

1997

The Campbell Lawyer, volume 8, special edition

Follow this and additional works at: <http://scholarship.law.campbell.edu/newsletters>

Recommended Citation

"The Campbell Lawyer, volume 8, special edition" (1997). *Alumni Newsletters*. Paper 31.
<http://scholarship.law.campbell.edu/newsletters/31>

This Newsletter is brought to you for free and open access by the Archives and Law School History at Scholarly Repository @ Campbell University School of Law. It has been accepted for inclusion in Alumni Newsletters by an authorized administrator of Scholarly Repository @ Campbell University School of Law.



The Campbell Lawyer

Volume 8
Special Edition

Dedicated in Memory of
Dr. John J. Broderick
1910 - 1997

*The Norman Adrian Wiggins School of Law
Alumni Newsletter*

In Memoriam

A Salute to My Friend

Professor John J. (Jack) Broderick
"The Chief"

Norman A. Wiggins

President of the University and Professor of Law

In October 1995 as I was returning from a visit to Malaysia, I went downstairs to the baggage claim area of the Raleigh-Durham airport where I was to meet Millie. As I stepped off the escalator, I noticed Millie engaged in a

conversation with two people. Before she could finish with "look who is here," the Chief was making his way toward me with that half run, half walk for which he was so famous. The "Broderick smile" was filled with genuine joy and warm friendship. After a few moments

of warm greeting, we hurried over and greeted Louise and Millie. After telling Millie how happy I was to be back under her jurisdiction, we both turned our full attention to Louise and the Chief. They informed us that they were down for some tests at Duke Hospital. The Chief quickly declared, "I feel great" and immediately turned his attention to what was happening at the Law School. His familiarity with what was presently happening and his knowledge of the work of some of our colleagues and former students caused me to know that his "network" was in a very good state of repair.

After, a few minutes of discussion of the present splendid progress of the school, the Chief moved us back to those early days of the starting of the law school. As he talked with that animation for which he

was famous, the years began to fall away. He spoke about the "dream" that we all shared that we could and would build the nation's finest small law school. He was willing to declare the mission had been achieved. But he believed there were other mountains to be climbed, and he wanted us "to get on with it."

Although still the eternal optimist, the Chief expressed great concern about the present direction of the practice of law in this country. He couldn't understand why others didn't share his concern.

Just before we said our goodbyes, our conversation

turned to students. The Chief was an outstanding teacher, but he will be remembered for his contributions to the lives of his students. He was never too busy to listen or to help, if help were needed. He wanted his students to make a good living but he thought it was infinitely more important to make a good life. As we had done so often in the past, Louise, Millie and I listened as the Chief waxed eloquently



Dr. and Mrs. Broderick pose with Dr. Wiggins during a 1978 gathering.

about his years at Campbell and his days with colleagues and students.

The time for parting came all too soon. As we said our goodbyes and Louise and the Chief started to leave, I recalled how this man with the able mind and the great heart, strongly supported by his devoted wife, Louise, became a part of a great "dream" because he believed God wanted him to use his life in service to others.

And the Master said, "Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these, you have done it unto me."

We all acknowledge our indebtedness to the Chief. We shall miss him.

Dr. John J. Broderick



One of many planning meetings that Dean Davis and Dr. Wiggins had in 1978.

BRODERICK

by Leary Davis

Founding Dean and Professor of Law

His decision to come to Campbell from Notre Dame was a defining moment for the school of law in two regards. First, since Ed Wiggins, the University's President, had agreed to teach Criminal Law in the School's first year, our first two faculty members were experienced and highly regarded in the world of legal education. This gave us a solid foundation and the freedom to employ two promising new teachers, Allen Watts and Bill Martin, who also made great contributions.

An even more important factor was the optimistic climate he created. Jack came to The Creek from Notre Dame during the Spring of 1976 to help interview applicants on weekends. He always communicated a great enthusiasm for and confidence in the institutions and people with whom he associated. He saw himself not just as a teacher, but also as a salesman, and at both Campbell and Notre Dame he believed in what he was selling. His spirit - this enthusiasm, confidence and optimism - were contagious. They affected positively his colleagues and everyone who visited the School. He saw in Campbell a school that planned to do what he had been wanting

law schools to do for decades, in his words, "to coalesce the practical and theoretical."

Indeed, he had been a pioneer in that effort and remained a pioneer at Campbell well into the 1990's. His popular arbitration seminar was one of the first courses in the country to rely on simulations outside of a moot court/trial court setting. He was also a strong supporter of our practice management courses, for which he had advocated for years before coming to Campbell.

He and Louise were always willing to do whatever was necessary for the school to succeed, which was not surprising given his history. Before we hired Jack, I had read a dedication of a volume of Notre Dame's Law Review to him. It spoke of his intellectuality; it also spoke of him being seen at the law school late one night mopping the floors. Likewise at Campbell he and Louise were often at the school late at night preparing materials for his courses.

Another example of this attitude of service and sacrifice came in the Spring of 1976. The original plans were for the school to open in the Fall of 1977. After I was employed as dean we determined that combinations of applicant demand, mission clarity, and



Dean F. Leary Davis and Dr. John J. Broderick review book orders for 1978.

In Memoriam

the potential for a phased renovation of Kivett Hall would allow us to admit a charter class of 50 students in the fall of 1976, then a full class in the fall of 1977. We hired Jack, Allen and Bill, and we were determined to require applicant interviews as a prerequisite to admission. I would interview some during the week, and on weekends Jack would fly in from South Bend, Allen from DeLand, and Bill would drive in from Winston-Salem. We would interview applicants all weekend. Ed would join us when he was available. After we had interviewed 150 or so applicants we had selected our initial class of 50 students, and we had many more qualified applicants. As I was preparing to drive my colleagues to the airport after their last scheduled trip to The Creek I thanked them for their help and told them we had met our goal. I planned to continue to interview applicants in the following weeks. I left the car for a few minutes to return some keys to the residence hall in which they had been staying, and on my return to the car, Jack told me they wanted to keep flying back to The Creek on weekends to help with the interviewing. Jack always had the ability to make quick decisions for service. This particular



The Chief enjoying a beautiful day in 1977.

decision helped us to admit a Charter Class of 98 students instead of 50 (we had planned on classes of 90, with 10% of accepted students not showing up, but 98 of 100 matriculated). The difference was profound in terms of the lives of students accepted, of the lives of the clients and communities they serve, of the quality of what happened in the classroom, and of the financial well-being of the school, which had substantially multiplied its anticipated tuition revenues.

Today Jack's portrait hangs appropriately in the Student Commons area, because his life was always with the students. It has special meaning for the alumni who as students commissioned and paid for it almost two decades ago, but it should have another special meaning for all of us. It was wonderful to learn from Tom Shaffer, Jack's student, faculty colleague and dean at Notre Dame, that upon Jack's return to South Bend from The Creek the law faculty there elected him their representative to the University's faculty senate. He was a spokesman for all of us, not only in the words and delivery for which he was famous, but in the life that he lived.

FAREWELL TO THE CHIEF **Stuart N. Watlington, Charter Class President**

Rarely...maybe two or three times in our lives...are we fortunate enough and blessed with meeting someone that we find has no flaws. Someone that we can say nothing but good things about. Ironically, in 1976, an entire law school class...the "Charter Class" at Campbell College School of law...was just so blessed. We all had the honor and unforgettable privilege of meeting Dr. John Broderick, affectionately known to his family and colleagues as "Jack" and affectionately known to the Charter Class as "The Chief." Never have I met such a unique individual; never have I met a more wonderful individual. Dr. Broderick met all of us in our class with open arms in

Dr. John J. Broderick

what was a frightening, stressful period in all of our lives. No doubt, we had a lot of fun together as classmates, and no doubt we created fun at times when it was hard to find anything to smile about. But we all know that without the Chief's wit, his intellect, and most importantly his affection and compassion for all of us as a class, our lives would have been much, much tougher. His door was always open to students at Campbell, and as years have passed by I have met Notre Dame law graduates who also sincerely praised this man. He use to keep our class loose, but always reminded us that practicing law was more than a way to make a living. He encouraged honesty, integrity, ethics and dedication in helping us plan for the future.

The Chief was brilliant and was so proud. He was proud of his family as a devoted husband to Louise, as a devoted father and grandfather. I have never met anyone who had a better grasp of the law and certainly have yet to meet anyone who could recall cases and recite them, verbatim, as the Chief could. What a wealth of knowledge this man possessed. He was proud of Notre Dame, proud of Campbell, and oh so proud of our law students. He spoke of, and encouraged, applying "the practical with the theoretical." He bragged about our school, our students and family members of students that he met. He was totally devoted to his law students. He made the Student Bar Association exist, thus making it possible in the early years to bring well known speakers to Buies Creek, such as F. Lee Bailey and Vincent Bugliosi.

There are dozens of humorous quotes I still

remember that the Chief shared with us. But there is no need to recite them because all of us who cared about him will never forget them. He was a great athlete in his day and if all of us will recall, his day was still going strong when we were at Buies Creek. Remember the time that he was asked to join the Senior Citizens swimming class. Apparently, the instructors thought they had a nice pupil in the Chief until he jumped in the pool and swam forty laps in front of the other elderly

"pupils." He told them what a great time he had and went back to his office to work a few more hours. Apparently the Chief, when asked to help fill the swimming class, did not brag about the fact that he had served his country in the U. S. Navy and was quite an accomplished swimmer. I can only imagine what a grin he had on his face as he walked back across campus. Pride...but with wit and



Tom Lanier, Dr. Broderick, Dean Davis, Dr. Wiggins, Buddy Wheless, and Stuart Watlington examine the 1976 Placement Bulletin.

dignity...that was the Chief.

He used to tell us that people might try to equal us ("all of his students...when it came to his students, all were his favorites"). He use to tell us that some would try to emulate us, but then he would always close with saying, "*however* they will never surpass you." These little pep talks always made us feel a little bit stronger, and a little bit better about what we were doing. And when I look back and think about how often the Chief encouraged all of us and how often he had a smile on his face I realize that he was Heaven-sent to Buies Creek to help the School of Law. The Chief never forgot his faith in God, and we were reminded of this by his actions and good deeds.

In Memoriam

Over the years I have talked with numerous Notre Dame graduates and they have told me the same thing about the Chief. The pep rallies he used to brag about, that he had conducted Notre Dame, were no exaggeration. Believe me, Notre Dame grads can tell you that before Saturday's big football games at Notre Dame, the Chief was the main attraction. Once again...he was encouraging young people. There were many great people in the faculty and administration that helped move Campbell College School of Law (now the Norman Adrian Wiggins School of Law) to the front of the pack. Without these leaders, our degrees would not hold the value that it does today. However, I dare say that we all must agree that without the Chief, our

**Dr. Jerry M. Wallace, Vice President for
Academic Affairs and Provost**

Dr. Broderick's place at Campbell University was unique. Everyone remembers him for his love and enthusiastic support for the Law School, but he was much more than law; he was friend, colleague, supporter of the larger Campbell University, Christian, Catholic, and Notre Dame.

Dr. Broderick's most interesting advice to me was "to never go anywhere on campus without a file in your hand, even if it was empty. Otherwise, your walk would not appear to have purpose."

**Tribute to Dr. John J. Broderick
"The Chief"**

**Patrick K. Hetrick, Dean and Professor
of Law**

"And fools who came to scoff, remained to pray."

The Deserted Village

Oliver Goldsmith

Dr. John J. Broderick was a master at quoting from an eclectic combination of bible verses, poetry, Notre

school of law would be different today, and not the identical school that I am so tremendously proud of. The Chief's input and influence in the early days to help put Campbell College School of Law on the map can never be forgotten. As I close, with pain in my heart, I pray that his wife, children and grandchildren realize how much his friendship and teachings have meant to so many of us. Although the Chief taught us to "never use one word, when three would suffice," I must close now. But to your family, Chief, they must know...that many will emulate you, but none will ever equal or surpass you.



**Dean Pat Hetrick and Don Bustion enjoy lunch
during the 1982 Parents Day.**

Dame folklore, and all manner of miscellany. The brief vignette from Oliver Goldsmith's famous poem was one of his favorites. He used it to describe the reaction of some early skeptics of the brand new law school in the unlikely location of Buies Creek, North Carolina.

Campbell was then the only law school in the nation to require a personal on-campus interview as a major part of the admissions process. We continue with that requirement and some other law schools are now doing the same. In the "old days," when an applicant and his

Dr. John J. Broderick



The Chief as he leads a lively CLE discussion, while Todd Scarborough of Service Enterprise looks on.

family showed up in the Creek, Jack did not limit his attention and salesmanship to the applicant. He insisted that the applicant's spouse or parents also tour the law school. He delivered what can best be described as an enthusiastic, sincere "sales pitch" about the many merits of the new law school.

Jack was capable of spending a half-day with one applicant and his or her family. He conducted an extensive interview and provided a personal tour of the law school and parts of the campus. The Broderick tour included introductions of everyone on staff and in the student body who happened to cross paths with the entourage. Jack brought a human touch back into the law school admissions process. To him, the applicant was a human being, not papers in a manilla file.

Above all, Jack did not desert his students after they matriculated. His office was a monument to his present and former students. He regularly corresponded with hundreds of law school graduates of both Campbell and Notre Dame. His office served as a mental rest stop for students, and they loved to drop in to receive a healthy dose of the Chief's never ending optimism and enthusiasm.

It was not unusual for him to share a letter from one

"I will always remember his enthusiasm for the students, the faculty, the school and the study in pursuit of the law. He shall be missed."

Gregory T. Griffin, Charter Class

of his former students with a current student. As if he was everyone's grandfather, Jack would rattle off the number of children of a student he had taught in the sixties, the name of a spouse, the number of judges he taught, and the numerous successes and achievements of various graduates. He had pictures galore in his office turned museum.

Jack took time for all generations. His desk was a favorite destination for my young sons when we first arrived at Campbell. Jack kept a storehouse of candy and was free with pats on the head and his inventory of sweets when a youngster visited.

Jack was the opposite of all that is haywire with some law faculty members across the nation today. He was a servant to others, had intellectual humility, was available for students, frequented symposia and other student events, and served as a very active advisor to a number of student groups. He devoted his time -- full-time plus overtime -- at the law school. He loved his teaching; he loved his students; and they reciprocated.

When Dr. John J. Broderick gave applicants, members of the bar, and, yes, anyone else whose path he crossed, his super sales pitch on why Campbell's law school was a great place for lawyer training, his audience in those early years often took his unapologetic marketing with a grain of salt. Now people are believing the message preached so earnestly starting almost two decades ago by our pioneering and founding associate dean and faculty member.

I thank God that Jack Broderick came Campbell's way.

In Memoriam

“NO STUDENTS, NO TEACHERS”

Robert A. Jenkins, Professor of Law

The occasion remains vivid in my memory. I first met Jack Broderick at a “wanna be” law teachers’ recruitment conference in Chicago 20 years ago.

It changed my life...

So taken was I with what I heard about a new law school in Buies Creek (where?), North Carolina and with the enthusiasm of Jack and Leary Davis for their fledgling, “different kind” of law school that it sounded like a place I wanted to investigate further. Needless to say, Jack did most of the talking. At age 65 and recently retired from Notre Dame, Jack’s excitement



Professor Robert Jenkins chats with law parents at a 1982 law school gathering.

was that of a kid with a new toy as he launched his new career in a new location. His excitement was contagious and I thought about the prospect of being in on the ground floor of a school with a unique mission - teaching students how to practice law. To borrow a phrase, “*What a concept.*”

I think Jack and I took an immediate liking to one another. Good thing, for I’m sure Jack’s input had much to do with my eventually being offered a position on the Campbell faculty. That initial liking easily grew into fondness and friendship which my wife Pat and I shared with Jack and his devoted Louise.

If ever a law teacher was a friend to his students, it

was Jack Broderick. “*No students, no teachers*” was his oft-quoted motto.¹ To Jack, students came first, not the faculty, not the institution but the interests of the students we are all here to serve. His door was always open, his time was always theirs.

On a trip to Australia several years ago with a group of lawyers from various parts of the country I happened to mention Jack’s name in passing. “You mean Jack Broderick from Notre Dame” my surprised friend (unknown to me, a Notre Dame graduate) interrupted. When assured that we were talking about the same person, my friend went on at length about how Jack, the students’ best friend at Notre Dame, had rescued a group of students from near expulsion, my friend included. He, like I, was a “Chief” fan for life.

Loved by nearly two generations of students, Jack Broderick’s half-century contribution to legal, moral and ethical education and training, his devotion to his family, his friendship with thousands and his lifetime of service to God are doubtless receiving the eternal rewards of a good faithful servant.

¹Other favorites were “Many are culled, but few are frozen” and, in reference to Notre Dame football, “No byes, no ties.”

TRIBUTE TO THE CHIEF

Johnny S. Gaskins, Charter Class

It was the Spring of 1976. Campbell College would be admitting its first law school class in September of that year. A small faculty had already signed up and John J. Broderick was among them. Dr. Broderick, as we knew him at first, had already served for many years at the Notre Dame School of Law. He had been an Assistant Dean and Professor of Law there. He would teach Torts and Civil Procedure at Campbell College. The new law school at Campbell College would indeed

Dr. John J. Broderick



Wilson Day, Linda Watlington, Pat Day, and Stuart Watlington pose with the Chief and Louise at the portrait unveiling, which now hangs in the Student Commons area.

be fortunate to have such a prestigious academic on its first faculty.

The plans for the start of the law school were complete, but the school did not yet have any students. The staff of the new law school was actually conducting personal interviews with prospective students. That's when I showed up. Not only did we have to pass all of the written tests, but we had to be personally "grilled" by seasoned staff members.

I had already served for four years as a Special Agent with the State Bureau of Investigation. I had previously interviewed many people myself, and I knew how important it was to make a good impression. I also knew that Dr. Broderick would be conducting my interview. I was scared and nervous when I sat down for what I knew would be the most important interview of my life. How could I possibly convince a man with his experience that I knew anything?

Dr. Broderick wasn't quite what I had expected when I first saw him. He was small in stature, but appeared to be in great physical shape. Indeed, as it turned out, he was a devoted swimmer. The little bit of hair that he had left was white. He spoke softly. He already knew everything about me. The first thing he asked was: "Where is Jimmy Hoffa? He's been missing

now for months, and I know that you guys know where he is." Dr. Broderick had already seen Hoffa's reflection in Volkswagen hubcaps. He had no doubt what had happened to the man. I had no doubt that I liked Dr. Broderick. We immediately began a friendship that lasted for twenty years.

Law school began for me that September of 1976 with all of the fear and apprehension that every law student must experience. Were our professors there to see how many of us they could flunk out? We quickly learned that Dr. Broderick was on our side. He was there to see us through the long haul, and to prepare us for successful careers in law. He quickly became the "Chief." I never again knew him by any other name.

His mastery of the subjects which he taught us was beyond my comprehension. He knew not only the name of every case ever decided, but he also knew its citation. He gently coaxed each of the members of our first small class into sharing a portion of his knowledge. I personally could never hope to know as much about the law as he knew. I am satisfied with the small portion which I retained.

We were like a family for the three years that we were there. The "Chief" was always available for each of us. He knew each of us by first name, and he

In Memoriam

remembered each of our family members whom he met. He remained loyal to both Notre Dame and Campbell College, and was totally dedicated to both his students and his beloved Louise.

I was saddened to learn of the "Chief's" recent death. I am proud to have known him and to have been one of the students he taught. I regret that there are

those who have graduated from Campbell University School of Law without the benefit of his experience, knowledge, dedication, and friendship. They would have liked him too. Those of us who knew him already miss him. We rest assured, however, that he occupies a special place in Heaven.



The Chief and Tom Lanier engaging in a friendly game of arm wrestling.

Tom Lanier, Dean of Admissions

Dean Hetrick asked me to jot down a few remembrances of the Chief. The difficult part was limiting the remembrances to a few.

- the day he stood on his desk wearing an Indian headdress
- the many times he reminded me to maintain my affability
- the day Professor Lewis and I endured a ride to UNC with the Chief
- the applicant interview that lasted four hours; the applicant did survive
- denying his request for a shotgun
- his endless supply of white out
- the new road he accidentally made to Keith Hills
- and, of course, his urging never to engage in any type of contest with a skunk

On May 16, 1979, I found Dr. Broderick's personal Labor Law book on my desk and the inscription read: "To Tom, my respected and revered colleague at the Campbell University School of Law, whose friendship I cherish." My feelings for Dr. Broderick were mutual. I will miss you, old friend.

Dr. John J. Broderick



Tom Lanier, the Chief, Louise Broderick, Karen C. Sovari, and Robyn Perkins attend a 1983 law school function.

The Chief John J. Broderick Tom Anderson, Professor of Law

As the news of The Chief's death spreads within the Campbell network, I get calls from alumni. We inevitably begin to reminisce about the Chief. As soon as we do I can hear the Chief's voice as if he was still here. It has been 4 years since he physically left Buies Creek but his spirit lives on. Not only in Buies Creek but through the lives and law practices of the almost 1500 Campbell graduates that he taught and had contact with. Everyone has pleasant memories of the Chief. He was always so upbeat. He was always talking with the students and complementing and encouraging them. They always knew that even though some other professor had just stood them up for the last hour that the Chief would have, not just a kind word for them but several kind and encouraging words and advice. All of which was "apropo."

Its hard for the alumni and those connected with the law school in its early years to fathom that the students of today do not know who the Chief was. It is not that they don't "know" him at all. He did not go the way of

the green carpet (which can only be seen by the bats and others who know the "secret passage" to the tower in old Kivett Hall). No, the Chief is seen by the students everyday because his portrait hangs in the Student Commons. How "apropo." Also, fittingly the John J. Broderick Seminar Room is located just off the Student Commons. No, what the students of today miss knowing about the Chief is his true dedication to the interest of the students. The Chief exemplified a real Christian. He didn't just talk about it, he lived it. The Chief was a living Golden Rule. The passage in Matthew which describes Christ's confrontation with the Pharisees sounds like the Chief taking on the administrations in Buies Creek and South Bend. Knowing the Chief's love for the Bible he probably got inspiration from this passage. When a lawyer asked Christ a question to test him he referred to him as "Teacher." The lawyer asked Christ "which is the great commandment in the law?" Christ responded, "You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your mind" and "You shall love your neighbor as yourself. On these two commandments depend all the law and the prophets." This was the Chief. He loved his God and he treated his neighbor with dignity and with love. This was the



1989 Law School Faculty: 1st row (l-r) Tom Anderson, Pat Hetrick, Karen C. Sovari, Richard Braun, Robert Loftis, John J. Broderick; 2nd row (l-r) Robert Jenkins, Richard Lord, James McLaughlin, Willis Brown, Lynn Buzzard, and Richard Rodgers.

In Memoriam

Chief's law, just as Christ commanded. All the "law" that he taught his students was tempered with Christ's commandments.

As I write this you may think I am rambling. How can you write about the Chief and not ramble? I can remember going down to where the Dean's Office use to be in Kivett. Chief's Office was next to it and across the hall was Tom Lanier's. Occasionally Tom would ask where is the applicant that came in for an interview 2-3 hours ago. We would all look at each other and say "We better rescue her/him from the Chief." Out would come the applicant somewhat dazed but convinced that Campbell was the place for them. Many of our

graduates reading this may have been "that applicant." That was the Chief. Never short of words. As he reminded us "Lawyers get paid by the word." The Chief would have been worth a fortune had he gone into private practice!

Chief we want you to know you are still with us here in North Carolina. You are in the Secretary of State's Office and on the Bench. You are prosecuting the guilty and defending those wrongfully accused. You are still on the law faculty reminding us that the students are our most important asset. Even though we know you are with us we still miss you. I just hope we all can remember the lessons that you taught us.

Richard T. Rodgers, Professor of Law

Like the spy who came in from the cold, I emigrated into the Campbell faculty from a private law practice. The year was 1982. Having practiced law for twelve years, I knew something of what lawyers did - but *nothing* about what law faculty did. Having *consumed* the services of law faculty for three years as a law student, I thought I knew something about producing those services, as well. Being a law prof must be like being a preacher (*anyone* can be a preacher -- and preachers only work an hour a week, right?) It didn't take long for the reality to hit home. There's a lot more to making lawyers than meets the eye.

Jack Broderick didn't teach me that. I had already discovered that I was ill-prepared for the new calling before we first met at one of Leary's famous pre-orientation "square-hamburger" socials. Suddenly before me was this mountain of experience, someone who (like a good ALR annotation) could encapsulate everything this private practitioner really needed to know before his first day of class. Should I lecture (a great way of controlling a class) or should I ask questions (and what questions should I ask)? Should

Caesar, Tiny Tim, Hitler or Prof. Kingsfield of *The Paper Chase* be my role model? "Jack, show me how. Tell me what I need to know."

He drew himself up in what I later came to recognize as a classic "Chief" gesture. And he didn't answer one of my new-kid-on-the-block questions. Instead, he said, "Remember this: 'No student, no school. No school, no faculty. It's that simple. The students are the only important people around here. Get that straight and everything else will fall into place.'"

For the next decade I watched this wise man at work. Daily, I saw him fraternizing, cheerleading, consoling, and making sure the students *knew* they were loved. He ministered to the "important ones." He made a full time job of it.

Time has passed. The Chief went back to Notre Dame. A cavernous new building sprung from the parking lot adjacent to "moldy" Kivett (now thoroughly renovated). Thanks to hundreds of small contributions, the two structures became one beautiful new facility. Dutifully, every floor, lobby, room and doorknob in our new building has some donor's name on it. But there are few photos or paintings to be seen anywhere in these halls, and only *one* portrait of a Campbell

Dr. John J. Broderick

graduate or employee hanging anywhere in the facility - Chief's. Fittingly, you'll find it exactly where you'd find Chief while he was with us - in the Student Lounge.

"No students, no school..." Sometimes truth comes camouflaged in simplicity. Thanks, Jack, for getting me to concentrate on what's "important."



A very relaxed Dr. McQuade and his students take time to pose for the photographer.

In memoriam - Jack Broderick Stanley McQuade

Jack was one of the first people I met when I came to Campbell as a very hesitant beginning law teacher. I sat in many of his classes to see how it was done and he talked with me a great deal, and always in an encouraging mode. He, together with Robert Jenkins and Dean Leary Davis, persuaded me that the ability to read medical records was an important legal skill and that it was possible to teach it to law students. He gave the same encouraging treatment to generations of our law students. Yet my most treasured memories of Jack are not academic nor administrative. In those pioneer days we used to go to all sorts of cultural things together as a faculty. Jack and Louise were often with us, of course, and they would sometimes bring along their two grandchildren. I enjoyed, second hand, Jack's pleasure in the

company of those two bright little children (twenty years ago). I will always see him explaining Shakespeare's "The Tempest" to them during the interval, one pair of bright eyes on either side and Jack between them, as happy as any man could be, trying to get a word in edgeways. We miss you Jack.

THE CHIEF Stanley Hammer, L'84

The last time I saw the Chief he told me that during a recent airline trip a man walked down the aisle and asked him, "Sir, is that the Bible you are reading?" The Chief replied in a whisper, "Why yes it is" and resumed reading.

The man interrupted the Chief once more: "Sir, what are you reading?"

"I am reading the Bible," the Chief replied in a louder tone.

Before the Chief could resume, the man declared, "That is a very small Bible." The Chief responded as only he could in a tone audible several aisles back, "I got this in a very small hotel room"

We are saddened by the Chief's passing, but it is impossible to think of the Chief and not recall his humor. He made people smile. That airline story was classic Chief, weaving bad jokes into his lectures, explaining the Supreme Court's latest labor law ruling and referencing Marx--not Karl but Groucho. We are all beneficiaries of the Chief's humor, always imparted generously along with his wisdom and compassion.

John Broderick was a renaissance man trapped in the twentieth century. Lost in Buies Creek for nearly twenty years and longing for his beloved Notre Dame and South Bend. He made it home for the final plays in a well executed game of life.

Between 1978 and 1986 I served on the staff of the library at Campbell Law School. It was my great privilege and pleasure to see the Chief almost daily. I

In Memoriam

share the privilege of his acquaintance with thousands of Notre Dame and Campbell students and faculty; all of us are richer for the Chief's wisdom and friendship over the years. I dare say that the halls of neither institution are likely to see his equal anytime soon.

During his long career as a professor of law at Notre Dame and later Campbell, the Chief taught courses in torts, evidence and procedure. Of course, he was best known for his courses on labor law and arbitration. How appropriate and fitting that this tireless worker spent much of his professional life focusing on legal issues in the workplace. And as we all know, he exemplified the work ethic and befriended both management and labor in the academic workplace. He was on a first name basis with both the college president and the janitor, and neither was denied his daily greeting or spared his frequent personal notes.

In addition to his longstanding devotion to Notre Dame football, the Chief was concerned with social issues. His political views could be characterized a liberal or moderate. But it was people, not politics, which motivated the Chief. His main focus was the well being of his students and the institutions for which he worked. He concealed no agenda, but simply labored full time to train students to be good and honorable lawyers who would effectively serve the legal profession which he revered.

The Chief made significant contributions to legal education, but I defer to the law school deans to

elaborate on that subject. We all know, however, that he identified important subject matter (e.g., alternative dispute resolution) well in advance of others and was on the cutting edge long before we even knew there was a cutting edge. He fully recognized that his students would soon be his professional colleagues, and treated them

accordingly from the day they entered law school. He treated the person at the bottom of the class with the same respect and dignity others reserved for the editor of the law review. How well we recall his old adage "no students, no law professors." Often he would add, "and no Chief."

From my vantage point as an Assistant Law Librarian, I witnessed the Chief continually identifying and photocopying new materials for inclusion in the labor law outlines he prepared for his students. I recall a fall semester when a visiting professor sold to his students a set of notes he had prepared years earlier while the Chief loaned his freshly updated

materials to students without charge. And during the semester he continued to update his materials. He was immune from criticism that he "spoon fed" students for, in his view, all knowledge was good and the photocopier had an endless supply of paper.

The Chief possessed an encyclopedic knowledge of the classics as well as the law. He was equally at home with Plato and Prosser, Corbin and Chaucer, and participated in Great Books discussion groups in South Bend. During the late 60's he was part of a small group that successfully petitioned the National chapter of Phi



The Chief- Dr. John J. Broderick

Dr. John J. Broderick

Beta Kappa to establish a chapter at Notre Dame. All of us recall at least one incident in which he reached into his abundant storehouse of knowledge to retrieve a timely quote, generally accompanied by pinpoint citations to the left or right column of a page. The exact verbal delivery of a citation in bluebook form were often satiric jabs at academic pretension which he abhorred as the enemy's true scholarship.

In 1993 the Chief returned to his beloved Notre Dame Law School as an emeritus professor. Shortly after his return he sent me a copy of the Notre Dame Law Alumni publication which included a picture of the Chief buttonholing some innocent student at a reception. Whether the topic was Notre Dame football or arbitration (or perhaps both), we can rest assured the Chief was imparting some relevant wisdom, a generous supply of humor, and probably delaying the pictured student for at least ten minutes. He was generous with his time and ours as well. If only we had more of both.

The Chief was ever an advocate for his family. He adored his wife Louise and his daughter Mary Louise. He often spoke of his grandchildren Sean and Tara, the former an attorney who has recently worked on labor law issues for Representative Richard Gephardt.

I last spoke with the Chief in November 1996. He characteristically invited me to come out to see him and Louise and to attend a Notre Dame football game. He spoke of his work as a designated emeritus member of the university faculty senate and of his support for faculty members who were frustrated by specific compensation and employment benefit decisions. To the end he remained a champion of fairness and equality in the workplace.

And to the end he never complained. He never expressed disappointment that he was in Buies Creek rather than on the Notre Dame sidelines in South Bend, Bloomington or Ann Arbor on an autumn afternoon. Whatever regrets he may have harbored, he never burdened others with his personal problems and always

focused his energies and attention on the educational and emotional needs of his students and the growth of the law school. On several occasions he was appropriately recognized for his generous efforts on behalf of the law school and student body; more frequently, his heart was warmed by the correspondence, telephone calls and visits of former students practicing law all over the country.

Jack Broderick absorbed and imparted a wealth of knowledge to thousands of law students during nearly a half century of teaching. More importantly, by his example he underscored the importance and wisdom of treating others with respect and dignity. We are beneficiaries of his kind example.

No printed word nor spoken plea
Can teach young hearts what men should be,
Not all the books on all the shelves
But what the teachers are themselves

[Guiterman, *The Light Guitar*, 1923, p.20]

To paraphrase our departed friend, I needn't belabor the point. Thank you Chief.



In line for Parent's Day are (l-r) Dr. Broderick, Allen Watts, Bill Martin, Allen Lytch, Woodrow Teague, Dean Carroll Weathers (WFU), Dr. Wiggins, Dean Davis, Fred Parker, Herbert Taylor, and Jack Hunter.

In Memoriam

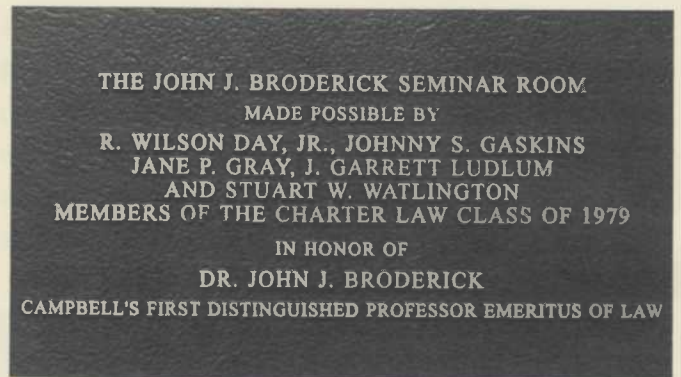
AS I REMEMBER JACK

Professor Charles C. Lewis

The first time I ever saw Jack Broderick, he was standing on a chair and singing loudly the words to the "Washington & Lee Swing." For those who do not know the "Washington & Lee Swing," I should say that it is the football fight song for Washington & Lee University in Lexington, Virginia, where both Jack and I went to college. (He, of course, went there during the time my father was there in the 1930's, and I went there much later.) "When Washington & Lee men fall in line, we're gonna win again another time....," went the old song, and Jack sang it as enthusiastically as if he were still a freshman wearing the little beanie cap that all freshmen then were required to wear at W&L.

Oh, I should tell you where this incident took place. No, we were not in Lexington at an alumni weekend. We were instead in a bedroom suite in a large hotel in St. Louis, Missouri, far away from Lexington, as well as little Buies Creek. The hotel was the site of the recruitment conference of the Association of American Law Schools, an annual event that brings together lawyers seeking to teach and law schools seeking to hire new professors. I had come, as a young practicing lawyer from Virginia, seeking a job teaching in law school, and Jack, along with Leary Davis, then dean, and Bob Jenkins, had come seeking professors to fill out the faculty of a new law school just then preparing to go into its third year of existence.

I had come to Campbell's hotel suite at the invitation of Leary Davis who had called me at my home in Warrenton, Virginia, on a Friday evening, at a time I never would have expected to receive a business call. He had told me about a new law school at Campbell College, an institution I had indeed heard about, but only as a junior college. At that time, I didn't even know where Campbell was located, and I certainly couldn't have told you how to pronounce the



This handsome cast iron plaque serves for locating the Broderick Seminar Room which is adjacent to the Student Commons.

first name of the "town" when I finally found it on a map of North Carolina. I thought it rather amusing that what I had known as a little junior college in eastern North Carolina was now sporting a law school that might hire me as a faculty member..., but there I was, walking into Campbell's suite in St. Louis, and Jack was standing on a chair and singing the "Washington & Lee Swing."

I don't remember the expression on Bob Jenkins' face as he and I watched Jack finish the "Swing," but I expect it was one of disbelief. You see, Leary Davis wasn't even there; he had gone off somewhere else miles away to interview some other candidate, and I expect Bob felt he had been abandoned in St. Louis with a man suddenly gone mad. I guess I could have felt the same way too. I have never known any other W&L alumnus, either then or later, to act in a similar manner; in fact, we W&L alumni usually have a reputation for being fairly conservative, but I have to tell you that the strangest thing happened to me as I watched Jack perform there in St. Louis.

Now you have to remember that I was not then the suave, sophisticated, and worldly-wise professor that I am now. Indeed, I was then a very young man who had left his wife and two very small children at home in Virginia to travel for the first time on a commercial jet to a point beyond the muddy Mississippi, a river I

Dr. John J. Broderick

had heard about but had never seen. Yes, to say the least, I was very uneasy about my new surroundings in Missouri. I had suddenly been transported to a foreign land where I recognized not one familiar face during my entire stay. I felt very small and alone in a world that did not know or appreciate who I was. How awful it was that when I needed it most, I did not have my support system: my family, my friends, and familiar surroundings..., until I walked in that room and heard that wonderful white-haired man singing the "Washington & Lee Swing."

Hearing Jack singing the words to that old familiar song, silly as it might seem, suddenly changed my bleak out-look on life. I felt as if I were home again, surrounded by those I knew and loved! I was someone after all, and the world really did know who I was! That small incident, which seems so comical now, made all the difference to me then, and if I ever make it to heaven, I fully expect to see Jack Broderick standing on a cloud and singing the "Washington & Lee Swing."

But Jack wasn't finished with me. He still had more work to do on me. I saw him again a month or so later in his office in old Kivett Hall when I came down to visit Buies Creek and see the new, up-start law school that Leary Davis had described to me over the telephone that Friday evening. Now I don't really remember much about my visit with Jack in his office; we surely talked about Washington & Lee, and he probably mentioned Notre Dame a time or two, but then I popped him the question, and I remember distinctly what he did and said.

Yes, I popped him the question. I was really worried about something, and I felt I needed some good advice from someone I could trust. We were both Washington and Lee men, and I had grown up with the understanding that you could always trust another W&L man, at least one who was my father's age.

Now once again, you will have to remember that I had been practicing almost seven years in Warrenton, Virginia, and I had built up a pretty good practice and reputation during those years. And you will also have to remember that back then Campbell's law school had not yet been approved by the American Bar Association, and that approval was essential if the law school at Campbell was going to survive. Do you understand why I was worried? I had a good, solid position in Warrenton which I was about to give up to teach at a law school not yet approved, whose continued existence was, in my mind, somewhat in doubt. I didn't want to throw away my practice for a position that might be worthless in a year or so.

So I asked Jack the question. Did he think that Campbell had a good chance of getting its new law school approved? Did the law school have a chance to survive and accomplish the goals that President Wiggins and Dean Davis had envisioned for the school? Should I take the chance that the law school would be approved and leave my practice?

How well I remember Jack's reaching into his



Fellow Washington and Lee alum, Prof. Charles Lewis remembers the Chief.

In Memoriam

bookshelf and pulling out a small paper brochure. He showed me on the front that it was written by a Catholic priest, and then he tore through the pages until he came to the spot he wanted me to see. I never did actually see what was printed on the page that he showed me, but I do remember that he pointed to the page and said, "Faith! You've got to have faith!"

Need I tell you that I soon thereafter accepted the offer Dean Davis made to me to come teach at Campbell? For some reason, my worry about the law school's surviving mysteriously left me after my visit with Jack and the decision to leave my practice and begin as a lowly assistant professor at Campbell College School of Law was one of the easiest and happiest decisions I have ever made.

Jane P. Gray, Charter Class

My inspiration to apply to Campbell Law School in 1976 was a combination of knowing and admiring Leary Davis and being very satisfied with my job prospects. My decision to attend was primarily due to my "interview" with Dr. John Broderick.

I arrived at the Kivett Building on a beautiful spring day and was directed to Dr. Broderick's office upstairs. The building was in mid-renovation with the library area gutted from floor to roof. We had to tour in hard hats! Nonplussed, Dr. Broderick proceeded to share with me the reasons for coming to Buies Creek - a story I heard many times in the years to follow and never tired of hearing - which included stories of his years at Notre



William Burke and Robyn Withrow, both third year law students use the spacious Broderick Seminar Room to prepare for oral argument in Advanced Trial Advocacy.

Dame and his pride that his daughter had been one of the first (he may have said first!) women to attend that law school. He may have asked me why I wanted to come to Campbell, but my recollection of that visit was hearing why Campbell needed me. I dare say that is not the common experience of most law school applicants these days. Needless to say, I left Kivett anxious to return and motivated to learn.

Dr. Broderick attempted to teach me many other things during my three years in Buies Creek and while I did learn a great deal in Evidence and Civil Procedure, I also learned about character and perseverance in the practice of law with a good mix of humor added in for balance. Those lessons have stayed with me for the past twenty years and I will always be grateful to the Chief for his decision to come to Buies Creek, too.

The Norman Adrian Wiggins School of Law has an existing John J. and Louise Broderick Scholarship Trust.

Those individuals wishing to contribute to this scholarship in memory of Professor Broderick should forward their contributions to:

**The Norman Adrian Wiggins School of Law
Alumni Office
PO Box 158
Buies Creek, North Carolina 27506**

Dr. John J. Broderick



Dr. John J. Broderick
January 18, 1910-February 28, 1997

The Campbell Lawyer

is published by the Norman Adrian Wiggins School of Law for it's alumni.

The submission of articles, information and comments is most welcome. They may be sent to:

Margaret Lee
The Norman Adrian Wiggins
School of Law
Alumni Office
P.O. Box 158
Buies Creek, NC 27506
(910) 893-1787
(800) 334-4111, ext. 1787

Editorial privilege is retained on all articles received.

Alumni Events and CLE Coordinator

Margaret K. Lee

Student Editor

Susan Higginbotham

Student Layout Editor

Terry W. Jones

Campbell University
Norman Adrian Wiggins School of Law
Post Office Box 158
Buies Creek, NC 27506

NONPROFIT
ORGANIZATION
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
PERMIT NO.2
BUIES CREEK, NC