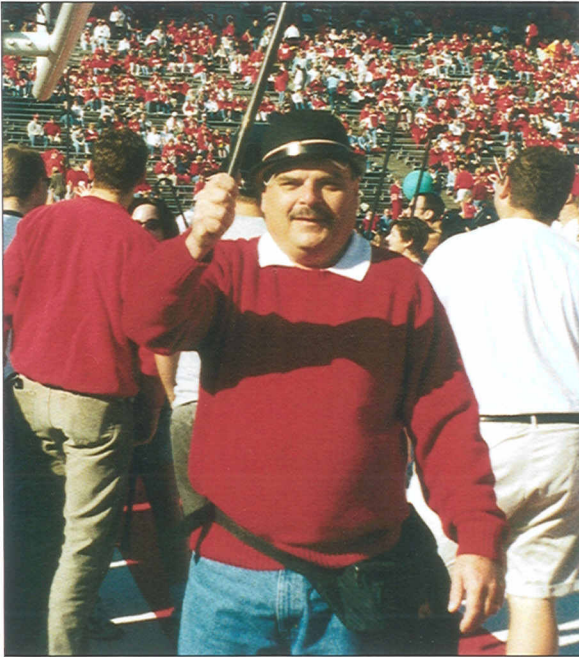


## *All good things come to an end.*



*Edward J. Reisner,  
Assistant Dean for  
External Affairs*

This is my fifty-second and final Editor's Note for the *Gargoyle*. At the end of September, I will be stepping down from one of my most enjoyable duties at the Law School — indeed, I will be stepping down from all my duties. With thirty years in the book, I am retiring and will be moving on to new challenges.

I took over as editor in 1979 when Ruth Doyle retired. She taught me what I needed to know to produce a rather minimalist version of the *Gargoyle*, as compared to the glossy publication we now have. Ruth and I worked at a time when we took the photos, wrote the text, laid out the copy with scissors and tape, and delivered each copy by hand (well, maybe not that last part). Now most of the composition is done by computers far from the Law School,

and there is a very talented staff of people here who put a lot of time into giving you all the news you need from your school.

Over the years I have written about my two daughters (now graduated from college and one married); about baby ducklings that, as building manager, I had to rescue from the old courtyard each spring; about the weather and how it sometimes affected us inside the building; about the many comings and goings of friends and fellow staff; and about the many nuggets of Law School history I uncovered. As I said in one column, when you are the editor, you can write about whatever pleases you. I found much to please me over the years.

I actually first set foot on campus in the summer of 1965, to register for freshman classes — that was forty years ago. After graduating from Law School in 1972, I worked for the State Bar of Wisconsin until February 1976. I have worked for four deans and known three others — more than half of all the deans in this school's history. I have learned from each of them and hope that they feel, on balance, that I have served them well.

I will always have vivid memories of great students and wonderful alumni. A few memories that stand out:

- An hour with Judge John Minor Wisdom, of the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals, in the parlor of his Garden District home in New Orleans. Wisdom in a bathrobe and slippers. Judge Wisdom wrote many of the groundbreaking civil-rights decisions to come out of the South in the 1950s and 1960s. He once had a sack of rattlesnakes dumped in his front yard as a reward.
- Escorting the Chief Justice of West Germany during a visit to Madison. One of his bodyguards broke his watch. I took it to a jeweler and had it repaired. He offered to send me a beer stein in return. I'm still waiting.
- Tom Palay and I spending Sunday morning during Labor Day weekend in 1996 shoveling dirt out of the student locker room to prepare for the opening of classes on Tuesday in the newly remodeled Law building.
- While on a trip to thank lawyers who volunteered to teach at the Law School, Ralph Cagle and I buying raspberry pies at the Norske Nook in Osseo, Wisconsin. Ralph asked the Freight House restaurant in La Crosse, Wisconsin, to refrigerate the pies while we did a General Practice Course dinner there. Imagine our surprise when our pies were served to the whole group for dessert!
- Visitors including Ralph Nader; Lawrence Tribe; David Broder; Chief Justice William Rehnquist; Justice Sandra Day O'Connor; Senators Gaylord Nelson, Herb Kohl, and Russ Feingold; Governor Tommy Thompson; and Sir John Mortimer.
- Dedication night for the new, remodeled Law building in April 1997: more than six hundred happy people filling the Atrium.
- Grabbing the dinner check from an alum, only to discover that he had ordered a \$250 bottle of wine, and then a second!

- Grid Hall, the first person I knew with AIDS, and seeing him courageously but unsuccessfully fight the disease.
- Early-morning coffee in the old faculty lounge with Gordon Baldwin and Frank Remington.
- Trading jokes with Justice Antonin Scalia, just the two of us, waiting for his speech to begin.
- Bill Morgan, who graduated in 1992, walking up to me during orientation and saying, “My dad said to say hello.” Bill’s Dad was Jim Morgan, a classmate of mine in the Class of 1972. It was the first of many times that children of my classmates or of students who graduated *after* me came to the School.
- Tear gas filling Larry Church’s Property class in the spring of 1970 during the Cambodian-invasion demonstrations, and standing on the “porch” with Gordon Baldwin and Bill Foster on one of those evenings as the sounds of sirens and shouting filled the air — the same night that a rock broke a back window of the Law Building as I walked down the stairs.
- The great e-mail fiasco: using about 1,400 e-mail addresses for our alumni borrowed from the State Bar, I innocently sent a notice that we were starting an e-mail news service. Unfortunately, our computer staff had set the reply function to “reply to all.” When alums began sending personal e-mail replies to me, they instead went to all 1,400 on the list and began bouncing back and forth, multiplying like Mickey Mouse’s brooms in *Fantasia*. Thirty minutes after sending the original message, I had thousands of replies. We pulled the plug

minutes later. Nevertheless, the next morning our server had more than 30,000 messages, and it was weeks before they finally stopped altogether.

It has been an incredible honor to walk this campus, to walk these halls, among these giants. To hear languages from around the world, to hear discussions of physics, history, and current events.

The people here in the Law School have been part of my family: I was here in the building when both of my parents died. I worked here when I was married, when both my children were born, when both of them graduated from high school, when both of them graduated from college, and when the first got married. When I first entered the building as a new student, Richard Nixon was a new president. I was here when Eric Heiden won his five gold medals in the Olympics and when *Challenger* blew up. I was here on 9/11 and through many cycles of war and peace. It will be hard for me to separate my memories of these people and events from my memories of this school. Perhaps there is no reason to even try.

Since I walked in the door as a 1L, thirty-six years ago, more than nine thousand students have graduated — about 75 percent of all our living alumni. Many have become friends and loyal supporters of our school.

It has been my role, over more than twenty-five years, to operate backstage. Now my role is going to change. I have no interest in being on the stage, but I am going to move out into the audience and enjoy the show.

If I need some commemoration of my time here, let it be an adaptation of a lawyer’s obituary I read years ago and saved:

Died, Feb. 6, 1899, Irving  
Browne, aged 58 years: Irving

Browne was not a great man as the world counts such. He was too generous to ever become rich, and he did not grow famous at the practice of law, simply because he had a bad habit of considering the position of the other fellow. Irving Browne was an excellent lawyer, but a poor practitioner. “You cannot have both the law and the profits,” he once said. And yet Irving Browne always had all he needed, and perhaps that is enough. He made no pretense of loving his enemies — he had none.

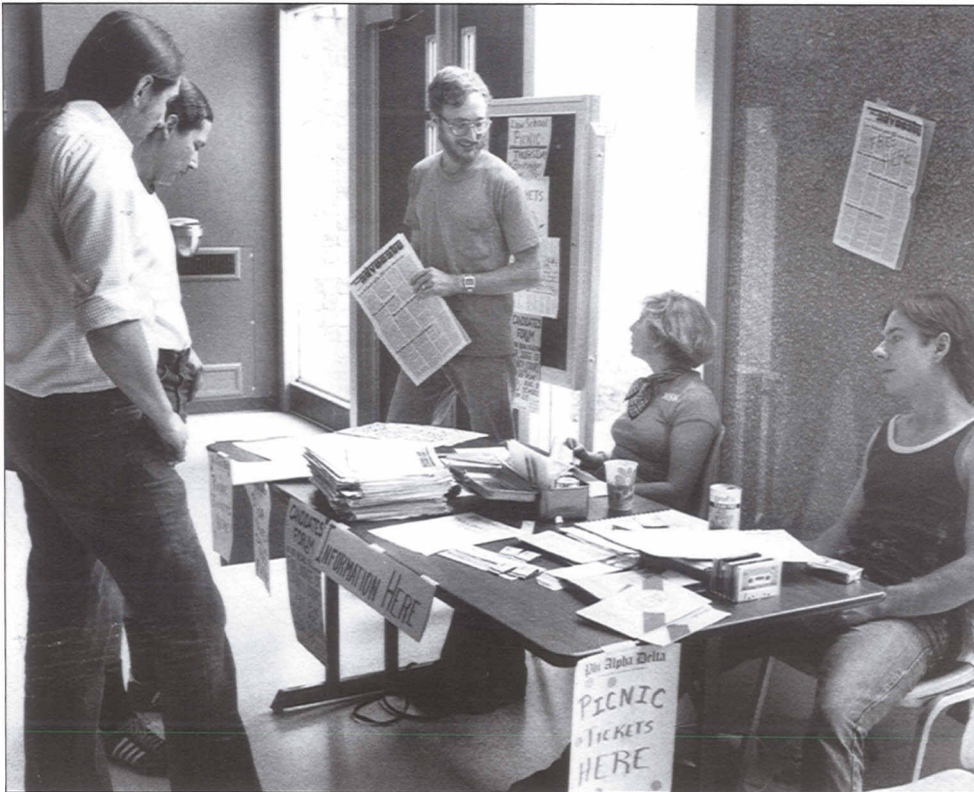
I’ve never been blessed with the gift of original ideas. As we constantly build and rebuild the Law School, physically and metaphorically, I have never been the architect; rather, I have been the carpenter. While the building wouldn’t exist without both, I know that when the awards are passed out, it is the architect who will win the prize. But the carpenter gets the satisfaction of knowing that, without him, the walls would not stand.

Ever since I left the sandbox, things have been getting steadily more complicated in my life. School was more complicated than home; work was more complicated than school; I began here as a single man but leave with a wife, two daughters, and a son-in-law — actually a most pleasant complication.

Every day that I work here, I feel that my obligation to this school increases. But there comes a time when the obligation I have to myself and my family weighs equally heavily, and I know that there isn’t enough time left in my life to fulfill all those duties.

I came here in 1969 to learn; I returned here in 1976 to work; I leave here now honored to have been a part of this institution.

*An article about Assistant Dean Ed Reisner’s retirement is on page 15.*



**MYSTERY PHOTO**

In the last issue we showed a photo of five students in the lobby of the 1963 Law Building. Thanks to Paula Doyle '80, Ken Axe '79, Terry Mead '81, and Kathy Zebell '81, I can tell you who four of the five students are: from left, John Beaudin '81, Bob Kittencon '81, Terry Mead '81, and Maureen Komisar-Schatz '79. The person on the right may have been named John, but no one was sure. The date was probably fall 1978, just as the Class of 1981 was starting school and before Maureen graduated. John Beaudin was a tribal judge for the Menominee Nation before his untimely death in 1993. Terry Mead was elected SBA president in 1978-79 as a write-in candidate under the name "The Aluminum Bullet."

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I offer this issue's new Mystery Photo without further comment, except to say, "Who is this?!" and "Weren't the '70s a marvelous time!"



# Law School friendships — too valuable to lose. Stay in touch.



PHOTO: BOB RASHID

Use the Alumni Directory at [www.uwalumni.com](http://www.uwalumni.com) to find “lost” classmates and make sure they can find you.

Just a few minutes on the Web to update your contact information will ensure that you keep receiving the *Gargoyle* and the newsletter, *Law in Action*.

Remember to include your e-mail address for valuable UW-Madison information throughout the year.

