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## Job Interview Blues Taking It To the Streets

by Anita Zuckerman

With the Law Review candidacy test a mere dread memory of the past, Rick Rightsgood and Heidi Hygrade were settling back down to that comfy life of chronic anxiety and gnawing self-doubt that they'd learned to love at Marshall-Wythe. Rick's ulcer, shocked into dormancy by the demands of the early semester had resumed operation and was pattering along nicely. Heidi's insomnia, temporarily vitiated by the fact that for the ten days of the test she'd not touched head to pillow but had just gone temporarily comatose when sleep deprivation overcame her, was also back in full swing. And so it was that Rick and Heidi sat at midnight in the bedroom, Rick pulling on a plastic straw stuck into a half gallon of Vitamin D milk and Heidi coaxing the last few grains out of her imperial size bottle of Somnifex. The subject of their late night chat was summer jobs and it was a sore one. Despite the surprising success of their liaison, Rick and Heidi still had very different ideas of what constituted worthwhile future employment.

"Big Bucks Law," Rick still insisted, although he'd agreed to compromise. Instead of working for some megacorporation where he'd never defend anyone who deserved it, he might consider a job with a large partnership where one worthy case or two might, by some fluke, come his way. Heidi, however, had been slower to relent. "I want a job where I can help people who can't help themselves cause they've been screwed over by the system," she repeated to Rick for the umpteenth time. Tonight Rick could not resist the temptation — he grabbed the madras bedspread and slung it around his shoulders, took Heidi's tensor lamp and held it high over head. His eyes took on a soft, dewy look as he inched across the floor singing in his best Franki Valli falsetto: "Give me your tired, your poor; your huddled masses yearning to breathe free; the wretched refuse of your teeming shore."

"Damn you," Heidi threw a pillow across the room at him, "If there's anything I hate it's a Republican in drag."

"Come on Heidi — this adolescent liberalism of yours was cute in the tenth grade, but you're in the real world now — or almost anyway."

"Yeah? Well unlike you, I happen to have some principles."

"You want principles? You want commitment to the needs

of the public? Fine, I'll go work for the F.B.I."

"Perfect — you'll fit right in with those paranoid fascist bozos. I'll go work for Russell Means. I've always had this thing for Marlon Brando anyway. Now there's a real man."

"Right." Rick slammed down his milk carton and little drops of pearly liquid spattered across Heidi's Che Guevara poster. "I'll sleep in the living room tonight and I'll leave in the morning."

Three a.m. found Heidi wide-awake on her king-sized Posturpedic, while Rick tried desperately to pretzel his six foot two length into some accommodation of Heidi's five foot three yoga mat. At exactly 3:22 a.m. each had the same glorious idea: compromise in the name of love. Rick decided he would try to get a summer clerkship at the Norfolk legal aid office; Heidi, in turn, would apply for a job at one of the large Norfolk establishment law firms in the area. Neither would disclose their plan until the act was done.



Rick had no trouble getting an interview at the Legal Aid office, but he knew that if he wanted the job his image needed a little adjusting. Rick began with his resume. He crossed out mention of his honorary position as president of the Pre-Teens for Goldwater Committee in 1964 and added a stint with the Peace Corps in 1975, just for good measure. He deleted his fraternity affiliations and indicated instead that he was an active member of the A.C.L.U.

One look in the mirror told Rick that more than his resume

needed alteration if he expected Legal Aid to take him seriously. And so he located Habib on a bench outside the College Pharmacy and talked him into a temporary trade of footwear. Indeed, so delighted was Habib with the look of Rick's \$90 Gucci loafers under his own striped kaftan that he told Rick to keep his six year old Frye boots as long as he wanted to. From a friend of Heidi's in the religion department of the undergraduate school Rick borrowed a corduroy jacket with leather patch elbows, and a ragged black turtleneck.

The morning of his interview Rick eschewed shave, shower and shampoo. Casting a look of longing at his bottle of Wella Balsam Creme Conditioner, Rick pinned Heidi's "Don't Blame Me, I Voted for McGovern" button on his frayed lapel and headed for the door. Leaving his white Korvette in the driveway, Rick boarded instead a borrowed '67 VW microbus with peace symbol decorated curtains and a plastic flower swaying jauntily from the sun roof. Just to keep his mood right, he hummed "We Shall Overcome" all the way downtown.

Rick arrived at the building that housed Legal Aid a few minutes late — he had hoped that this would give him the appearance of being laid back and mellow without suggesting downright irresponsibility. But when he tried to enter the tenement-like structure his way as blocked by a tiny old man who was draped across the steps singing to himself and drooling happily into his scraggly gray beard. When Rick tried to climb over him the man reached up and grabbed Rick's corduroy elbow just below the patch.

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## Colonial Lawyer Begins Talent Search

by Cindy Baskett

The Colonial Lawyer is seeking submissions for the Bicentennial Edition to come out in April 1979. Check last years Colonial Lawyer to get an idea of the type of format. We are looking for short stories, poetry, news articles, editorials and any kind of new publishable genre you can come up with. If you feel strongly about something that goes on or doesn't go on at our law school, write about it. The articles need not be lengthy. We would like to hear from some

second and first year students. The magazine is distributed to faculty students and mailed to all alumni of Marshall-Wythe. We also will be needing persons interested in working on the magazine this spring. Many of our current staff members are members of the Society of Collegiate Journalists. If you feel that our organization is something that you would like to become a part of leave me a note in our mailbox in the law school office. Submission deadline is March 1st 1979.

## Clerkship Info Pours Into Placement Office

The fact that the fall recruiting season is slowing down does not mean that placement activity has come to a halt. It does mean that the nature of the activity has changed. The smaller and medium sized firms will continue to contact the office. A few of these will come on campus to interview; but most will ask for student resumes.

It is at this time that notices of teaching openings and teaching fellowships come in. Opportunities in state and local government offices continue to come in throughout the year.

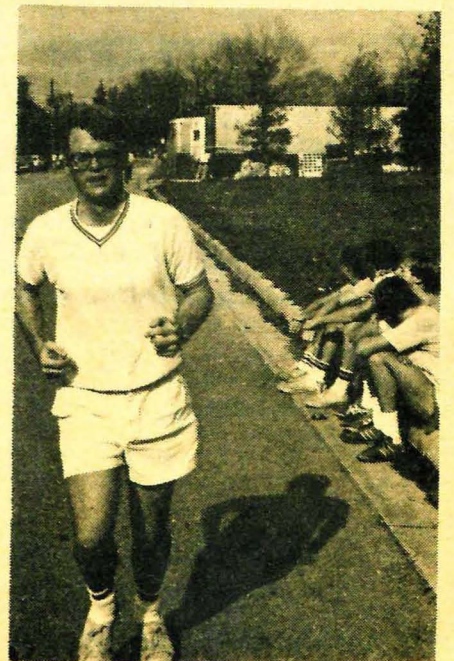
There are in the Placement Office letters from firms who would like to receive student resumes, letters from alumni who will be willing to advise students.

There are a number of Directories: The Washington Want Ads, a Guide to Legal Careers in the Federal Government; Narrative Program Directory, Legal Services Corporation; The Public Interest-Public Service-

Pro Bono Survey made by Harvard Law School. Directory of Opportunities in International Law; Congressional Quarterly's Washington Information Directory; United States Government Manual; United States Lawyers Reference Directory; United States Court Directory; a listing of the Chief Justices of the State Supreme Courts, and the Martindale-Hubbell Law Directory.

Other books include: Strategy and Tactics for Getting a Government Job; Go Hire Yourself An Employer; How to Start and Build A Law Practice; How to Go Directly into Solo Law Practice (Without missing a Meal); After Law School? Finding a Job in a Tight Market; Where Do I Go From Here? A Career Planning Manual for Lawyers; Going to Law School? Readings on a Legal Career.

At this time, the Placement Office is mailing out a questionnaire to state and federal judges throughout the country. Hopefully the response will open up new opportunities for judicial clerkships.





## Legal Writers: Try Your Hand At Contests Offered

### The Letourneau Award for Papers on Legal Medicine

The American College of Legal Medicine is now accepting original papers for consideration of the 1979 Letourneau Award, given annually to the law student authoring the outstanding paper on the subject of legal medicine. The Award carries a \$250.00 cash honorarium, the paper will be considered for publication in the Journal of Legal Medicine; and the author's expenses will be paid to attend the 1979 International Conference on Legal Medicine to be held at the Hyatt-Hilton, Hilton Head Island in South Carolina, May 9-12, 1979. Cash awards of \$250,000 and \$150.00 respectively will be given to the papers placing second and third.

### Second Local Government Law Essay Contest

In order to create greater interest in the field of local government law among all law students, the American Bar Association Section of Local Government Law conducts an annual essay contest.

#### AWARDS

The prizes, which are funded by the Section of Local Government Law are awarded on the basis of the quality of the entries. Assuming a sufficient number of qualified entries, the Section will award:

First Prize	\$500.00
Second Prize	300.00
Third Prize	200.00
Fourth Prize	125.00
Fifth Prize	75.00

#### ELIGIBILITY OF CONTESTANTS

All students enrolled in ABA approved law schools to receive their first legal degree, except employees of the ABA are eligible. Articles which have been or are currently scheduled to be published are ineligible. Each entry shall be the work of a single individual. All entries will be judged anonymously by members of the Section of Local Government Law on the basis of quality of research, clarity of style, coverage of subject, comprehension of attendant problems, originality, persuasiveness of argument, if any, and practicality.

#### ESSAY SPECIFICATIONS

##### GENERAL BACKGROUND THEME:

"The Status of State and Local Government in the Federal System."

##### GENERAL SUBJECT AREA FOR 1979:

"Implications of the Policy of Applying Anti-Trust Laws to Local Government"

##### INTRODUCTORY MATERIAL:

City of Lafayette, Louisiana and City of Plaquemine, Louisiana v Louisiana Power & Light Company, 46 Law Week 4265

#### ENTRY DEADLINE

Entries for the 1979 contest must be submitted on or before April 16, 1979. If mailed, an entry must bear a post-mark not later than that date.

#### ENTRY PROCEDURE

All entries shall be submitted to Ms. Mary Lou Cos, Staff Assistant, Section of Local Government Law, American Bar Association, 1155 East 60th Street, Chicago, Illinois 60637.

An entry cover letter must accompany the essay. The letter must identify the author, the author's law school, the author's status in the school, and the author's address and phone number. It must contain a statement that the contestant is the sole author of the entry.

The entry must be submitted in sextuplicate. Photocopies or good carbon copies will be acceptable. Neither the author's name nor any other identifying mark or information shall appear on any copy of the submitted essay.

Upon receipt of the essay, Ms. Cox or a staff member will make an identifying number on the cover letter and the same number on each copy of the entry. Each entry shall be given a different number. On or about April 17, 1979, a copy of each entry will be submitted to each judge.

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## EARN While you LEARN

Ask how you can earn while you learn — as a Northwestern Mutual college agent. You work part-time, attend classes full-time. A limited number of internships are still available.

Pepper Bullock, Field Director  
1326 Jamestown Road  
253-0238

**The Quiet Company**  
NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE - MILWAUKEE

## Book Review: Dosadi

by Glenn Hayes

Frank Herber, Berkeley Medallion Book (October, 1978 ed.). \$2.25.

Too often the present law settles into legal awarenesses as a manifestation of the past. But what will the law be in the Future, Future (as opposed to mere "tomorrows")? For that matter, will there be lawyers—or even law—in the distant times to come?? Will the Law, or lackthereof, embrace merely our world—and species—or will universal orientations prevail?

Frank Herbert introduces Future Law in *Dosadi*. Famous among science-fiction fans for his *Dune* trilogy, Herbert explores the future trend of law in the midst of the Court Arena, where counselors (called Legums) and clients alike may utter their last expressions of logic. Even the audience is subject to the omniscient-omnipotence of the jurists. Law is Forms to the Gowachin species—but the Forms are inferently designed for Flexibility. The Law is survival; the Law survives on Forms; and the Law must be changed by Legums. The character of Jorg X. McKie, human, Saboteur Extrordinaire of the Busab (protectors) weaves a case such that the Gowachin forms leave the "Innocent client guilty, and the Guilty Client Innocent". Yet the verdict is just—with McKie's advocacy superb. A powerful new World is loosed on the Consentiency, and McKie recognizes the Truth.

If the extent of your extra-curricular reading in the next few weeks centers on Gilberts, perhaps *Dosadi* will send your intellect (or whatever remnants) to new levels over Christmas Vacation.

## Ask Uncle Doug

Dear Uncle Doug,

We are utilizing every effort to reinvigorate the landscape over here by the law library. We need something to eradicate brown plants which have been growing out of the patches of damp ground. They coagulate together in clots like blood and reproduce and grow and spread in the mire and muck that oozes out of the cracks. They invade the library and block exits, choking off air and light, dropping large, stinking glutinous masses of decaying jello-like matter everywhere. Foundations have cracked, walls have crumbled and buildings have collapsed without warning. Please send

Dear Please Send,

I appreciate your embarrassment when your attempt to bring order and decency to the world is overtaken by uncontrollable forces of nature. However, you must understand that I cannot respond to uncompleted, unsigned letters.

Uncle Doug

Dear Uncle Doug,

When I have three gin and sodas before teaching my afternoon class. I have to excuse myself half way through the class. The Students seem upset. Do you think that this is bad on my part?

Jack

Dear Jack:

I think yes, but not as bad as the alternative.

## Just Hearsay

Especially for first years: There will be a T.G.I.A.O. (thank God it's all over) party for those of you surviving exams. It's to be held at the Graduate Student Center, Saturday, December 16th, immediately following your last exam. It's also open to any second and third year students who haven't already departed Williamsburg for parts unknown by that late date.

Mr. Warwick Furr, eminent esquire and professor, invites all third years who were in the first year Torts class to a reunion. You need not come disguised as a tort, but your presence is requested this Friday, December 1st, at sixish at the Swatling, Hill, et. al. residence, 114 The Colony. A map is posted on the second floor bulletin board.

With finals close upon us there doesn't seem to be much else to report, except a preview of activities for next semester: There's lots to look forward to. For you third year February bar takers, B.R.I. begins bright and early at 8 a.m. the morning of January 2nd. The first week sessions will run from 8-5 daily. After that the regular schedule will be Monday and Wednesday evenings, all day Saturday and half day Sunday. (Maybe you'd rather take it in July?) Nancy Kerns reminds everyone that the entire fee (\$275, oh, your aching checkbook!!!) must be paid before January 1st.

The first social event of 1979 currently on the S.B.A. calendar is a dance on January 20th. Live music will be provided by "Just Us." Attire is optional, but for those of you who choose to wear some, something between casual and semi-formal, and easy to dance in, is suggested.

Libel Nite is scheduled for March 27th. Bob Rappaport and Jay Neal are in charge of this production and can use all the help they can get. (Only kidding guys!). Actually, they are in need of ideas and skits on any topic so use your creative talents over Christmas vacation and libel your favorite professor. You can call Rapp at 220-1278 or Jay at 6564-3484.

Need a Christmas gift for a loved one? What could be more appropriate than an original P.D.P. T-shirt? There are only a limited number left, so order now while the supply lasts. Contact Andy Thurman or Carol Hill (229-

## Warriors Win 3-Man Title

Second-year students Bob Ward and Jeff Milam, along with first-year business student Billy Foster, swept undefeated through the regular season and playoff schedule to capture the 3-man basketball championship. The victors relied on the torrid shooting hand of Mr. Foster in the finals to defeat a Lambda Chi team by the score of 21-15. Perhaps the most impressive aspect of the campaign was the fact that the "Warriors" averaged less than 6 feet in height, consequently facing much taller opponents in every contest. This disadvantage was most felt by the aggressive Mr. Ward, who was called upon to handle such opposing giants as fellow law students John Schilling, Bruce Gerrity, and David Robbins. Mr. Milam attributed the team's success to scrappy defence and the overall compatability of the threesome.

## AMICUS CURIAE



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# Job Interview Blues

## Cont'd.

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"You wouldn't know it to look at me, but I was Douglas MacArthur's second-in-command," the old man sent a tidal wave of Thunderbird wine breath in Rick's direction.

"Sure — and I clerked for Earl Warren."

"Wazzat, sonny? You look like a nice kid, you got a dime?" Rick handed the man a quarter and hurried into the building with shouts of "Gob bless you — you're a scholar and a gentleman," echoing behind him.

There was an "Out of order" sign on the elevator, so Rick took the creaking stairs two at a time, past peeling brown corridors and signs that offered a variety of services. "Hair Today, Gone Tomorrow — Mr. Tony's Electrolysis," and "Dr. John Bone, D.D.S. — One Extraction \$10, Two for \$15." On the fourth floor Rick passed a woman in very red lipstick and matching discs of color on her cheeks. She wore a mini-skirt and a very tight sweater; when she saw Rick she made kissing sounds and bounced her eyebrows up and down Groucho Marx style. "Oh God," said Rick to himself. Starting to breathe heavily he finally hit the tenth floor and found a handwritten sign spattered with coffee stains that read "Legal Aid. Please Come In."

Rick entered a room full of tattered plastic furniture in varying shades of turquoise, dotted with overflowing ashtrays. A man with a large handlebar moustache and John Belushi wraparound sunglasses sat at the reception desk.

"Hi," said Rick tentatively, "I'm Richard Rightsgood — I called about a summer job..."

"Right man. Siddown. I'm Manuel."

"Thanks."

"Okay now. You ethnic or what?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Ethnic man — you know — we're heavily into ethnic here. You got connections with a minority of any kind?"

Rick wracked his memory of the family tree desperately. There was little there to offer but he tried. "Well, my Aunt Rosemund in Daytona Beach married her gynecologist. I'm pretty sure he was at least half Jewish."

"You kiddin' me man? You call that ethnic?"

"Um, I'm sorry — it's the best I can do."

"Okay, okay. No sweat — it's just that without ethnic how you gonna relate to your clients? You ever been down and out? You ever been on the street? You don't look it."

Rick was completely at a loss. He'd expected liberals, he'd expected some burnt-out sixties activists, maybe even some hard core radicals gone soft and mushy, but here was something he hadn't planned on. He wasn't sure how to make believable apology for being just what he'd been praised for being all his life — utterly Virginian, utterly handsome, utterly well-heeled and non-suffering. It was reverse discrimination of the cruellest kind.

In the meantime Manuel had looked down at the resume on his desk. "Okay now. Just lemme check this out for a minute now." No sooner had Manuel

begun to read than there was a terrible crash and a rock came hurtling through the office window. It glanced across Manuel's left temple, but he looked up briefly without surprise, and continued his reading. A moment later the blood from his wound began to drip onto Rick's crisply typed resume. "Dammit," Manuel said. "Be back in a minute." When he returned he'd stuck a wadded up piece of toilet paper on the gash and sat back down.

"Manuel — ugh —"

"What is it man?"

"That rock —"

"Oh that — no big thing — you know, sometimes you get a client you just can't please. They get weird on you. It's their way of fighting back against the establishment. I can dig it, can you?"

"Uh — yeah — sure. Far out."

Manuel smiled his approval and spat voluminously into one of the nearby ashtrays...



As soon as Heidi was granted an interview at the firm of Wasp, Wealth and Oldfamily, she put in an emergency phone call to Candee Kahn. Candee was a third-year law student whose presence in the hallowed halls of M-W was even more unaccountable than Heidi's. Candee was from the upper east side of New York City; she was fabulously fashionable and cosmopolitan — she frequently lapsed into high school French when her own nasal English failed her, and liked to tell people that she'd done most of her undergraduate work on the third floor at Bloomingdale's. Heidi had met Candee when they wept through Admin Law together; they'd been more the company that misery loves than real friends — but it was a relationship of sorts, and Candee would be the perfect person to whip Heidi into shape for her confrontation with the Real World.

When Heidi told Candee about the interview Candee was ecstatic. "Darling, I will do a Pygmalion number on you the South will not soon forget. Meet me at 3:00 tomorrow in front of Binns Fashion Shoppe."

"But I've got a class till 4:00."

"All the better! Ciao."

When Heidi arrived at Binns, Candee was nowhere to be found. Heidi refused to enter the store alone. She'd done so once before and the blue-haired salesladies had glared at her and made constipated sounds of disapproval from behind their clenched dentures when she walked by in what she considered to be one of her classier tie-dyed T-shirts. Heidi was about to beat a better-late-than-never path to the door of T&E when Candee appeared. Candee's arms were loaded with white paper bags from the Cheese Shop. Long crusty loaves of French bread protruded from the bags and a smell not unlike Habib's dirty socks (his six day specials, he used to call them) emanated from her purchases. Candee noticed Heidi's wrinkled nose. "Positively foul isn't it? Oldest Camembert this side of the Mason-Dixon. I live on the stuff!" Candee took Heidi by the arm and dragged her into the

store, heading unfalteringly for a rack of subdued looking three-piece suits. Candee threw her bags on the floor and rifled through the rack feverishly — soon she ripped a grey flannel suit off its hanger. "It's perfect!" she cried. "Oh God," Heidi moaned, "I can't wear that! Janis Joplin will turn over in her grave." But before Heidi could protest further, Candee told the saleslady "We'll take it" and was steering Heidi in the direction of shoes and handbags.

"Candee — come on — I've already spent six months allowance. I won't even be able to pay for my food stamps."

"You've gotta get shoes and a bag, my dear. Without accessories you are nowhere." Heidi wasn't convinced; the closest she'd ever come to accessories was the battery-operated water pipe she'd given Habib for Christmas, but she deferred to Candee's expertise. And so Heidi left the store with a gray flannel three piece suit, a matching gray bag and a \$50 pair of shoes which would have been perfect except for the fact that they were size 8½ — the largest that Binns deigned to carry. Actually, Heidi wore a size 11, but she planned to be very brave.

Candee wasn't through yet. She shoved Heidi into her cream-colored 450 SL and drove directly to the Left Bank Salon de Beaute where Heidi underwent Mr. Pierre's Total Remake, Rejuvenation and Rehabilitation Experience. For three hours she was manicured and pedicured, perfumed and mud-packed. Mr. Pierre cut her long unruly hair into short unruly hair, muttering in her ear as he worked "You must not fight zee curl, bebee; ees not necessary to fight zee curl." By the time Heidi left the shop she was deeply in love with Mr. Pierre. Candee cured her of her infatuation by mentioning that rather than the left bank of the Seine, Mr. Pierre had in fact been born and bred on the right bank of Chuckatuck Creek, just outside of Smithfield. "You mean that accent's fake?" Heidi asked incredulously. "Just a little fraud in the inducement darling," Candy replied, "fabulous isn't it?"

Heidi arrived at Tidewater Towers a full hour early. She sat down on a park bench because walking was out of the question. With her size 11 feet crammed into the size 8½ shoes, Heidi knew the pain of Cinderella's ugly stepisters, the woes of Clementine. By the time she entered the swinging glass doors of Wasp, Walth and Oldfamily, she was sure that below the ankle, her body had entered the ninth circle of hell.

"Yes?" said the perfectly groomed receptionist querulously when Heidi approached her desk. "I'm here for an interview," Heidi replied. She tried to act casual but she could tell from the way the woman's glance traveled down her already mussed flannel suit and tiptoed along the run in her panty hose coming to rest at the pinched, pale look of her suffering tootsie (no circulation, thank you) that she hadn't fooled her for a minute. "A partner will be with you directly," the woman said turning back to her typewriter and offering Heidi a view of her expensively clothed back.

Heidi sat down on the very edge of an unyielding Chip-

pendale loveseat and looked around the conservative decor of the reception area. She thought that to the observer she must fit in these surroundings about as well as Mick Jagger at a convention of Born Again bankers. But she didn't have long to contemplate the incongruities for she was joined by a tall, slim thirty-ish man who extended his pasty hand in her direction.

"Good morning. I am Frederick Straight. Won't you come in?"

Heidi followed Mr. Straight into his office and lowered herself into the wing-backed chair he indicated with a wave of his perfectly manicured hand.

"Now Miss um... Miss ugh," Mr. Straight threw a desperate glance at the resume on his desk. "Hygrade — yes Miss Hygrade," I'd like you to meet one of our associates — Mr. Byrd Jefferson Fairfax — we call him Boomboom..." Heidi looked over at the other man. He was dressed exactly like Mr. Straight, conservative chic — indeed the room positively vibrated with pin stripes; it was like watching TV after the vertical hold button had gone berserk. Both men wore roundish tortoise shell glasses — no doubt whole families of tiny terrapins had given their shells that those four beady eyes might see. Heidi remembered her membership in the Fund for Animals and winced.

"Now Miss Hygrade, I see there's been a gap of a few years in your school career — can you explain that to me?"

"Yeah you creep," Heidi wanted to say. "I dropped out and lived on an organic farm for two years, did drugs and a lot of nude sunbathing. I think I'm more of a simpatico person for the experience." But instead Heidi delicately cleared her throat to stall for time and then churned it out. "Well, actually, I wanted to take that time to make sure that my commitment to The Law was as strong as I believed it to be. I spent a great deal of time reading the legal scholars — Holmes, Cardozo, the Brothers Hand..." These names did not seem to impress her interviewers so Heidi quickly added "and of course the complete writings of Justice Rehnquist —" This last seemed to delight Mr. Straight. "Ah — then you find the American system of justice to your liking?" "Yes sir," Heidi spoke with forked tongue. "I do. Yes indeed, the American justice system is —" Heidi searched for some apple pie and mom-like phrase, something from the pages of Sinclair Lewis and she found it, "dandy. Yes, the American system of justice is just dandy."

Mr. Straight nodded his head in approval and even Boomboom, heretofore utterly unresponsive, curled his thin lips in the semblance of a smile and inserted an unbent paper clip into his lower left incisor.

"Now as far as what we do here at W, W, and O — well we do a tremendous amount of personal injury work."

Heidi sat up eagerly to hear about such good endeavors. Personal injury litigation was something she could support. It might even make up for all those dead turtles.

"For example," Mr. Straight put his feet up on the desk, "we defend companies against personal and public tragedies of all kinds — you know these

trumped up suits where people who are lucky to get work in the first place turn on their employers just because there happen to be some occupational hazards. It's these lefty lawyers put them up to it..."

Heidi slumped down dejectedly in her chair, while Boomboom took the ball and ran like crazy. "That's right Fred, if it hurts you, we defend it — you name it — asbestos, Kepone, pollution of all elements, acid rain, red food dye No. 2, paraquat. Had one of our most lucrative cases defending the company that manufactures Scent-A-Mint feminine hygiene spray. Some women's libbers types claimed it was carcinogenic — well maybe it was, but we sure did get some good laughs outa that one, didn't we Fred?"

But Fred was not so cheerful. "I don't know why you always have to mention that Scent-A-Mint case, Boomboom. Gets me to thinking you're one of those kinky pevert types."

"Me kinky? What about you and Betty Lou Jean on the Xerox machine at last year's Christmas party?"

"Now don't be so sensitive about Betty Lou Jean — she's only the receptionist, not your wife you know —"

"Why you —" Heidi slipped out of the office just as Boomboom reached for the moosehead trophy over Mr. Straight's desk. She ran past Betty Lou Jean at the receptionist's desk and then returned. "Here maybe you can use these," Heidi handed her size 8½ over to Betty Lou Jean who regarded her with astonishment. "And, oh yes," Heidi called back as she headed for the elevator. "Kindly tell Mr. Straight and Boomboom that I said they can take their job and put it," Heidi stepped gracefully into the elevator and turned back to face Betty Lou Jean, "where the sun don't shine!"



After the first awkward moments with Manuel, Rick was beginning to feel as if the two were establishing some rapport.

"Listen man," Manuel suggested, "why don't you stick around for our Client Contact Consciousness Raising Session. I think you might like it."

"Yeah — sounds really, um, interesting."

"It sure is. Some of our most interesting clients attend, although I doubt that the Newport News Three will be in today. You've heard of them right?"

"Wow — sure," Rick had no idea what Manuel was talking about.

"Yeah, they've had a bad time of it. Typical establishment hassle and brutality. As you know the Three have confessed to the murder of three handicapped orphans and their ninety year old grandmother."

"Did they do it?"

"Of course they did it man, disposed of the bodies by doing 'em up in one of those fancy French food processors — but the due process violations would make your head spin. I think we're gonna get them all suspended sentences. It's a real triumph for Legal Aid."

"Yeah —" Rick didn't know any orphans but he thought of his own rosy-cheeked grandmother from Fredericksburg

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## Blues, Con'd.

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who sent him peanut butter cookies with little happy faces on them, every Christmas. "That's terrific, Manuel."

"Yeah. Makes you proud man. Now don't misunderstand me — you don't handle these celebrity cases as a summer clerk — but you could work your way into it if we took you on as full time staff after you graduate."

A moment later the clients for the consciousness raising session began to arrive. The first comer wore a paisley scarf around his head, one gold earring and an eyepatch. He looked like Captain Hook in his younger days, prior to his rendezvous with the hungry croc. Rick extended his hand in greeting but the man ignored the traditional handshake position and twisted Rick into an elbow-to-elbow clasp. He smiled toothlessly and breathed meatball grinder, extra onions into Rick's face. "Power to the people man."

"Uh — right on," Rick replied.

The next arrival was a slim, blonde man whose pale face was covered with heavy theatrical makeup. He took one look at Rick and rolled his eyes up into his head. "Who's she, Manuel? She's gorgeous!" Even Manuel looked a little uneasy at the inquiry. "This here's Rick Rightsgood — second year law student might be clerking for us this summer."

"Hi hon." The blond man extended his hand. "You gay?"

"Uh, no," Rick backed away slightly but was careful to add, "But I am absolutely in favor of freedom of choice."

"Me too," the man replied. "And I'll take you medium rare."

Rick was relieved when another client came through the door — an enormously muscular swarthy man in a black leather jacket with skull and crossbones on the back and an embroidered "Saigon '70" underneath. He didn't offer a greeting to Rick, just looked at him with contempt and sat down in a seat, cracking his knuckles loudly one by one. He announced to the group "Name's Canneloni — Tony Canneloni."

Manuel walked to the center of the room. "Okay we are ready to begin. Now here's how it works for you who haven't been here

before. We use a little of this so-called psychodrama technique. Each client picks a partner who represents some person who has been very heavy in his life — then we act out the pain of those early years. Who wants to start?"

Tony Canneloni stood up. The fluorescent lights glared off his black leather jacket right into Rick's eyes. He gestured in Rick's direction. "I'll start with you man — you remind me of my baby brother Vito."

"Sure, fine." Rick stood up uneasily. Tony grabbed him by the collar, hard.

"Mama always liked you better Vito — you always brushed your teeth and sang in the choir and you didn't knock anybody up, you scum." Rick was getting scared. Tony was tightening his grip, big tears coursed down his stubbly cheeks.

"Get with that feeling!" Manuel cried from the sidelines, and Tony began picking Rick up and slamming him back down again. "You little creep you. You put me up to my first crime. I never woulda stolen that '55 Chevy if it hadn't been for you. I never wanted to be a criminal!"

When Tony turned to accept the box of tissue Manuel proffered Rick lunged for the door and clattered down the stairs as fast as he could. The old

man on the steps looked up cheerfully and waved but Rick leaped over him and kept running.

Rick slowed down by the time he got to Main St. and walked dejectedly towards Fifth. Heidi, bravado gone, was moving slowly up Fifth towards Main. At the corner, the twain met. Heidi looked incredulously at Rick's leather patches and rusty buckled boots; Rick saw Heidi's gray flannel suit and did not compute. Then, suddenly, running in the same channel as great minds do, the light dawned for each.

"Job interview?" Heidi asked.

"Yep. You?"

"Yep. Any luck?"

"Nope. You?"

"Nope." Heidi paused for a moment and then: "I think they'd like you at Wasp, Wealth and Oldfamily."

Rick brightened considerably, "Do you think so?"

"Yeah — just don't tell 'em Heidi sent you."

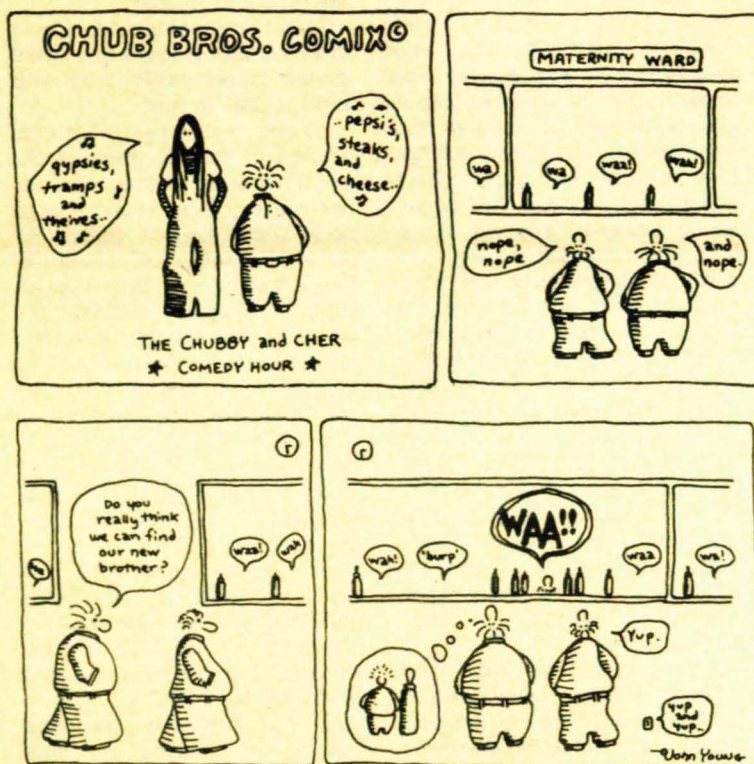
"Heidi — I think Legal Aid is your kind of place —"

"I'll try it."

"So can we agree to differ about this job stuff?"

"It's a deal."

And so Heidi and Rick walked happily off into the sunset, a tribute to the fact that even between law students, compromise is possible.



## Pick 'Em 'n Win

Walter Williams (the student, not the professor) won the last Pick 'EM 'N by guessing correctly on 10 out of 12 games. Since Walther is the sports editor of the Amicus we are all very proud of him. In fact, it should be noted that Walter's talents are not confined to predicting the outcome of football games. Mr. Williams is also a second-year student here

at Marshall-Wythe and is known to his closest friends as the "answer man". Apparently Walt's fame has spread beyond the confines of the law school because Mr. Williams has already received two (2) job offers for the summer, both of which are in legally-related positions. Congratulations Walter Williams!!

**Gator Bowl**  
Clemson vs. Ohio State

**Rose Bowl**  
Southern Cal vs. Michigan

**Orange Bowl**  
Oklahoma vs. Nebraska

**Liberty Bowl**  
LSU vs. Missouri

**Fiesta Bowl**  
UCLA vs. Arkansas

**Sugar Bowl**  
Penn St. vs. Alabama

**Cotton Bowl**  
Houston vs. Notre Dame

**Tiebreaker**  
Blue-Gray Game

**Total Points**

## Debtor-Creditor Covers New Law

Memo to students about debtor creditor relations;

President Carter just signed legislation which completely revises the bankruptcy process. Most of the old learning will be obsolete soon. This means two things:

1) Because we didn't know this was coming and the form it would take, we have no teaching materials adopted to the new legislation. We will use a casebook attuned to the old act with the new legislation.

2) If the adoption of the UCC in the 1960's is a precedent, firms will seek to hire graduates who have studied the new bankruptcy legislation.

## Contests, Cont'd.

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### Third Annual NELPI Energy Law Essay Competition

The National Energy Law and Policy Institute (NELPI) of The University of Tulsa's College of Law is pleased to announce its Energy Law Essay Competition for 1978-79. You are encouraged to enter if you are a law student. The prize for the best essay is \$300 for the author and \$200 for the author's school.

**Eligibility** — Any full-time or part-time law student currently enrolled for legal studies may submit an essay for the competition. Only essays prepared between February 1, 1978 and January 31, 1979 are eligible. A paper submitted for academic credit will be eligible, but one prepared as part of paid legal work outside the law school will not be eligible. The paper must not have been submitted for any other essay contest.

**Topic** — The topic may be on any legal subject related to energy. This might include traditional subjects in oil and gas law, federal regulation of natural gas, federal price controls, development of energy resources on state and federal lands, private coal development, nuclear power, utilities, solar energy, or other topics. The essay need not be restricted to case law.

**Format** — Each essay must be doubled spaced, typed or printed, and submitted in duplicate. Footnotes may be placed at the end of the paper or at the bottom of each page. A cover page must be attached which includes the title, the name of the law school and the name, address and telephone number of the author. There is no restriction as to length of the essay.

**Deadline** — Essays mailed after February 1, 1979, will not be considered.

**Other Rules** — Essays must be accompanied by a letter from a law professor or dean stating that to their knowledge these eligibility rules have been followed. No essays will be returned, and NELPI reserves the non-exclusive right to publish the winning essays.

Send your essay to: Professor Kent Frizzell, NELPI, The University of Tulsa College of Law, 3120 E. 4th Place, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74104. The University of Tulsa has an Equal Opportunity-Affirmative Action Program for students and employees.

### 41st Annual Nathan Burkan Memorial Competition

This Contest, sponsored by the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers, is for essays on any phase of Copyright Law. The Society is pleased to announce that this year the monetary awards for both the local and national prizes have been doubled. At each participating law school, a First Prize of \$500 and a Second Prize of \$200 will be awarded. These papers will then be submitted to a National Panel of Judges for awards ranging from \$3,000 for First Place to \$500 for Fifth Place. The papers winning National Awards will be published by Columbia University Press in the ASCAP Copyright Law Symposium series.

### Federation of Insurance Counsel Foundation Essay Contest

**Time For Submission:** On or before May 1, 1979

**First Prize:** \$2,000 **Second Prize:** \$1,000 **Third Prize:** \$500

**Subject:** ANY INSURANCE RELATED SUBJECT, INCLUDING TRIAL PRACTICE OF INSURANCE LITIGATION

**Eligibility:** All law students enrolled in their second or third years at law schools accredited by the American Bar Association.

**Instructions:** Essays should be about 10,000 to 12,000 words in length. An original copy, typewritten and double spaced, on 8½" x 11" white paper, should be submitted. Footnotes and style should conform to "A Uniform System of Citation."

**Publication:** No essay will be accepted unless prepared solely for this contest, has not been previously published, and is not to be submitted in any other contest. By submission, each entrant thereby assigns to the Foundation all rights to the essay. It is the policy of the Foundation to return all but the three winning essays and release the assignment of rights after the Judges have made their decision. The decision of the Judges shall be final.

**Submission:** Essays should be mailed to the President of the Foundation at the above address. If further information is needed, it may be obtained by writing to the President.

**The foundation:** The Federation of Insurance Counsel Foundation is a nonprofit corporation sponsored by the members of the Federation of Insurance Counsel to promote the study of insurance law, and to publish materials in the field of insurance law and practice for the continuing education of lawyers and other interested parties.

### Environmental Conservation Fellowship

The National Wildlife Federation has announced the commencement of the 1979-1980 program of Environmental Conservation Fellowships. Applications for the program will be accepted until December 31, 1978.

Law students are eligible for the fellowships of up to \$4,000 each in such diverse areas as wildlife and natural resources management, land use planning, and protection of the environment.

The National Wildlife Federation and The American Petroleum Institute are jointly supporting fellows in studies involving an interface between petroleum and the management and conservation of natural resources.

For information on the fellowships write: Executive Vice President, National Wildlife Federation, 1412 Sixteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.