

## TWENTY YEARS WITH CLARENCE AND BILL

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It is my desire to do something special in contributing to this issue of the Law Review in honor of Clarence Morris. Others are far better equipped than I to appraise his unique and varied accomplishments as a legal scholar, writer and teacher. All those who know Clarence Morris at all well like him, but I have a very special liking for him which I am moved to explain.

Above all I like Clarence for having had, 'way back in 1931, the charm necessary to induce Bill to marry him. I cannot possibly set forth my recollections of Clarence during the past two decades without affirmatively including Bill in the picture. She has contributed so greatly for forty years to the flowering of his life that any account of his present stature would be incomplete if Bill's role were omitted.

Another important display of rare good sense on Clarence's part is his great interest in contract bridge. He and Bill and Alice and I have spent hundreds of happy hours together at the bridge table. We rotate after each rubber or two, and we do not play for money, as our unflagging competitiveness needs no monetary incentive. Of course, these bridge occasions are interspersed with good food and drink and even better conversation. The Morris-Frey bridge activities have been limited almost entirely to one or the other of our respective homes and have generally been confined to the four of us, although on occasion we have allowed a "qualified" fifth friend to cut in from time to time. Clarence is a fine bridge player. He bids especially well, and when declarer he plays with speed and skill. But when he holds a weak hand, his defensive play is less animated—due, no doubt, to a wise attitude toward poor cards fostered by his earlier years as a poker player! Bill is an excellent, imaginative player, and she and Clarence are as effective as a team at the bridge table as they are in other respects.

A third major evidence of good sense on the part of Clarence, in which Bill joined him, was the acquisition of their home at 1804 Delancey Place not long after he became a permanent member of the Penn law faculty in 1953. I emphasize this house, because I believe it has been a factor in the development of the many-faceted life that the

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Morris has achieved in the complex community that is Philadelphia. The house is on a narrow, quiet, residential street lined on each side by town houses of similar quality, vintage and beauty, and this square is within walking distance of the Academy of Music, the Art Alliance and Philadelphia's best theatres, clubs, shops and hotels. Few city-dwellers, however, have made such discriminating use of these cultural opportunities as have the Morris. In general, they prefer to form their own opinions without benefit or burden of prior professional appraisal. Hence they have sought to be first-nighters at plays, to attend gallery openings and to absorb concerts and also books at first hand.

When I reflect upon Clarence Morris' numerous fine qualities, there are many appropriate descriptive terms that occur to me, but one above all keeps asserting itself over and over again, namely, "hospitable." This term fits Clarence in its dual sense. He frequently entertains, with warmth and generosity, members of the law school family, including students as well as colleagues. He is especially well disposed toward and considerate of visiting law professors and graduate students from foreign lands. But in addition to this form of hospitality, he is also unusually hospitable, *i.e.*, receptive, to a new idea, a new work of art or an intriguing project.

Heretofore I have stressed the good sense of the Morris in acquiring their present home, because I have long felt that the house itself, like a faithful servant, understands and nourishes Clarence's hospitable impulses; its impressive foyer, handsome dining-room and restful, second-floor library provide a fine back-drop for the Morris hospitality, and the walls and mantels supply an appropriate setting for the drawings, paintings and other works of art that they have collected over the years with knowledge and discretion.

Few Philadelphians are aware that in his pre-Penn days Clarence was an enthusiastic sportsman. Fishing, riding and golf were his main sports interests, all of which I shared with him. When visiting with us at Lake Paupac he enjoyed explaining to my youngest son, Dick, the art of fly-casting. In 1958 I taught at the University of Colorado summer law school, and before we left, Clarence gave Dick one of his cherished rods. While at Boulder, Dick and I joined Clarence's brother, Bert, a professor of philosophy at Colorado, on several fishing trips.

I think that Clarence did not do much riding after he left Wyoming, but he was always interested in my horse, Pedro, and we enjoyed discussing together the distinctions between Western saddles, McClellan saddles and various types of flat saddles, and their respective merits. For a number of years Alice and I with Clarence and Bill have shared

an important anniversary: attending the last Saturday night of the Devon Horse Show, where they are just as enthusiastic and excited as we are over the finals of the open jumping and the other events.

Clarence used to be an ardent golfer. He and Bill play much alike. Each hits the ball squarely, not long but straight, and each is a good putter. In 1968, while Clarence was at the center for Advanced Study in Behavioral Sciences (the "think tank") at Stanford University in Palo Alto, California, he had a serious heart condition and he was required to undergo a quite substantial reduction in his weight and to cease playing golf for a while. When he resumed golf several years ago, he found that his new slim figure affected his balance in addressing the ball, but he soon overcame this temporary handicap.

One of Clarence Morris' most admirable qualities is his interest in young people and his willingness to share his busy life with them. The children of many of his friends have had the benefit of his kindness and generosity of spirit, and in this respect Alice and I have been especially fortunate. When Susie Frey was about ten and Dick about twelve, the annual practice began of Clarence's taking them on New Year's Day to the Mummers' Parade. At mid-morning Clarence would leave with them from his house, armed with crates or folding chairs for them to stand on so that they could see over the heads of the curbside watchers, and they would walk to a favorable spot on the line of march. There the three of them would equally enjoy the pageantry of the gaily bedecked floats, the splendid marching bands, the finely costumed, uniquely strutting Mummers, the joyful clowns and the thousands of other happy marchers that joined in this historic event. Sometimes the wintry cold and wind would drive them back to the Morris house, where Bill would be on hand with hot chocolate and other goodies. These yearly adventures with "Uncle Clarence" are a lasting memory of Sue and Dick's and are still recalled with joy.

This rambling account of some of my personal recollections of Clarence Morris during the past twenty years would be woefully incomplete if I did not mention that he is a very entertaining raconteur. Like every good story-teller, he has an amazing ability to embellish the main theme of his story with amusing incidents. He has a vast store of personal anecdotes; he particularly enjoys a play on words, and when he tells a spicy tale, he never fluffs the punch line.

Clarence, I've said enough—too much perhaps. I'd like to finish by summarizing my impressions of you, if I knew any concepts that were not stuffy. But this I do know: in my book, you're just a great guy.

A. H. F.