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## FROM THE EDITOR

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As I write I am beginning my twenty-second year as Assistant Dean at the Law School. As I remembered that first day, it occurred to me how much has changed around me. I reported to the old Placement Office, an area that was renamed Career Services in the 1980's and gutted and rebuilt in the recent renovation. The old facility had four interview rooms. During the boom-years we had as many as eleven rooms going per day and averaged about seven during the fall interviewing season. The new facility has seven within the office, all nicely decorated and furnished.

The Law School in 1976 was only thirteen years old, at least the classroom portion. In fact, when I began as a student in 1969, it was only six years old. Even then it looked far older, worn beyond its years. By 1976, many of the classroom desks were "decorated" with duct tape and the wallpaper meant to cheer up the truly institutional hallways was about to be painted in yet another attempt to instill some life (later, Cliff Thompson would try plants in the wall mounted ashtrays, but there never was enough light). Two of our larger clinical programs were housed in the old state crime lab across University Avenue, next door to the old bank building that housed CLEW, our continuing legal education program.

Orrin Helstad was the interim dean who hired me. During my first year, Orrin became the first of the three deans I have worked with (so far). In 1984, Cliff Thompson arrived one morning in August. In the great Wisconsin tradition, Cliff arrived towing a U-haul trailer which he proceeded to unload by himself. In 1991, Cliff gave way to Dan Bernstine, who has announced his resignation elsewhere in this issue. This School has been blessed by a series of dedicated, talented deans who have each stayed almost twice as long as the national average giving this School an added measure of stability.

Our School has also been blessed by an unusually talented group of faculty, many of whom are still here serving our

students, the State and Nation, and the profession. Of those who left, most were lured away to Schools with larger endowments. Some of the great ones have retired and others have gone to their great reward: Bob Skilton, who entertained me with his recollections and writings until a week before his death; Frank Remington, who taught me about life over a cup of coffee before his 7:45 am classes; George Young, who found a joy to life that he could share with the twinkle in his eyes; and Abner Brodie, who inspired fear in the classroom and warmth everywhere else.

Fortunately, not everything has changed. Current faculty continue to inspire students to a wide variety of traditional and non-traditional careers. Students continue to report to the School with a variety of motivations reflecting the needs of our society. Alumni continue to give back to the School a measure of what the School gave to them. Recently the Dean, Chris Richards and I met with a donor who said, "I don't know why more people don't give, it's so much fun!" Our recent building project caused a large number of alumni to give, and give generously. While "fun" may not have been their original motivation, I hope they all discovered how pleasant giving can be. I hope so

because we may just ask them again, sometime in my next twenty-one years.

Four alumni from the 1950's helped identify the last mystery picture: Leon Sheehan ('50), La Crosse; Bob Consigny ('55), Janesville; Jim Vessey ('56), Minneapolis; William Dolson ('56), Louisville; and Hugh Hafer ('56) Seattle. Seated, from the right, were Dick Donaldson ('56), Seattle, and either Jim Vessey ('56), Minneapolis, Larry Hammond ('55), Milwaukee, or Judge Lincoln Neprud, who served the La Crosse Circuit court in the 1950's and 60's (one vote apiece and one abstention). Since Jim Vessey is willing to identify himself, I suspect that he is the person pictured. Standing in the back, from the right, were: Hugh Hafer, one of the identifiers; Dick Robinson ('56), Milwaukee; and Dave MacGregor ('56), also of Milwaukee.

In honor of my anniversary, I've decided to make it easy on you with this mystery picture. Any guesses of people not in the Class of 1950 will be automatically disqualified. Anyone in the Class of 1950 that can't identify at least three of these people will have their diplomas cancelled. And anyone who wants one of the pieces of art visible in the picture should write to the Wisconsin Center.

