To the Alumni:

We hope you will find The Law School Record of interest. In inaugurating this new publication, we aim to bring you the kind of news you want to read about your School. We welcome your comments and suggestions.

Edward H. Levi

Immortals of 1915

We came, we saw, we delivered!

Beginning with The Law School Dinner at the hall of the Chicago Bar Association on the night of Wednesday, June 6, where we had a great attendance of classmates and wives to join our fellow-alumni in honoring Kenneth Sears's twenty-five years of teaching, the rhythm landed running. Thereafter it accelerated geometrically. One of our number seized a post-prandial lull to tell how good we are and, not altogether casually, announced our intended gift to The Law School of $12,000.

On Friday "Morrie" Feiwell gave a luncheon in honor of our “bite” committee (Bob Guinther, Ray Lucas, and Morrie), inviting several persons prominent in the School's alumni in Chicago. “Impressed” was written on the faces of the guests.

Out-of-town brothers, arriving before dinner, took advantage of the organizing ability of Bob Bradburn until the doors opened at the Standard Club at 6:30. By the time the trumpets were sounded for the elegant repast, there were no signs of crepe, the threats of expanding war and increasing inflation had retired to an unheard distance, and fellow-organizers were coming to Mr. Bradburn's assistance.

Cheers had greeted the first appearance at our reunions of the Legendary Joyce, “The Sage of Red Oak” Swanson, and The Embattled Statesman Steve Osusky.

Our first formal action was a standing silent tribute to the memory of our known dead: Frank B. Black, Staunton E. Boudreau, Jerome S. Freud, Henry Humble, Hugh S. Irving, Ross D. Netherton, and Ernest R. Reichmann.

The story of how our $10,000 goal was reached and passed was told without tears. A brief discussion dedicated the income of the fund as a scholarship to a member of the second-year class to be selected by The Law School faculty. “Cormie” Tenning ordered cordials for all throats, and we were off again in the fascinating individual recitation of what we have done, what we are doing, and what we have learned about life.