

Oral History of Dean Katherine Shelton Broderick First Interview

This interview is being conducted on behalf of the Oral History Project of The Historical Society of the District of Columbia Circuit. The interviewer is Robert Gross, and the interviewee is Dean Katherine Shelton (“Shelley”) Broderick. The interview took place at Dean Broderick’s home in the District of Columbia on Monday September 19, 2016. This is the first interview.

Mr. Gross: Shelley, what is your full name? Let’s start there.

Ms. Broderick: My name is Katherine Shelton Broderick.

Mr. Gross: Shelton. Is that named after anybody?

Ms. Broderick: I’m named after my great- great-grandfather on my mother’s side, someone who fought for the South in the Civil War, finely enough.

Mr. Gross: What year were you born, and where?

Ms. Broderick: I was born November 21, 1951 in Portland, Maine, at Mercy Hospital, which was the Catholic hospital.

Mr. Gross: You said you have some Southern side of your family, but were both your parents born there? How did you get there?

Ms. Broderick: It’s actually an interesting story. Both of my parents were half-Irish and half-English. Both of them split between the high-rent district and the low-rent district. For example, my father grew up in Boston with a father who had a 5th grade education, was entirely self-taught, a voracious reader, and he owned a trucking company and made lots of money in the trucking moving business in Boston, and he married up. He married Alice Bell, who was what was called Lace Curtain Irish, from an educated family. My grandfather worked and did the cooking, and my grandmother had a fur coat, and I guess, more or less

raised the kids, although my father would have said his father ruled the roost with an iron fist.

And then on my mother's side, my grandfather, William Butler Flynn, was the first in the family to be educated. He went to Boston College and didn't get along at all with his father, so he left and became a reporter in St. Louis, and ultimately made his way south and southwest, and ultimately became a wild cat oilman and made a lot of money as a wildcatter. Made and lost lots of money. Unfortunately right before he died in a car crash in his 40s, he had lost it all, but they lived very well. My mother went to Catholic boarding school, and in the 1920s was allowed to fly home on a plane. She was the best student who ever went to that school, according to her, by some measure in her later years. She said that it was because she was so badly behaved, she was constantly in detention and had nothing else to do but study. Her mother was the classy one, Catherine Heard Flynn. Shelton Heard was my great-grandfather was a federal court judge in Texas.

The family was mostly from Mississippi. Shannon Station, Mississippi. My younger brother is John Shannon Broderick. Catherine Heard, my grandmother, was college educated, as was her mother, unusually enough. She married what they called Bogged-Trotten Mick from Boston. So we had the lace curtain and the Bogged-Trotten in our family. Well represented on both sides. Actually, my grandmother was English, and, again, quite the aristocrat. Her grandmother, Ida Shelton, was raised by President Polk. Her parents died

when she was young, and she was raised by the people in the adjoining plantation in Tennessee. So it's a very mixed bag.

So daddy went to Notre Dame, played football at Notre Dame. He was injured his freshman year, but did play football in the early 1930s. My mother went to Radcliffe. She was put on a train at the age of 16 and spent three days getting to Boston, and she went to college in Boston, and mother and daddy met at a picnic, and that was all she wrote. So daddy got a job with DuPont and ultimately with General Motors and moved to Maine, which is where the whole family fell in love with Maine. Two of us, the youngest two kids in the family, were born in Maine.

Mr. Gross: Was there a General Motors plant in Maine?

Ms. Broderick: Daddy was in charge of sales for Chevrolet trucks from Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont.

Mr. Gross: You were born in Maine. You mentioned you have a younger brother. Are there other siblings, and how many?

Ms. Broderick: There were four of us. Anne Bell Broderick Zill is ten years older, and after thirty years inside the Beltway and raising her children here, came here originally as a Nader's Raider and stayed and did wonderful things, she now lives back in Maine and runs a little museum in Portland. The next was five years younger. The prince was born after the princess, my sister. The prince, Peter, was born, and he was born in Boston. Peter was a retired Captain in the Army. When he was 22, he was very badly wounded in Vietnam and spent a lot of time in and out of the hospital recovering from stepping on a landmine in

1969, when I was a senior in high school. He married and had three fabulous children, and he died five years ago, unfortunately, heartbreakingly, of cancer at the age of 63. And then five years after Peter came me, Katherine Shelton Broderick, and 13 months younger, we had the miracle, not the mistake, John Shannon Broderick, as the Irish say.

Mr. Gross: The miracle, not the mistake.

Ms. Broderick: You notice three children, five year plan between each one, and then oops.

Mr. Gross: What was it like growing up in Portland and in Maine?

Ms. Broderick: I grew up in a little town, a little lobster fishing village, called South Freeport, 18 miles north of Portland along the water. It's breathtakingly beautiful. I had a blissfully happy childhood swimming and sailing and skiing and sledding and building forts in the woods and playing baseball. I just had a blast. I loved it.

Mr. Gross: Where did you go to school? Was it Catholic schooling all through?

Ms. Broderick: Apparently you haven't been to Maine where everyone except for some Somalian refugees is Congregationalist, WASP, English, and we were the exotic minority. We were Catholic. So I went to public schools. I demanded to go to school when I was 5, and the public schools wouldn't take me because I was too young. So my mother put me in private school in Portland where my sister went to high school, Waynflete Academy. Just for first grade, and then I went into the public school, a four-room school house, with first and second grade in the same room, third and fourth in the same room. And then I went uptown in 5th grade, moved up to Freeport, which at that time was a thriving megatropolis of 5,000. A shoe factory town, and LL Bean, notably, was there. And of course

now it's huge and fancy and like a giant beautiful shopping mall in old clapboard houses, but then it was just an ugly shoe factory town. I went to 5th grade there, and then I moved over to the junior high school, so I was in different schools 1st, 2nd, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th grades, and I'm not letting you get a word in edgewise. How did we happen to move to Boston?

Mr. Gross: How did we?

Ms. Broderick: My father died in 1960. He had a heart attack when I was a month old, and they gave him six months to live. He lived eight years. He died at 44 of a heart attack. His brother died at 44 of a heart attack a few years later, and the third brother had a heart attack at 45, and my brother, who is the exact physiotype, had a heart attack at 47 or so but is in good shape because they had bypass. The third brother, by the time he came along, they had invented bypass surgery, and he lived into his 70s. Anyway, daddy died in 1960. My mother, whose parents had died and whose brother had died in a freak dynamite explosion on the oil fields, was really alone and left with four kids. She got the best job she could working in the state mental hospital. After all, she was a literature major at Radcliffe, so she was perfectly prepared to do that. Not. She did that for three years. She went to her 25th reunion at Radcliffe and came home – why I remember this, I have no idea – but I remember that she had been to the Fine Arts Museum and the Mona Lisa was on exhibit, and she had also seen a Brach painting, black on black, the beginning of modern art, and thought it was ridiculous, and had met Father Robert Drinan, who was the President of Boston College, somehow at her reunion. He convinced her to go to graduate school,

so my mother announced “I can’t make a living here. We’re going to move to Boston, and I’m going to go to graduate school.” So at the age of 45, she packed us up and moved out of our big old house in Maine into a one-bedroom apartment in Boston.

Mr. Gross: You were how old?

Ms. Broderick: I was 11. I shared a room with her, and one brother had the breakfast nook, and one brother had the foyer. My sister had just graduated from college and living in New York City. She got married that next year.

Mr. Gross: Your sister?

Ms. Broderick: Yes. My sister. My mother never remarried. She went to Boston College graduate school and was first in her class in Urban Planning and graduated in 1965. I should add, I was chatting with Ralph Nader the other day and telling him that – he’s celebrating the 50th anniversary of *Unsafe At Any Speed*, his consumer book – and we had a 1960 Corvair, the very car that that book is written about. My father worked for General Motors, so when he died, they took his company car back. A friend of his helped my mother buy the new cool Corvair, which was not such a good idea, and in fact it broke down, and we didn’t have a car for a while because she wasn’t making money. When she got a job as Director of the Poverty Program in Chelsea, Massachusetts, part of greater Boston, she was able to move us into a three bedroom apartment and buy a car.

Mr. Gross: Did you finish high school in Boston?

Ms. Broderick: I went to 7th grade in a slum school right across the way from where Skollay Square, the slums, had been torn down. So it was brick and rubble as far as the eye could see, literally 50 square blocks of city torn down with a Catholic church sitting in the middle of it that we would walk through the rubble to get to. It was like being in bombed out Berlin or something. It was very strange. I went there for 7th grade, and then they closed that school, the junior high school, and moved us into another Boston public school called the Prince School, so I went to that school for a year. And then we moved to a suburb right across from Boston College, Brighton/Chestnut Hill, on the line, right by the Cardinal's residence. I went to Catholic school. My mother couldn't find a military school to put me in, so an all-girl, private Catholic school was the best she could do, so she sent me to Mt. Alvernia Academy.

Mr. Gross: Did your brothers go to military school?

Ms. Broderick: No. They had to go to Catholic boarding school. That's how badly behaved they were.

Mr. Gross: So by the later years of high school, it sounds like the Vietnam War was going on, and you mentioned that your brother was in Vietnam. Was he drafted?

Ms. Broderick: Both of my brothers were severely dyslexic. They were extremely smart and hated school because they got A over F for everything they ever did. It was incredibly frustrating. Peter got into college, having gone to three different high schools because of moving and various things, and he went into the Army not really, I think, appreciating the likelihood that he would go to Vietnam. He was so smart that he tested into Officers Candidate School and was one of a tiny

number of high school graduates to get through it. He became a 2nd Lieutenant, which is about the last thing you wanted to be in Vietnam. He actually was, after Officers Candidate School, sent out to Monterrey, California, to Ft. Ward. He was the happiest guy in town. He met the woman he would marry, fell in love in California. He made it to First Lieutenant and then got his orders for Vietnam.

Mr. Gross: Do you remember lots of family discussions about Vietnam at the time, or more broadly, was your family a politically oriented or active family?

Ms. Broderick: Deeply Democratic politics. So my mother was at Radcliffe when Jack Kennedy was at Harvard, and she remembered dancing with him. We talked about politics all the time at home, and we were not allowed to watch much television, but we watched the Huntley Brinkley news report every night and followed politics very closely. I remember being forced to listen and watch the debates in 1960, Nixon/Kennedy. I was in 4th grade, and I was the only Democrat in the class.

Mr. Gross: And maybe the only Catholic too.

Ms. Broderick: [Laughter]. Right. So I had to play Kennedy in the class debate, and actually Kennedy got the votes. My class voted for Kennedy. I'm sure their parents were horrified.

Mr. Gross: New England Republicans.

Ms. Broderick: Yes. So we moved to Boston in 1963 in September, and Kennedy was killed the day after my 12th birthday. I got a diary for my 12th birthday, and the very first entry was the assassination of President John Fitzgerald Kennedy. Every

church bell in Boston rang for days. It felt like 24/7. It was not unlike being in Washington, D.C. around 9-11. Every store was closed for days with black crepe paper and photographs of the Kennedy family. We watched non-stop television coverage of it. We drove down to the boarding school where my older brother was to get him. I remember Jack Ruby killed Lee Harvey Oswald that day. We went to get my brother Peter from boarding school so he could be with the family at this terrible time. We talked about politics endlessly.

My mother's office was next door to the Mayor of Chelsea at that time, and she listened to him take bribes routinely, and it scared her. She felt that he was mob-connected and that she was in jeopardy because she wasn't going to keep quiet about that. She was really scared, so she accepted a job in New York City, and in the middle of my sophomore year, moved the two of us to Manhattan where she took a job with HUD Model Cities, perfect for urban planning. So I went to a different Catholic high school in Manhattan, Dominican Academy, which was famous for having an annual bridge team where one wore gloves, white gloves, and a hat and so forth.

Mr. Gross: What was it like moving to all these different places? Were you excited? Because these are neat places to move to on the one hand, on the other hand, it sounds like you're moving every three or four years.

Ms. Broderick: Every five minutes, it felt like. It was a different school every year, so we had to do what we had to do. There wasn't any choice about it. I was heartbroken to leave Maine. I had loads of friends, and I loved it there. There was a magic to it. It was beautiful. It just felt like the best place you can possibly be, and I

was heartbroken to move to Boston. We got to Boston, and I loved Boston. We used to go to museums all the time. The Science Museum just opened, and we went there all the time, and the Gardner, and the Fine Arts Museum. My mother didn't have any money, but we didn't realize that because Boston had the Boston Pops. We lived walking distance from the Charles River. You could walk over to the Esplanade and see the Boston Pops for free all the time. And they'd have the Boston Art Festival, and art, you know, Andy Warhol, the first time I ever saw Andy Warhol, there's the picture of the can of tomato soup. I mean, this is art? Huh, how interesting. It looks like a can of tomato soup to me. But you could walk through the Public Garden and see art, and you could go to the movies in a big-city movie theater. You could go see the Red Sox and sit in the bleachers for very little money. I had all these Irish uncles, and they would take us to play miniature golf and bowling. Big-city life was really fun. Totally different. We had to leave our bikes in Maine, so we didn't have bikes, but we learned how to take the street car. We could take the street car out to Brighton to visit my cousins.

Mr. Gross: The cities kept getting bigger, so Manhattan.

Ms. Broderick: New York City in 1967, it doesn't get better. I saw *Mame*, and *Hello Dolly*, and *Man of La Mancha*, and the ballet. You could go to the ballet on a student ticket for \$2.00, and you could go to the Vivian Beaumont Theater and see these extraordinary, Joseph Papp-produced plays. If you studied French, you'd go see a Moliere play in French. Or you'd go see Shakespeare. You'd go see all kinds of experimental, avant-garde things. Everyone was very bright in my school

and interesting, a lot of talk about politics. Lindsay was the Mayor. I wore a button that said, “Give a Damn,” and I was far and away the most political person I think in my class.

I got very involved with the International Fellowship of Christians and Jews. They did a city-wide initiative in groups of about 40 or so. They brought three kids from a bunch of different high schools on five Tuesdays. So for five Tuesdays, three of us from my private Catholic school, and three kids from Bedford-Stuyvesant High, and three kids of Xavier Military Jesuit School, where Scalia went, which was one of our brother schools. There were two private Catholic boys’ schools that were like our brother schools, so we dated boys from either Regis, who were the nerdy brainiacs, or Xavier, who were the fun guys. I went with both [laughter]. All kinds of anti-war demonstrations and civil rights activities were happening in New York.

Mr. Gross: You were there in 1968, and New York City didn’t have a major riot like the place you would come to a year later.

Ms. Broderick: 1967, 1968, 1969 were incredibly vibrant times in the civil rights movement.

Mr. Gross: Was that your first exposure to activism in New York City as a high school student?

Ms. Broderick: I was in Boston when Louise Day Hicks – Jonathan Kozol wrote a book I’m not certain of the pronunciation actually, called *Death in Early Age* about the Boston public school system, and I was there then. My 7th grade teacher, Mr. O’Neill, used to have the two black guys in the class, Jimmy Bone and Johnny Walker, stand and march to the back of the classroom and face the wall

from time to time, and he would peg erasers at them from time to time. And I couldn't understand this seemingly inappropriate behavior. Everything was different in the city. In Maine you had a 50-acre playground. In Boston, the alley on the side of the school was the girls' playground, and the alley behind the school was the boys' playground. You didn't get to play with the other sex, and it was in an alley. Everything was different, so it didn't see right, but I didn't understand it. So I told my mother, and the very next day – I will never forget as long as I live – my mother, who was 5' 2" and under 100 pounds, unlike me in any way, and always had perfectly coiffed hair and earrings and high heels. I remember putting me on a bench in the hall outside the principal's office, and I remember those heels click click clicking down the hall to knock on the principal's door, and find out what was going on in the 7th grade classroom with Mr. O'Neill and these two kids. Mr. O'Neill was fired. So they moved the 7th grade in with the 8th grade because they couldn't get another 7th grade teacher to come to the slum school. The 8th grade teacher was very angry at this turn of events, and so she made us do gigantic long division problems all day, every day. You know, 5,725,395,241 divided into whatever, and check your work.

Mr. Gross: You're sending a great message about when a parent complains about a rightful abuse of teacher, this is the payback, right?

Ms. Broderick: Or something. The Christmas party we had, one vanilla wafer and a little Dixie cup, and we had to sit in silence at our desk, and that was the party. We read two books in 7th grade. We read *Evangeline*, which I believe includes by the

shores of Gitche Gumee, and we read *Johnny Tremain*. The latter, I loved [laughter]. I had the same history book in 6th, 7th, and 8th grade in three different schools. My education was checkered, to say the least. We had sewing in 7th grade, and we had these ancient sewing machines that had a foot pedal that you had to operate to get it going. Sewing kept me off the honor roll [laughter]. I made an apron, but I never made the other things. The teacher finally finished my apron the last class. When I presented it to my mother, she was no doubt delighted that this tacky apron made out of I'm sure quite flammable material wasn't anything that occurred naturally. I know that.

Mr. Gross: So your career as a seamstress was nipped in the bud early. You're in high school, and you do go to college, which makes sense given that both your parents were college educated, and you came down to American University. Why there, and what was that experience like? You haven't left since, so that's a significant life decision it turns out in retrospect.

Ms. Broderick: That's for sure. I knew that my mother was going to move back to Boston. I would have bet a lot of money that she would move back to Boston. She really loved Boston. She was living in New York City, so that ruled those two cities out for college. That kind of left Washington in my Northeast Corridor thinking. My older sister, who was my hero, was married, and she and her husband were Nader Raiders in Washington and they had these adorable little ones. They had twins who were born in 1964. So they were 5 years old, and Arianna was 2 years old. So I moved down to Washington. I had never heard of any of the schools except Georgetown, which was Catholic, so that ruled that

out. American had the nicest campus, and so I chose American, and I went to American.

Mr. Gross: What did you study? Did you know what you wanted to study when you got there?

Ms. Broderick: In high school I thought I might become a lawyer. I started off as a political science major, and I was a sociology major and a communications major, and ultimately a psychology major. I worked my way through college. I was really lucky. I was a teaching assistant every year from sophomore year on, every semester of every year, and sometimes for two courses. I designed a course called *Phanatimemesis*, which was about the psychology of death. Believe me, it was more remunerative than working in the cafeteria at school. I had to work, and I was paying my own way. My mother took me into her bedroom and showed me the box, and she said this is where your student loans are. I have to sign them because you're 17 and you have to be 18 to be able to legally incur debt, but these are your loans, and next year they'll be yours. It was clear on who was paying these debts. I had a grand time freshman year discovering every anti-war demonstration, pot smoking, and all of the amazing activities that went on around Kent State. My freshman year was when we shut the school down. I got every grade from A to F. I had grades I had never seen in my life. And then sophomore year I had straight A's both semesters, and I had only one or two B's ever again in college. So it was pretty easy and a lot of fun, but I also always had a serious side. I worked on the school hotline, the midnight to

4:00 a.m. shift, which was a lot of bad drug trip calls, suicide concerns, and things like that. I interned at Lorton prison as a psychology major.

Mr. Gross: Where was Lorton prison?

Ms. Broderick: Lorton prison was the District of Columbia's prison, and it was in Lorton, Virginia. I didn't intern there. I interned at the Euclid Street halfway house for inmates within six months of release, but I had classmates who were interning at Lorton and it sounded fascinating. They hated it. They were terrified. They didn't want to go. It sounded fascinating to me. The teacher worked at Lorton prison, and I just wore him out to get me a job. I got a job right after college at Lorton prison. I did group therapy with inmates at Lorton for a year, or not quite a year because I broke my leg in a car accident. I was funded by a grant, but I did good therapy out there and one day a week I was in town helping the families of inmates. When dad goes to prison, oftentimes mom really struggles financially and has a great need to find a way to provide winter clothes for the kids and so forth. So I helped with family services for the families of guys locked up at Lorton.

Mr. Gross: At this point, are you thinking that's a career for you? It's sort of on the therapy side, or did this actually expose you more to how legal and law can help solve these problems? I'm curious what happened next in terms of your thinking.

Ms. Broderick: See, you could do direct examination very effectively. I loved psychology. I studied a lot of behavioral psychology, and I found it very, very interesting intellectually. My natural predilection would have been to major in history or English literature because I loved reading history and literature, always have

from a young kid. But I was pragmatic. Why am I going to pay someone to have me take classes on stuff I'm going to learn on my own anyway? I'm going to take classes in things that I wouldn't otherwise do. So that led me to psychology, and I really liked it. But working at Lorton prison as a 21-year-old white girl, college-educated, and unbelievably fortunate in life, I didn't feel like I was making a valuable contribution. As much as I cared and wanted to, I did not think I was benefiting. I helped a guy get his poetry published and helped families, but it just didn't seem like the right path for me. I was outraged by the waste of human beings. There were countless men locked up for something they did when they were very, very young and just kind of thrown away. They had tailoring classes. None of these guys wanted to be tailors. They had cars to work on being a car mechanic. All the cars were really old, and none of the guys were going to work on those kinds of cars. It was a waste, a terrible waste, of these guys who were lovely for the most part. It made me start thinking about it.

After the car crash, there was no public transportation – I had had my first car, a 1965 Plymouth Valiant with 3 on the tree and jaguar floor mats that my older brother Peter gave me. But I couldn't drive it there because my right leg was in a cast for four months. So I got another job at Big Brothers of the National Capital Area. I was in charge of case work, and I wrote lots of grants, and I also paired lots of men with boys. I went around to military installations and talked to guys about being a role model for young boys who didn't have dads. It was something I knew a lot about having grown up without a father for the most part

and knowing that that would have been very helpful for my brothers. So I did that. Then one day my friend Steve Jones, he was studying for the LSAT, and for some reason he was doing that at my dining room table, and he looked up at me and he said, “You were put on this earth to be a lawyer.” And I said, “What?” He said, “No, you were put on this earth to be a lawyer. You know that, right?” I got a bunch of applications to law school and went to law school.

Mr. Gross: When you were at the prison or working with inmates or in the Big Brother program, did you encounter lawyers? Did you see lawyers in action, or did you not see lawyers in action and wondered why?

Ms. Broderick: I never knew any lawyers. In college, I took a course called Film and Revolution. I actually can say that I went to college in the 1960s because I went in September of 1969 as a freshman, so I was there for a semester of the 1960s, but the 1960s that you hear so much about really happened in the 1970s. I took a course called Film and Revolution, and the TA was an older guy with a really cute pony tail, a black pony tail. David Paglin was his name, and David used to come to parties. I lived in a big group house, and David used to come to our parties and he brought this older nerdy guy called Allen Nuda who kind of looked like, he had grown up men’s shoes on, a suit, and a boring tie and nerdy glasses. But he was really smart and interesting, and I got to be friends with Allen. He was a big inspiration also for me to go to law school. He gave me a biography on Justice Brandeis, and he gave me a biography of Felix Frankfurter, and he also gave me a wonderful album, *Parkening Plays Bach*, one of my favorite albums to this day. Of course I now have it in other formats.

Allen was a lawyer, so he was this one guy who would talk about his cases, and that really interested me. I had a much older boyfriend. I had a boyfriend who was a physiological psychologist at NIH, 17 years my senior, Jewish and twice divorced. This guy was every mother's dream come true for the Irish Catholic lass. We probably never would have gone out, but we went on a picnic in the Catoctin Mountains and had a car wreck and broke our legs so we kind of convalesced together. He was an experimental psychologist and had a very interesting set of friends doing important and interesting things and it just kind of helped me to kick in gear to think about the next step and to really think through what I wanted to do, and I decided to go to law school.

Mr. Gross: You went to Georgetown?

Ms. Broderick: I did. At night.

Mr. Gross: At night? So you were still working?

Ms. Broderick: I was going to go to Fordham because Fordham offered me a lot of money. They showed me some love. But I had a boyfriend here in Washington.

Mr. Gross: You were prepared to break your no-New York City and no Catholic school rule.

Ms. Broderick: That's right. I decided to go to Georgetown kind of at the last minute, and I went at night. It was way more expensive than Fordham, but I had given up my job at Big Brothers because I was going to go to New York, but then at the last minute, I decided to go to Georgetown. I worked at the law library. I used to make people give me limericks before I would give back their IDs. I remember being there working in the law library when Justice Douglas died. So I went to

law school at night, and I worked, and I hated it. Absolutely hated it. I was heartbroken. I was so disappointed. I thought it was going to be about civil rights. I had no idea that it was going to be about contracts and property and business, things I had no interest in at all. None. I liked my classmates. They were interesting and eclectic, but I really wasn't interested in the subject matter. Through a classmate who worked for Tip O'Neill, I got a chance to work on the Alaska Pipeline in 1976, the summer after my first year of law school, as a teamster in Prudhoe Bay, which is up on the Arctic Ocean, up at the top of the pipeline. I got two friends, two guys, to go with me. I worked as a teamster, I drove a forklift and worked in a warehouse, mostly I worked in the warehouse. Occasionally I got to drive the forklift. In Prudhoe Bay, there were 5 women and 395 men. We were arranged in three camps, Happy Horse, Crazy Horse, and Dead Horse, and I lived in Crazy Horse. I worked in a warehouse 7 days a week, 12 hours a day for the summer, and I made \$10,000. So I switched to the day program. I was never going to make four years at night, and I took 19 credits and graduated in three years.

Mr. Gross: I'm so interested about this teamster job. That's so fascinating. What were the people like up there? What were the men like? Did you interact with them? It's interesting the different kinds of people you're surrounding yourself with is what I'm noticing.

Ms. Broderick: There was barely anybody there for the summer. I was very comfortable. They were what we would term blue-collar guys. I grew up in a town that was full of blue-collar guys. A lot of my family is blue collar in Boston, working for the

moving company and stuff. Some very well-educated, some not so well-educated. My cousins I always say are cops and robbers. Enough said about that. They were working guys. They were pipefitters and carpenters and iron workers. My mother was horrified. At first she was pretty taken aback when I went to law school. I really didn't even tell her. When I thought I was going to go to New York, I sent her a postcard from the Kennedy Center saying the next time you hear from me, I'll be living in New York because I'm going to go to Fordham Law School. I don't know why I was so independent, I was just very independent. And then I went to Georgetown, and I had a week off so I borrowed somebody's car, I forget whose, and drove to Boston and spent a week with my mother right before I started law school. I remember at mass on Sunday she introduced me to one of her friends and, "Shelley's about Georgetown Law School," and her friend said, "How unfeminine." My mother hated the idea of my going to work on the pipeline. She thought that was very dangerous. My brother had hated the idea of my working at Lorton Prison. He had borrowed my car one time. He drove out with me and was just horrified. There were criminals working around, and she's in jeopardy. My mother really, really was scared about my going to the pipeline, and I promised to write her every day, and actually, when she died, I got this giant stack of letters, and I did send her a postcard every single day from Prudhoe Bay, usually saying what I had eaten for dinner. The teamster contract called for \$25 per meal, per teamster, so I bulked up a little bit and gained 13 pounds. There's a picture of me jumping rope trying to work off all that. A lot of the guys didn't have

discerning palates, so I remember the chef went on R&R and came back with fresh herbs just for Shelley. I was so excited. He would make these delicious homemade rolls infused with various herbs. I remember being on the plane, and we had to take a jet to Prudhoe Bay because you have to go over the Brooks Range which is 90 miles south of Prudhoe Bay, which is a giant mountain range and yet you land on a dirt airstrip, Dead Horse Airport, and on the tundra. I was in a plane, I was the only woman on the plane, and all the guys were coming back from R&R and they were dead drunk and pretty scary to this 23-year-old law student. When you filled out the application, it had a place for education, 8th grade, 12th grade, other. Something like that.

Most of the guys were from Texas where they have oil fields, and they were very entrepreneurial. The iron workers would sell you a piece of the pipeline carved out into the shape of the state of Alaska with a pipeline on it, and I kept thinking, 'Oh wow, when they have leaks that are in the exact shape of the state of Alaska.' This is the pipe for the pipeline. They did a lot of drugs. A lot of guys, you'd take this bus to the warehouse, and it'd be all guys bundled up in their winter clothes and hats and stuff, going across the tundra, the dirt roads were dikes across the tundra. And the guys would all be smoking pot, guys would come beg me, if I am having a party in my room tonight, so-and-so is going to play guitar, we've got a lot of good music, and if you come, everybody will come. I've got speed, so you can wake up for the 12-hour day tomorrow. That's okay. No thank you. I'm good. One night two ironworkers ripped the door off my room, but they were so drunk they fell down laughing in the hall

and eventually went away. My roommate took tricks to make extra money. She was up there to make money, and she took tricks. She had a CB base station in our room, and her brother was a long-haul driver, and he would come up with supplies, up the 17-hour drive, and liquor, and she would sell liquor out of our room and take tricks, and I would take walks. Long walks. There were some very interesting characters, and some less savory than others. I had my brother's military duffle bag full of books, and so there were a few guys who'd come to borrow books all the time. It was very, very interesting.

Mr. Gross: So then at this point you get back, and then it took three years until you finished.

Ms. Broderick: After that, I had two more years of law school.

Mr. Gross: Switching to the day school, you didn't like your classes it seemed. Did you continue to stay active in extra-curricular activities?

Ms. Broderick: I had worked for two years. A vast majority of my classmates were right out of college, and so I was a little bit older and I had a group house, and now I had money because I made money on the pipeline, so I used to have dinner parties and cook all the time. I could afford to get *The New Yorker* and *Gourmet* magazine and *The Atlantic* and *Rolling Stone*. I went to hear music all the time, that was probably the thing I did most. I loved and love music, so I was always going to hear some kind of music somewhere, and I always was a voracious reader. The day of final exams I'd go directly to Saddle bookstore in Georgetown and buy books and read. My third year of law school I did a 12-credit Criminal Defense Clinic, so I was in court all day every day.

Mr. Gross: Did you elect to do that and why?

Ms. Broderick: My freshman year, my first year of law school, I was driving home from Contracts class and I was pulled over for making an illegal right-hand turn on a ramp. The officer conducted a Wales check and learned that I had 12 unpaid parking tickets. He said, "You're going to jail. You're in a lot of trouble, you're going to jail." I eventually negotiated the opportunity to drop my car off in front of my house a few blocks away. I had this old Volvo, and he said okay, but don't try to run. Apparently he'd never driven a Volvo. It's not a fast car. I drove to my house. By the time I got to my house, there was a police car parked one way going the wrong way in front of my house, one in the alley with the lights going. My neighbors thought I was Patty Hearst. I was put in the back of a paddy wagon and taken to the 2nd District police headquarters where I was taken into the restroom and strip-searched. I was then put in a cell. I was given a telephone call and reached my 10-year-old niece. The twin 10-year-olds were fighting. Their mom wasn't home, she was at a meeting of Women's Campaign Funds with the wives of not one but two of my first-year law professors. When she passed around the famous note, "Please give me all the cash that you have. I have to bail my sister Shelley out of jail." So I was famous the next day. It was widely known that I had been arrested and taken to jail for unpaid tickets.

Mr. Gross: You were famous at the law school.

Ms. Broderick: Oh yeah, famous at the law school. I was taken in a paddy wagon to the Women's Detention Center on North Capitol Street where I was locked up with

19 other women, none of whom were in for parking tickets. I was strip-searched again and made to take a shower with 19 people watching. I was sexually assaulted that night by the woman in the next cot who rolled into my cot and grabbed me by the breast and said, “We can have a really good time tonight.” And I elbowed her hard and grabbed my little blanket and wrapped it around me and sort of sat huddled up on my cot until my sister – they called me at about 3:30 in the morning and she got me out. But I was strip-searched twice for traffic tickets. A friend of my sister’s, named Fritz Cohen, owned the Tabard Inn, and Fritz was and is a political activist and called me to say, “The ACLU is looking for plaintiffs because they want to end the practice of strip-searching for traffic cases.” I was embarrassed. I felt that I had done wrong. And she finally would just not take no for an answer and I went down and I met with Ralph Temple, who was head of the ACLU then, and Ralph made me feel like a soldier with a cause. The government overstepped the boundaries of what is right and reasonable. Strip-searching law students or anyone for parking ticket violations is not okay. I was a plaintiff in a federal case my first year, and they ended the practice of strip-searching for traffic tickets. Being locked up in a cell, and my experience at Lorton, and my brothers had gotten into trouble from time to time, I decided I wanted to be a criminal defense lawyer.

Mr. Gross: What kinds of cases were you working on as a 3L as a clinical? Anything you remember that stands out?

Ms. Broderick: As you can see I remember everything. I remember many of my clients. I represented a lot of people charged with soliciting prostitution. I represented a

man named Lawrence Schoolboy Brown who arrived in my office wearing a fur coat with two women who appeared to be street walkers. He was their pimp, and he had other pending cases. I represented a woman named Alicia Washington, I think that was her name, and she was on parole for manslaughter, and Dave Clarke had represented her in the manslaughter case. She got picked up, she was an alcoholic, and she got locked up on a misdemeanor but they wanted to revoke her parole, and her lawyer wasn't available, and I convinced the judge to let her out. I did a lot of research, and what I needed to do was get her into the in-patient program detox and then the in-patient alcohol treatment program at St. Elizabeth's, and if she completed that, they were a lot more likely to let her remain on parole. But first she needed clothes, and I took her to the Calvert Street Baptist Church at 8th Street, which had a women's shelter and clothes for folks and got her some clothes. I drove her out to St. Elizabeth's three or four times, and she would either get drunk before we went and they wouldn't let her in because she was drunk and couldn't make the decision or she would refuse to go because she wasn't drunk. So I had a whole lot of different kinds of cases. I represented a guy at Lorton who was trying to get out. I represented somebody with jail violations. I loved it. I loved every minute of it. I never wanted to do anything else. I loved appearing in court. I loved investigating cases. I loved my clients, and I was blissfully happy to get anybody out of jail any time. To this day, I have a horror of jail, and I'm so glad the country is finally realizing that we over-incarcerated to such an extreme that the country really is going the other way now, to try to find better ways.

Mr. Gross: You were really doing this right in the kind of upswing of law and order and the wake of the Nixon presidency, in reaction to perceptions of high crime in the 1960s and 1970s, so it was a remarkable time to be doing that.

Ms. Broderick: It really was, and then the crack epidemic and the PCP epidemic. I loved doing that. I loved the public defender swagger and the questioning authority opportunities. I loved it. I just loved it. And I was very fortunate. My dream job was to be a lawyer teaching and trying cases with the Law Students in Court program, and I was told that I was the leading candidate. Georgetown had a graduate LLM program, the E. Barrett Prettyman program, and that would have been the dream program. For two years you try cases and you teach third-year law students in the clinic that I had been in, and I thought that was the greatest job you could ever have. But my boyfriend was running it. This is a different boyfriend.

Mr. Gross: That's a problem.

Ms. Broderick: It certainly was, but that's another story. He was running it and so the closest I thought I could come was Law Students in Court, and at the end of the day, they hired a guy named Jerry Fisher, now a judge on the D.C. Superior Court, and they told me we've never had a girl run a criminal program, which was not against the law at that time. And so I took my second favorite job, which was as a clinical fellow at Antioch Law School, and the rest is history. Literally. June 9, 1979 was my first day, and for eight months I was in the Landlord/Tenant Clinic but then I took over the Criminal Defense Clinic, so I got to do my dream job. And I'm still in my dream job 37 years later.

Mr. Gross: Let's stop it here because it's a good point to end this session.

Oral History of Dean Broderick

This interview is being conducted on behalf of the Oral History Project of The Historical Society of the District of Columbia Circuit. The interviewer is Robert Gross, and the interviewee is Dean Katherine Shelton (“Shelley”) Broderick. The interview took place on Wednesday, September 28, 2016. This is a continuation of the first interview.

Mr. Gross: So in 1979 you go to work at Antioch. How did you learn about the job?

Ms. Broderick: Interestingly, the only time I ever went to the Georgetown Career Services Office, I walked in and I looked through a book that listed a bunch of jobs, and one of them was a Clinical Fellow in a Master’s Degree in Teaching Program at Antioch Law School. So I called the contact person, a woman named Susan Carpenter, and I remember asking the question, “So, what’s it like up there at Antioch anyway? Is it chaos?” I don’t remember what I had heard or read that led me to ask that question, but I remember asking that question, and then she just straight up lied to me and said, “No, no, not at all.” So she invited me for an interview. We had a very long conversation, and she told me about this fabulous, progressive law school.

Mr. Gross: Had you heard of it? Had you met people, maybe when you were doing criminal defense work or something?

Ms. Broderick: I had. I had met Steve Milliken. He had gone to Harvard and then to Antioch Law School and then was going to be a Prettyman Fellow at Georgetown, and I met him during the bar review course which took place at Georgetown, and he was going to go into this program that I would love to have gone into that my boyfriend was running. He was a sort of straight New Englander guy with long hair, as everyone had then. He must have talked about it, and I remember

newspaper articles, but it was different. I knew that it was pass/fail and they had clinics all three years, and somehow I had this impression they were always demonstrating and things like that. So I remember agonizing over what to wear to my interview, because you want to be kind of hip and cool on the one hand, but you want to be lawyerly and law professorily, and what does that look like exactly? I didn't have a lot of clothes because I was on my own and certainly wasn't wasting money buying suits unless I had to. I remember what I wore. I wore a corduroy skirt and a beautiful blue shirt that had wooded buttons, so it was kind of cool in a subtle way. I parked in the 'hood, because Antioch was in this mansion on 16th Street, but right behind it was a high-crime area, as they say in D.C. I parked in a fairly sketchy area, and I remember thinking well, I'll be back in an hour if this really goes well.

The interview in fact lasted all day long because the Antioch way involved interviewing with everyone in the community so I had 20- or 30-minute interviews with countless faculty members, but also with students and with staff members and with other fellows. Finally at about 6:00 in the evening – the interview started at 10:00 in the morning – at 6:00 in the evening, a big, tall white man with flowing white hair in a business suit – he kind of looked like a judge, and it turned out that he had been a judge in Arizona, but he was a member of the faculty. He came in and said, “Well, Ms. Broderick, you look like you could use a drink.” And I thought, ‘what a wonderful idea.’ He said, “Sherry?” And I think my face may have dropped. “Or scotch?” My face may have lifted. And he said, “Come with me.” Next thing I know, we got into an

elevator and went up to his apartment. He had an apartment in the law school somehow. It was a mansion. It was an H.H. Richardson mansion. So we walk into his apartment. He pours me a water glass full of scotch, launches into a long diatribe, and I remember he came around at some point to say to me, “I’ll bet you have a strong mother.” And I guess I told him about my mother, and then I remember – his name was Ed Morgan, he had ended the death penalty in Arizona, he was a great activist lawyer, and had been a judge – and he said to me, “Wow, I think you’re great. Too bad we just hired another Irish Catholic girl.” “Well, I have to go,” and he handed me a book called *Beautiful Swimmers*, which is about crustaceans in the Chesapeake and he raved about it and said, “You must read this book. You will love this book.” And he left [laughter].

I found myself sitting with a giant scotch in one hand and a book about crustaceans in the other hand, sitting in this man’s apartment in the law school thinking ‘I wonder what happens next.’ Is this some kind of test, I thought. What’s the right thing to do? As I was ruminating there for a moment, there was a knock on the door, and Susan Carpenter, my shepherd, came in full of apologies. “Oh I’m so sorry, you’ve been Ed Morgan-ed. Come with me.” She told me that everyone liked me, and she thought that I would be receiving an offer to join the Landlord/Tenant Clinic.

I, of course, had never been in Landlord/Tenant Clinic in my entire life, and I knew absolutely nothing about it. I was asked to have lunch with Professor Ed Allen, who ran the Housing and Consumer Law Clinic. My next

step was to have lunch with Ed Allen, and we talked a lot about his life, which involved being against the war and going to Vietnam as kind of a reporter or something, and his father was a life-long military colonel, I think. He had gone to Mt. Herman and Amherst and then Georgetown Law School and had been a Legal Aid lawyer and now ran this clinic. He was about to fly to Portugal and sail back. This is again 1979, before cell phones and any way to touch base at all, and he needed someone to take over. He said to me, “Well, I really want to hire somebody with experience.” And I leaned in and said, “Ed, if you can get somebody with experience, then you should do that. But if you’re going to hire a rookie, I’m your gal. I will work like a dog. I will leave no stone unturned. I will do everything in my power, which is considerable, to represent our clients and teach our students.” Ed being Ed agonized for days. This is a man who in the ensuing 37 years – he just retired – used to abstain at faculty votes all the time. “On the one hand, but on the other hand,” he just agonized over hiring me, and as he often says to people, I hired her notwithstanding the fact she was wholly unqualified [laughter]. So I got the job, and I started, as I said, June 9, 1979. Jean and Edgar Cahn interviewed me. They were the founding parents of the law school. Jean said, “We’re going to put you on the Admissions Committee, and your job is to get in 150 of the worst trouble makers you can find who want to make social change.” I just could not believe how lucky I got. And I feel that way to this day.

Mr. Gross: That’s amazing. Were you close, then, with the Cahns throughout their time at Antioch?

Ms. Broderick: I got there June 9. They were fired in December. I wasn't particularly close. The clinical fellows took classes on how to be a clinical law professor, and Jean taught some of those classes, so I remember their sons, Johnathan and Reuben, bursting in to borrow the car keys or money. It was a little chaotic. You never knew exactly what would be on the agenda. One class we took involved the Lumpenproletariat and it was taught by Richard Rubenstein, who's a Marxist. I took bets on whether or not I could distract him during the entire two-hour class period, and I never failed. I never failed. There's a lot of meat in Lumpenproletariat.

Mr. Gross: I bet there is.

Ms. Broderick: We had Russell Cort, who ran the program and was not a lawyer. He was a psychologist, but he had developed the 6 competencies and the 52 sub-competencies. What goes into oral advocacy competency? Well there are 8 sub-parts, so you need to have an organization, you need to have good grammar, you need to have eye contact, all of the components that go into good oral advocacy. So I learned a lot about that. I learned how to develop, and did develop, the first manual ever. It was in use in the clinic for 20 years, where we captured the rules of the road and sample materials that they would need and tried to professionalize the clinical program. I was in court five days a week that whole summer and the next. From then on, every day, all day in court, and I did nothing but read and breathe cases and work like a dog, nights and weekends, to be ready to teach the class. Ed said, "I want you to go down to court and just sit in court and soak it in for a day or two." And I thought what a

good idea, so I did that. I remember they kept talking about we're going to put that in the CPR, or something like that. Whatever it was, I kept thinking that this was a court order to stay away. Why are they doing that? Really what it was, was some other acronym that had to do with where you could put your rent in an account in the court. You don't want to give it to the landlord because he or she isn't making the repairs. You want to give it to the court, and the court will decide when and if the landlord will get these funds during the course and after the lawsuit. So I was that clueless. I had no idea. Civil Protection Order, CPO? I kept thinking what are these CPOs? These landlords in D.C. must be very dangerous. I just was ignorant.

Mr. Gross: Did you feel like your background in criminal law defense helped at all?

Ms. Broderick: What I told Ed Allen was I had made it my business during my last year of law school to be in court every day. I know the judges, I know my way around the courthouse, I know the motions, I know where to go to get things done, and I'm not afraid to ask. I will find out what I need to find out and make it happen. And I have to say, there was no doubt in my mind. I was foolishly fearless. I didn't know what I didn't know. I had no idea. The first trial I ever had I was the supervising attorney. The blind leading the blind. I may have forgotten to introduce the evidence into the record, which fortunately the judge, who was Peter Wolf, who turned out to be my neighbor years later, kindly allowed that I should probably do that. It was a case in which we won. We did win the trial, and we won \$100. It was in October of 1979. I stayed up all night preparing for this trial with my student, and I had tickets to the first World Series game

with the Orioles against the Pirates in 1979, and it snowed. The first game was snowed out. In October. And so after this trial, they were going to have the first game, and I had tickets, and I was so exhausted, having been up all night. It was freezing cold, it might be snowed out again. I was taking my friend's 12-year-old kid so I had to go. I loved it. The Orioles won. It was a thrilling day all the way around.

Mr. Gross: Let's get back to you enter in 1979, and the Cahns were then fired. It was an interesting time, a critical moment in the history of that institution. Did it feel chaotic? From the perspective of a faculty member and the students and the clinic, did everything seem normal, the day-to-day operations at the end of the day?

Ms. Broderick: It was wonderful. It was absolutely wonderful. It was a group of hard-charging activists who wanted to train social justice lawyers. People just cared so deeply, the faculty and the students. I loved the students. I thought they were fabulous. I did not find my true people at Georgetown at all. My classmates seemed to me to be very privileged and not my true people, I guess is the best way to say it. Not that I didn't have friends and get along well with people and so forth, but when I got to Antioch, I found my true people. This is my tribe. And I was that Catholic. I had never been to California, I had never been to Europe. I had been kind of working my way along. But I just loved it. I loved the work. And after work, we would all go drink beer and talk about the cases endlessly and talk about the judges and talk about the other lawyers and learn from each other. It was heaven.

Mr. Gross: What were the kind of students that you had? Were they all over the place?
Was there a typical Antioch student at the time?

Ms. Broderick: They tended to be a little older. Many of them were older than me. I would say that the vast majority of them were older than me. They had lives. They had been out in the trenches, on the battlefields of the social justice movement, so they were fighting against the death penalty, and they wanted to change the juvenile court. One of the students in my clinic used to miss class all the time because he was trying to get this person, his last name was Brutus, he was the poet laureate of South Africa, he was trying to get him out of jail and succeeded during the semester in which he was supposed to be going to court with me. He managed to free him from Washington, D.C. Everybody was involved and engaged in things.

You didn't go to Antioch thinking you were going to climb the corporate ladder. You went to Antioch to learn how to be an advocate for justice and to put your shoulder to the wheel literally of ending poverty and inequality. It was an incredible group of passionate, smart people who wanted things to be different.

In the early years of Antioch, graduations went on for hours because, of course, everyone was empowered to speak and they'd have what was called the Daisy Chain, and each graduate would have a diploma and then speak and then hand it on to the next person, and the next person would stand up and say, "When I was 14, the sheriff broke down the door of my mother's house and took her to jail for failure to pay in Arizona and it was because she was

Mexican-American, and I'm going to change the world in this way and that way." Person after person after person, fired up and anxious to get out into the real world and make a difference. And it sounds hackneyed and clichéd, but it just was like that. And it was a lot of fun. It's a lot of fun to be with kindred spirits. Some of the students were brilliant, some were weak. Pretty much like my cohort at Georgetown. Very similar, but scruffier, for sure. Much scruffier and older.

Mr. Gross: How long then did you work in the Landlord/Tenant Clinic?

Ms. Broderick: Eight months. I started in June and got through the summer and fall semesters, and then in January, a tragic thing happened. The person who was running the Misdemeanor Clinic was raped. She was really traumatized and actually quit. I think it was the first couple of weeks of January, and I was the only person there who had any interest and knowledge and capacity to do this. So at whatever I was, 26 or 27, I was now the Director of the Criminal Defense Clinic. I think it was called the Adult Misdemeanor Clinic. The very next day I had to go to court, and I didn't have any files because the students had been given the files to go read their files, so I didn't know anything about the case. I had to show up in court, and I showed up in court the very first day, and the student arrived just at 9:02, and our case was called, and he was wearing a blue denim leisure suit. The judge was one of the many old crusty Irish judges who used to be down there, and he just became apoplectic and summoned us to the bench and reamed the student out for his attire. So I had to have this delicate conversation. This was a man who was African-American, older than me by a few years, and

shocked and appalled by the judge's outrageous racism. I had to have that conversation about it isn't about you, it's about your client, and when you're appearing on behalf of your client, you don't want the judge really angry with you because that is not going to go well for your client. I don't care what you wear, but in court, you have to dress in a way that does not set the judge against you. I believe this outfit wouldn't pass muster for anyone. I don't think it's just a black/white thing. I think his view is that this outfit is too casual.

So we had to go back to court. The judge continued the case for us to come back in two days. Silly me, I thought the message had been received. He turned up in a pink leisure suit. The judge literally was purple with steam coming out of his ears. He summoned us to the bench again, "I thought I told you," and the student was truly shocked. "But my mother made this suit, Your Honor." "I don't care if God Almighty made that suit. You will not dress like that in my courtroom." We got continued again, and that's when I had to put a rule in I need to see the outfit the night before we go to court. You need to bring the suit in, and we're going to make sure we're on the same page about what you're allowed to wear to court.

I have a student from that same time period, a woman who wore a pantsuit to court, and I told her you can't do that. I couldn't care less what you wear, but these old judges are old school. They're offended by the fact that women are in court at all. And women wearing pants, not acceptable. And once again, it's about your client. It's not about your views of fashion or your political statement. It's not about that. Your client has to come first.

Mr. Gross: Did you feel that being a woman and being so young worked against you in these kinds of settings?

Ms. Broderick: It took me some time to learn how to have a steady hand on the tiller. I think I made every mistake you can make. I tried to be one of the gang and used all the colloquialisms everyone else used, and had an older student take me aside and say, "I'm offended by that language. I'm Christian, and that language really bothers me, and I wish you wouldn't use it." I was mortified, but I grew up a little that day. I had the opportunity to be shaped up by my students and clients throughout my career and this day. But I think folks generally credited me with having my heart in the right place and working hard. We had an excellent win/loss. We did very well by our clients. We really did. And there's no gain in saying that. Our clients had wonderful results.

Mr. Gross: That's wonderful.

Ms. Broderick: And students really learned how to be creative and thoughtful lawyers, deeply client-centered, and they've gone on to do extraordinary things.

Mr. Gross: Very different from your previous law school experience. It turns out you really did find your institution that matched, and you probably didn't know it at the time.

Ms. Broderick: I didn't at all. I was in fact a Catholic school girl. I was straight and narrow, but I was raised by a mother who had a very open mind. My mother talked to me all the time about politics. We used to go to mass, and after mass on Sundays, we would have Sunday breakfast, which was always a sit-down affair with a huge breakfast. And we had a sit-down dinner and the candles were lit

and grace was said every night of my life also. But we had these sit-down breakfasts, and we would debate whatever the sermon was or whatever the news of the day was. There was always a lively discussion about what was going on.

When my mother worked for HUD Model Cities, she used to rant and rave about members of the Nixon Cabinet. Rant and rave about Casper Weinberger and on and on, so I was politically active. I was engaged. I cared very deeply, and at Antioch it just got deeper and deeper. I learned about the statehood movement in D.C., and I represented people involved with ACORN who were sneaking into houses and living there, in abandoned houses, and then they'd get arrested, and we'd represent them. I represented Mitch Snyder for years in many, many kinds of cases. When he was getting the pretty much extorting \$5 million out of Ronald Reagan to start the first homeless shelter in Washington, D.C. He pretty much extorted that. He went on a hunger strike and planned to die on election eve if the President didn't come across with money for the homeless shelter. On the Sunday night before the Tuesday election, the President caved on *60 Minutes* and agreed to \$5 million for the homeless shelter. Those were those days. Suddenly we didn't just walk by people living on the streets. We stopped and talked to them to try to see if we could help out in any way. It was a different way of seeing the world. So many people were de-institutionalized and dumped on the streets.

Mr. Gross: You're encountering them in court and you're encountering them in the neighborhood.

Ms. Broderick: Around Antioch. There were a lot of people in the neighborhood on hard times. I spent my senior year of high school and time thereafter in the Veterans Hospital visiting my brother with all these guys who had their lives turned upside down in Vietnam, horribly wounded inside and out and what they were going through to try to rebuild a life and try to make a life and totally changed in diminished circumstances. I saw my brother go to class. The first time we went for his interview for college after he got out as a Captain at 22 and after he got out of the hospital, he lost 100 pounds. He barely made it. He went for an interview at Northeastern University, and people spit on him. He wore his dress blues because he thought I'm an officer and that'll help try not to pay attention to my French grades and my high school grades. People spat on him. How to think about that part of the world and what veterans needed and how we should be treating veterans and weren't treating veterans.