UNDERCLASSES
JUNIOR CLASS

Cheers For the Junior Class

September 18, 1933, found the survivors of last year's freshman class entering the portals of Rutgers Law School for the second time. Many of them were exuberant and smug at having failed the faculty's best attempts at "weeding out," and on their faces could be seen the grim determination not to become plumbers. Others were more subdued in remembering old friends who had not returned. But all were glad to be back.

We were now old-timers and knew our way around the school. The bewildered freshmen and their legal methods problems drew our scorn, and perhaps the thought that we should admit to ever having caused them the same noise and confusion while learning to master Shepard's, West Publishing, and A.L.R., to mention a few. Why, that had all come naturally to us, and we were more than willing to show our superior knowledge when asked for advice, and even when not asked.

Yes, we had accomplished much in learning to use the library, but we soon found that that knowledge didn't help very much in clearing up the puzzles of trusts, negotiable instruments, equity, etc. We were back in the same position we had been in as freshmen and we began to wonder whether the "state of confusion" was as healthy a place for us now as it had been reputed to be then. But we gritted our teeth and set our noses to the grindstone, and adopted as our motto, "We did it before and we can do it again."

Events in the world outside school kept pace, in some respects, with our studies, and we saw constitutional law being made as we studied about it. And many of us were probably carried back to our younger days and our mother's scoldings when we learned that we could not come into equity with "dirty hands."

However, life at Rutgers wasn't all work and no play, and early in the year we held a reception for Dean Tunks who was a newcomer to our midst. At this time we witnessed a striking innovation in the program of the school: the serving of the faculty wives and women students as official "servers."

In addition to the reception, we were able to set aside the pressure of studies at the Christmas party and dance and at the law school banquet. But the greatest source of entertainment for this junior class came from our group of aspiring cartoonists who never missed an opportunity for capturing in pictures our many escapades and foibles on the bumpy road to a Bachelor of Law degree.

Despite our many complaints and worries and mistakes, at the end of the year we were able to look back with pride at the accomplishments of a year well-spent; then we turned our thoughts ahead to our last year of law school.

Class Officers: Mort Deits, Joe Ralianni, Harold Pucker, and Dick Marcus misappropriating class funds.

Don't sneeze, she has a fine mind.

The Freshman Advisory Council.

Sitting for their Master Plumber's License.

This year's Law School Banquet.
FRESHMEN CLASS

The months of June, July and August sped by all too quickly for most of the freshman class. And then the sun shone upon a day that was to be a bit different from other days. A rather large number of anxious students assembled at the Essex House for a luncheon that was to lead the way to a new sort of study, a new kind of system and a new arrangement of ideas. Most of us were anxious to have it all done with, but the luncheon proceeded with the customary formality and ritual that one must expect as a welcome to law school. I think it was Dean Heckel's "little talk" that gave us the biggest jolt. Some sixty bright and shining faces stared first at one another, to ascertain, perhaps, whether each was in the right place, and then all turned toward the man at the head of the room — the Assistant Dean. Scarcely we crossed our legs, folded our arms, assumed that somewhat intellectual, somewhat inquiring "What, now that we're here, what next?" appearance, and listened as the secrets of the system were explained to us. Dean Heckel broke the gravity that hovered over the gathering by a smile that we all were to become familiar with; Dean Tunks discoursed easily about the law program and in part alleviated our fears.

But the story had just begun; there was registration, the buying of books, and at last our first class. Again we crossed our legs, folded our arms, and assumed that inquisitive countenance that must have marked us immediately as freshmen law students. A smiling face beamed back at us. There could be no doubt about it; this must be Professor Talbott! And it was! "Dobbin" was to become a byword and "acceptance" a daily incantation. The next day a certain mustachioed gentleman struck terror into our hearts with the question, "Well, what's a tort?" There was absolute silence. We hung our heads and braced ourselves, leafing through our still unused notebooks. This was our introduction to the sacred rites of tort law. That afternoon we envisioned ourselves as potential Clarence Darrow as Mr. Moran lectured on criminal law. Property class ended with a bewildering effect and a question on our lips. We're still wondering whatever happened to that poor victim.

It didn't take long for the overeager freshmen to become acquainted. Milkey does love company! "Rudy's" became the place where we freely gave vent to those doubts about liability and the imminent cause of the accident. The classroom, the library, and Rudy's were where we spent most of our waiting hours. It's a world apart from all that is going on around us, and it's going to be our world for the next three years.

"nor rain, nor snow, nor dark of night...?"

"Before the casualty lists were posted."

"Caught in the act."

"Duck the halls with ice and bagels."
Goethe once said, "We always have time enough, if we but use it right." The evening students have fully realized the meaning of this statement. They have learned that in addition to ability, ambition and physical stamina are prerequisites for their law degree. Discouragement will always be at a minimum as long as there is a graduating senior class, for this class is symbolic of the fact that a law degree can be accomplished in this fashion. The seniors are tangible proof to the underclassman that hard work, determination, and wise utilization of time will not go by unrewarded.
Your Legacy

You, the members of the Class of 1954, stand at the threshold of a new era of legal education and legal service in New Jersey.

You have learned the theory and witnessed the operation of the new judicial system and of the new State Constitution, both of which are models for the better administration of justice and government. While you have been attending the Rutgers School of Law, you have seen the start of the New Jersey Law Center project, designed to establish in this State a thoroughly distinctive and significant citadel of legal education and service for all its citizens.

What does this mean to you? Whether you realize it or not, your law school has already begun to serve as a legal center. Your law library is recognized as the most complete collection of legal volumes and materials about the law in the State. Regularly volumes are sent to the State library at Trenton and to other localities where needed. Increasing numbers of researchers are turning to the law library as a rich source of legal information. The photo duplication service and microfilm records have been available for some time and are becoming more widely used.

The many institutes, seminars and conferences, designed to foster a better understanding of the changing laws, are established as part of the program of your law school. These are typical of the services embodied in the concept of the New Jersey Law Center. The program will be greatly expanded when proper facilities and staff can be made available to enter new fields.

The Trustees of Rutgers University decided some time ago that your law school must be the best possible exemplification of a center of legal culture and facilities. Every effort is being expended to assure that recognition. Each of you will watch with pride the full attainment of that goal and your diploma will increase in value as the reputation and stature of the school grows.

To recent graduates, to you of the Class of 1954, and to succeeding classes, the Law Center will be an increasingly valuable and readily available reservoir of legal information and help in many phases of your future activities.

In short, you are among the first beneficiaries of a rich legacy of progress in the field of legal training and service.

Dear Tanks and the Honorable Henry E. Ackerson, Jr. receive the full support of the Alumni Association.