

MY DEMONS WERE REAL



CONSTITUTIONAL LAWYER
Joseph Calamia's Journey

Bob Ybarra

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The Quest Begins





A WHIRLWIND OF IDEALISM: YOUNG JOE

In the late 1940s, a strong wind swept through the judicial and political systems in the desert community of El Paso that occupies the westernmost edge of Texas. Some forty years later, this dominant current was still packing strong gusty winds. As in many post-World War II communities in the United States, the isolated community of El Paso was fortunate to have many of its veterans return. Many were warriors who experienced hardship in battlegrounds thousands of miles away from home where they fought an enemy that threatened America's way of life. These defenders confronted an enemy led by tyrants who suppressed personal freedom through fear, force and even death. Armed with worldly knowledge, the veterans returned home with the possibility of higher education in the form of the G.I. Bill of Rights. Those who realized this opportunity soon found themselves positioned to test a judicial and a political system that was subservient to the need to maintain economic and social stability in their hometown communities.

El Paso was the very epitome of this kind of community. As the 1940s drew to a close, political decision-making for El Paso's 190,000 inhabitants rested in the hands of about one hundred influential executives. The El Paso One Hundred defined the city's priorities to provide a water supply and traffic control, attract new industry, bridge the education gap and, importantly, control crime and delinquency.¹ A culture of personal leadership prevailed, in large part within the economic power of El Paso's two major banks, the State National Bank and the El Paso National Bank, and its two major department stores, the Popular and the White

House.² El Paso was ripe for changes that would reflect the pangs of political and social change that were beginning to grip the nation at large. A select group of young freedom-loving veterans, caught in a whirlwind of quixotic idealism, was poised to feed this upcoming storm of judicial and political change. This book is about one of those contributors and the methods, techniques, knowledge and hard work that he brought to the state and federal courts. This account is about a lawyer by profession. His demons were the institutionalized practices that favored expediency over rights of individuals. His quest became one of doing whatever it took under the law, even if faced with difficult odds, to see that lawmakers and law enforcers did not violate the Bill of Rights. The state and federal court system, that neutral ground of justice, served as his battleground.

Born in 1921, Joseph Albert Calamia grew up in a largely Mexican immigrant-populated neighborhood, near downtown El Paso. His house was only a few blocks from the Rio Grande, the international boundary with Mexico. For all the inhabitants of the area knew, the house might have been in Mexico, given that for several decades the United States and Mexico disputed the ownership of a square mile of land that encompassed El Paso's Second Ward. The Second Ward, or "El Segundo Barrio" as Hispanics called the area, was a neighborhood that attracted immigrants from Mexico. European immigrants also found their way to the United States through this southern route as an alternative to an overflowing Ellis Island. El Paso did not have to post words at the port of entry signaling the tired, poor and oppressed to come across the border. They came anyway.

Joseph's grandparents, Simone and Vicencia Abocato Calamia, immigrated to the United States from Sicily in 1896 at about ages thirty-seven and eighteen, respectively. They came not by choice but by fear. They came in search of freedom. Their Sicilian community was in the hands of the mafia. One did as one was told. "Simone," as Joe's grandfather was called in his native Italy, was a freedom fighter in that country's struggle for unification under King Humberto. Simone, who once aspired to be a Catholic

priest, sought to confront the mafia with the help of his friend, the king. The king was helpless against that powerful organization. Unwilling to help, he justified his apparent weakness against tyranny by explaining, “Simone, even the great Napoleon was powerless against the mafia.” For Simone, there was no option but to flee to some place where they could live in freedom.

The Calamias sailed to the New World, landing in Veracruz, Mexico, along the Gulf of Mexico, and then traveling overland to Ciudad Juárez, Mexico. Once they arrived, they opened a bakery. The couple brought with them José, their one-year-old son, and Nina Palmero, Vicencia’s daughter from her first marriage. A second son, Leonardo, was born in Ciudad Juárez in 1898. “My grandfather got along well with the Mexicans,” Joseph recalled. “They reminded him of Sicilians. He found it difficult to understand the demanding style of the Anglos.” The Calamias needed to live at least two years in Juárez before immigrating to El Paso. The Mexican government sought to have these immigrants contribute to their new community with their professions and skills. At that time, temporary residency was necessary because U.S. immigration laws were becoming exclusionary, especially for Chinese immigrants, who had also established residence in Juárez. As those two years came to a close, the Calamias realized that running a business would be more prosperous on the other side of the Rio Grande. By 1899, “Simon” Calamia, as those in his adopted English-speaking country called him, opened a grocery store on the first floor of a two-story tenement that he constructed in El Paso’s Second Ward.

In 1910, a new wave of immigrants came from Mexico. Fleeing the chaos of the Mexican Revolution, throngs of less wealthy Mexicans were attracted to the Second Ward.³ These were individuals who had known hardship all of their lives. They had suffered injustices even before the overthrow of the dictatorship that lasted some thirty years. Most lost their lands, families and friends in the bloody ten-year struggle that claimed some one million lives. This new wave added another influence that transformed El Paso from a frontier town into a developing city with a significant copper smelting industry, irrigated agriculture and commercial and trans-

portation industries. At some 53,000 inhabitants, El Paso had doubled its population since the turn of the century. However, even with this wave of refugees from Mexico's civil strife, Hispanics remained a minority. This new wave simply added more Hispanics to the crowded "Mexico Chico" between downtown El Paso and the Rio Grande. In this little Mexico environment, the Calamia's two sons, José and Leonardo, were educated first at a nearby elementary school and then at a high school a short distance across the railroad tracks in downtown El Paso. Soon the young men were at work as meter readers with the local gas company. At age twenty-three, José (1893–1969) married Laura Amity Miller (1898-1990).

Laura was the daughter of James Miller, Jr. and Beatriz Amity Miller. Like the Calamias, the Amity Miller lineage followed the lure of freedom and opportunity to America. Henry B. Amity, born in Nice, France in about 1833, came to America via Mexico, but on a very different mission than the Calamias. He was among the French forces sent by Napoleon III to set up an aristocracy headed by Emperor Maximilian, a French empire that was short-lived. After a northward retreat, Mexican resistance fighters set up their provisional government in Paso Del Norte, later Juárez, across what would eventually be called El Paso, Texas. The United States allowed the French occupation because it was involved in a war between the states. With the Civil War's tide turning in favor of union forces, President Lincoln later assisted Mexico's "legitimate" president, Benito Juárez, with weapons and the blocking of sealanes. Amity left the French cause and fled to America. By 1863, he had enlisted as a clerk with the 1st New Mexico Calvary Volunteers in Santa Fe in the Territory of New Mexico. This was the third year of Apache Indian wars of resistance that would continue for the next twenty-two years. While in the military, Amity befriended William Brady, the Lincoln county sheriff killed by Billy the Kid, and A. J. Fountain, another murdered Lincoln county sheriff. While living in Lincoln county, Henry married Tomasa Ronquillo in 1870. The couple had three children, Anna, Beatrice and Henry, Jr. When Amity headed for Australia in an attempt to return to his native France, Tomasa was left to raise the children.

Beatrice (1875–1909) married but that union ended in divorce in El Paso. She remarried James A. Miller (1876–1921). Miller was an adopted name. His biological parents, James Hosey and Sarah Ann Crowley Hosey, were born of Irish immigrants who moved west with the U.S. Army. The fourth child of the marriage between Beatrice and James A. Miller was Laura Amity Miller (1898–1996).⁴

In 1921, Joseph Albert was born of the José Calamia and Laura Amity Miller union.⁵ Young Joseph's first few years were spent in the Calamia family tenement in El Paso's Second Ward. Spanish prevailed despite English-only rules in the public schools. El Segundo was a tough neighborhood in which to grow up. In a span of three weeks, young Joe saw his bicycle and two replacement bicycles disappear from his home.

His early schooling took place at a local elementary school named Alamo. It seemed as if all the public schools were named after heroes of Texas's war of independence from a tyrannical central Mexico City government. This was not a surprise. The city of El Paso was dominated by U.S. immigrants from east Texas and beyond. Wealthy individuals built southern-style mansions with lush green grass and live oaks, magnolia and other greenery north of the railroad tracks.

Young Joe waged his own war of independence in favor of basic school learning. Playing music and dressing up like a monkey for a school play was not for him. Young Joe's Italian background made little difference at school. To the predominately Mexican population, "Pepito" was a Mexican. Spanish was his first language. He looked and acted Mexican. But on the other hand, he stood out in his dress shirt and pants. Mama Laura was quite adroit at sewing. There was a rebellious streak in young Joe. On one occasion, an object hurled by a classmate interrupted Joe's concentration while at the blackboard. Nine-year-old Joe hurled himself at the other boy. The boys landed on the steam heater, bursting the pipes and sending the entire school into a sudden chill on that cold winter day. The other boy remained at Alamo, but young Joe was no longer welcome there.

José and Laura hoped that Catholic school would work out better. At St. Mary's Catholic School, the six-foot-tall principal was a nun of German ancestry and a strict disciplinarian. She demanded order in the classroom and was not interested in little Joe's argument about "mitigating circumstances" when he got in trouble. Once he rushed to the defense of an attractive little girl. The boy in the desk behind her was amused at how the girl's long braids rested on his desk so close to the inkwell. In those days, the wooden desks and chairs were attached in rows. The boy could not resist the temptation. A dip of the girl's braid in the inkwell set off a sudden passion in young Joe. The quixotic young man went to the rescue of his Dulcinea, indicative of a willingness to defend the weak.

These were also the years in which Joe began to explore what lay beyond his immediate neighborhood. He was very curious to find out just how south the river went. One time, Joe followed the river levee for a considerable distance, much to his grandfather's dislike. Grandpa was about to take a stick to the young lad when Grandma interrupted, "No, Simone. Don't strike the boy. *Il figlio indica corraggio!*" (The boy shows courage).

At the start of the Great Depression, a job opportunity in the prosperous natural gas distribution business in Mexico's industrial center of Monterrey lured the José Calamia family south of the border, more than eight hundred miles southeast of El Paso. For the next four years—until his mother's illness forced the family to return to El Paso—Joe mingled with the Spanish-speaking residents in and out of school. The school for Americans had a waiting list, so Joe enrolled at the Colegio Franco Mexicano. There was discipline in the classroom. Students had to wear traditional white shirts and dark trousers. Unlike the slang that was common in Calamia's Segundo Barrio, formal Spanish was spoken, and Joe quickly got used to being called the formal *señorito*. The curriculum was intense, but it consisted of more than reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic; there was an opportunity for debate. Young Joe was a perfect candidate to present the pro-American case in a debate over the American War of 1848, as the Mexicans called the war that ended with Mexico losing half of its territory to the United States.

Formally, Joe's academic experiences were supplemented with plenty of outside activities, particularly camping. Opportunities opened up when his father introduced him to the *YMCA de Monterrey*. Socially, young Joe learned valuable lessons from the school of hard knocks. The many poor, sick and weak who struggled in certain areas of Monterrey taught lessons of compassion. There was also a lesson to learn concerning the criminal element. Witnessing a shootout between police and two men quarreling over the attention of a woman, the young *Señorito* realized that there were bad people out there. On another occasion, *Señorito* Joe accompanied his father in his gas meter monitoring rounds at the local prison. He could hear the hoof beats of horses mounted by uniformed guards armed with pistols and shotguns. They struck fear among the populace that witnessed them escorting a long line of prisoners struggling with balls and chains. One prisoner dared to run out of formation as if to *fugar*, or escape. A shotgun thundered. The prisoner lay dead. "*Ley Fuga*," the startled young Calamia was told. "That is the law. No death penalty here. But if a prisoner flees, what can one do?" The boy thought about justice and law and order. "There must be a better way."

When the family returned from Mexico to an economically depressed El Paso, a certain quality of toughness came out in Joe. He had grown up as a batboy, watching his father play semipro baseball. He recalled how his forty-year-old father had rattled a much-touted ace pitcher with his solid hitting and had silenced the jeers of "*Viejo, Viejo*." Through this shared activity with his father, Joe developed a love for physical fitness that led directly into the roadwork that is a must for any aspiring boxer. The police who patrolled the area soon got used to seeing Joe running in the wee hours of the morning, a far cry from other youth whose early morning jaunts had only one purpose—that of evading the law in a crime-ridden Second Ward. Joe occupied himself with workouts in one of several southside gymnasiums that offered an alternative to violence on the streets. To many poor youth, this was an opportunity to use their boxing skills to seek a better life. Calamia developed coordination as he rapidly hit the speed bag, alternating a left and a

right. The bag flittered like the wings of a hummingbird. He hit harder and harder at that large stuffed punching bag, spotting the points of resistance with a careful punch and those of opportunity with a follow-through punch. He would venture to the real test of skills, the boxing ring.

Calamia, now in his teens, moved with his family to a house north of the tracks. There, the teenager lived in a predominantly Anglo neighborhood and attended a similarly structured Austin High School. Joe quickly sensed the prejudice and discrimination that many Anglos felt and displayed toward individuals of Mexican descent. However, it was a case of constant harassment by the class bully of a skinny Hispanic boy that motivated Calamia to confront the bully. Joe, however, prudently carried out this confrontation with his high school coach's permission. He made the challenge, and the coach, who would not let the boys fight in the locker room, arranged an after-school bout. By assuming an intervener's role, the coach instituted a procedure that followed the rules. The coach acted as an impartial mediator. Quite skilled at boxing, Calamia settled the score quickly behind the school field's bleachers. The bully went down after a couple of upper cuts. The question of justice was settled with knowledge, skills and techniques acquired through discipline and hard work. Moreover, the confrontation was settled "legally" within the jurisdiction of the school coach who served as a presiding official overseeing the fight.

His high school experience ended in 1938. The young Calamia turned his vision toward getting a college education at El Paso's Texas College of Mines (now the University of Texas at El Paso). Still, Calamia thought that boxing might be in his future: he had sparred with some pretty tough customers. He believed he was good enough to make it in the professional circuit. He had also been at close range with some fairly well-known boxers, including a much-heralded bout in El Paso. In Calamia's corner was former World Welterweight Champion, Fritzie Zivic, known as the Croat Comet. His opponent was Mexico's champion, Manuel Villa. Zivic was lean and did not seem to be much of a match for the stocky Villa. To the young aspiring boxer's surprise, Zivic could hit. So

much so, that Villa suffered a fatal liver injury. Nonetheless, Papa Calamia would have none of that professional boxing stuff. He scolded the young adventurer, "What about college? What about law school? I thought that's what you wanted!" Calamia settled down, working at several jobs while attending college. In 1941, however, his education was put on hold.

The Japanese had attacked Pearl Harbor. In defense of its way of life, the United States declared war against the Axis Powers. Ten days later, Calamia enlisted in the U.S. Navy. After boot camp in San Diego, California, he served as an aviation technician on a small gunboat, which patrolled the icy cold waters off the Aleutian Islands. The base of operations was in Dutch Harbor, located on Unalaska Island about midway between the Alaskan mainland and the outermost part of the Aleutian Islands. Dutch Harbor was recovering from a Japanese attack in June 1942. There was fear that Seattle would be next. The island inlets were mined by the Americans to protect against intrusion of Japanese submarines. A soldier did his duty with the equipment that was available. The 84-x-18-foot diesel-powered boat was equipped with guns to protect against air attacks and with ash cans (i.e., explosives) to toss overboard on unsuspecting submarines below. The fixed position gun was no match against the better-equipped Japanese attackers. Calamia and a fellow sailor put caution aside and did the unthinkable. They tinkered with U.S. government property, turning the anti-aircraft gun into a more effective sweep gun. Someone squealed on them, but to their pleasant surprise, their captain soon ordered, "Do that to all the other guns." On one occasion a Japanese aircraft scraped Dutch Harbor, seemingly uncontested. The arrival of a hot-shot Canadian pilot in a P-51 Mustang aircraft spelled hope. That hope was dashed when the Canadian's aircraft sprung an oil leak and the plane was grounded on Dutch Harbor. Calamia was put to work in the tool shop. After fourteen attempts to manufacture duplicate oil pressure fittings, Calamia succeeded. Once the Mustang was in the air, the pesky Japanese airplane was soon put out of commission. The war raged for the next several years until an Allied victory came in 1945.⁶

Discharged from the Navy, Calamia returned to the Texas College of Mines aided with tuition assistance, thanks to the G.I. Bill of Rights. The G.I. Bill provided veterans with a chance at education and training for up to four years and loan guarantees for homes, farms or businesses. The educational institution was paid up to \$500 a year and the returning World War II veteran was paid \$50 to \$75 a month for subsistence. Nearly eight million American veterans were trained under the G.I. Bill until the program ended in 1956. While the war and the postwar years of college postponed the veterans' entry into the labor market, once they did enter the market, many were better prepared to support their families with a higher standard of living. Moreover, they were able to serve society with greater knowledge. At the program's peak, nearly one-half of the total U.S. college enrollment consisted of returning veterans eager for advancement. The veterans were more mature than the typically younger student population. More notably, the stereotype that higher education was a privilege of the well-born elite was disappearing.⁷

At Texas College of Mines, Calamia once challenged the grade given him by his professor and future state district judge Hans Brockmoller. After Calamia's strong argument in defense of his contention that he earned a perfect score, Brockmoller gave the young, aspiring lawyer that perfect score. While at the College of Mines, Calamia found a friend and mentor in his philosophy professor, Dr. Joseph Ross. Ross, a conservative Jewish rabbi, was ubiquitous in both his presentations and his appearance. He dressed in a long coat with tails and talked with ease and eloquence. In one instance, Ross lectured the class on his research and findings concerning the roots of poverty. Once Ross listed the various findings, Calamia interrupted, "You forgot one!" "Which is?" Ross inquired. "Apathy!" retorted Calamia. "So true," the philosopher mused. To Calamia's delight, Ross allowed Calamia to make use of his library. Even more to Calamia's delight, he found in his friend a mentor and a humanitarian who practiced what he preached. Calamia would often see Ross conversing with and helping out the lower-

income Hispanics in the streets of El Paso. Even with the G.I. Bill, Calamia found that he still needed a job.

Taxi driving was a great test in the college of hard knocks and certainly in the down-to-earth school of life. This experience served to further open Calamia's eyes to the inequities between those running the political system and those marginalized by it. Moreover, it caused him to realize that the law could become a powerful tool against abuse and injustice. After all, this was a country that 170 years earlier declared equality and pronounced life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness as inalienable rights. It was a country based on a rule of law and freedom sealed in an inalterable Bill of Rights for all Americans.

In those days of ward-healer politics, there was always the tough, streetwise Hispanic policeman or influential person in the form of a strict public school principal, vice principal, or successful Hispanic businessman, all of whom yielded considerable power in maintaining law and order in the "barrios" near the Mexican border. Among these good guys was Police Sergeant Baiza, a sharp dresser and a good musician. As if through magic, Baiza managed to maintain a balanced liaison with both the Segundo Barrio "bad guys" and the guys that wore the white hats in downtown El Paso. One could argue that this *modus operandi* served to maintain law and order against the ever-present threat of street gang warfare, perceived immigrant-introduced lawlessness and an extension of the vices that had given a wartime Ciudad Juárez the title of Sin City.

On the other side were those voices of the returning World War II veterans who, like Calamia, saw some abuse of the practice.⁸ As a cab driver, Calamia experienced these abuses firsthand. He recalled the familiar scene of Hispanic youngsters being slammed into the side of a police car followed by a quick confession and certain jail term. He also faced harassment by "cabbie checker" policemen who were assigned to keep an eye on taxi drivers. On one occasion an out-of-town woman, in distress after having obtained a quickie divorce in Juárez, left \$3,200 in her purse in the back seat of Calamia's cab. Calamia quickly returned the purse and all the money to the cab company supervisor. Upon his return to the

cabstand, a tough Anglo detective and an even tougher Hispanic detective met him. The Hispanic detective yanked Calamia out of his cab and rammed him against the side of the police car accusing him, “*Cabrón!* You stole the money!” Calamia might have received more severe treatment had not the Anglo detective intervened. Eventually, a call to the supervisor cleared up the issue. But after seeing this singular attempt to simultaneously act the part of policeman, judge and jury, Calamia made a major decision to attend law school.

During his years at the College of Mines, Calamia had installed a boxing ring in the basement of his parents’ home at 214 West California Street. It was in the boxing arena that Calamia befriended Robert Galván. It turned out that Robert would be more than a boxing companion, as he also influenced Calamia to accompany him to law school at his brother’s alma mater. Galván’s older brother, Frank, had been practicing law in El Paso since the late 1930s.

While driving a taxi, Calamia took a liking to a fellow student, Geraldine Campbell. She too was working her way through college in hopes of a degree in English. Geraldine was assertive and tough. In her words, “Joe was the only one who liked me. All the other guys would shun away.” Joe and Geraldine had a nice Catholic wedding in El Paso in 1946. A year later, Joseph Robert Calamia was born.⁹

Calamia graduated from the Texas College of Mines with a degree in history and government. After graduation, he attended law school at Southern Methodist University (SMU), while his bride remained in El Paso until the birth of their child. At SMU, Calamia lived in the rough-and-tumble Cement City, located a long streetcar ride from SMU. He stayed with Claude Pickens, who ran the construction operation in Cement City. Rumor had it that bank robber Clyde Barrow of Bonnie-and-Clyde fame once worked for Pickens in Cement City. Once reunited in Dallas, the Calamias braved the cold Dallas winters in a trailer park while both studied at SMU for the next two years.

Joe’s law school studies included various aspects of the law. Corporate law caught his attention early on, particularly that involving the oil and gas industry. Dr. Masterson instilled in his mind the antiquity of natural resource laws in Texas. While Texas had

abandoned the Spanish and Mexican Roman law principles when it obtained independence from Mexico, its adoption of British common law did not include the abandonment of Spanish land grants. The young lawyer-to-be quickly grasped these and other principles. Soon he was performing mineral rights research for an oil company in gas-rich Texas. A couple of things bothered him. Calamia could not see himself behind a desk at work on tedious routine matters all day long. He was used to excitement, and he had a penchant for independence and freedom. He was also concerned with the practices that oil and gas law condoned. Essentially, a person owned the land and had the right to extract whatever amount of natural resources he sought from the ground without any concern for his neighbors.

Corporate law also required a clear understanding of financial management. Dr. Raines opened his eyes to reality. Calamia and the other students had just spent their hard-earned dollars on expensive textbooks earmarked for this particular course. They were shocked at Dr. Raines's words, "Put the books away!" The professor passed out balance sheets, profit and loss statements and other accounting papers for a fictitious oil company firm. The task was to study and understand these numbers. Capital-to-assets ratios and sales income indicated excellent performance. Profits were astounding. The value of the stock was to be envied. However, an additional task was that of deciphering what was *not* revealed in these numbers. Inventories were over-valued, and, in some cases, the inventory did not exist. The price of shares was over-valued. Calamia shook his head at the thought that a company's finances could be built like a house of cards. Although corporate law offered a real opportunity for one to become wealthy, Calamia believed this would be at the expense of the underdog. The little guy needed his skills. Not the big guy.

Looking to his future, Calamia became more fascinated with constitutional law that established a social compact between the people and the government that was to be "of the people, by the people and for the people." The integrity of the compact was assured by a tripartite system of checks and balances. One branch of

government enacted the laws. A second executed the laws. A third interpreted the laws. Each branch was to be completely independent of the others. Each branch was to keep an eye on the others to ensure that the social compact was not violated. The social compact included protection for the people under the Bill of Rights, which required all three branches of government to respect the rights of freedom of speech and religion, a free press and the right to bear arms. Americans were protected against the quartering of soldiers in their homes and against unreasonable searches and seizures. Persons accused of crimes were protected against an arbitrary criminal justice system through a number of guarantees. This social compact also protected the states against a central government asserting powers that were not delegated to it. It was one final protection that was ingrained in Calamia's mind: "The enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people."

A federal district court was a lesson in the criminal justice system. Calamia and his fellow law students were greeted with the authoritative glare of a federal lawman as they entered the courtroom with a warning to be quiet, even though they had not uttered a word. The elderly federal judge, who spoke with a thick southern accent, frowned at two female African-American maintenance workers who admitted they had stolen typewriters from the federal building. They asked for clemency because they needed money to feed their children. But their plea went unheeded as the stone-faced judge declared loudly, "five years in prison." Next, an African-American man, who also admitted the theft of merchandise from the federal building, pled for clemency. He presented a long skit about how the "devil made me do it." The judge's pale face turned a rosy red and his stern look changed first to a smile and then to roaring laughter. Out of the judge's mouth came a sentence of clemency: "Probation!"

With a law degree in hand and a declining interest in following the big bucks in the oil and gas industry, Calamia followed his heart. He recalled the experience he had with a policeman acting the part of officer, judge and jury. There were the confessions ex-

tracted from South El Paso youth. There was the fatal shooting of a fleeing prisoner in Monterrey, Mexico. And so the Calamias returned to El Paso. In October 1949, Joe began a law practice with fellow SMU law school graduate, Wellington Y. Chew, in the downtown Caples Building. Geraldine handled the paperwork and other law office support.¹⁰