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**30TH REUNION
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LAW SCHOOL
CLASS OF 1967**

REMARKS OF WILLIAM J. BOWE

**THE FORTNIGHTLY CLUB
120 EAST BELLEVUE PLACE
CHICAGO, IL**

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1997

CLASSMATES, HONORED FACULTY, GUESTS AND FRIENDS.

BEFORE WE GET STARTED, A FEW THANK YOU'S ARE IN ORDER.

**FIRST, WE OWE A DEBT OF GRATITUDE TO BARRY WINE. THIS HAS
BEEN AN ABSOLUTELY SPECTACULAR DINNER, BARRY. HE'S THOUGHT OF
EVERYTHING. THERE ARE EVEN "BEANO" TABLETS NEXT TO THE MINTS IN THE
FOYER.**

NEXT, THANKS ARE IN ORDER FOR THE MEMBERS OF OUR REUNION COMMITTEE, HOLLY DAVIS AND THE OTHERS AT THE LAW SCHOOL OFFICE, WHO ALL HAD A HAND IN GETTING US HERE AND PLANNING OUR EVENTS.

WE ALSO OWE THANKS TO PHIL AND LINDA NEAL FOR MAKING THEIR HOME AVAILABLE TO US YESTERDAY. LINDA HAS ASKED THAT I REQUEST THOSE OF YOU WHO MADE IT TO HER HOME YESTERDAY TO RETURN THE SILVERWARE. A BOX HAS BEEN PLACED NEXT TO THE BEANOS FOR THIS PURPOSE. NO QUESTIONS WILL BE ASKED.

WE ALL, OF COURSE, OWE THANKS AGAIN TO JIM AND NANCY HUNTER FOR GIVING OUR CLASS THE RUN OF THEIR ASTOR STREET TOWNHOUSE LAST NIGHT. UNFORTUNATELY, OF COURSE, THE QUARTERS WERE JUST AS CRAMPED AS THEY WERE FIVE YEARS AGO AT OUR 25TH REUNION. AT LEAST JIM APPEARS TO BE BECOMING MORE SENSITIVE TO THIS PROBLEM. I HEARD HIM ASK LINDA NEAL IF SOME PART OF OUR GIFT FOR THE LAW SCHOOL'S NEW CLASSROOM COULDN'T GO TOWARDS AN ADDITION TO HIS HOUSE. I ASKED JIM WHERE HE WAS GOING TO FIT AN ADDITION TO HIS HOUSE. HE SAID, "BILL, WE WANT TO GO UP BIG, TO THE EAST, INTO ASTOR STREET." SEE YOU AT OUR 35TH, JIM.

To keep attendance up no mention of brutal murder of neighbor

And that Jim couldn't account for his whereabouts last night people looked in Jim's garage for a green Lexus

Today the buggy has been here I'm got back from N.Y. in time to host his party

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*Mistake
2 missing*

I'D LIKE NOW TO TAKE A MOMENT TO INTRODUCE SOME OF THE
DISTINGUISHED GUESTS WE HAVE WITH US TONIGHT.

FIRST, OUR FORMER DEAN, PHIL NEAL, IS AGAIN WITH US. PHIL LONG
AGO BECAME AN HONORARY MEMBER OF OUR CLASS THROUGH MARRIAGE.

NEXT, I'D LIKE TO WELCOME JIM HORMEL, THE DEAN OF STUDENTS
WHO ADMITTED US ALL 31 YEARS AGO. I ASKED JIM IF IT WAS HARD TO
MAKE THE SELECTION FROM THE APPLICANTS OF THE DAY. JIM TOLD ME IT
WAS AT FIRST, BUT ONCE HE HAD SPREAD OUT ALL OF THE APPLICATIONS
ON HIS LIVING ROOM FLOOR AND HAD SMOKED HIS THIRD JOINT, THE CLASS
BEGAN COMING TOGETHER.

I'D LIKE TO MAKE NOTE OF SOME DISTINGUISHED CURRENT AND
FORMER GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS WITH US AS WELL. MY WIFE, CATHY, AND I
HAD BEEN PLANNING TO RETIRE TO MISSOURI JUST TO GET THE BENEFIT OF
SENATOR JOHN ASHCROFT'S REPRESENTATION. THEN, WE SAW JOHN ON
TELEVISION ONE EVENING WITH TRENT LOTT SINGING AS PART OF A GROUP
THEY CALLED "THE SINGING SENATORS". THIS WAS NOT A QUALITY ACT,
AND WE'RE NOT GOING TO RETIRE TO MISSOURI ANYMORE. WE DECIDED
WE'D BE BETTER OFF SPENDING OUR GOLDEN YEARS IN GARY.

FIVE YEARS AGO, THE FORMER NEW ZEALAND PRIME MINISTER, GEOFFREY PALMER, COULDN'T BE WITH US. I WAS BRUTALLY FRANK IN REPORTING TO YOU AT THAT TIME THAT HIS EXCUSE WAS THAT IT WAS TOO FAR TO COME. WE HAD ASKED HIM TO COME, BUT HE DIDN'T LISTEN. YOU KNOW GEOFF WAS NOT A VERY GOOD LISTENER AT LAW SCHOOL EITHER. MYSELF AND OTHERS TOLD HIM MANY TIMES THAT HE WOULD HAVE TO STUDY HARDER IF HE WANTED TO BE PRIME MINISTER OF AUSTRALIA! WHILE GEOFF DID HAVE SOME SUCCESS IN BECOMING PRIME MINISTER OF NEW ZEALAND, HE TELLS ME THAT ELECTORAL REFORMS UNDERWAY THERE MAKE HIS RETURN TO POLITICS IMPOSSIBLE AS THEY ARE TAKING THE VOTE AWAY FROM SHEEP.

DAVE MINGE, A LIBERAL "TAX AND SPEND" CONGRESS O.!. A. MINNESOTA FARM DISTRICT, COULo4ai, BE WITH US. HE'! WORKIN' LEGISLATION TONIGHT TO BAN FERTILIZER ODORS.

NOW, I'D LIKE LINDA NEAL TO COME FORWARD. LINDA IS ONE OF A NUMBER OF OUR CLASSMATES WHO CONTINUED TO BE OF DIRECT SERVICE TO THE UNIVERSITY OR THE LAW SCHOOL AFTER GRADUATION. LINDA HERSELF DID GOOD WORKS IN THE UNIVERSITY'S DEVELOPMENT OFFICE FOR A NUMBER OF YEARS. AFTER SHE SINGLES OUT OUR OTHER WORTHIES, IN THIS CASE THOSE WHO HAVE MADE DIRECT CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE LAW

[LESTER MUNSON REPORTS IN PART: "104-98, 9 TO 3,
18 TO 12 IN OVERTIME, AND IN THE FOURTH INNING,
WITH BASES LOADED, THE SCORE IS 7 TO 1"]

ROBERTA, WE ARE ALL AWARE OF YOUR EXCEPTIONAL SERVICE AS
PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN BAR ASSOCIATION AND YOUR CONTINUING
ROLE AS AN INTERPRETER OF THE LEGAL PROFESSION TO THE AMERICAN
PUBLIC. NONE OF US BELIEVE THAT YOU'VE HAD AN EASY JOB. THIS
HOSTILE ATMOSPHERE IS EXEMPLIFIED BY THE LAWYER JOKES THAT ARE
STILL RAMPANT. I FOUND THESE LAST NIGHT ON THE INTERNET:

- HOW DO YOU GET A LAWYER OUT OF A TREE?

ANSWER: CUT THE ROPE!

- WHAT DO YOU GET WHEN YOU CROSS THE GODFATHER
WITH A LAWYER?

ANSWER: AN OFFER YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND.

- WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A DEAD DOG IN THE
ROAD AND A DEAD LAWYER IN THE ROAD?

ANSWER: THERE ARE SKID MARKS IN FRONT OF THE DOG!

- WHAT SHOULD YOU DO WHEN YOU SEE TEN LAWYERS UP
TO THEIR NECKS IN CEMENT?

ANSWER: CALL FOR MORE CEMENT!

- IF YOU HAVE SADDAM HUSSEIN, ADOLPH HITLER AND A
LAWYER IN A LOCKED ROOM AND YOU HAVE A GUN WITH
TWO BULLETS IN IT, WHAT DO YOU DO?

ANSWER: SHOOT THE LAWYER TWICE!

- WHAT DOES A LAWYER HAVE IN COMMON WITH SPERM?

ANSWER: THEY BOTH HAVE A ONE IN A MILLION CHANCE OF
BECOMING A HUMAN BEING.

ROBERTA, I'M SURE WE ARE ALL NOW REMINDED OF THE ALMOST
IMPOSSIBLE JOB YOU HAD. CAN YOU TELL US HOW IT'S BEEN GOING? ...

[ROBERTA RAMO REMARKS]

REFLECTIONS ON CLASSMATES

When the 30th Reunion Committee at the University of Chicago Law School solicited writings from members of the class of 1967, I initially put off thinking about a response. This was largely due to the fact that I was all too familiar with what I have been up to in the intervening years, and seriously doubted the wisdom of inflicting the druck of my activities upon others.

But then I began to think about what others in the class have been up to during this period. As I did so, I realized that in the time since we graduated, I have had the opportunity to carry on rewarding personal and professional relationships with many in the class. Who woulda thunk it! With this by now blinding insight into how my life had been enriched by many classmates over the years, I determined to share memories of some of the colleagues I have been fortunate to spend time with. In encyclopedic style, let me catalog them in A to Z fashion.

Bill Achenbach was once very helpful to me by discussing his career choices at a time when I was at a turning point of my own. While Bill had moved beyond the law and I chose not to, his candor and the quality of his insights were very valuable to me at the time.

Jules-Marc Baudel is a Paris-based lawyer I am pleased I can refer to. While I didn't know him when he was in the University's foreign law program, I was recently introduced to him in a professional capacity through Gene Dye, another classmate who has carried on a career in the law in Paris. When I had left private practice in the late 1970s to serve as general counsel of the Bradford Exchange, Ltd., I had use for Gene Dye's legal services in France. Gene also has been of service when I subsequently had French legal matters that needed attention at United Press International, Inc. and more recently at Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc. Gene's marvelously straightforward opinions and his ability to translate the cultural subtleties of a different legal system have made him a dear friend over the years as well as an exceptional professional resource in a specialized area. While my business relationship with Jules-Marc is of much more recent vintage, I've likewise been impressed with his professional standards and the diligence on behalf of his clients which he exhibits.

Neal Block has been at Baker & McKenzie in their Chicago office for many years. I got to know him at Bradford in connection with tax aspects of European corporate restructurings. Neal, who was already advising the company when I got there, brought a marvelously agile mind to what was for me an esoteric area of the law.

Bernardine Dorh is another classmate that I've had contact with, albeit in an indirect way. After graduating from law school, I had a brief stint at the Chicago law firm now known as Ross & Hardies. Then, in 1968, right after the race riots that followed Martin Luther King's assassination, I enlisted in the Army. I ended up in the Pentagon in the Counterintelligence Analysis Division of the Office of the Assistant Chief of Staff for Intelligence of the Army. Among my duties was the preparation of analyses of the likelihood of civil disturbances growing

beyond the control capabilities of local and state security forces in a way that could potentially involve the deployment of regular Army troops. Thus it was one day that a file relating to Bernardine passed through my in box. With something approaching prurient interest, I digested the revealed personalia (I learned she had attended the University of Chicago). I had never known anyone who was headed to the "Most Wanted" list before and wondered whether this celebrity association made me radical chic. Later, when she was underground, I sent her numerous unanswered law school fund-raising appeals. My thought at the time was that if she answered with a return address I'd forward the contribution, but keep the reward money.

When Bradford acquired the New York-based retail and catalog house Harnmacher Schlemmer, I consulted briefly once with George Felleman. Although our matter was too minor for his firm, I remember that he had been recently engaged in massive litigation relating to New York City transit system rolling stock acquisitions. It sounded like a spectacular litigation challenge to me. I recently heard that George had taken on the new challenge of striking out on his own.

While I never had the opportunity to work with David Goldberger in the period of his career when he headed up the American Civil Liberties Union in Chicago, I still have in mind the tremendous courage he exhibited and the abuse he suffered when he defended the right of the Nazi's to march in the heavily Jewish suburb of Skokie, Illinois. The Nazi's, whom many in Marquette Park felt were much misunderstood, had trouble keeping in step as I recall.

Irv Gubman, whom I succeeded as Bob Nichols's Hyde Park roommate, was in Washington, DC, when I was at the Pentagon. Irv was doing fascinating work as a staff member of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Commission. This position had followed his earlier service in the Peace Corps. I remember being envious that while I was part of the war machine Irv was clearly part of the peace machine.

Another member of the foreign law program I did not know at law school was Young Moo Kim. A few years ago, Britannica, which has an editorial and sales operation in South Korea, needed legal advice. I found Young Kim as the leader of the law firm of Kim and Chang. He had already established a record of government service at the highest level in South Korea, and his firm was and is one of the most distinguished and capable professional legal aggregations in that country today.

Though I never had the direct opportunity to work with Jud Miner, I and many other Chicago lawyers watched with pride as he served capably as Corporation Counsel for the City of Chicago. He brought a truly first rate legal mind and set of organizational skills to an office that historically had not been worthy of great respect. He left it far better than he found it, though he can no longer put in the fix for me.

The Honorable Dave Minge has been serving in Congress in recent years, and I am proud to count myself among his contributors. I have been trying to think about how I might convert

my contributions into some personal advantage, but I have so far been unwilling to buy a farm in his southwestern Minnesota constituency

Les Munson abandoned the law several years ago and since then has been shaming his classmates with increasingly regular public appearances on the Callaway PBS evening news show and the Sports Channel on cable in the Chicago arefl. Les's bias in favor of suffering millionaire players is always impressive, since it consistently means that he speaks and writes gibberish when it comes to sports. Not long ago, when he was appearing on the Sports Channel smoking a cigar as he pontificated over White Sox owner Jerry Reinsdorfs imaginary blunder du jour, I turned to my sixteen year old son to say that I had gone to school with the sportscaster on TV. The boy's response was, "You're still my father, dad, and I'll love you no matter what."

When Hammacher Schlemmer needed a good labor lawyer at one point, I had an opportunity to work with Chuck Murphy. While the labor dispute was settled in a manner fair to all through his skillful intervention, what I remember most is being stuck in a bar on Central Park South in one of the largest snowstorms ever to have hit New York City. Chuck had so many drinks he embarrassingly overlooked my desire that he pick up my tab.

Phil Neal earned my undying gratitude by contributing to my ill-fated political campaign in the early 1980s. Later, Linda Thorne Neal and I had a chance to work with each other. She had become general counsel of United Press International at the time I was leaving Brado rd and offered me the opportunity to work for UPI at its Nashville headquarters. She is a terrific lawyer, as I came to know over the course of the next couple of years, and since I had not known her well at law school, I considered myself to have been very fortunate indeed to have had this experience.

When I was going through law school I lived near the Loop and commuted to Hyde Park. When I graduated and began work, I moved to Hyde Park and commuted to the Loop. Bob Nichols, whom I roomed with at 56th and Woodlawn, never said anything about this strangeness, and I always appreciated that. Over the years, I have kept track of Bob's career as a labor lawyer through a friend of mine in United Airlines's law department. Bob is very well respected by all who have dealt with him. He has had a great opportunity to defuse emotions and conflict in the airline industry through the application of reason and the law. I've always tried to overlook the fact that Bob has devoted his life's work to keeping drunk pilots in the air.

While Roberta Ramo's career took her to places I never got to, North Carolina and New Mexico, I did have the opportunity to invite her to speak two years ago when I chaired a conference on managing smaller law departments. Since I knew nothing useful about the subject, I was reasonably desperate for assistance. Not only did Roberta rearrange her schedule to be present (she was juggling a dinner invitation with Hillary that day), but she also delivered a spellbinding opening address that had the assembled lawyers mouths agape in wonderment.

When I was in the Anny, I also had a chance to get to know Steve Sacher better socially. He was another classmate I hadn't known well at law school. At the time, he was at the Labor Department. We can all stand back now and thank him for the exceptional work he did in putting ERISA on the books. It has provided, of course, for many of our families in the years since.

Don Samuelson turned out to be in just the right business when I was presiding over UPI's bankruptcy. He called up one day and asked if I would be interested in joining a pool of over 100 other lawyers being looked at in connection with a general counsel opening at Encyclopaedia Britannica. The last eleven years have been history as they say. I have always been thankful for the opportunity Don opened to me.

Anyone who had the opportunity to have dinner at the Quilted Giraffe in New York under the exceptional supervision of Barry and Susan Wine can certainly appreciate that some of our classmates left the law for better things.

Steve Yates has made great contributions to the Cook County judiciary in his career. I remember knocking on doors doing Democratic precinct work with Steve in law school and know that his education, both politically and legally, has been one of depth and breadth.

Finally, while I've only seen Frank Zimring occasionally over the years, I have read his byline with interest from time to time on the op-ed page of *The New York Times*. Of course, of all of the minds that we were exposed to in our class, because of its extraordinary qualities, Frank's was the most universally resented. I sat next to Frank in a number of classes (since "B" was not next to "Z", it was clearly not Wally Blum's class). It infuriated me that he had an immediate grasp of the most forbidding abstractions of the day. His notes were always so cryptic that I am still convinced he had memorized the casebook.

These were not the only classmates that came to mind upon reflection. I should mention Messrs. Anderson, Ashcroft, Bellas, Covington, Fabens, Lloyd, Olsen and Sullivan. Together we went from the psychic constraints of an all male college to the anything goes 10-1 co-ed bliss of the Law School. I have often thought since of how some of our lives were mutually twisted in the process.

Knowing and dealing with all of these fine folks (except Munson), and others that I have not mentioned, brings me to say to the Class of 1967 as it approaches its 30th reunion, "Thank you very much."

Bill Bowe
Chicago, Illinois
February 25, 1997