

18

ADDRESS DELIVERED

at the

12

Funeral

of

24

CLARENCE DARROW

18

(March 15, 1938,

by

18

WILLIAM H. HOLLY

353

Services at
Paul Chapel
University of Chicago

Mr. Darrow
1888-1866 (form)

100 and add 50

45 pt square
incident
2d 3rd 4th
James Pratt
add.
2nd 11 pt
Basherville
24 pic
14 body

It is a sad office I am called upon to perform today.

Our friend is gone forever. Never again shall we hear his voice or clasp his hand. And for those who were closer to him than we, his wife whom he loved and who so devotedly attended him during the months of his last illness, who since their marriage has given her life to ministering to him and caring for his every want, his son, and the grandchildren and the sister who loved him, this is a time of grief which no words of ours can help.

But while this is a time of sorrow, is it not better to think for a while of the great fact that he did live, that we did hear his voice, that we did grasp his hand, that we knew the big loving heart of him.

It is a magnificent thing that he lived. The colored race will long remember him with grateful hearts for his heroic battles in their behalf. The man who toils with his hands, the poor and unfortunate whom society hunted down, found him ever ready to devote his extraordinary talents in their behalf. He gave up a brilliant legal career that would have made him one of the rich men of the country to espouse the cause of labor.

He loved mercy. We may not know what justice is. No judge who sentences a prisoner to the electric chair is

more certain of the righteousness of his judgment than the mob that hangs or burns its victim. Whether the offender is legally executed by the sheriff, or illegally hanged by the mob, we cannot be sure whether it is justice or vengeance that has been satisfied.

But mercy is a quality that we can all recognize, and in his heart was infinite pity and mercy for the poor, the oppressed, the weak and the erring -- all races, all colors, all creeds -- all human kind.

He was not a reformer. Man is man, stupid, cruel, ignorant, and has built up a civilization so complex that he cannot cope with the problems he has created, but after all, with glimmerings of intelligence, generosity and kindly sympathy. Clarence Darrow made the way easier for many. He preached not doctrines, but love and pity, the only virtues that can make this world any better.

He rejoiced in Walt Whitman's plea for human brotherhood and democracy, and because of his great human sympathy and his hatred of cruelty and oppression, he shared the pessimism of Housman. More than once he read to me the lines:

"Ay, look, high heaven and earth all from the prime foundation;

All thoughts to rive the heart are here, and all are vain;

10 pt
Jal
hold in
3 quads
each
mile

Horror and scorn, and hate and fear and indignation -

Oh why did I awake? When shall I sleep again?"

And now he sleeps.

But before he slept he did much to save many from the horror and scorn and fear. Thousands of lives were made easier and had happiness brought to them because he lived.

✓ He looked out upon the earth and his heart was riven. His father before him had hated oppression. The Darrow home was a station of the underground railroad. Sympathy for the black race stirred his heart as a boy when he heard the stories of Negroes rescued from slavery. It was not a new emotion that moved him when he went to the rescue of the Negro physician in Detroit charged with crime because he had dared to face a mob bent upon the destruction of his home and the possible murder of his family.

He hated capital punishment and he dared to undertake the defense of Leopold and Loeb when all Chicago was crying for their blood. Not a defense that would have set those boys loose upon the street to commit, perhaps, other crimes, but to save Chicago from the shame of the execution of immature boys and to save their unfortunate families from the stigma of such an execution. Without fee and at his own expense he took up the cause of Russell McWilliams, seventeen years old, whom a harsh and pitiless judge would have sent to the gallows.

and 2
Burns wrote:

Stal
"Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler, sister woman;
Though they may gang a kenning wrang,
To step aside is human.
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving why they do it."

That is a question we seldom ask, but Clarence Darrow always asked it. And many times he found the answer. We are born with passions and tendencies that we inherit from a long line^{of} ancestors. We did not make them. We were born into the world with them. They were forced upon us. We came into a society we did not make. Every human being with whom we associate, especially, when we are young children, has an influence upon us. These childhood associates we did not choose, they were thrust upon us. Some of us were born in affluence, some in poverty. The rich do not steal or embezzle except when they begin to lose their money, then they behave just like poor people. Some ways of getting money employed by the shrewd are not crimes, they are just sharp trading. Other methods employed by greedy ones who are stupid and ignorant lead to prison. Some are born with warped minds.

Most of us want to stop crime by being cruel to criminals. Wise parents and teachers have found that they can

prevent misbehavior by training and teaching and trying to ascertain what causes the child to misbehave. Clarence Darrow tried to teach the world to handle its adult criminals in the same way, and when the world shall learn this lesson it will have done more to lessen crime than all the jails and penitentiaries and gallows ever erected.

Clarence Darrow hated cruelty even to criminals and he knew that its only effect was to make more criminals, and the society worse that inflicted it.

Clarence Darrow was an agnostic, but he was always broad and tolerant. He was glad that others could get comfort and consolation from their religious beliefs. Among those who loved him were distinguished Protestant clergymen, Catholic priests and bishops, and Jewish rabbis. They knew the utter sincerity of the man and, though they could not agree with him, they admired his courage and honesty and loved him for his simple human kindness. It was common for them to say that he was a better Christian than they were, and they knew no higher praise than that. He practiced the great humanity taught by Jesus of Nazareth,

Intolerance he hated and when Tennessee bigots endeavored to strangle freedom of thought, to put the minds of their children in strait jackets and exclude the learning of science from their schools, again without fee and at his

own expense he entered the fray. With bitter sarcasm he exposed the ignorance and intolerance of the bigoted legislation that had prohibited the teaching of evolution, and when the fight was over the movement well under way to put similar statutes on the books of other states was halted, and probably never again will legislatures attempt to prevent scholars and men of science from teaching the truths that they in their researches have discovered.

And we cannot forget that wonderful intellect of Clarence Darrow. A great mind, of itself, may mean nothing to the world. If its possessor be selfish and greedy, it may work infinite harm. But Clarence Darrow's great abilities were given freely to the cause of human liberty, and for the succor of the weak and the unfortunate. He had wider and more varied intellectual interests than any other man I have ever known. Literature, Art, Philosophy, Science and History--all these he studied intensively and he was the loved and respected friend of distinguished members of the faculties of our great universities.

But now he is gone, and in the words he used at the memorial services for George Burman Foster:

"It seems to me that in the spring the grass and leaves will never be so green again; that the summer will lose the golden hues that mark the ripening grain; that autumn leaves no more will have the old time glorious tints of red and brown.

The winter will be longer and colder, and the summer be shorter now that he is dead. The stars in heaven will never shine so bright again. The day will lose its old time glory. The sun will fade faster, the twilight fall quicker, and the night close deeper since he is dead! "

Thirty-six years ago yesterday Clarence Darrow stood by the grave of John P. Altgeld. The words he said of that great soul are most fitting to be said of him and ^{I feel} ~~many of his~~ friends ~~have thought~~ that I ^{can} ~~could~~ do no better than to read a part of that address today and apply it to Clarence Darrow:

In the great flood of human life that is spawned upon the earth, it is not often that a man is born. The friend and comrade that we mourn today was formed of that infinitely rare mixture that now and then at long, long intervals combines to make a man. Clarence Darrow was one of the rarest souls who ever lived and died. His was a humble birth and a fearless life. We who knew him, we who loved him, we who rallied to his many hopeless calls, we who dared to praise him while his heart still beat, can not yet feel that we shall never hear his voice again.

Clarence Darrow was a soldier tried and true; not a soldier clad in uniform, decked with spangles and led by fife and drum in the mad intoxication of the battle-field; such soldiers have not been rare upon the earth in any land or age. Clarence Darrow was a soldier in the everlasting struggle of the human race for liberty and justice on the earth. From the

first awakening of his young mind until the last relentless summons came, he was a soldier who had no rest or furlough, who was ever on the field in the forefront of the deadliest and most hopeless fight, whom none but death could muster out. Liberty, the relentless goddess, had turned her fateful smile on Clarence Darrow's face when he was but a child, and to this first, fond love he was faithful unto death.

Liberty is the most jealous and exacting mistress that can beguile the brain and soul of man. She will have nothing from him who will not give her all. She knows that his pretended love serves but to betray. But when once the fierce heat of her quenchless, lustrous eyes has burned into the victim's heart, he will know no other smile but hers. Liberty will have none but the great devoted souls, and by her glorious visions, her lavish promises, her boundless hopes, her infinitely witching charms, she lures her victims over hard and stony ways, by desolate and dangerous paths, through misery, obloquy and want to a martyr's cruel death. Today we pay our last sad homage to the most devoted lover, the most abject slave, the fondest, wildest, dreamiest victim that ever gave his life to liberty's immortal cause.

In the history of the country where he lived and died, the life and works of our devoted dead will one day shine in words of everlasting light. When the bitter feelings of the

hour have passed away, when the mad and poisonous fever of commercialism shall have run its course, when conscience and honor and justice and liberty shall once more ascend the throne from which the shameless, brazen goddess of power and wealth have driven her away; then this man we knew and loved will find his rightful place in the minds and hearts of the cruel unwilling world he served. No purer patriot ever lived than the friend we lay at rest today. His love of country was not paraded in the public marts, or bartered in the stalls for gold; his patriotism was of that pure ideal mold that placed the love of man above the love of self.

Clarence Darrow was always and at all times a lover of his fellow man. Those who reviled him have tried to teach the world that he was bitter and relentless, that he hated more than loved. We who knew the man, we who had clasped his hand and heard his voice and looked into his smiling face; we who knew his life of kindness, of charity, of infinite pity to the outcast and the weak; we who knew his human heart, could never be deceived. A truer, greater, gentler, kindlier soul has never lived and died; and the fierce bitterness and hatred that sought to destroy this great, grand soul had but one cause -- the fact that he really loved his fellow man.

Always he fought for the cause of the black man, whom he always loved. As a lawyer he was wise and learned; im-

patient with the forms and machinery which courts and legislators and lawyers have woven to strangle justice through expense and ceremony and delay.

Even admirers have seldom understood the real character of this great human man. These were sometimes wont to feel that the fierce bitterness of the world that assailed him fell on deaf ears and an unresponsive soul. They did not know the man, and they do not feel the subtleties of human life. It was not a callous heart that so often led him to brave the most violent and malicious hate; it was not a callous heart, it was a devoted soul. He so loved justice and truth and liberty and righteousness that all the terrors that the earth could hold were less than the condemnation of his own conscience for an act that was cowardly or mean.

Clarence Darrow, like many of the earth's great souls, was a solitary man. Life to him was serious and earnest -- an endless tragedy. The earth was a great hospital of sick, wounded and suffering, and he a devoted surgeon, who had no right to waste one moment's time and whose duty was to cure them all. While he loved his friends, he yet could work without them, he could live without them, he could bid them one by one good-bye, when their courage failed to follow where he led; and he could go alone, out into the silent night, and, looking upward at the changeless stars, could find communion there.

My dear, dear friend, long and well have we known you, devotedly have we followed you, implicitly have we trusted you, fondly have we loved you. Beside your bier we now must say farewell. The heartless call has come, and we must stagger on the best we can alone. In the darkest hours we will look in vain for your loved form, we will listen hopelessly for your devoted, fearless voice. But, though we lay you in the grave and hide you from the sight of man, your brave words will speak for the poor, the oppressed, the captive and the weak; and your devoted life inspire countless souls to do and dare in the holy cause for which you lived and died.