



Portrait of Hon. Richard H. Chambers, painted by his wife, Eileen Engett Chambers.





BY HON. JAMES M. MARLAR



## JUDGE CHAMBERS'

# Memory Corral

### *The Memory Corral*

If you were to happen to look north while traveling west on State Route 70 leaving Safford, on an axis anchored on the south by Bashas' supermarket, you might notice a lonely pair of silos in the middle of the cotton fields. No other structures are nearby, just these two brown and crumbling reminders of another time in the Gila Valley. There is nothing remarkable about or

## Southern Arizona has too many ghosts.

Most are passive and watch from the hills, through the eyes of long-gone Apaches or pioneers. Some are aggressive, thrusting themselves upon our consciousness through popular Western lore, like the Earps, the Clantons and the infamous Doc Holliday. Fewer still are mysterious, who leave only clues, and let us find them.

This last category describes the strange, enigmatic presence of former Ninth Circuit Chief Judge Richard H. Chambers, a man of remarkable depth of spirit, whose legacy is principally recalled as the great preservationist of courthouses throughout the Circuit. Here was a man for whom truly magnificent buildings were a passion, and saving them from the wrecking ball his crowning achievement.

Here also was a judicial giant, raised and schooled in Solomonville and Safford, Arizona, and whose name adorns the Ninth Circuit's southern headquarters in Pasadena, California.

Yet in the middle of a cotton field, between Safford and Thatcher, stands a modest architectural monument that defines the man and his deepest values. There stand a series of wooden posts ringing two crumbling grain silos—a cowboy Stonehenge. This is Judge Chambers' "Memory Corral."

around them, and being about a quarter mile from the highway, they likely would not even register upon one's consciousness as anything of significance.<sup>1</sup>

But this is the site of the "Memory Corral."

To get to it, you would pick the closest dirt farm road, cross a couple of irrigation ditches, and navigate, more or less directly, over roads dusty and rutted. Arriving at the site, you would note the proximity of the tree line and bluffs of the Gila River, another quarter mile to the north, and the impressive mass of Mount Graham and the Pinaleno Mountain range to the south. You would discover yourself standing literally in the middle of an Arizona nowhere.

To the unaware, it appears to be an ordinary cotton field. To the perceptive, this location reveals items not typically surrounding abandoned silos. First, between the two silos stands a headstone, carved in weathered oak and barely readable, affixed with an iron horseshoe. Second, you would note a series of six tall posts, each painted red with carved lettering running down the sides and ringing each silo like sentinels.

Finally, you would begin to read the inscriptions on the posts.

First, though, you need to know about the man who conceived this inspiration, in order to appreciate the irony of the Corral.

**HON. JAMES M. MARLAR** has been a U.S. Bankruptcy Judge for the District of Arizona since 1993. He served a seven-year term on the Ninth Circuit's Bankruptcy Appellate Panel from 1999 to 2006, and continues to serve on the Panel as a Judge Pro Tempore. He graduated from Stanford University in 1967 with a bachelor's degree in history and from the University of Arizona College of Law in 1970, where he was a member of the Arizona Law Review.

In Tucson, Judge Marljar has been on the front lines in the rehabilitation and preservation efforts concerning the former U.S. District Court and Post Office (the James A. Walsh Courthouse), which now houses the Tucson Division of the U.S. Bankruptcy Court.



### Dick Chambers

Richard Harvey “Dick” Chambers came as an infant to Solomonville, just east of Safford, in December 1906.<sup>2</sup> He had been born in Danville, Illinois, just two months earlier, on November 7. His lawyer father, William Rock Chambers, practiced in Graham County, Arizona Territory. Then, after statehood, Rock served a short stint as County Attorney, was a Graham County Superior Court Judge, and in 1925 was President of the State Bar.

Five years after arriving in Arizona, in 1912,<sup>3</sup> his law practice having grown, Rock moved the family to town in Safford. Remembering the experience, Chambers later wrote:

We moved down from Solomonville to Safford on six hay wagons. I had a lot of fun at six years old running from one wagon to the other and back again. As the caravan pulled into town, we went by a sign of the Solwico Wholesale Company. It read: THIS IS SAFFORD, ARIZONA, POPULATION 999. We made it 1,002.<sup>4</sup>

Dick Chambers graduated from the University of Arizona in 1929, where he distinguished himself as a staff reporter and then as editor of the “Wildcat” student newspaper. A scholar, Chambers had been awarded the University’s President’s Cup for Freshman Scholarship.<sup>5</sup> He continued his education at Stanford University, earning his law degree in 1932.

Except for his service in World War II, Judge Chambers was in private practice in Tucson with his father<sup>6</sup> from 1932 to 1954.<sup>7</sup> Because many of their clients were scattered across southern Arizona, Tucson was a more convenient venue than Safford, and the move to the larger city was prompted by that reality.

During the early war years, Army Major Chambers was stationed at Fort Dix, New Jersey, training troops. Afterward, he went to Italy, where he served for three years. While stationed in Naples, Chambers was appointed Director of Physical Education, Mediterranean Theatre of Operations. In a short *Arizona Daily Star* article titled “Here’s Something for Your Believe It or Not Agenda,” celebrated coach J. F. “Pop” McKale, then the University of Arizona’s Athletic Director, was quoted in regard to the appointment: “During his student days ... classmates considered Major Chambers one of the most unathletic men on the campus.” No doubt, McKale had witnessed Chambers’ athletic prowess, or lack thereof, in required physical education classes.

When the war ended in 1945, Chambers returned to Tucson and his law practice.

In 1954, President Dwight D. Eisenhower appointed Dick Chambers to the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals. On that court, as in his private and professional life, Judge Chambers was known for his charm, mental toughness and dry wit. He was an Arizona character of the first order—cigar-smoking, slow-talking but fast-thinking<sup>8</sup>—and the stories and anecdotes surrounding his colorful life are innumerable.

Many of Judge Chambers’ opinions were brief, witty and full of content. His talent lay not in lofty legal prose, but in a cryptic, reporter’s style of getting to the point. As an example, in an opinion penned in 1969, the Chief wrote:

Brown is a noted neurosurgeon. The government took exception to some of his income tax returns, and deficiencies and

fraud penalties were asserted by the commissioner.

...

Brown tried his own case in the tax court. He there handled the case about as badly as the three judges of this panel would have handled a neurosurgical operation.

...

The tax court entered a decision against him, finding a considerable deficiency and fraud with its usual fifty per cent penalty. On appeal, too late, he has hired very competent counsel. But stuck in the mud with the trial record, counsel simply cannot pull the doctor out ... .

...

The decision is affirmed.<sup>9</sup>

On the Circuit bench for 40 years, of which he served 17 as its Chief Judge (1959-1976), Chambers saw the court explode from nine members to 28. As Chief, according to one sitting Circuit Judge, Alfred “Ted” Goodwin, Chambers was a “micro-manager” of the things he cared about, such as buildings and preservation, but liberally delegated more mundane tasks to others.

By far, his overshadowing achievement was as a preservationist of architectural history. Through his foresight, vision and tenacity, Judge Chambers single-handedly protected and enhanced many of the Circuit’s and the West’s architectural treasures, saving them from being razed or cast off as surplus properties. Architectural restorations, conceived and overseen by Judge Chambers, are his true legacy for all Americans.

Judge Chambers’ activism, and his public battles against budgetary restraints championed by his nemesis, the General Services Administration (GSA), saved for the nation such stunning buildings as the Jacob Weinberger Courthouse in San Diego, Washington’s Tacoma Union Station Courthouse and the Pioneer Courthouse in Portland. As for the Circuit itself, Judge Chambers took great care to preserve and restore the pre-1906 San Francisco Court of Appeals building, and personally oversaw the acquisition and restoration of the Ninth Circuit’s Southern headquarters in Pasadena, the abandoned Vista del Arroyo Hotel. In his honor, the Ninth Circuit in 1993 named the Pasadena building<sup>10</sup> the “Richard H. Chambers U.S. Courthouse.”<sup>11</sup>





Judge Chambers with U.S. Chief Justice Warren Burger.

In all of these efforts, according to Judge Goodwin, Chambers was “crafty” and “Machiavellian,” and his intelligence-gathering network was far-reaching. His thought processes were always “several steps ahead of everyone else.”<sup>12</sup> Chambers was politically astute and seemed to “know everything about everyone”—and especially what could be “traded” in order to advance one of his pet projects.

While still in service on the Ninth Circuit, Judge Chambers died on October 21, 1994.<sup>13</sup>

### *The Banana Farm*

Safford is the county seat of Graham County, with a current population of about 9,000 people.<sup>14</sup> It was settled in 1874 and is named for Arizona’s third territorial governor, Anson P. K. Safford.<sup>15</sup> A few years later, in 1881, the county itself was formed by the 11th Territorial Legislature from parts of Apache and Pima counties.

In 1915, Dick Chambers’ father bought the 65 acres of farmland known as the “Banana Farm.” Its name derives from three versions of a similar story, but the most colorful tells of East Coast swindlers who sold stock in the farm, telling their gullible investors that the climate in Eastern Arizona was conducive to growing bananas.<sup>16</sup> The Chambers family never lived on the farm, but leased it out to local citizens.

It was on the Banana Farm that young Dick Chambers played, worked and rode. The friends he made, and the elders who instructed him by word and example, helped form the young man in the early part of the 20th century, on the frontier fringes of the nation. And it was they and their lessons that he remembered, and whose legacies the Memory Corral celebrates. These playmates, workmates, parents, friends and community helped raise young Dick Chambers. Whether or not he then realized it, they initiated him into the Arizona pioneer fraternity of individualism, loyalty, patriotism and hard work.

### *The Posts*

The Memory Corral contains six redwood posts, each depicting persons or events meaningful to one person only—Judge Chambers. Five of the six refer to seven individuals, four women and three men. The sixth describes a legal event.

As one reads them, and now unravels the personalities behind

the cryptic and succinct references found on each post, one must also ask: Why were these people important enough to Dick Chambers to be accorded a place within his innermost circle? And who but a true eccentric would choose to remember them in this way?

One post contains the names of the Judge’s father and mother, and reads simply, “In Memory of William Rock Chambers and Lida S. Chambers.” The importance of that post is obvious.

Another contains the following carved inscription on three sides of the post:

*To: Velma Allred Daley  
A Great Mormon Mother  
Born 1916 Within Feet of This Post.*

Velma was the only child ever born on the Banana Farm. She was the daughter of Milton and Cetta Allred, who leased the property from the Chambers family for three years. Velma’s son, Jim Daley, was a friend of Judge Chambers, and he helped erect the posts in the Memory Corral. Perhaps this post was a way for Judge Chambers to express his gratitude for Daley’s assistance on this unorthodox project.

David and Callie Haggard leased the Banana Farm for 30 years, worked hard, and raised crops and six children in the Gila Valley. David and Callie were good stewards of the Chambers’ land, and Judge Chambers once remarked that “as soon as David and Callie Haggard are resurrected, their spirits will head for the Banana Ranch to make sure it is well cared for.”<sup>17</sup> Their post reads:

*To: D.E. and Callie Haggard  
They Toiled Here 1918 to 1948  
In Heaven They Watch Over the Banana Farm.*

Two posts are more conventional, in that they commemorate Chambers’ contemporaries, but the lives behind the names are anything but ordinary. Those posts recognize Zola Webster Claridge and George Richard Ridgway, and describe each as a Graham County man or woman “For All Seasons.” George Ridgway’s post also bears his 65-year life span, 1908 to 1972.

Zola Webster was born in the hamlet of Central, down the road from Safford, in 1897. She was born with a hip deformity that required her to use crutches throughout her life. Zola was “tough as a boot” inside and out, and made a name for herself in Gila County medical, teaching, business and political circles. Self-taught as a nurse, she set many a bone, and healed many cowboys’ ailments, and even treated herself after being bitten by a rattlesnake. She taught grade school after attending Gila Academy and passing the teachers exam. When she married Mark Claridge, she helped on the family’s goat ranch and entered the business world as the country’s first female mohair dealer, brokering Arizona and New Mexico mohair for the Boston markets.

In 1938, forced to sell the family’s ranch due to a combination of New Deal politics and the Great Depression, Zola was galvanized into becoming an ardent Republican. In those days, in Graham County, the entire Republican Party, consisting of six members, “could have met in the proverbial phone booth.”<sup>18</sup>

As chair of Graham County’s Republicans, Zola attended the 1951 national convention, and in 1964 was one of Arizona’s pres-



idental electors, casting her vote for native son Barry Goldwater, at San Francisco's Cow Palace.<sup>19</sup>

It is likely that Zola may also have had a hand in Dick Chambers' appointment to the Ninth Circuit in 1954, when President Eisenhower tapped him for that honor. Zola, a much-admired friend of Judge Chambers, found a well-deserved place in his Memory Corral.

*"Ridgway Proved We Must Have Appeals Courts"*

The Memory Corral's riddles become much deeper when the last two posts are studied. Both relate to George Richard Ridgway, and the bond that existed between him and Dick Chambers, personally and professionally. The first post reads:

*To: George Richard Ridgway*

*1908 to 1972*

*A Graham County Man for All Seasons.*

And the second reads:

*Ridgway Proved*

*We Must Have Appeals Courts*

*74 Ariz. 117*

How did Ridgway's story connect with Ninth Circuit Chief Judge Chambers, and how did that story end up in the middle of a Safford cotton field?

This last post is one that, to a lawyer, is the most fascinating. Like a chapter straight from *The Da Vinci Code*, it poses a riddle—a lawyer's riddle—in a cotton field, a riddle left by a revered Chief Judge of the United States Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit. A riddle of which, until now, few were aware. Of those who were

aware, fewer still considered, understood or were curious enough to question the post's meaning.

The post's third edge contains the obvious starting place: "74 Ariz. 117." At that spot in the *Arizona Reports* is the 1952 Arizona Supreme Court case *Ridgway v. Superior Court of Yavapai County*. What did the case say about its issues, its players and, most of all, about Judge Chambers? As it turned out, just about everything. It is *almost* the final piece in the mystery of the Memory Corral.

George Ridgway was a contemporary of Dick Chambers. They were only separated in age by about a year, and grew up together in Safford, absorbing its culture, people and values.

Both men attended the University of Arizona, and both excelled there in different ways. Chambers was more academic. Ridgway was scrappy and athletic, and captained the university's varsity basketball squad as a forward in 1931, his senior year.<sup>20</sup>

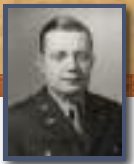
In 1949, after a career as a teacher and businessman, George Ridgway was recruited to be the Superintendent of the Fort Grant State Industrial School in Graham County, a reform school for juveniles. In Tucson, Dick Chambers carried on a law practice. Then, in the spring of 1952, the old friends were thrown together again, this time as lawyer and client.

The case involved two of Fort Grant's wards, who, upon their release, obtained audiences with Maricopa County Superior Court Judges Charles C. Bernstein and Fred C. Struckmeyer, Jr.,<sup>21</sup> and told stories of torture and mistreatment while incarcerated there.

Each boy accused the Superintendent, and especially his guards, of abusing 18 boys in their charge by whipping and beating them, making them walk long distances without shoes and working them barefooted on ground containing stickers and burrs. After listening to their stories, the judges ordered Superintendent Ridgway to

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appear and show cause why he should not be held in contempt of the court order that had remanded the youths into his custody, and to account for his failure to "receive and safely keep" the boys until their eventual release.<sup>22</sup>

*"The Judiciary Should Rotate in its Own Orbit"*

Ridgway, understandably upset and maintaining that no impropriety had occurred in the treatment of the youths, sought the advice and counsel of two of his old friends, Dick Chambers and Jesse A. Udall.<sup>23</sup>

The attorneys and their client decided to do battle on two fronts. First, they concentrated on the procedure, as a necessary prelude to the second, disputing the facts. Chambers and Udall felt, as did Ridgway, that if Fort Grant's reasonable punishment had risen to a criminal level, then that was the correct legal path, with the appropriate burden of proof and established safeguards for the presentation of evidence, rather than a lesser contempt standard, with no right to a jury and where emotions and a discretionary standard, rather than more careful deliberation, might carry the day.

As Chambers later recalled, calling the incident "nonsense," "[T]wo Superior Court Judges cited him for contempt of court on unfounded charges, to be tried by themselves or someone of their choice without a jury far from home."<sup>24</sup>

It was not that Chambers and Udall feared the merits of the case; what they felt unjust was that Ridgway was being too hastily judged by the Superior Court, acting in the heat of the moment and too sensitive to publicity. They therefore decided to bifurcate the attack on the contempt citation.

Their procedural arguments were constitutionally based, maintaining that the Superior Court lost jurisdiction once the delinquents were remanded to the custody of Arizona's executive branch. Were each of the courts to retain power over how a superintendent ran a penal institute, they argued, he or she would be required to serve "fourteen masters," the number of juvenile courts and counties.<sup>25</sup> To Chambers and Udall, the *Ridgway* case was not just about the merits, but also about the fundamental principle of separation of powers.

The Superior Court was of the opposite view, and had legal authority to back it up. Relying on a 27-year-old Arizona Supreme Court case, *Howard v. State*,<sup>26</sup> it maintained that the courts had continuing jurisdiction "to proceed by contempt for violation of



The case clearly reflected his view that the law must mete out the type of fair and humane justice that each person, at a minimum, deserves.

their orders."

Before the case could proceed at the trial level, Ridgway's attorneys asked the Arizona Supreme Court for a writ of prohibition to halt the contempt proceedings. Addressing the real issue head-on, Chambers and Udall also sought reversal of *Howard v. State*.

As any lawyer knows, it is one thing to appeal a case on the grounds that an error was committed either procedurally or on the merits; it is quite another to argue that a longstanding Supreme Court case was wrong on constitutional grounds, and that it should be overruled. But that is exactly what happened in *Ridgway v. Superior Court*. The Supreme Court struck down its *Howard* ruling, and in doing so roared loudly about the basic concepts inherent in separation of powers:

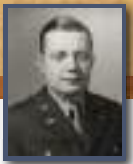
Our philosophy and legal approach to the concept of governmental theory under which we live suggests to us that the judiciary should closely scrutinize its assigned field or sphere and rotate in its own orbit. The courts are not the masters nor are they vested with totalitarian powers to correct all evils and aggressions on the rights of our citizens. That they are solicitous of the welfare of our people is to be expected and commended, but under our scheme of government there are other branches manned by officers of like attitudes and sensibilities to whom is assigned the duty of governing such institutions as the one under

review. In so doing they have prescribed powers and duties all of which have been enacted and promulgated by the people speaking through the legislative branch of government.<sup>27</sup>

The Court then noted that, if in fact crimes or other violations of law had been committed by the officers at Fort Grant, they should be prosecuted in the conventional way. "[B]ut the short-cut route selected was without authority of law."<sup>28</sup>

The second shot was never necessary. Once full light shone on the delinquents' claims, the case against Ridgway evaporated, and all proceedings were quashed.

Ridgway's embarrassment thus became his glory and his lasting contribution to Arizona's penal laws. Chambers' and Udall's direct challenge to existing authority elevated them to the pinnacle of Arizona's legal community.<sup>29</sup> On a personal level, however, Ridgway's public star declined as Chambers' was rising. Embittered by the politics of the job, Ridgway resigned and returned to



In 1985, the Judge transferred the Banana Farm deed to the Mormon Church (though Chambers was not an LDS member and in fact had no firm religious ties)—with conditions.<sup>32</sup> One was that Tom be buried between the two silos, in the middle of the Memory Corral. After all, that's where a horse belongs. The other stipulation was the erection of the six posts in what Chambers dubbed his "Memory Corral." Chambers himself answered the question of why the Mormon Church was the beneficiary of his bequest:

It is because we feel that it is the most permanent institution in Graham County—growing, but still the least subject to the vagaries of change. The Church did not select its members from the social register or the blue book. It recruited its members from hardy, sturdy people—and, mostly disadvantaged people. From the outset, it insisted upon good education and good citizenship. Personally, I have been very much moved by its preaching and supporting strict law enforcement. As a judge, I have [had] before me a lot of draft evaders, but never a Mormon boy.<sup>33</sup>

Tom's grave was once piled high with river rocks from the nearby Gila. They are scattered and mostly gone now, probably taken away to line someone's driveway, or for some other mundane purpose. Except for the headstone, the surrounding dirt has melted into the sod, and one would never know that a 1,200-pound horse lies beneath the marker.

No one really tends Tom's grave now, because, after all, he was—to all but the Judge—just "Tom Chambers, The Horse." The headstone itself is weathered and rough, its once-smooth surface having endured many harsh Arizona seasons. The words are faint but readable, but the oak only has a few summers left before it splinters and its parts are blown into a furrow and gone forever.

### *Closing the Corral*

So, isolated in a Safford cotton field stand seven temporary monuments, six posts and a grave. They were placed there by one man strictly for his own reasons and perhaps a sense of duty. But the man was also one of the greatest 20th-century Circuit chiefs in the nation's largest federal circuit. The real purpose for the corral, of course, is known only to Dick Chambers, but the Corral provides insight into his core, his reasons for being, and outline what made him happy and formed him as a man: his community, his parents, his friends, the ideals of his country, the law and his horse—a solid Arizona son of pioneer stock.

Whether Dick Chambers knew or cared whether another lawyer might someday stumble across or read the *Ridgway* post and be haunted by the meaning of the Memory Corral is anyone's guess. But the eccentric Judge probably chuckled to himself as he invariably gave it some thought, puffing on his ever-present cigar. Who will solve or think about the riddle? If someone does, will they simply pass on by or will that lawyer feel the need or responsibility to think about the posts' meanings? When, if ever, will a lawyer find himself in the middle of a Safford cotton field pondering the meaning of a few stakes with carvings on them?

What is apparent is that Judge Chambers didn't care. The Memory Corral, as modest as it is, was never intended as a monu-

Safford's business world. Three decades later, Chambers still fumed over Ridgway's treatment and referred to George Ridgway as a "martyr."<sup>30</sup>

And thus *Ridgway*, the man and the case, became the last two pillars of the Memory Corral. If not the case of which Richard Chambers was most proud, it clearly reflected his view that the law must mete out the type of fair and humane justice that each person, at a minimum, deserves,<sup>31</sup> and that each branch should not step outside its constitutional boundaries. Overshadowing these principles, however, was the respect held for the appellate process itself, where legal principles, carefully deliberated, guide the outcome, and change the law if needed. In his case, truly, as Chambers inscribed, Ridgway proved why "we must have appellate courts."

### *"Tom Chambers—The Horse"*

But the Judge also had a whimsical side. Squarely between the two silos lies a grave and headstone reading simply "Tom Chambers—The Horse." A cement slab holds an oak slate into which the inscription has been carefully carved. The artisan who carved it was the father of the Judge's widow, Eileen. A horseshoe adorns the left corner.

Tom was no ordinary horse. He was, in the Judge's eyes, a silent but intelligent companion, with whom the Judge communed and asked for advice, and whose wisdom counseled the Judge on a multitude of subjects. When Chambers was perplexed by a legal issue, or when he pondered the best way to handle an appellate case, he and Tom would go for long rides in the Arizona desert. At the end of the ride, the Judge would usually have unraveled the problem—all with Tom's valuable counsel. Many a law clerk, or other judges, would often receive memos "authored" by Tom, in which the pure horse sense of a matter would be unspooled and a solution suggested.



ment to himself. He erected it knowing that, within a few short years, it would vanish, like all of old Arizona eventually does. The Memory Corral was never about him—it was only about his recognition of living values, expressed in a physical way, as only he could do.


### Adios

As it turns out, one lawyer who cared did happen upon the Memory Corral. In the course of rehabilitating the 1929 James A. Walsh U.S. Courthouse in Tucson, I had first traveled to Safford in search of artifacts to display. While there, I learned of the Memory Corral, and was led to it by Chambers' widow, Eileen. After reading the posts, and pondering the reasons why anyone would go to such an effort, I began the process of attempting to

unravel the inner thoughts of the Judge.

My last visit to the Corral would be my farewell to the place. The whole experience had been serendipitous, and I thought on how I could contribute something to it of which Dick Chambers might approve. There are few lawyers who will go as far, accomplish as much, and leave as large a legacy as Dick Chambers.

From the back of my SUV I pulled sandpaper, some paint and marine varnish. The headstone of "Tom Chambers—The Horse" looks better now. The cracks are filled for the time being, and its inscription can be read more clearly. The varnish should hold for a couple more years before the inevitable hot and cold of Southern Arizona's climate erodes the oak once more. For now, however, Tom Chambers' memory, and that of his owner, will survive a bit longer.

As I left, I detected, for just an instant, a whiff of cigar smoke. 

### endnotes

1. The Gila Valley contains approximately 24 such silos, but the ones on the old Chambers property are the only twins. Frank Quinn, *The Silent Sentinels of the Gila Valley*, 1993 Graham County Historical Society Symposium Papers, 15.
2. One of Judge Chambers' earliest memories reveals how treacherous it was in territorial Arizona:  
I remember my folks had me saying my prayers at the side of the bed in Solomonville until Dad discovered a big diamondback under the bed. As Dad pulled me away the snake struck, just missing me. Thus I am able to write you this letter.  
S. Brinkerhoff, *Judge Richard C. [sic] Chambers, The Man and His Gift*, 1993 Graham County Historical Society, Symposium Papers 11, at 13.
3. Arizona was granted statehood on February 14, 1912.
4. Brinkerhoff, *supra* note 2, at 11.
5. *Id.*
6. William Rock Chambers died in 1938. He was 65 years old.
7. The building in which the Chambers practiced is the old Valley National Bank Building at Stone and Congress. In its safe deposit vault in the basement sits a chair, inscribed with a brass plaque, "The Judge Chambers chair," where, as a Circuit Judge, he would go drink coffee and steal a quiet moment.
8. Fellow Arizonan and Supreme Court Chief Justice William Rehnquist greeted participants at a special session of the Circuit honoring Judge Chambers: "If you could wait around for him to get the words out, he always had wisdom to impart on any subject." Transcript, Ninth Circuit Special Sess., Mar. 28, 1995. Circuit Judge Alfred "Ted" Goodwin noted that Chambers was a "lightening thinker." As for his slow speech habit, Goodwin said, "You just got used to it." Personal communication, Aug. 26, 2008.
9. *Brown v. IRS*, 418 F.2d 574 (9th Cir. 1969).
10. In 1882, the Pasadena site housed a small hotel owned by Emma C. Bangs. Judge Chambers referred to the restored, elegant Ninth Circuit structure as "Mrs. Bangs' Boarding House."
11. Judge Chambers was not keen on having his name on a courthouse. He wrote to fellow Circuit Judges John Kilkenny and Alfred "Ted" Goodwin, "My reluctance is due partly to my Uncle Milty's 9-by-12 oil painting of himself which ended up in the men's room in the basement of the Hotel Wolford in Danville, Illinois." Transcript, Mar. 28, 1995.
12. Personal communication with Alfred "Ted" Goodwin, Aug. 26, 2008.
13. Judge Chambers' portrait hangs in several of the Circuit's courthouses. In Tucson, the portrait is located in the lobby of the James A. Walsh Courthouse, 38 South Scott Avenue. It was painted by his wife, Eileen Engett Chambers Woodworth.
14. 2008 Census, 9,232.
15. Governor Safford, who was appointed by President Grant, served from 1869 to 1877.
16. Hal Herbert, *The Banana Farm*, Graham County Historical Society 2003 Symposium Papers, at 22.
17. *Id.* According to Judge Chambers, the Haggards "insisted on being buried in Thatcher Cemetery facing the Banana Ranch." Brinkerhoff, *supra* note 2, at 12-13.
18. *Two Wonderful Women*, THE ARIZONIAN, May 4, 2005.
19. Interestingly, Zola's sister, Ora, married Evo DeConcini, who are the parents of Arizona Sen. Dennis DeConcini. Evo served on the Arizona Supreme Court from 1949-53. The U.S. Courthouse in Tucson honors him as the "Evo A. DeConcini U.S. Courthouse."
20. Judge Chambers' father erected two basketball goals on his Safford town property, where the Ridgway brothers "cut their eye teeth as far as basketball was concerned." *Mount Graham Profiles*, Vol. 1.
21. Both men later served on the Arizona Supreme Court, Bernstein from 1959 to 1969, and Struckmeyer from 1955 to 1982. Both men also served the Court as Chief Justice.
22. The case even received national attention. TIME, *Reasonable Punishment?* Mar. 10, 1952.
23. Udall also served on Arizona's Supreme Court, from 1960 to 1972, and was its Chief from 1964 to 1969.
24. Herbert, *supra* note 16, at 25.
25. 74 Ariz. 117, 122.
26. 28 Ariz. 433, 237 P.203 (1925).
27. *Ridgway*, 74 Ariz. at 125.
28. *Id.* at 126.
29. A footnote to the *Ridgway* case also deserves mention. Chambers' opponent, representing the State, was another Arizona legal giant, John J. Flynn, who had recently recovered from wounds suffered as a Marine at Iwo Jima. Fourteen years later, Flynn would find himself representing Ernesto Miranda before the United States Supreme Court, championing an individual's right to procedural due process. It can only be assumed that Flynn and Chambers may have had a chat or two as that case wound its way through the system. *Miranda v. Arizona*, 384 U.S. 436, 86 S.Ct. 1602 (1966). For a closer glimpse at Flynn's fascinating life, see Tom Galbraith, *Remembering John Flynn*, ARIZONA ATTORNEY, Sept. 2005, at 12.
30. Herbert, *supra* note 16, at 25.
31. Chambers, in a personal letter to his friend Spencer Brinkerhoff, dated Aug. 13, 1985, reflected: "I represented George Ridgway in the case on the Reform School. ... I charged nothing. ... [He and another client] did more for me than all the rest of my other cases in the twenty years of active practice." Brinkerhoff, *supra* note 2, at 13.
32. Judge Chambers was not an LDS member. But his respect for the Church's values assured him that the property and the Memory Corral would be well cared for.
33. Herbert, *supra* note 16, at 26.