

# **STATE BAR ADMISSIONS And The BOOTLEGGER'S SON**

*A Book Devoted to Opening the Legal  
Profession, Courts and State Bar Doors to  
Conservatives, Liberals,  
Pro Se Litigants and Minorities*

**With Special Section on the Oregon State  
Bar Professional Liability Fund (PLF)**

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## **DEDICATION**

This book is dedicated to my son, who I love more than anybody else in the whole world and did not get to see grow up due to the existence of irrational preconceived notions of actual Judicial bias against loving, caring noncustodial parents (both male and female) inherent within the diminished mental capacities of the trial court Judges of Marion County, Oregon. The cognitive affliction from which they suffer has understandably neutralized their capacity to utilize intellectual faculties in adjudicating legal issues. Lamentably and consequently, their perplexing judgments are predicated on senseless irrationality, and illogical reasoning with a predominant basis rooted in their prejudices and lack of comprehension. Such has unsurprisingly caused a marked inability for them to develop public confidence or respect. While their deficiency in developing respect has caused them to become embittered, this author's research indicates it is predominantly a product of their realization that furtherance of the anticompetitive interests of the State Bar and legal profession mandates a sacrifice of the general public interest, to which they are amenable.

It is hoped this book will not only improve the quality and delivery of justice for minorities and all Nonattorneys throughout the nation, but also that the manner in which its writing was inspired will prove to be a persuasive argument for beginning to treat children and their loving, caring parents fairly in courts of law by recognizing the inherent, natural right to joint custody, which will no longer be denied.

To: Mildred Douglas Wells

December 16, 1961

Dear Millie :

I am glad that Ty is turning out to be a rebel. Any boy who is any good has that spark in him when he is about Ty's age. The problem is to see that it does not die out, and that he retains the capacity to tell his old lady or his old man where to get off.

The only dangerous people in the world are those who are rebels without a cause, and the problem is as the years go by to find a good cause to which Ty can tie his rebellion. On that you and he can get together and come up with something pretty special and I am sure it will all work out to the best of the order.

Merry Christmas to you all.

*Letter of U.S. Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas to his daughter, regarding his grandson Tyrone Wells, Millie's son. The Douglas Letters, Edited with an Introduction by Melvin Urofsky, Adler and Adler Publishers, (1987)*

## PREFACE

It was the middle of the decade in the 1960s. I was five or six years old. He was about seventy. I was on vacation. He was on vacation. I didn't take crap from anybody. He didn't take crap from anybody. No one was going to tell me what to do. No one was going to tell him what to do. I was staying at the Condado Beach Hotel in Puerto Rico on winter vacation with my parents and brother. He was staying at the hotel next door, which I believe was called La Concha, with a young woman in her twenties. On occasion, I had a nasty way about me. On occasion, he had a nasty way about him. We were both very independent. I was a kid. He was U.S. Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas.

Each day around 9:00 in the morning, I left my parents behind at the Condado Beach Hotel and went to spend the day at the La Concha Hotel. I generally came back only once or twice during the day. When I was hungry. The beach at La Concha was nicer, and more importantly the swimming pool at La Concha had a shallow end where I could stand. At the Condado Beach, the shallowest part of the swimming pool was over my head and since I wasn't a particularly good swimmer, I couldn't use the pool. I saw absolutely no reason why I should spend the day at the Hotel my family was staying at, if there was another Hotel nearby that I liked better. So my parents and brother spent their vacation at one Hotel, and I spent most of mine at another.

Whether Justice Douglas and I ever actually met, I am admittedly not sure. I vaguely recall that everyone was talking about a U.S. Supreme Court Justice staying at the Hotel with a very young woman. I also recall an interaction I had with an older man at the La Concha swimming pool one morning. I was swimming by myself and he was sitting by the pool. He asked where my parents were, and I responded in a smart-ass tone, that it was none of his business. He asked if I was staying at the Hotel and I responded that I was staying at the Condado Beach, next door. He said I couldn't swim in the pool if I wasn't staying at the Hotel. I essentially told him to get lost, although I don't recall the exact words I used. He then spoke to the lifeguard, who told me to leave, and so I left. While I knew the older man lacked any type of authority regarding the swimming pool, I also knew the lifeguard had complete authority in that jurisdiction and so I complied when the lifeguard told me. It was the only day I left La Concha early. The next morning, I went right back and the same lifeguard was there. I asked if I could swim, and he said as long as no one complained, it was alright. I never saw the older man again.

I really don't know whether the Prick who busted my chops was Justice Douglas or not. As much as I truly admire and respect all of the Justices of the U.S. Supreme Court, I love the idea that when I was about six years old, I may have told a U.S. Supreme Court Justice to take a hike. It would be just so perfect. But, I really can't say for certain that it was Douglas. Somehow, I earnestly believe that if it was Justice Douglas, and even though he scolded me, he admired my style and passion. He had the exact same style throughout his entire life. Frankly speaking, if it was him, I have no doubt that he thought I was a young, "up and coming" Prick. It was not until roughly thirty years later in the mid-1990s that I read his autobiography and many of the opinions he wrote as a Supreme Court Justice, which are absolutely phenomenal. While I have read biographies of many of the Justices, and as stated admire them all immensely, there is no doubt William O. Douglas is my favorite. He was the only Justice considered by both his friends and political adversaries to be a Son of a Bitch.<sup>1</sup> That's a man I can relate to.

If Douglas were alive today, I would tell him how much I admire his opinions, style, intellect and passion for the law. But, I still wouldn't get out of a swimming pool for the magnificent bastard.

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