1	STATE OF WISCONSIN : CIRCUIT COURT : RACINE COUNTY
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3	MEMORIAL SERVICE Dedicated to the Memory of
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5	MARTIN I. HANSON
6	NOVEMBER 14, 1994 - SEPTEMBER 23, 1995
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8	THE HONORABLE CHIEF JUDGE STEPHEN SIMANEK . Judge Presiding
9	SPEAKERS
10	EUGENE A. GASIORKIEWICZ, ESQ.
11	Hanson, Gasiorkiewicz & Weber, S.C.
12	JAMES W. HILL, ESQ. Hostak, Henzl & Bichler, S.C.
13	HONORABLE DENNIS J. FLYNN
14	Circuit Court Branch 8, Racine County
15	JACK W. VAN METRE, ESQ. Law Office of Jack W. Van Metre
16	HONORABLE STEPHEN A. SIMANEK
17	Chief Judge, Circuit Court Branch 2, Racine County
18	WALTER T. MCDONALD, Ph.D.
19	Lighthouse Counseling Associates Ltd.
20	THOMAS TOFTE, ESQ.
21	Schwartz, Tofte, Nielsen & DeMark, S.C., on behalf of the Honorable Terence T. Evans, Chief Judge, U.S. Court of Appeals, 7th Circuit
22	
23	ADRIAN P. SCHOONE, ESQ. Schoone, Fortune, Leuck, Kelly & Pitts, S.C.
24	DAMP AND MIME.
25	DATE AND TIME: SEPTEMBER 29, 1995, at 4:00 p.m.
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CHIEF JUDGE SIMANEK: Okay, please be seated.

MR. GASIORKIEWICZ: I would first like to thank everybody for being here. I would now call on Chief Judge Simanek, and I thank him in particular for allowing us to use this courtroom as a memorial to my partner, Martin Hanson, and ask Judge Simanek to identify the judicial members that are here today. Thank you.

CHIEF JUDGE SIMANEK: Thank you, Gene. I would like to welcome here for this service Judge Harry Schneider from the 2nd District Court of Appeals; Circuit Judges from Racine, Emily Mueller, Emmanuel Vuvunas, Dennis Flynn, Dennis Barry, Gerry Ptacek, Dick Kruel, Wayne Marik, Nancy Wheeler. From Kenosha County Judge Mary Kay Wagner-Malloy and reserve judges, Judge James Wilbershide and Judge Richard Harvey. And I apologize if I missed anyone who came in that I did not see.

MR. GASIORKIEWICZ: Thank you, judge. I'd also like to thank Judge Flynn for allowing us to use his courtroom here today. We are here to share the memories of Martin Hanson. We are here to share some vignettes of our experiences with Martin through the years. We are here to pay tribute to the son of Clifford and Lorraine Hanson of Holmen, Wisconsin, to the father of

Amy and Erika; to the brother, Ron Hanson, and to the fiancee, Jeni Helland.

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I'd like to start out by saying Marty and I met in 1973 formally. At that time I was practicing under what is called the Student Practice Rule here in Wisconsin between my second and third year of law school. I was working then for Judge Flynn who was then Corporation Counsel for the County of Racine. My task was to prosecute traffic violations for the county. We were down one particular circuit court judge here in Racine County whose name shall go unnamed, but as it came to be, Martin was there asking for something, as Martin always did, from me in terms of getting a deal for his client. There were three particular charges. Martin, of course, wanted to plead to none, but then might have pled to one if I was willing to do that. But one of the charges was a disorderly conduct, and being fresh as I was at that time, the back of the citation always has the officer's comments concerning what happened out in the field, and on the back of these comments it said, "Don't take me in front of Judge So and So, because he's a blanking blank hole. So I said to Martin, I said, "Martin, this is impossible for me to do anything with this. Your client has not only besmirched, but slandered a circuit judge for the County of Racine." Martin immediately went into his speech about civil liberties, about the freedom of speech, the United States Constitution and cited numerous cases that were right on point. I was impressed because I had just finished constitutional law in my law school the semester before and I was impressed that he was still out in the field and was mindful of these most recent cases. But he could tell, as he could intuitively and distinctively, that he wasn't winning the war. I said, "I'm not persuaded by this." He immediately, as he had a rare knack of doing, changed tack and said, "You know, you shouldn't convict this guy of disorderly conduct, because Judge So and So is a blanking blank hole." It was such a compelling argument that I did dismiss the case.

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The story is just a fine example of two of Martin's better traits. One, to his dying breath he was always vigorously defending the constitutional rights of us all. And secondly, he lived by Albert Camus' definition of charm. He got you to say yes without even asking you to do something. So with that, we're going to start out with some speakers. The first speaker is Attorney James Hill, who's from Racine. The little known fact is that James, or Jimmy, went to high school with Martin in Holmen, Wisconsin. Some say that Jimmy

turned out well and Martin didn't, but they were co-valedictorians of their high school class, and so I now turn the podium over to Jim Hill.

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MR. HILL: Thank you, Gene. Martin and I have shared several things in common; not the least of which, as Gene says, is that we both hale from Holmen, In this world there are indeed few people Wisconsin. who hale from Holmen, Wisconsin, a small town just north of La Crosse. At the time of our youth, Holmen was a community of about 500, consisting mainly of stubborn Norwegians. Holmen is famous actually for two things. It gave the University of Wisconsin its first seven foot basketball player in the person of one Eino Henrickson. Its second claim to fame is it gave Martin Hanson to the legal profession. Martin was one of these stubborn Norwegians of the Holmen area, growing up on his family's farm and attending a one-room school house through grade school. Not only do Martin and I hale from Holmen, but we were in fact classmates in the class I was one of the town kids and first met Martin when he came to junior high school.

In high school we attended many of the same classes, competing for grades in a friendly competition which lasted throughout high school. Martin Hanson and the practice of law are so closely linked that you may

not know that Martin's first career choice was actually to become a jet pilot in the Air Force. His academic and other credentials were so sound that he received an appointment to the U.S. Air Force Academy, but soon discovered that the Air Force was not for him and so he returned home, went to the University of Wisconsin-Eau Claire, and then to the University of Wisconsin Law School.

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There is no question in my mind that Martin's success as a lawyer could have been predicted by the intellectual skills that he developed and honed in his high school years. Martin always had a keen intellect and a special knack for thinking on his feet. One of my best memories of Martin's quick thinking abilities occurred in the Holmen High School debate team. During our high school years, Holmen High for the first time in recent memory decided to field a debate team and Martin and I were paired to do battle together. While our coach advised us to research a topic thoroughly, Martin and I took the advice with a big grain of salt, assembling a meager couple of dozen note cards with extremely pithy quotations from Time and Newsweek. Well, in our first debate Martin and I sat in the classroom clutching our two dozen note cards when in walked our opponents from one of the La Crosse high

schools, each of them carting under each arm two big file cabinets full of note cards and evidence. Well, I turned to Martin and muttered something like "Oh, my God, Mart, we're in trouble." But Martin was undaunted. He believed that it would take them longer to assemble the evidence in some cohesive fashion, that we should go on the attack, and attack Martin did, and he did it very well. This was a skill that he used many times as a lawyer.

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While Martin was a topnotch student, he also enjoyed a good laugh and a good time even in high school. Martin was not above pulling pranks on teachers. During our tenure at Holmen High, a foreign language, French, was introduced to the curriculum and, of course, Martin and I took it. This was the first time that a language spoken south of a line drawn between London and Oslo had been taught at Holmen High. The challenge of teaching this course fell upon the kindly and long-suffering Mrs. Kerr. In an effort to encourage conversational use, she would ask students to exist the room, close the door and then knock and enter, engaging in what she hoped to be very fluent French. Martin decided that it would be much better fun for us to exit the classroom, close the door, stand outside and do nothing. After several minutes we could hear poor

Mrs. Kerr in the room pleading entrez-vous, entrez-vous, entrez-vous.

Martin also was not adverse to slipping the wrong answer to some more poor student who had turned to Martin to get him off the hot seat. In French, Martin quickly grasped the language and the correct pronunciation, but would give the fellow student the bum steer. Poor Mrs. Kerr had to endure statements such as beaucoup le soup in fractured French from those students that Martin tutored.

Martin's talents of argument and persuasion were not just in the classroom, however. He could often persuade you to do something which was absolutely the last thing you wanted to do. During one of our high school summers, since jobs in Holmen were scarce, Martin and I had the distinct pleasure of working at the local canning factory, canning peas, beans and corn. This factory gave all new meaning to the term sweatshop. The hours were long and the pay was about \$1.10 per hour.

Martin soon learned that this job seriously impinged on time spent with his high school sweetheart. Whenever one of my days off approached, he would regale in all kinds of arguments why I should work and he should get that day off as well. The arguments spanned from everything from it would enhance my income to it would

enhance my character and help build my character. Of course, at \$1.10 per hour my income was not really enhanced and not much character is built through working on the brink of a heat stroke. Yet, Martin would somehow convince me that this was the thing to do.

Martin ended up romancing the girl. I ended up romancing cans of peas in hot salt brine.

While Martin and I shared a lot, what we shared the most was a deep respect and friendship for each other. In my high school freshman year my mother died. In my sophomore year my father died. I had no siblings. Having a good friend with whom I could share intellectual challenges and laughs was all important to me, helping to heal the hurt and loss that I felt. Martin was that friend each and every day.

In preparation for today I looked at my senior class yearbook, and in his comment to me Martin wrote.

"I don't think that it's necessary to write about our friendship -- we both understand that." Yes, Martin, we both understood it. It helped shape me and direct me to where I am. It is something that I cherished then and will continue to cherish through all my days. I miss you, Martin. Your Honor, I would like to make this a part of the court record.

CHIEF JUDGE SIMANEK: The Court orders the

comments of Mr. Hill be incorporated into the Court record.

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MR. GASIORKIEWICZ: Thank you, Jim. We'd now like to hear from the Honorable Dennis J. Flynn who's been a long time friend of Martin's for years and years. Judge Flynn?

JUDGE FLYNN: I sense that Martin is here with us through all of you. For those of us who are here this afternoon, the shock and suddenness and even pain in the passing of Martin Hanson is still all too real. The wound is still open. Whether we learned of his death as his partners did by being with him at Al's Run or by a phone call last weekend, or as I did by reading an article that Ric Hayman wrote in the front page of last Sunday's Journal Times, I think our reaction was the same -- no, this cannot be. Why? Yet our angst, our concern, our effort and our prayer to have time change its course and return our friend is something we know that cannot happen. Martin, above all, understood the temporariness of time and of our human condition. He was a reflective man who understood that in the scope of things honest effort mattered more than the vagaries of results. That commitment to principal and to law produced a positive verdict whatever the decision was in a particular case, and that life's realities, whatever

they be, are best dealt with in the comfort of family, in meaningful relationships and in an avowedly Norwegian sense of humor that regaled in self-deprecation and in an abundance of cynicism.

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Martin's death came too quickly for us, and we, all of us, did not have a chance or opportunity to say good-bye. Some of that will occur here today in this Memorial Service and will continue on as we go back over to Martin's office, and there we will all have a chance to tell stories, wonderful stories about times we shared with Martin. Jim Ennis could tell stories of the racing, the Mackinac race and other sailings that occurred. For me, of late in the last six months or so Martin has had a conversion to computers and technology, and about two months ago Martin came in and he had a new toy, and if you know most boys, we love toys. And Martin had a new little computer and he loved it, and we spent a lot of time talking about that.

This is an opportunity for us to talk about victories that have been won and defeats that have been suffered. And for us it is a part of the healing which truly is necessary. Above all else, Martin in the field of law was a trial lawyer, a trial attorney. He kept before us the ideal of what it is, what it means to be an effective advocate. During his career he was a

prosecutor for just a little bit of time and then he was primarily involved in defense work in the area of criminal law. However, he also handled with distinction cases in civil matters, family, juvenile and probate. And in each area he represented his clients and the profession of law with both skill and competence. Usually he prevailed, but Martin, however, was also fully human and he knew both sides of the verdicts which can be rendered by a jury. His special skill was advocating a case before a jury with logic, with reason. with respect and with focus. He would discuss the evidence and the law, give his comments on reasonable doubt as he saw it and then discuss the inconsistencies or weaknesses in the opposition's case. It's not really unusual, but Martin brought to that approach something very special. To say that his approach worked or resonated well with juries, would be an absolute understatement. To watch and work with Marty was not to get a message of becoming like him; rather, his challenge for all of us was to use our talents to be our best in advocating a cause, in representing a client and in presenting the facts and the law accurately. The end for Martin was not so much winning, though he liked to win, as it was to obtain justice.

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But to get back to this La Crosse farm boy-

turned lawyer's special ability to be at one with a jury, and he knew that the jury's search for truth ultimately would decide the fate of his client. His uniqueness in that area, from my point of view at least, is perhaps best understood by a story I'm going to title "The Lawyer and the Parakeet." Twelve years ago in Racine we had a long, hot summer, and in that long, hot summer we had a two-month jury trial in June and July. Now, this was before the courthouse itself was air conditioned. There were multiple defendants and they were represented by two pretty fine attorneys. Martin Hanson and Bill Coffey. The State also was represented by a pretty fine attorney, Gerry Ptacek. But the story itself is not really about winning or losing that or any other case, but it is about one lawyer's impact on this jury as representative of all juries.

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We got this particular jury in Beloit because there was quite a bit of discussion about the case, and I won't go into the facts of the case, but the result was that none of the jurors knew the attorneys or the parties in the lawsuit at all. The case, as it should have been, was hard-fought and much evidence was presented. Martin Hanson was at his usual best in his examination of witnesses and in his opening statement and particularly in his closing arguments. He

constantly urged the jury to render a fair and just verdict based on the facts and the law and not on emotion.

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Now, the verdict in this longest-ever Racine trial ultimately was returned in favor of Martin's client, but that's not what this story is about either. When the case was all done and the jury left the courtroom, the jury went back into my library and there they asked, after being away from their families for almost two months, if they could speak with and shake the hand of one of the lawyers who was involved in that That attorney, of course, was Martin Hanson. One woman on the jury shared that during the trial she had gone out and purchased a parakeet, and she was so impressed with this lawyer's skills and his competency that she had decided to name that parakeet Marty, and she wanted to let him know that. Well, Marty came in and was told the story and very softly and with some embarrassment Martin said to her "Thanks" and he gave her a hug. Thereafter his friends chided him, but he always seemed particularly proud of how a parakeet ended up sharing his name.

Now, all of us are temporary stewards of those talents and abilities that we possess, but which are God-given, family-nurtured and honed by the experiences

of life. Martin Hanson was a good steward of his talents. We in the field of law have lost an advocate who set the standard for others to strive for. He made us and our discipline special as a result of his involvement as a lawyer in the details of justice. He was a patriot to the ideals that give meaning to our democratic republic, not by blind faith in the institutions of government and commerce, but by challenging those who would exercise power in order to insure equality and justice for all of our citizens, those who were powerful and those who were not.

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And now, Martin, to you directly, your memory will not be forgotten in this community and state. Our sympathy goes out especially to your daughters, Amy and Erika; to your parents who are here in spirit with us, Cliff and Lorraine; to your brother, Ron, and to your special friend, Jennifer. And to your partners Rob and Gene, and to all, all of us here who have had our lives impacted so specially by you. God bless you, dear friend. Judge Simanek, I would ask that these comments please be placed in the record.

CHIEF JUDGE SIMANEK: The comments of Judge Flynn will be placed in the court record.

MR. GASIORKIEWICZ: Thank you, Judge Flynn.

I'd be remiss if I didn't fill in a little story

concerning what Jim Hill talked about; that is, Marty attending the Air Force Academy. Of course, every parent's dream is to send their son to some school that would pay room and board for four years. So his parents were not too particularly happy when he returned home after deciding not to continue there. But what's most interesting about the story is how he extracted himself from the Air Force Academy, which is not an easy thing to do once you enter the military academy. before the general -- there were three generals at the Air Force Academy -- before them and indicated that he had decided after being there two or three weeks or months, I'm not sure what it was, that his calling really was in the ministry. The government had told him that, you know, there's not many flying priests and that they had spent an enormous amount of money training him already, and he promised to pay the money back, although he assured me he never did sign a note with the qovernment. But he did confide in me later on, many years later, that that urging to the ministry faded once he left Colorado Springs and was somewhere over Kansas City.

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We'd now like to call on Jack W. Van Metre who was Martin's first employer. Jack was the head of the Madison Public Defender Office and he was, by Martin's

own admission, one of his first mentors. Jack?

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MR. VAN METRE: It's a little scary. I've never been in front of quite so many judges all at one time.

MR. GASIORKIEWICZ: Clearly never had your back to them.

MR. VAN METRE: I hired Martin many, many years ago to work at the Legal Services Center at Dane County Incorporated. Martin was a law student at the time. That's how long ago it was. And Marty and I have been friends ever since. Loyalty was a Martin Hanson trademark. How many of the gentlemen here have ever been invited to their ex-wife's wedding? Once a friend, always a friend. The Legal Services Center was an experimental Criminal Defense Program. We got some money from the Ford Foundation and from a lot of other In those days everybody was an idealistic liberal, and I guess maybe the accomplishment I'll be proudest of to the day I die is having played at least some small role in interesting Martin Hanson in criminal I don't have to tell anybody in this room what a fine attorney he turned out to be.

I guess my personal testimonial, best testimonial, would be that whenever I had a question or problem, my first reaction was to give Marty a call. I

did that often. But as capable as he was, I don't think Martin's skill was what really set him aside. I think it was his dedication and his compassion that were what made Martin unique. Sometimes he exercised that dedication and compassion without, what some people would say, proper regard for proper financial remuneration.

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Monday of this week I got a call from a client of Martin's by the name of Lyle. Lyle currently resides at the Federal Correctional Institution in Milan, In 1988, Lyle was arrested while alleqedly attempting to buy some cocaine from a dealer turned I initially got involved in Lyle's defense and I soon determined that I had a conflict, so I called Marty. Who else? Marty showed up, took over the case. went through a four-day jury trial and lost, probably because I was a bad witness. I don't know. But anyway, the fun was just beginning. This was one of the first cases to which those wonderful new Federal Sentencing Guidelines was going to apply, and it turned out that Lyle had been a flower child, and when he was very young he had antagonized his then live-in girlfriend. turn, had notified the authorities that Lyle was attempting to manufacture synthetic cocaine in his garage, and that he was a very close friend of a pot

dealer. Lyle was ultimately convicted of attempting to manufacture cocaine and he ill-advisedly pled guilty to aiding and abetting a pot dealer even though the dealer himself was acquitted after a jury trial. Lyle's attorney in that case was himself a drug addict; subsequently disbarred.

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In any event, Marty realized his client was facing a quarter of a century. He had two prior drugrelated convictions. He could be sentenced as a career offender. Marty spent literally days in our library researching and formulating his arguments and he lost. Judge Shabaz sentenced Lyle to 22 years. Martin was The judicial system, which he both loved and incensed. hated, had failed him again. So he went to work. went to the 7th Circuit on the Federal case. He went to the Wisconsin Supreme Court through the Court of Appeals on the prior State cases. I'll never forget one day he called me up and he said, "Jack, have you ever heard of a Writ of Error Coram Nobis?" Before I had a chance to respond he said, "I'm not gonna embarrass you by asking you to answer that and think up some lie. It does exist, it does exist, and I have filed it on behalf of Lyle." Martin road that Writ of Error Coram Nobis to a new hearing in Mauston on an attempt to withdraw a plea entered 15 years ago. He lost. There was an

evidentiary hearing, but he lost. He was frustrated at every turn, but he kept working on the case.

Two weeks ago Marty called me and said, "I'm this close, Jack, this close to getting the Attorney General's Office to stipulate to effect the consolidation that was agreed on 15 years ago and that never happened because of the incompetency of counsel." That, of course, was reduced prior to one and justified a new sentencing in federal court. The last time I talked to Martin he figured he had about \$10,000 invested out-of-pocket in this case. That doesn't begin -- well, it doesn't have anything to do with the hundreds and hundreds of hours he spent on the case. He flew to Detroit, rented a car, went to Milan, Michigan, the garden spot of the world.

When Lyle called me on Monday it was purportedly to console me. As a matter of fact, he also sent me a wonderful sympathy card, the Lyle who knew how much Marty meant to me. But in the course of our conversation, Lyle did come to express some concerns for himself. He said, "I called the office early this morning and I got the terrible news and then they put some other guy on the line." He said, "Jack, that other guy didn't even know my name." I said, "Lyle, I know Marty's law partners, associates, and they're wonderful

people and they're good attorneys, but they have mouths to feed and overhead to pay. You gave Marty a \$1,000 retainer and he's been working for six years on your case. Perhaps, just perhaps, Marty was afraid or ashamed or embarrassed to mention to the rest of his office what he's been doing for you for these six years." There was a long pause, and then Lyle said, "Jack, what am I gonna do without Marty?" Bingo. What are we going to do without Marty? Well, I for one am going to do what I know he would want me to do. I'm going to leave here and go to the nearest watering hole. which is probably going to be Gene's office, and I'm gonna have one of those God-awful Bombay martinis, maybe two or three, and I'm gonna wash 'em, down with a little Jack Daniels. And I'm gonna tell Marty stories and listen to them, and I'm gonna thank God that I had a friend like Martin Hanson. Thank you.

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CHIEF JUDGE SIMANEK: The Court orders that Mr. Van Metre's comments be incorporated into the Court's record.

MR. GASIORKIEWICZ: Thank you, Jack. I'd like to pick up on just a another little comment that I think I can share with you now. One of the things that Jack so eloquently talked about was Marty being an idealistic liberal and that was quite true of him, and this is a

slight aside, but it's interesting. When I was a young lawyer I worked for Adrian Schoone, who will be speaking later, and Marty worked for Adrian as well. During the course of those early years which were much fun for all of us, and a very, very funny learning experience for me, we represented a politically unpopular client in Racine who was in the midst of litigation with a judge. It so happened that I had to appear on a rather trivial matter in front of another circuit judge, and the judge was saying, "Look, I can't believe what you guys are doing. I can't believe you guys would take this case, it's politically hot, you know, this could just ruin everybody's reputation here in Racine inclusive of the circuit judge." And, of course, I had my marching orders from on high. I said, "Look, I didn't sign the guy up, but this is the case that we have." And with no uncertain terms this circuit judge referred to Adrian as a blanking liberal and I said, oh, I said, "Well, you know, if you believe that's true of Adrian, what do you think of Martin?" He said, "Well, Martin's a left-ofthe-center extremist. I looked at the judge and I said "Exactly what does that mean?" He said. "It means he's a blanking liberal." We'd now like to call on Stephen Simanek, the chief judge, who has been Martin's friend since Martin moved here to Racine. They've been

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socially friends for years and years, and I'd ask him for some comments.

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JUDGE SIMANEK: Thank you, Gene. To Amy and Erika, Cliff and Lorraine, Alice, Marie, Jeni, Martin's other relatives and co-workers, you have my deepest sympathy. This is a Memorial Service and I have memories of Martin. In the beginning of the 70's we began our legal careers in Racine -- Martin with the LaFrance-Thompson firm, myself with the Foley & Capwell I remember the early years with family -- Martin and Alice raising Amy and Erika, who are the same ages as Sue and my children, Emily and Peter. I remember the family vacations taken together to the campgrounds on the Wisconsin River at Lyndon Station, to the State Park on the Mississippi River. I remember the severe thunderstorm at Dodge State Park flattening all the tents, frightening the kids and requiring us to sleep in the cars. I remember the houseboat trip up the Mississippi River. If you ever want to learn if you really like someone, or truly dislike someone, take a houseboat vacation with them. By the time you disembark you will know, and I knew, I really liked Martin.

I remember the Gourmet Club. I have managed to repress all recollection of the food, and I don't want anyone to draw those repressed recollections out of me

later at the office, but I do fondly remember the conversation. Cliff and Lorraine, I know you will see this videotape. I remember picking watermelons with the kids at your farm in Holmen. Martin proudly referred to you as the Watermelon King and Queen. And I remember the numerous excursions to Las Vegas with Martin as the tour director. He was like a mother hen with ten or twelve supposed adults acting like juveniles. sure everyone got a choice spot at the pool. He got reservations at the best restaurants. He got us the best seats to see Siegfried and Roy. And he always made certain that the cocktail waitresses at the gambling tables brought us the correct drinks in a timely fashion. And maybe most importantly he made certain we all got back to our rooms alive; often with a lecture on proper money management which, of course, was frequently given too late.

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The one thing I remember common to all these events is the laughter. I remember laughing until my eyes watered and my side hurt. Martin had a sense of humor. He was fun to be with. But Martin also had a serious side. I remember when Bruce Williams, a Racine police officer, was seriously ill and recovering from heart surgery. Martin opened his house to Bruce for weeks and weeks and weeks of caring and

recuperation. And I remember Martin as the premier criminal defense lawyer in this area. Martin took the difficult cases and handled them with skill and professionalism. Watching Martin at work was a joy. was always, always straight with the Court. His word was like money in the bank. No exaggerated or inflated No embellishments. No lame excuses. claims. No frivolous or spurious arguments. Martin never wasted the Court's time. In fact, Martin never wasted anyone's time; particularly not his own. So you may lament the fact that his time on this earth was cut short, but keep in mind Martin never wasted one minute of it. Whether it was learning how to fly an airplane or skiing in Colorado, it was time well spent. Whether it was congenial conversation at Becky's on Main Street or the Cornerhouse, it was time well spent. When he was doing things with those he cared about, his family, his friends and his professional associates, it was time well spent. He has enriched all of our lives. We are all better human beings for having known Martin. Court orders these comments be incorporated into the Court record.

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MR. GASIORKIEWICZ: Thank you, Steve. We're now going to call upon Dr. Walter McDonald who has been a long time friend of Martin. Martin routinely bounced

ideas for trial strategies off in terms of how to address a jury, how to approach a case, long before it was popular in the legal system. He always liked Dr. McDonald; he valued his opinions, his friendship and we used him as an expert as often as we could because we always admired his forensic abilities. Dr. McDonald?

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DR. MCDONALD: Good afternoon, everyone. When I got here this afternoon, sitting waiting for these things to begin, I was approached by a lawyer whom I know who was just reading the program that I would be one of the speakers -- for those of you who don't know me, I am a clinical psychologist -- and he said, "Tell me, please, that when you're through with your remarks you're not going to make us hug one another." I quarantee I won't do that. When I learned last Saturday evening of Marty's death, I became suddenly very, very upset, and then I did something that I often do when I'm quite upset. I grabbed a pen and a pad and I started furiously scribbling the thoughts and the feelings that were rushing through me at the time. The couple of paragraphs that emerged from that were meant to be a private expression of my grief and were not really intended to be heard by others, but as I reread them the next day, they seemed to make me feel a little bit less I offer them here both as a tribute to devastated.

Martin and with the hope that they may help some of you to cope a bit better with this tragedy that has occurred to all of us. Beatrice Prunty, Jeremiah Joseph Ring, George Wells, Mary Agnes Prunty Ring, Walter J.

McDonald, Catherine Ring McDonald, an unnamed stillborn child, Charlotte R. McDonald, Frank Goldstein, M.D., Frank Ruzica, J.D., Bob Roperts, J.D., Jay Schwartz, J.D., Carlos Albizu-Miranda, Ph.D., Ted Harris, J.D., Mary Agnes Ring Perron, Martin I. Hanson, J.D.

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If I live long enough, this list of significant relatives and friends that began in 1929 when I was two years old will expand. It's not surprising in the course of a moderately long life that in addition to these, many others I have known have also died and still others whose death I'm unaware. Those whose names I have listed are different, however. They were through with me before I was through with them. These were the unexpected, the unanticipated, the ones whose ends upend our lives; those full of life and promise departed from us before we made full use of them and before they gave to us and to others a fuller measure of themselves. Each one of us here has such a list, a kind of a personal pantheon. We now share in common, in addition to that list, our friend Martin Hanson. Knowledge of his death came to me from a kind person who called to

tell me, sparing me the sudden blow of unwanted knowledge from the next morning's front page. I'm still buffeted by a gale of emotions; grief, anger, remorse of the undone, and happiness that our paths crossed for a time. I'm enriched for having known him. I'm saddened at having lost him. But then again, I thought out to myself, I have no more lost him than I have lost the other departed who touched my life and who for the rest of my life left part of themselves with me.

Among many unusual things about him, a number of which you already heard this afternoon, more of which you will hear, one in particular stands out. Of the many trial attorneys I have worked with on forensic matters over the last 30 years, he was one of few who almost always took care of business in a timely fashion. It seems he just broke that habit, much to our regret. Good-bye, Marty, and thanks.

CHIEF JUDGE SIMANEK: The Court orders that Dr. McDonald's comments be read into the record.

MR. GASIORKIEWICZ: Thank you, Dr. McDonald.

The next speaker on your list was the Honorable Terry

Evans, Circuit Judge from the 7th Circuit Federal Court.

Terry was unable to be here. He desperately wanted to

be. He has a close relationship to Martin through their

daughters. Judge Evans' daughter as well as Amy Hanson

attended high school and the University of
Wisconsin-Madison together so they had a close bond. In
addition to that, Terry Evans sat on many cases in which
Martin tried in the federal system, but I think I'm
clearly at liberty to say, especially since there's no
federal judge sitting behind me or standing behind me,
that Martin wouldn't be too upset by this because often
times Martin would say to me, "Since Earl Warren left
the bench there hasn't been a federal judge that did me
any favors." So with that in mind, I'm going to call on
long-time friend and very close to him, Tom Tofte, to
read the comments that were faxed up to me by Judge
Evans and give some of his own personal insights as
well.

MR. TOFTE: Judge Evans apparently doesn't realize that we have a judge here in Racine County that's not afraid to hold a Federal Court Judge in contempt, so he should be concerned about his nonappearance. In any event, I came to Racine County in 1973, as an Assistant District Attorney, and one of the first things that I learned was the premier criminal lawyer in Racine County was Martin I. Hanson. Martin I. Hanson left us a week ago. When he left us, he was still the premier criminal lawyer in Racine County. This is quite an accomplishment for any lawyer to

dominate a particular field of law for more than two decades, and Martin Hanson did it. He practiced not only in Racine, but he practiced in Milwaukee and in the Federal Courts. About the 1980's, he decided he was going to expand his practice and go to Milwaukee and practice in Federal Court. I always suspected that it was some Racine Assistant District Attorney who talked him into sharing his talents with other prosecutors.

As all of us here know, when Martin Hanson meets somebody and when Martin Hanson practices before people, they notice him and they realize what a quality lawyer he is. And this is true in Milwaukee. Lawyers from all over Milwaukee are calling and saying what a wonderful lawyer Martin was. Not only the lawyers, but the judges saw the essence of this man that we know so well. Judge Terence Evans sent this memorial on Martin:

"I was indescribably saddened when I learned on Sunday that Martin Hanson had passed away. To Martin's family and many friends, I write to express my condolences on behalf of the federal court family here in Milwaukee.

Martin was a towering figure in Wisconsin's legal community. He was smart. He was tough. He was decisive. He was charismatic. That he has been taken from us, at such a young age, is grossly unfair, but

Marty would not want us to dwell on his loss. Like getting a bad evidentiary ruling during a trial, Marty would want us to simply forge on, and that we will do, aided in no small way by the wonderful memories he has left for us.

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Martin put his unique mark on the federal building here in the Eastern District of Wisconsin. was without a shadow of a doubt one of the truly great litigators to grace our court. Words were precious to Marty Hanson. He used them sparingly, but decisively, usually while driving home a point of great importance during the trial. Despite all his skill, however, Martin did have a blind spot. He thought his favorite story, the Badger story, used repeatedly during jury trial closings, was actually funny. Many who heard the story several times disagreed with it. Despite this slight flaw, I want to emphasize that the judges repeatedly gave Martin Hanson the highest compliment -we listened intently when he spoke because he didn't waste our time. When he spoke, he had our full attention because what he said was always, always persuasive and important. Marty, your friends at the federal building will miss you.

On a personal note, I will miss chatting with you and sharing our stories of our daughters -- my

Christine and your Amy -- going back to when they were together on 42nd Street. Thanks for the memories, Marty. God bless you." This is what Judge Terence Evans had to say.

No matter how enormous Martin's legal talents were, these talents paled compared to his humanity. He was a true, great human being as is attested to by the presence of all of you, and I don't know of another man who could go through life and touch people as deeply as Martin Hanson did. For me, he was my friend and his leaving will leave a hole in my life, but I will carry the essence of this man to my grave. Thank you. We would offer the memorial from Judge Evans into evidence.

CHIEF JUDGE SIMANEK: The Court orders the comments of Judge Evans and the comments of Mr. Tofte be incorporated into the court record.

MR. GASIORKIEWICZ: Thank you, your Honor.
We'd now like to call on Adrian Schoone who is
responsible for really stealing Martin back from Madison
and bringing him back to Racine. Adrian started with
Martin within the law firm of Schoone, McManus & Hanson.
Adrian?

MR. SCHOONE: Judges, members of Martin's family, lawyers and other friends of Martin Iver Hanson, Martin graduated from the University of Wisconsin Law

School and became a member of the State Bar of Wisconsin in May of 1968. He immediately began the practice of law as an Assistant District Attorney for this county. He was to credit then-District Attorney Gerald Clickner, a great trial prosecutor, with giving him early inspiration for the immense trial success Martin would go on to achieve. Martin and your speaker met within a few weeks of his arrival here in this courthouse at a preliminary hearing which lasted less than two hours. Before it was over, he had received an invitation to join me in private law practice. He resisted my blandishments. After a year with the Racine County D.A.'s Office he returned to Madison to work for Mr. Van Metre from whom you've already heard. But we persisted in our entreaties.

In July of 1970, Martin and wife Alice returned to Racine and he joined me as associates with the LaFrance firm. Four months later Martin, Roger McManus and I formed our own law firm. By this time Martin had been fondly labeled "The Young Man", a description which will forever befit him. Conversely, he called me the old man, perhaps because as they said of Richard Milhouse Nixon, "He was old when he was born." In any event, the period of 1971 through 1975, was undoubtedly the most enjoyable time of my 36 and a half years in the

law practice, due primarily to my association with Martin. The expansion of our organization gradually eroded the camaraderie we had enjoyed. By May of 1979, Martin and Gene Gasiorkiewicz left to form their own law firm, which has now enjoyed almost 16 and a half years of continued success.

Martin and I remained friends. The esteem in which our law firm held him can be measured by the many criminal law matters we've referred to him over the years.

Martin deserved the recognition he received as one of The Best Lawyers in America because of these admirable traits, among others. You've heard of his exceptional intelligence. But he had more. He had uncommon sense and understanding of what makes people in the law, whether clients or lawyers, behave as they do. He had charisma. That means charm. Jurors instinctively and often instantly liked him, and distaff jurors did more than that. He had a confident serenity or inner peace; indeed, a philosophy of sanguinity which stemmed from his time on this earth.

Martin the Viking, native of Holmen, was a product of the 60's. I suspect he remains a fan of Bob Dylan to this day, which is why the slogan from The Rolling Stone, "When you ain't got nothing, you got

nothing to lose", captured Martin's attitude toward life. That's why I'm confident today he disdained shedding of tears in his memory, difficult as that is, and we're trying to avoid it.

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I want to take a short stroll down memory lane to recall several vignettes involving Martin in the form he retold them back at our law office which perhaps will capture his up-beat, positive, good-humored approach to the law and his involvement with it.

The first will be corroborated for veracity by his law partner and son-in-law Rob Weber who was Martin's adversary at the time this actually happened. As they say in Casey Stengel, you can look it up. Martin was defending a client in a criminal proceeding. The case was at Motions After Verdict stage. presiding judge was one who had returned to this county near the twilight of his law career. He ascended to the bench soon thereafter. His industry and diligence were immediately evident to those appearing before him, but by the time of these instant motions there was a hint of burn-out in his demeanor. Whatever the issues involved, Rob preceded Martin in making oral argument. When Martin's turn arrived, he made the most of the opportunity. His presentation spared no horses. even went to the blackboard -- this wasn't a jury trial

-- he went to the blackboard to diagram the merits of his client's cause. After extended oration, he returned in spent condition to sit at counsel table. There followed a long, anxiety-producing pause. Finally his Honor looked up from his notes, peered over his spectacles at Martin and said, "Mr. Hanson, would you like to respond to Mr. Weber's argument?" Martin confessed he lost those motions.

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The second episode involved a different nowretired jurist, gone from the community, who was outwardly fond of Martin and often took him into his This day when Martin was making the courthouse run and stopped in his Honor's chambers, the judge asked him, "Martin, what's a law clerk?" Martin's startled response was, "Judge, why do you ask?" Thereupon, his Honor showed Martin a written communique offering the services of a law clerk for the summer months at no expense to either the judge or this county, seemingly a can't-lose proposition. Martin then explained that a law clerk could help the judge with his research and drafting of decisions, but the judge responded as follows: "Research? I don't do research. I like to make my decisions from the bench, off-thecuff. What's a law clerk gonna do, stand by my chair?" Martin's sense of humor was not confined to the

courthouse. He took it with him on vacations. About a year after the formation of Schoone, McManus & Hanson, Martin and Alice went to Hawaii. By this time we three law partners had learned something about legal economics -- having undergone a baptism of fire because we began with no retainer clients and thus no guaranteed income. Each day was a new adventure. We learned to check cash receipts almost daily. Martin promised to send us a post-card from Hawaii. And so he did, in the form of a football-size pineapple. The message on its exterior was short and to the point, documenting his ongoing concern about office overhead and how we were meeting The message was lifted from a then-popular Johnny it. Cash country song. It said, "How high's the water, Momma", which meant have you taken in enough to get us back home?

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When Martin joined me in the private law practice, we agreed upon a division of labor with him completely responsible for all criminal law matters.

Occasionally we joined forces in civil cases. One was tried on the 7th floor of this building before Judge Thomas P. Corbett and jury. Our client was a child dart-out victim well under the age of seven. Defending the insurance company and allegedly negligent driver was a Milwaukee transplant you'll recall as having the

silver-throated ability to sell sand to the Arabians. Therefore, when several days of trial demonstrated the risk of a no-liability finding, we deemed it in the best interests of our client to settle for a total of \$40,000, those days a princely sum and more than a peppercorn even today. Judge Corbett promptly approved the settlement. Several days later, Martin encountered a member of the jury in the courthouse. unsurprisingly complimented Martin for his presentation, but told him we shouldn't have settled because this jury was prepared to assess big damages. Martin's heart sank with the fear of what we might have done wrong, and he timidly inquired of this juror as to what damages they were contemplating. Replied the juror, "Oh, big damages, maybe as high as 25 to 30 thousand dollars." This tells us who are still sufficiently foolhardy to go before juries today, that the more things change the more they stay the same.

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This last anecdote about Martin deals not with his exceptional good spirits, but with his unique devotion and loyalty to clients, which you have already heard about. During our association we did indeed represent a person of color employed in the local public sector in an extremely high profile criminal matter. Ultimately we were successful in gaining dismissal of

all charges. Many years later that client, now living far, far away, wrote a book about his experiences. A banquet was held to kick off book sales. One person from Racine I'm aware of, at his own expense, traveled the many thousands of miles to be present for that event. That person was Martin Iver Hanson. Just one more testimonial to his steadfast dedication to client causes regardless of John Q. Public's opinion of them.

And so, Martin Iver Hanson, your family, your home town of Holmen, your Racine legal community and your legal profession respectfully reflect upon your legal career of over 27 years. Your accomplishments are singular. By realistic standards it can be said that you may have become the best Wisconsin criminal defense lawyer during your lifework, but of equal importance you reached that pinnacle without engaging in sharp practices, without overreaching, and without demonstrating that lack of civility sometimes a hallmark of your big city counterparts. As the role is called up yonder, you more than measure up. You can be rightfully proud of what you've sown and what you've reaped. Fair well, Morty, my old pal. Judge Simanek, I would offer these remarks into evidence.

CHIEF JUDGE SIMANEK: The Court orders the remarks of Mr. Schoone be incorporated into the Court

record.

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MR. ROB WEBER: Judge, may I ask that the reference to his son-in-law be stricken from the record? I would like Martin to rest easy in the hereafter.

CHIEF JUDGE SIMANEK: Mr. Weber, would you please cite the appropriate evidentiary rule?

MR. GASIORKIEWICZ: Thank you, Adrian. Last night I was awakened thinking of Martin and thinking of I thought of this moment, the closing moment, the importance it rightfully deserves. How I relished late last night the opportunity to say farewell to you all on behalf of Martin. I however was frightened. was frightened that I would fall short of the task. what I did in the wee hours of the morning, I concocted what I learned from Tom Holloran just recently was called a Martin Hanson which apparently is a noted drink in Milwaukee that I'm sure my expense account paid for the development of it, and thought of what I needed. Classical music usually comes to mind to me when I'm thinking this, I need a crescendo, I need something, I need a finality. I then thought of classical music that I purport to be no master of the classics, nor would I infer that Martin liked the classics, but Aaron Copland's musical piece written in the late 1940's to honor the war participants came to mind. It is entitled

"Fanfare for the Common Man." It is a short piece, depending on who is conducting, whether it's Aaron Copland himself or Lenny Bernstein or Eugene Ormandy. It goes somewhere from three and a half minutes to five minutes, but no longer. It is percussion and brass only. It is straight-forward. It is a straight-forward statement that is at the same time simple and dignified. Martin lived his life with the dignity of a simple human being, while professionally protecting the rights of the common man. He truly was the hero of the common man. Martin was the uncommon common man. If you get the chance, please pick up Aaron Copland's "Fanfare to the Common Man." It will only take two or three minutes or four minutes out of your life. Please listen to it. I think you will hear Martin in there. I think you will hear Martin, and this piece is Martin's fanfare for Martin Hanson. Thank you.

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CHIEF JUDGE SIMANEK: The Court orders the comments of Mr. Gasiorkiewicz be incorporated into the court record.

MR. GASIORKIEWICZ: I wish to thank all the judges for participating here today. There is a reception following at our office and on behalf of the family, loved ones and close friends of Martin Hanson and his business partners, we thank you very much for

1	coming here today. Thank you.
2	CHIEF JUDGE SIMANEK: This court stands
3	adjourned.
4	(MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR MARTIN I. HANSON CONCLUDED)
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1	STATE OF WISCONSIN) CERTIFICATION
2) ss.
3	COUNTY OF RACINE)
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6	I, Jane Slaght, official court reporter in and for the
7	State of Wisconsin, County of Racine, Branch 8, certify that
8	the foregoing pages, 2 through 42, were prepared by me; that
9	same is a true and accurate transcription of the Memorial
10	Service for MARTIN I. HANSON held before the HONORABLE STEPHE
11	SIMANEK on the 29th day of September, 1995.
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15	Dated this 5th day of October, 1995.
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19	Jani Staget
20	JANE SLAGHT
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