing to do for anyone, but he did it unasked.

He also appeared before a congressional committee when a President of the United States wanted to appoint someone to be the Attorney General of the United States who Mr. Dilworth felt didn't have the qualifications. Bear in mind: He was an attorney, he was with a large law firm, he himself was in public life, but that didn't stop him. He knew certain facts about this man that didn't qualify him to occupy that office, and he made it his business to appear and speak out.

This was his life. He was a man who spoke out on many issues and who was not afraid and not ashamed and didn't care as long as he was convinced that the cause was right and the reason therefore was also correct.

It was most interesting, as partisan as he was, that he didn't let that deter him in getting the best from people. I remember the day that he assembled the staff of the District Attorney's Office -- Judge Higginbotham and myself were on that staff -- and the person who addressed us about how the office was to be conducted and the things that we were to do, he was a Republican. A man who had been a Republican, his

father before him had been a Republican, but he was a fine man, an able man, and Dick Dilworth chose him to make the address to this staff because he considered him to be a fine public servant and an able lawyer.

Who can forget the poignant picture of Mr. Dilworth standing outside of a row house in Philadelphia after a Korean boy had been killed in a senseless killing there, standing there unashamedly sobbing.

Who also can forget Mr. Dilworth getting out of his car and yelling at someone who was blowing his horn excessively, because that was Noise Abatement Week.

These may be conflicts in his personality, but he was a human being. He was a very handsome man, a very imposing looking man, and yet people would walk up to him on the sidewalk, had never met him before, never seen him before, shook his hand, were very happy to know him.

I had the privilege of having lunch with him about once a month. They were very pleasurable lunches for me. I used to look forward to them. We didn't talk shop; we didn't talk politics. We were able to talk about the theater, about books, about things that he had wide interests, wide ranging interests in, and for me they were very pleasant lessons, lectures, and a learning experience.

He was an unusual man. All of us come across

this kind of a human being maybe once in a lifetime, and we all just pass through this world on our way, and what do we leave behind? What memory do we leave? Pictures on the wall. As we look around this courtroom, I don't think anyone in this courtroom knows any of these people that are hanging here, and, yet, I am sure in their own time they must have been most unusual people.

What do all of us leave behind? We leave nothing behind as memorials except the work that we have done, the imprints we have made on other people's lives, of people we have touched.

Mr. Dilworth was an unusual man. He touched all of our lives; he touched all of us. His memorial are the young people that he touched who have gone on to public service, mindful of the beacon and the goals that he had set.

He was fortunate in one regard, for a man who was seeking controversial areas: He saw, in the election campaigns that he took part in, an opportunity to air his views, to air things that were 15, 20 years away, and he lived long enough to see a lot of them come to fruition, even though they were controversial, even though they were cat-called down at the time he spoke about them.

We were fortunate to have lived in his time; we were fortunate to have been touched by him. The City, the

community, the nation was better for it.

CHIEF JUDGE LORD: Thank you, Judge Weiner.

Is there anyone else?

On behalf of the court, I shall be very brief.

It was almost 43 years ago to the day -- actually May 9, 1931 -- that Richardson Dilworth was admitted to the United States District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania on the motion of Charles W. Gamble, Esquire.

The court at that time consisted of two judges: Judge Oliver Dickenson and Judge William H. Kirkpatrick. Judge Dickenson had been appointed in 1914 and Judge Kirkpatrick in 1927.

Through his life, Dick watched this court grow from the two judges that were on it when he was admitted in 1931 to the 19 active and three senior judges that we presently have, the second largest district court in the United States.

During that period of growth, Dick contributed a great deal. A great deal by his advocacy, by his courtesy, usually, and by his aggressive courtroom tactics.

I can remember one memorable case that he tried before Judge Clary involving the truckers and the rail-

roads, a hard fought case. He tried many memorable cases.

He was also marked, as has been pointed out here today, by his willingness to say whatever came to his mind and whatever he thought was the right thing to say. It has also been pointed out that this was not always the wise thing to say.

I can remember very well a meeting of the Policy Committee of the Democratic City Committee during a period of time when I was counsel for the City Committee. At the meeting Jim Clark was presiding. At one point, discussing the campaign, Dick said, "What can I do?" Jim said, "Do anything you like, but, for God's sake, don't say anything."

(Laughter in the courtroom.)

CHIEF JUDGE LORD: His last services to this court were ongoing at the time of his death. He had been appointed by Judge Ditter as one of the Trustees in Bankruptcy of the Reading Company. Whatever the future of the Reading Company may be, if it is good Dick will have had something to do with it; if it is not, it won't be his fault. These were his services.

He was a great advocate in this court; he was a great figure in this court. He will be both missed and honored.

I shall direct that the proceedings be

Chief Judge Lord

transcribed and appropriate copies sent to the family of
Richardson Dilworth.

Court adjourned at 11:10 A.M.)