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Tribute

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WHEN Judge and Jan visited us in the Hill Country, they got a flat. Claire and I drove into Kerrville with Judge to get the tire fixed (Jan stayed behind to pick up litter from the roadside). The only place open is Wal-Mart. Judge said he'd never been in a Wal-Mart before—he'd heard bad things about it, but was glad it was open. Judge, in guayabera, stands outside while his tire is fixed, smoking a cigar. When Judge comes in to pay, he hands clerk his credit card. Clerk looks at it and starts announcing, loudly, to everyone in the room—mechanics, customers, store staff—"This is Barefoot Sanders! The famous federal judge! Everybody! Here's Barefoot Sanders!" Judge looks REALLY uncomfortable. Guy hands him back the credit card and says, "You are the Judge, right?" And Judge says, very quietly, "Yes." And we leave. In the car, Judge says, "I hate it when someone does something like that." I figure it's because Judge is so modest. "You never know—I could've sentenced the brother of someone in there to 40 years."