

IN MEMORIAM

George R. Perrine ('33), long-time chair of the Illinois Commerce Commission, passed away in January in Houston.

Warren Knowles ('33), a former three-term governor of Wisconsin, died in May. Knowles was elected to the State Senate in 1940 and served as Governor until 1970. He had said that his greatest accomplishment was the establishment of the Kellett Commission, which streamlined 127 governmental departments to 26.

Eugene E. Dixon ('39), a native of Marshfield, Wisconsin, and a retired Administrative Law Judge with the NLRB, died in February.

Arthur De Bardeleben ('40) of Park Falls, Wisconsin, a member of the Board of Regents for sixteen years both before and after creation of the UW System and president from 1964-1967, died in April.

Alan M. Nedry ('48), who had practiced in the Washington, D.C., area for almost 30 years, died in December in Florida.

John H. Rogers ('52), son of Harlan Rogers ('09), born in Portage, Wisconsin, died in May in Florida. He was retired from the John Hancock Insurance Company where he served as Senior Vice-President.

Associate Justice **James Wakatsuki** ('54) of the Supreme Court of Hawaii died in September 1992. Justice Wakatsuki had served as a state representative, speaker of the house and circuit court judge before joining the Supreme Court almost ten years ago.

Cynthia Gillespie ('74), co-founder of the Northwest Women's Law Center in Seattle, Washington, and an author in the area of women's rights, died in February.

John Beaudin ('81), a Native American lawyer practicing in Madison, died in April. Beaudin was pursuing an LL.M. degree at the Law School at the time of his death.

I May Not Be On The Fast Track, But I'm Still "Sucking Air"

It is late February as I write, and I seem to be afflicted by the winter "blahs." The cold and snow seem endless and the warm summer weather seems as unreachable as the law practices of my city's prominent attorneys. A lucrative, established law practice—like the summer sun—seems like some sort of unattainable brass ring, a dream that one can visualize but not quite reach.

My daily fare as a lawyer probably doesn't help my outlook at this point. Walking to the Government Center in my gray flannel suit, long down coat and long underwear, Mentally planning how to try to resolve some seemingly unresolvable marital dissolution or unwinnable criminal case, makes the weather seem all the worse. Even the Government Center itself seems to color my mood; the place has all the grace, charm and history of most Twin Cities shopping malls.

On the elevator, hearing snippets of conversation about large verdicts and observing the briefcases, bulging with exhibits, of the big-firm civil litigators, my daily work can seem awfully minor and inconsequential.

Yet, as I think about it all, my mind drifts back to a winter day, not unlike today, when I attended the funeral of my friend and classmate, Mark Pederson. Mark died in a plane crash three months before graduation. It was hard to lose him, especially after we had all worked so long and hard in law school.

In one of my last conversations with Mark, I remember telling him how "down" I felt. The students on Law Review had received lucrative offers from large, prestigious firms and I couldn't seem to get even one job offer. Even the Navy wouldn't take me, because of my asthma. Mark told me not to worry; as long as I was still "sucking air," there was hope.

Mark was right. In the end, I returned home, passed the Minnesota Bar, appropriated an office from my father and managed to make a living, learn quite a bit and help a few ordinary Joes and JoAnnes.

I still miss Mark. His warmth, charm and optimism were a useful antidote to law school. His death reminded me of the value of life, and that there was still life yet to be lived. I may not have run as fast or jumped as high as some of my classmates but I was still in the race.

Since we graduated, two others whom I knew in Law School—Keenen Peck, our Law Review editor-in-chief, and David Rudman—are gone. I'd like to think I'm a better lawyer and a better person from having known all three of these people. I may never set the legal world on fire, never win the million dollar verdict or argue a case in front of the Supreme Court, but I'm still "sucking air." For that, I am grateful.

Steve Press ('88)

Steve lives in Minneapolis, where he practices law and manages rental properties with his father.