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THE DISTRICT OF NEW JERSEY
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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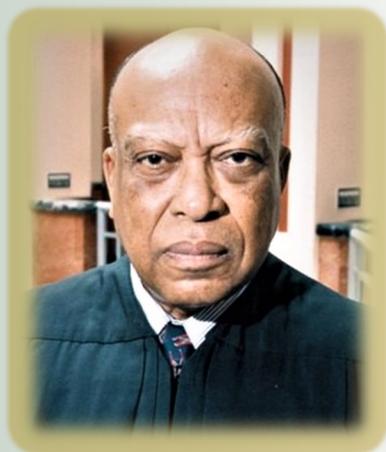
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SPECIAL EDITION



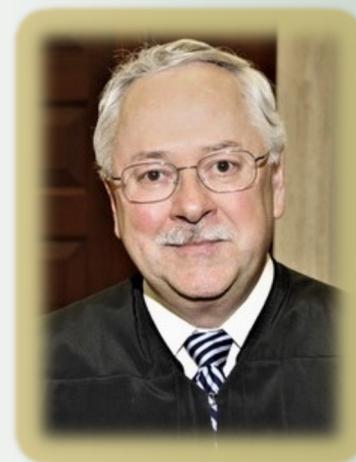
Nearly thirty years ago, then-Chief Judge John F. Gerry addressed the following remarks to the District of New Jersey's bench and bar:



I have a boundless admiration for the extraordinary talent and commitment of the judges of the Court whose respect and friendship I cherish as little else, and for the members of our Court family.

As all of those before us, during the proud history of this second oldest District Court in the Nation, we are but temporary custodians of its traditions and authority.

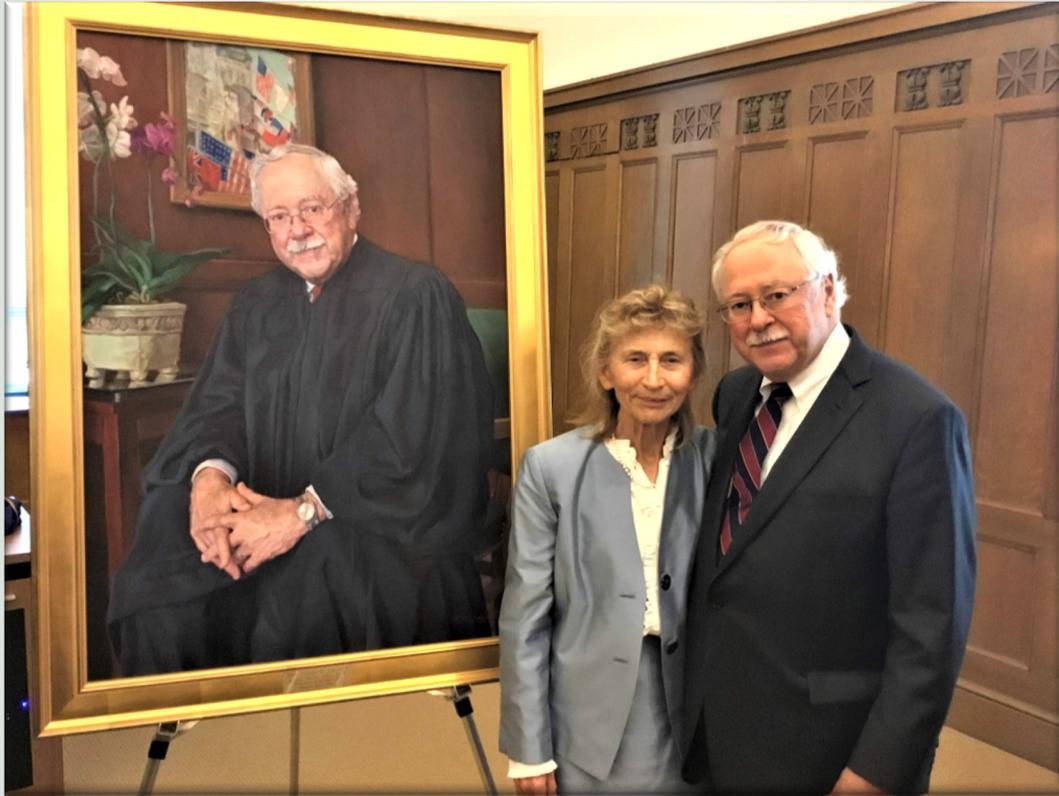
And the living institution that is the Court has afforded each of us that rare privilege most often denied to others, to reach beyond ourselves in its service.



In 2019, our Court family lost former Chief Judge Jerome B. Simandle and Judge William H. Walls. This Special Edition celebrates and honors the memory of those two men. During their more than sixty combined years on the bench, and in their own unique ways, they gave life to Judge Gerry's words every day.

Though Judges Simandle and Walls were temporary custodians of our Court's traditions and authority, they indefatigably reached beyond themselves in its service, and immeasurably enriched its proud history. They shall continue to do so through their enduring legacies and the memories of their friends, which this Society is honored to showcase herein.

THE HONORABLE JEROME B. SIMANDLE, U.S.D.J.
(1949-2019)



Judge Simandle and His Wife Jane

The Hon. Jerome B. Simandle, U.S.D.J., former Chief Judge of our Court, passed away on July 19, 2019, after a battle with cancer. He is survived by his loving wife Jane, his children and grandchildren, and generations of devoted law clerks.

Judge Simandle was born on April 29, 1949, in Binghamton, New York. He graduated from Princeton University *magna cum laude* and the University of Pennsylvania Law School, where he was an editor of the Law Review. He also earned a graduate certificate from the University of Stockholm, Sweden, which he attended as a Rotary Foundation International Graduate Fellow. After graduating from law school, Judge Simandle served a two-year clerkship (1976-78) with the late John F. Gerry, U.S.D.J. — also an iconic former Chief Judge of our Court — and then served as an Assistant United States Attorney in the District of New Jersey (1978-1983).

Judge Simandle was elevated to the bench of our Court as a Magistrate in 1983, and served in that capacity for nearly ten-years, until his nomination to the District Court in 1992 by President George H.W. Bush. In 2012, he succeeded the Hon. Garrett E. Brown, Jr. as Chief Judge of our Court, and held that critical position for more than five-years until 2017, when he was in turn succeeded by the Hon. Jose L. Linares. Thereafter, Judge Simandle assumed Senior Status and continued to render invaluable service to our Court until his death. Among many other things, during his nearly forty-year judicial tenure, Judge Simandle was a principal force behind the creation of our Court's Local Civil and Patent Rules, and served on several prominent Federal Judicial Conference committees.

Judge Simandle's life was celebrated on the afternoon of November 15, 2019, at the Princeton Univer-

sity Chapel. The celebration reflected Judge Simandle's wishes, and was hosted by his longtime friend and colleague, the Hon. Robert B. Kugler, U.S.D.J. In addition to stirring renditions of "America the Beautiful" and "God Bless America" sung by Official Court Reporter Karen Friedlander, the celebration featured readings of literary passages and touching remarks by the following speakers: the Hon. D. Brooks Smith, Chief Judge of the United States Court of Appeals for the Third Circuit; the Hon. Freda L. Wolfson, Chief Judge of the United States District Court for the District of New Jersey; the Hon. Anne E. Thompson, former Chief Judge of the United States District Court for the District of New Jersey and current Senior Judge; Dr. Jeffrey Hammond, M.D.; Ryan Sellinger, Esq.; Richard J. Allman; and the Hon. Joel B. Rosen, U.S.M.J. (Ret.).

For the benefit of those members of our Court family that could not attend the celebration, selected remarks are reproduced below.†

Opening Remarks By: Hon. Robert B. Kugler, U.S.D.J.

It was early September of 1977 when I went to the Federal Courthouse in Camden and first met Jerry Simandle. He was a law clerk to Judge John F. Gerry, and I was there to interview for his job. With his apple cheeks, and his round face, and his then-curly hair, he looked just like one of the Campbell's Soup kids. Even then, he had the becoming modesty and refreshing lack of sophistication so common in Princeton men. I wish I could take credit for those lines, but they were spoken by Judge Gerry on the occasion of the swearing-in of Jerry to be a United States District Judge in 1992. And at that time, Judge Gerry also commented that it didn't hurt Jerry had married into affordable in-house psychotherapy.

Back in 1992, the President would personally telephone his judicial nominees. So Jerry waited, and the big day came. He was sitting in his office at his desk. And suddenly came: "The White House is on the phone! The White House is on the phone!" So what did he do? He got up from the desk, he straightened his tie, and he put on his suit coat before he took the call from the President of the United States.

On behalf of the Simandle Family and the United States District Court for the District of New Jersey, it is my great honor to welcome you all to this celebration of the incredible life of Jerome B. Simandle. To Jerry's Family, we grieve with you. Our hearts too are broken. But look around. See all the people that are here. And what a testament to this wonderful man, who made such an enormous impact on so many. Today we will hear from his friends and colleagues, who will share what he meant to us, and to those around us.

Remarks By: Hon. D. Brooks Smith, Chief Judge of the Third Circuit

The coin of the realm for those of us who stand for the rule of law is language: words, crafted with care, deliberately scrupulous, measured, and spoken in a simple tone. Our colleague and friend, Jerry Simandle, so exemplified those qualities. He was a safe-harbor in these days when the rule of law seems often under attack and when civil discourse is at a low ebb.

Jerry had a keen sense of elemental justice. People recognized that in Jerry, as soon as they got to know him. Although modest and soft spoken, he stood out. Federal Judges across the nation respected him for his keen mind and his ever-cordial manner. It was my pleasure to know Jerry for most of my thirty-one years on the federal bench.

I also came to know how many friends and admirers he had, within the Third Circuit, and beyond. A number of years ago when I served as the Chair of the Space and Facilities Committee of the Judicial Conference of the United States, I visited a courthouse project in South Carolina. The Judge who greeted me was none other than Bill Traxler, Chief Judge of the Fourth Circuit, and also Chair of the Executive Committee of the Judicial Conference — he was the highest ranking Federal Judge in our government's structure. And who

did Judge Traxler ask me about as he drove me back to the airport? Jerry. In fact he told me that he had once tried to talk Jerry into pursuing a seat on the Third Circuit. I simply replied: “Bill, Jerry’s got too much sense for that.”

During the more than three-years I’ve been Chief Judge of the Third Circuit, Jerry was my reliable go-to guy on a number of sensitive matters in which I needed help and counsel. Jerry was not just loved and respected, he was trusted. He could be counted on to give sound advice. If you asked him for advice on a confidential matter, it was like placing something in the vault. Just in the past year I asked Jerry for his assistance on a sensitive assignment, while at the same time confessing that I knew I’d been asking way too much. He was only too pleased to help. I promised that I wouldn’t call on him again for a long time, not knowing that all too soon, that would not be my choice to make.

As I imagine everyone here knows, Jerry had as a mentor the giant of the Judiciary, Judge Jack Gerry. Clerking for that legendary man had to have been a formative experience — and a fun one. Jerry recalled in an interview many years later that Judge Gerry taught him the importance of being a good person first, and that everything else, including being a good Judge, would follow. So listen to these words expressed by my dear friend and predecessor Ted McKee, who said this just the other day: “Jerry was that exceedingly rare individual that epitomized who all of us strive to be as Judges, but more importantly, epitomized who all of us strive to be as people — sensitive yet firm, insightful yet intellectual, yet humble and modest.”

Indeed, Jerry Simandle’s life was just that: goodness, thoughtfulness, commitment and character. One of those who instructed how to do justice. Jerry our colleague and friend, you instructed us all.

Remarks By: Hon. Freda L. Wolfson, Chief Judge of the District of New Jersey

It is well known that Jerry Simandle wrote thoughtful and erudite opinions; was well respected in the legal community by both the bench and bar, and all of the extended Court family; consistently exhibited integrity, competence, and high ethical standards; had an unwavering commitment to professionalism and being respectful to others; was a courteous Judge to litigants and staff; a mentor to his law clerks, creating a generation of talented lawyers; a friend to his longtime Judicial Assistant Maria Martinez; a humanitarian dedicated to this Court; a consummate Judge and gentleman. He did not look to take credit for the work he did for our Court — remaining always, just one of us.

Jerry spent virtually his entire legal career with our Court, all in the Camden Federal Courthouse. Starting as a law clerk to another giant of our Court, the Hon. John Gerry, then serving as an Assistant United States Attorney, before ascending to the bench as a Magistrate in 1983. Back then the title was not yet Magistrate Judge. And of course: becoming a District Judge in 1992; later our Chief Judge; and finally, until his untimely death, a Senior Judge.

I met Jerry when I became a Magistrate in 1986, and we remained colleagues as Magistrate Judges and District Judges for thirty-three years. In the late-1980’s and early-1990’s our Magistrate bench amassed great talents. We would have periodic lunches where the Magistrate Judges would all come together, ostensibly to discuss some business of the Court to justify why we were meeting, but it was more often because we just liked each other. Although there was no formal Chief Magistrate, we all looked to Jerry to lead us — our *de facto* Chief.

I remember one particular meeting in Camden, when at one point Jerry told us he had great news: he had come up with a way to attract more consent cases to us. He had spoken with the State Attorney General’s Office to convince them to consent to Magistrate Judge jurisdiction for the trying of *pro se* prisoner cases — he had us at “prisoner” and “*pro se*”. Jerry was surprised at our reaction. We went on with a pleasant lunch, not thinking much about what we believed and had communicated was a rare terrible idea from Jerry. But the next day, we all received an email from Jerry reminding us about collegiality. A wake-up call. We could dis-

agree, but we needed to be better at respecting how we did so with each other.

That is how Jerry would lead us when he became Chief. There were difficult times and decisions to be made, and our Board of Judges meetings allowed for fulsome discussion — with no room, however, for attacks or disrespect. Jerry consistently sought consensus.

It was his guidance that I sought when I was becoming Chief. He reached out to me several months before, and offered any assistance he could give, while assuring me that he did not want to overstep. I welcomed his advice, including letting me know when I would inevitably do something ill-advised. Unfortunately he didn't get the time and opportunity to do so. But I have saved the emails that Jerry sent me when he was in his last weeks of battling cancer. First, in early May, addressing me as "Dearest Freda", he informed me that I was in his thoughts as I was becoming Chief, and that he always wished the best for — as he phrased it — our "beloved Court". And then, so typical of Jerry, he emailed me the night before my first Board of Judges meeting in June, to give me sage advice, which I have reread many times.

And that was our Jerry: always worried about the Court. A constant refrain in those last weeks was leaving the Court with the burdens of his case load. His love for our Court never wavered, even in his most difficult days. So I know that I, as well as many on our Court that were the beneficiaries of his advice, sorely miss the ability to pick up the phone and seek his opinion on an ethics matter or other thorny issue — or just to pass the time. But we can still think about how Jerry might have handled the matter, and I can look back to those same bits of counsel that he sent me, and hope to live up to his expectations to do what is best for our beloved Court.

Remarks By: Hon. Anne E. Thompson, U.S.D.J.

On November 27, 1963, five days after the assassination of President John F. Kennedy, President Lyndon Johnson stated to a joint-session of Congress: "All I have, I would have given gladly not to be standing here today." Those words came to my mind when I was told that Judge Jerry Simandle had asked for me to speak at his celebratory service — I would give anything not to be standing here today.

The loss of Jerry Simandle to our Court, to our lives, has been grievously profound. It has left us in a state of shock, stunned disbelief, and overwhelmingly dismayed. How can it be? Jerry has always been one of us: Assistant United States Attorney; Magistrate Judge; District Judge; Chief Judge; and dear friend. His departure was not just a routine sadness — it was a shattering of the seismic plates of our Court family universe. In a way, we are all reaching out for a way to understand, to accept, to adjust, to the incredible reality of his permanent absence. And to acknowledge and respect his significance, and take the example he gave us, as something he would be proud of in the years to come.

We all remember Jerry in our own personal way. I met Jerry when I was a new Judge in 1979. He was an Assistant United States Attorney in the Trenton office. A *magna cum laude* graduate of Princeton University's Engineering School — he was dazzlingly brilliant. I recall when he appeared before me in one of those complicated environmental cases. He was explaining how the interaction of certain elements function on certain other elements. And I sat there on the bench, thinking to myself: I haven't the faintest grasp of what he's talking about.

He became a Magistrate Judge in 1983, serving in the Camden Courthouse. He said in a 2013 interview with the New Jersey Law Journal: "I was much too young for the post." But he certainly did a splendid job as a Judge. He credited the lessons he learned from his mentor, the iconic Judge John Gerry, with teaching him the importance of being a good person first, and that everything else — including being a good lawyer, or a good judge — would follow. Jerry became a District Judge in 1992, appointed by President George H.W. Bush. I am sure that the deceased President Bush would have been proud of this appointment.

Judge Simandle had a gift for resolving tough legal questions and resolving cases in the most equitable

way possible, commented a South Jersey lawyer recently, from a major litigation firm. He did not have to bark at people to get them to respect him — people respected him because they knew that he was going to give them a fair shot. He was a model of civility, a master of the Court Rules, the consummate gentleman.

Judge Simandle became Chief Judge in 2012. When Hurricane Sandy struck in the fall of 2012, he organized the Court's response with the participation of all the stakeholders: the federal emergency management agency; the insurance companies; the lawyers; setting up arbitration panels to speed along review. Unprecedented was his creative response to citizens — citizens who had suffered severe losses from that catastrophic natural disaster.

He was a presence everywhere in this District. Whether it was an employee retirement party, or an employee recognition day, or an ethnic celebration — Hispanic Heritage Day, or Black History Month — he was there, promoting the occasion, and creating important community. He would do the grunt work, he would extend the laboring oar, but always he would give the credit to others, taking meticulous care that all members of the Court were recognized, and that everyone felt included. He never showed any reluctance when a member of the Court, a Judge, a staff member, a new employee, any lawyer, had an issue that he or she wanted to advance or lay on his shoulders. All the while, Judge Simandle was carrying his full case load, with the admiration and respect of the bar. One lawyer said of him recently: "he was not only a gifted and diligent jurist, but also a person of uncommon kindness, dignity, and humility."

Jerry always had a way of complimenting you, and making you feel good inside. Several years ago, I had a reunion of all my law clerks down here in Trenton. Since he was the Chief Judge, I invited him, but I really did not expect him to come. I invited him, to tell you the truth, just out of courtesy. He telephoned, and asked if he could bring his wife. He and Jane came. When the individual law clerks, all my law clerks, were getting up and making little speeches about their present jobs, Jerry got up. He told my law clerks that if there was one experience in life he wished he'd had, it would have been serving as a Thompson law clerk. My sixty law clerks in attendance were speechless — I was complimented from the top of my head, to the bottom of my toes.

The list of Jerry's accomplishments has no end. As a Judge, he was *par excellence*. As a human being, he was *summa cum laude*. There was no person who did not respect him for his brilliance, and for his humanity. He was the culmination of it all: high intelligence; kindness; empathy; sensitivity; integrity.

Recently I was reading Doris Kearns Goodwin's book, entitled "Leadership", in which she examines the lives of several great men, all former Presidents of the United States: Abraham Lincoln; Theodore Roosevelt; Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Each of those Presidents, through their shining years, cast their influence upon the Country for decades — and perhaps, changed history. I could not help but think of Jerry Simandle when Abraham Lincoln died at the untimely age of 56, and Edwin Stanton, his Secretary of War, pronounced the words: "Now he belongs to the ages." The comparison is not strained. Jerry's life of service to our Court, and to our Country, was so extraordinary and he was so beloved, that Secretary Stanton's poetic pronouncement speaks for us. Now Judge Simandle belongs to the ages.

Remarks By: Hon. Joel B. Rosen, U.S.M.J. (Ret.)

Jerry's untimely death has left a gaping hole in all of us, family, friends and colleagues. He touched so many lives, in so many ways. Not just professionally, but personally. His calm, gentle presence and demeanor made us all comfortable, feeling at ease. He was a defender of the rule of law, and the tenets of our Constitution — that all are entitled to be treated with dignity and equality, no matter what their status in life may be. He strongly believed in the notion of civility in our discourse. Whether you were a member of the Supreme Court, or a member of the custodial staff in the Mitchell H. Cohen Federal Courthouse, in Jerry's eyes, all persons had the same worth, and were entitled to the same respect.

In a similar vein, he treated all counsel with courtesy and respect, as many of you here know. Newer attorneys would often say to me how fortunate they were to have their first Federal Court appearance in front of Jerry. I remember, as many of you do, how imposing and intimidating it can be entering a Federal Courthouse. Even as member of the Bench, the grandeur and seriousness of that building made me realize each day how fortunate I was to serve there with such wonderful, fine colleagues — most of whom are here today, and some of whom are here today in memory.

Jerry, however, made all who appeared in front of him — counsel and clients alike — feel at ease. He recognized and respected the difficulties and challenges that both attorneys and their clients had. He never forgot that no matter what the issue might be before him, it was always serious for the parties and their counsel, and he treated them accordingly. While he was of course always kind to all, he was firm and decisive when he had to be. However, he would never go out of his way to embarrass a person. His opinions were scholarly. Even if you lost in a matter before him, you knew that he had carefully and thoughtfully considered all of your arguments. While no one likes to lose — be it an attorney, or his or her clients — it is a lot easier to take if you know that you've had a full and fair opportunity to be heard. That is the essence of justice. That was the essence of Jerry. He was a Judge's Judge, a lawyer's Judge, and a litigant's Judge.

Jerry, it has been noted, also had a subtle wit and sense of humor that some of you might not have seen. I would often visit his Chambers, and Maria, his Judicial Assistant, would often say to me: "go on in Joel, he's in the office and not on the phone." It would not be unusual that when I entered his office, despite what Maria had told me, the office appeared completely empty. Then, I would hear a small, elf-like voice from below the desk, saying (I can't do the voice): "I'm sorry, Judge Simandle is not here, please go away." He would hide under his desk from me — that shows further how good his judgment was. It still makes me smile to this day.

Jerry had two families to whom he was devoted. It goes without saying, and has been alluded to, how much he loved Jane, Liza, Roy and his grandchildren, as well as the other members of his family. He was also devoted to his other family: the United States District Court for the District of New Jersey. Even up to shortly before his death, he had continued to attempt to work on cases from his sickbed. He was deeply concerned about how his absence would adversely affect his colleagues and litigants in the Camden Courthouse, even though at the time, he knew his days were not to be long. But he worried about that — and he worried about Jane, and all of his family.

Be it a family member, a friend or a colleague, all of us feel a hole inside of us — I know I do — since he has left. He has touched so many lives, in so many positive ways that the hole, however, will be filled with fond memories and the values he has left for us: his devotion to family, and to justice; his thoughtfulness; and his kindness. In that way, he will remain with us forever. I miss his smile, his sweetness, and his gentleness. Goodbye my friend.

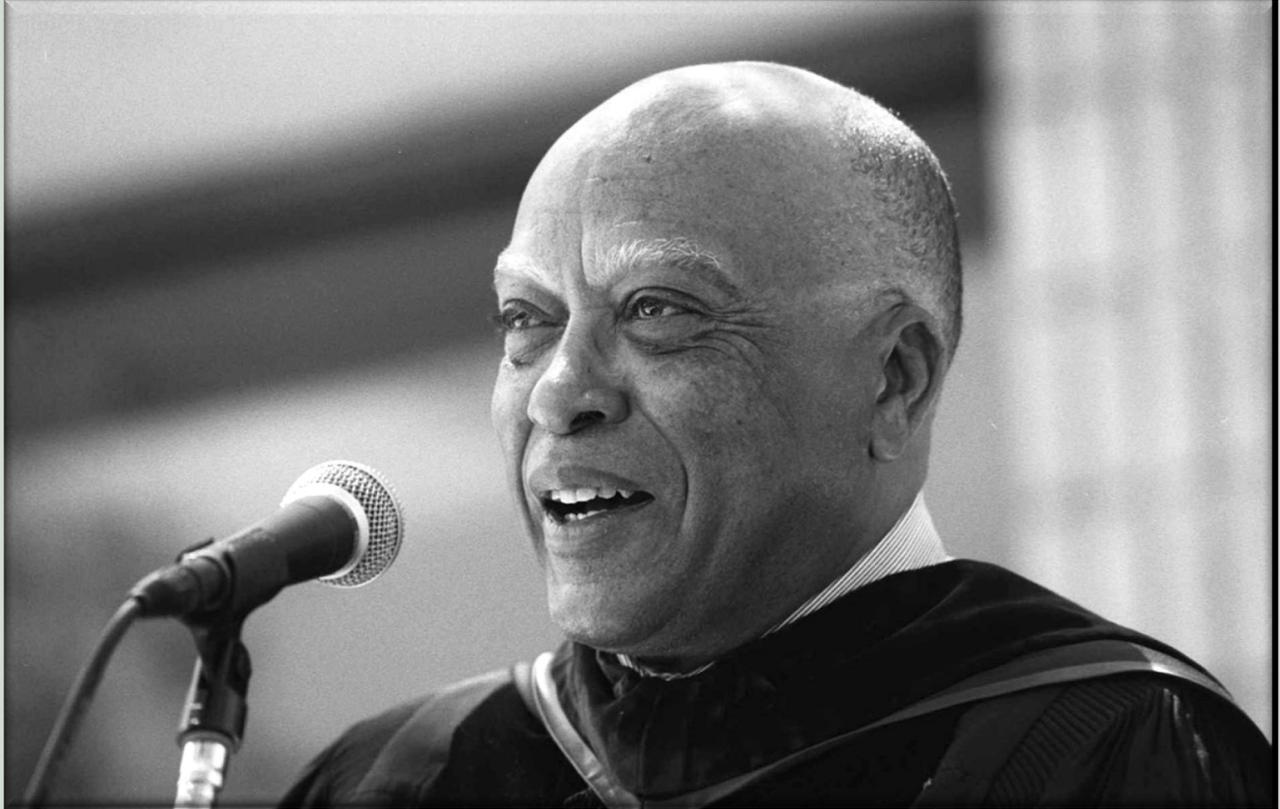
Closing Remarks By: Hon. Robert B. Kugler, U.S.D.J.

Mahatma Ghandi wrote: "The best way to find yourself is to lose yourself in service to others." Doesn't that epitomize Jerry Simandle? A life well lived in service to others, and to this great Nation. Thucydides, the ancient Greek historian, wrote that: "What you leave behind is not what is engraved on a stone, but what is woven into the lives of others." Has Jerry not woven his life into the lives of others?

Let's honor this great man, and this great Judge, by aspiring to be more like him — and in that way, his legacy will endure.



THE HONORABLE WILLIAM H. WALLS, U.S.D.J.
(1932-2019)



Judge Walls

Senior United States District Judge William Hamilton Walls died suddenly of a heart attack at his home in Robbinsville, New Jersey, on July 11, 2019. His son, Peter, was with him.

Until the end of his life, Judge Walls was committed to his work and quickly dismissed any talk of retirement. At his October, 1994 swearing-in as a Federal Judge, he gleefully proclaimed: “This is truly the happiest, proudest day of my professional life.”

Judge Walls was born at home in Atlantic City, New Jersey, on November 28, 1932, to Clifford H. Walls and Nannette V. Walls (nee Anderson). Auspiciously, he was delivered by the pioneering Black aviator, Dr. Albert E. Forsythe, who later became his neighbor after they were both lured to Newark in the 1960s by the city’s promise of opportunity.

A voracious reader and keen student, Judge Walls excelled in school. After graduating from Atlantic City High School in 1950, he and his high school best friend, Herbert S. Jacobs (who also became a lawyer and a judge), defied the odds facing Blacks at the time and enrolled in Dartmouth College. At Dartmouth, Judge Walls studied international relations and art history, which seeded a lifetime passion for art, travel and global politics — interests that he enthusiastically shared with his family, friends and law clerks.

Judge Walls graduated *cum laude* and Phi Beta Kappa from Dartmouth in 1954, and then entered Yale Law School. Late night bridge games, Yale Repertory Theatre plays, and New York City jaunts visiting old Atlantic City friends both competed with and supplemented his law studies

After graduating from Yale Law School in 1957, Judge Walls returned to Atlantic City to study for the

bar and intern at a local law firm. While there, he was smitten by a pretty and elusive young teacher, Grace Katherine Graves, also an Atlantic City native. Determined as ever, he would magically appear everywhere she was (including Catholic High Mass, though he was then a Baptist), until she found resistance of his charms futile. They were married in 1960 at Saint Monica, the Roman Catholic mission church in Atlantic City.

Judge Walls and Grace moved to Newark where he joined a small law firm. Soon he was tapped for a position in Mayor Hugh Addonizio's administration as Assistant Corporation Counsel. After a brief stint as a municipal judge, in 1970 Judge Walls became Newark's first Black Corporation Counsel. Later he became Newark's first Black Business Administrator in the administration of Mayor Kenneth A. Gibson, Newark's first Black mayor.

In 1977, Judge Walls began his judicial career in earnest, serving on the Essex County Court for two years, then on the bench of the New Jersey Superior Court in Essex County for the next fifteen. He enjoyed his time on the County and State Benches, and cherished the many friendships he made with his fellow Judges and other colleagues. But it was the Federal Bench that he coveted. Judge Walls realized that ambition when, in 1994, with the strong support of then-New Jersey Senator Frank R. Lautenberg, he was appointed by President William J. Clinton as a Judge of the United States District Court for the District of New Jersey.

Though he was devoted to his work, Judge Walls' love of family and breadth of interests ensured a robust life beyond his profession. Whether it was photographing butterflies with his children and friends in Morris County's Great Swamp; chatting about politics and sports at family gatherings with a glass of the latest Chilean wine he had discovered; carefully considering each grandchild's interests as he selected their books; teaching his son photography; researching electric cars for his daughter; haggling with rug merchants in Istanbul's Grand Bazaar; reading about his beloved Kachina dolls; or serving on non-profit boards, Judge Walls lived a rich, engaged and fulfilling life.

Judge Walls' parents and his sister, Vernetta J. Tolliver, predeceased him. He is survived by his former wife, Grace K. Walls, his children Claire A. Walls (Banks Tarver) and Peter G. Walls, his grandchildren Jennifer A Jovanovic, Walker Walls Tarver, Clay Graves Walls Tarver and Nanette-Rose Walls Tarver, his sister-in-law, Geraldine D. Bailey, his three nephews, nine nieces, two great-granddaughters and a host of great-grandnephews and great-nieces.

Judge Walls' life was celebrated on the morning of November 1, 2019, at the Montclair Art Museum. The hall of the Museum was filled to capacity with members of both Judge Walls' family and the Court family, including: Magistrate, District and Circuit Judges; Clerk of the Court William T. Walsh; Court staff; the current and immediate former United States Attorney for the District of New Jersey; myriad Assistant United States Attorneys; and prominent members of the Federal Bar. Notably, the perimeter of the hall was ringed with tables that displayed a wide array of pieces from Judge Walls' diverse collections — ranging from butterflies, to ornithology, to sculpture, to the artwork of various cultures.

During the celebration, a eulogy was given by Judge Walls' daughter Claire, as well as prepared remarks by speakers William J. Rinna, Esq., Patrick Andriola, Esq., and a written message from family member Steven C. Tolliver. Following those prepared remarks, the floor was opened to the attendees, and several poignant (and sometimes humorous) reflections were offered.

For the benefit of those members of our Court family that could not attend the celebration, selected remarks are reproduced below.†

Remarks By: William J. Rinna, Esq. — Judge Walls' First Law Clerk

I first met Judge Walls as he was completing his term as the Newark City Business Administrator in 1977. I had just taken the bar exam, I had come back to New Jersey from law school out of state, and was in

need of a job. The Judge wasn't yet a Judge — he had just been confirmed by the Senate to his appointment on the Superior Court, and was about to take the oath office. He needed a law clerk, and I needed a job. I guess that just proves the adage that, "timing is everything in life." I had interviewed with other Judges over the course of a year and didn't get those jobs. I was truly fortunate that I didn't, because I had the opportunity to clerk for Judge Walls.

It turned out to be much more than a job. It was, I think as all his clerks can attest, just an extension of law school. But it was better, because you were really immersed in the law. You were a fly on the wall — for the next 12 months I had a seat in the best legal classroom imaginable. I watched him everyday preside over trials, motions — he sat on the Criminal Division that year — and he got some tough cases, even as a rookie. What struck me, and I think this is something everyone knows, he was very demanding of the lawyers that appeared before him, as I guess he was of his children as well. But his treatment of the parties and their lawyers was also exemplified by the consistent application of one element: his loadstar was fairness. That's what he wanted, and that's what he insisted on. He could be tough on lawyers. Fortunately, I saw that as a clerk and not as an advocate in front of him. Whenever I got a case that looked like it might be going to Judge Walls after I was in practice, I said: "Oh, no! Conflict! Conflict!"

Yeah, he was tough on lawyers. But he recognized that they were there to provide what we all know as lawyers — zealous advocacy for their clients. But he also understood his role, which was to ensure that the process was intellectually honest, and fairly executed. And he did it. So I did all the things that law clerks do for their Judges: I researched issues on search and seizure; I checked the evidence rules; I prepared bench memos. I can recall one occasion where he sent me into the library to do some research and said: "Don't come back until you have the right answer, and it has got to be an opinion from Chief Justice Weintraub." And I said to him: "Judge, I think you're being a little narrow here. I'll look for it, and I'll support the principle with an opinion." So I went to the library, and I did find the decision. It was a Weintraub decision. And I realized that I wasn't doing research — he was forcing me to learn. He wanted me to find that opinion. Again, this wasn't a job, this was an extension of our education.

On occasion the Judge would get a little antsy on the bench. I don't know whether this practice continued — I'll have to check with his later clerks — but he would send notes. Either he'd pass the note to me directly at sidebar, or he'd get the courtroom attendant to bring it to me if I was back in Chambers. And the notes would generally be: "I need this rule"; or "bring me the charge for this case". But on one occasion, he was in the middle of a trial, and I don't remember specifically — but it had to have been either a homicide case, or an assault case, in which self-defense was an issue — he wasn't asking me for research, he wasn't asking me for the rule book. I'll read the note to you: "Detached reflection cannot be demanded in the presence of an uplifted knife. Brown v. United States, 256 U.S. 335, per Mr. Justice Holmes." I was looking through some of these notes last night, and I said: "Yeah, well, I don't know, he didn't have a computer on the bench, and he certainly didn't have the Supreme Court Reporters out on the bench. Where did this come from? This can't be right." And I remember, there was a lawyer who appeared before us many times that year, who used to throw cites out that were fictitious. So I'm thinking: "Is the Judge playing with me here?" And I looked up the cite: not only is the citation perfect; not only is the quote verbatim; but it is Mr. Justice Holmes. So the education continued throughout the year.

There were other Judicial responsibilities that brought his character into clear vision. I guess it was because Judge Walls was new to the bench, but we got Election Day duty that year. The Courts are closed on Election Day of course, and I think it was a gubernatorial election that year. We had to sit throughout the whole day, and essentially hear challenges from voters that had maybe gone to the polls, and weren't registered, whatever it was. It was a steady stream of voters whose credentials, their right to vote had been challenged. The Judge had to take testimony from these folks who were thoroughly upset in most cases. And it's one thing to watch a Judge preside over a homicide case — it's scripted, it's formal, there's a tremendous amount at stake, everyone has taken a tremendous amount of time to prepare, and certainly it's a difficult task to do that — at the same time, watching him preside over those 5 and 10 minute hearings with a voter whose . . . think about how critical, how crucial, how important the right to vote is. And he had to tell some of them:

“No, you can’t.” But he did it in a way, I think, that really showed what kind of a jurist he was — but more importantly, what kind of a person he was. He took the time to explain it to them as best he could. And yeah, there were some disappointed folks. But he did it in a compassionate way. And I think that day was a little more interesting than all of the other days that I spent with him that year. He wanted to make the process fair, and he wanted everyone to understand why he was making the decisions that he did.

So after this very valuable year, I started my career as a trial lawyer. My expectations and my conduct in courtrooms was very much affected by what I had experienced and I had observed in his courtroom. So whenever I appeared in Court, I focused upon being well prepared, professional, civil . . . well prepared, well prepared. Because that’s what he wanted, and that’s what he insisted on, and I wasn’t going to disappoint him. That was a very high bar — those were tough standards, but I know that I benefited from his insistence and his toughness in the year that I clerked for him.

As I started my career, Judge Walls was a terrific mentor. He was always willing to talk through career choices with me in a very positive way — perhaps not as direct as he might have been with his children — but he tried to steer me in what he thought was the right direction. And then our relationship, as it went on, became I think a real friendship. Whenever I visited with him in Chambers, or lunch at Forno’s — if it was lunch, you had to go to Forno’s — he first always needed to hear about my family, my wife and my kids, and then he would talk about Peter and Claire, and the latest camera he bought, or the latest trip to the Great Swamp. I think he really wanted to go to the Federal Bench most because Chambers were bigger, and he could display more photography — that’s what my conclusion was.

In wrapping up, I just want to note that there was a book written by New York Times columnist and social commentator David Brooks in 2015, entitled “The Road to Character”. And in that book, Brooks essentially explores the lives of a number of public figures — politicians, authors, philosophers — and he talks about how those people developed the character that took them through life. And I’m going to quote from that. He wrote about certain people who: “Radiate an inner light. These people can be in any walk of life. They seem deeply good. They listen well. They make you feel funny and valued. You often catch them looking after other people, and as they do so, their laugh is musical and their manner is infused with gratitude. They are not thinking about what wonderful work they’re doing. They’re not thinking about themselves at all. They’re thinking about others.” And that sounds to me like he’s describing our Judge Walls, as I came to know him.

He’s going to be missed dearly by family, friends and colleagues. I’m just grateful to be counted among the many lives that he touched and effected in so many ways.

Remarks By: Patrick Andriola, Esq. — Judge Walls’ Last Law Clerk

I was Judge Walls’ last law clerk, so this is pretty fitting. The following is a letter I wrote to Claire and Peter after the Judge passed. We didn’t have any cases in Chambers after the Judge passed, but I was still part of the Federal Judiciary, and part of what I did was round-up the former law clerks and get them to write notes to Claire and Peter, and this was mine:

Being Judge Walls’ last law clerk fills me with tremendous joy and sadness. On the one hand, it was an honor to be a part of the Judge’s orbit. On the other, it felt as if we were truly beginning to become, in his words, “good buddies”.

If his law clerks were planets, your father was the star that we revolved around. His immensity came from his intellect and his wisdom, which he was supremely confident in. And there is no doubt that this confidence rubbed-off

on his clerks, as we all felt a little bit brighter and better by being here.

That does not mean we were forced to agree with him — we also had the privilege to be wrong. Whether it was sports, or politics, or arcane history, your father had a thought about the topic. It was never a throw-away thought either. Even if you disagreed with him, there was no question that he had carefully considered the subject. And to me, that was one of his lasting lessons: to sit patiently, and think about an issue before coming to a conclusion. This applied to both legal reasoning, and everything else in life. I'll take it with me forever.

The Judge had a warmth about him that started with his smile and laugh, and infected everyone around him. At first I thought he was a natural performer, adept at putting on a show. But only after being with him for a few months did I realize that this was simply his default state — charming, and boisterous, and considerate. Whether he was on the bench for a star-studded trial, or chatting with one of the many Court personnel, his behavior was the same. It was simply, for our benefit, who he was.

In the last year he spoke about his mortality more openly, particularly in two regards. First, he said that he did not want to stop working, because that was when the mind goes. Second, he had no desire to live until 100 or so, as his once-many friends had begun to winnow. I sincerely believe he was at peace not just with who he was, but with the legacy — including his wonderful family — that he left behind.

Finally, a month before he passed, your father told us that he had recently spoken to an old friend. During the conversation with this friend, he lamented that he never became in life what he truly wanted: like an art curator in Paris; or an artifact excavator in New Mexico (these were his examples). He recounted that his friend said to him: “Bill, you’re a goddamned Federal Judge, and you love doing that. This is what you were meant to do.” The Judge looked up at us, and smiled that classic smile, and said: “He was right.”

† *Editor's Note: Certain remarks have been abridged to facilitate publication. Additionally, neither of the Celebrations recounted herein were professionally transcribed. Instead, the audio of both were recorded by me from the gallery using a handheld digital device. I subsequently used that recording to manually recreate the remarks reflected above. In doing so, I made every effort to ensure accuracy, and selected punctuation (sometimes unorthodox) to capture each speaker's style. On rare occasions, due to acoustic imperfections, I had to determine a speaker's likely word selection using context and best judgment. Patrick J. Murphy 1999, Esq., Editor*

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