UNDERCLASSMEN

When leaves turned and began to fall into the crater on Washington Street, freshmen faces looked on for the first time, and EXPERIENCE returned in the form of second year students, whom some call "sophomores" and some "juniors"...not to mention the assortment of street names... (the Uniform Commercial Code and Dean Heckel cure this dilemma by requiring another full year of law school).

The cliques of first year students, the first year conqueror, and the last round of those to attend night school, all returned in that order to the luxurious lounge on the third floor with minds full of Summer tales, an empty bookbag containing a bologna sandwich and a banana (except the night students who usually carry a hard boiled egg and an orange), a blank check, and that ever present artful phrase, "Did you go down in any?"

As time moved inexorably forward, the check cleared the bunk (within a reasonable time according to section 186 of the Negotiable Instruments Law) which resulted in filling the bookbag, thus leaving no room for the bologna sandwich and banana (or hard boiled egg and an orange) which was then transferred to a brown paper bag with oil stains from a pepper sandwich last Spring... and no more leaves fell into the crater on Washington Street.

Academics were interjected, and Dean Tunks was heard to say that anyone thinking all directors act as reasonable directors in performing their managerial functions should depart pell mell and read Alexander Pope. The most illustrious "new kid" was a certain Professor Hawkland, who is said to hold a safe full of secrets on how to get the other party to breach, when to indorse and not to indorse a bill of lading with "season's greetings," and how to get an indorser of a promissory note to sign in the place marked "Maker." By the time snow was falling into the crater on Washington Street, Professor Haber appeared with his Summer haircut saying something like, "It is no longer a reversion because the fee tail never rests until they name the remainderman an 'heir.'" Professor Talbott and the freshmen were still looking for an offer and acceptance, and Professor Fiordalisi forgot where the Atlantic Reporters were located.

Then grass appeared along the edges of the crater on Washington Street, and underclassmen were preoccupied with baseball and love... except the recalcitrant few who still studied law. Professor Lewis was still making Equity; Professor Moran was only 13 assignments behind in Remedies, and half the Corporations class had read Alexander Pope. Dean Heckel again spoke of Earl, Felix and Hugo, plus something about a "heady brew of power," and darkness came later to the night ranks.

Finally the end of the year brought the realization of the many important things to come. Some relatively few short months of exposure to formal education and then each difflent soul would be set free, to use what three years have given him, to seek admission to the bar. Each step into the future will reflect pride upon our alma mater... time itself will ameliorate many things, perhaps even the crater on Washington Street where the new law center is to be.