1989

The Advocate (Vol. 21, Issue 6)

Repository Citation
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The Greensing of Marshall-Wythe
Alumni Dollars Roll In

by Tamara A. Maddox

Marshall-Wythe is on its way up, thanks to the generosity of interested alumni and the efforts of hardworking faculty and students. According to Deborah Vick, Associate Dean for Development and Alumni Relations, law school alumni involvement and contributions have increased dramatically over the last few years. The Annual Fund, which provides for the general annual law school budget, has increased from $80,000 to a current sum of $250,000 in the last five years. Similarly, this years' Homecoming Barbeque produced the best alumni turnout in five years. Dean Vick attributes the improvement to the efforts of Moot Court and Law Review students, led by Chesire l'Anson and Patti Jennings.

Alumnus Honored With Endowed Chair

The enthusiasm and support of Marshall-Wythe alumni are instrumental in providing resources and growth opportunities for the Law School. In recognition of a distinguished alumnus' inspirational involvement in the Institute of Bill of Rights Law, currently directed by Professor Smolla and hosted by Marshall-Wythe, the Lee Trust has elected to provide a $400,000.00 endowment to create the "Arthur B. Hansen Professor of Law" award. Money from this fund will be used to support research efforts in the areas of media law or Constitutional Law.

Dean Vick has 400,000 reasons to smile.

Fishbowl Nearly Complete

by Kelly Harrington

With exams looming dangerously close on the horizon, students from all three classes are beginning to prepare for their annual pilgrimage to the library. Needless to say however, there is quite a bit of concern this year due to the apparent state of the construction in the library. In the past two and a half months we have witnessed the transformation of our library from educational facility to nuclear dump site. Undoubtedly the chaos sprawled behind the glass casings on the first floor represents a critical link in the chain of completion. The only obvious use so far is the holding tank for fish, sharks, octopus - you name it.

The original plan, as of last spring, was to have the new office space completed by the time the students returned to school in the fall. Students came back instead to a library under construction, complete with daily performances by "power drills unlimited." Library staff were quick to reassure that the noise would be confined to working hours only (9-5) and that in any case, all noise would stop during exam period. Professor Heller stated Friday, November 10 that as of Monday, November 20th, the area will be carpeted, leaving only the furniture to be moved in. He further assured that, regardless of the state of office space, as of November 30th and continuing throughout the examination period, all construction will come to a halt. In short, the noise will stop as promised.

As a final note, part of the completion will include the installation of a glass door just past the stairwell on the first floor. The door is being installed in an effort to curb some of the noise which filters into the library from the lobby area.

Inside This Issue

Anxiety page 3
Stress page 5
Sports page 11
**Letters to the Editor**

**Hudson Writes In**

**Editor's Note:** The following was included with a letter sent to me by Jon Hudson. He asked that I include it in this issue. Jon writes the District Attorney of Northampton, Massachusetts. Jon Hudson and Laurie Paturti, shortly after finishing their second year at Marshall-Wythe, were struck in their car by a drunken motorist just outside of Northampton.

Dear Judge,

On 23 October 1989 I received a telephone call from the D.A. in Northampton, Mass who is prosecuting the case against Mr. Cleary for Having crossed the median of I-91 and having struck Laurie’s car. In that wreck, my close and beloved companion, Miss Laurie Paturini was killed. We had maintained a loving and loving relationship for close to two years; and I was badly hurt by her death.

My only recollection of the events of that night of 27 May 1989 are scattered memories where she (Laurie) cried out before the collision, I looked up to see lights, and then everything "went black" for me. Until mid-August ’89 I was bed-ridden, mostly unconscious, and was not moved to Albu-

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y until then. As you can readily imagine, this event wherein I lost the lady I loved and was concur- rently rendered an unconscious bed-patient for about 2 months. This has disrupted my school plans. I was a successful student at the Marshall-Wythe School of Law prior to the accident.

I have been unable to resume school, and any legal training will require a vast array of catch-up sessions. Also, the history of head-injury victims leads all with whom I come in contact to be hesitant about my ability to assume a place in society.

Nothing, of course, can be done to guarantee my success or future at a law firm, I determined to succeed at the law, and through my loss, Mr. Cleary’s actions have resulted in a long and uncertain conces-

Imagine I am going to persevere in pursuit of my J.D. and I have (by this letter) appealed to the State’s Department of Vocational Rehabilitation for any assistance for which long work under Social Security qualifies me.

Thanks for reading thus far in my unhappy story.

/ s/ Jon Hudson

**11's Take Issue**

**With Review**

To the Editor:

We are writing in regard to the article the Fall From Grace in the November 2 issue of the Advocate. While we understand that the Advocate is a university forum of forum of discussion and that the events of the night of 27 May 1989 are scattered memories.

As you can readily imagine, this event wherein I lost the lady I loved and was concurrently rendered an unconscious bed-patient for about 2 months. This has disrupted my school plans. I was a successful student at the Marshall-Wythe School of Law prior to the accident.

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**A Question of Tolerance**

To the Editor:

The last issue of the Advocate contained a letter written by Christina Ayiotis in which she editorially spanked an anonymous student who had written the name P.D. O’Phile on a list of babysitters for homecoming. Ms. Ayiotis felt the graffiti made light of child sexual abuse and proceeded to scold the student body for their "lack of maturity and sensitivity". On the other hand, a reader registered a nearly unconditionally Spinther Factor of 9.5.

If Ms. Ayiotis had stopped foam at the mouth and made use of her right to free speech, then I might have realized that nobody was trying to ridicule victims of child abuse. No doubt the writer’s efforts to continue on page four
Students Rally for Choice

by Steffi Garrett

Pro-choice demonstrators gathered in every state of the nation last Sunday to display their support of abortion-rights. Ingrid Olson, president of the Mary and William Society, organized a law school trip to D.C. Six students joined this contingent and several others attended the rally on their own. "There was so much energy and unity -- it felt great to know I was making myself heard instead of just sitting back and watching," said Meg Hopkins, 2L, when asked what the rally meant to her.

The " Mobilize for Women's Lives" rally in Washington, D.C. attracted between 150,000 and 300,000 participants. The crowd, which stretched from the Lincoln Memorial to the Washington Monument, waved banners, heard to speeches, sang songs and picnicked by the reflecting pool.

Melly Yard, president of the National Organization for Women, hosted the event. Students Rally for Choice

Speakers included David Dinkins, New York Mayor-elect, who pledged to protect the right to choose for all and not just the wealthy. Alan Cranston, Senate Majority Leader, and Hilda H.M. Massen, D.C. Council member, also spoke in support of abortion rights. The addresses emphasized the importance of fighting and making clear to legislators that the majority of Americans are pro-choice and will not go back to the days before the right to choose to have a safe abortion.

Speakers also referred to the events in Berlin. Democracy and freedom are resulting in individual rights around the world. The speakers urged that the U.S. should set an example by not infringing on a woman's right to control her body.

Further, abortion was not the only issue on Sunday. Pro-choice, women's, and feminist organizations emphasized the rights of women and children, pointed to the need for safe and legal abortion, and made clear that "Men who oppose choice can fuck themselves." There were also chants opposing the conservatism of the Supreme Court's latest decisions: "Racist, sexist, anti-gay; the Rehnquist court should go away!"

Help For Anxiety Available

by Mary Thrower

It's that time of year. Exams, the job search, getting home, coming back. Everybody feels the stress, but some may need a little extra help in dealing with it. The Center for Personal Learning and Development is available to help students with problems ranging from depression and anxiety to substance abuse.

The Center is a far cry from the medical treatment model of psychological services. "We don't see ourselves as fixing sick people," said Jay Chambers, Director of the Center. Rather, the focus is on helping people learn about themselves.

Everything about the Center conveys this philosophy of "learning" rather than "treatment." Its location on Richmond Road, a red brick colonial building across from the President's home, is accessible and inviting. A waiting room has serve-your-own coffee and tea. It is decorated with photographs taken by the Director's wife: exotic birds, a hang-glider, etc. "They are sort of the scaffolding," Chambers said, "to allow people to use them to "form a sculpture.'"

The staff of the Center presents a calming atmosphere. Chambers' gray corduroys matched his hair and bushy eyebrows. He had a sparkle in his expression and an unusual hint of sunburn. He often spoke in the first person plural.

"We have unconscious, unrealistic beliefs about ourselves," said Chambers. It is frequently the situational stress which "tips the balance" and makes us begin to recognize that "the beliefs we are operating on are inappropriate."

Chambers' metaphor for many of the problems students experience was that of an American driver whose unconscious functioning works very well in this country. But if that same driver goes to England without modifying his unconscious program, he's going to have difficulty.

Chambers listed some of the common problems law students experience: performance anxiety, doubts about self-worth, confusion about what to do in life, or difficulty in switching from a competitive to a personal domain. "We see a higher proportion of law students than we do undergraduates," said Chambers. Asked why, he said that graduate students tend to be more sophisticated. "They know that if you have a problem, you can do something about it."

It is not difficult to get an appointment at the Center for Personal Learning and Development. One can call or drop by to make arrangements. Few questions are asked when scheduling an appointment other than the urgency of the matter. The Center is busy and most slots are filled, but the Center tries to see everyone within a week.

The Center is staffed by professional therapists. Except in the case of a life-threatening situation, all information concerning one's contact with the Center is confidential.
On the Fence

Letters continued

by Karin Horwatt

Question: How many Jews does it take to fill up a Volkswagen Beetle? Answer: Fifty thousand and four; two in the front, two in the back, and fifty thousand in the ash tray. Question: What went through Christa McAuliffe's mind when the shuttle exploded? Answer: The instruction panel. Question: How many women does it take to change a light bulb? Answer: Two; one to press charges and the other to secretly envy the socket.

I'm sorry, but I think those jokes are funny. Apparently, so do enough people that the jokes get disseminated (around the world, in some cases). I have always been struck by the fact that these sick jokes -- which often target specific groups -- are frequently told by the members of the targeted group. I am also struck by how often it is that the individuals who quelled with the telling of these jokes do not belong to the affected group.

Who thinks these jokes are funny, and why?

Sick jokes may be used as evidence that the teller is insensitive to the sufferings of the targeted group or is making light of a serious problem. It is this insensitivity that drives outsiders to protest the telling of specific sick jokes. The problem with this logic is precisely that the people laughing at the jokes -- and telling them -- are so often members of the same group who appears in the joke, or who watched the disaster in shock, and are equally capable of remembering where they were when they learned of the disaster as are the people calling for the censoring of the sick joke in the first place.

Sick jokes serve two functions. For me, the Holocaust joke helps me live with an event that is very real to my family and to my people. It killed members of my family, so when my grandfather referred to it, it was not in the abstract. Since I loved my grandfather very much, I was vulnerable to his injury. It wiped out the center of my culture and destroyed a way of life I can only glimpse from the retellings of my elderly aunts and cousins. The joke helps me deal with the anxiety and rage attendant to an event too big to comprehend. This makes sense. Humor is really a form of (or maybe an expression of) anxiety and shock, and lies on the same continuum as fear. Sometimes the only way to confront something bad is to laugh.

The other function of humor is as an antidote to the excesses of the Institutional reaction to an event. In other words, when the Challenger exploded, we were treated to endless media replays of the explosion, invasive interviews of relatives, tedious and tiréd rhetoric of tragedy, that left us drained. Sometimes misery is best left understated. The joke in this case is a reaction to the sense that many of us had that we were being manipulated, that it was getting to be a little much. The humor provided a callous against a wound that was getting too raw. The humor does not make us insensitive to the pain of McAuliffe's family or to the awfulness of the deaths, but it does put the event into perspective for us. This function is not inconsistent with the shock-relief function described above. Folklorists note that Shuttle jokes tend to involve McAuliffe more than the astronauts (Question: Why was McAuliffe a bad teacher? Answer: She blew up in front of her class) because McAuliffe was an innocent bystander. Astronauts are supposed to take risks, but McAuliffe was just a teacher on a field trip. Her death was more shocking.

Not everyone deals with this way, and some members of the groups targeted by these jokes may get offended. But those who tell the jokes are not likely to be the insensitive ones.

Question: How many border collies does it take to screw in a light bulb on the Challenger? Answer: Now that's insensitive! My dog is a border collie. You take that joke back! Well, okay. Some things (or beasts) are too sacred for jokes.

Olson Urges Boycott

To the Editor:

As the interview season winds down and is replaced by the exam season, there is an increased need among the student body for fast food and carbo loading. Fortunately, the two go hand-in-hand. But as you reach for the phone to call Domino's, I’d ask you to pause for a moment and remember that “DOMINO'S wants you to deliver”.

Thomas Monaghan, the founder, President and sole owner of Domino's Pizza has given over $100,000 of his personal funds and over $10,000 of corporate money to the MICHIGAN RIGHT TO LIFE COMMITTEE. The Michigan Right to Life Committee was successful in eliminating all Medicaid-funded abortions in Michigan. In addition, he gives the Director of Operations of Domino's Services Corporation, the head of Ann Arbor's OPERATION RESCUE, paid work time to blockade the entrances of local clinics.

Meanwhile, back at the farm (Domino's Farm is a corporate facility that is available to the public for business and social gatherings), an event that was scheduled by the NATIONAL ORGANIZATION FOR WOMEN was cancelled. Thomas Monaghan discovered that there were plans to use some of the money raised there to fund pro-choice events. This is the first and only instance where an organization was refused access to Domino's Farm.

A nation-wide boycott of Domino's has been in place since early this summer. I ask that all pro-choice students join this boycott. Remember, Pizza Hut delivers - in thirty minutes or less. Check your local Sunday newspaper for coupons.

cajoled law students into babysitting the Alumni's rug rats. (Perhaps their cars need washing and waxing also.)

Our advice to Ms. Ayiotis is three-fold: 1) The next time some naughtiness disgusts you, don't write a letter to the editor that is in excess of a column. The majority of students are more 'offended' by your prolonging grousing than by the graffiti itself. 2) Please, pre-screen your courses for appropriate content. The wrong selection could find you in a class where the double entendres and inappropriate hypotheticals fly right and left, and we all know what that would mean - MORE LETTERS!! 3) Make the effort to step out into the "real world" and realize there are more forms of humor than knock-knock jokes.

Anne Wesley (SL)
John Fendig (SL)

P.S. No, neither of us authored the graffiti.
Don’t STRESS, Be Happy

by Christopher Lande

Remember, this is only a test... And to so many persons those words are meant to relieve everyon e’s worries or fears that their world will blow up in front of them shortly. In law school though, those words comprise a veritable torrent of extreme behavior usually seen in laboratory rats with wires or tubes stuck into their brains. Law students hear these words and almost instinctively think STRESS. Stress about grades, interviews, jobs, future, think STRESS. Stress.

Cleveland this summer "without saying"

Professor Coven declined to comment. Professor Grover was frequently mentioned by respondents as an example of a Professor who does not accelerate. Most frequently mentioned as an "accelerator", It should be noted that this comment was heard only from first-years. Professor Coven declined to comment.

Students Forced into Overdrive

by Will Murphy

The following survey questions were administered in an entirely non-scientific fashion:

1. To what extent do you feel your professors have accelerated the pace at which they are covering material in the last two weeks?
   - Not at all
   - Distinctly
   - Much Too Much

   Average of answers: 1L - 2.4 2L - 2.6 3L - 2.0
   Statistical evaluation: 3Ls don’t go to class enough to notice.

2. To what extent has this created problems for you?
   - Not at All
   - Distinctly
   - Much Too Much

   Average of Answers: 1L - 2.2 2L - 2.7 3L - 2.2
   Statistical Evaluation: 3Ls don’t do the reading anyway. 2Ls are always complaining.

3. Would you prefer that the pace be higher during the rest of the semester rather than accelerating?

   Percentage of Yes answers: 1L - 81% 2L - 78% 3L - 100%
   Statistical Evaluation: In spite of themselves, 3Ls have become critical readers while other classes lag behind. 1Ls are apparently a talented, as well as a diverse, group of people.

4. Would you prefer that less material be covered in the course of the semester?

   Percentage of Yes answers: 1L - 25% 2L - 67% 3L - 40%
   Statistical Evaluation: Attention span of law students limited to three questions.

Professor Grover was frequently mentioned by respondents as an example of a Professor who does not speed up. When asked about her policy of decreasing the length of reading assignments near the end of the semester, Grover said, "The point is to give the students, particularly first-year students, an opportunity to review the course material before the exam. We’re capitalizing on the extra energy that people have at the beginning of the first year and recognizing the tremendous stress that students face toward the end of the first [semester] in law school.

Who should you watch out for? Professor Coven was most frequently mentioned as an "accelerator". It should be noted that this comment was heard only from first-years. Professor Coven declined to comment.

But instead of madly pushing a lever or crossing an electrified grid, law students react to stress in slightly more sophisticated manners. The Advocate interviewed several of Marshall-Wythe’s finest to discover what they do to prevent or mollify the onset of law-related stress. We provide you with some of the responses and as responsible journalists, we provide only initials in order to protect the arguably innocent.

R.G. "Go home, put the headphones on and crank them up for about an hour."

P.S. "Play ping-pong at the Rec. center. Also, drink."

J.A. "I just deal with it. I did it for four years in college, I’ll do it again."

B.F. "I don’t stress; I try to keep it all in perspective. If I want to relax I listen to music or exercise."

P.K. "Go to sleep."

A.R. "Naps in the library."

E.B. "Alcohol, dancing on tables."

C.H. "I don’t get stressed." V.S. "I try to keep it all in perspective; its not like we’re going to starve or be killed. Also, I realize its only work and I just suck it up and do it."

H.K. "I get away from my work, go exercise or do something fun that distracts me."

C.L. "I don’t acknowledge stress. I follow the maxim, "Things will work out, they always do."

Obviously, these are only a few of the virtually limitless possibilities. None of the interviewees mentioned sex nor did they mention violence towards roommates or inanimate objects. If you are starting to find you have that "end of the semester, I’ve really got to consolidate my leaves" STRESS, feel free to discover your own release activity. If it works, share it with others. If it doesn’t, start at the top of this list and work your way down until you’re as relaxed as a big ball of orange goo floating in the middle of a lava lamp.

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Corned Beef – Pastrami
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French Onion Soup
No Garnish

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We often picked raspberries. And not just a few. We picked quarts and quarts, whole pie's worth. Sometimes we found blackberries and blackcaps too. They were out in the back of the house, back beyond the old well, where we were never, ever to venture. You warned us about the dangers of the old well. I had visions of disappearing into the dank, cavernous abyss. So we stayed away from there.

We could always find something interesting in the cemetery. Strange that you would live right next door to a graveyard. I often wondered if it frightened you. The ancient headstones, weathering in the soft earth, barely decipherable, marking time, marking the graves in a never-ending deathwatch. I guess you just got used to it.

You always loved cats. They kept you company during the cold winter nights, with snow piling up eight feet high along the roads. Sasha was the last one. They liked to chase the string we'd pull through the house. Over the back of the couch, through the slats of the stairway bannister, through the dining room, into the kitchen, through the bathroom and back bedroom and back to the couch in the living room. If the cats got bored, they could swat the empty spool hanging at the end of a string at the entrance to the kitchen. They treated the spool like a boxer's speed bag.

And you loved each one.

You always came to our house for Christmas. We'd give you a diary and you'd give each of us twenty dollars in cash. You'd go to mass at the Episcopal church while we went to the Catholic service. I wondered what the Episcopalians did differently. Did they kneel as much? And you made sure that no child snuck down early to reconnoiter the Christmas booty. "Get back to bed," you'd say.

Easter meant colored eggs and an Easter egg hunt at your house. The country ham was delicious with raisin sauce, not to mention the mashed potatoes and corn. I could tell you loved the big meal with the whole family in attendance. I guess it made up for the lonely days.

One time, Anne and I came to stay with you for a few days during the summer. I stayed up late to watch the Philadelphia Phillies on television. Dave Cash was playing second base. You wrapped a blanket around me and went to bed. I felt like I was growing up.

You loved to drive your Ford Maverick. It brought you to the Grange hall, to the bowling alley and to the square dances. That old Maverick made you independent, whether you were shopping for groceries with your friends, or even taking the school census. It was your freedom. I think the Maverick was your third car and you drove it until it literally fell apart. You turned planned obsolescence on its ear.

There were so many unique items in your house: the enormous painings of the two stags fighting to the death, their horns locked forever; the lamp on top of the television, the shade depicting another deer leaping a fallen tree trunk; the Indian head hanging on your bedroom wall, made from a coconut; the buttons, the guns, and the clocks. It was a house filled with hidden treasures, buried riches. And it felt like a home.

The last years were tough, and you slowly slipped away. This winter you will not see the snow fly for the first time in ninety years. The house is empty now, and still. Christmas will come again, and the family will gather, but your stocking will not hang by the fireplace. Easter will come again, but the eggs will go uncolored, unhidden, and unfound. What we had once, we can have again, but only fleetingly, in our memories. We miss you, Grandma. We miss picking raspberries.
Alumni Dollars

continued

expect to receive a 15% yearly return on the endowment, which will "add a significant amount to a financial offer" that could be available for new faculty members at Marshall-Wythe. A more attractive alternative for eminent professors is "a great honor for one of our finest graduates," Dean Sullivan said of the endowment. The current support constitutes the "first steps in what is a very long process for expansion," remarked Sullivan, adding that "three new full-time faculty positions will be added to the law school between September, 1988 and January, 1991." The Foundation has also received a $50,000.00 endowment from Mr. Hansen's estate, which will be used exclusively for scholarships.

White Jacket Caters to Students
by Ken Roberts

There has always been an affinity between students and alumni who have worked their way through college, and this bond is the basis for the Order of the White Jacket. Since 1972, this dedicated group of former students has promoted the honor of working as a means of financing a college education by establishing a scholarship program. For the past two years, ten William and Mary students have been provided with scholarships of $1500 each. The Order's long-range target is to provide a minimum of ten full tuition scholarships each year.

Members of the Order include any present or former students; waiter, bartender or cook, man or woman, who has worked at least one semester in the College dining halls, cafeterias or in restaurants in the Williamsburg area. In addition to providing scholarships, the Order hosts an annual homecoming banquet. The 1989 homecoming event saw over 150 guests gather for an evening of fine dining and college memories.

The Students Order of the White Jacket was established in 1986 to form a fraternal affiliation among William and Mary students who are working or have worked in food service. The group serves to identify working students for the Order, and to increase university awareness of the fine efforts these students make to the success of Colonial Williamsburg and of the College.

If you are interested in learning more about OWJ or Student OWJ, please contact Ken Roberts, 3L, by hanging file.

Fund Drives Play Major Role
In conjunction with William & Mary's comprehensive Fourth Century Campaign (1993 marks the 300th birthday of the College), Dean Vick and his assistant Suzanne Tucker have tirelessly promoting alumni involvement and expanding on innovative methods to increase the resources available to law students and faculty.

Vick's efforts include an expanded alumni volunteer component, a "Class Agent Orientation Program," revision of the Law School's Annual Fund pledge cards to allow direct designation for alumni gifts. This revision allows an alumnus to restrict the use of a pledge to the area of his or her choice, such as Moot Court or Public Service fellowships. Many alumni are far more interested in donating gifts to their particular areas of interest. "It's an evolving program," said Dean Vick. Along with the definite endowments mentioned, Dean Sullivan commented that "we anticipate a seven-figure gift to be announced in the near future - possibly two." Such an endowment would have a significant impact on law school resources. Deans Sullivan and Vick both stated that scholarship support and faculty research support, along with library acquisitions, would be the primary recipients of budget increases. "These are the two most critical areas," declared Sullivan. Dean Vick agreed, mentioning that increases in scholarship support would both fulfill a currently unmet need and will also encourage applications from high-quality students who otherwise might not consider attending Marshall-Wythe.

In discussing methods of gaining alumni support, Dean Vick mentioned that "all alumni will be made aware of the range of needs at the law school. The key for us in fundraising is educating alumni as much as possible." When asked whether there were ways in which students could encourage alumni support, Dean Vick responded: "Absolutely. Phone-a-thons [have been immensely helpful]; Moot Court members called Moot Court Alumni to notify them of current activities and to inform them of current funding needs." Also, the Public Service Fund has increased the Annual Fund through coordinating their fundraising efforts with the administration. Dean Sullivan commented that "student awareness is the most important thing." Sullivan also mentioned that the percentage of alumni participation involved shows support of the school as a whole. "A gift of $25.00 means a lot." When asked to name the most significant factor involved in the growth of alumni support, Dean Sullivan stated that the support was simply a "reflection of the special sense of community that's defined our school for 25 or 30 years and the confidence our graduates have in the institution." Despite her emphatic statement that "nothing we do ever happens because of one person," Dean Vick's efforts also seem to have played a significant role. "She's certainly impressed everyone...we're lucky to have her," declared Sullivan.

Alumni Dollars

continued

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by Ken Roberts

There has always been an affinity between students and alumni who have worked their way through college, and this bond is the basis for the Order of the White Jacket. Since 1972, this dedicated group of former students has promoted the honor of working as a means of financing a college education by establishing a scholarship program. For the past two years, ten William and Mary students have been provided with scholarships of $1500 each. The Order's long-range target is to provide a minimum of ten full tuition scholarships each year.

Members of the Order include any present or former students; waiter, bartender or cook, man or woman, who has worked at least one semester in the College dining halls, cafeterias or in restaurants in the Williamsburg area. In addition to providing scholarships, the Order hosts an annual homecoming banquet. The 1989 homecoming event saw over 150 guests gather for an evening of fine dining and college memories.

The Students Order of the White Jacket was established in 1986 to form a fraternal affiliation among William and Mary students who are working or have worked in food service. The group serves to identify working students for the Order, and to increase university awareness of the fine efforts these students make to the success of Colonial Williamsburg and of the College.

If you are interested in learning more about OWJ or Student OWJ, please contact Ken Roberts, 3L, by hanging file.

Fund Drives Play Major Role
In conjunction with William & Mary's comprehensive Fourth Century Campaign (1993 marks the 300th birthday of the College), Dean Vick and his assistant Suzanne Tucker have tirelessly promoting alumni involvement and expanding on innovative methods to increase the resources available to law students and faculty.

Vick's efforts include an expanded alumni volunteer component, a "Class Agent Orientation Program," revision of the Law School's Annual Fund pledge cards to allow direct designation for alumni gifts. This revision allows an alumnus to restrict the use of a pledge to the area of his or her choice, such as Moot Court or Public Service fellowships. Many alumni are far more interested in donating gifts to their particular areas of interest. "It's an evolving program," said Dean Vick. Along with the definite endowments mentioned, Dean Sullivan commented that "we anticipate a seven-figure gift to be announced in the near future - possibly two." Such an endowment would have a significant impact on law school resources. Deans Sullivan and Vick both stated that scholarship support and faculty research support, along with library acquisitions, would be the primary recipients of budget increases. "These are the two most critical areas," declared Sullivan. Dean Vick agreed, mentioning that increases in scholarship support would both fulfill a currently unmet need and will also encourage applications from high-quality students who otherwise might not consider attending Marshall-Wythe.

In discussing methods of
obtaining alumni support, Dean
Vick mentioned that "all
alumni will be made aware of
the range of needs at the law
school. The key for us in
fundraising is educating alumni
as much as possible." When
asked whether there were ways
in which students could
courage alumni support, Dean
Vick responded: "Absolutely.
Phone-a-thons [have been
immensely helpful]; Moot
Court members called Moot
Court Alumni to notify them of
current activities and to inform
them of current funding needs.
Also, the Public Service Fund
has increased the Annual Fund
through coordinating their
fundraising efforts with the
administration. Dean Sullivan
commented that "student
awareness is the most important
thing." Sullivan also mentioned
that the percentage of alumni
participation involved shows
support of the school as a
whole. "A gift of $25.00 means
a lot." When asked to name the
most significant factor involved
in the growth of alumni support,
Dean Sullivan stated that the
support was simply a "reflection of
the special sense of community
that's defined our school for 25
or 30 years and the confidence
our graduates have in the institution." Despite her emphatic
statement that "nothing we do ever
happens because of one person,"
Dean Vick's efforts also seem to
have played a significant role. "She's
certainly impressed everyone...
we're lucky to have her," declared
Sullivan.
Summer Opportunities for First Years

by Camilia Belcher

Although Christmas is just around the corner, you might want to plan in advance what you will do during the summer of 1990. Some options available to first years, outlined by Dean Robert Kaplan at the annual Office of Career Planning and Placement (OCP) orientation held on November 1, are opportunities with the following employers:

- law firms
- corporate law departments
- the government
- legal aid offices
- public defender's offices
- public interest groups
- research assistantships with law school professors

Some points to consider:

1. Last year, eighteen employers came on campus to recruit first years.
2. Employers may ask an applicant for writing samples prepared by OCPP to inform employers about the training provided by the William and Mary legal skills program.
3. Keep in mind that future legal employers will not look at summer jobs to the exclusion of other factors, instead of working this summer, you may choose to increase your legal knowledge and experience of other countries through "study abroad" programs in countries such as England or Spain.

Resources available in the OCPP office to assist you in your summer job search include the following:

- Martindale-Hubbell Law Directory (lists attorneys nationwide and provides short employer biographies and areas of firm practice)
- Directory of Legal Employers, published by the National Association for Law Placement (gives short descriptions of approximately one thousand employers who have submitted data, as well as descriptions of government agencies and public interest/advocacy groups)
- The 1990 Summer Legal Employment Guide (lists those employers who, as of September 1989, plan to hire students during the following summer)
- "New Hiring: Government Jobs for Lawyers" (lists all government agencies and describes their type of legal work)
- The National Directory of Law Enforcement Officers (a nationwide listing of county prosecutors)
- "Opportunities in Public Interest Law"

A final source of employer information is the yellow folders containing lists of those first-year hiring employers who completed NALP survey forms and who contacted William and Mary last fall.

Ian McCulloch
An Echo of the Past?

by Tom Brooke

Ian McCulloch, former lead singer of Echo and the Bunnymen recently released his first solo album, Candleland. Is it Bunnymusic? Ooh, I don't really know. However, my roommate, Scott Finkelstein has copies of everything Echo and the Bunnymen have recorded, so his room is adorned with countless Echo posters and he even has a copy of the official biography of Echo and the Bunnymen. Hell, his nickname is "Echo." Though he likes this record, he does not think it is just another Echo release. Since tomorrow, November 17, is his birthday, I asked him to assist me with this week's column.

The band was formed in Liverpool, England in the aftermath of the punk explosion of the late 1970's. Early works featured slashing guitar themes by Will Sergeant and urgent, angry vocals by McCulloch. "Bring on the Dancing Horses," the single which appeared on the Pretty in Pink soundtrack and the Songs to Learn and Sing "best of" collection brought recognition and commercial success to the band. Their last, self-titled album was also a moderate success. It was also more subdued and controlled than previous material. The raging fury of their older records subsided and time brought out a fuzzier bunny sound, says Scott. The bunnymen claimed not to be interested in monetary success, only artistic creativity, so the band broke up. McCulloch's new born child may have been a contributing factor.

The mellowness and softness of instruments and McCulloch's singing create a tense, almost jarring sound. The guitar sound on "In Bloom" has an Eastern flavor which, in combination with the martial beat, grabs the listener and does not let go. I'll quote Scott to conclude: "Yet, once a bunnyman, always a bunnyman, and Ian gets somewhat intense on one or two tracks. Overall, the album is not incredibly stellar, but it shows that McCulloch is determined to go his own direction, whatever that might be."

"Nobody Reads it Anyway"
**ILS’ Latest Vintage**

by George Michael Miller

The place: Ford’s Colony. The time: last Friday afternoon. The event: the First Annual International Law Society’s Wine Tasting Festival. The verdict: a tremendous time had by all.

Tasters had their glasses filled with fourteen different wines from such far-flung places as Australia, Spain, and Italy (no Ken Roberts, Siberia is not a wine-producing region). Students-tasters rated the wines on a scale of one to five as they drank in both the wine and the atmosphere of the well-appointed tasting chamber, swapping tales of their swash-buckling days and perusing the literature provided about the reds and whites they sampled (no Ken, we were not comparing the Bolsheviks and the status-quo mongers).

“The wine, the food, the company, a chance to see professors drinking wine; the event of the year!” said Margaret Lee, a third-year taster who plans to begin work as inside counsel next September with Robert Mondavi Vineyards in Napa Valley. “It also gave me the opportunity to relax before my meeting with Professor Hardy. It was going to be a stressful meeting. In fact, it’s still stressful. Maybe it might help if he had a few glasses of wine before grading my paper,” said Margaret merrily. "One thing though - why was Ken Roberts walking around talking about the Czar?"

Carolyn Signorelli was stunning in her gaucho ensemble (complete with tuxedo-topper), and helped immemorably by edifying those who asked about the vino and viticulture in general. The wine stewards answered the well-informed students’ questions, and were faultless in their pouring (i.e. not stingy whatsoever).

Food (no Ken, the ILS never promised that Steak Tartar would be available) was terrific and abundant; Professors Williams, Levy, Felon and Alonso-Garcia were never far away from the tables when the new trays were brought forth.

First-year Lucy Lynch, decked out in black velvet with a string of pearls and a smile, summed up the sentiments of many of the aficionados in attendance. “The French carried the day,” she said, referring to the bejeweled widely regarded as the best of the wines presented. “And someone should ask Ken Roberts to quit handing out ‘Lenin Eats Borsch’ bumper stickers.”

The festival, a non-profit event sponsored by the International Law Society, was a tremendous success thanks to the hard work and dedication of Vice-President Laura Dalton. Her efforts assured a fluid, faultless social event which will be long-remembered by those in attendance.

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**Lines from Liz**

1. When nothing is going right, when nobody loves you, when no law firm in the whole wide world wants you to work for them, have a little talk with yourself and ask yourself: “But does it really matter?” Then go see a funny movie, by yourself if no one else will go with you, and everything will be all better. (It ALWAYS works for me.)

2. When you are so far behind in every single subject, and you don’t see how you will ever catch up in time for exams, and you feel yourself needing a nap at least five times a day, RECOGNIZE THE SYMPTOMS and do something about it! Start with one subject and do one chapter. You will feel better about yourself and will release some of the exam-time stress. Then do another chapter, etc., etc.

3. And one more thing: When you run out of good things to say, realize it and shut up. Your friends will love you, and your enemies won’t be able to complain about your wasting their time.
ATTENTION FIRST YEARS:

Get Ready for Prof. Butler's Property Exam!!!

IN MEMORIAM
Barney Seymour ("B.S.") Thornaby
by Anne Wesley (mostly) & Cathie Amspacher (helped)

Loving father and devoted husband left this vale of insolvent tears for the big Reorganization in Paradise on November 13, 1989 when he was mortally wounded in a freak hunting accident occurring in his own living room.

Barney is remembered by all as the consummate businessman and founder of the prosperous Thornaby Construction Company - the linchpin of the Aloysius economy. Ever the Renaissance Man, Barney's interests ranged from tinkering with his antique Packard to advancing the march of scientific achievement with his Auto-Mow patent. He was also a lifelong advocate of animal rights and founded A.S.S.H.O.L.E. - the Aloysius Society to Stop the Hunting Of Living Entities.

Barney's bereaved survivors include his wife, Barbie, his children: Bitsey (14), Boris (13), Bubba (12), Beauregard (11), Bertha (10), Brandy (9), Bocephus (7), Babette (6), Beulah (5), and Barney, Jr. (4), his brother from Atlanta, Billy Bob, and his cousin, Cheryl Thornaby.

Services will be held at the Aloysius Funeral Home on November 28 at 10:00 a.m. His lifelong chum, John Harris, will give the invocation, and his financial guru, Jayne Barnard, will deliver the eulogy. Barney's inconsolable family asks that everyone honor Barney's final behest which was that no law students should ever again concern themselves with his financial concerns for Barney has undoubtedly been redeemed by the great Trustee in the Sky.

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Modern day Pompeii? Archaeologists will discover these ruins years from now and will spend countless hours trying to unravel the mystery of the cataclysmic invasion of construction workers from hell that caused the annihilation of ordinary library activity.
by da boys

The Turgid Johnsons, this year's renegade 3rd-year team, has taken a novel approach to Flag Football. Waiting until the final week of the season to play all four of their regular season games (including two on Tuesday night), the TJ's apparently have their work cut out for them if they hope to repeat the near championship success achieved in '88, when all the A-League lived in fear of being infilicted with the Irish Curse. (Note: the TJ's are pretty much the same guys as the Curse, just more hardened by another year of gridiron struggle...and, oh yeah, no Dave-v.) Unfortunately, the league is now riddled with second- and first-year law school contenders out for the Johnsons geriatric blood.

Last Thursday's game, under the lights of tradition-steeped Bayach Field, was a typically ugly affair with fireworks, awesome it, the first half ended in a 14-0 tie. Albright "Dan-Won's-Play-Nice" Anzini said of Burns' severe lack of north-south speed, "He runs just like a turgid Johnson!" Within three downs, behind the blocking of Anzini and Carney, Perry spurted quickly though a gap in the opponent's line. The TJ's rose to the occasion. As Perry improvised, his teammates repeatedly got open and out of bounds to stop the clock, and the Johnsons drove toward the winning touchdown. A key sequence of plays occurred when Andy "Circo" Gordon fumbled the defense into a false sense of security, allowing Burns on the next down to meander uncovered from his center position to pull in a 25 yard strike from Perry. Perry immediately hit Dorsey to put the TJ's up 10-8. The drive had covered 60 yards in 26 seconds.

Then all hell broke loose. With a mere 13 seconds to play, the enemy lined up to attempt a bomb from its own 28. Players from both teams converged as a ball dropped out of the lights. No one really knew where it was. Suddenly Perry came out of the pack to spike the ball to the ground, where it rolled harmlessly away. And then to the horror of host teams, who had fought hard and just wanted to go home and go to bed (after all, it was past 11:00 PM), a referee had the nerve--knowing that there was no instant replay to reverse his sinful ways--to throw his flag. Unbelievably, the call was interference.

The fifteen yard penalty would put them just over midfield and allow them one more play. The Johnsons were not only backed, with Perry, who, though engorged with rage, remained relatively in control. However, bailed by the recalcitrance of Joe "You're Gonna" Tighe, Perry muttered softly as a baby's sigh, "That's [poof], Joe."

This resulted in another 15 yard penalty, putting the ball at the TJ's 22. Then some soccer dude came in for the other team and kicked a 37-yard field goal (it actually was a really good kick).

To the dismayed Johnsons, this looked like a crushing defeat by the officials. The campers were more than a bit disgruntled.

However, the captain of the other team, already embarrassed at his good fortune ill-gotten, sheepishly admitted that he and four of his players were already on another team. Along with some ex-USFLers from the neighborhood, they had "just wanted to play a little ball."

The Turgid Johnsons accepted victory graciously, but vowed to come again, next time with an even bigger chip on their shoulders (remember the Denny Byrne regime?). The team also warned others: wait until the return of Don "Winning-Beats-Drinking" Collins and Jim "Interview-Me-Big-Boy" Ingold.

IL's Battle for Football Crown

by Peter Kay

It was raw football, a primordial collision of the elements: rain and mud, pigskin and muscle, Jesse Erwin and Dan Jacobson. At stake were the bragging rights for the first-year class. In an awesome display of gridiron fireworks, Atrophied Fat trounced the Oliver Wendell Homeboys 7-0 at Dillard.

The scoreless first half was a trench battle. Atrophied Fat linemen Lance High, George Kostel and Tom Hanahan flailed wildly at their Homeboy opponents Ali Amirshahi and Brendan Shannon. Commentator Shelley Smith, "I wasn't sure if a football game was going on, or if there had been an escape from the mental hospital across the street."

With Brian Pascalie at the helm, the Fat compiler one more forward pass than their opponents. Speedsters John "Franchise" Maxwell, Rustin "Mookie" Polk, and Matthew "Chili" Pullen were frequent targets of the Fusione Missile System. Homeboy QB Mychal Schulz challenged his ham-handed receivers with bomb after bomb. Despite all of this activity, or perhaps because of it, the first half ended in a scoreless tie.

Shula's passing propensity proved to be peppered with pitfalls. Late in the second half, Fat Cornetback Tom Jones plucked a Homeboy pass out of the hands of Ian Wright, and ran back un molested for the easy TD. The interception and runback proved to be the winning play.

But football is a game of inches, and soon the Homeboys were inches from the Fat end zone, digging for the score. Attempt after attempt proved futile; seconds melted away, and the Fat defense held firm for the final 7-0 score. As the Fat hurled taunts at the backs of the retreating Homeboys, there was talk of a rematch.
You've tried Gilberts; Nutshe'll
You've tried Prosser & Epstein
You've tried Bergen; Haskell
This is your last chance
to try

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