

More about Jim Cuaderes

My name is Eduardo F. Cuaderes Jr. I go by the nickname of “Jim.” You may be wondering why my nickname is Jim when my name looks like it has elements of Spanish influence in it. I get that question all of the time, and it has an easy answer. When I was born, my father Eduardo Sr. wanted a namesake. But my older brother, Tony, wanted a little brother by the name of Jim. My parents compromised. They put Eduardo Jr. on my birth certificate, but they called me Jim. My father went by Eddie, and I went by Jim. I have gone by the name of Jim since I could crawl. Feel free to call me Jim, but I’ll answer to Eduardo if you want to call me that too.

Speaking of being born, I was born in 1957 in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. In 1947, my father emigrated from the Philippines (hence the Spanish nature of my name) after living through the horrors of WWII. He became a highway engineer for the Oklahoma Department of Highways in Oklahoma City. He married my mother, Rilla Jones, and together they had thirteen children and settled in Norman, Oklahoma. In case you’re wondering, I am the sixth of thirteen children, eight boys and five girls. I am a living example of the melting pot of America, the son of a smart and resourceful Filipino father and a wonderful and caring Anglo mother.

I attended Norman public schools, where I stood out in nothing. After graduating high school in 1975, I attended the University of Oklahoma, again where I excelled in nothing, graduating in 1979. All along the way and out of necessity of paying for things my parents could not afford, I worked many odd jobs as soon as I grew old enough to work. I mowed lawns, pumped gas, cooked hamburgers, cashiered at a convenience store, guarded a department store, and worked as a dispatcher for a police department. All of these jobs have instilled in me an appreciation for the honest and hard labor of working men and women and the companies that employ them.

The smartest thing I did in college was join Army ROTC. During my four years in ROTC, I trained in all the leadership skills necessary to become a commissioned officer in the U.S. Army. In 1979, I was commissioned a second lieutenant and shipped off to, of all places, Fort Sill, Oklahoma, where I was taught basic artillery observation, gunnery, and tactics. I was supposed to remain at Fort Sill for the next three years, but I pleaded with my commanders to change my assignment. I joined the Army to get away from Oklahoma, not stay there. So it was off to Wiesbaden, Germany for three years where I served in a Lance Missile battalion as a platoon leader, battery executive officer, and battalion logistics officer.

Following my tour of duty in Germany, the Army invited me to stay and sent me back to Fort Sill for advanced artillery training. By then I had been promoted to captain, and I was almost given into the notion that serving as a “cannon cocker” would be my career. I asked my commanders if I could finish my education by going to the campus of Ball State University in Muncie, Indiana to complete the final hours I needed to earn a Master’s Degree in Counseling Psychology. While I was in Germany, I had taken coursework in Ball State’s overseas graduate programs, but I never completed the entire curriculum. The Army gave the okay for me to finish my degree, but in exchange I had to serve an overseas hardship assignment, meaning that I would most likely serve in an isolated location far away from English-speaking Americans. Sure enough, my hardship tour was a year in Turkey serving as a special weapons and site security

officer and Liaison Officer to the Turkish Fifth Corps at a remote location where the U.S. and NATO were still actively engaged in the Cold War. This was a challenging assignment for me because I did not speak Turkish, and the Turks, for the most part, spoke very broken English. After leaving Turkey, I spent an entire summer in Muncie and completed the coursework to earn a Master's Degree.

After my summer in Muncie, the Army still owned me. They sent me to Fort Stewart, Georgia to serve in the 24th Infantry Division Artillery. It was yet another stop in what I thought would be a continued career as a military officer. Three things happened to me during my year at Fort Stewart that influenced my choice to become a lawyer. First, I took on a roommate to help pay the expenses of owning a home. My roommate was a JAG officer. Every day he would come home with stories about being a lawyer. His stories fascinated me. Second, I received a ticket for a moving violation on post, which necessitated my appearance before a U.S. Magistrate Judge to defend myself. After I won my case, I wondered if I could win cases for others if I became a lawyer. Finally, I was appointed by the post commander to be a summary court martial authority to determine the fate of a soldier who had been charged with a serious misdemeanor. All of these experiences got me to think about becoming a lawyer.

I acted on my instinct, left the Army, and took the LSAT in the fall of 1986. I was accepted into the OU College of Law, where I attended law school from 1987 to 1990. Don't ask me how, but this time I excelled in my education at OU Law and graduated with honors in 1990. Along the way, I served on the OU Law Review and the Student Board of Advocates, and was a student instructor in legal research and writing. To earn money during law school, I joined the Oklahoma National Guard's 45th Artillery Brigade where I served dutifully until I moved to Dallas following law school. During law school, I clerked for two summers at the now defunct Dallas law firm of Geary, Stahl, and Spencer. Working at GSS convinced me that Dallas was the place to be.

Following my graduation from law school in 1990, I went to work for Carrington, Coleman Sloman, and Blumenthal. I had clerked for CCSB the previous summer. I received a job offer from GSS too, but my instinct pointed me towards CCSB. Lawyering at CCSB for two years in a general litigation and commercial practice exposed me to some of the greatest legal minds in Dallas. Far too many to list here, the list includes Jim Coleman, James Ellis, Betsy Whitaker, Barbara M.G. Lynn, and Bill Dawson, to name a few. Eventually, I yearned for more litigation experience than CCSB could give to me. Accordingly, I next went to work for the EEOC in Dallas where I served as a Senior Trial Attorney prosecuting employment discrimination cases.

In 1995, with a wife and two children to support, I left the meager government salary of the EEOC and went back into private practice. I landed at Littler, Mendelson, Fastiff, Tichy and Mathiason, a San Francisco-based law firm that specialized in employment defense work. Too many names in that title; the law firm eventually changed its name to Littler Mendelson. Oftentimes it is referred to just as "Littler." I practiced my craft at Littler for nearly twenty-three years from 1995 to 2018, where I was involved in many hundreds of employment cases ranging from single-plaintiff discrimination cases to multi-plaintiff class actions. Along the way I arbitrated or took to trial many cases, some of which involved employee injury/nonsubscriber scenarios. In all my years at Littler, I tried or arbitrated cases in Texas, Oklahoma, Colorado,

Tennessee, Missouri, New Jersey, and North Carolina. My trial work was evenly split among state and federal courts, and my arbitrations were almost always before retired federal judges. I also prosecuted or defended several appeals in state and federal courts of appeals. I have had cases and have made court or agency appearances in Hawaii, California, Oregon, Washington, Arizona, Idaho, Wyoming, New Mexico, Colorado, Oklahoma, Texas, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia, Ohio, Michigan, Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Maine. I had a very diverse exposure to many states' laws and federal law in my long career at Littler.

I saved the best for last. I married Linda Soebbing in 1989. Linda and I were classmates at OU Law School. After practicing for a few years in Dallas, Linda changed her career path to stay at home and raise our kids. Once our children grew old enough, Linda rejoined the legal world. She currently practices at Miller Weisbrod in Dallas. We have three children, Julia (Ursuline Class of '11), Jenny (Bishop Lynch Class of '13), and James (Jesuit Class of '18). Of all the things I have accomplished in life, I am most proud of my beautiful and fantastic wife and three extraordinary children.

All of my past training, education, experiences, and journey through life has led me to start CuaderesMediations. I want to leverage my legal and life experiences to help you settle your case. My knowledge of the law, my past dealings with plaintiff and defense lawyers and juries, as well as state and federal judges of every variety you can imagine make me uniquely qualified to mediate and settle disputes. My rates are reasonable, and I am willing to roll up my sleeves and work hard to explore a settlement that both parties can live with. Let me help you settle your case.

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