

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

LAW SCHOOL

Madison, Wisconsin 53706



December 3, 1981

Ed Reisner, Asst. Dean  
& Placement Director  
Law School  
University of Wisconsin

Dear Ed:

One very special thing about Law School, in my day and I trust still, is the fellowship among classmates which is richly nurtured by the law school setting. I don't read much about this in The Gargoyle, but it's real.

I've been thinking about it particularly in the past month since I learned of the death of John Ottusch '53 of Milwaukee, my close friend in law school and a wonderful lawyer, taken too soon by cancer. Together John and I plotted how to hold off our draft boards until we graduated and got judge advocate commissions (he in the Army, I in the Air Force). He was best man at my wedding. But my warmest memories are of zestful debate over legal questions and abstract ideas, whether in the lounge (such as it was then), the Law Review office (ditto), or any of several taverns.

They were busy days. Studies with older teachers like Charles Bunn, Bill Rice, Ray Brown, and Jake Beuscher, and younger ones including Dick Effland, Frank Remington, Bill Foster and the late George Young. Political doings, relating to Joe McCarthy and to the 1952 presidential primary. Frank Bixby, Dave Beckwith and I did a radio commercial for Earl Warren, who cut into Robert Taft's supposedly safe Wisconsin delegation and thus helped the swing to Eisenhower. Basketball -- the annual game against the engineers with Tom McKenzie, Bob Curry, Frank Bixby, Shelly Fink, and others; and the municipal league team with many of the same, plus Frank Remington and Don Rumpf. The law fraternity, with Bill Chatterton, John Fetzner, Bob Smith, Bruce Thomas, Roger Boerner, Howard Herriot, Don Herrling, Don Jury, Bob Perina, Ted Bleckwenn, Tony Brewster, and so many others. The Law Review, with Curry, Bixby, Ottusch, Justin Sweet, Dave Uelmen, Scott Van Alstyne.

But despite the busyness, there seemed to be time to talk, to shoot the bull (a discarded phrase, I guess). We had just the old red building and the first small library annex; there were 700 of us; but maybe overcrowding brought us closer to each other in good ways as well as bad. It is an honor and privilege to teach and work here now, but really, those were the days. I only regret that it took the untimely death of a classmate to remind me to remember.

Yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Walter".

Walter B. Raushenbush  
Professor of Law

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