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For My Colleague, Bill Bridge

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FOR MY COLLEAGUE, BILL BRIDGE

Thomas Wm. Mayo*

FOR I will consider my Colleague, Bill.
For we first met over a bowl of red at Tolbert’s Chili Parlor in the late fall of 1983.
For food has been a significant part of our relationship, including breakfast at the beginning and end of every semester, both of us being Creatures of Habit.
For he is an Anglophile and a Francophile and a world traveler whose mastery of comparative law came naturally but also through much hard work.
For he loves a good custom suit or well-tailored dress shirt.
For his collection of outrageous socks is famous throughout the land and across the seas.
For his neckties are not much better, or worse (if “bad” means “good”).
For his memory is prodigious.
For his memory is the equal of stacks of minute books and the measure of institutional memory at this Law School and University.
For he is the Master of Trivial Pursuit.
For he taught a law and literature course long before I did.
For he generously didn’t object when I sought faculty approval for my course.
For he ungenerously never failed to refer to my Law, Literature & Medicine students as “the junior varsity,” and we both knew he was kidding, and to me as “the JV coach,” and we both knew he wasn’t kidding.
For he is a lover of the arts and letters and music, especially opera, and movies—pretty much all movies, especially ones with “Star Wars” in the title.
For many students have been intimidated by him and many students have loved him, and the students in the second group far outnumber the students in the first group (not counting the students who proudly belong to both groups).

For he was the decades-long Embodiment of our Oxford program.
For students in the Oxford program consider him a Mentor and Friend.
For students in his Dallas classes also consider him a Mentor and Friend.
For students in Barristers and OUTLAWS and countless Jessup teams consider him a Mentor and Friend.
For he knows the names of our partners and kids and nieces and nephews and grandchildren.
For he was the consummate faculty attendee—of christenings, weddings, funerals, the Bromberg parties, and mitzvahs (both bar and bat).
For he was the consummate faculty organizer—of outings to Bar None, of collections for gifts for retiring colleagues, and of impromptu lunches for birthdays, for visiting faculty, or simply for the fun of it.
For he served for many years on the board of the Dallas Legal Hospice and provided much guidance and wisdom and support.
For he served for many years on the Institutional Ethics Committee of Parkland Memorial Hospital and provided an equal measure of guidance and wisdom and support.
For his guidance and wisdom and support contributed beyond measure and for three decades to the Conference of the Professions and to the William “Mac” Taylor American Inn of Court (“the SMU Inn”).
For guidance and wisdom and support equal love, and without love service is simple duty or mere gesture, and his service was no mere gesture and far exceeded the bounds of simple duty.
For after 15,119 days on the active faculty, he has left an indelible mark. For he will be forever missed in these halls.