With the academic woes of the first year in the past and the employment hysteria of the third year in the future, we hung suspended from a point somewhere in the center of Professor Cowan's continuum. This year saw the demise of "Rudy's" and the "big move" to our new headquarters in the former Y. W. C. A. as the University prepared for the erection of a "bigger and better Law School."

As usual, Gil Offenbacht arrived late to every class, but just in time to ask several incongruous questions. Marty Piper knew it was time to stop drawing cartoons in class and do some homework when he saw that Mrs. Roberts had "kicked" the crossword puzzle "habit." Don Weiss broke the school record for being called upon to recite, much to the relief of his associates. The bridge tournaments reached new heights with several games being played at once. Of course, when Donna Serman took home the cards in her "capacious bag," the players were aghast. The "Bobby Twins," Jay and Judi, were as close as ever. Peace reigned at Berman and Krutis seemingly settled their classroom feuds.

Our educational horizons were broadened as Dean Tunks, in his Corporations course, prepared us to be "poised for flight." We rocketed headlong into uncharted "problem areas" and eventually "synthesized" our way through a myriad of "accountabilities," most of which are yet unaccounted for.

The junior class and the school suffered a substantial loss when the loved and respected Professor Smith retired during the year. Professor Lewis continued to assure the disbelievers that "Equity does equity."

We are painfully aware that we have not achieved the full stature of law students since the exalted privilege of writing "Graduating Senior" blatantly across the covers of our exam books is still denied to our class, but we do look forward to the second year listlessness being replaced by the third year effervescence and the drive toward graduation.

UNDERCLASSES
APPROXIMATELY the only thoughts the three day classes have in common are the experiences of the center mass, inanity of the freshman year, and the few insignificant discommodities produced by physical non-facilities. As to the latter, the present yearling group has no fond memories of good old Rudy’s, where all were welcomed with a frown—where courtesy was not. What sophomore or senior who lived out of a lunch bag can forget the creak, subdued atmosphere of “Sunny’s” sub-ceiling, or the lesson of patience from a short wait for a cup of Mike’s mild brew? But those days of convenience are now gone, and now our own back room, the Little Campus and others are more than inadequate.

Then, of course, the day classes will cherish within their bosoms, the thought of the true “American Way” and how it is manifested in our every day life at Rutgers. What other institution is so charmingly as to schedule the torts and negotiable instruments exams on Memorial Day? How each day student’s chest heaved with pride as he cast aside voluntary assumption of risk to listen to the strains of “Stars and Stripes Forever” and mingle to the rumble of tanks down Washington Street. Ah yes—how well they were taught the pragmatic aspects of constitutional law with frequent curfews of free whispering in the library, unabashed search and seizure of briefcases, and gloated deprivation of the will of the people by the legislature. These gallant day classes knew all the time that the Spring vacation would be perennial in March, but it was interesting to them to note that the administration felt it necessary to show it could make it in January or August despite a contrary public plebiscite. And how magnificently they followed as Professor Flottalini, Dean Hockel, and Mrs. Howell crept into the library each night and piled up books to prove they could induce the student body to work without remuneration as all true professional men will do when the occasion arises.

But to reflect again, perhaps there is one other thing the day classes mutually share—a common drum—a common goal for themselves, their class, their school. Surely the senior and sophomore classes will not reap any immediate benefit from the new law center in their pre-practice careers. The freshmen may spend only their last year of law school in it, but for all of them there will be the physical realization to mirror what they all know they attend, a great, modern law school. For although they jest about their surroundings and various material shortcomings, they are certain about the main product of any school of law—the caliber of the lawyer it turns out. Vanity, however, does not blind the day classes into not realizing that a greater, more practical physical plant will attract an even better faculty and student body and will thereby enhance the growing reputation of Rutgers. Then they can all point with more pride to Rutgers—which is the main thing they all have in common—their alma mater.

JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS
President
Ted Brishkin
Vice-President
Tom McGlynn
Treasurer
John Stakitoff
Secretary
Rose Marie Casado

FRESHMEN CLASS OFFICERS
President
George Pellethery
Vice-President
Gary Skoloff
Treasurer
Al Porro
"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy tail of the beasts covered the midnight oil?"

JOHN GAY

The Evening Division now consists of a dwindling rearguard which will be completely wiped out in two short years. It aught to be said about the evening student in praise or acclaim of him, it must be said now before his remains are forever interred.

The embattled evening student eternally jougs with TIME—his implacable opponent which paradoxically is the same thing and therefore of no account. He must be flexible while maintaining a high level of constant effort. Once he has passed through a subject there is no retreating of the ground. He knows that idleness is an injurious and heinous offense which he dare not indulge. Despite the common problem and pressures he shares with many others, the student is not made part of a single mold but the development of his own person is in every respect as important as the other while at the same time each may be the most important.

It is immediately made apparent to the evening student that his is not a special status and there is no simple and easy road to law. He must be flexible while maintaining a high level of constant effort. Once he has passed through a subject there is no retreating of the ground. He knows that idleness is an injurious and heinous offense which he dare not indulge. Despite the common problem and pressures he shares with many others, the student is not made part of a single mold but the development of his own person is in every respect as important as the other while at the same time each may be the most important.

In and out of the classroom the student of the Evening Division has always shared in the tasks and burdens of the school. Its members actively participate as representatives on the Student Council, as contributors to the Law Review, and they have established a national fraternity chapter. The

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