President’s Message

To the Class of 1930:

The new Yale Law School buildings were discussed by Dean Clark, Alumni Day, in New Haven, last February. At the suggestion of James Gamble Rogers, the architect, the Law School faculty were asked to submit suggestions for symbolic embellishments on the new buildings. They did this. Mr. Rogers later came back with drawings which Dean Clark felt somewhat offended the Law School faculty, since they showed the criminal lawyer in action with handcuffs, ball and chain, gallows, and other accoutrements of the trade. Dean Clark said they then asked the architect to depict the lawyer as an honest man, but at that Mr. Rogers was forced to confess himself stumped. Dean Clark then facetiously asked his Alumni Day audience how one would picture a lawyer in that role. President Angell, who followed Dean Clark, answered the question by suggesting that some lawyers might leave Wall Street and join the Yale Law School faculty.

Seriously, the question of the standing of the legal profession in the community is just now the most important problem the lawyers have to face in years. There is no doubt that the lawyer has lost standing in most places in the country during the last fifteen years. I believe that the principal problem which faces the graduates of all our law schools at this time is to so conduct themselves as to bring credit on the profession. Unless the coming generation of lawyers is willing to frankly face this situation the future of our profession is not promising.

A few days after your class graduates, the Law School will vacate the buildings which it has occupied for over twenty-one years. We hope that we shall see you frequently in our new and better equipped building in Rector Street. Because we have changed our location does not mean that we shall lose our interest in the Class of 1930, and New Jersey Law School extends a most cordial invitation to all its members to visit us next Autumn.

With my very best wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,

RICHARD D. CURRIER,
President.
Dean's Message

To the Editor of The Legacy, New Jersey Law School.

Dear Jimmie:

These so-called "open" letters are apt to turn out dead things. I find, unless of course, one is privileged to sign them "pro bono publico," or "taxpayer," or "citizen," thus effectually masking his identity. It is a common and mean device of those who desire to indite excoriating diatribes without running the danger of incurring new enemies, whose ideas of revenge might not be pleasant.

One always has a choice of making his communications like himself, or like someone else grander and more important than himself. Because I should like you to remember me as I am, and because I think your classmates would prefer a recollection of the imperfect, foolhardy teacher of law as he appeared to them, rather than as he would prefer to have appeared to them. I am, with pleasure, writing simply to you to wish you and your classmates Godspeed from our three years' close association, with the fervent hope that you will sometimes return to us for words of encouragement, and that we may count on you to aid us in making New Jersey Law School an ever better place for the teaching of law, and the training of New Jersey lawyers.

I do not forget that you, like all of us, will many times meet with discouraging defeat. Recently I read Sigrid Undset's "The Wilderness," the fifth book by the same author to come to me at least with a glamour and freshness unsurpassed. She makes an old Norwegian mother of the fourteenth century say to her son words which I think quaintly and beautifully convey an idea which we may all carry with comfort in our hearts. They are these: "If thou hast been the loser in every contest thou hast essayed, be yet assured that not even the most hopeless man has lost the fight that has not yet been fought." Is it not so? But do we not forget, and forgetting, lose heart?

You all, members of the class of 1930 of New Jersey Law School, may know now and always that you have my best wishes for a prosperous livelihood and an abundant worthwhile life.

Sincerely yours,

George S. Harris.