

Editor's Note

The GARGOYLE is always happy to hear from its readers. If nothing else, it proves to us that someone out there is taking the time to read our copy and is agitated enough by it to respond. In several recent issues we have used a "clip and mail" form to get volunteers for alumni activities. The response has been very good—so good, in fact, that we'll either have to increase the size of our Boards to accommodate all the volunteers or some of you won't get on until the Law School enters its three hundredth year.

Two readers sent me such entertaining notes that I thought I'd share them with you (not to mention that it makes writing this column a lot easier).

Isadore Engle ('44) remembers taking contracts from the legendary Herbie Page. One morning, Mr. Engle was called upon to recite the principle of a case. Unfortunately, he had time to read only the headnotes, working as he did at three jobs to scrape together the \$55 tuition. Alas, the headnotes were not sufficient for Professor Page and he asked, "I can't find your principle. What page is it on?"

Engle searched for some answer, blurted out "Page 152," and hoped there was some remote connection that would end the ordeal. But, no, Herbie searched the indicated page in vain and asked "Where? I don't see it."

Now, Engle stepped right into the disaster: "I read between the lines," he replied. The class burst out laughing but Herbie was not amused—and delivered one of his famous tongue lashings.

F. Clarke Carnes ('40) also remembers a Herbie Page story. It seems he was waiting in the hall when he was joined by Professor Page.

"Mr. Effland," Page said, "you are doing very good work."

"I'm not Mr. Effland," Carnes answered, and volunteered his own name.

"YOU, Mr. Carnes, could do a lot better!"

And with that, Professor Page stalked off. Carnes adds that he thinks Page may have eventually given him a better grade than he deserved, and still feels some obligation to Dick Effland because of it.

Carnes also remembers a student who pleaded that he was unprepared in a class taught by Nate Feinsinger. It seems that he had been married the week-end before and hadn't kept up with his studies.

"I hope," Nate observed, "that your honeymoon did not find you in the same condition of preparedness!"

Our last "mystery picture" also brought reaction from some readers. The consensus is that the picture dates from about 1947 and pictures the Quonset huts on what is now the Library Mall. They were used—in that time—for administrative purposes, including registration for classes and for mandatory ROTC. Jack Shlimovitz ('55) even remembers that the graffiti partially visible behind the line of students read "Pi Lam Pledges Will Be Good," and had been painted by his fraternity. Another fraternity had painted "For?" before the Pi Lams finally altered it to "Forever." Thanks also to Toby Reynolds ('60), William Solien ('47) and Tom Cullen ('57) for their help.

Mystery Picture: Dean Oliver Rundell and ???

A few clues for the picture in this issue: The man on the right is Dean Oliver Rundell, who served in that office from 1929–1932 and from 1942–1953. It appears that the three persons in the middle of the picture are holding diplomas. Who are the others, besides Dean Rundell? And when was the picture taken?

