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Dedication

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JERROLD L. WALDEN
AUGUST 14, 1924-SEPTEMBER 16, 1976

DEDICATION

Jerrold Walden's career as a law teacher began and ended in New Mexico. But between the beginning and the end, that career took him to Alabama, Georgia, North Dakota, and Iowa as well.

After graduating from Union College and Columbia University law school, Jerry spent a year as Sterling Fellow at Yale, and another as law clerk to Judge S. H. Kaufman of the federal District Court in New York. He then served for four years as assistant counsel for Congressman Cellar's Anti-Trust subcommittee, and continued to work with that subcommittee for several years after coming to New Mexico.

He joined the University of New Mexico law faculty in 1954. A quiet man outside the classroom, he became a dynamo before the class. As he warmed to his subject, his voice would rise until it resounded down the hallway. He not only kindled his own vital spark but infected his students with his animation and ebullience.

After five years, we let him go to the University of Alabama—a lapse of judgment on our part that we later regretted and eventually acknowledged by inviting him to return. Meanwhile, however, he was moving upward, from visiting professor at Alabama to associate professor at Emory University for three years, and then to the deanship of the University of North Dakota law school from 1963 to 1967. In 1967, David Vernon, who had been a colleague of Jerry's at New Mexico and who by then was dean of the University of Iowa School of Law, lured him to Iowa City. In 1969, we got him to return to New Mexico. I think he was as glad to come back as we were to have him. Except for a leave of absence in 1972 to serve as Distinguished Professor at Mercer University, Jerry spent the rest of his teaching career at the University of New Mexico, affectionately respected as eminent teacher and scholar, concerned and thoughtful counselor, and kind and gentle human being.

Jerry had a congenital heart problem. This necessitated his holding down on violent physical exercise; his classroom presentations were probably the most strenuous exertion he permitted himself. He was nevertheless in remarkably good health. In all the years he taught at New Mexico, he never missed a day because of illness. But his heart failed him at the end. He was fifty-two years old when he died, much too young for so good a man.

HENRY WEIHOFEN
Professor Emeritus of Law
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Dean Walden was my teacher, my colleague and my friend.

In 1970 I was a student in the Special Scholarship Program in Law for American Indians. At 9:00 five days a week we had a course entitled Legal Methods. Dean Walden taught it. It was the most rigorous class I've ever had in school. He would walk into class, take off his coat, roll up his sleeves on his always white shirt, look around the class and start. "Mr. Ragsdale, what is a demurrer?"

"Well, a demure is. . . ."

"Mr. Ragsdale, a demure is a pretty girl. What is a demurrer?" And it would go on until he would finally wave his bony arms in frustration at my wholly inadequate performance and say, "Well, Miss Stiff-arm, what is a demurrer?"

He frightened us, he challenged us, he convinced us we could be successful in law school. He wanted us to succeed far more than we wanted to.

But outside of the class, he was the quietest man I have ever met. He spoke just above a whisper, causing listeners to lean perceptibly forward to hear, and what they heard was normally some expression of concern for one's welfare.

Today when I meet one of my classmates from the summer program or any other Indian law student or lawyer, the conversation invariably returns to Walden—how after him anything was easier.

In 1971 I had a chance to teach law in the summer program. At the introduction of the faculty to the new students, Dean Walden introduced me and told them that this was one of his proudest moments in teaching—that a former student in the program had returned to teach.

In 1974 I joined the faculty at UNM, and Dean Walden became my colleague. His great passions at the law school were his students and the Constitution. We would often talk about former students, and when he heard of some success or achievement, he would break out in an enormous grin. His love for students and his kindness to them outside the classroom were legendary.

He worried about society. He worked on a book on the CIA for years and in the now proven correct belief that the CIA was subverting the Constitution. We would spend hours talking about it, and I would buy numerous books for him at the flea market, which we both frequented, if they even tangentially touched the CIA.

Yesterday, I received 100 copies of the Bicentennial Edition of the Constitution. They were for his Constitutional Law classes that I am now teaching. I passed them out to the students, thinking that we

will be very fortunate if one of them loves and cares about it half as much as Dean Walden.

I miss him. I wish that I had told him how much I cared for him. I hope that I can be half as good a teacher.

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