

January 1932

Dictaphun

Dicta Editorial Board

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Recommended Citation

Dictaphun, 9 Dicta 338 (1932).

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SECOND BIG MONTH!

Dictaphun, undissuaded by the shouts of plagiarism on the part of those who imagined, wrote, stole or acted the parts of the heros in the revival of aged Colorado Bar humor, moves on to greater heights. Ad aspera, ad astra, or something. We're off—

No. 9

BREAKING THE SAD NEWS BY TELEGRAPH

Justice of the Peace D. P. Wilson, of Canon City, was always a beloved and rather irresponsible member of Colorado's pioneer bar. During the early sixties he and Moses Hallett (Judge Hallett to you) kept bachelor hall in Pueblo. As a matter of fact Hallett, Henry Dubbs and Charles S. Thomas made it a pleasant duty in later years to see that Wilson did not want. One day Wilson persuaded Senator Jerome B. Chaffee to lend him \$100, saying he would repay the debt by July 1, next, and would do so, if alive. On July 1, Senator Chaffee received a telegram signed D. P. Wilson: "Died last night."

No. 10

AVOID THE PITFALL THESE DID NOT ESCAPE

In early times at Alamosa the late Judge Charles Holbrook and the late Sam Browne formed a partnership for the practice of law. It was of short duration and a friend inquired of Holbrook the cause of the early dissolution of the firm.

"Well," said Holbrook, "we dissolved because of mutual mistake. You see, Sam thought I had some business and I thought Sam was a lawyer."

No. 11—NOT GOOD, BUT 'T WILL DO, 'T WILL DO

The scene is laid in the District Court room of the late Chief Justice George W. Allen (its pretty hard for a Supreme Court justice not to be chief justice we hear) then District Judge. One Mary Jones complained of the Colorado and Southern Railroad Co. Appearances: For Jones, John G. Taylor, Esq., illuminated by a flower in his button hole and otherwise. For the guilty corporation, E. E. Whitted, Esq., without ornamentation. Jones, incidentally, was a beautiful woman.

Judge Allen: "Mr. Taylor, I understand this matter has been compromised."

Mr. Taylor: "Compromised, your honor? Counsel for the railroad has been making love, but has not yet proposed."

No. 12—WORSE, BUT STILL 'T WILL DO, STILL 'T WILL DO

Aultman, situate on Bull Hill above Cripple Creek, was alleged to be the highest incorporated town in the world. It is more than two miles above the sea. Tom Bagley, Esq., was justice of the peace and proprietor of the Red Onion saloon, graciously and impartially dispensing justice and liquor from the same bar. One night he fined two offenders \$10 each. One of them said: "I will take this case up." "You can't do that," cracked Justice Bagley, "This is the highest court in the world."

13—THIS NUMBER DESERVES THIS WORST OF BAD PUNS

After the arraignment of a defendant accused of crime his attorney made the usual application before Judge Hallett that his client be admitted to bail. The attorney was considered to be a rather slippery ornament of the bar, and, while of course the court was agreeable to admitting the accused to bail, insisted on examining the sureties before approving the bond. "Let the bondsmen stand up," said Judge Hallett. Two unkempt, greasy and obviously disreputable men arose in the rear of the court. Turning to the lawyer Judge Hallett thundered: "The court said bonds, sir; not vagabonds!"

No. 14—IF THEY DON'T HURRY, THE JURYMEN WILL SIT ON THE FLOOR IN THE NEW COURT HOUSE

While Moses Hallett (Judge Hallett to you) was riding circuit in the territorial days he noticed that the same faces frequently appeared in the jury boxes of widely separated localities where trials were had. He asked the sheriff why he so often selected the same men to form the jury panel. "Well," said the sheriff, "the jury benches are so rough and full of splinters I have to choose only men who wear leather seats in their trousers." (We bet the sheriff said trousers!) "Thereby," commented his honor (Judge Hallett to you), "introducing a qualification for jury service unknown either to the statute or the common law."

No. 15—THIS, ON THE CONTRARY, IS GOOD

Trial before the Hallett aforesaid; among those present, Earl M. Cranston, Esq., District Attorney.

The Court: "Proceed with the examination of the jurors, Mr. District Attorney."

Mr. Cranston: "What is your name, your age and business?"

Juror (holding hand back of his ear): "What's that?"

Mr. Cranston: "What is your name, age and business?"

Juror: "I can't hear half you say."

Mr. Cranston: "May it please the court, I challenge the juror for cause."

The Court: "What's that?"

Mr. Cranston: "I challenge the juror for cause."

The Court: "What cause?"

Mr. Cranston: "He say's he can't hear half that I say."

The Court: "That's enough. Denied."

No. 16—THIS MAY BE THE LAST OF THE SERIES

Moses Hallett (Judge Hallett to you) on his ascension to the bench at once began the strict enforcement of court room proprieties, many, if not most of which, are yet the vogue, at least in the Denver courts. Otto Mears, prominent and influential, was displeased with Hallett's alteration of the free and easy manners of the people's courts, and, as he had been instrumental in procuring the judge's appointment, conceived the rash thought of bearding the lion in his den. He entered the court room without taking off his hat and smoking a cigar. After the brief and glaring pause with which he usually prefaced a reprimand, Judge Hallett said in a voice running the gamut from piano to fortissimo: "Mr. Bailiff, remove that hat; that cigar; and that man."

THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW

The city council endeavors to make the depression deeper, as reported by your Denver Post:

"In an effort to cut down the increasing number of personal damage claims brought against the city, the city council will consider . . . an ordinance absolving the city of all liability in cases of injury suffered through a defect in any sidewalk . . . unless notice of such dangerous condition shall have been filed with the mayor five days before such accident or injury occurs."

There seems, to the Editors, to be a lingering likeness between that proposal and the leaving of a note inside the house to advise the door key is under the mat.