

William Rozumoff, known to all of us<sup>as</sup> "Billy", was born on May 9, 1901, at Elisavetrag, Russia, the youngest of four children. His family emigrated to America when he was only four years old. They came directly to Racine and have lived here ever since. Billy attended the Washington Grammar School and the Racine High School. Later he attended the Marquette University and graduated from the Law School in 1925. The same year he married Sonya Gasul, and she, together with his two little daughters, Rosalie and Ruth, and his parents, Nellie and Morris Rozumoff, and three sisters now mourn his premature death.

His study of law was quite by accident. When he finished High School he became associated with his father in the retail business, but he soon tired of the monotony of that routine. As a student he had worked as a stenographer in the law office of Guy Benson, and was somewhat acquainted with the life and work of a lawyer. While undecided as to his future plans he happened to meet a fellow merchant, who during the course of conversation with him suggested that he go back to school and study law. He was receptive to the suggestion and at once terminated his business connections, enrolled in the Law School and began the study of his chosen profession.

At the bar his innate ability, friendly and pleasing personality and great ambition quickly brought him to the front and he soon built up a large and lucrative practice. He was not only an attorney to his clients. He was their friend and adviser and financier. If a client or a friend was in need of financial aid, it was as freely and willingly given as legal advice. He was by nature so liberal with his purse that he was often ~~tan~~ taken advantage of. Though not good business

and perhaps unjustified under a certain peculiar code of ethics adopted by many for the protection of their own pocketbooks, Billy signed notes for clients, paid their obligations when they would be sorely pressed, and there is at least one case where for a period of two years he sent life-giving food to the mother and children of a client who had been sent to prison.

But his liberality did not end with his friends and clients. He contributed liberally to the support of his parents and was father, brother and sole provider for a widowed sister and nephew. If liberality can be other than a virtue, he was liberal to a fault - to his family - to his friends - to his clients.

In Court he was a worthy antagonist. He fought hard for his clients, but he was never unfair. He was always willing to settle by making a fair compromise. But he was uncompromising when once convinced that his client's cause required it. He worked hard on all of his cases and he was as easy to find at his office at eleven o'clock in the evening as at eleven o'clock in the morning.

He, together with Carl Hill, of Madison, was largely instrumental in organizing the Police Protective Association of the state, and he represented the Racine Police Department from the time it became affiliated with the state association.

But the strain was too great. Perhaps success came to him too young - no doubt he was overworked and under a severe mental strain for one his age, and at the height of his career he died. On November 30, 1933, while preparing to eat dinner he suddenly passed away at

the home of his mother.

To those of us who knew Billy his death came as a severe and ghastly shock. He was just thirty-two years of age and apparently his life work was done. Loosed already the silver cord that held the spirit and body together - the inevitable end of all men.

His memory's inscription is engraved on the hearts of his friends and his family in indelible, shining letters which his own hands and kindly deeds have traced. The luster of his remembered image will not be dimmed by the veil of distance, nor will it pale as the years increase. His family, his friends, his clients, with whom or for whom he lived, will not forget him. His face transfigured by the rays of loving memory will beam upon them ever anew and cheer them on. And if we are puzzled and perplexed by his life as we knew it, and perhaps by our own, let us say with the poet,

Though God has veiled his purpose  
From our unseeing eyes  
He bids us hope unceasing -  
The weakling as the wise.

He makes the glowing future  
To blossom from the now;  
Of ills he coineth blessings,  
Although we know not how.

And in the fiery furnace  
Of sorrow and of love,  
His alchemy divorces  
True metal from the dross.

As who would scan the pleasure,  
The verdant vale's delight,  
Must first, with steps untiring,  
Ascend the mountain heights.

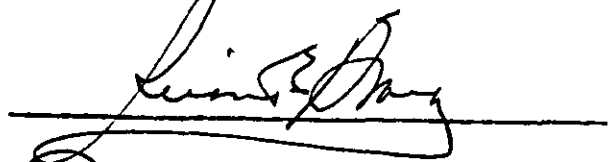
Mayhap to struggle onward,  
With bruised and bleeding feet  
Ere half the weary journey  
Before him be complete.

So rises man, the Pilgrim,  
On lessons bought with pain,  
And learns there is no losing  
Without a greater gain.

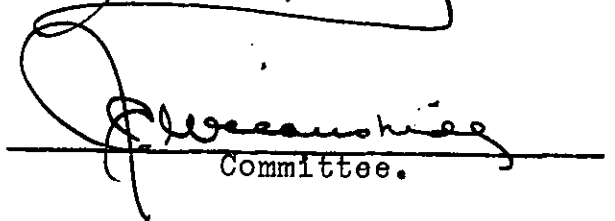
Respectfully submitted



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A handwritten signature in cursive script, written over a horizontal line.

Committee.

William R. Bennett  
Memorial

THE UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
BUREAU OF LAND MANAGEMENT  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

OFFICE OF THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

**FILED**

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*William R. Bennett*  
ASSISTANT SECRETARY

cc.