

To us has been designated the task of writing a memorial which is to be spread upon the records of this Court to a man who was an ardent advocate, a learned lawyer, a brilliant counselor, and still he did not reach the heights which many men of less ability have reached in the law. This was due to a division of his energy in other fields.

Wallace Ingalls was an ardent advocate. There was a time in the annals of the Circuit Court of Racine County when he appeared as plaintiff's counsel in a majority of negligence cases. He participated in much litigation arising out of industrial injury, and later, in spite of this, he was an ardent advocate of the Workmen's Compensation Law.

He was a learned lawyer. His knowledge of the law was broad, discerning and analytical. He had a legal mind, able to sift the grain from the chaff. He was able to keep his eye on the issue in a given circumstance.

He was a brilliant counselor. He was counselor in some exceedingly important financial and business matters involving much wealth and the welfare of many people. His advice was sought and was heeded.

In spite of these characteristics, however, he did not reach the heights which his ability would have permitted. Lawyers to rate high in their chosen profession must be plodders; they must be punctual, render service quickly and efficiently. Wallace Ingalls had these characteristics, and though law was his life's work, it was not his mistress. Congenial of temperament his companionship was sought after. Politics, which had his interest and was in his blood from 1892 when he first became District Attorney of Walworth County until he finished his career in the State Legislature in 1927, prevented him from reaching the heights in the legal profession which his abilities warranted.

Law is insistent that a lawyer in order to go far must need spend all the energy which he can muster as a devoted servant.

Therefore, none of it can be dissipated in other fields. By the same token and because of its jealousy, it recognizes the incompatibility of politics in the field of law, except as a side line, for if politics goes farther than a side line in the law, the latter is neglected, and soon the individual becomes the servant for the whim and caprice of politics.

Wallace Ingalls usually practiced law alone. During the time he devoted his energy to politics he had no time to devote to the law, nor no member of his firm to take his place. And still one cannot say that his failure to follow the law consistently, especially during the latter years of his life, was an utter failure, for he served in the Legislature of Wisconsin in the term of 1909, 1921, 1923, and 1927, and during this time he was the sponsor of much constructive legislation, the outstanding of which was his sponsorship of the Workmen's Compensation Act. Though this cut into his own practice of the law, it indicated his statesmanship.

But if there is disillusionment and disappointment in some phases of his career, it is exactly the way he viewed life itself. He was never disillusioned because he did not reach the heights which he *might* have reached at the Bar. Neither was he disappointed because he never reached the heights which he perhaps dreamed of in his political career. He understood that faith and hope might be overcome by disillusionment and disappointment. No words could be more appropriate to his understanding of life itself than his own words taken from a memorial which he himself delivered:

"Human lives are made up of sunshine and shadow, of hope and disappointment; of joy and sadness; of days of magic beauty when the infinite possibilities of human ambition are without limit, and of days without a gleam in the horizon to allure and beckon further travel upon the highway of human progress; of seasons of endless storm and long, weary, starless nights, and of seasons of happiness gilded with the visions of unrestrained mirth and never-ending pleasures;

of birth and of death; of earliest memories of cabin or palace; of the first dawn of manhood and its burdens; of the first of life's responsibilities; of mature manhood, of old age and the first glimpse of nightfall; and lastly, the evening vespers of a finished career."

He took sick in the legislative session of 1927, after which he did little if any work, except the work he did on his farm at Walworth. Here he was born on November 22, 1859; here he passed on on February 1, 1936. His philosophy of life may be summed up in the poem he wrote when unknown to him the hand of death had already singled him out. About a week before he died, looking over the fields from his window where nature was resting under a blanket of snow he wrote:

"Nature resting under sheeted fields of immaculate white,  
So gracefully and deftfully adjusted that nothing un-  
sightly or discordant, nothing of the struggle of the  
dying year appears

It is the soul of inanimate life, sleeping but not dead,  
Awaiting the resurrection of spring."

Thus we who knew him intimately loved him for his faults. A devoted father, there was nothing too good for his family. His wit, his humor, his likes, his dislikes, his joys, his sorrows marked him as it marks all of us -- a mortal man.

