CLASS OF '59

It was a hardy group of young Americans who returned to the green campus of Rutgers Law School with chins up and eyes sparkling to begin their second year at our mighty institution. After all they could be justly proud of themselves. They were the hardy few who had survived the pitfalls provided by Madame Paligraf, Carrie Buck and her illustrious forebears, and the good ship Peerless. They had held firm as Lewis, Heckel & Co. offered them lucrative careers in the fields of plumbing and bricklaying. And then they proved they were men and not mere boys as they failed to yield a single inch to the sandblasters sent by the pernicious administration during their Maytime exercises. Bravo!

Once having returned, the members of the class of 1959 quickly showed that it will take a mighty effort to remove them. The game of gin rummy made a reappearance, the bridge players having been the ones who yielded to the sandblasters the year before. Cigars were passed out as some of the more far sighted members were presented with little draft exemptions. And it was not long before they mastered the rule that one should not send burnt orange automobiles C.I.F. but rather F.O.B. and that there is another paragraph which follows the last unnumbered paragraph in Title 14.

Sandblasters be damned, Rutgers will be proud of all of you some day!
CLASS OF ’60

What is a tort? A tort is a tort, of course! And with that curt remark the freshman year began. All of us were to know what it meant to have terror struck in our hearts when a certain mustachioed gentleman called a name and proceeded to confuse, befuddle and confuse some more until some poor student didn’t know his own name. We puffed and panted along with Dobbin and offered and accepted. We asked each other, “What does that guy mean when he shrugs his shoulders?” When we went to a restaurant we watched our hats and coats as never before, thanks to the coaching of Professors Cunningham and Haber. Grifflsplek, better known as Remedies, went in one ear and out the other, while Professor Moran was busy shifting gears. Ferguson was going so fast he finally caught up with Wes Santee.

After two weeks of this we envisioned ourselves future Clarence Darrow and our relatives constantly calling seeking legal advice. By now some of the “average in stature” dropped out and pursued their trades as plumbers. But the more hardly plugged on and on up the hill of confusion, homework and thirst for the law. Finally we got to think that this isn’t so bad. Then came the “Mid November pit of the stomach blues” brought on by announcements of “Accountability Exams.” Study group meetings were frantically called and midnight oils were left burning but pens ran dry because a certain librarian hates ink in his nice library.

By this time the mustachioed gentleman not only wanted to know what a tort was but also what res ipsa loquitur was. English was bad enough but Latin too! Dobbin had been sent to the glue factory but in his place was the Good Ship Peaceles. We didn’t watch our coats and hats so closely now because we were too busy digging for treasure trove. And Grifflsplek was as confusing as ever because Professor Moran lost his chalk and was diagramming on the board with his bare finger. The Christmas vacation was spent with one study group after another and more midnight oil. Before we knew it EXAMS . . . more study groups and much more midnight oil. All calls from relatives were stopped, no more legal advice for a while.

After exams the less confident began searching the want ads. “Couldn’t have possibly passed,” was the cry. But most of us did and were back for the Spring Term. Felt a little better and a wee bit more confident but still hopelessly confused. Calls from relatives started again, but after all we were almost lawyers. Talbott was replaced by Kahn and away we went. Third party beneficiaries, slander, libel, never could remember which was which. Grifflsplek was as bad as ever and now we were becoming sophisticated a la Ferguson. Moran was still shifting gears but instead of a mere car he was shifting a B-29 and a new concept called “The Rule of Perpetuities.”

But now, somehow it wasn’t as bad. We survived the main battle and the end was in sight, only two more years to go. Anyone for plumbing?
Social aspects of the Law

Quiet in the back row, pliss.

He'll know better when he's a senior.

Dish-gusted?

If they're free they're his brand.

You guys got the cash while I cover the teller?

Now the Governor of Florida was telling me...

There were those two characters hordocin' it across Blackacre

Ain't she sweet!

Mid morning snack.

What's 38 down?
Let's win this one for dear old Rutgers!

These Chinese Reports might come in handy some day.

The drama players