ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF

Any attempt to revive memories of New Jersey Law School would be sure to recall to one’s mind three persons who were neither student nor teacher, but, nevertheless, who were indispensable portions of the life of the school. Some of us were in daily contact with them; others had but only short acquaintances. But to know them at all was a real pleasure.

Lives there a man in this graduating class that has not had occasion to ask for and receive a favor of that dean of secretaries, Miss Dorothy M. List? The one thing she was incapable of voicing was a determined "no." We remember, too, Miss Mary Adams as an efficient young woman—sure to rise higher in the columns of success. Her good fortune was to serve as Secretary to Dean Harris.

All of us, to be sure, have met Miss Lucille L’Homme, our Bursar. The meetings were usually under trying circumstances. We are aware, too, of the important part played in our school lives by Miss Mathilda Vollmer, despite the fact that her role is enacted somewhat behind the scenes. Mrs. Stanley Cole shall ever be the recipient of our thanks, for it is she who so kindly sorted our mail for us, and, also, who made it possible for us to learn—by keeping that emergency ink-well well filled. Her cheery face illuminated an otherwise empty lobby.

Mrs. Barbara Negent, chief librarian, was certainly a real benefactress. Without her aid—we’d still be looking for that case in 2 N.J.L.}
As Freshman in law school we were rebellious idealists seeking to make the law fit beliefs which had been conceived in a college atmosphere that was pervaded with psychology, sociology, economics, and ultra liberalism. Our glib answers were sure sure, we thought, for all evils both great and small. Small wonder then, that our law professors were given to understand that the law was backward and, unfair or stupid.

It was in our freshman days that a "cliche" was originated which to morning students of the class of "36" will always connote something humorous and bring laughter when we bear it. A student while recalling a case made bold to refer to Mr. Justice Cardozo of the United States Supreme Court as "Cardosaic" without the use of any prefix denoting respect. Professor Tyree, not showing his displeasure in the least arched his eyebrows and with an air of complete innococence, asked the now classic bit of understatement, "You know the gentleman well?" Needless to say, the student took the hint.

As Juniors, our members diminished, we soberly applied ourselves to think and talk like lawyers. Cases were read with an eye toward their application when we would be attorneys. Mental as well as written notes were made of the intricacies of the law that would help us to win cases for our clients.

Our class was the object of several academic innovations. We were given a course in "How to Find the Law." It was a very helpful course but its assistance would have been far greater had the lectures been held in the library. The administration further continued their "Noble Experiments" by exposing us to Public Utilities and to Taxation. Needless to say, neither germ infected us.

As Seniors we are drawing closer to the actual practice of the law. We now arc familiar with the more fundamental steps in preparing litigation.

Luckily, our professors have not tried to keep us cloistered and in blissful ignorance of actualities. The law school was not an academic vacuum almost from contemporary conditions. Under the guise of humor we have been simply warned of the struggle that is before us. They have guarded many against bitter disillusionment and spurred us to greater efforts. Their warnings have served less to dampen our spirits than to make us work harder so that we will be more competent in our chosen profession.

Our social life has not been altogether neglected. The Senior Class has always been outstanding in that respect. We all remember that Frosh dance at the Masonic Temple. The next year we turbled over to the Hotel New Yorker as guests of Orson Welles, an old grad, and his orchestra. Never shall we forget the evening of our Senior Prom at the Chandelier, the culmination of our social life at law school.

SAMUEL L. KADELL.
It is a privilege only accorded inferiour seniors to be permitted to look back upon the fleeting years and to suggest: "We remember when." This group of men, the Afternoon Division of the Class of 1936, with the full realization, and its accompanying satisfaction, that the time is now at hand when it may avail itself of the opportunity to reminisce, remember:

THE DARK AGES—

The era derived its name from the state of perpetual twilight on view in the Freshman Room. By no means is it inferred that the name suggested itself from the state of mind of the student. We, the Class, apparently were queer specimens continuously on exhibit before a hardy group of scientists. Later, in our wisdom, we discovered that they were professors, and we were scholars. Those scientists were a rather funny pack of individuals. There was that grim person who persisted in shouting, "Rat!". meaning rodents, of course. He accused us at times, too! Then that meek one who always was so appreciative when we laughed at "his jokes." We shall never forget that kindly tutor who introduced us to the mysteries of the red, the blue, and the black bindings on the shelves of what we once knew as a library. That tall, solemnlooking real estate sales- man was another of our favorites. Oh, there were many many more. The good old days.

THE RENAISSANCE—

Some of us never returned. But those of us who did, did so with a bang. There were plenty of bangs—but most violent one being that of our heads against the unknowns of Equity. After a little practice, and much able instruction we were able to master that difficulty. Naturally, everything else went along as smooth as honey. Politics soon stuck its ugly head into our midst. We survived that attack—and sent a fine delegation to represent our class in wherever it is that delegations go to do their representing. Then we danced and dined at Le Chatelet.

THE AWAKENING—

Well! Here we are. But we are not where we thought we would be, at that. It seems that somehow or other we had our schools mixed somewhere during the process. But we are here. Seniors! We are graduates! We are worldly in our infinite wisdom. We know everything, Everything, that is, except the reasons behind the master of Dean Harris, which we honestly protested, except why these ever was a Student Council; and who was, "A" or "B"?

We march on to convince those oft-mentioned Bar-Examiners.

WILLIAM PURST.
Six Carpenters' Case

Good master, behold six carpenters there!
(You perceive they are not of the gentry.)
Though they've quaffed, they won't pay the reckoning fair
Aren't they stuck for their tortious entry?
Beshrew me, thou valet, lay off me now,
I'll none of your toasts ab initio!
But I'll summon the rascals to court, I vow,
And I hope that will prove their finish, Oh!
Three years have passed and the end of the road looms nigh for the 1936 contingent of the Law School of the University of Newark, now New Jersey Law School. We look ahead and see the class divide and travel along many diverging paths, and we grow somewhat fearful as we throw away our last support and venture forth on our own, like a child testing its newly discovered ability to walk. At last the day has come when we must try to apply those new concepts that we have absorbed in our many years of avid learning. The friendships that we have formed, the activities we engaged in, and the problems that we have encountered have made their indelible marks on the pattern of our lives.

We pause—and look back upon our past records. As freshmen, we contributed the two outstanding scholars of the school, Howard Soden and Sidney Minckley. Along with that we must make mention of our never-to-be-forgotten "smoker." That shindig in Keeney was really something to get "steamed-up" about.

With a few of our members dropping by the wayside, we entered our junior year. Needless to say, we maintained and increased our swift pace set in the initial semester. We survived the usual intense heat of partisan politics and did ourselves proud in electing a fine set of officers to lead us. Before long we well established ourselves as being violently opposed to needless expenditures of time and money. Our recording of "Naps" filled volumes.

A most unhappy blow fell upon us when one of our best friends was called from our midst by the Eternal Judge. We will always remember Philip Tuchman as a fine fellow and a good scholar.

This, the year which furnishes our name, is the year which we looked forward to as our year of triumph. With responsibility has come understanding. Now with a deep sense of our successes and failures, we hand down our heritage to our successors for what it may be worth to them; may they build more nobly than we have. We leave the Law School of the University of Newark with few regrets, with many gains, and much joy, resigned to the whims and caprices of a fickle world. As Herick so ably wrote:

"Thus times do shift; each thing his turn doth hold; New things succeed, as former things grow old."

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