

Arizona Bar Foundation
Oral History Project:
Arizona Legal History

Interview with Amelia D. Lewis
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ARIZONA BAR FOUNDATION
ORAL HISTORY PROJECT:
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HISTORICAL NOTE

Although Arizona was frequently referred to as "the Baby State," due to its twentieth-century entry into the Union, the history of the legal profession in the state is rich and colorful. In the earlier days, lawyers were mostly self-educated men, who practiced alone, or with one partner at the most, and spent much of their professional time alternately defending and prosecuting some of the most colorful characters of the Old West, and trying to collect on bills from people who had come West to escape their creditors.

Through the first half of this century, some of the nation's finest lawyers took up practice in Arizona. As the state's population grew, a law school was added to the University of Arizona and lawyers formed an integrated state bar in 1933. After World War II, the state exploded in development with the rest of the Sun Belt, and the law profession kept up with this growth, experiencing many changes in the process.

Today, there are law firms in Phoenix and Tucson which employ upwards of 100 attorneys, who may specialize in fairly narrow areas of practice. Half of the students in the state's two law schools are now women. Over the years, Arizona's influence on legal matters at the national level has been significant. Several landmark cases have originated in Arizona,

such as In re: Gault, and Miranda. Arizona can claim the first woman to sit on a state Supreme Court: Lorna Lockwood. Two members of the State Bar now sit on the U.S. Supreme Court, one as the Chief Justice and the other as the first woman to be appointed to the Supreme Court.

However, because Arizona is a young state, there are still attorneys living who knew and remember Arizona's earliest legal practitioners during Territorial days. Many of these senior members of the Bar practiced or sat on the bench before the profession, and indeed society itself, experienced the changes of the last forty years. In an effort to preserve their memories, the Archives Department of the Arizona Historical Society/Tucson developed the Evo DeConcini Legal History Project, an oral history project. From 1986-1988, twenty-one oral history interviews were conducted, focusing on the reminiscences of lawyers and judges in the Southern Arizona area.

In 1987, the Board of Directors of the Arizona Bar Foundation expressed an interest in continuing to document the history of the legal profession in Arizona on a state-wide basis. In particular, the Board felt that the collection of oral history interviews with senior members of the State Bar would stimulate scholarship and publication on various topics relating to legal history, such as water rights, land use and development, and civil rights, as well as on the history of individual firms and the State Bar, itself. The Bar Foundation and the Arizona Historical Society/Tucson agreed to work together to expand the

DeConcini Project statewide, calling it the Arizona Bar Foundation Oral History Project: Arizona Legal History.

Raising funds for two interviews initially, the Bar Foundation designated that the first two recipients of the Walter E. Craig Distinguished Service Award, Mark Wilmer of Snell and Wilmer (1987), and Philip E. Von Ammon of Fennemore Craig (1988) be interviewed in October, 1988. Both interviews were conducted by James F. McNulty, Jr., who conducted most of the interviews for the DeConcini Project. Subsequently, other interviews have been conducted with Congressman Morris K. Udall, Frank Snell, Estes D. McBryde, Amelia Lewis, and William Copple. Joana D. Diamos conducted the interview with Lewis and John Westover conducted the Copple interview. The Legal History Committee of the Bar Foundation is developing a list of prospective interviewees in consultation with Adelaide B. Elm, Archivist, Arizona Historical Society, coordinator of the project.

Because it is open-ended, it is not possible to fully define the scope and content of the Arizona Bar Foundation Legal History Project. However, in order to archive the greatest depth and balance, and to insure that many viewpoints are represented, every effort is made to include both rural and urban practitioners, male and female, of varying racial and ethnic perspectives. Interviews are conducted as funds are made available. Transcripts of the interviews are available to researchers at the Arizona Historical Society in Tucson, the libraries of the Colleges of Law at the University of Arizona and

Arizona State University, and at the Bar Center, in Phoenix. The Historical Society is also cooperating with the Ninth Judicial Circuit Historical Society in making copies of interviews with Arizona lawyers and judges for their project available to researchers here in Arizona.

The Arizona Bar Foundation Legal History Project is important not only because it is documenting the history of the profession in Arizona but because legal history encompasses every aspect of society's development. To study legal history means to study land development, environmental issues, social and educational issues, political history, civil rights, economic history--in short, the history of our society. All of these topics are, and will continue to be developed in these oral history interviews. They may be seen as a valuable and unique supplement to the written record, as scholars begin to write the history of the legal profession in Arizona.



Amelia Dietrich Lewis Interview

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Amelia Dietrich Lewis Interview

Amelia Dietrich Lewis was born in New York City, June 25, 1903. She attended Hunter College, then graduated from St. Lawrence University School of Law (now Brooklyn Law School) with an LL.B., in 1925. She later received an LL.M. from New York Law School. She was legislative assistant to the minority leader of the New York City Council and was an attorney for the Legal Aid Society. During World War II Lewis served with the Office of Price Administration. In 1957, after the death of her husband, Maxwell Lewis, she moved to Arizona. Upon being admitted to the Arizona Bar in 1958, Lewis accepted the post of Deputy County Attorney for Navajo County. In 1970 she moved and set up practice in Youngtown, later moving her offices to Peoria.

In 1964 Lewis undertook the representation of Gerald Gault, a minor, in an appeal of his case. She appealed, first to the Arizona Supreme Court, then to the United States Supreme Court, where Gault's conviction was overturned in an eight-to-one decision.

Lewis is a member of the New York Bar, the Arizona Bar, the Association of Trial Lawyers of America, the American Bar Association and the Maricopa County Bar Association. In 1988 Lewis was the first recipient of the Amicus Award of the Association of Trial Lawyers of America. She has served on the Arizona Governor's Advisory Council of Aging and is a volunteer for the American Heart Association in Sun City. She has also

served the Arizona Democratic Party in a variety of capacities, including as a member of the State Executive Committee and as party parliamentarian.

In this interview Lewis reflects on her legal work in New York City and her experiences in the law in Arizona. She speaks extensively about *In Re: Gault* and provides much insight into this precedent-setting case.

Lewis tells several anecdotes about other law cases with which she is familiar, such as the Jaramio murder case in Winslow. She reflects on her experiences with various judges, including Don T. Udall, Lloyd C. Helm and Sandra Day O'Connor. Lewis' reflections on her experiences as a female lawyer in Arizona are of particular interest.

AMELIA D. LEWIS INTERVIEW

This is the morning of August 17th, 1989, at the home of Amelia Dietrich Lewis, 10432 105th Avenue, Sun City, Arizona. Amelia Dietrich Lewis has consented to be interviewed. I am Jo Ann Damos who will be conducting the interview. [Adelaide Elm, Archivist, Arizona Historical Society/Tucson, is also present.]

Damos: Would you tell me please--may I call you Amelia?

Lewis: Surely.

Damos: Can you tell me where you were born, when you were born? Describe briefly your family.

Lewis: Yes. I was born in New York City on June 25th, 1903.

My parents were born in this country, but my grandparents came, three of them, from Germany, and one, my mother's mother, from Vienna. My father was rather artistic. He was a window trimmer in men's wear, who was receiving awards all the time for the artistic displays that he made and his window trimming. But I never seemed to inherit any of that.

He was insistent that at fourteen I leave school and work in order to help contribute toward my support. I was the oldest of four children. We lived in the Bronx, having moved up there from Manhattan. At that time I was attending Walton High School. So I did what he told me, and I found out that it was possible to get the equivalent of a high school graduation by studying and taking tests that they gave to give you an equivalent high school education. So I

took the equivalent of four years of French with a French teacher, and math with a math teacher, and English. And I had bought myself an Isaac Pitman shorthand book and taught myself shorthand from the book. I taught myself typing. And those things were given credits also. So I got a high school certificate at sixteen, and went to Hunter College.

I worked in between that to satisfy my father's requirement that I support myself. And I worked in various places. At that time--that was 1919. As a matter of fact, in 1918, at fifteen, I had started working in a law office as a gofer. This was the first time that they ever admitted a woman, a female to work in a law office. At that time the stenographers were males in law offices. And this particular law office had taken on a woman bookkeeper, first time, and then they took me on as a gofer. I found the work that the lawyers were doing so interesting that I decided that this is what I wanted to make my profession. Particularly, at one point, when I had an accident. I fell down between the platform and the train on the subway, and injured my leg, injured my knee--that's probably one of the reasons why I've just had two knees replaced--and that bothered me all of my life. I could never--I had

difficulty playing tennis. I'd trip over myself on account of my knee.

Anyway, I said to this attorney to whom I'd been assigned to be a helper--his name was Saul Kohn, and he was one of the founders of the group that started the Jewish Appeal for Charity. I remember their first year, they decided that they were going to have a very high goal. Something that would stun the Christian community with the amount of giving that Hebrews did. They were asking for \$900,000 for the appeal for Jewish charity. And it did stun the Christian world. I remember at that time I was attending the Congregational Church of North New York--that's where I was confirmed. Anyway, I said to him after I got back to work after the accident, I asked him, would he handle my case against the city because I felt that they were negligent in permitting their guards to push people as they did, to push me to get me into the train and cause me to fall. He was a very short man and I was tall, and he stood up and puffed out his chest and said, "Amelia, I know you didn't mean to insult me, but I am not an ambulance chaser." And I felt from that time on, that there must be people who needed lawyers to help them in cases of that kind. Because I knew the man was not an ambulance chaser, but for some reason these cases were not acceptable to

him. And I found out, of course later, that there were ambulance chasers.

In any event, I left Hunter College before graduation in order to enter law school at eighteen, which was the earliest age at which they would take you in law school. And I graduated before I was twenty-one. I had to wait for admission until I was twenty-one. At that time there was a long list of the law graduates waiting to be admitted to the Bar in New York City. The admissions were handled by attorneys, a committee of nine of the Bar who had their own practices and weren't able to give much time to the admission of attorneys. One day in the New York Law Journal, they published a notice that anyone who had served his country could apply for early admission by making an affidavit and giving proof of that service. This was 1925, and I was pregnant with my first child--or it was the fall of, late 1924. So I said to my husband, "I'm serving my country in the only way that I could, that's allowed to women. So I'm going to make application for early admission."

I prepared my papers, and I was told by the chairman--I'll never forget him--Eugene V. Daly, an attorney in downtown New York, "Mrs. Lewis, you will have to have something to confirm that you did something during the war for your country." And I

said, "You know, I was--what--fourteen, fifteen years of age. The only thing I did was to sew clothes for Belgian war orphans over in the Methodist church. We had a sewing group over there." My mother had taught me how to sew. And he said, "You'll need an affidavit on that." So I had to go to the home for deaconesses where this woman was who had led the sewing group. I had prepared the affidavit and taken it with me. The woman was completely dotty. She didn't know what was going on. She was laughing all the time. She gladly signed the affidavit. They gladly notarized it for me. I knew it was wrong because, while the facts were true, she had no recollection of them, but it was the only way that I was going to be able to get on the list for early admission.

When I went before the committee for interview, one of the nine attorneys was a man from Riverhead, Long Island, who indicated to me how shocked he was that in my condition I would come out of my house into the public. (laughter) And that, of all things, I would have the temerity to suggest that that was a cause for which I was serving my country. Anyway, Mr. Daly said, "Mrs. Lewis, of all the applications I have received of papers from would-be attorneys over the years, your application is the best I've ever had. I am sure that you will make a wonderful assistant in

the office of attorneys, preparing papers for them."
And the rest of the committee apparently went along
with Daly. I never knew what the vote was, but they
voted for early admission for me. So I got admitted.

Diamos: The law school you attended . . .

Lewis: I attended St. Lawrence University School of Law. The
campus for St. Lawrence was up in Malone, New York,
but the law school was in Brooklyn. It was in the old
Eagle Newspaper Building. They had rooms there up on
the, at least the second floor, for the law school
groups. Later it became Brooklyn Law School. So I'm
considered a graduate of Brooklyn Law School, because
the law school of St. Lawrence University is no longer
in existence. I went on, later, to take a master's
degree at New York Law School. That degree wasn't
conferred until 1956, I went there, because I was
working in downtown New York, for the Legal Aid
Society in the criminal division at that time. It was
pretty much as a volunteer, because they asked me,
"What are your expenses?" And they gave me a check
for my expenses.

Diamos: And that was it?

Lewis: Yes. But I was, my husband was supporting the family,
so there was no problem about it, and he was happy to
have me do it.

Diamos: Your husband's name was?

Lewis: Maxwell Lewis. He had come up in social work and went into hospital administration. When the LaGuardia administration was preparing to come into office, Sigismund Goldwater, who was the head of Mount Sinai Hospital in New York, called my husband in and asked him if he would join the Department of Hospitals. There was an institution on Welfare Island where a scandal was going to break and they needed somebody to clean up the situation. And of all the people he knew working in hospital work, he thought my husband would be the best person for it. He said, "The salary is very low, but you get complete living for your family." My husband was anxious to take it, and I said, "Go ahead. You know, I'll go to work and earn some money. There won't be any problem." But the salary was increased as time went on, so there was no problem about that.

Diamos: Were you married before you started law school?

Lewis: I was married in the last year of law school. I had been going with this young man who was from an Orthodox Jewish family, and I was very much in love with him, as he was with me, and I have been tremendously, I had a tremendously good life. Tremendous. I've just loved it. I've been among Jewish people during my lifetime with him, and have

found them to be very wonderful people. At least I was fortunate in those that I met.

I decided that I didn't want my kids calling "dirty kike", as youngsters in New York at that time were wont to do, so I took them over to Stephen Weiss'--I guess it's a temple, but they called it a synagogue, because it wasn't an orthodox place--on the westside in New York. And I went to Sunday school with them. I sat there in the Sunday school hearing the young Rabbi Edward Cline say to my children, "Don't trust the goyim," goyim being anybody who is not a Hebrew. And I argued with him about this and later I went back and apologized to him, after Hitler.

Diamos: I don't blame you. When you first came out of law school, did you go . . .

Lewis: Well, I continued to work for the same firm that I was working with while I went to law school. I went to law school in the evening.

Diamos: Saul Kohn's [firm], I mean.

Lewis: No. At that time it was Elfers and Abberley. I had switched to them because the Kohn firm would never consider, to their last days, taking on a female attorney. But I was the office manager and my job was to get the lawyers to take their feet off their desks and go to work, so there would be enough money in the till at the end of the week to pay them their

salaries. Because we had some lawyers, believe it or not, who were lazy. I could not believe it and I have never met a lazy lawyer in Arizona. I'm here since 1957. But I met a few lazy lawyers in New York. I was one of ten thousand lawyers on the tip of Manhattan. And I was getting nowhere. But I was amazed when my son Frank and his wife came to me in New York. They were both--Frank was under Frank Hogan, the district attorney in New York County at that time, doing a good job, and Frank Hogan liked him very much and he was going up in the department--and his wife had her masters degree in economics and had a good job with a stock brokerage firm. They came to me saying, "As soon as we've saved enough money we're going to Arizona to live." And I said, "That god-forsaken place? Give it back to the Indians. I was through there in 1936 and the only place we could stay was some kind of a run-down inn and the woman there gave me an agate basin with a cake of ice in it and said, 'Play the electric fan on this and open your window.' And it so happened she was right. It was nice air conditioning. But all the same, those are the conditions under which you'll have to live out there."

Diamos: Do you know how many women were admitted to practice law in New York City when you were admitted?

Lewis: No. But there were twelve women in my class in law school, which was considered a large number. And that school was very liberal. The reason being that they wanted the tuition. They'd take anybody's tuition.

Diamos: Now, after you were with that firm, did you go to work for work for the minority leader of the New York City Council?

Lewis: Yes. I stayed at home to raise children because I'd found--I had two boys--and there were too many problems so far as their health was concerned, with help. I had a marvelously healthy first baby who weighed thirty pounds at a year, and he got pneumonia twice, being taken care of by a housekeeper. And I almost lost him. He went down to eighteen pounds. I was just too concerned that if I didn't stay home and take care of those kids I was going to have problems with them. So I decided if I was staying home taking care of two, I might as well have a third. And when I wanted to have a fourth, my husband said, "No. I can't educate more than three kids through professional education. That's about the limit of what we're going to be able to afford." So that's why we stayed at three. I have three boys, two of whom have gone wrong. The oldest one is a physician who heads the Physiology Department in a medical school in

Linköping, in Sweden. The other two, Peter practices law in Baltimore and Frank, of course, in Phoenix.

Diamos: Frank is with the firm of Langerman, Begam, Lewis and Marks?

Lewis: That's right. Frank is having an enjoyable time conducting a people's law school. The Association of Trial Lawyers of America set up this program for bringing the public closer to understanding what the law is. It's really intended to understand what the lawyer has to do and for them to understand a little bit of what the law is, so that they can find out whether they need a lawyer, whether they can handle it themselves. And if they have a lawyer, to have a better understanding of the work that he's doing for them. And he had the session last time, over four hundred people desired to register for it, but the place that he had only had seating for a hundred twenty-five. So Paul Bender has offered him the use of the great hall [at Arizona State University Law School] and this fall the classes will start--I don't know whether it's September 26th. I've forgotten the date. But he will have people's law school over there. And right now they're enrolling through the local Arizona Trial Lawyer's Association, paying twenty dollars for the course and for the materials. He's gotten wonderful help from the bench and the Bar

in Arizona last year, for the courses. Chief Justice Feldman, Stanley [G.] Feldman of our Supreme Court, had the opening session and he gave those people a marvelous understanding of the setup of the court system and of the Arizona Constitution and the federal Constitution. He did a beautiful job. And then there were sessions in criminal, matrimonial and juvenile [law]. I think he went through, I don't remember whether it was twelve or fifteen lectures--from seven in the evening until eight-thirty and then with a half-hour of questioning sessions it went until nine o'clock. I assume he'll have the same format this year.

Diamos: That's wonderful. After you raised your children, when did you go back to the practice?

Lewis: When the youngest one, Peter, was seven-and-a-half he came in and said to me, "I don't want you to drive me any more." And really I felt that I was let out of prison. You know, my whole life was ferrying kids back and forth to everything they had to go to. And so I decided at that time, that I could go back. I had tried to keep in touch before. I had done work for various organizations and in addition had taught courses in municipal finance, that is the finance of New York City, and in the then new New York City code and charter, to members of various chapters of the

League of Women Voters in New York City. I would go into the headquarters there with the baby or with a toddler, and conduct the class. Somebody there, one of the girls on the staff, would mind the baby for me while I was doing it. Or else I left them at home with help. My husband always provided me with help in the house, which made life easier.

In connection with the League of Women Voters, I'd like to mention the fact that before the League was formed, Carrie Chapman Catt called a meeting of various women and said, "When Mrs. Leslie died"--that was the Mrs. Leslie who succeeded her husband when he died, as editor of Ladies' Godey Book, which was the forerunner of women's magazines. Because women needed something from which to copy or make patterns to make their clothes in those early days. She left me her estate, which was around nine hundred thousand dollars. We had both been in the cause of suffrage for women, and I knew that she would want me to use this money for that purpose. And I have so much left over"--and I forget whether Catt said it was two hundred twenty-eight thousand or twenty-eight thousand, I've forgotten the amount--and we have to decide, now that we have the vote, what we will do." And one of the women who was present stood up and said, "Well now that they've given us the vote"--and

Carrie said, "Just a minute. They didn't give us the vote. We bought it. It wasn't until I hired a Madison Avenue advertising firm and those people said, 'Chain yourself to the trees at the White House,' that we got the vote. And I paid them heavy for that."

Well, to go on, the prestigious Association of the Bar of the City of New York was one of two bar associations--the other was the New York County Lawyers--to which New York City lawyers could belong. The dues for the New York County Lawyers was fifteen dollars, for the Association of the Bar it was seventy-five dollars. And you had to be admitted three years before you could apply for membership. So in 1928, having been admitted in June of 1925, I applied for membership. I wrote the secretary, enclosed my check for seventy-five dollars and asked for an application. I got a letter back from the president. Now they had a beautiful building on Forty-fourth Street in New York, but the most marvelous thing was their library and their librarian. I had been there for a number of lectures. It was open to any lawyers for meetings. It wasn't kept only to their membership. I had gotten help from their librarian on a number of occasions, and that was the reason why I was willing to travel to Forty-fourth Street--because I worked in downtown Manhattan--and

was so anxious to join. At those meetings I had learned where the ladies' room was: under the stairs, there were stairs on the right-hand side as you came in. There was a little powder room under the stairs. I got a letter from the president of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York--and this is now 1928--saying, "Dear Mrs. Lewis, we are very sorry that we cannot have women members because we do not have sufficient powder room space."

Diamos: You accepted that?

Lewis: I went over and joined the New York County Lawyers. A number of years later, I got a letter asking me to membership, and I could not contain myself. I wrote on the bottom, "To hell with you." And I sent it back to them. I was sorry afterward that I did it. But the thing that that did to me was something that may or may not be right. I don't know. But it would not permit me to join a women lawyers organization, until this last year, when I joined the one here, being asked by so many women lawyers here to join, that I couldn't refuse. Because I did not want to do what the men had done to me. I didn't want to get into an organization that was closed.

Diamos: But the Arizona Women Lawyers Association does have male members.

Lewis: I understand. I understand. That's why I was prepared to join that. But all through the years, in New York, the women would say to me, "We've got to push ourselves. They're not giving us appointments to the bench. We're sending our business to men. We're not sending it to each other." And I'm saying, "I'm sorry. I'm not going to be part of doing what they did to me. I'm not going to be part of that."

I had one other incident, it doesn't have do with law. I had a friend who had graduated a year before me, and who was an executive assistant to Stanley Resor, who was the head of the J. Walter Thompson Advertising Agency in New York City. She called me up one day, and she said, "Amelia, I want you to come over to lunch--you know we have an executive dining room here--on such and such a date. Mabel Walker Willebrandt"--W-I-L-L-E-B-R-A-N-D-T, who was on the staff of the U.S. attorney in Washington, D.C.--"is coming up to visit. And I want you to meet her." So, I was there and I met her, and we went into the dining room. She was trying to recruit women for the U.S. attorney's staff in Washington, D.C. And I told her, "Aside from the fact that I'm not qualified, I couldn't leave here because I have a husband who's working here, and I have a child. So there's no way that I could go to Washington, D.C."

My friend said, "You'll have to excuse me for a minute. I have to take care of something for Stanley." And she got up and asked for everybody's attention in the dining room, and she said, "We have a winner for our contest, and I want to make the presentation today, in Mr. Resor's name." She said, "I have a check here for five thousand dollars to present to," and she named the young man. And he came up and everybody applauded. She gave him the check and shook his hand and came over and sat down. I asked, "Who is he and what did he do?" And she said, "Oh, he's a copywriter." And I said, "What did he do?" And she said, "Oh, we had a contest. We have a client, Dutch Cleanser, and it was a question of trying to increase sales for the company." And I said, "Why did he win? What did he do?" "Oh, he said, 'Make the holes on the cans larger.'" I immediately went into a campaign: "Housewives, only open two of the six holes. Because they want you to throw more of their product down the drain." The next thing I knew, they had punched out the holes and put a paper over the top. So my next appeal was, "Only pull the paper back so that two holes show." The next thing that happened was, if you pulled any of the paper, the whole thing came off. So I said, "Don't buy their damned product."

Diamos: Did you work for the Office of Price Administration [OPA] during World War II?

Lewis: Yes. At that time I was working as legislative assistant to Genevieve Earle, who was an Independent, politically. Her husband happened to be the Republican leader in Kings County, which is Brooklyn, New York. But she remained an Independent. She was the minority leader of the city council, and she talked to the League of Women Voters and said, "Have you any idea where I could get a woman who knows something of the law, who knows the New York City Charter, knows anything about the New York City budget? Does there exist anybody like that?" And they said, "There sure does. Amelia Lewis." So, at that time I was acting as executive director for the Parents' Association in New York. It was what would be in other places the parent's-teacher's group, but in New York only the parents wanted their association. The teachers at that time had the teacher's union and they felt that they would do better being in an organization by themselves. So I left there and took on the job of being her legislative assistant.

My job was to take all the bills that were introduced, to examine them. I had--this is what led me to take a master's degree in writing legislation, later when I was able to go to New York Law School

some years later--examine the legislation, make any research necessary to determine whether it was good or not, and then write up for all of the people in her unit and give one copy to the leader of the Democrats, the opposition.

The only thing I remember particularly about that was, a company, a drug company offered Narcosan to the City of New York Department of Corrections without charge. Narcosan was touted as the best withdrawal for drug addicts at that time. And I found out that Dr. Gold, who at that time was an editor of the U.S. Pharmacopoeia, was going to be at Rockefeller Institute. He was coming up from Washington, D.C., and I was able to get an appointment with him. I told him that the city council, one of the Democrats from Queens--the company I think had an office in Flushing in Queens where it manufactured drugs--was offering Narcosan to the Department of Corrections and the Department of Hospitals, free of charge for drug addition withdrawal. Dr. Gold said, "Whatever you do, do not touch that product. It's just a placebo." There's nothing to it." So I said, "Am I permitted to quote you?" And he said, "Of course."

So I went back and I wrote my report , but instead of giving it to everybody, I go to Quinn, of Queens, who introduced the bill, and I give him the

results of the conference. You know, I felt this was the most tactful way to handle it. I thought he'd withdraw his bill. He turned on me. He gave everybody the information. He did it; I didn't do it. If I had done it would have been worse, I think, than the fact that he did it. But anyway, his fellow Democrats, while they wouldn't have anything to do with me, a Democrat who was working for an independent, you know, they felt I was a traitor for doing this. And I said, "All I'm interested in is good legislation. If you introduce good legislation, I'll say it's good. If you introduce bad legislation, I'll say it's bad. It's only my opinion. You can pass it if you want, you know. All I'm doing is working to give you advice., and Genevieve is paying me and she's telling me, 'Give you the advice.'"

So the leader was with me, and a number of the other people were with me, so they never passed it. Quinn never got over being angry with me about that. And I guess maybe it was one of his big constituents and was a problem for him. And he didn't know that the stuff was bad, and he was probably angry with himself, you know, for getting into something like this.

But one day the head of OPA came into our office, and I was sitting and talking with Genevieve about

something, and he said, "Don't you girls know there's a war going on and that your country needs you?" And I said, "I thought we were helping our country by carrying on and getting legislation, proper legislation passed in the City of New York." And he said, "No, I need you up at OPA." He said, "I know Genevieve can't go. She's an elected official, she's got to be there. But what are you sitting here for?" So Genevieve said, "He's right Amelia. You want to go, go ahead."

So I went up to work for OPA, the Office of Price Administration. I had a territory assigned to me I had to visit and see that the local boards in each of these areas was carrying out the matter of setting prices properly. I found, for instance, this situation in one district: there were a number of local candy stores that made lunches for school children, where they made a five-cent sandwich. It would be two pieces of bread with either a slice of cheese or ham or bologna or something on it. With mustard, no butter. And the price administration group there, the local group, insisted they could not raise the price, even though the bologna and the ham and the rest of it would be costing them more than seventeen cents a sandwich. They insisted that these mom and pop shops had to continue to sell these

sandwiches to the kids at five cents. On the other hand, when the bar people came in and said, "The cost of liquor has gone up. We can't charge seventy-five cents for a cocktail anymore, we have to get a dollar." They gave them permission to raise the price of the cocktails. This was the kind of thing in the Office of Price Administration, that you had to keep fighting all the time, at that time.

Diamos: Excuse me--did you run into a lawyer called Arthur Goldbaum, in the OPA office?

Lewis: At this moment the name isn't familiar to me. I don't remember it. I wasn't working as a lawyer. I wasn't in the legal office. Where he wanted me was out in the district, because he couldn't get lawyers to go out in the district. And he told me how important it was, because of my knowledge, that I be out in the district so that I could give him a better report than he was getting from the people who were going out. But I wasn't able to find much in the way of illegalities, except these price changes that I was talking about. And no matter how much I showed them the regulations and how to handle it, they were saying, "It's our decision to make, not yours. Thank you very much for your advice."

There were very many excellent things. I'm just pointing out some of the things that have stuck with

me over the years, as being unfair. But I'm sure that the business of holding down the price of sugar and other commodities was very important. We had black market too. We would have had tremendous price difficulties if we hadn't had the Office of Price Administration.

Diamos: Did you go to work for the Legal Aid Society?

Lewis: Then, after that, my husband became ill and asked me if I would stay at home and help him out. To take care of him. And when he got better--because he had developed rheumatic fever while he was playing basketball for City College, that had damaged the valves of his heart. He had problems with that all of his life. And finally died at the age of sixty-two. But anyway . . .

Diamos: That was in 1956?

Lewis: It was 1955. I stayed home, and then when he felt better, he said, "Why don't you go give the Legal Aid some of your time? So I made an appointment with Florence Kelley, who was the head of the criminal division. That's where the Legal Aid Society of New York sent me, because she needed people over there. The district attorney in New York had given the Legal Aid Society room in the Criminal Courts Building, to conduct their efforts. At that time my son was on the staff of the District Attorney. In talking with some

of the assistant district attorneys, they said, "We came here for the purpose of fighting mobsters and crooks that are getting away with large sums of money, and we find ourselves having a large juvenile calendar." New York had a youth court for youngsters fifteen to twenty-two years old at that time, that was held in the Criminal Courts Building.

Kelley assigned me up there. And one day there was a sixteen-year-old who was being charged with having stolen a bicycle, and this kid started crying. It was impossible to stop him crying. The judge called a recess and of course I was attorney for the defense, I was representing the kid. So I took the kid over to sit down on the bench and I put my arms around him. And he had his head here.

Diamos: On your chest.

Lewis: When Florence walks in. She says to me, "What the hell do you think you're doing?" I said, "I'm giving my client what he needs. Right now he needs mothering until the court gets back." She said, "What do you think you are, a psychiatrist or a psychologist or something? You're here to practice law. You're not here for the purpose of mothering anybody or filling their psychological needs." And then she said to me, "Out! You're out of this court from this minute on."

The client had told me his friend had gotten a new bicycle and the client asked if he'd give him a ride on it. The boy said my mother would not like it if I did. So he leaned the bike against the stoop and went inside. My client took this as an invitation to ride it. And when the mother came out and got angry, the friend didn't speak up and tell the mother that he had in effect agreed to lend it. She felt he shouldn't let anybody else be riding his new bike. And she was the one who complained to the police.

But anyway, I went to the office downstairs and got my hat and coat and everything. I'm ready to leave the building. And Florence comes down, she says, "What are you doing?" I said, "You just fired me." She said, "I did no such thing. I took you out of that court. I want you someplace else."

By the way, she became the head of the Children's Court in New York City. She was always saying, "Be sure you spell my name K-E-L-L-E-Y. I'm not Irish." (laughs) Her father was Nicholas Kelley, who was a leading lawyer in the Association of the Bar of the City of New York and in practice in New York. Anyway, she said, "Chief Magistrate Murtaugh wants a study of the women's court. It's five years since Dixie Davis was thrown out of there. Dixie Davis was the attorney

who represented Luciano who had the prostitution ring.
And he used to represent his girls in that court.

Tape 1, Side 2

Lewis: So she said, "You'll probably have it for him in three weeks." Well, actually it took me three months to make the study, and of course I was being goaded all through it. But I was determined I was going to have a proper study or none at all.

In any event, I said, "You have a young man who is up in that court now." So she said, "Well, I will arrange to take him out." And I said, "I appreciate that." And the reason I appreciated it was, I had sat in that court one day when we were having our orientation course.

They told me at that time that that court had been for women shoplifters and prostitutes of the five boroughs of New York. But the shoplifters complained so bitterly about being in with prostitutes, that they changed the jurisdiction to prostitutes only. So it was only prostitutes who were in the women's court.

Anyway, I sat in that court at the time of orientation, and the young Legal Aid attorney was questioning his client and the client gave him an answer that he didn't like, and he snapped his pencil

in half. You know, which to me was showing the court that his client was lying. She wasn't giving him the answer that he wanted. And I felt that that was the most horrible thing that anybody could do to a client on the stand. Anyway, she said there was no way that he would have enough experience to be able to make a good report for the chief magistrate. And she thought I could do it.

Anyway, I went up there and I said to myself, "Gee, I've never had any of this experience. I'm going to learn all about how these women get jewels, you know, and sugar daddies and all this kind of thing." God, it was the most dreary, awful experience I ever had in my life. This one good-looking young police officer brings in this grey-haired bedraggled woman and his testimony is, "I was patrolling my beat on the Boardwalk, and this woman approached me and asked me if I wanted sex for two dollars. And she took me under the Boardwalk and she, uh. . . . Exposed herself. Whereupon I placed her under arrest." This poor soul said to me, "He reminded me so much of my son, I hated to do it, but I needed two dollars for the rooming place to stay for the night." I had one woman who said to me, "I had to stay out until I earned ten dollars, because I had to pay five dollars for the room; I had to give the elevator boy

one dollar so he would look in on my two kids that I strapped in the bed before I left. I would feed them and wash their clothes. I would have the clothes hanging in the room to dry. And I had to have the four dollars for food and for clothing, diapers and, you know, whatever else that was needed for the kids. As soon as I earned ten dollars, I went home. One night the children started to cry and some of the people in the building called the police." They came in and they took the children away from her. They arrested her for neglect of the children. And she admitted to them that she was out working the streets and that she had turned a trick or whatever tricks that night. So that's why they had her in the women's court.

I finally got my report for Chief Magistrate Murtaugh finished, that had twenty-three recommendations in it. I never got a word from him, any kind of a thank you. It was probably sent to Kelley and Kelley never showed it to me. I never knew whether any of the recommendations were accepted or not.

In that court, I got in trouble with the judge on a couple of occasions. We had two judges. One was, I remember, Milton Solomon. And there was an older one, I think his name was Weiss, who had rather gray sparse

hair. I remember Solomon asking me to step into chambers. And he said, "For god's sake. Anytime you go into a court like this, will you please come in and make yourself known to the judge? When I ask, 'How do you plead?' I don't know whether I'm looking at you as the defendant, or your client."

The state's witnesses were plain-clothes policemen. In one case, one had charged two women, two housewives, with having solicited him for sex. And they were being represented by a private attorney. And it was almost impossible to believe, from the way these women were dressed and from the way they acted, that they could possibly have solicited him. His testimony was that the women were walking along looking in shop windows and smiling and laughing at him. And he came over and talked to them. And they accepted his proposition. And that was the end of the testimony. They didn't go to a hotel. The women didn't take off any clothing.

The same testimony had been given by him twice before. Exactly the same, word for word, in two previous cases where I had represented women. In my cases it might have been so. I didn't know whether it was so in the case of these women, but I couldn't believe it was. So I talked to their attorney and told him the names of the cases, the names of the

defendants and the fact that he had given exactly similar testimony in those two cases. So he asked for a recess and got summaries of those cases. I had a hard time in my mind doing this, but I felt I owed it to the possibility that these women may have flirted, but were not guilty of an act of prostitution. The counsel then asked the officer about these other cases, whereupon the judge called a recess and said he'd see counsel in chambers. And he said to me, "My god, Amelia, I've given you as many cases as I have hairs on the top of my head. Why in hell do you do this to the police department that's trying to keep a clean city?"

And when I finished my report, I was taken out of that to be in the criminal court, where felony cases came in to plead. This, of course, was a step up. You know, was more difficult. The Legal Aid Society would get the big law firms to send their young attorneys up for a learning process. And we would have women lawyers who were not employed by these firms but were on their own who would come in for a learning process. They would stay two months with us. And what happens is, that when somebody didn't have a lawyer, the judge would say, "We'll appoint you one," and he put the case on the side of his bench. And we would pick it up then, in order. There would be three

or four of us in there each morning, to handle the felony cases.

And I remember one time when we were graduating, I was the assistant to the man who was in charge of this at that time. And if he was away I was in charge of handling and teaching the others who came in. One morning, when we were having what amounted to graduation exercises, one of the women said, "You know, I've learned a great deal here. But there's one thing you haven't taught me. When is there sufficient cause?" And of course all we could do was, the guy who was in charge and myself had to look at each other and smile. That's all we could do. I mean, if she doesn't know from the statute and the facts in the police report, what makes sufficient cause, there's no way we can teach anybody that. What did she go to law school for? That was what we were feeling.

But, anyway, I ended my work with them there--and I really enjoyed what I did for the Legal Aid Society--when I was coming to Arizona. My husband and I had agreed that we would come out to visit Frank and his wife in February of 1958. We would stay for six weeks and go around the state. My husband was planning to retire, but he wanted to retire to Florida. And there was no way that I was going to enjoy retiring to Florida. In the first place,

Florida would not admit me. In those days they wouldn't admit any attorneys who came from any place except a Florida law school. Of course that's changed since. They had to. There were cases on it.

But anyway, he got sick and died in February 1957, and Frank said, "You promised to come out to visit, so I expect you to keep the promise." So after I settled his estate in April, I drove out here. And he wouldn't let me go home. He said, "If you stay back there, you'll be meeting with all Dad's old friends, and every time you'll be sitting and crying and mourning his loss." I said, "Your father deserves to have his widow mourn for him." And he said, "My father would want her to do something that was good for mankind, and not sit and moan." He said, "You can make a good living here. You won't find that women are discriminated against the way they are in New York. And I'm just not going to let you go home." So. I'd put furniture in storage, because Peter was in the navy at that time. And I said, "Just because he lost his father, he shouldn't lose his home." He said, "If anybody ever got an education in how to run a household and how to cook and how to sew on buttons and how to buy furniture, you gave that to Peter." You know. How to garden. Anyway, I stayed and I met Mrs. Odham at that time. I had just learned that the

Bar Association had increased in size. At one time the Bar Association office was Mrs. Odham, who was secretary to the then president of the State Bar.

I've forgotten his name for a moment. Maybe you know.

Diamos: In 1958?

Lewis: Well, this would have been 1952, 1953, 1954, along that. Because it was before 1957. Before I came. Before 1958, when I was admitted. Because at that time they had already hired Phillips as Executive Director of the State Bar, and Mrs. Odham was now with the Bar full time.

Diamos: Amelia, I'm sorry, I don't remember and that's the year I was admitted, 1953, and I should have known the State Bar president. But I don't remember.

Lewis: All right. In any event, I remember saying to her, "I need to know, on my references, who has responded to you. I don't need to know how they responded, but I need to know who responded. Because I think I have to write them a letter of thanks." And she said, "I cannot tell you. The State Bar does not permit that I can give you any of that information out of the files. But between you and me, what I can tell you is, that I hope that when I need references I get them like you've got them."

Diamos: That was nice.

Lewis: So that gave me an opportunity to write all the names that I had given. In any event, I went to Phillips and I said, "Where do they need attorney a hundred miles from Phoenix? I find myself taking over my daughter-in-law's house. When they come home their meal is ready. I'm saying, "How do you like the new curtains I made for the living room? How do you like the new washing machine I bought?" And so on. And I remember my husband saying, "When you go to your daughter-in-law's house, go sit down in the living room." This was then David, the older son who was at the Johnsville Air Experimental Center. He was in the navy, the physician.

He was heading their laboratory there, where they were trying to determine how many "G's" the body could withstand. You know, the pull of gravity. In his work he had to use himself in the centrifuge when he couldn't get a sailor to agree. And he found it was eight. You became unconscious at eight gravities. Anyway, at that time he found also that all of the blood in the body rushed into the organs in the belly. And it could become so extended that it might do damage. So he got a rubber pressurized--that is, air in between layers of rubber, and made a belly band. You know, a great big girdle for the sailors and for himself to wear when they were in the centrifuge.

From that they got the pressure suit. That's the first development of the space suit. He also found that the best position was prone. But if a man was prone, he couldn't handle dials to do any kind of work that was necessary. So by degrees, he turned them over and raised the back of the seat so he got the sled, which they used in space at first. So the early NASA [National Aeronautics and Space Administration] was able to take over this navy research. He wasn't the only one doing research. They had research all over the country. But in any event, those were things that he established. Maybe others established the same thing. But in any event what I'm trying to say is, to indicate what assistance members of my family have been in public matters, due to my husband's instilling in those boys that you have to give back to the community. You mustn't take all the time, you have to give too. But it was his doing, not mine.

I remember my husband, at one time, saying to me, "You're the lawyer of the family, and you have the ethics of a skunk."

Diamos: (laughs) I don't believe that, Amelia.

Lewis: Well, what he said to me, "I heard you lying to that lawyer." And I said, "That was the other side."

(laughter) And he said to me, "I don't care whether it was the other side. It was a lie." And I said,

"You stay out of the practice of the law. You don't have a certificate to practice." He said, "Thank god! If I'd have to lie, I'd give the certificate up."

(laughter)

Diamos: Anyway, you asked Mrs. Odham where lawyers were needed.

Lewis: Well, I asked Phillips where lawyers were needed. And then he told me that they needed one in Nogales, and I said, "No. I just came from the real Coney Island. I don't want to go down there." (laughter) And then . . .

Diamos: How true. How true.

Lewis: And then he said to me, "Well, they need a deputy county attorney up in Navajo County." And it turned out that it was to be based in Winslow, which was the biggest precinct, because the county attorney had to be in Holbrook, the county seat. So I tried to find out something about the people up there, and I found out that there was a Dewey McCauley. I talked to him, and he said, "Oh, he said, "I'm very happy to hear from you." He said, "My doctor has just said to me, I have a bad heart and I have to give up being a member of the board of supervisors, practicing law, or running my ranch." "And, "he said, "I can't give up the ranch because we own the land and we've got the cattle. So I have to give up the board of supervisors

and practicing law. So I can sell you my lease on my law office, if you come up." So I said, "Well, I have to find out whether I'm going to be accepted up here, as a woman." So he said, "Mabel Nagel runs the Nagel Lumber Company. Why don't you come up and talk to Mabel?" So I made an appointment with her. Found out her husband had a stroke and she had to step in to run the lumber company. She said, "You won't find any trouble up here. You know. You'll be accepted just so long as you know your work and you carry yourself properly."

So I went over to Dewey. I made arrangements to buy the furniture in his office. He had an old oak library table and an old oak secretary's desk, an old oak horse hair sofa. I paid him twenty-two hundred dollars. I went over to the Valley Bank because I had not borrowed any money up there and I wanted to establish credit, although I could have paid cash. And I made a loan at the bank in order to pay him the twenty-two hundred dollars. And then within a couple of weeks I paid off the loan at the bank. So I had a good rating at the Valley National Bank at Winslow. Anyway, I said, "Dewey, now that I've bought this, will you take the furniture out of the office? I don't want it." He said, "Amelia, one piece at a

time, every six months. You change it too soon, the clients won't know the place."

Diamos: Good advice.

Lewis: Yes, it was. I learned later, that Dewey went out to the community and he said, "Don't be afraid to go to her." He went to his clients. "She's got a better education than I have. She's got more brains than I have. She has more experience than I have. Just because she's a woman, don't be afraid of her. She's got spirit. She'll fight. She's got spunk. She's not afraid." So after that, when his daughter was in trouble, it gave me a chance to pay Dewey back after Dewey had died. But it was just wonderful. That's the kind of thing that I found in Arizona from the minute I got here. The only bad note was Judge Don [T.] Udall.

Diamos: Oh, yes. I'm sure.

Lewis: "Why aren't you in the kitchen? Why are you in the courtroom?" "But Judge, your wife teaches school." "Well, that's an acceptable profession for women. Not lawyers."

Diamos: (laughs) Yes.

Lewis: "Why don't you come in, Amelia, and talk to me about your cases? The lawyers come in and they put their feet up on the desk. You're a lady, I don't expect you to do that. But you at least ought to talk to me

about the cases." I said, "I never have the lawyer from the other side who has the time to come in with me. And I have no intention to come in by myself and discuss my cases with you." From that time on we were enemies.

Diamos: I'm sure.

Lewis: I never won a case even though I was entitled to win it before that man. Vince [Vincent J.] Zepp, he got admitted the same time I did, and he was representing insurance companies.

And he said, "Amelia, please. I've got a little case up there, subrogation, you know. Please, you know, put it on the calendar some day when you're in Holbrook and get it tried for me." So I'm in there with this woman who is the plaintiff and we're got this accident case, and one of the men from Phoenix who was representing the defendant came up with his two young boys. He was taking them out for the day to show them Northern Arizona. And they were sitting very quietly in the courtroom. They weren't bothering anybody. They were about seven and nine. And we get to a point where the judge says, "All right. I've heard enough. I can reach my decision. I give the plaintiff the benefit of the doubt. Judgment for the plaintiff." And counsel for the defendant said, "But Your Honor, that's not the law. The law is that if

there's a doubt, the doubt goes to the defendant."

And he said, "You heard my decision. You know what I mean." And he got up from the bench and walked out.

And I said to myself, "My god, what has happened?

He's given me a judgment. How can this be?" You

know. (laughter) Well, all right. I walk out with my briefcase and I'm going down the stairs.

Everybody's left by this time. I've met the two boys and commiserated with the attorney. And Udall is behind me and he says, "That'll teach them to hire local counsel."

Diamos: (laughs) The small counties were famous for that.

Lewis: Well, I didn't have any trouble in St. Johns, I didn't have any trouble in Coconino County, when I went from Navajo County. I didn't have any trouble, of course, in Maricopa County, but I didn't expect it. I didn't have any trouble in Pima County, and I didn't expect it.

Diamos: They're not the small counties. But if . . .

Lewis: Yes. But I didn't in Coconino County, I didn't have any trouble. Mohave, I didn't have any trouble.

Diamos: But, Amelia, if you took a lawyer from Tucson or Phoenix and went into any of the small counties, like Cochise. Like . . .

Lewis: Oh, you mean that I came from Navajo County, that was different.

Diamos: You were small town. You were small town.

Lewis: Okay. I get it. Yes. Yes.

Diamos: And if you went into Cochise without having local counsel, same thing. And even the juries would be that way.

Lewis: Oh god. What I got from Helm when I went down there. Oh, I never will forget it.

Diamos: (laughs) Sonny Helm. Judge [Lloyd C.] Helm. Yes.

Lewis: Is he still alive?

Diamos: No, I think he died.

Lewis: If he died, then I can tell you this story.

Diamos: Tell us the story.

Lewis: There was a sergeant of police in Peoria that I'd had some dealings with on something or other. He was a very nice man. And I had met his son who was chief of police in El Mirage, who was a--if anyone wears something on their heart he wore his police badge on his heart. If there was a law against spitting on the sidewalk and his mother spit on the sidewalk he would have given her a citation. (laughter) That's the kind of cop he was. You know. His badge was his life and his honor. And he had four kids and a lovely wife.

Anyway, he takes a job down in Willcox as chief of police. He has something he can't agree with the council in El Mirage and being the kind of upright

kind of person he is--I don't know what it was. Something about his staff or something, his men. Anyway, he's down in Willcox. And that group out of South Tucson that goes down and robs all of these small places, running down Benson and all through those other areas, Willcox and the rest of them. And he catches one of them in a grocery store one night. and he gets him in court. And then he tells him, "You get me the head of the group out of South Tucson or whatever it was, that was doing all these robberies. The police all knew about them and couldn't catch them. Down there. Anyway, he said, "If you bring him down here and I get him, you know, I'll ask for a suspended sentence for you. And I'll get you a suspended sentence through the county attorney."

So they set a time and it's going to be a certain market. And he's got his men set up all around, and they go into the market, and the man is fleeing out the back and one of his men shoots him. The man sued the county and collected afterward. And both crooks are arrested; my client is arrested, for being in cahoots. Because the crook was smarter than the police officer and indicated that he was in there because the police chief said he could be in there to rob the place. So he's arrested.

So, I had--after my Gault case--I had had a number of friends in the Maricopa sheriff's office. So I walked down to the sheriff's office. They turned their backs to me. I walk into the civil division to get something done; they would all walk away from the counter. They would call the girls away from the counter. I couldn't get my civil things handled.

Diamos: Oh, that's Cal Boies? No.

Lewis: Yes.

Diamos: It was Cal Boies. Yes. Sounds like him.

Lewis: After Gault--this might be getting a little ahead of Gault--but in any event, Judge [Thomas] Tang was juvenile judge at that time in Maricopa County. And he said, "Amelia, you've been on the seminar circuit around the country on this case, I think we ought to have a seminar here." So we set up a seminar in the Great Hall at the law school, and I get up to speak, and by god, I'm looking at two hundred faces of police officers that are looking down at me as though every one of them could use his gun on me.

Diamos: At least their eyes were looking that way.

(Tape turned off for a few minutes, then turned back on)

Lewis: Okay. So I was thinking, how am I going to help my clients when I've got law enforcement against me. Blubaum, who was the chief of police of Phoenix at that time--he'd been sheriff and then he went to be

chief of police of Phoenix--and he said to me, "I have to thank you. What you have done makes children adults, so now I can do away with my juvenile detail."

Anyway, when the son of the sergeant at Peoria, the chief of police at Willcox, was in trouble I called the sergeant and I said, "If your son has any trouble getting a lawyer"--because they wouldn't appoint a lawyer for him. Helms wouldn't appoint a lawyer for him. He took the case out of the J.P. [justice of the peace] court to hold the preliminary hearing in the superior court. I volunteered my services to represent him. Next time I went into the sheriff's office, "Oh, hello Amelia!"

Diamos: Of course.

Lewis: So, you know, I found a way to help my clients in connection with this. Anyway, I have an attorney who is a friend of Frank's and a kind of wealthy man. He's got time. He doesn't take too much law work on, only certain cases. He's dead now. And I said to him, "You're more of an expert on constitutional law than I am." And he said, "Well, I won't argue with you on that one." I said, "Would you come down and help me out on this case, because I may need someone to assist me to make some of the constitutional arguments necessary." So he said, "Fine." And so we

rode down together. Now from here it takes us five-and-a-half hours to get to the courthouse in Bisbee.

Diamos: Yes.

Lewis: We're down for--of course I have to pay to drive him and his wife down. There's no way they could afford even to get down there. Or at least--at that time he was out on bail. Somebody in the town had put up the bail for him, and that man was ostracized in the town for doing it. Anyway, we go down for the preliminary hearing--I'm telling you now about what was the first day of the hearing. Helms doesn't hear us until very late in the day, and then he continues on without interruption until eight o'clock at night. The State called the crook as a witness And the state's polygraph man had given him a test which he passed. And I later said to him, "This man is lying." So he said, "All right, I'll take it over again." He called me back and he said, "Amelia, you're right. He was lying." They wouldn't do anything about it after that. But anyway, at eight o'clock--and this woman has left four children, one was a small baby, with a baby sitter, expecting to be home long before this. You know, we've still got five-and-a-half hours to go to get back. Anyway, Helms says, "We will recess now and this case will be continued tomorrow morning following the case that is on the docket." He slams

his gavel and runs off. And I'm running after him, to chambers. And he doesn't stop for his robe. I'm calling him, "Judge Helm, Judge Helm." He, in his robe, out to his car, in his car, and off.

So I figure, "All right, I'll leave him a note." So there's--a clerk has to stay, you know. One clerk had to stay. The other clerks went home. And I said, "I need to leave Judge Helm a note, because there is no way that I can be able to be here tomorrow morning, you know, when that case starts and to sit here having driven five-and-a-half hours." She said, "The chances are, I understand from the attorneys, that the case will probably take all day." So I said, "Oh, I've got to come, because he said, you know, that I've got to, I've got to be here when that other case finishes." So I said, "All right. Then we'll start out at seven o'clock." Because they had to get to me before seven for me to start out at seven. I had to pick up the other lawyer in Scottsdale to get out.

Anyway, we get to the courthouse at twelve--well, let me tell you first. I said, "All right. I'll leave the judge a note." So I said, "Dear Judge Helm, you must have been keeping your dear wife waiting a long time and that's why you had to rush home so quickly last evening that I couldn't get to talk to you. It takes me five-and-a-half hours to drive. I

can't leave before seven o'clock in the morning because the baby sitter, they can't get a baby sitter before six o'clock in the morning to take care of the children while they're down in court. So that I probably won't reach down there until twelve-thirty."

I get in at twenty-five minutes after twelve, and the bailiff says, "Oh, Mrs. Lewis, I'm glad you're here. The judge just recessed and the lawyers are in chambers with the judge right now." So the judge comes out and he sees me there, and he calls the bailiff. And the other lawyers leave and he has the bailiff bring me in and he calls for the court reporter. And he said, "I gave you instructions last evening that you would be in the courthouse for me to continue this case"--mentioning the case--"following the conclusion of the case that was on the calendar for the morning. That case concluded and you weren't here. I'm putting you in the hands of the sheriff, and you can be released on the payment of five, no, fifty dollars." That's the way he said it. So I bit my tongue. I didn't say to him, "Judge, I brought a hundred dollars just in case." (laughter) What I found out was, he was having a fight with the council that hired the help for the courthouse, to clean the courthouse. And he was angry because the note was on

his desk and the cleaning man read it and said something about it to somebody.

Diamos: Oh!

Lewis: That's why he was angry with me. (laughter) So I went out to the clerk and I paid the fifty dollars under protest. I never did anything about it. I just--all I did was, that when we left that day, I went directly to see the Chief Judge of the Supreme Court, who at that time was Fred L. Struckmeyer. Fred said to me, "Amelia, I know all about Helms." He said, "Helms' problem is that his mother was a Mexican and he's never gotten over it." And he said to me, "You go down there and you continue to fight for your client the way you've been fighting and how I know you know how to fight." He said, "But you make an arrangement with Frank that you're going to call him at certain hours when you're down there. And if he doesn't hear from you, he's coming over to my house. He has my home phone number. It doesn't matter what hour, he can get me out of bed. He comes over, you know, with a release for you. I will sign the release. So don't worry about it. You go down there and take care of what you have to do." That's how, those were the circumstances under which I was before Judge Helm. You know, I said to myself, "My god, this

is real frontier country. You know, he thinks this is the 1850's or something."

Diamos: I know what you're talking about. They're all individualists.

Diamos: Okay. Can I interject some questions?

Lewis: Yes, surely.

Diamos: Amelia, when you were in the Navajo County Attorney's Office, I understand you prosecuted a murder-one case?

Lewis: Yes. A Black man who worked for the . . .

Tape 2, Side 1

Diamos: We were talking about the murder-one case you prosecuted when you were in the Navajo County Attorney's office.

Lewis: Yes. I think I told you that this was a Black male who worked for the Nagel Lumber Company. And he went over to his mother and father-in-law's house on the other side of the tracks and said to his mother-in-law, "I want Shirley back." And she said, "Dub, I'm mending your wife and I'll send her home as soon as she's ready, with the children." Apparently Dub had beaten his wife up, so Shirley had gone home to her mother, and her mother was taking care of all her black eye and her cut lip and the rest of her bruises. There was a fifteen-year-old and a seventeen-year-old,

Shirley's younger siblings. Her father had been injured and couldn't work, and usually in the evening he would be lying on a couch in the living room. This particular night the seventeen-year-old and the fifteen-year-old were studying on the living room floor with their books, and the seventeen-year-old tapped his mother's arm and pointed to a liquid that was coming in under the door, the front door. She went over and tasted it and she said, "Gasoline." And she said, "Come out with me." She opened the door and she went out and the boy went out after her. She stood on the very small porch that they had that had a support, like a four-by-four, and she said, "Dub, is that you? I told you I will send Shirley home." She was standing there and he had a shotgun and he shot at her. Ordinarily the little pellets that he shot wouldn't have done any particular damage, except that they hit her jugular vein, and they severed the jugular vein. Doctor White said to me later, by the time her body turned around, before it fell, she was dead.

I had a deputy sheriff at that time who was assigned to Winslow. When I asked the deputy to do some search to find evidence for me that was usable in court, he said, "The hell I will." He said, "I'll go out and give them guns so that more of them can shoot

each other." He was talking about Black people, of course. So I had to do my own research. The Jaramios--when Dub was at the side of the house in the shadows, the young son wrestled to get the gun away from him while he was running. He got the gun away from him. We had the gun. He gave me the direction, so I went across the street, where the Jaramios family lived, and in their screen were little pellets also. Because that thing, you know, spread out.

(Tape off briefly.)

Lewis: Guy Axline and Melvyn T. Shelley represented the defendants. Axline was looking for the two kids to talk to them. He was a very over-powering man and I was afraid of what he'd do to those kids. So I kept those kids with me day and night, the fifteen-year-old and the seventeen-year-old, as my witnesses. Of course in that day, I could do it. He didn't ask for a deposition of them, you know. So I wasn't about to let him have those kids for himself to talk to.

Diamos: I don't think they had depositions in those days.

Lewis: No. No, we didn't. In any event, Don Udall is sitting on the trial of the case, and when we have a recess in the hall, he says to me, "If one more time you ask him a question about his beating his wife, I'm going to call a mistrial." You know, after all, that was another felony and I understood what he was

talking about, and I said, "Okay, Judge." Because what he said to me was, "The other side is objecting." Now, I don't know why they don't make their objection at the bench with counsel, but why they go and talk to the judge to have him call a mistrial. I knew Shelley would not have done that. You know, that was the way Udall acted with attorneys all the time.

But in any event, I decided there was no reason for asking for the death penalty. And that particular case, the county attorney who took me on was a young man, and everybody considered him not competent for the job. I thought he was a good man. I thought he was capable enough. But the chief of police in Winslow said to me, before the trial came up. He said, "Amelia, Eddy is going to take this case away from you. He's going to try it. You must not let him do that." So I said, "Vern, he's my boss. You know. If he wants to try a case, what can I do?" So he said to me, "Didn't you have any kind of an arrangement with him?" And I said, "Yes. My arrangement was that I would be responsible for Winslow precinct. That I wouldn't take any of the travel money, that he could have all of the travel money, because he had to do all the rest of the precincts in Navajo County." So he says, "Why can't you do it under that basis?" And I said, "Vern, you're probably right. I probably can."

So when Eddy said to me, "I'm going to try the case," I said, "No, Eddy, our arrangement was that I'm responsible for the cases from the Winslow precinct." And I said, "The people expect that I'm going to try the case. And if you're going to run for office again, you've got to show that you've got a capable assistant that you assign to Winslow and that you have some faith in when an important case comes up." So that bought it, but it was the chief of police, really, you know, who called it to my attention. I wouldn't have fought Eddy on it. I'd have let Eddy handle it.

But anyway, he wanted the death penalty and I would not ask for the death penalty, because I felt that this was a crime of passion in the family and he wasn't using, really, what was a deadly weapon, you know. Buckshot is not a deadly weapon, you know. But it was just an accident of fate that he got her in the jugular vein at that time, you know. That was, that was the problem. He was out in about eight years.

While I was up there, a couple of things happened, of course, kind of interesting. Ladd Thomas, one day while he was deputy sheriff, called me and said, "Amelia, I'm over at the dump, and we have voodoo here. We have a skeleton that's all painted up, that some youngster unearthed at the dump." So I

said, "I'll be right over." Now I had a son who had gone to medical school, who had a skeleton, and the skeleton would have yellow and yellow, red and red, green and green where the bones articulated. That's what that skeleton had on it. (laughter)

Now I didn't know whether or not voodoo would do the same thing that the medical schools did. So I went to all the doctors in town, we had about five of them, to find out if any of them was missing a skeleton. None of them was missing a skeleton, but one of them said, "We had a doctor who went to California just before you came here, and he was rooming over at such and such a place, and he left in a hurry. So I went over to see the landlady over there and I asked her about the doctor, if she had his address, and she gave me his address. The landlady gave me his address and I got in touch with him in California, I got him on the phone. And he said, "When I left there I left all of my materials and things in the garage in boxes, with the housekeeper. So I said, "Was there a teaching skeleton in there?" And he said, "Yes." So I said, "Thank you." So I went back to the woman in the place, and I said, "Show me where the doctor's boxes are in the garage." So she said, "Oh, I had my husband throw those all out. I told him three times to come and get them or send

for them, or have them sent to him and he didn't. And I told him if he didn't get them in such and such a time, I'd throw them out. And I had my husband throw them out." So I had to get the husband. The husband told me he put them on the dump. You know, I couldn't take a chance. I had to run it down.

It reminds me, I'm representing an estate now for Ruth Ann Spear, S-P-E-A-R, who lived in Glendale with her husband, retired as a major from the service, and her thirteen and fifteen-year-old-sons. And one day the husband, who was out of work and had been a drunk for some time and she was scared stiff of him, bought a revolver. The next day he put three shots into the head of each of the two boys and his wife. And the insurance company is saying that if there is a fifty-thousand-dollar policy that the mother bought on the lives of each of the boys, they have to know who survived. Did she survive by one second? So I get the copy of the investigation that was written up after it was taken on, a recorder, that the chief detective in Phoenix made. For some reason or other, the Phoenix Police Department took it even though it was in Glendale. I don't know why. The house is in Glendale, but it was the Phoenix Police Department that answered the call. And the chief of detectives there, he interviewed him.

At the start of the interview he said, "Tell me what happened at the house on September 20th after midnight." And he said, "I told you that I'm responsible for the three deaths, and I don't want to talk anymore about it." And the detective said, to him, "Okay." Now I never would have done that.

I had a man come to me and say, "I killed him." And I said, "Okay, tell me the circumstances." He said, "It's enough. I told you I killed him. You've got a suspect now, haven't you?" And I said, "No. He said, "Arrest me. Take me in." And I said, "No. I'm not going to have you arrested and I'm not going to take you in until you tell me the circumstances." He couldn't tell me the circumstances. He didn't know the circumstances. He was covering a woman. You know, I mean I've got sheriffs that don't know how to do investigation. You know what I mean?

Diamos: Yes. That's nothing new.

Lewis: But anyway, I can't get over this, and I still to this day want to write Ortega (Phoenix Police Chief) a letter and say to him, for god's sakes do something better with your detective department. You know, that you get a true story, that you're not going to have somebody some years later saying, "I didn't do it. Yes I confessed to it because I was protecting my

wife, my mother, my sister, my son." You know, something of this sort.

Anyway, the other thing was, we had a sheriff's posse, of course, in Navajo County, and one of the members of the sheriff's posse was the superintendent of the Winslow Hospital. And one night about nine o'clock he was coming back, driving west around, out of Joseph City, and he had the radio in the car. And there was a radio message calling on anyone who was in the area of the Minnetonka Trading Post, that the woman there in the trailer who ran the trading post, was calling in that there was somebody wanting to get into her trailer out there and she couldn't get rid of him. It was a man. So he called in and he said, "I'm almost there. I'll stop off. I'll take care of it." He gets there and he finds it's a drunk Indian who probably thinks he's a hundred-sixty-eight miles or more up on the reservation and his wife's not letting him in. So the posse man puts handcuffs on the Navajo and puts him next to him in the front seat in this pickup that he's driving. He's going along at sixty-five miles an hour and the Indian manages to open the door of the car and jumps out. When the posse man picked him up, he was dead.

He takes him to the Indian Hospital in Winslow. I have instructions into the police station that no

matter what hour, I'm to be called with something like this. And the same thing at the sheriff's office. Anyway, the young doctor at the Indian Hospital says to me, "It was contra coup." And I said, "I'm sorry, you'll have to enlighten me. I know enough French, but I don't know what it means so far as the person is concerned." So he said, "He hit his head here and the fracture's on this side. It's a contra coup fracture, and he fractured his skull and that was enough to kill him.

All right, so I have to have a coroner's jury called in Winslow, and we call the coroner's jury for a certain day, and it's published in our local newspaper and the throw away paper. My office is on the second story of the, what they call the Bruckman Building, right off the Highway 66. My door opens, and there are about thirty Indians with their blankets on and their faces painted. Now I have been dealing with Indians, you know, all the way through. Some of them were clients, and I had never had anything, seen anything like this before. I realized that this was probably, at least I hoped, mourning. That it wasn't vengeance or something. I said, "Please come in. I'm sorry I don't have enough seats for everybody. We'll be having to go down to the court for the coroner's jury to find out exactly whether anybody was

responsible for the death of this lovely young man who was taken from us in the midst of his manhood. This brave man. You know. I didn't know five cents worth from the guy. All I knew, he was a drunk. And mostly it was the Hopis up there who were the drunks, not the Navajos. The Hopis are hopelessly, they've got alcohol in their blood. There's something wrong with their systems--the medical people will tell you this--that craves the alcohol.

Anyway, I tell them, you know, "If anybody wishes to ride with me I have room in my car." They won't say a word and I hope this is just mourning, because I don't know their customs. And I have to say to the one who looks like the chief, "Chief, you'll have to forgive me that I don't know your customs. But if you'll come down to the courthouse we will have the hearing and you will hear everything that goes on." No nodding, no recognition, nothing. They file out. I lock the door. They go in their pickup trucks. And we get down to the courthouse and they sit through the whole hearing, and of course we have these gruesome photographs that are taken of whatever the work was, showing the skull and showing the fracture and all of this. And I'm asking for permission to pass this to the elders of the tribe, which the judge is giving me the right to do, because, you know, he wants them as

satisfied as I do. And we're show them. Nothing. Flat faces. Nothing. I don't know whether they passed them to the women. My back was to all of this.

Anyway, I have a subpoena out for the superintendent of the hospital and the posse man. And that deputy sheriff who was the one who had said, "I'd give them guns," before, he says to me, "You won't find him. I told him five minutes after the happening, 'You'd better skip town right now. They'll be after you.' So he went home and packed a suitcase and left. He won't be back." You know, they weren't going to go after him. They weren't going to do that. Not the Navajos. You know, they wanted a fair hearing, that's about all they wanted.

One time I had to go down to take Eddy's place for a coroner's jury hearing in Show Low, and the testimony was, this young man said that he washed and polished the car--he got home early from work that day--and he left the house at four-thirty, twenty minutes to five to go pick up his wife at work. He was travelling on 260, I think it is, the main highway through Show Low, and the sun was shining in his face, and he couldn't see from the windshield. The sun was bouncing off where he had washed the windshield. And he felt a bump and he pulled over and there was a dead Indian in the road. So he called the police. The

dead Indian had been carrying a bottle of booze in his left arm and that bottle was cut right through his heart, the shape of that bottle. Was cut right through here. And that killed him instantly. The coroner's jury found the driver not guilty.

I would have found him guilty because he had no right to drive a car where he couldn't see. Especially on a busy highway. I mean, if he'd killed a white man it might have been a different story.

Diamos: Yes. I prosecuted a white boy from Globe who didn't like Indians and made sport out of chasing Indians. He chased this one couple home.

Lewis: Was this in Gila County?

Diamos: Yes. It was a federal case because on the reservation . . .

Lewis: Oh, I see.

Diamos: . . . by that time. He was picking on Indians, so he was in federal court. It would never have been prosecuted in Gila County. His brother became a J.P. there years later. And he ran them down. They got--he banged the car so much it stopped, quit working. The wife had jumped out of the car in terror. He turned around the car and came back at the girl, and she was--she lived but she's permanently crippled. And I had her--I'll never forget what the jury looked like when they watched her walking, you

know, from the well of the courtroom up to the witness box. And they just went pale.

Lewis: I'm interested to hear, because I've not had any exchange of experiences from anybody who's had the type of experience I had. You know, we just never got to it. I was friendly with Frank Gordon's father and mother in Mohave County. I knew he was practicing, but we never talked shop, you know, at that time, any of that.

Diamos: He was at Stanford University a couple of years after Sandra Day O'Connor. He's a Stanford grad as well.

Lewis: Yes. Oh, I have to tell you a story about Sandra. Sandra and John [O'Connor] took the Chet [Chester H.] Smith's Bar Review Course at the same time Frank and I took it in 1957.

Diamos: Yes.

Lewis: And one afternoon when the course was over, Sandra came over and said to me, "I don't understand why you have to ask so many foolish questions. If you'd just stop and think it out for yourself you wouldn't have to hold up the rest of the class to ask those questions. And I was having boys ask me if I understood, and they wouldn't ask. But I would ask. Because I wasn't sure of the answer I would be giving them. And I said to myself, "My god, there's a smart

woman. That's a brain. I didn't answer her back, you know. I just took it.

Diamos: But that's sort of typical of her personality.

Lewis: By the way, I've got a letter from Sandra O'Connor. I want to give it to you.

Diamos: Okay. (pause)

Lewis: I'll read it out loud so you can hear it. This is addressed to Madelyn Applebaum, The Association of

Trial Lawyers, and is dated November 9th, 1988. "Thank you for letting me know that the Association of Trial Lawyers of America plans to honor Amelia for her contributions to civil justice. No better honoree could be found. I wish I could be present but I'm still limiting my schedule, following recent surgery, in order to keep up with my work at the court.

I first met Amelia in 1957 when she and her son Frank, my husband and I all took a bar review course in Arizona in preparation for taking the bar examination there. We became friends then and have remained in contact ever since. Amelia Lewis has always practiced law to help her clients. Financial reward was never her priority. Her clients' rights and concerns came first. She has contributed magnificently to the development of constitutional law with her representation of the juvenile in *In Re: Gault* before the court on which I now sit. She has made other noteworthy contributions to the development of legal theory during her years of active practice. Through it all she has always made time to give of herself to her family and her friends.

Please give Mrs. Lewis my hearty congratulations and best wishes on this special night. Sincerely, Sandra Day O'Connor."

Diamos: Beautiful. That's a beautiful letter, Amelia, and well deserved.

Lewis: In one case I had before Sandra when she was sitting on the Maricopa County bench, I was trying to get child support raised. There was--alimony was being

paid but I was trying to get child support raised. And in the case she indicated--I'm not talking about the other part of the decision--but she said, "The alimony shall continue for three years and then cease." So I took it up on appeal and I won on appeal. There was an affair to honor some attorney--I've forgotten whatever the affair was, right now--being held in one of the hotels. And when I came in--at that time I was still being able to walk--she was on the other side of the room, and she put her hand out and walked across the hall to me, and I said to myself, "My god, what a magnificent politician." I mean, here she is, a leading Republican and I'm a known Democrat, and she's coming over this way to shake hands. (laughs) She wants to know there's no hard feelings for my having had her overruled. You know, she wants to keep friendly with everybody.

Diamos: And a good judge would do that.

Lewis: I admired her in her work in the legislature. She did a powerful job. She kept those people together, there were factions there, there must have been great difficulties. But she managed to do, I thought, a marvelous job for Arizona there. (pause)

Diamos: Now, can I ask some questions?

Lewis: Oh, surely.

Diamos: If you stayed in Navajo County--by my reckoning you left there in 1963, and came to Maricopa County?

Lewis: Yes. I had a number of women that I knew, some of them widows, who had bought homes in Sun City, and they kept saying, "Oh, Amelia, please. Why don't you come down here to practice. Your relative is soaking us." (laughter) Lewis and Roca had an office here, you know, and they were assuming that Orme Lewis was a relative of mine. At that time, Lewis and Roca was charging fifty dollars an hour for their services.

Diamos: In those days?

Lewis: Yes. And this was like 1962, 1961, when Sun City had started in 1960. So, I wasn't really having any kind of a decent life, any kind of real friendships in Winslow, so I figured I'd come down here. I made some inquiries as to whether I could get work in Phoenix and I had a couple of attorneys who were very happy to have me work with them, to handle all the collections that the office would have. (laughter)

Diamos: Sounds like what I did to get started.

Lewis: (laughs) Yes. And so anyway, I decided I'd take a chance. I'd come down and see. If I couldn't make a living in Sun City, opening an office, why then I would go down to Phoenix and take a job. So I opened an office here, actually it was in Youngtown, in what was the First Federal, which is now MeraBank. I had a

one-year lease. The lease ran out and I offered to renew it and they said, "No, that's all right. If you want to stay, just tell us if you want to move, in advance, so we don't lose, we can get another tenant." I said, "I don't want to move." Anyway, I get a letter from them--I don't know, maybe it was 1967, in August--saying, "Vacate the premises in advance of October first. We have rented, leased your space to another tenant."

So I called the attorney for the bank that I had been dealing with, and said to him--I don't want to mention any names now--"For god's sakes, Jim"--which wasn't his name--"what's happened here?" And he said, "Look, it was the president of Transamerica Title and the president of the bank who got together on this. Transamerica needed an office badly in Youngtown. And the president of the bank said, 'I'll look up and see if we've got anything in Youngtown or Sun City.' And lo and behold, Amelia Lewis didn't have a signed lease." So Transamerica got my office.

And that was a time when it was impossible to get an office here. But Burt Freireich, who ran a newspaper here, had an oblong building with a roof on it, but he only had an L-shaped part of it finished for his business. There was a dirt floor on a piece that had a roof on it, and a door. So I said to him,

"Burt, what will it cost to turn this into an office?" He said, "Eighteen hundred dollars." So I said, "I'll give you eighteen hundred dollars, how much rent will it buy?" He said, "A year's rent." So I said, "Take it, turn it into an office and let me have it." So he did. My door was on an alley, you know, but people who wanted me found me. But at least I had a place to put my books and my secretary and hang my hat. And then Del Webb came along and bought the building and wanted it, because they had no space.

So a gal had built the building in Peoria where I am now, and this was early 1970, and she had spaces for rent. I went there, actually I went to her attorney and we set up a lease, and she signed the lease I set up with the attorney. And at that time it was fairly expensive rent for what it was. It was two hundred dollars and it would be increased to twenty the next year, and pay whatever taxes the city might have on the lease. Anyway, she came into my office one day, and she said to me--oh, it was before I moved in--she came where I was and she said, "Amelia, do you like dealing with women?" And I said, "Why, Katherine?" And she said, "Well, in my beauty shop I deal with women all day long and I can't stand them. (laughter) I said, "Why do you ask?" She said, "I don't want to rent to you." So I said,

"Katherine, if you have nothing to do with me, if I send my secretary in with the check, or I put it in the mail to you two days before it's due? You know, you don't have to have anything to do with me. I won't come near you. I won't ask you for anything. Will it be all right?" I said, "Besides, we've got a signed lease already. You signed the lease. Why'd you sign the lease for me?" She thought I, she said, "I thought you were going to have a male attorney in the office." She's dead now, poor girl.

Diamos: (laughs) Well, there are some women who are just as chauvinistic as some men.

Diamos: Let me ask you a question now, about when you came to Sun City.

Lewis: Yes.

Diamos: Didn't you defend a murderer?

Lewis: Yes, I did. Judge R. C. Stanford was the chief judge at that time, and for some reason he appointed me--I guess I must have been on a list at that time--to represent a man in South Phoenix who was charged with first degree murder of his neighbor. It turned out to be a case like this: This was a retired Black man who was living with his wife in a shack as bad as anything I had seen on the Indian reservation or in camps of the homeless along river banks in South Phoenix. He had one day, as he told me, when his wife was out,

because of his ailing health, gone and gotten his shotgun, sat down--he had a little couch of a bed--and there was a little window opening. No glass in it, just screen on it. It reminded me of the Jaramios' screen, you know, that would catch the buckshot up there. He sat down on that and put the gun between his legs and in the pallet of his mouth and pulled it off. Shooting off half of his face with the buckshot going out the window. His neighbor is there with a cow that this guy milks for him and he get's some buckshot on his face, superficially on his face. And gets a heart attack. He's taken to the hospital and dies of pneumonia in the hospital, the county hospital. A young intern says that the cause of death was being shot with the buckshot that caused the heart attack which caused the pneumonia.

Earlier, the same man had been seen in another hospital before he was transferred to county hospital, and I got the doctor who had examined there, who was in private practice but happened to be in the hospital at that time and they called him into the emergency room to see the patient, because he was a heart specialist. And he said that when the man died the buckshot was superficially in his skin at that time. They hadn't even decided to remove it at the hospital because it was so superficial. They were treating him

for his heart condition, which he must have had for many years previous to that. And the pneumonia was caused by his being kept in bed too long in the hospital. The jury found against my man. Old Pop Thurman [E. R. Thurman] was the judge who was sitting, and the jury came in--it must have been about eleven-thirty. The judge said to me, "Look, I live on Northern Avenue and such and such a street. Do you mind dropping me off? I hate to call my wife at this hour to come down. She took the car today." So I said, "No, Judge, I'll be glad to. You know, it's easy enough to go that way to go home." And on the way, he said to me, "What are you so glum about?" I said, "If you just tried a case and lost it for your client, wouldn't you be glum?" He said, "If I tried a first degree murder case and the jury came in with a verdict for manslaughter and the judge was going to give him a suspended sentence, I'd really feel good." (laughter) You know, so all I could say was, "Judge, I didn't hear that. I'll hear it when the sentencing comes on." So I think I got that, maybe, for driving him home. (laughter) I don't know. For looking glum and driving him home.

Henry [J.] Florence was the chief deputy in the civil division at that time, who had his deal with county attorney, that he would be allowed to try

several murder cases during the year, because he wanted to keep his hand in the criminal field. At that time, a jury before Judge Tang, a panel of jurors, had been tainted in some way. For the moment I've forgotten what it was, but I made a motion before the judge to bring in the jurors one by one to question them to be sure that the panel hadn't been tainted. And here is Pop nudging Florence as the person is walking out the door and saying, "Hank, you see how she's getting a noose around your neck?" (laughter)

Anyway, I send Henry all my criminal cases that come in, you know, the felony cases, today, because that's no work for me. I don't keep up with the criminal law anymore. And I haven't got the fight in me, you know, for--it just takes too much to be a defense attorney in a serious felony case today.

Diamos: Now, I don't want to interrupt your train of thought, but by the following year that you were here at Sun City, somehow you got involved with Gerald Gault. How did that come about?

Lewis: The attorney general's office sent me that case.

Diamos: Oh, really?

Lewis: Yes. One of the things that I'm very proud of--there were many things to be proud of in Arizona--but one of the things I'm very proud of is that our attorney

general's office has always been non-partisan. It's always been a good office that's always done as good a job as they could, no matter where the chips fall. I got a call one day in maybe August second or something of 1964. Sitting in my office at that time. That was over in Youngtown there in that First Federal Savings Building. And it was Phil [Philip M.] Haggerty, who was then chief criminal deputy in the attorney general's office. Phil said to me, "I have a man here who needs a lawyer for his son. He's come down from Gila County outside of Globe. He wants me to tell you that he's got money to pay. So I said, "Phil, don't let him get lost. I'll tell you how he can get up to my office."

In less than an hour later in walks a gaunt man. I had never seen a case of black lung [disease] before. His face was a grayish black with green undertones, and all I could say to myself was, "Please, god, let him live the hour he'll be in my office." I thought that man was going to die any minute. He looked like a walking corpse to me. I couldn't understand how anyone could live without blood, and this man was living without blood was the way it looked to me. Well anyway, the wife was with him and they told me the story of their son who thought he was being held as a witness for his chum,

Ronald Lewis--no relative--and was sent down to the industrial school at Fort Grant. I had always made a practice of having a typewriter at my desk, and writing out a statement of facts as the client gave it to me and having the client sign it. I don't know where I developed that from. I never had any trouble with a client, but it always seemed to me to be the best way to be sure that I got the facts as the client was telling me. I did that in this case, and he signed one and she signed one of them. I said to them, "Don't worry, the sixty days for appeal hasn't run out. We can still have, file an appeal in this case." He pushes across the table to me, in crumpled one dollar bills, one hundred dollars. I decided I wasn't going to refuse it. I knew it was a terrible hardship for him to give me that. At that time he was earning a dollar-fifty an hour working as a mechanic in gas stations. Now, mechanics usually work fifty-fifty, but this guy, they had him working like he was pumping gas, doing mechanical work on the cars. Anyway, maybe it was because of his physical condition, you know, that they were taking advantage of him. She was babysitting. I take the case, and I go to the law books, and I can't find juvenile cases on appeal. So, I call down to the Supreme Court--Lucille Brooks is the assistant clerk down

there and I knew her from Winslow--and I said, "Lucille, why is it I can't find that there are appeals from juvenile cases?" And she laughed, she said, "Amelia, in Arizona there are no appeals from juvenile cases."

Tape 2, side 2

Lewis: So I said, "Well, then if there's no appeals from juvenile cases, and this floors me, we give criminals who have committed a lot more than an obscene telephone call, which the kid didn't commit, you know, which is five to fifty dollars fine or two months in jail if you're doing it for the second time, and he doesn't get a day in court, let alone an appeal from the day in court that he didn't get." So I said, "All right. I'll take habeas corpus. What judge can I see?" So she says, "Well, where do you want to go. Do you want to go to Pinetop? You know, this is August. We've got no judges down here." And she said, "Hold on. They're telling me that Lorna [E. Lockwood] is coming in this morning to clean out her desk." So I said, "You tell Lorna, please wait. I'm coming down as fast as I can." So I get my briefcase. In the meantime, I had called up first, to the clerk at Gila County [Courthouse] in Globe, and asked to

tell me what was in the file up there. And she said, "There are three pieces of paper. There is a petition for delinquency; there is an order for delinquency; and there is a sheriff's report on obscene telephone calls." So I asked her how much to send, you know, so I could get copies of them, certified copies.

So, okay. So the mother had kept a note, the kind of family that if you got a letter--you know, you got a letter once in a year--you kept them. You never got rid of them. It was on a torn piece of note paper, "Judge [Robert E.] McGhee will hear the delinquency case of Gerald on August 8th," at whatever time--I forget what the hour was. And it's signed, "Flagg."

Diamos: Excuse me, it was June 15th, I think it was.

Lewis: All right. Okay. Thanks. June 15th. Anyway, I have this in my briefcase. I can't go without a briefcase; how can I be a lawyer without a briefcase. You know, I always carried a briefcase, even if I had a lunch in it and no papers. Anyway, I get down and Lorna is there. I go down first to Phil and Phil isn't there, and I say, "I need somebody from your office, the other side, to come up with me, because I'm going to ask for habeas corpus and I want the other side represented." Stirley Newell was there--who is now Stirley Newell Cantor; she married Larry [Lawrence C.]

Cantor. So Stirley went up with me. The Supreme Court and its chambers then were on the second or third floor rear of the old capitol.

And I said to Justice Lockwood, "I am asking whether or not you will consider a writ of habeas corpus in a proceeding of this nature?" She said, "Where's your papers?" I said, "I don't have any as yet. I'm asking you whether you'll consider it so I'll draw them." She said, "What have you got in the briefcase?" And I said, "All I've got is a statement of the parents and the letter that she received giving her what amounted to notice. You know, she's given this on Friday afternoon to be in court on Monday."

She said, "Let me see them." She looks at them, and she says, "Manage to get a caption in this some way and put on the side of it, 'Application for Writ of Habeas Corpus in the Form of Affidavit'." Now if anybody could draw papers--because I managed law office and drew papers for all eight of the lazy lawyers, men lawyers--anybody could draw papers, it was me. I go to the Supreme Court on papers like that. Anyway, she called R. C. Stanford, then chief judge, Maricopa County Superior Court, and she said, "I need a favor. I need to have--you know, we can't take testimony; I need testimony taken in a matter of writ of habeas corpus." So he said, "Fine. We'll be

glad to arrange it. Do you know, they'll come down and file the papers and they'll come up to my office." She said, "It's Amelia Lewis and she'll file it and it's the matter of Gault and so on." So I go down; I've got to pay a twenty-dollar filing fee, or maybe it was fifteen. I've forgotten whether it hadn't gone up to twenty yet.

Diamos: It was twenty then.

Lewis: It was twenty then? Yes. Anyway, I go up to his office, and the matter is assigned to the one guy against whom I intended to run as judge sometime in the future. Anyway, so I asked if it could be reassigned and it was reassigned to Fred [J.] Hyder. Well, Fred Hyder and I are good friends; I meet him at various Democratic matters. We get into the courtroom and he asked to see counsel in chambers.

Fred says, I haven't got the exact wording, but it goes something like this: "Amelia, you know that habeas corpus is a matter of jurisdiction." "Oh, yes, Judge." "Now are you going to tell me that the courthouse in Gila County is sitting on the wrong site?" "No, Judge." "Are you going to tell me that Judge McGhee didn't have a proper certificate of election?" "No, Judge." "Well, what are you going to tell me?" "Well, I'm going to tell you that this juvenile and his parents did not get proper notice of

hearing, that they didn't get a proper hearing and they didn't get told of their right to counsel or to have counsel appointed." "Just a minute, Amelia, you haven't the first idea what this is all about. Let's go in the courtroom and get it over with." I walk into the courtroom and lo and behold, there is Judge McGhee. And now I'm beginning to waver. Here I am, not long in the county, we've got ten judges sitting on the bench at that time, ten divisions in Maricopa County, and every one of them is going to hate my guts if I cross examine this guy the way I'm supposed to. What am I going to do? You know?

Diamos: I know just how you feel.

Lewis: And so I'm saying to myself, "Okay. You took his hundred dollars; you took it on your shoulders; you go ahead and you do the best you can for his kid." The only way I felt vindicated was when [U.S. Supreme Court Justice Abe] Fortas said, in his opinion, "If Arizona doesn't want their juvenile judges to get the vigorous cross-examination that this one did, they will give appeals to juveniles." (laughter) I finally felt vindicated. Anyway, I won't go through any of the cross examination or any of the case, but in any event, I lost there.

Diamos: Wouldn't you like to, or are you getting tired?

Lewis: Oh, no. I just thought maybe it wasn't particularly important.

Diamos: From your perspective, it is very important, Amelia. Very important.

Lewis: All right. Okay. I asked Judge McGhee under what circumstances he found the boy to be delinquent. And he said, "I found him to be delinquent under Section 13.377, or whatever it is, of the Arizona Revised Statutes, which says, 'If a person in the presence of a woman or a child utters obscene language, is guilty of a misdemeanor, and can be fined five to fifty dollars or given up to two months in jail.' And," he said, "I consider that if it was done on the telephone it would be the same as if it was done in person." I said, "Okay, Judge, I'm prepared to agree with you on that point." What had happened was that Gerry earned extra money in the trailer court outside of Globe. The police chief, Weinberger--I guess it's W-E-I-N-B-E-R-G-E-R--of Globe was the owner of this trailer court. The telephone for the trailer court was in the Gault trailer, and Gerry would answer that and make extra money delivering messages or making telephone calls for people. This particular morning Ronald Lewis, who lived with his father--the mother had left and gone over to California with a younger child--came in and said, "Ronnie, call Cookie." Mrs. Cook was a

cleaning woman who would come and clean the trailers for people who asked her, and she had cleaned for Mr. Lewis. Then Ronald goes to the refrigerator to see what the Gaults have got there.

Anyway, so Gerry calls Mrs. Cook's number and as Flagg said, "He reeled her number off as though it was his own." He knew her number. Well, of course he knew it, because he prided himself on the job that he did for people when he telephoned, you know, with the telephone service he gave. Well anyway, he said, "Cookie, just a minute. My friend wants to talk with you." And he got Ronnie away from the refrigerator, and Ronnie says, "Hi, Cookie, you got big bombers. You give some?" Et cetera. As Justice Fortas characterized that juvenile--I've forgotten the words he used. Anyway, it's in the decision.

Now Cookie wasn't about to take that from the kids so she called the sheriff's office, and in a few minutes the sheriff's car was up there and they took the two kids over to the juvenile place and Mr. Flagg was under Mr. Henderson, who was the probation officer, and Flagg was the juvenile probation officer. When Mrs. Gault got home that night and the older son Lewis who worked in the mines got home, she said, "I can't understand this. Gerry always does his chores. His chores are undone. Go out and look for him." So

they went over to the Lewis trailer to see if they could find him, and Ronald wasn't there. So somebody in the trailer court said, "You know, I saw a sheriff's car up in the trailer court early this morning." So they called the sheriff's office, and they said, "Oh yes. He's down in juvenile hall." So the mother went there and she said, "Gerry, what happened?" He said, "I'm here as a witness against Ronald. They're holding me as a witness against Ronald. Ronald said some nasty things to Mrs. Cook over the telephone this morning when I called her. He wanted her to go clean the trailer." So she asked, "When was he going before the judge?" She asked Flagg. And Flagg said, "Three o'clock tomorrow afternoon I'm going to try to get before the judge."

So she and the older son were there at the superior court the next day, before three o'clock, waiting, and they went in and the judge took the boy back into his chambers to talk to him alone. As he said later, Gerry told him that he and his brothers, when they were younger, used to make silly telephone calls. They would just dial, you know, and talk to people. He claims that Gerald admitted calling the woman and doing some of the talking. And Gerald told me that he never admitted doing any of the dirty

talking. He did the talking, he said to her, "My friend wants to talk to you. Hold on a minute."

Well, anyway, he says to him--and I learned this part of it--"What am I going to do with you? When you were in here earlier in January, I told you if you came back I would send you down to Fort Grant." He said, "I have to think about this a little, Mr. Flagg. Take him back." So I asked the parents what this earlier matter was, and the father said--I finally got to talk to Gerald about it, so I'll give you not the father's version, but Gerald's version of it. He said his brother Louis said to him, "I don't have to go into work until later. Come on down and I'll take you to the movies." This was maybe a Saturday afternoon in January. So they go down to the movies and the brother says, "I can't wait any longer until the picture is over. You can stay until the picture is over and go home. I've got to go to work." So he left. Sitting in front of him was a Mexican-American young lady who had her purse on the seat beside her to the left. Over a few seats was an eleven-year-old with his nine-and-a-half-year-old brother--I've forgotten their names for a minute. It's in the papers. She opens her purse and takes a bill out of her wallet and goes out and leaves the purse there and goes out at intermission. The eleven-year-old goes

over, goes in the wallet, nudges his brother and the two of them go out. And Gault goes out after them. He said to them, "Hey, Billy, just a minute." He said, "What did you do there?" And he said, "I got twenty bucks. How do you divide twenty bucks in three?" And my brilliant client said, "Well if you had one more dollar, it would be seven dollars each." Now he didn't mean that he wanted any of that money, he was just trying to explain. He didn't know how to divide twenty by three, you know. He knew how to make twenty-one by three. So the kids run.

So he goes up to his friend, Chief Weinberger. Now he's not worried about the girl apparently, because this is what he's saying to chief Weinberger, "Billy just told me that he took twenty dollars out of this girl's purse in the movie house, and he's run off and he's going to boast to the big boys about this and they're going to beat him up because they're going to want the twenty bucks and he won't give it to them." So the chief said, "Good boy. Thank you for telling me. Go upstairs and tell Mr. Flagg. I'll send somebody out." Whereupon Flagg accuses him along with the two boys. . . . You know, because of the way he recited, as he recited to me, what he told him. You know, how do you divide twenty in three, and he tells them if you had one dollar more it's seven dollars

each. As though he was going to take seven dollars. And then not saying, "This poor woman lost twenty bucks; she's in the movie house. You can get her now. Maybe she doesn't even know that the twenty dollars is missing from her purse." He's saying he's worried about the kids. So this is probably Flagg's reasoning, you know, that he was part of it, prepared to be part of it. And since he didn't get his part he was, well, ratting on the other two kids.

But anyway, when he's before the judge--and this is in January or February--the judge sends the eleven-year-old down to Fort Grant when the age for admitting is twelve. And this is on the record that kid didn't have his twelfth birthday, but he sent him down to Fort Grant anyway. And gives Gerald a warning that if he comes before him again in the court he will go down to Fort Grant also. Okay.

Now the judge is on the stand in the habeas corpus proceeding and he is telling me that he found him guilty because of the telephone call, and also because of the fact that he was--the word isn't dangerous to himself and others, but--I've forgotten. For the time being, I've forgotten the exact words of the statute. It's probably under the "Eight" in the Arizona Revised Statutes, or was at that time. Anyway, and I'm asking him, "Well, under that statute,

how did you find him delinquent?" He said, "Well, there was a report in the file of the juvenile probation officer that indicated that he had stolen a catcher's mitt." And I said, "What proceedings were held on that?" He said, "No proceedings were held on it."

Well, after we got through with the proceedings, the judge walked down the aisle and the mother was sitting in the back with the boy at that time--I didn't call the boy to the stand; I saw no point in having the boy get on the stand and deny this. I couldn't see doing that. And he points his finger at her and the judge says, "You're the one who should be in jail," to Mrs. Gault. She worked for the Salvation Army there and she took the son to the Salvation Army and for some reason or other he abhorred the Salvation Army in town. That was what part of the problem was.

Well, anyway, I asked Gerald, "What was this business about the catcher's mitt?" He said, "I had a stamp album and Sonny that I played with was given a catcher's mitt, and he's not a catcher and I'm a catcher. So Sonny wanted the stamp album and said he would trade me the catcher's mitt. So we traded.

So I went down to police headquarters and asked, you know, "How did this report get in there?" You know. They went back in their files and they had a

report that Mrs. So and So came in and advised them that Gerald Gault had taken her son's catcher's mitt. So the policeman went out of the city, went out to the trailer outside the city--I guess Weinberger had sent him out, let go out of the jurisdiction, and he said, "Gerald, you'd better give the catcher's mitt back. The mother is complaining to us that you stole the catcher's mitt." So he said, "I didn't steal it. I'll give it back." So he goes to the door. The mother answers the door and he says, "Here's the mitt; give me the stamp album." She said, "What are you talking about?" He said, "Well, if I traded and he wants the mitt back, I want my stamp album back." And she said, "Oh, Gerry, I'm so sorry. I didn't know there was a trade. I asked Sonny, 'Where is your catcher's mitt?' and he said, 'Gerald Gault has it.'" So this gets into the file through these circumstances, you know.

(Tape off for a moment then turned back on.)

Lewis: I can't remember when this happened. Oh yes. The state chief probation officer--and I've forgotten his name, juvenile probation officer--was this one himself, who brought up Gerald from the industrial school to the courthouse. He brought him in, of course, before the hearing. I think the hearing was set for one-thirty and we must have been there about a

quarter after twelve or something and he had brought Gerald in. His arms were covered with impetigo. So I said to Mr. Gault, "Have you got five dollars to spare?" You know. He said, "Yes." I said, "If you haven't, I'll give it to you." He said, "No. I've got it." I said, "Go across the street, the next block over, there's a drugstore, and tell them your son has impetigo. You want a salve." I knew the name of it at that time, for impetigo. "Get a tube of that salve." So he brings it back and gives it to me, and I take Gerald's arm, and I'm wiping the salve on. The probation officer says to me, "Don't you touch him. That's my prisoner." I said to him, "Are you and I friends?" He said, "Yes." I said, "Have you got children?" He said, "Yes." I said, "I don't want your children to get that because you were with him and it's highly contagious." He said, "Go ahead, put it on."

Diamos: You're the best psychologist I know, Amelia.

Lewis: (laughs) I don't know. But anyway, you know, sometimes you can think of things on the spur of the moment. I don't know. But anyway, the craziest things seem to happen, you know. I will give Judge McGhee, who has since died, a lot of credit. Immediately that I objected that there was no proper notice given, he immediately instituted proper notice

at that time. He wasn't going to have another case appealed in his court. He was going to have hearings on things with people present. He was telling them all of the things that I was asking for: That you've got the right to counsel--he wasn't saying that they'd appoint counsel for them--tell them, "You have the right to counsel." Because the only case I had at that time was Barlow, which I think was 1956, where the court said parents had the right to counsel. The school authorities received word that some children had the same father and different mothers, the kids in the class, and they told the DES [Department of Economic Security] or the forerunner of the DES. And they went out and took the kids as being delinquent. They didn't arrest the parents, but they took the kids as delinquent. They took them away. And they were in the juvenile court. They were before Judge [Hugh L.] Russell, who sat in Mohave County, because--I think Russell was Coconino County. Whoever was Mohave County wasn't going to sit on that case. He recused himself. Anyway, Russell says that--it's my recollection it was Russell, anyway--when the parents come in with an attorney, you know, "Oh, it's very nice to see you, Bill. Go back and sit down and keep your mouth shut." And that was in the record. So the Barlows took this up, that they should be entitled to

counsel at a proceeding of their children. It wasn't a question whether the children should have counsel, the question whether the parents should be entitled to have counsel at a hearing of that kind.

So that was the only case that we had in Arizona at that time, Kent v. U.S. And there were no federal cases, no U.S. Supreme Court cases at that time. There was a case pending that was heard--and I learned about it later--it wasn't in the numbered cases yet to be able to quote. It involved this young Black boy in Washington, D.C., who was accused of raping and robbing an elderly woman in her home. The mother said he wasn't right in his head. They had him at St. Elizabeth's Hospital for examination. She went and hired an attorney--she was a cleaning woman. And the attorney put in an application for a hearing on whether or not he should be transferred to be heard as an adult. The judge granted that the boy should be held as an adult, without holding a hearing.

He took it up to the Supreme Court, because I think from the court you don't have an intervening court in D.C. I think it goes directly to the Supreme Court. I think--at that time--they didn't have a D.C. court of appeals or something. It went right--or how he got it to the Supreme Court, I don't know. But anyway, it went directly to the Supreme Court, as I

understand it. In that case they held that there had to be a hearing. But as I say, that was just going on at the time that I was in the court and we didn't learn about it until we were preparing our brief. Charles [E.] Ares worked on the brief at N.Y.U. [New York University] at the time. He was at N.Y.U.

Diamos: I didn't know that.

Lewis: Yes.

Diamos: Because he was with Norman. . . .

Lewis: Dorsen. D-O-R-S-E-N. Yes.

Diamos: Because he was teaching at N.Y.U. when . . .

Lewis: Yes. Right. Anyway, I've lost now before Hyder, but I've got my right to appeal from a habeas corpus. So I have my hearing and I've got two former juvenile judges, Lockwood and [Charles C.] Bernstein sitting on that trial. And I am saying as part of my argument, you know, "If I am accused of owing somebody five dollars in a civil proceeding, not even a criminal proceeding--I'm not going to lose any time, I'm not going to be put in jail. I'm not going to be put away for six years, if I'm fifteen years old, until I'm twenty-one, or be a ward of the court so the court could put me away. But it's a civil proceeding. I owe five dollars. I'm entitled to adequate notice. I'm entitled to a hearing. You know. The two of them are saying, "But it's a different proceeding. It's

sui generis." Both Bernstein and Lockwood are saying this to me at the same time. One didn't know the other was speaking. "It's not civil, it's not criminal."

In any event, Charles Bernstein wrote the opinion and he found that petitions for delinquency had to be verified, but the fact that this one was not verified by Mr. Flagg didn't matter. That juveniles were not entitled to counsel, because the court had original and sole jurisdiction in the cases. Didn't have to have anything more of a hearing, apparently, than the judge had given him. At the hearing, the mother had spoken up and said, "Why isn't Mrs. Cook here to hear which boy did the dirty talking?" And the judge said, "It isn't necessary." And in the habeas corpus proceeding, when Flagg was on the stand, I asked him, what had he done in the way of researching the case to find the facts. And he said he talked to Mrs. Cook on the telephone, and she said the two boys had talked to her. Gerry put in the call.

One of the things I said to Judge McGhee when he was off the stand was, "Do you think that a fifteen-year-old boy would dare to say something like he said to Mrs. Cook unless he'd heard his father saying it to her? Because he knows the woman is going to tell his father, and he's going to say, 'You know, Pop, I only

said what you said.'" The judge said to me, "Wholly irrelevant." That was that.

Well, anyway, before I'd gone to the Supreme Court, I decided that I wanted a printed brief and I had asked the Gaults, would they stay with me if I took the case to the United States Supreme Court? Would they stay on it? Because I knew they were having terrible problems. They were being castigated all over on account of this case. The mines had had a call for apprentices and Gerry had turned out for it. I think at that time the apprentices were seventeen, I think, and he had turned out. The guy got his name and he says, "Out. We don't take convicts." (pause) So, a seventeen-year-old boy is a convict. The authorities at Fort Grant sent Gerry home before Thanksgiving.

Diamos: Of 1964?

Lewis: Yes. He was down there from June 15th, or whenever after June 15th they carried him down there, until about November 20th.

Diamos: And that's just about when the Supreme Court entered their decision. It was November 10th, 1965. Wasn't it?

Lewis: May 15th, 1967, is the U.S. Supreme Court.

Diamos: The U.S. Supreme Court. No, but I'm saying the state Supreme Court opinion was November 10th.

Lewis: Well, he was in custody at the time of the hearing in August, but he wasn't in custody at the time of the Supreme Court hearing.

Diamos: So you were asking the Gaults if they would. . . .

Lewis: Stay with it if we took it to the United States Supreme Court, because it seemed to me that if we were trying to teach our children democracy, trying to teach them the three branches of government, trying to teach them that everybody in America got a fair trial, and then we are treating them that way when they got into the toils of the law, at least some of them, we were making not only skeptics, but we might even be making criminals of them before they got started. And I felt that it was absolutely necessary that it be recognized that if it were necessary--I didn't know whether Arizona was a different situation than other states. I knew that New York had adopted a new juvenile code in 1961. I knew that California had adopted a new juvenile code in 1962. These states did not give, as our constitution does, original and complete jurisdiction of juveniles to the judges.

Well anyway, when I got the decision in the Arizona Supreme Court--before that is what I wanted to tell you about. I wanted a printed brief and I didn't know where to get the money from. And so I asked to go before the board of the local civil liberties

group. I had served on the board some time before, but I hadn't been active for a while. I had been a member in New York and I had written them some briefs in New York.

Oh, I have to tell you a story about my admission in Arizona, too. Okay.

So I got before the board and I told them that if they would pay for the printing in the Arizona Supreme Court, I would make this an ACLU [American Civil Liberties Union] case. And the chairman at that time was Alice [L.] Bendheim, who is now an attorney. Alice had had a case that John [P.] Frank handled for her and that made her decide--she was teaching--made her decide she was going to be a lawyer, so she went to law school.

Diamos: Was she any relation to Otto Bendheim, the psychiatrist?

Lewis: Yes. Well that's by marriage. You know. Bendheim is a marriage name for Alice. Anyway, Alice asked the treasurer, Florence Frank, how much money they had in the treasury, and she said, "Two hundred fifty-eight dollars." She asked me, how much was the printing? I said, "Two fifty-three." And they gave it to me. (laughter) A couple of years when they gave me an award, I handed Alice a check for two hundred fifty. I said, "I don't know whether the Marshall Fund ever

paid you back, but I want to pay you back anyway."

(laughter)

So I had a printed brief in the Arizona Supreme Court. And I had Bob [Robert G.] Begam here one day and I had a copy of the brief lying there that had just come from the printer's. And he couldn't stop laughing. He said, "Where do you get the nerve to quote Karl Marx' Das Kapital to the Arizona Supreme Court?" I said, "Well, as it says, you know, 'We will break up the bourgeois family. We will take their children. We will educate them.' You know. This seems to me, what this was. This is what is happening. They've taken that kid away and they're educating him down there to be a criminal. That's what it amounts to." As a matter of fact, somewhere along the line, [Rad L.] Vucichevitch said, "You know, they send me kids who can't wield a bicycle chain to protect themselves."

Diamos: (laughs) That sounds like him.

Lewis: I don't remember where I heard it from. But anyway, you know.

Diamos: That sounds accurate.

Lewis: But anyway, after I lost in the Arizona Supreme Court, I called Melvin Wolf who was then chief counsel of the national ACLU and I said, "Melvin, do you represent, do you have any cases with respect to juveniles over

the country?" And he said, "In the states where there's no local ACLU I am responsible for it. But like Arizona, where you have a local ACLU, your people handle it." So I said, "Well, I need to know your opinion about the juvenile courts of the country." And he said, "I can tell you in twenty-two jurisdictions they are vile. Do you want to send me the facts of your case?" So I sat right down and single-space, covered two pages of it and sent it to him. Four days later he's on the phone, "How can you hold jurisdiction?" I said, "No problem. He's a ward of the court until he's twenty-one. We've got another five-and-a-half years to go. No problem with holding jurisdiction." So he said, "Fine." And I said, "I want a constitutional law professor to argue for me. I don't know the Court." He said, "Norman Dorsen." I said, "Normy is a constitutional law professor?" He said, "For the last ten years at NYU." And I said, "Normy?"

You know, [Norman] was about this tall and he played on a basketball team with Frank and he was faster and better than Frank was. I made them all caps. I crocheted them all caps that they wore. I had a pink feather hat and I could not go to a game without that pink feather hat. They were scared stiff they were going to lose. They went through a season

where they, from one season to another where they won thirty games. And if I didn't show up at the game with that pink feather hat, they were scared they were going to lose. (laughter) We had a lot of fun.

Anyway, okay. So Norman Dorsen went to Washington with me--and his pregnant wife was present also. She had been a law student of his. Norman argued the case and I was so pleased that I had asked him, because it was very nice to have [United States Supreme Court Justice] "Whizzer" [Byron R.] White say to him, "Now, Professor, tell me, how is the new juvenile law in New York working out?" And he told him about it. And, "Professor, do you know anything at all about how the juvenile law in California is working out?" He said, "I can tell you what I know." And this is what it was. And, "Professor, tell me about the juvenile law of Arizona." "Your Honor, I defer to my opponent, who comes from Arizona." Now, my opponent was Frank [A.] Parks, who was the youngest, newest man in the Attorney General's office at that time. Today he's a noted defense attorney, a partner in a law firm in Phoenix. They sent Frank down to Washington with nobody in that office preparing that boy for that.

Díamos: Who was the attorney general then?

Lewis: Maybe it was Gerald Smith, then. Nelson by that time was out. I think it was Smith.

Diamos: Yes, it was. It was Gerald Smith. Yes.

Lewis: Gerald Smith. Anyway, you couldn't get Phil Haggerty to go down to argue that.

Diamos: (laughs) No!

Lewis: No way. No way. No way. Phil was on my side in that case. Nobody else. And the thing that was so bad was that right before my case the attorney general of Florida argued a prison case. You know, some prisoner was indicating that there wasn't sufficient space in his cell, that kind of thing. It was a really brilliant argument. He may not have had the right of it as we were allowing rights, but he did a beautiful job. He was a good speaker. And you had good reason to understand why this man was attorney general of a state. And lo and behold, here comes Frank from Arizona the next thing. Now at that time, you were given an hour to argue. Today it's only a half an hour, and I had twenty-three points in my jurisdictional statement. I had prepared my jurisdictional statement myself and I wanted help on the notice of appeal from Norman. Norman said, "Would you consider giving me fifteen minutes to argue a point, so that I can do it, that I can argue it well?" And I said, "I can understand. That makes sense." He

says, "Give me four points." I said, "I can't give you four points. I've got to give you five. As a minimum." I wanted to know, you know, when does the burden of proof shift in habeas corpus? He said, "That's got nothing to do with your case. That's not for this case." You know, I had all other points that I'd raised in the Arizona Supreme Court. He said, "Your point is whether he's entitled to notice, whether he's entitled to counsel, whether he's entitled to be notified that he can have witnesses against him . . ."

Diamos: And the right of confront. . . .

Lewis: ". . . whether he has the right not to incriminate himself. Those are your four points. Stay away from anything else." "No. I want the right of appeal by a juvenile." "You're not going to get it." "What about Griffen against Illinois?" "Ah! If"--I wanted a transcript and that's what Griffen against Illinois is; if you can't afford a transcript, they'll give you one--"No, the Supreme Court will not say that any criminal is entitled to an appeal. The state has to say that they will give appeals. The Supreme Court will never give a criminal appeal if the state doesn't give it to him. That's a state matter, and there's no way you're going to get that appeal." I said, "Then we don't have a case without it. I insist." He said,

"All right." I said, "Put it in and don't argue it. If you can't reach it. The other points are more important, I understand, but I want it in there." So he put it in, and then it was Fortas saying, you know, "If you don't want your judges to get this strong cross-examination, you'll give them the right to appeal. It took them to 1969 before Arizona got the juvenile code set up giving the appeal. But at least Arizona went ahead and did it after that."

It was very funny. I was down, after the case had been decided, to the Arizona Supreme Court to get a writ of habeas corpus in another matter for another client, and I was with Charlie Bernstein, and Charlie said, "Amelia, you got a lot more cases coming in?" I said, "Yes. Eighteen of them, no one of whom can pay the twenty dollars for the filing fee." And he laughed. So in a few minutes, the clerk comes out and said, "Mrs. Lewis, before you leave, the chief justice would like to see you." And that was Jesse [A. Udall]. So, I go in and that particular day, Lorna had gone in Virginia Hash's airplane to some other place--I don't know where she had gone. But anyway, I think [Ernest W.] McFarland was on the bench at that time, and Bernstein and Lockwood and Jesse, and Struckmeyer. Anyway, Jesse says to me, "As an old practitioner, I want to give you a word of advice."

Now that you have made a success of a case in the United States Supreme Case, there's a chance for you to make your fortune. This is the time you can make your money." Bernstein and I couldn't help laughing. He said, "Let me in on the joke." And Bernstein said, "Yes, she's got eighteen new cases that can't afford to pay the filing fee." (laughter)

Tape 3, Side 1

Diamos: You argued it December 6th, 1966. Is that--that's the date I have.

Lewis: That's right. And that particular day, John [J.] Flynn was there.

Diamos: Oh, really?

Lewis: Yes. I don't remember why he was there, but in any case, it was in connection with Miranda. I don't know why he was in the United States Supreme Court. I've forgotten. But John was there.

Diamos: I think there was a re-trial of Miranda.

Lewis: Maybe it was. A re-hearing, yes.

Diamos: Re-trial. And then maybe it could have gotten back up that fast, I don't know.

Lewis: No. The re-trial came much later than that, that time. It wasn't, I don't think.

Diamos: That was Larry [Lawrence] Turoff who prosecuted that.

Lewis: Yes.

Diamos: Do you know what Larry said? He told me?

Lewis: What?

Diamos: He didn't need that confession. He could get a conviction without it. He just thought he was going to throw in frosting.

Lewis: Yes. But the thing that bothers me about the Miranda decision is the fact that nobody takes account of the fact--I think it was Bramm that was against the United States, was decided back in the 1890's, where the FBI were required to give notice, you know. They didn't specify what notice. And Earl Warren wanted to be sure that he was helping the policemen of the country by specifying the notice they give so they'd have no problem with what kind of notice. That's why he was setting out the notice, so there would no problem. Because the cases were coming up that, "He only said thus and so and didn't say that." And that's why he was setting out what notice should be given. But anyway, that's. . . .

Diamos: You saw Flynn the day of argument.

Lewis: Yes. He was in the United States Supreme Court that day. My son Peter had come and was sitting, and at eleven o'clock everything stops and the judges go out. And Pete said to me, "Are they going out for their milk and crackers?" (laughter) You know, he was a

young lawyer and these guys looked so old to him. At the left end of the dias, the clerk of the court sat; at this end of the bench, the Marshall sat; and they wore Prince Alberts with striped pants.

Diamos: Yes. Cutaways.

Lewis: And in front of each seat of this enormous counsel table that would seat four here and four there, were two quill pens.

Diamos: Yes. (laughs)

Lewis: So I went up to the clerk during the recess, and I said, "Sir." And he said, "Mrs. Lewis." I said, "Under what circumstances might I take my two quill pens, that are in front of my seat, back to Arizona with me?" He said, "By committing petty larceny." (laughter) So I said, "Sir, I didn't come here to commit petty larceny." So he said, "Madam, you may have the pens." So I said, "Now, Mr. Clerk, that I have the pens, where is my ink?" (laughter) He said to me, "If you had been lawyer Abraham Lincoln, and had come here on horseback, as Abe never did, you would have brought your ink in your saddlebags." (laughter)

Diamos: Were you admitted to the Supreme Court Bar?

Lewis: I had to get admitted while I was there, and the assistant attorney general from Florida, whom I was

introduced to there who had come with his attorney general, was the one who moved my admission.

Diamos: Moved your admission?

Lewis: And then the next morning I had to move Frank Parks' admission pro per because he wasn't admitted in Arizona three years. (laughs)

Diamos: Yes. I was going to ask you that, because the old--it was just about that time that the Supreme Court changed its requirement from five years to three years. And they finally allowed you to make the motion by mail.

Lewis: Well, that was much later, the mail. That's . . .

Diamos: That was in the 1970's.

Lewis: Yes. That's been much later than that.

Diamos: That's how I was admitted. I never got back there.

Lewis: Well, you know, when I was in New York, I was in Washington fairly often. I would never go in there and get admitted to hang that on the wall. To have my clients think that I practice in the Supreme Court when I didn't. You know, it's a lie. Why should I get a certificate that I'm admitted into the Supreme Court when I don't practice there.

Diamos: But when you took federal . . .

Lewis: But when I needed it, oh boy!

Diamos: You needed then.

Lewis: Right.

Diamos: Well, when I did federal criminal defending, even in private practice and I'd get appointed, and then when I went into the federal public defender's office, I had to be admitted to the Supreme Court, because automatically you had to file petition for writ.

Lewis: Yes. Well, in any event, I remember Frank moving my admission before Judge [Dave W.] Ling in the United States District Court.

Diamos: Oh, really? Your son did?

Lewis: Yes.

Diamos: What did Judge Ling say?

Lewis: And Frank said to him, "Judge, I wish to move the admission of a woman I've known all my life"--and then he was going to say "Amelia D. Lewis" and Judge Ling said, "Just a minute, young man. Aren't you exaggerating?" And he said, "No, Your Honor. It's Amelia D. Lewis, my mother. I've really known her all my life." (laughter)

Diamos: Were Judge Ling's eyes twinkling?

Lewis: I see Ling's secretary every so often and she says to me, "Oh, he always liked you. He always admired you so much." She always keeps saying to me whenever I meet her. (laughs) But she does that to make me feel good, I'm sure.

Diamos: So then the decision actually, the written decision was announced May 15th, 1967?

Lewis: That's right. And that particular day, it so happens, that Pearl [Mrs. Samuel] Langerman was sitting in the Supreme Court to listen to an argument in another case.

Diamos: Oh, my.

Lewis: And she heard the decision read and she ran out and telephoned me. That's how I found out that the decision came down.

Diamos: Oh, how lovely!

Lewis: The next morning, the Arizona Republic--you'd think a war was declared. It had a two-inch black banner on the top. You know, the decision. You know, if you get that paper of May 16th, that's where that thing is.

Diamos: Well think of it, though, Amelia. The Arizona criminal courts made constitutional law twice within the same decade.

Lewis: Well, we also had the Elfbrand Case on teacher's oath.

Diamos: Yes. That was . . .

Lewis: It came after the Washington case. That was a case down your way.

Diamos: Yes, that was Ed Morgan's case.

Lewis: Yes.

Diamos: But think of how much constitutional law the Arizona courts--well, the criminal . . .

Lewis: And think of the idea of having fifty states and having nine judges, and two of them, two-ninth's of that court . . .

Diamos: Are Arizona.

Lewis: Yes.

Diamos: Yes. I've thought of it many a time.

Lewis: Of course, I'd hate to tell you what I think of [Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court William R.] Rehnquist.

Diamos: Well, you can limit publication on this. (laughs)

Lewis: Yes. So we won't have anything of that on the tape. Because I knew that he was down in South Phoenix holding up those lines. Because I was working for the Democrats at the time.

Diamos: Oh, we have a Superior Court judge in Pima County who was down in Carillo School trying to stop Democratic vote turnout by challenging people of Latin appearance.

Lewis: Yes.

Diamos: Oh, yes.

Lewis: But Rehnquist was actually there and denied at his hearings that he was.

Diamos: This judge was appointed by [Governor] Bruce [E.] Babbitt. (laughs) By a Democrat. But anyway, that's not for publication.

Lewis: No. Well, I've got a few more things to tell you about the case that may be interesting.

Diamos: Oh, yes.

Lewis: In order to have a case in the United States Supreme Court, you have to deposit money for printing. And for this case I think it was \$697.00. Now, you know, I was struggling here in practice. I'd just changed my office a few years before, and I wasn't doing that well. And so when I had talked to Melvin Wolf, he said to me, "You know you'll have to deposit this money?" He said, "Do you need some help?" And I said, "Yes, I do." And he said, "Well, we have a Marshall Fund here." He said, "We can do that." He said, "When you need to go to the Supreme Court, when you need to go to Washington, we can pay your rail fare and your hotel and meals." And I said, "No. I'll pay for myself. I don't want the fund to pay for that. But I would like the fund to pay for the filing fees on this." And he said, "All right, we'll take care of that with Norman." Anyway, they did.

Now, after the decision came down, comes down a mandate from the Supreme Court of the United States to the Arizona Supreme Court, "Pay her \$697.00." So I go to the Supreme Court, hat in hand, "I want my \$697.00." And Lorna said to me, "Amelia, we don't have anything like that in our budget." So she said,

you know--this was heard in Maricopa County."

"Maricopa County. What?" "We gave you a judge, a courtroom with air-conditioning, and a clerk, and electricity. And it wasn't even our case. We did you a favor, and you want money from us, yet? You go up to Gila County. Go up to Gila County. If we had the money, we wouldn't give it to you." So I go down to the attorney general--and I'm forgetting for the moment what they call those bills at the end, you know. The state owes money for something and there's nothing in the budget, they have a clean-up kind of a bill. I should know.

Diamos: I know what you're talking about, and I can't think of it.

Lewis: Anyway, I said to Smith at that time, "Can't you add it on to these other items?" And he said, "Yes, I guess we can." At that time, Tommy--he was the head of the Rules Committee without having been--he was a doctor in Coconino County in Flagstaff. I called up Tommy, "Tommy, I know the state is kind of short of money and you can't pay me that \$697.00. I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to have the sheriff of Maricopa County go over and attach a statue of which I'm very fond. I love Arizona and I love Lieutenant [Frank] Luke, our hero. And I'm going to bring that statue out to Sun City. And anybody can

come and see it; I'm not going to hide it. But I'm going to attach that and you won't owe me the \$697.00 anymore, you see." Well, you know, this was tongue-in-cheek. I expected him to say to me, "Ha, ha, ha. No sheriff is going to attach state property," or something of this sort. But he didn't. He got the bill passed and I got paid. (laughter) So I call up Mel Wolf and say, "I got the \$697.00; I'm sending it back to you. I'd love to ask you a favor." He said, "What is it? Do you need some money?" I said, "No. But the Arizona ACLU gave me \$253.00." So he said, "I'll ask the Marshall Fund to pay them back." But that was that. (Mr. Gault gave me an additional \$85.00 dollars, so I had \$185.00 from him and paid the court reporter \$187.00 for the transcript of the habeas corpus proceeding.)

The climax of this, and the most wonderful thing so far as I'm concerned, in the case was, some years later my son, Peter, was going to law school in Baltimore and was [in the] graduating class. He was sent to pick up the speaker for class dinner, who was Abe Fortas, who was then in private practice in Washington and was coming down on the plane to Baltimore. I said to Peter, "Why did you get to pick him up? You're not the class president." He said, "The class president had other duties, besides I was

the only one in the class who had a new Cadillac."

(laughter) So, he tells me this story: on the way, he says to Fortas, "I bring you greetings from my mother." And he says, "Oh, you live with your mother? That's nice." He said, "No. I don't live with my mother. My mother lives in Arizona. She was the attorney in the Gault case." And he said, "You know, I don't remember her arguing that case." And Peter said, "Oh, no. She wouldn't argue it. She was afraid that she would be guilty of malpractice and not serving her client if she didn't get a constitutional law professor to argue before the Court." You know what Fortas said to him? "She needn't have done that. We decided that case on her record."

Diamos: Absolutely. Right.

Lewis: Oh! I tell you. Who could--you know, getting a compliment like that from a judge sitting on the case. I thought that--you know, that's the acme of my career, so far as I'm concerned.

Diamos: That is high praise.

Lewis: Yes. Some years later, when ACLU was giving me an award in connection with the case, Anita--who was the mother of those first three granddaughters--I walked over to her and I said, "Anita, this is for my grandchildren." She says, "Mom, I hope it didn't cost you much more than ten thousand dollars." (laughter)

So I said, "I never counted the cost." That's all I could say to her.

I think I've told you everything that's worth telling.

Diamos: I have some questions, if I may.

Lewis: Surely.

Diamos: Going back to when you were in law school in the twenties, you said you were admitted because they would take the registration fee from anyone. But how were you treated in class, as a woman, by law professors?

Lewis: The only one where there was any trouble, was Professor Cady, who taught torts. And he, apparently, maybe thought that he was helping to harden the women students. I don't know whether that's what he did. Because he would bring out all kinds of cases and use language that ordinarily you wouldn't use in the drawing room. I remember Dean Richardson, who ran the law school, was very anxious to have a chapter of Phi Delta Delta, which was a women's honor sorority--not sorority, they called it fraternity.

Diamos: Oh, really?

Lewis: Yes. He needed, I think he needed seven girls who had a ninety percent--they marked on a hundred percent basis--a ninety percent average in order to start it. He called on one of the girls who was in the third

year to start making the application in connection with it. And they came to me and asked me, you know, would I join a legal sorority. I said, "Fine, but I don't think I'll make the grade." I got eighty-nine-and-a-half percent. It was--contracts and torts were the only two that they were counting at that time. They went to the professor, who had just come from Kansas, on contracts, and they said, "You gave her eighty-nine on the test. We need her to be a ninety percent student in order to get the sorority." And he said, "If I gave her eighty-nine percent, she deserves eighty-nine percent. She does not deserve ninety percent or eighty-nine-and-a-half percent." And walked away. They went to Cady, who was the torts professor, and they said, "Professor, the contracts professor gave her eighty-nine, you gave her ninety. that gives her an eighty-nine-and-a-half average. We need a ninety percent. He said, "If I gave her ninety, she deserves ninety-one. Let's give her ninety-one." (laughter)

Now let me tell you what happened. And boy, did I learn a lesson. I'm sworn in. I'm a member of the fraternity that's a sorority. And I'm given a copy of the constitution. I open the constitution and the first line says, "Christian girls." And here I am engaged to a guy from an Orthodox Jewish family. Did

that teach me a lesson to ask for the constitution first. Oh, was that a lesson!

Diamos: The law sorority at the U. of A. [University of Arizona] College of Law had a race restriction on it, and Liz [Elizabeth] Stover wouldn't join it. And I said, "Stover, we can't change it from the outside. You can only change it from within." So I got her to join that way, and our chapter raised a fuss that we didn't want to pay in our national dues until they cleaned up the constitution, and shortly thereafter they did.

Lewis: Yes.

Diamos: So I think there's nothing wrong with joining, to me, if you join to change something.

Lewis: Yes, but back in the 1920's there was no way I could get that changed. So the only thing I could do--when I told my husband about it, he said, "Don't say anything. Don't make a fuss. Just drop out quietly. Let it go." That was his statement to me.

Diamos: You had a husband who was really supportive of you.

Lewis: Oh my, yes. He was a terrific guy. We had some friends who were quarreling about the upbringing of their child--we were still not married; we were engaged. So we made a pact. He would not interfere with the raising of the girls; I would not interfere with the raising of the boys. In this way we would

get on. So I proceeded to have three boys.

(laughter) I had those kids coming in to me, "Mom, he's too hard on us. He's not fair. It's not fair that he should expect this. You got to do something about it." And all I could say to them, "Look, we're lovers. I don't want to interfere with that relationship, I'm sure you don't want to interfere with the relationship that we have. I made a pledge. I'll talk about it, but I won't insist on anything. I won't touch it because it's his responsibility." And he raised those three boys so beautifully, that they're good solid citizens. I'm glad I didn't interfere.

Diamos: Did you, when you came to Arizona--I think you described the sexual discrimination in New York. Did you find--I think you said that Arizona, if I remember correctly this morning, you found no sexual . . .

Lewis: Only Don Udall. That's all I found. Nothing else. Anywhere else everything was fine.

Diamos: And I think by the time you came to Sun City, I don't know if the luncheon group was still going, but the women lawyers used to meet once a week, I think, in the Arizona Club for lunch. Did you ever go to any of those luncheons?

Lewis: That was a long time ago. But it wasn't in the 1960's. It was later than that.

Diamos: Well, [Elizabeth] Stover was here; Ann Kappas--did you know Ann Kappas?

Lewis: Yes.

Diamos: And Virginia, of course, Hash. And Lorna [Lockwood]. Lorna was very supportive of any woman starting--of any lawyer, male or female, starting out.

Lewis: When I got admitted to the Bar, at that time--I assume you had the same thing--you were supposed to go visit the law firms to make yourself known to them.

Diamos: Oh, yes.

Lewis: That was the courtesy. So I go down to Lewis and Roca and I go into see John Frank, whom I know, and Orme Lewis walks in, and he says, "Amelia, I'm sorry, but there is no way that we have a place for you in this law firm, because we have a policy that the oldest person is the head of the firm, and you're two years older than I am." I didn't know how he knew all about this, but he must have followed, gone through all of the people who were being admitted. You know. And I said, "Mr. Lewis, I didn't come looking for a job. I came to pay the courtesy call." John Frank--I hadn't seen John yet--John says to me, "Amelia, I can get you a job at the Phoenix Title Company." So I said, "I don't think you can. I'm having a fight with Rhes Cornelius." He said, "Already? You're only here a short while and you're having a fight with Rhes?"

I said, "Well, I bought a piece of land and he gives me a restriction on the piece of land, for ingress and egress, where Eleventh Street and Tenth Street and Camelback Road are all streets, are all access to the property. And these people got this back in 1911 or something. And he's still got this down here, the right of these people to ingress and egress from this property, when there are streets, when they don't have to go over it. There are streets all over the place. You know, the situation has changed. There's no reason why they have to go over when it's ingress and egress in order to get out to the road, which it calls for, because the road is running in front of all the properties. It's set up. There have been six changes of ownership of that property since that right of egress was given." And finally, I don't know whether John Frank spoke to him or what happened, anyway--this is Rhes Cornelius I'm talking about, who ran the title company.

Rhes calls me up and says, "Amelia, I've got a deal for you." He said, "Buy the property from her." He said, "When you sell it and you sell it off, you must buy the title, you must place your business with me, and as it goes out of you it will not bear the restrictions. I want the business." So he said, "Now go make a deal with her." You know, he was telling me

this. And she was saying to me when I said to her that I'm going to buy the property--this was, when I came to Arizona I decided that I wanted to know values. Because back in New York I worked for an old German firm where all of the Germans would come in to bring their money to their lawyers. They didn't trust the bank. They trusted their lawyers. And the lawyers would invest it for them. And my responsibility was to place mortgages up to \$25,000. And in those days I gave four, five or six percent interest, and that was high interest in those days. But I got a good return for the client. I was responsible for examining the properties and seeing that I had value for the mortgages that were being placed. Up to 25,000, which was a high stake in those days, although we had higher ones.

Anyway, so I wanted to learn values when I came out here; also location. So I figured the best way is go get a salesman's license and go with a real estate firm until you get admitted to practice. That's what I did and that's how I learned values and saw property. I saw this seventy-year-old, woman who seemed to me to be a very old lady at that time, has got a sway-back horse and she's plowing five acres of ground, south of Camelback, and it's in the county, because the county in 1957 was only up to the canal,

which was about three or five blocks south of that place. And she's plowing away.

Diamos: Was she close to Central Avenue?

Lewis: This was Eleventh Avenue. And she's got three hundred chickens and she's carrying her eggs to her customers and she's plowing, she's raising hay for her horse and she's raising feed for the chickens. That's how she's supporting herself. And I say, "There's a nice piece of ground you've got here, these five acres, but there must be something wrong with it. Because I noticed the developer has built all around but hasn't built on yours." And she said, "Young lady, I sold him all of that and I wouldn't sell him this. But," she says, "it's getting too crowded here." She said, "I was over where the junior high school is and it got so crowded I had to come over here. I sold that and came over here. And now it's getting so crowded here I've got to sell this, and I have to go up to"--oh, I forget where she said. Anyway, within two years that place was more crowded than this was. You know, where she moved up to. She had eighty acres up there.

But anyway, she said, "I'll sell it to you for \$35,000, the five acres." So I said, "Only if you can give me a clear title." So she said, "No problem about the clear title." So that's when I went back to her, after Rhes told me, "go make a deal with her."

He was telling me, "you know, because of this, you ought to get something off." And when I said to her, "Now I'm a lawyer. You've got to go get yourself a lawyer. Because we've got to deal at arm's length. I don't want to have it said that I took any advantage of you." She said, "I don't need a lawyer. Rhes Cornelius takes care of my real estate affairs. I have no problem. Rhes takes care of me. He's a lawyer." So I said, "All right. If that's the way you feel about it. I just wanted to tell you." So I come up to her and tell her I've gotten the title report on the property and I cannot buy the land because there is an exception on it for ingress and egress.

And she said to me, "Well that can't be worth very much, can it?" You know, so she was ready to deal, because she apparently wanted to get out of there. So finally we came down to \$27,500. I bought the land from her for \$27,500. I go back to Herman Towers, Tower Realty I was working for, and I said, "I guess I owe you a commission. Working for you, I'm buying a piece of land." And he said, "What are you buying?" And I told him what I was buying, and he said, "Oh, all you damned fools from the East. You come out here and you shove up the prices of our land by paying exorbitant prices for land." And I said,

"That's not exorbitant." He said, "The best offer that she had for that land is \$22,000." I said, "I'll make money on that land and I don't begrudge her the difference between twenty-two and twenty-seven-five." That's when I wanted a architect.

There was a young navy lieutenant living in the Park Lee Alice Apartments in Phoenix--that's where my son and his wife and I were living at the time--and asked him and his wife would care to go to Taliesin West with me. And we went out. The student architects would show you around. You paid a dollar admission, and the young architectural students would point out everything about the place. The young man we were with was listening to my conversation with the navy lieutenant, in which I said, "I saw the exhibit of the so-called \$10,000 house that Frank Lloyd Wright had built and which was put down in the courtyard of the Museum of Modern Art in New York, and that house cannot be built for \$10,000. I don't understand why Frank Lloyd Wright would associate with something that wasn't honest in that respect." And we went on and . . . (sound of telephone ringing)

(Tape off momentarily.)

Lewis: . . . security system. I have a posse here that watches everything. Somebody in a lawsuit where I'd served, they'll call me up and say, "I come from

Chicago. I belong." He's trying to tell me he's a member of the mob, you know. "I know where you live. I know your car. I'm coming for you." So I said, "You'd better pray that nothing happens to me. Because as soon as you hang up I'm calling the sheriff's office and telling them that you've made this threat against me. So you'd better hope nothing happens to me, because they will be blaming you if that's the case." So I called the sheriff's office and they said, "Where were you when you got the call?" I said, "In my office in Peoria." They said, "Call the Peoria police." And I said, "But I live in Sun City, and that's where he said he would be coming for me, in my car." "No, call Peoria." So I called Peoria. And the Peoria policeman comes out here that evening and takes the report, and he said to me, "If you don't mind, I'll leave my things here. I want to go out and see if by any chance there's a bomb under your car." And I said to him, "Are you a married man?" He said, "Yes." I said, "Have you got any kids?" He said, "Yes. I've got a two-year-old and a four-year-old." So I said, "You stay here. I'll go out." You know. "Tell me what to look for." So he says, "Lady, that's my job. I can't let you do it." I said, "You're a young father. I'm an old lady. I can't let you do it. I can't let you get blown up on

my account." So he said, "No way." And he goes out and he comes back. He says, "There's no bomb here." I said, "I'm going to call the Sheriff's Posse and tell them, because I contribute to them, and tell them about it." Every night at ten o'clock they would ring my doorbell and they opened the door--we always leave the door open. Crooks don't think we have anything down here in this area, you know. They go up where there's \$200,000 homes and they rob them. They don't rob us down here. Anyway, for I don't know how long that posse kept watching, and finally I said to them, "I think you'd better give up. I think that was an idle threat. I don't think he's going to come." (laughs) I thought it was an idle threat to begin with, but I still felt that I had to report it, just in case something happened.

So I'm talking to the chief of detectives in Peoria on another case at one time, and he said to me, "Amelia," he said, "it's funny. I just read the report of one of the policemen here on the case the time that there was a threat made to you." He said, "Would you be interested to know that the policeman wrote on the report, referring to you, "She's one tough old bird." (laughter)

Diamos: Anyway, you're being shown through Taliesin West.

Lewis: Yes. Finally the young man can't take it any more. We'd just gone through the kitchen and I'd made some remarks. And he said, "Here lady, here's your dollar back. Please go. You're not enjoying this, and it's upsetting me very much." And I said, "Why?" He said, "Well you're making such awful remarks about the Master." And I said, "Look, the Master can dish it out and the Master can take it. You don't have to protect him. You keep the dollar. I'll go."

So I walked outside, and I see Frank Lloyd Wright walking into a small building next to this larger building, and there is this sikh with his turban on, very tall, with his arms crossed, standing in front of the door. And I know now that I've got to call Frank "Master". So I walk over to him and I say, "I have come to see the Master. I need an architect. And I need his advice." He bows and he goes inside and then he comes out and opens the door to me, and here's Frank Lloyd Wright putting his hand out to shake hands and say, "Hello. I'm very sorry I can't take on any additional project." And I said, "I didn't expect to get you for the type of project I want. I only wanted your advice as to one of your pupils that might give me some plans for eighty units on a piece of land that I have in Phoenix." He said, "Yes. My son-in-law, Charles Monteith, is a good man. And he will give

you, he will do a good job for you for a reasonable price, I'm sure." He said, "You'll find him in the phone book."

So I got hold of Charles and for \$500 dollars, he said to me, "You're wasting your money because they are not going to give you eighty units on that property." And I said, "I know they're not going to give me eighty units. But how do I get what I want unless I ask for eighty? If I ask for forty, they'll give me twenty." You know? And he said, "In my experience, I guess you're right. There's something to that." So I said, "Give me plans for eighty, with a swimming pool." You see. So he gives me plans for eighty, and we have our session before. And, "This is outrageous." And I said, "Look what tax money you're going to get out of this for the city. And I'm going to offer the swimming facilities to the people around." Because the people around were coming in and objecting. I'm saying, "I've got a swimming pool there and they can swim in it. It doesn't have to be for the tenants alone. They people in the area can swim in it." There was one guy who was the chairman, an oldster named Abbey. I'll never forget him. His white hair stood up straight. And he said, "She's right. She's right. She's right."

Finally the compromise was, they gave me fifty-four units. More than I expected. I thought I'd get forty. I got fifty-four units. And I sold the land for fifty-five thousand, immediately, to a builder who was absolutely delighted because he was paying \$1,500 for a site. And here he was getting fifty-four sites for \$55,000. The best buy that he had ever had. So far as I was concerned, I was happy that he was making a profit, as I was happy that the other woman made a profit, and I made a profit on the deal. You don't have to wring out the last nickel. Okay. So it's being paid out to me in dribs and drabs, you know, as each house is sold, because Rhes Cornelius has to get the business according to my agreement with him, you know, and the title policies are issued. Anyway, I'm putting the money in an account with Frank down there, and I go into his office one day--oh, wait a minute. I have to go back and give you Frank Lloyd Wright. I'm getting away from the subject.

So I'm in there with him, and he said to me, "How long are you in Arizona?" I said, "Oh, I just arrived a short while ago. I'm only here since April." I think this was probably July or August of that year. "I'm waiting to have six months residency so I can apply for admission to the Bar here." He said, "You know, Arizona has made a terrible mistake. They want

to build a new capitol," and he said, "while you were in New York did you read the New York Times?" And I said, "Yes." He said, "Well, did you see the article by Saarinen?" And I had seen the article by Saarinen, and I could not tell that man that I had seen that article. Now, the New York Times had a policy of no pictures, never any pictures in that newspaper. And that day there was a picture of Frank Lloyd Wright's design for . . .

Diamos: Rendering?

Lewis: Rendering for a new capitol for Arizona, and it was like in the shape of a Siamese umbrella. You know, a point on the top sloping down, with what they said would be all colored glass inset into it. And Eero Saarinen, the Times architectural editor said, "It looks like a Siamese bawdy house." And of course, no legislator in Arizona could possibly vote for that design after that. So I didn't have the heart to have Frank Lloyd Wright know that I had read that article. I just said to him, "Did Saarinen agree to it?" "Oh," he said, "no. He castigated it. He didn't accept." And he took it out and he had this thing with all these colored lights.

I had remembered that in 1929, my husband and I had been visiting in Florida at a university--and I can't remember what town it was. It seems, I used the

name Lakeland, Winter Park, Winterhaven. I can't remember where it was. But my husband was visiting with a professor there and his wife was a professor. She and I were walking together and we come along a walk that's a sloping walk, sloping up, and here are all these columns that are Frank Lloyd's columns, that are wide on the top and very narrow on the bottom. And I'm saying to her, "This is Frank Lloyd Wright." She said, "Yes. He was here and with the students they built, he directed the students. They built this auditorium." And we were on the side of the auditorium. She opens the door and as she opens the door, the sunlight is on the back of the auditorium and it is shining with marvelous colors. And these marvelous colors are caused by broken glass bottles, pieces of which are inset into the back wall where it gets the setting sun hitting. It was just a glorious sight. That was the kind of thing that he was doing for the dome of the Arizona capitol design that he had presented.

I said to her, as we walked along, "You must be having some very heavy projects going on here." And she said, "No, why do you say that?" And I said, "Because you've got all this PX cable, heavy cable, running along these outside pillars." "Oh," she said, "that's because Frank Lloyd Wright didn't believe in

electricity. He wouldn't have electricity in the building. We had to put it in after he left. And besides, he didn't believe in toilets. He felt people ought not to have sewage. They ought to go out and make manure where it belonged: in the fields." And she said, "We couldn't have that with thousands of students. We had to put in the bathrooms after he left." (laughter)

Elm: I have a question.

Lewis: Yes.

Elm: You referred earlier to, you had a story to tell about your admission to the Bar in Arizona, and I . . .

Lewis: Oh, yes, no, Arizona and New York. I can give you both.

Elm: Okay.

Lewis: I think I told you already about the fact that in New York, they were agreeing to admit, earlier, anyone who had served the country. Well, when I went up for the admissions interview, this gentleman who had criticized me for having the temerity to venture out of the house, being in an enceinte condition--that was very unladylike for me to do--said to me, "I take it you're prepared for your history quiz." And I said, "Sir, I don't know what you're talking about." He said, "We indicated that we had people getting admitted to the Bar, who didn't know enough about the

history of our country." And I said, "I don't know anything about that." He said, "Well, I'm going to quiz you anyway." The only quiz that I remember was that he said to me, "When did the American Revolution end?" And for the life of me I couldn't remember the exact date of the ending of the Revolutionary War. So I had to say to him, "Do you mean the ending of hostilities or the signing of the treaty?" He went on to the next question. He didn't ask me any more about that then, assuming that I knew both of them.

(laughs) And that I would know how to answer it.

But when I was getting admitted in Arizona, there was only the University of Arizona Law School, and that's where the tests were given. You had to take your typewriter and go down there for a two-days exam. I went down, and Frank had made an appointment with the owner of an eighty-unit apartment building in Phoenix, that I was planning on buying. I had come here with a cash position. My husband had died and I had some money from his estate. And I wanted to invest. The owner was from California, he was coming over, and we were going to have dinner together and we were going to discuss the sale and purchase. This was held on Friday and Saturday, and so I rushed through the Saturday part of the exam, to get finished as quickly as I could. Francis [J.] Ryley was the

monitor for the first day of the exam. . . . You opened your book and you read through the questions. And I started to laugh. I had been asked by Chet Smith something of what my experience was, and I had indicated, tort law. And of the seven questions, five of them were tort law questions. You know. So, Francis came over--I mean, we're about the same age, you know. I'm older than most of them. And he says to me, "Let me in on the joke. You know, there's nothing funny about this job." And I said to him, "I don't know who had me in mind for this exam, but five of these seven questions are down my alley." He said, "I have another paper, I'll exchange with you." (laughs) I said, "Oh, no! Oh, no, don't do that." The next day, I have a library assignment and Francis is in the library at that time. The question is . . .

Tape 3, Side 2

Lewis: The question is, "Your client is a salesman for a company. He drives his own car for the business of his employer, and he has been out all day, and he is on the road, and it is August and it is very hot. And he has a flat tire. He gets out to change the tire, and he has a heat stroke. Was this in the course of his employment?" Well--and you're supposed to give

citations, and you use the library. And I look over and there's a big wall of blue books marked Pacific Digest. I know Miscellaneous, I know New York Reports, you know. I know Northeaster. Who in my life ever saw Pacific Digest? I never heard that there were such volumes. (laughter) So, where am I going to look? I look under insurance; I can find nothing under insurance. I look under workman's comp [compensation]--that's what it is in New York. There's no such heading as workman's comp. I can't imagine, why isn't there workman's comp? What are they talking about here if they don't have workman's compensation?

Anyway, I go through so many things, and finally I decide I'm going to look under sunstroke. I go pick the book. It opens to sunstroke. I start laughing, you know. Francis comes over. "What's the joke?" I said, "I can't find workman's compensation." He says, "It isn't workman's compensation in Arizona. It's industrial." Who heard from industrial? Anyway, I said, "the last resort after all the titles I've gone through, I decide I'll look for sunstroke, and it opens the book and there's the case right there." And he says to me, "Give me that question back. I'll give you another one." I said, "Francis, over my dead body. I need this so badly. I've got to get out of

here." (laughter) So I get my answer down and I leave. Everybody's looking at me, you know. It's like two-thirty in the afternoon and she's walking out. The test isn't over until five o'clock. But I've got to get back to Phoenix. It's going to take me two-and-a-half hours probably. So I'm walking down the hall and here comes Henry [R.] Merchant. Do you know Henry Merchant?

Diamos: Oh, I knew Henry, yes.

Lewis: Okay. Is he dead?

Diamos: Yes.

Lewis: Okay. Henry says to me, "Where are you going, young lady?" I said, "Thank you for the 'young lady'." I said, "I've got to get back to Phoenix. I've got an appointment with somebody who's coming from California." He said, "For what purpose?" I said, "I'm going to buy some real estate in Phoenix." So he said to me, "Do you intend to practice law, or are you going to intend to practice real estate?" So I looked out the window. I said, "Do you see that sign?" There was a sign there that said, "Make Arizona green. Bring money." I said, "That's exactly what I've done. That's what I'm carrying out." I said, "Of course I want to practice law. Why would I be here going through this exam if I didn't intend to practice law?"

He said, "All right. The committee wants you at my office at nine o'clock tomorrow morning." So I said, "I can't make it down from Phoenix by nine o'clock tomorrow morning." I said, "Who's on the committee?" "Ozell [M.] Trask, George Ryley--it wasn't Francis Ryley, but his brother George Ryley, I think he said was on the committee--Henry Merchant, and he mentioned somebody else from Phoenix. I think it was Carson, I'm not sure. So I said, "You've got five members and three of them from Phoenix. Do they ever meet in Phoenix?" "Yes, they meet in Phoenix." "Then I'll meet them in Phoenix." "No you will not. You will meet them in my office tomorrow morning at nine o'clock if you expect to have any chance of getting admitted to the Arizona Bar." What kind of business is this, you know? What have they got against me? What are they giving me? Because I'm sure it isn't a matter of my being a woman, because I haven't met this before, you see. So I said, "Thank you for the information. I'll make up my mind." So I go down and I call Frank. Frank says, "I'll meet the guy. I'll talk to him. Don't worry about it. Go to a motel, stay overnight. Give them the night's lodging because that's what they need, and go to his office tomorrow morning at nine o'clock. You know. Do it."

I walk into the office, Ozell Trask is sitting there, George Ryley is sitting there, and I never saw so sheepish a looking man in my life as George Ryley. And Henry Merchant is sitting over here. And Ozell Trask--and you know who Ozell Trask was, I don't have to tell you. Maybe for the record I have to say, he was a member of the firm of Jennings, Strouss that had the Trask name in it at that time, who later sat on the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals. And was a very good lawyer for the defense.

Mr. Trask says to me, "Mrs. Lewis, I note on your application that you indicate that you are a member of the American Civil Liberties Union." "Yes, Mr. Trask. I paid a membership fee and joined the American Civil Liberties Union and occasionally I write them a bad brief." Well, Mrs. Lewis, when as you say, you paid a membership fee and you wrote them an occasional bad brief, and you were a member of the American Civil Liberties Union, did you not know that the American Civil Liberties Union was on the Attorney General's Proscribed List?" "Mr. Trask, I knew when I paid a membership fee, and when I wrote a brief--bad as I say it was--that the ACLU not only was not on the Attorney General's Proscribed List, but would never be on the Attorney General's Proscribed List. Because the ACLU stands for seeing that the amendments to the

Constitution are carried out and, as you know, the Constitution and the Bill of Rights are an important part of the basis of our law of this country. You know that as a practicing attorney, as I do."

"Well, Mrs. Lewis, when as you say, the American Civil Liberties Union, of which you were then a member, and admit you were a member, was not on the Attorney General's Proscribed List, weren't you mistaken?" "Mr. Trask, I knew then and I know now that I was not mistaken. That the American Civil Liberties Union never was on the Attorney General's Proscribed List." And I walked out of there saying to myself, you know, "I'm not going to get admitted here." No problem. I sailed through. There was no question. I knew it wasn't because I was a woman. Now, the head of the John Birch Society was a partner in the Jennings firm.

Diamos: Oh, yes. Well, remember when Justice M.T. Phelps . . .

Lewis: Oh, do I remember!

Diamos: . . . presided at a--he was chairman of a national, of a committee to judge . . .

Lewis: Impeach Earl Warren. And his name was on signs all over the state of Arizona. I had to call to his attention the fact that not only the Bar, but the Bench needs to protect the Bench.

Diamos: And I was once talking with Judge [James A.] Walsh about old days in Arizona, and he had great regard for Justice Phelps. He could tell you stories of what--he was in as superior court judge--and what a good judge he was, how Judge Walsh enjoyed trying cases to him. I told him about his sitting on this committee to judge essays on why Earl Warren should be impeached. And Judge Walsh couldn't believe it. Could not believe it of Justice Phelps.

Lewis: I remember . . .

Diamos: But up here there's a different climate, in Phoenix, isn't there?

Lewis: Yes. I remember one case I had in Winslow, was under the Fair Employment Practices. Two women, covered for the telegraph company and for--what's the company that wires money?

Diamos: Western Union.

Lewis: Western Union. The branch up there was owned by a husband and wife, and they used to cover it together. And they hired these two women, little mousy sisters, at an absolute pittance. They were supposed to work eight-hour shifts. The owners would never show up, and they couldn't leave until the next person came on for a shift. So one sister would be sitting there until the other sister came on, because they had to

cover twenty-four hours a day in order to keep the business.

They came into me one day, and said, you know, "We can't take this. It's too much for us, working twelve hours a day like this. Could you help us? Is there something you could do with our employer?" And I said, "Sure. There's a fair employment. What are you being paid? You know, you get time-and-a-half for overtime?" "Oh, no. We don't even get paid for overtime. We just get paid for the eight hours." You know. So I took out the law and read it to them, and I said, "If you want it, you've got a case in the federal court." And they said, "Well, we don't like to do this to them, but they insist, you know, that if we want the jobs that's what we've got to do." So I sued them. The husband came in and he said, "Amelia, I want to settle this. I'll give them each five hundred dollars." I think we were suing for, I don't know, \$18,000. I forget. It was some horrendous sum, you know, the way it added up over the years. I was sure they were going to say, "You can't go back that far." Which is eventually what Judge Walsh did.

But anyway, he wanted to settle. And I said, "Look, don't give me your money in settlement, because you're not allowed to settle this for less than what is actually owed. I don't want to take this and then

they go to another lawyer, and you get sued for the whole amount and you lose what you paid through me. You know. So don't do this." So, they went to Carl Mangum. They didn't want to hire a lawyer. They didn't want to pay a lawyer. And they went to Carl. So comes the summer, and we're ready to try the case, and I go down to the old courthouse in Prescott and go up in the elevator. And down the hall I see this black robe with its arm around Carl Mangum. It was Judge Walsh

Diamos: His old buddy?

Lewis: And I say, "You hick from New York City. You come out here and you don't realize that these guys went to school together from the very beginning. What chance are you going to have? And, you know, all right. I'm stuck with it. Next time I'll know better." Walsh sits on that bench and Mangum doesn't get a thing that he doesn't deserve. He makes an objection he's not entitled to, Walsh doesn't give it to him. And I'm figuring, "I've got a good record here. How can he decide the case against me?" And he doesn't decide the case against me. You know, whatever he gave my clients. He cut out, back for the statute, because it was too far back, but that was . . .

Diamos: The statute of limitations had run?

Lewis: Yes. Right. Whatever it was, I've forgotten, at the time. but, that was Arizona for you. I mean, aside from Don Udall. That's the only bad one I ever met in the state. Maybe John Clark wasn't so good, in Winslow.

Diamos: But I think Walsh has the reputation with many of being the best trial judge. Not only in this state, but in this part of the country.

Lewis: Yes. He was really terrific _____.

Diamos: Is there--I think we've covered a large part of your life. I hope we've covered everything you want to say.

Lewis: Yes.

Diamos: I would like to say, on behalf of Adelaide Elm who is--I should have said at the beginning--recording this, and on behalf of myself, my deep appreciation for the time you've given us.

Lewis: Thank you. I don't know why I deserve the honor of being included, but I'm really happy on behalf of the Gault case, at least, to indicate some of what happened with respect to that. So that that is preserved.

Diamos: Thank you.

End of interview.

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