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Amicus Curiae

MARSHALL-WYTHE SCHOOL OF LAW

America's First Law School



VOLUME VIII, ISSUE TWO FIVE

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1997

SIXTEEN PAGES

National Moot Court Team Advances at Regionals Laura Spector, Rinku Talwar, and Joe Kiefer to Go to New York

By Rachel Smith

On Saturday, November 8, William and Mary's moot court team comprised of Joe Kiefer, Laura Spector, and Rinku Talwar (Team I) received the second place award in the Regional Round of the National Moot Court Competition. Additionally, as runner-up, the three competitors will represent our school in the prestigious Final Round to be held early next year. Congratulations must also be extended to Alison Brehm, Colleen Kotyk, and Stephanie Zapata (Team II) who were judged to be one of the top ten teams at the Regional Round this weekend.

The National Moot Court Competition is an annual event that is co-sponsored by the Young Lawyers Committee of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York and American College of Trial

Lawyers. It is one of the oldest and largest competitions of its kind in the country. Last year approximately 215 teams from 151 law schools participated in this prestigious event. The law schools are initially split into 14 regional groups that compete for the coveted first and second place positions. Once the top two teams are chosen from each region, they go on to compete in the Final Round, which is held in New York City in late January. Each competing team is required to submit a brief prior to participating in the Regional Rounds. The briefs are graded separately by a panel of lawyers and that score, which comprises 40 percent of the team's overall score, is averaged in with their oral results.

Each William and Mary team had approximately four weeks to prepare their brief without any outside help. This year's problem involved a CPA, Eunice Euclid,

who after preparing tax returns for her client, a political party leader, discovered that the client had accepted bribes in exchange for political favors. Unfortunately, one of the bribes was from Ms. Euclid's husband, a federal judge. Ms. Euclid immediately contacted her client and asked him to file an amended return. The client refused the request and threatened to expose Ms. Euclid's husband if she reported the bribes. Ms. Euclid removed herself from the situation by changing her entire business practice and refusing to have any more contact with the client. Three years later, an IRS agent contacted Ms. Euclid concerning the questionable activities of her former client. During an informal interview, Ms. Euclid's response to all questions by the agent was "No" or "I don't know." These answers were in fact false. The IRS agent later learned of Ms.

Euclid's duplicity and set up a sting operation with the former client to trap the CPA. At the agent's suggestion, the client continually contacted Ms. Euclid asking her to help him file a false tax return. While Ms. Euclid initially rejected all such contact with her former client, she finally agreed to help upon his threat to expose her husband's previous activities. Ms. Euclid was charged with making a material false statement to government agents, conspiring to defraud the U.S. government and with filing a false tax return. Ms. Euclid's defenses included an application of the exculpatory no exception to the false statements and a claim of entrapment by the IRS agent.

Upon submission of the brief to the regional sponsor, the teams then practiced for the oral portion of the competi-

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Professor Smolla to Leave M-W for Univ. of Richmond Law

Professor Smolla announced last week that following his hiatus to Duke University Law School, he will leave M-W to become a law professor with the University of Richmond. His announcement came one semester following his resignation as head of the Institute of the Bill of Rights. Smolla is currently the Arthur B. Hanson Professor of Law at M-W.

Smolla currently teaches Constitutional Law, Mass Media Law, First Amendment Law, Law and Religion, and Civil Rights at the law school. His departure leaves a gap in the law school's Constitutional Law and First Amendment leadership and comes at an especially hard time in light of the law school's lack of a full-time dean. His resignation can be viewed as the next

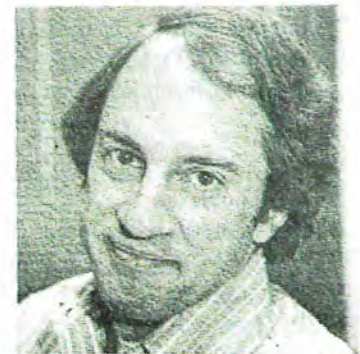
round in the continuing resignation of professors and members of the administration at the school.

Smolla is a nationally renowned authority on the First Amendment and often consults on leading First Amendment cases, including the recent case where a family sued the publisher of a "how-to" manual on assassinations. In that case,

Smolla argued that the First Amendment does not protect the publisher from civil suit.

Smolla received his undergraduate degree from Yale and his J.D. from Duke University. He clerked for the Honorable Charles Clark, United States Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit.

Smolla will be on sabbatical at Duke University this Spring.



Professor Rod Smolla

Library Refuses to Purchase Required Texts for Classes

By Danielle Berry

Recently, I ventured into the land that most 3Ls seek to avoid — the library. Breaking from my normal routine of speeding past the circulation desk and into the computer lab to check my email and escape as quickly as possible, I decided to flip through the Professor Reserve List notebook. As I perused the notebook, I noticed that many, if not most, of the primary textbooks for the classes taught this semester appeared not to be on reserve for student use.

For example, the textbook for the class for which I specifically was seeking materials had not been placed on reserve, despite student requests for the book. When I inquired about whether or when this textbook would find its way into the library, a library employee informed me that the library would not acquire that or

any other textbook unless a professor at the law school had authored the text or unless the course professor explicitly had asked for it to be placed on reserve. Apparently, Petra Klemmack, Director of Circulation, approached Jim Heller, Director of the Marshall-Wythe Law Library, at the beginning of the semester and asked Heller whether the library could purchase the primary textbooks for each class and place them on four hour reserve for student use.

Heller denied Klemmack's request, contending that the library was not, nor should be, responsible for subsidizing students by purchasing all the textbooks so that students may use them at their convenience. Heller justified his position by asserting that students should be responsible for purchasing any text or casebook that a professor requires for class.

Notwithstanding Heller's refusal, Klemmack countered that she would like to have one copy of the primary textbook for each class available for students who forget their books. Given the fact that few students live (or park, for that matter) close enough to the law school to run home and grab a text they may have forgotten in the morning, a student who inadvertently leaves a book at home faces a situation in which they must explain to often incredulous professors that they do not have the materials. However insignificant an event this may seem to some upperclassmen or administrators, I clearly remember the anxiety I felt when I ventured into Professor Butler's class without my Property book.

Even as Heller refuses requests from students and his own staff to procure certain textbooks, the library remains fully

stocked with the latest Continuing Legal Education (CLE) materials, an abundance of form books and treatises on various interpretations of local statutes, and the most recent editions of state codes from every state in the union. Arguably, students researching independent projects or journal notes will take advantage of some of these materials. It is much more likely that these students will perform their research more expediently and thoroughly

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From the Editor's Desk . . .

"So basically, I'm screwed," I asked at the William and Mary post office. "There is absolutely nothing I can do about not getting any of my mail!!!"

"Yup," came the oh-so-eloquent response from the oh-so-helpful attendants at the campus mail room. In that one-word response came enlightenment on the main-campus policy to all law students—"You're screwed."

My trip to the mail room did not end my foray onto the campus of the little people. There is much more to illustrate this new and profoundly inept policy.

I started my adventure at the University Registrar, where I had hoped to place a hold on the release of any and all information about me. (You will note from the last issue of the *Amicus* the surprisingly long list of information that can be released to anyone who so desires, including my parents' home phone numbers and addresses, any previous degrees I have received and from what institutions, and my current home phone and address.)

I walked to the front desk and

was told I needed to see the woman at another desk. After waiting several minutes as the woman chatted on the phone, I asked for the Hold Request Form, but was immediately barraged with "Do you know what this does?! We can't give anything to anyone, not even in an emergency. Not even your family! We can't even confirm or deny that you are even here!"

My response: "Good. It is the College's asinine policy that has led me to this. The College releases this information to anyone, and has ignored the personal safety of its students. That is what is irresponsible, not me blocking the release of this information."

Her face then went blank and ash white as I explained that a woman's home phone number and address could be given to any stranger who wants to show up at her door. She became dumbfounded as I explained that the University should be made responsible to the students, rather than the countless strangers who wish to know my entire educational history. She was silent as

I explained that I thought the school's policy of bullying students who ask for these forms is irresponsible.

This may sound as if I just yelled at the Registrar, which is in fact completely untrue. I have no objection to giving my phone number to other students, nor even to someone who has a genuine need to contact me. What I do object to is the school's policy of giving everything to everyone.

If the school is so concerned about the security on campus, why does it release all this information? I got no answer from the Registrar, but they did accept my form, so don't bother calling the school to find out where I went to Kindergarten.

The second stop of my adventure was at Telecommunications. You see, my phone keeps breaking, but all I get from Telecomm is that there is nothing wrong. I guess I must be imagining things when my dial tone has been replaced by a constant ringing. Last time I called, I was told to unplug my phone and plug it in later. This had worked so far, but I was tired of having to do this and frustrated that this tactic no longer worked at all.

Thus, I asked for a new phone, only to be told that there was nothing wrong with my phone. So I had to ask the logical question—"If nothing is wrong, why doesn't it work?" I got no answer, but finally, after asking the previous question several more times, got a new phone anyway. I overheard them say they would just give the phone to some other poor student.

So now we return to my third stop—the post office—to find out why I haven't gotten the packages I have been expecting now for three months. And so we return to the philosophy of the main campus—"You're screwed." They finally found one, a book, but the others, they claim, never arrived. They know this without looking, without thinking about any unclaimed packages, without even asking my name; they just know.

I am not the only student to find such adventures over on main campus: one 3L challenged a \$4 charge on his account. Although no one in the Bursar's Office could explain what the charge was for, they refused to take it off, and even officially dropped him from classes until he finally managed to make them realize they were wrong. But in the meantime, he was, well, "screwed."

Telecomm did it again to us

when they failed to publish the permanent directories on time. They are already five weeks late, and won't arrive for at least another week. The reason: the CS Boxes were printed wrong. Although Telecomm attempted to blame the printer, the blame truly lies in Courtney Carpenter's lap, the head of Telecomm. He failed to check the work, he failed to contact the advertisers to inform them of the mistake, and he still has no idea who will pay for the reprint. In other words, the students got, well, "screwed."

Another student, who received a parking ticket after parking in the motorcycle parking because there were no other parking spaces left, was denied her appeal. Parking Services informed her that her appeal was denied. They gave no reason, even after she informed them that there were no spaces left, and that she could not park on the street because it is by decal only. She got, well, "screwed." And so, I presume, all that follow, who have no choice but to park illegally in order to attend class.

Yet another student attempted to find an answer about her financial aid package. She was about to leave for the Summer Abroad program, when the plentiful woman behind the desk, after sucking her teeth, but before even asking the student her name, told the student the check had not been cut yet. This is beside the point that the student had applied for aid weeks before and was leaving the next morning for Europe. Only after extensive discussions with another employee did the first employee find the check in the pile in front of her, where it had been for one week. The student got, well, "screwed."

The SBA, when planning Fall From Grace, had to fill out the same forms multiple times, because the Scheduling Office was so disorganized. The Scheduling Office eventually lost one of the forms, and consequently, the SBA was held in limbo until the day before the event. On the same token, with the same parties, the Scheduling Office last Spring took the event request form for the Matoaka Barbecue, but never bothered to tell the SBA the event couldn't be held that day because of the College's alcohol policy. The SBA wasn't told until days before the event. This time, the entire student body got, well, "screwed."

You will remember my debacle with my apartment and my attempt to have it repaired. It



was finally done last Friday, three months after I moved in. I am told that several RAs have dubbed me a "problem resident," you know, someone who complains too much.

Well, I have news for them, and the College: If the above examples are how this College works, who can blame me, and other law students, for complaining? In order to get anything done on main campus, it is necessary to be the squeaky wheel. Otherwise, your request ends up in the "Later" pile. Either that, or the "Wrong Office" pile, sending your request to the "Just Say No" Office.

The point of all this is we get, as the W&M post office says, "screwed." One may think that there may be better phraseology to use, but as the Supreme Court said in *Cohen v. California*, sometimes there is no better word choice. I never thought that such enlightenment and wisdom would come from a post office employee.

I, for one, am tired of the bureaucratic inefficiency of this school. Academic institutions are infamous for inefficiency, but the red tape on main campus is beyond what one could imagine.

Has President Sullivan gotten so ensconced in the system that he cannot see the problems in front of him. Someone must be made accountable, but unfortunately, the system is such that most offices proverbially "pass the buck" to someone, anyone, else.

How much does this inefficiency cost the College every year? Well, for example, someone must pay for the directories to be reprinted. For the most part, however, it is the students who pay, either in labor trying to correct the many problems the College has caused them or through just giving up and paying with their checkbooks.

Perhaps it is the SBA that should step in to address these concerns. So far, they have been silent on most, although they are working on the parking problem, even if students are still being ticketed. Perhaps the SBA should spearhead a new investigation, via the Student Assembly, into the vast inefficiency at the College and the many student complaints.

THE AMICUS CURIAE

Marshall-Wythe School of Law

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The letters and opinion pages of the *Amicus Curiae* are dedicated to all student opinion regardless of form or content. We reserve the right to edit for spelling and grammar, but not content.

Letters to the Editor are not intended to reflect the opinion of the newspaper or its staff. All letters to the Editor should be submitted by 5 p.m. on the Wednesday prior to publication. We cannot print a letter without confirmation of the author's name. We may, however, withhold the name on request. Letters over 500 words may be returned to the writer with a request that they be edited for the sake of space.

From the SBA President's Desk . . .

I would like to thank those of you who attended the general meeting on November 3rd. There was some very important information given to the students about the Dean search process, the building addition, and food service, among other issues. For those of you who were unable to attend, minutes will be posted on the SBA bulletin board.

Due to a last-day boom in ticket sales, Fall From Grace was a huge success, even though this was the third year in a row that it rained during the event! Everyone who went had a great time and I was glad to see you all there.

The 1Ls proved that they can hold up their end by out-purchasing the other two classes and coming out in droves. There were even rumors that a few 4Ls showed

up. (I think Former SBA President Shaun Rose was just checking up on his successor.) Hope everyone had a great time!

Well, with final exams just around the corner, there aren't going to be too many social events left in this semester. Bar Reviews will be ongoing until finals however, to give you a break from studying, or at least an excuse for not studying.

I want to remind you that Barrister's Ball, which is the social event of the Spring Semester is in the planning stages already and we are really working hard to get it back to the Williamsburg Lodge this year.

The Executive Board has voted to approve the five 1Ls nominated to the Honor Council last week. These five people are: Craig Dixon, Chris Forstner,

Tamar Goodale, Patrick O'Leary, and Sandra Smith. Congratulations to all of you and good luck as you serve your term as associate justices on the Honor Council.

I would like to thank all 22 people who applied for the five seats on the Council and, because each associate justice's term is only for one year, I encourage all of you to apply again next year as 2Ls.

Many of you have expressed interest in being on a college-wide committee. I have passed along your names and phone numbers to Ginger Ambler in Student Affairs and someone should be contacting you soon.

Thank you for your interest. It is very important to have law school representation on these committees.

I have also received interest from some students who would like to be on the student interview team that meets with the Dean candidates when they come to campus in January. For those of you who were not at the general meeting and did not get a chance to sign up, do not fret, just drop a note with your name, number and class year in my hanging file. I will be getting back to all of you soon.

Thank you for your time and, as always, please feel free to contact me or your class representatives with any concerns or questions about the SBA.

Sincerely Yours,

Frank T. Sabia

SBA President

SBA office: 221-3303

Home Number: 253-0099

PDP Initiation to Feature Prominent Honorary Inductees

By Brian Robinson

This year Phi Delta Phi will welcome two esteemed members of the Virginia legal community as honorary members. Both John Tarley, Jr. and Justice Lacy have accepted invitations to join our chapter of Phi Delta Phi, the Jefferson Inn. John Tarley is a member of the local bar in Williamsburg and a 1992 graduate of Marshall-Wythe. Justice Lacy is an associate Justice on the Supreme Court of Virginia.

Both Mr. Tarley and Justice Lacy will join the new members in our initiation ceremony this year. No, they won't be taking a

shot from an ice luge, but they will go through the initiation ceremony that thousands of Phi Delta Phi's go through around the world every year.

A representative from the national fraternity office in Washington D.C., and possibly the president of the international fraternity, will also be joining us for our initiation ceremony. Our Province President has also expressed interest in attending our initiation ceremony.

Finally, we are inviting a past president of our chapter of Phi Delta Phi, an attorney from the hiring committee of Patton,

Boggs, L.L.P., to attend the initiation ceremony.

Because the agenda for our initiation ceremony includes several people with very busy schedules, we have tentatively scheduled the ceremony for a Saturday at the end of January or February. This allows some time for the honorary members and fraternity representatives to adjust their schedules for the event. It also allows the new initiates and current members a night out in the beginning of the semester when our work loads are still relatively light.

The deadline for new initiates

to turn in their intent forms, and join our honorary and other guests at the initiation ceremony, is December 6. We are planning a very nice ceremony that all current active members are invited to attend as well. The agenda will include the initiation ceremony, followed by a party that will give the members time to meet the guests. All food and drink will be provided. Look for announcements on the initiation ceremony at the beginning of next semester.

In other fraternity news, we will begin the outline distribution the last week of classes.

Don't forget that all current active members, and all new members that have turned in their intent forms, are welcome to copy outlines that are geared to the specific classes and instructors at the law school.

During the month of December we are planning on providing a study break event to members and initiates. Look for announcements on the times for the outline distribution and the study break events.

Finally, all 2Ls and 3Ls should remember to pay their dues and to take advantage of these member benefits.

Heller Refuses to Purchase Textbooks for Library

NO BOOKS from 1

using Lexis-Nexis or Westlaw.

The obvious beneficiary of a majority of the materials contained in the library are practicing attorneys who work locally. Given the cost of on-line services, such as Lexis-Nexis and Westlaw, to practitioners, attorneys with smaller practices simply cannot justify the expense to their clients of researching on-line. Thus, these attorneys must seek recourse to the welfare state of the M-W library in order to properly serve their clients.

Klemmack explained that M-W, as a public institution, must provide a certain level of support to local attorneys. However great the school's duty to local attorneys (who, incidentally, neither have to pay a fee for the use of our library, nor need they be alumni in order to avail themselves of these resources), Heller's current practice places the hypothetical needs of everyone who may use the library ahead of the actual, extant needs of the students who pay handsomely for the use of these facilities.

Heller, who seemingly spends more time away from the law school than he does fulfilling his administrative duties in the library, could not be reached for comment despite repeated attempts during the week prior to the publication of this article.

Heller's repeated absences often leave students without a forum where they can raise and seek redress for the innumerable problems obviously afflicting the law library. Although Heller currently is serving a three year term as President of the American Association of Law Librarians, which undeniably brings positive publicity to the law school, Heller's primary responsibility lies in fulfilling his occupation, i.e., performing his duties as Director of the Marshall-Wythe Law Library.

Before our law library becomes a parallel to Courtroom 21, or should I now say the McGlothlin Moot Courtroom, Heller must descend from the executive peaks and listen to the constituency he receives a salary to represent — the law students.

Moot Court to Go to New York

MOOT COURT from 1

tion. During the following two weeks, the six competitors were bombarded time and again with questions from a three-person panel of judges. Various professors and student bar members willingly stayed late into the evening to ensure that the William and Mary teams were ready for any questions the regional judges threw their way. By the end of the practice rounds, the two teams felt ready for anything but also just ready to start the actual competition.

Twenty-two teams, representing fourteen schools from the surrounding region, traveled to Richmond for the Regional Round that started early Friday morning. Although the competition was deemed very close by the judges, Team II won both of the preliminary rounds, while Team I won a round and lost a round. Upon tallying of the points, however, both William and Mary teams were judged to be in the top ten teams in the competition and were asked to remain for Round III, which was held Saturday morning. Notably, William and Mary was the only school to still have two teams in the competition on Saturday. The judges again

found their decision to be very difficult, but in the end Team I was declared unstoppable as Joe, Laura, and Rinku advanced from the quarter-finals to the semi-finals and, last but not least, to the final round. Based on the final round coin toss, William and Mary's Team I represented the Petitioner, while Duke University represented the Respondent. The round was held before a panel of six judges, including Harry Carrico, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Virginia, James Benton, for the Court of Appeals of Virginia, Thomas McHugh, Justice for the Supreme Court of West Virginia, and three other judges from Virginia and West Virginia district courts. Duke University went on to win the overall Regional Round, but as mentioned before, Team I, as runner-up, also advances to the Final Round in New York.

The three competitors will have several weeks to relax, if that is possible with exams fast approaching, before they begin to practice again. Congratulations once again to all six competitors! A final thank you is also extended to those professors and students that judged the numerous practice rounds; your advice was invaluable.

Social Butterflies

Halloween and Fall From Grace: But For the Grace of God

By Erika "Good cop" Kroetch,
Kindra "Bad cop" Gromelski, and
Philip Cop a feel" Bohi



The M-W Angels on patrol at the Halloween party.

Disclaimer: If you have any problems with the article, that is other than with your own personal depiction therein, feel free to call our toll free number: 1-800-382-5968 where operators will be standing by.

The combination of Halloween and Fall From Grace made for a weekend of debauchery as yet unparalleled in our short time at Marshall-Wythe.

"Well Kindra, I know you usually don't know what's going on, but I thought you'd have heard some things about this weekend." Erika so politely asked.

"Yes, Kindra baby, did you hear any stories of bloodcurdling terror over the



Minnie and her Ghoul of the evening. weekend?" asked Philip over dessert.

"As a matter of fact, I do have something to share. No, not that, I meant a story. Since you know I hate to be a gossip, but if you promise this will not leave this room, I'll tell you a gut wrenching tale of woe I like to call . . .

The Oral Surgeon . . . From Hell

Well, me and the girls were just primping for a night on the town. Actually we were under cover searching for the notorious bandit known as the Tortfeasor. The Angels, sans Charlie, Kindra "Jill Munroe" Gromelski, Megan "Kris Munroe" Hogan, Mary Beth "Kelly Garrett" Lenkevich, Jessica "Sabrina Duncan" Arons, and Erika "Julie Rodgers" Kroetch were prepared with their handcuffs and pistols for a night of law enforcement. Accompanying them to the crime scene were Matt "Counselor Beech" Kuehn, Bob "Eat more chicken" Morris, Jeff "The rest of the Village People didn't show" Polich, Dave "Ted Kennedy" Stott, and the pimp daddy masters Giancarlo "Do you like mai package" Campagnaro, and Philip "Too fly" Bohi.

Upon our arrival, the Angels decided some arrests were warranted. The first

attempt was toward the always cordial but sorely incompetent Mr. Beech. Obviously he has had some recent experience with handcuffs, as he deftly slipped from the Angels' clutches. We paused at the entrance of one of his noted clients Chris "Dominatrix" Murphy and her two love slaves Kevin "The leash has been good to me" Rice and Earl "Lubed and ready" Pinto. Another one was in the lurches, Eric "Count Dracula" Lehtinen, just waiting for a little whip or two. This alerted the Angels to the Men In Black: Don "I'm the white one" Martin and Christian "Parents Just Don't Understand" Simpson. The Angels singled out the injured bird for a second attempt at law giving.

"Is that why I saw Don on the floor crying about his hamstring?"

"Hush, this is my story, honey. As I was saying . . ."

Realizing the 1Ls were too wily, the Angels decided to make their third victim a little mouse named Dennis "Mickey" Barghaan (while out of the protection of Minnie). Realizing that five Angels were not enough, a fallen angel was enlisted: Dana "Better to rule in hell than serve in heaven" Loftis. The final attempt at locating the slippery Tortfeasor led the Angels to the sight of an alleged disturbance. In the dance hall the Angels finally found a man who knows to submit when five women come up with handcuffs. Robert "Little Bo Peep" Tyler didn't miss his sheep when five drunk Angels showed up to help him. Then they saw a fellow crime fighter: Michael "Mr. T" Hyman.

The Angels despaired. The Tortfeasor was still at large. Finally a break: one of the pimps came with word of some strange goings on in the kitchen. Of course the Angels hadn't been there yet. Angels don't drink beer. Upon investigation a strange and wondrous sight was discovered. Miss Louisiana was speaking with (and all over) a leather-bedecked figure. Identification was nearly impossible as his face was buried in her silken tresses. It was difficult for the Angels, falling hard upon their unsuccessful arrest attempts, to boldly confront the mysterious figure. The Angels fell back for a moment, until they were alerted by a loud crash in the living room area.

And there he was, the object of their

manhunt, the Tortfeasor. They were just in time to see him in action. Poor Miss Louisiana was on the floor, amid the dancers, with the Tortfeasor atop her. But even worse, as shocking as this may seem to our gentle readers, even on the floor the Tortfeasor was performing a tonsillectomy . . . with his demonic and Satan-possessed tongue! The Angels had finally come face to face with . . .



Fancine Friedman and Jason Rylander. tomy . . . with his demonic and Satan-possessed tongue! The Angels had finally come face to face with . . . The Oral Surgeon From Hell.

"Girl, I thought you said you had a scary story," said Philip. "I saw, and barely escaped, a fate worse than anything you can come up with. After all, you know who I live with. Anyway, I like to call this one . . .

Breasts of Evil

(hum Darth Vader's theme)

On the way to the party at Griffin, I had no idea what fear really meant. Everything started smoothly, as I was welcomed by Stacy "Pochahontas" DeWalt, Leslie "Slashed cheerleader" Trotter, Amy "Cleopatra" Yervanian, and the Smurf-chasing roomie, "Gargamel." At first I thought I was at the wrong party, some people were dressed as losers. It turned out they were just 3Ls: Rick "Oh, it's Halloween?" Ensor and Steve "I put the dick in" Dickey. I noticed a rumbling outside. It was the Batmobile, straight from the gradplex where Andy "Robin is the mack daddy" Lustig has been bunking as of late. Totally out of character, Matt "Batman is bigger than Robin" Kaiser's radar was pointing to all the ladies. (Thank God they learned how to remove the important parts of the Batsuit!)

I thought I saw Batgirl but it turned out to be a little cat prowling in their shadows, Miss Gari Jo "Leopard is in this season" Green! In a solo appearance, and in search of puppies to add to her stoll, Miss

Alexis "Cruella DeVille" Bennett showed her lovely face (and body)! Horace "Supa Fly" was on the look out only to be astounded by the numerous matadors (you know those 2Ls still obsessed with their trip to Spain — It's November, *get over it!* You know who you are . . . Garber, Cramer, etc.). Another in-search-of-a-job 3L, Kevin "Follow my lights" Mulhendorf, was spotted auditioning for the part of an air traffic controller, only to be disappointed with a "valet" position.

There were dancers galore and most notably, The Blues Brothers (or sisters we might say): one little note, girls, the Macarena is out (unless you're in seventh grade or in a retirement community that is). They were toying with Cameron "The Joker" Cobden, while Mandy "Arrrrrrrrr Matey" Padula, her dirty bird and her other dirty bird, Joe "Damsel in distress" Barton, were in search for any treasures they could get. The ER staff: Darren "I loathe Property (as opposed to other things)" Troy, Joe "Don't let those bastards grind you down" Grogan, and



Lucifer and his Senior Partner convert unknowing law students for their firm. Hunter "Drugs are free in Med School" Eley were in full swing trying to interest the women in free breast exams. In honor of the *Rocky Horror Picture Show*, or possibly as a part time fetish, Aaron "I ainchaya Ho" Book was flirting with the crowd. The teenagers: Sara "Sabrina the Teen Witch" Hirsch and Sybil "Should we call you Mary Kate?" Smith were trying to get a beer (or two or three) but they were discouraged by a torrid fight between the two fairies: Tivey "The good one" Clark was getting the living dust kicked out of her by Deanna "The bad one" Griffith. Fortunately, the naughty fairy's man, Darth Vader, took care of the good one with a clean swipe of his light sabre (but what a mess to clean in the morning!)

"Jesus Girls, my damn story got hijacked! I'm tired of writing about all those chumps. Now as I was trying to say before you took the hell over . . ."

I was chillin' at the party, casing the joint, looking for some hoes to pimp. I sent Kellam "Trellis wait-staffer" (so out of character) Parks to get me some brew and noticed my old lady Little Red Riding Hood with a basket of goodies. I partook of some candy when I noticed my boy in the corner talking to a woman, the likes of which I had only seen in *Jugs* and other

See HALLOWEEN on 5



3Ls past and present ham it up for the camera at the end of the evening.

Halloween Brings Out the Best in Law Students

HALLOWEEN from 4.

similar publications. I saw the dazed look on his face and thought I'd bust in and let him get some fresh air.

I took his position in conversation with this harpy and slowly started to feel lightheaded. I was having trouble keeping my head up. I tried to look her in the face, but something (or some things) kept drawing my attention downward. I was powerless and frightened. Then Little Red rolled up with some goodies for her friends. I got some more candy, but her girl got . . . a condom.

"Now wait Phil, you mean you've never seen one of those before? And I thought I was the only Southern Lady!"

"Hush beeatch, I'm almost done. And no, a real man doesn't use those things. Anyway, I didn't know what to think. But, my boy returned from his stroll and I escaped.

Later on at the Leafe, I saw him and we had a discussion about his night. He was still giggling his gigolo, but he seemed clear-headed. So I decided to relax and enjoy the company of my own sweet pea. An evil feeling overtook my soul and I turned to see that once again, my boy was again in the clutches of the foul temptress. I saw him, locked in the devilish embrace so evil only Satan could be responsible. It was too late. Tequila and bell-bottoms had led him to his paramour's doom. He had been snared by . . . *The Breasts of Evil*.

"Phil that tale seemed quite the horrific one, but Erika and I could never relate! You know since we are such good little gals," Kindra cried out!

"Well Erika, I know you were loopy all throughout the eve of the 'Fall From Grace,' but tell us those little highlights you are so good at," Phil exclaimed.

"Ok, hush up. It's time for my story, although I must admit



Students gather to thank a random superhero during the dance.

you all seem to have experienced far more horror than I. Fall From Grace came a night early this year, I guess. Besides, this is supposed to be a 'social' column, not the gossip column! The real Fall From Grace happened the following night, and it was a scream, too. It was almost ABBA-esque. I like to call it,

Fall From Grace, or, The Dancin' Queens

First of all, to all the men out there who ended up sober at the end of the night (thanks for the ride, Morrison) because "the drink line was too long," I've got a little advice for you:

1. Find a member of the opposite sex who is already in line and strike up a conversation. Get drink.

2. Find a member of the opposite sex who is holding a drink for, say, his girlfriend who is dancing with, say, Don Martin. Get drink.

3. Offer to "hold" your roommate's drink while she dances. Drink.

"Friday night and the lights are low . . ." Ok. On to the good stuff. Well. I walked in to the dance after a lovely cocktail party and scanned the room. "Wow," I thought to myself, "I didn't know he had a girlfriend. Funny he didn't mention it that night at the Green Leafe. And what about him. Wait a second. I thought she was available. Hmm." Let's just say the significant others

came out of the woodwork, and they were well-ensconced in that woodwork previous to this night. I guess their presence keeps it from being a true Fall From Grace. Among the importers were Anna "My boyfriend's back" Bass, Adam Very engaged" Hills, John "Old" MacDonald (had a farm and a girlfriend), Ted "Direct from



Elvis is back! and dropped by the dance on Friday night.

D.C." Hundt, Jen "Cancun's fun, but this weekend will be better" Magoulas, Craig "Yes, she's old enough to drink!" Dixon, Chris "Everything's better with bourbon" Hewett (but 3 dates is too much), Jon "You have to be 21" Campbell, Chris "But I get it now" Forstner, Gerry "Baby face" Smith, Max "The other white meat" DeWitt, and Liam "She's the drunk one" McCann, escorted by his spouse, Julie "Nohesthedrunone" McCann.

I soon discovered, however, that some dates were not actually significant others, but hired undergrad guns fresh from the College Delly just a few hours before. Rumor has it that one aforementioned red-haired local Casanova brought a tasty morsel of just this sort.

"See that girl . . ." The Halloween spirit still reigned supreme, with at least six or seven people dressed in costumed splendor. Among them were Frank "Thankyouverymuch" Sabia, Kelly "Horny devil" Clopper, Robert "Betcha didn't know it

was me" Worst, Gary "It's a wee bit chilly down there" Lotridge (wearing the same skirt as the previous night — big fashion no-no), Dave "Green with NV" Coleman, Darren "Diggin' the dancing queen" Welch, and their date, Lauren "Struck by lightning" McLanahan.

"Watch that scene . . ." Everyone else cleaned up well to get sloppy. At this point, I encountered Sarah "Aerobics queen" Karlsson, looking ravishing in a black velvet number. In fact, black seemed to be the order of the evening for the uncostumed; nobody bothered to let me know. Free-wheelers for the evening included myself, and Chris "No, I can't wear a bra with that dress" Morrison, Sung "Get your hands off my bitch" Choi, Susan "Goin' all night" Isbister, Todd "The young, foolish one" Rothlisberger, Amy

dude who called me "cold" just a week ago, a politician, a Texan, and a newly-bald guy, while my roommate ran around in a drunken stupor revealing secrets (surprise, surprise). There may have been others. I dunno.

Next thing I know I'm at the Green Leafe, drinking the first non-alcoholic beverage since 6:00 p.m., when Chris Morrison offers me a ride home. This seems like a really good idea, since I had no idea how I was getting there otherwise. In all, a good night, but not nearly the horror Halloween can sometimes be (hey, I could have awakened next to someone I don't know — or worse, someone I do know!)

"Damn, Erika, you remembered a lot more than I did about Fall From Grace — I'm just glad I brought my camera to refresh my memory."

"Yes, girl, I wish I could have partaken of some dancing myself, but real men don't do things like that!" Phil replied.

"Well, guys, it looks like we all had some stories from the weekend. Of course, some we didn't tell." (You can thank us later. Cash accepted.)

Parting shots once again for you people who didn't make it out either night. We just wanted to let you know that we noticed and we will not even mention you because you suck! S-U-C-K, suck! Adios to all and to all a good night:

1. Hey, tall and lanky, you are now abolished from our column, never to be heard from again: no more attention for you!

2. Heeey Baaby, I hope Alotta Fagina was worth staying home for.

3. The Grounds™ still beckon Ms. Thang, so get to steppin'!

4. Atten Hut! Ladies! No staying home for trick-or-treaters, even if mommy is in town!

5. And for all of you who missed Friday's (Alces') Contracts class, we wanted to refresh you on the "Lanou Fallacy": Anything I do say and will say will be held against me in a class of Alces!



Farmer Blaine and pumpkins.



2Ls and their dates for the evening strike a pose for the camera.

Courtroom 21, i.e., the McGlothlin Moot Courtroom, Earns Award

The Foundation for Improvement of Justice recognized the Courtroom 21 project and the McGlothlin Moot Courtroom (no they are not the same thing anymore), during its 12th annual awards banquet in Atlanta. Our very own Fred Lederer was presented a certificate of appreciation, a commendation bar pin, a medal, and a check. April Artegan gave the introduction, while Lederer received the award. The project was nominated by Richard K. Hermann of Wilmington. The award was given to the courtroom project because of its introduction of new technology that speeds the process and reduces the cost of justice. Congratulations to the entire staff of the McGlothlin Courtroom.

Phone Directories To Arrive Five Weeks Late

In another example of the College's efficiency, the permanent phone directories will not be distributed until November 17 or 18. It appears that the directories were

originally printed with incorrect CS boxes for the students. But do not worry, Telecomm has stated that the College does not pay for the directories — advertisers do. On the other hand, no one has told the advertisers that their ads will not be out for several more weeks, rather than the Columbus Day arrival as they have been told. Courtney Carpenter, head of Telecomm, stated that he "certainly hasn't called them." When reached for comment, Staples, one of the advertisers, said they were not informed, and had assumed the directories had been distributed. No one seems sure who will pay for the reprint.

Phi Alpha Delta Initiates New Members

Congratulations to the following new members of Phi Alpha Delta: Mark Baumgartner, Jaqueline Bravo, Jason Divelbiss, Bill Edwards, Will Fortune, Todd Gillett, Michael Hall, Kevin Keneally, Alicia Lewis, Mark Mathews, Patrick O'Leary, Jackson Pai, Kara Prosise, Monique Reid, Bennie Rogers, Carrie Schneider, Jo Whalen, and Carla Boyd.

-Law Watch-**Take This Job and Shove It**

Apparently, bank-robbing has now become such a glamorous job that criminals are eager to claim their professions. When arrested in July for robbing an Everett (Mass.) bank, Maria DiGiulio stated her profession at her booking as "Bank Robber." Fellow criminal Mohamed Sead was equally proud of his life's work, stating his profession to inquisitive police officers as "con man." Sead was scamming his girlfriends into believing that he was now-deceased millionaire playboy Dodi Fayed.

And Never Forget to Call Your Mom

When Sherrod Terry and Akram Muhammad ran awry of police during their armed robbery attempt at an Atlanta Long John Silver's, they found themselves in a short standoff with the authorities. The two men ran out of ideas and resorted to every man's last line of defense: Mom. One of the men called his mother during the siege and asked for advice on how to handle the fishy situation.

It's Always the Ones You Least Expect (Unless You Know the Baptists)

Dr. Henry Lyons, President of the National Baptist Convention, found himself under investigation for mispending church funds and falsifying documents. When under questioning, he told an interviewing committee that he was single and had never been married. The problem? Dr. Lyons had been married and divorced twice. Dr. Lyons' explanation was that he had "forgotten" those marriages.

I'd Hate to See What Happens to the Ones He Doesn't Love

What do you call a teenage girl who is taken advantage of by a creepy old porn photographer? Well, if you are

John E. Herndon and you have just been convicted for using two teenage girls in pornographic photos after plying them with alcohol, you call them, "my muffins and my flowers. They were earth angels." Herndon continued by saying, "I renew my promises to the girls as a born-again Christian that I will always love and protect them." How many times did you say you were married, John?

And I Thought My Drinking Problem was Bad . . .

Joseph Petracca, a Morris County, N.J., resident, was ordered by a local judge to shut down his German Shepherd kennel. Petracca admitted that he had become addicted to the animals and to his search for the perfect German Shepherd. Said the judge, "When you are addicted to dogs, alcohol or drugs, you seek treatment."

Ummm. . . Ouch!!

Abel Martinez III picked on the wrong granny when he broke into the 60-year-old victim's house and attempted to rape her. The victim testified that she fought back, missing her first attempt at biting Martinez's penis but succeeding on her second lunge, even though she was not able to bite with her full force. Said the victim, "I tried, but my false teeth turned on me."

Psych!!!!

When a jury foreman pronounced defendant Howard Burke "Guilty" in a Newmarket, Ontario, trial, Burke and his counsel began the celebrations and Burke walked out of the courtroom untouched. Why? Because the foreman pronounced Burke "(throat clear here) guilty." The defendant, the judge and the rest of the courtroom heard the throat clearing as "not" and allowed the defendant to walk.

Luckily, the mistake was cleared up and the defendant returned three days later.

OVERHEARD...

"He landed in a really unfortunate way, so his wife sued too, because, you know, things weren't really working out like they should have." — Prof. Luanna Heusen

"You're a material girl and you're living in a material world." — Prof. Smolla to Robin Dusek

In Trial Ad Cross Examination....

"Doctor, How many vertebra are there in the human spine?" — Jeff Ambroziak

"Depends. Some people are spineless." — Kim Levine

"You are squealing like a stuffed pig." — Prof. Williamson to student

"Ross Perot, objectively, he was a little loopy sometimes." — Prof. Smolla

"Do it alone. Do it with another person. Do it with a stranger. Just do it." — Prof. Alces

"You can do it in a threesome if that is the lifestyle you choose." — Prof. Lederer

"Son, frogs don't talk and drink beer." — Steve Diamond

"The inadequacy of the goods prevented the buyer from breeding." — Stephanie Mitchell

"Don't you all know a lot more about each other than you want to? People don't keep secrets. They don't keep secrets about money or sex." — Prof. Luanna Heusen

"Somebody being someone's client; it's not like dating, but there are some real issues there." — Prof. Luanna Heusen

"I need a treat: Should I get Hugs, Kisses, or Lays?" — Kevin Rasch, on the Naug

"Follow me around for a week, and you'll have a whole issue of overheards." — Dana Loftis

Just Another Day In The Life of a Law Parent

Sari Benmeir

7:00 AM: Alarm goes off. Hit snooze.

7:10-7:50 AM (at 10 minute intervals): Repeat as above.

8:00 AM: Alarm number 2 goes off. Hit snooze, to no effect. Finally figure out it's the other one, turn it off, roll over, and go back to sleep.

8:10 AM: Snoozer goes off. Drag myself out of bed. My son, Ricky, is sitting on the sofa watching *D-3, Mighty Ducks Part III* for the 350th time, a pile of frosted chocolate pop-tart wrappers on the floor next to him. He hops up, grabs his hockey stick and starts whacking things into a wastebasket goal placed strategically in front of the glass patio door. I yell at him to stop, turn the coffee pot on, and stumble off to the shower.

8:32 AM: I exit the bathroom wrapped in a towel to find six nine-year-old boys running down the hall to Ricky's room. As I scurry into my room, I hear various yells, thumping, "flatulence" noises, and hysterical giggling.

9:00 AM: I kick them all out. Apparently they all go to school. I've never heard anything to the contrary.

9:21 AM: On my way to school, I discover that my horn has stopped working (Damn these 17-mph-driving Williamsburg residents!)

9:39 AM: Receive e-mail reminding me of the humiliation of my debauched, drunken behavior during the only opportunity I had for socialization since Labor Day.

9:50 AM: Put in my ear plugs, find a comfortable chair and read half of the assigned reading for the day, before nodding off.

11:28 AM: Go to class and discover that I read the wrong pages.

11:42 AM: Get called on. Don't bother to try to BS — baldly admit I didn't read the assignment. Am encouraged to "try to figure it out for myself." Hear sniggering during my responses.

11:48 AM: My cell phone rings during my ordeal. I excuse myself and run out of the room with the phone. It's Ricky's school. He had gotten into a fight with a girl (who apparently got the best of him by fighting dirty) and is in disgrace and "male pain." I say that I'm sure the pain will ease up and that I'll deal with him when I get home. I go back to class.

11:50 AM: I am welcomed into class by the professor. Apparently an animated class discussion has resulted from my moronic answers. My humiliation is complete.

12:45 PM: Attempt to read 25 mind-numbingly-boring pages for class number two. Nod off during second page.

1:30 PM: Decide to sit in a different seat in effort to avoid being called on.

1:57 PM: Get called on anyway. Attempt BS since honesty didn't work in previous class. Am openly ridiculed by professor. I guess my humiliation had not been completely complete.

2:30 PM: Arrive at home to a five-inch-long cockroach standing defiantly in the middle of the kitchen. Spray an entire can of Raid on it before it gives up the ghost. Apartment is then uninhabitable by human beings. Open all windows and turn on fan in attempt to air apartment out.

2:47 PM: Dressed in mittens, etc., I relax on lawn chair

on the patio, observing 45° temperature and falling rain, and attempt to read assignments for tomorrow.

3:15 PM: Give up trying to read and start calling around for a horn relay for my car. No one in town carries it. I'll have to drive to Hampton and spend \$60.

4:00 PM: Ricky arrives home from school in torn clothes. Apparently his adversary of earlier in the day wasn't happy that he tattled. He runs off to play in the torn clothes.

4:05 PM: Realize that Ricky has no clean pants. Gather up the laundry, carry it across the street to the laundry room, put it in two washers and discover that I only have

practice.

5:52 PM: Get hit in the face by an errant soccer ball. Glasses break. Grope my way to the car in search of electrical tape to mend glasses so I can drive home.

6:27 PM: Glasses are mended. Return to my reading.

6:30 PM: Soccer practice is over.

6:53 PM: Arrive home. Make dinner.

7:15 PM: Start the daily homework struggle with Ricky. "But I did it!" and "Can I have a snack?"

8:30 PM: Three pages of homework completed, Ricky turns on *D-3*.

8:31 PM: I eject *D-3* from the VCR, take it outside, put it under my tire, and back over it.

8:35 PM: Neighbor knocks on door, concerned about Ricky's hysterical crying. I briefly explain and she gives me a high-five.

8:47 PM: Call my mother. Ask her for a "grant" so Ricky can play hockey. When I tell her it's \$600, she is consumed with fervent laughter.

9:10 PM: Play computer poker with Ricky. He gets four 8's his first hand and a royal flush his third hand. Game is quickly over.

9:30 PM: Play "Guess the Animal Weights" (usually reserved for 3-1/2 hours of 4-hour car trips) with Ricky. Ricky: "Lesser Australian Numbat." Me: "Two pounds." Ricky: "Higher..."

9:45 PM: I snatch the animal weight book, rip pages out, and stuff them into the garbage disposal.

10:00 PM: After screeching has subsided, Ricky goes to bed. I go to wash the dinner dishes. Book pages have

clogged the sink. Call maintenance.

10:15 PM: Sit down to read for tomorrow.

Only sixty pages to go.

10:37 PM: Nod off after 5 quickly skimmed pages.

10:57 PM: Knock on door wakes me up. Maintenance guy comes in to unclog sink.

11:03 PM: Ricky wakes up frightened from the noise of the garbage disposal.

11:15 PM: Ricky has been calmed down and put back to bed, and the maintenance guy has left. I sit down again to read.

11:35 PM: I awake with a start. Decide it's pointless to try to read any more.

11:40 PM: In loading up the coffee pot for the AM discover there's no coffee in the house. Decide against getting Ricky out of bed and going on a coffee run.

11:55 PM: Grab a book (other than a law text) to read to put me to sleep.

2:47 AM: After reading half of *Pride and Prejudice*, I finally drift off to sleep.

3:30 AM: Wake up, turn off the light, and drift off into slumber, thinking, "Tomorrow is another day..."

enough quarters for one load. Shove everything into one washer.

4:15 PM: As I sit down to read in cold but relatively non-toxic air of my home, Ricky comes home crying. He has fallen into a ravine and landed in a thorny rosebush. He's covered with bleeding scratches that drip blood onto the new carpeting. I put him into the tub.

4:45 PM: Return to laundry room to put laundry in dryer and discover it's already dry because the washer was packed so full that there was no room for any water.

5:15 PM: Leave for Ricky's soccer practice. Get stuck in traffic and it takes 30 minutes to go two miles. Arrive 15 minutes late.

5:47 PM: Open my book to get some reading in during

**Attention 3Ls:
187 Days Until
Graduation!!**

MY Summer with PSF

The DeKalb County Child Advocate's Office

By Kim Levine

PSF funding allowed me to intern at the Child Advocate's Office at the DeKalb County (Georgia) Juvenile Court this past summer. Although the court handles both delinquent and deprived cases, the Child Advocate's Office represents only the rights and interests of children involved in deprived cases.

Two child advocate attorneys and one child advocate investigator are responsible for representing approximately 1500 abused and neglected children each year.

A deprived case begins when an individual comes to the court and completes and signs a complaint in which they describe the facts that support their allegation that a child under the age of 18 has allegedly been abused and/or neglected. The possibility of criminal prosecution deters the filing of a false complaint.

Once the complaint is complete, the child is taken into the temporary custody of the DeKalb County Department of Family and Children Services (DFCS). If the child is not with the complainant at the time that the complaint is completed, the judge will issue a pick-up order. The pick-up order authorizes a DFCS worker, who may be accompanied by the police, to pick up the child from wherever the child is currently.

Once picked up the child is then taken to DFCS. Within three working days of taking a child into custody, a detention hearing must be held. At this hearing the judge listens to representatives from both the Child Advocate's Office and DFCS and the child's legal guardian, usually the parent(s). In addition, the Child Advocate's Office and DFCS each makes a recommendation

as to whether the case should be dismissed based on their preliminary investigations.

At the detention hearing, the judge informs the parent of his or her right to counsel, and even though this is a civil proceeding, those parents who are indigent may be appointed legal counsel

or neglect have been substantiated by clear and convincing evidence. If this burden of proof is not met then the case is dismissed and the child is returned to his or her parent.

If the charges are proven, the child remains in the legal guardianship of DFCS and a disposi-

Depending on the specific circumstances, the child may be placed either in a foster home, group facility, an institution, or with relatives.

As an intern, I had several responsibilities. I investigated the allegations of abuse and neglect. To conduct a thorough in-

Other times, I spoke with aunts and grandmothers who wanted to take care of their relatives' children, but could no longer do so. These cases were especially sad because in these instances the relatives loved the children and wanted to take care of them, but for financial or health reasons, were no longer able to provide for them.

Fortunately, I also had other more positive experiences. I met a couple, who in many states would be viewed as unfit parents. These women were caring for three special-needs children, one of whom they had already adopted, with plans underway to adopt the other two.

I visited with a child with AIDS, who had just survived a life-threatening lapse, and was now having to deal with being treated as a normal kid. In addition, I received thanks from many foster parents, relatives and children.

During the fourth week of my internship, I began litigating cases using my Third-Year Practice Certification. Under the supervision of a staff attorney, I represented the Child Advocate's Office in all phases of litigation. While the staff attorneys were always happy to answer my questions, after the first couple of weeks in court they became noticeably mute. Fortunately, by that time, I was familiar enough with the courtroom procedure to survive the morning's docket without too much coddling. I also had the benefit of trying cases in front of a formal, but affable, judge.

While most cases were disposed of in rapid succession, there were a few that were more time consuming. Parents who were noticeably absent during much of a child's life became

See PSF on 15



free of charge. If the judge finds that no probable cause exists, then the case is dismissed and the child is returned to his or her parent.

If the judge finds probable cause to believe that the child has been abused or neglected, he will order that DFCS file a petition with the court within the next five days. A full deprived hearing will be held within ten days of the filing of the petition. During this time the child remains in DFCS custody.

During the interim between the detention hearing and the deprived hearing, both the Child Advocate's Office and DFCS investigate the case further. At the deprived hearing, the judge hears all testimony regarding the allegations and then decides whether the allegations of abuse

tional hearing is held. At the dispositional hearing the judge will decide where to place the child and what goals the parent must accomplish in order to get back the child.

The DFCS worker, with input from the other parties, writes out the goals and the steps necessary to achieve them in a case plan which is signed by the parent, ensuring that they know exactly what the court expects of him or her.

At the request of any party a dispositional hearing may be continued to a later date so that: 1) a more appropriate case plan can be developed; 2) the necessary resources can be located; or 3) assistance in the child's home may be arranged so that the child's removal will not be necessary.

vestigation, I had to interview the children, relatives, teachers and other witnesses, including police officers, neighbors, and medical personnel.

On one occasion, I went to a hospital where I had to observe a newborn who was born both crack-addicted and with congenital syphilis. Much to my relief, the prognosis for the two-week old baby was very good, although the doctors must wait and see whether the child will suffer any long-term effects.

In contrast, another time I visited a baby with shaken infant syndrome. This child, once perfectly healthy, now had severe brain damage, was blind in one eye, deaf in one ear, and paralyzed on one side of her body as a result of the abuse she received in her own home.

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Deep Thoughts on Society and the Practice

By Alexis Bennett

Who are the heavy hitters of the 'Burg social scene? Well if Halloween weekend was any kind of indicator, they are the women of the 1L and 2L classes. Whether it was a wild costume party or an elegant night of cocktails, these ladies proved that they can entertain in high style.

Deep Lawyerly thought interjection (DLTI) — Isn't it a bit unnerving that lawyers call what they do "practice"?

There was no way that Thursday night's Halloween party could be anything less than a hedonistic Bacchanalian fest, with the sex goddesses of the 2L class hosting it. The ladies of 302 Griffin and honorary hostesses Julie and Jean were all gorgeous (as usual) and raucous. Not to be outdone, the 1L class sent out some of its best looking and wild women in the guise of *Charlie's Angels*. Kindra Gromelski and Meg Hogan were so stunning as Jill and Kris that one of them was offered to assume a position (or two) at the Hall of Justice.

DLTI #2 — If a turtle doesn't have a shell, is he homeless or naked?

Some of the male guests were so impressed that they apparently also wanted to be sexy girls for the evening. Rob Tyler, looking like something out of a Russ Meyer movie, caused many of the ladies (myself included) to glance down at our own figures in disdain. Speaking of men with figures like a pin-up girl, expatriate Steve Dickey (66-24-36) was back in town for the festivities. He didn't show up in costume, but hey, if I had measurements like that, I wouldn't hide them in a costume either.

DLTI #3 — If the police arrest a mime, do they tell him he has the right to remain silent?

The rest of the guys decided to milk the night of sexy women for all it was worth. It was actually a little scary how many of them hit on Aaron Book as Courtney Love.

3Ls Matt and Andy were on patrol for any damsels who needed a little saving (or a little of anything else) as Batman and the Boy Wonder. Mark C. VanDusen was all about good looks, charm and promises to fulfill any lonely girl's romantic fantasies.

1Ls Darren and Hunter decided to go the practical route and pose as the most sought after of men, doctors. At any random moment, one could walk by and

was also due in no small measure to the company of a certain unbelievably good looking 1L (albeit, casually dressed) gentleman.

DLTI #5 — What do you do when you see an endangered animal eating an endangered plant?

Finally, it was time to attend the much awaited social event of the season, Fall from Grace. (As an aside, I would like to point out that the fun of having a column



overhear references to healing hands and impeccable bedside manner.

Finally, Erik Meyer decided to cash in on every woman's secret longing for a bad boy and showed up as the ultimate trouble maker, (no, not James Dean) Lucifer.

DLTI #4 — Why do they sterilize the needles for Lethal injections?

Friday night, it was time to switch gears from the revelry of the previous night to the sophisticated socializing required for Fall From Grace. Who better to host a round of warm up cocktails than the suave and classy (not to mention beautiful) Manhattan bred 1L Chris Hewitt. With the help of gracious co-host, Kindra, she treated her guests to elegance and entertainment. My enjoyment of the event

is that you get to write about your friends. With this in mind, I am waiting impatiently for my friends, the lovely Ann, Kim, and Megan to actually show up for something so I can finally mention them in my column.) Now back to the people in attendance. I was pleasantly surprised at how good everyone looked (and also, how drunk everyone was.) The dress code was semi-formal, costume, or, if your name is Steve, wear a sweater. It was a little disconcerting that the expatriate Steve Dickey, the indigenous Steve Diamond, and the 4L Steve Grocki were all wearing the same sweater.

After recovering from that bit of strangeness, I was able to glance around at the finery sported by my classmates. Lord Ryan Barack and the lovely Lady

Audra were fit for reception at any Royal court and in my opinion won for best costume.

However, Rebecca Eichler, gorgeous as Marilyn Monroe, certainly gave them tough competition. Troy Spencer tried to no avail to hide his hunkish good looks in the Bee girl costume.

Some of the 3L women proved that a girl didn't need to wear a costume in order to look fantastic. Danielle Berry and Sarah Karlsson were paragons of grace and elegance in black and pearls. Krista Newkirk was, as usual, stunning and sophisticated and that handsome date made a nice accessory. I'm not even going to mention how good Robin Dusek, Stephanie Zapata, and Monika Saimre looked because some things are far too obvious to point out. The stand-out for the class, however, was the statuesque and elegantly attired 3L Kim Phillips.

Not to be outdone, the 3L men wanted to show off how nicely they could clean up. I was lucky enough to be escorted into the dance by the handsomest and most dapper of the group Mark C. VanDusen and David Christian (they're also talented ventriloquists). Tim Robbins' stunt double, the dashing Jon Hill, could be seen with the ravishing little devil in a red dress, Elena. Kevin Muhlendorf also cut quite a figure with his trim physique and dazzling date 2L Katie Mulville.

The 2L class made some other strong contributions such as Dele McQueen who, as always, looked fantastic. Marty Barnacle and date Jeff Timmers made quite an attractive couple and the girls of 302 Griffin were all stunning (but, like I said before, some things are just too obvious to mention).

I'm going to leave the assessment of the 1L class to the experts, Kindra and Erika. However, I would like to applaud Shawri King for looking so fabulous that I almost ran from the room screaming in jealousy.

More Clip 'n' Save Marshall-Wythe Trading Cards! Collect them all!!
This week: The True Colors of M-W Students



Kelly Clopper



Rebecca Eichler



Frank Sabia



Maqui Parkerson

Out To Lunch . . .

Hamming It Up with Corned Beef and Bagels at Padow's; Warnings and Exhortations to All Socially Derelict 3Ls

By Kevin Muhlenhof
and Andy Lustig

With November upon us, and the threat of Democrats in the Governor's mansion safely averted, our minds turn to more important things, like a good Reuben.

This week your humble food critics lunched at **Padow's Deli**, located in the shopping center at the corner of Monticello and Richmond Road, a few shops down from Kinko's. Formerly found only in Richmond, Padow's offers sandwiches made from a large variety of fresh meats, breads, and cheeses. Padow's also serves various assorted beers, salads, and deserts (They even have ice cream!).

Most of Padow's sandwiches cost \$5.95, which at first glance seems a bit much to pay for lunch. Nevertheless, these critics' sandwiches proved to be worthy of their high price.

Andy ordered a cream cheese and lox bagel, which came with a mountain of smoked salmon served over onions, tomatoes, and a fresh garlic bagel. Upon finishing his sandwich, Andy realized two things: First, that the large quantity and fine quality of Padow's meats actually justified their high price. Second, garlic and salmon do not give you good breath. (Kevin quickly became aware of this also.)

Though Andy may know how to eat (keep your arms and hands away from his face), a thorough examination of good Deli food should be left to an authentic member of the tribe (We're not talking about W&M). Kevin similarly enjoyed Padow's, putting it to the true benchmark — a good corned beef sandwich.

We are aware that Padow's is not an authentic Kosher deli (its actually called Padow's Deli and Ham Shop and their trademark includes a picture of a pig, making it a very unauthentic Kosher deli), but you'll have to indulge us, its the clos-

est thing in town and the Jews have always been, if nothing else, a practical people.

Kevin's sandwich was very good, with all the appropriate fixings, including the requisite pickle. The sandwich was not as large as one might have hoped, but then again, who really needs a full pound of high fat meat smothered in melted cheese and thousand island dressing (Mmmm). The Padow's sandwich had more than enough meat to assure that your golden years are short and sweet.

While gorging at Padow's on Monday for lunch, we had just enough time to get away from our hectic law school existence and reflect upon some other issues, such as life here in Williamsburg, or what law students reluctantly accept as life here in Williamsburg.

Staring down at a piece of salmon that had fallen off his sandwich, a thought occurred to Andy — "Where the hell were all the 3Ls this weekend?"

Always on the prowl, (especially according to a few blond 1Ls) these critics attended both the Griffin Street Halloween party and Fall from Grace. Both events were full of 1Ls and 2Ls, lots of cool costumes (especially Batman and Robin — who were those guys?), and lots of drunken fun. The only thing missing was the third-year class.

As a result of this poor showing, the administration has asked us to take a little time out from our normal culinary endeavors to rally the lame third-years so that we once again can become the tightly knit social unit we once were.

Granted, third year can be very trying, with Legal Skills and the job search and Moot Court tryouts. Oh wait, that was last year — let's face it, there is simply no excuse for a third-year not to enjoy him or herself this year.

Don't you remember what one of our former Deans used to say about how there



was nothing wrong with having a few harmless drinks and getting a little wild at the bars — and look at him now.

What about having to sit through hours of Evidence and Property classes? That wasn't any fun, but did we stop going out then? Hell no! So why now?

And remember how we felt like such failures after receiving all those rejection letters from law firms and judges last year? Did we face rejection responsibly then? Hell no! We went out and got stinking drunk.

So now what, we're suddenly too important to go out and get loaded because some of us have jobs? Well what about the people who still don't have jobs, do you think they appreciate not having anyone to drown their sorrows with?

Quit being so damn selfish! Or maybe all this lameness is because of the drop in rankings?

Just because we will soon be ranked in the same tier as Regent Law School does not mean we have to behave like

teetotaling Regent Law students.

Well, my fellow upperclassmen, if these words are not enough to inspire you to seek out fun, then we can only ask this, "Think of the children. What kind of example are you setting for the lower classmen?" *Res Ipsa*, my friends.

Stepping down off our soap box and returning to the reason we have license to write this drivel, all should skip the ever popular Cheese Shop for once and give Padow's a try. Though nobody is going to confuse lunch at Padow's for lunch at Ratner's, of New York City (Steve Diamond suggests the Matzo Ball soup there — We think Kevin's is as good as any), Padow's does serve to distinguish a decent attempt at deli food from the "Delly's" we so often mistake for bars here in Williamsburg (Oy vey!).

Not that there is anything wrong with Paul's and the College Delly, but let's face it, while we may like a gyro as much as the next man, Greeks should stick to their culinary delights and leave the deli food to the Chosen People.

TRADING CARDS: The Costumes of Halloween

Maqui Parkerson

Sprouting out for an evening of revelry with a fellow patch member and their orthodontically-challenged farmer, Maqui's inspiration for her costume may well have come from Linus' annual quest for the Great Pumpkin. Lest anyone be fooled by Maqui's broad smile and harmless look, watch your wallets as Maqui plans to market lids similar to those she's modeling — as if Cheeseheads weren't bad enough.

Frank Sabia

"Are you lonely, tonight?" crooned Frank, hoping to find a partner for some after hours Jailhouse Rock. By far the person whose costume best reflects the reputation he's developed throughout law school, Frank seemed quite comfortable cutting a rug on the dance floor. Even without a Karaoke machine in sight, though, Frank persisted in emulating "The King," notwithstanding the fact that the SBA had, in fact, sprung for a DJ.

Rebecca Eichler

Hamming it up as the original "material girl," Rebecca proved that true blondes really can have more fun. Our undercover agents informed us that Rebecca actually dressed as JFK's former lover for two primary reasons: to secure herself a ticket into the Democrat-held White House and to guarantee that she can auction off her outfit (all proceeds, if any, go to benefit PSF, of course).

Kelly Clopper

Capturing the essence of an oxymoron, Kelly bares her horns and her pearly whites for the camera. As she whirled around the dance floor, luring men (particularly the unknowing 1L males) in with her devilish wiles, Kelly ultimately found herself dodging chicken wings hurled from the peanut gallery. She took it in style, however, particularly since the offending parties disclaim all knowledge of their participation.

Music for the Masses

Essential Albums for Anyone's Collection

By Matt Kaiser
and Simon Ulcickas

Why does it seem that one of these damn articles is due every day? We only have so much creative energy.

In an attempt to meet our deadline, again having no idea what to write about, we decided to spread our knowledge and experience of the music industry by providing you, our avid fans, with the essential music collection.

The following are the top ten most essential albums to own:

10. The Grateful Dead — *American Beauty*
9. Metallica — *Master of Puppets*
8. The Clash — *London Calling*
7. Run DMC — *Tougher Than Leather*
6. Pink Floyd — *The Wall*
5. Led Zeppelin — *IV*
4. Sugar Hill Gang — *Rappers Delight*
3. Jimi Hendrix — *Electric Ladyland*
2. James Brown — *The Payback*
- And the most essential album of all time . . .
1. Miles Davis — *Birth of the*

Cool

Realizing that our fellow students may not have musical appreciation to understand the depth and quality of the above performers, we decided to poll the third years for their picks.

We were not surprised to learn that Lu Tupponce (3L) picked

We Are The World, found on The Ethiopian Hunger Album. Chewing on all that bark as she tried to flee Cambodia this summer must have broadened her awareness of the world's problems, for she has forsaken her staunch religious right approach to the law.

Kevin Muhlendorf's (3L) favorite album of all time is *Fear Me* by Zamfir, Master of the Panflute. Kevin tells us the haunting melodies of Zamfir comfort him and help him to relate to his sensitive inner-being.

Speaking of sensitive, Scott Dunn (3L) chose *John Denver's*

pet, "Suave" revealed that his favorite album was *Hey, Check Me Out!* by The French Berets.

Erik Meyer (3L) recommends Metallica — *Kill 'Em All* for a mellow night.

Nicole Gayle & Aisha Sykes (3Ls), long time fans of "Entertainment Tonight" suggested John Tesh — *Live At Red Rocks*.

Having recently returned from a road trip to New York to see this performer, both of these girls were overcome with giggles as they tried to describe the wild time they had back stage with "Big John."

Two pages, Boom, Done.

We here at the Music Column are concerned that we may not be meeting the needs of our readers, if there are any.

In our never-ending desire to further our little community's music news needs we request that you submit proposals, suggestions or complaints to our hanging files.

We promise that all grievances will be addressed and we eagerly await the opportunity to bring more in-depth music news and analysis to our forum.



the Wu-Tang Clan's debut album, *Enter the Wu-Tang (36 Chambers)*. Having been engrained in the hard-core Hip-Hop culture for the past five years, Lu has been come to be known as Red-Faced Killah among close-friends.

We should have expected that Rebecca Eichler (3L) would pick

Andy Lustig (3L) fondly recounted his high school "poacher" days when he told us that Journey's *Frontiers* was the greatest hook-up album of all time. According to "Machismo," rarely did a weekend go by in NoVa without the sounds of "Faithfully" echoing throughout parking lots from the RX-7.

Greatest Hits. Apparently, this fan was a bit turned off by our last article. Sorry, Scott.

We approached Señor Stephen P. Von Diamond, Jr., Esquire, of the New York Von Diamonds (3L) while he was enjoying high-tea in the English tradition.

After downing his last crum-

Coqua Felix

All I Want For Christmas is Another Cookbook

By Kim Hackett

Halloween has come and gone and Thanksgiving is just around the corner. Already, retail stores are advertising those "must have" holiday gifts. Tickle-Me-Elmo™ is out this year, but Tickle-Me-Cookie Monster™ and Sleep-n-Snore Ernie™ are in. Third year law students have "real legal jobs" at the top of their Christmas wish lists while first year students only wish to pass Professor Urbonya's Constitutional Law class. As for myself, I too want Santa to bring me post graduate employment, but second on my list is Julia Child's *The Way to Cook*.

This week's edition of *Coqua Felix* is a book review of gastronomic literature. All four of the cookbooks were selected from my very own, personal culinary library. I highly recommend purchasing one of these books if you receive a gift certificate to a book store for Christmas or if you are considering buying a cookbook for someone special.

America the Beautiful Cookbook, Collins Publishers, ©1990

America the Beautiful is part of a se-



ries of cookbooks from around the world. this particular cookbook includes recipes from every state in the Union.

Regional specialties such as Virginia Oyster and Spinach Soup, Louisiana Shrimp Creole, and Maryland Crab Cakes are featured. Gorgeous photography and the history behind each dish accompanies the usual list of ingredients.

Some of my personal favorites of this book include: New York's Garlicky Bay Scallops, Hawaii's Honolulu Spare Ribs, Louisiana's Buttermilk Biscuits, Idaho's Stuffed Baked Potatoes, Georgia's Pecan Pie, and Old-Fashioned Chocolate Layer

Cake from the state of Illinois.

Drawbacks to purchasing this cookbook It's expensive! Barnes and Noble typically sells this book for around \$50.00. Some of the ingredients are hard to find. Preparing the stocks for some of the recipes is time consuming. Many of the recipes are not what you would consider low fat.

Benefits of purchase: Killer desserts! Stunning photography makes this a perfect "coffee table" book.

Wandering & Feasting, By Mary Houser Caditz, WSU Press, ©1996

This is the best cookbook from the Pacific Northwest that I've used so far. The recipes are absolutely wonderful! I just have a difficult time swallowing the fact that it's published by Washington State University Press. (They must cook better than they play football.)

There is, of course, a heavy emphasis on seafood. Most of the recipes are fairly simple to fix. My personal favorites are: Kris's Blueberry Pie (endorsed by the Moot Court champion), Hood Canal Spot Shrimp in Lemon Butter Sauce, Choco-

late Glazed Meringues with Raspberries and Cream, Halibut with Macadamia Nut Crust, and Walla Walla Sweet Onion Salad with Tomatoes and Basil.

Drawbacks to purchasing this cookbook: It's difficult to find good quality seafood in Williamsburg at reasonable prices.

Benefits of purchase: Your tummy will be happy! Look for recipes from this cookbook in February's *Amicus Curiae* before Barrister's Ball.

New Orleans Style Cooking, Edited by Kate Cranshaw, Courage Books, ©1994

This cookbook exclusively features recipes from Louisiana. I picked it up during my first year of law school for around \$12.00. Some of the better recipes include: Chicken and Sausage Jambalaya, Sweet Potato and Sausage Casserole, and Fried Chicken.

Drawbacks to purchasing this cookbook: Not for those who cannot handle spicy food. The dessert section could be improved.

Benefits of purchase: It's cheaper

See COOKBOOKS on 15

Girls On Film . . .

L.A. Finally Edges Out Satan in Appeal



By Kristi Garland
and Chris Murphy

DEVIL'S ADVOCATE: Al Pacino, Keanu Reeves.

Chris: All I knew going into this movie (aside from the plethora of worthless knowledge I keep in my head to surprise people with when they least expect it) was that it was about a lawyer who was, like, working for Satan or something, and that Al Pacino gave an Oscar-winning performance.

Now, blah blah blah about Al Pacino and his Oscar-winning performances. The guy could give a worse performance than Lassie and still win something.

Let's move on to this lawyer working for the devil idea, though. Cool! I mean, if you are going to be a big criminal lawyer who "stretches the truth" in order to set slimeballs free and prevent sexually-abused thirteen year old girls from recovering, you might as well reap the

benefits from the Big Guy Downstairs, know what I mean? So, here's the scoop:

You have Keanu Reeves (I know, it sounds bad already, but try to have an open mind here), and he is a criminal defense lawyer in Florida who has never lost a case (surprise, surprise). So, he does something really remarkable in court one day and the next thing you know, he receives a very large check from a man in a bar telling him that he is wanted in a firm in New York that wants to expand their criminal defense practice. So, they ship Keanu and his Curly-Q "Babies! Babies! I want babies!" wife off to New York where the "fun" immediately begins.

Al Pacino plays John Milton (catchy), the head honcho (for lack of a better term) of this firm. Milton is not your every day lawyer. Adorned in scarves and boots, he sits in his office with very strange interior decorating (fires and frightening statues) and never sleeps. Okay, that might sound vaguely familiar to many lawyers, but you just know there is something bizarre about this guy.

Immediately, many extraordinary, sort of cosmic, events start occurring: people morph into demons before your very eyes, the city periodically clouds over, and Milton has the ability to know things he should not know and be more than one place at one time. All of this drives Reeves' wife crazy (arguably one of the

most weak-willed women in the world), and I shouldn't tell you any more than that.

The movie is good, not great. I walked out of the theater thinking it hadn't really done anything for me. It was kind of gross, but not scary; interesting, but not too creative. Some say it is a must-see for law students . . . maybe it is. By the way, can anyone out there tell me what exactly that was that happened at the end? I don't get it!

☺☺☺ (out of four).

P.S.: I am going broke from seeing all of these movies, so if any of you boys out there are available, cute, and rich, give me a call!

L.A. CONFIDENTIAL: Kevin Spacey, Danny DeVito, Kim Basinger.

Kristi: I am afraid I am beginning to sound redundant, but I have seen yet another great movie. This time it was *L.A. Confidential* that I didn't want to end — if you have the time and you're up for a well-written shoot-em-up, this is the movie for you.

In case you don't know the plot basics, here is a brief synopsis — but please recognize that it is impossible to detail the twists and turns of this intricate film with a great deal of clarity — here goes: The movie, set in the 1950s, traces the inner-workings of the Los Angeles Police De-

partment.

Kevin Spacey, my personal favorite, plays a Hollywood-savvy cop who is lured by the bright lights and uses his police background as a means to his end. Danny DeVito pulls off a great performance as a newspaperman not above setting the stage to get the "proper" angle for his crime stories.

Russell Crowe (and I hope I'm not getting the actors mixed up here) plays the one straight-laced cop in the precinct, and James Cromwell (again, I hope I have the right one—the husband from *Babe*, if that helps) plays the chief. The cast is rounded out by Kim Basinger, who does surprisingly well with her role as a Rita Hayworth look-alike, and a number of others.

The conflict boils down to, following the shooting death of six people in a late-night diner, figuring out who stands on each side of the law, and who has staked out territory somewhere in between.

The movie is *heavy* on character development and there are times when it is difficult to remember the details important to each — but by the end you know what you need to and are on the edge of your seat to see which side prevails. A comic book for the screen, done exceptionally well — who could ask for more in a movie?

☺☺☺☺ (out of four).

A few years ago, I came to Williamsburg and began my education at a venerable institution with a proud tradition. On the side I went to the College across the street from the Green Leaf. Not to borrow a phrase, I won't say that all I needed I learned from the Green Leaf, but some of the best lessons were definitely imparted there. It was there I learned: the difference between whisky and whiskey, and why an eighteen-year-old beats two twelves. Just how reasonable a great cabernet can be. That Babe Ruth's record for most scoreless World Series innings pitched stood until 1961, the same year his home run record was eclipsed. That a properly poured Guinness will hold the shamrock to the bottom of the glass. That there used to be fish in the river so thick you could hear 'em coming. That a good cigar's composition changes from tip to butt. That the British were preparing to abandon Virginia when Rolfe suggested they try growing tobacco. That Mickey Gilley, Jerry Lee Lewis, and Jimmy Swaggart are cousins. The difference between an IBU and an IPA. That a good idea beats a good intention any day. The Mystic words to the Gilley classic, "The Girls All Get Prettier at Closing Time." That the secret to a long life is knowing when it's time to go.

The Green Leaf Cafe
765 Scotland Street
Williamsburg, VA
1-757-220-3405

Dr. Love Comes to Town

Dear Dr. Love,

I am having a real identity crisis. Everything that I have come to depend on is changing. Courtroom 21 has turned into the McGlothlin Moot Court Room; Marshall-Wythe School of Law has changed into William & Mary Law; our *USNews* ranking has changed from pretty good to pretty crappy; our dean has changed from Dean K. into Dean Marcus; the naug has changed from brown to burgundy; I have changed from a big nerd to a real cool law student. Worst of all, my girlfriend has changed from my girlfriend into a lesbian. In a world in total chaos, how can I find something upon which I can depend?

Please Help,

Tossed by the Storm

Dear Tossed,

Some things never change. As I can tell by your scrupulous avoidance of dangling prepositions, you are still a big feeb. Getting in law school does not make you cool; it just makes you look like less of a nose picker than the dolts around you. So even if you are the coolest guy in law school, it still only makes you Duke of the Nerds. Next, at least we are not calling the bat-

cave Fred's Moot Courtroom, so count your blessings. About Dean K. . . Well, if you don't know, I ain't telling ya. The naug was getting stinky, and who cares what you call the school, it still sucks only slightly more than *USNews* says it does. So there. Now let us deal with your girlfriend. . . As the Republicans tell us, lesbians are made, not born that way, so it was obviously something you did that turned her into a lesbian. Mr. Pokey apparently was not doing his job. So stand up and take it like a man. Go to her parents and admit what you did, and beg for their forgiveness. Go to the gym and hit the weights. Maybe inject some steroids. Just do whatever it takes to make you more of a man than your girlfriend. She is sure to come back to you then. If she does not, you will have to take it up with Newt.

Dear Dr. Love,

I am going out with a fellow law student, but I'm a bit embarrassed about it. You see, she's not as intellectual as I am, and not nearly as lovely as I am devilishly handsome. I have been trying to keep our relationship a secret, but she keeps dropping hints about it to her friends. If news of this involvement gets

out, it could ruin my suave reputation and hurt my social standing among my peers. Except that I don't really have any peers, because I am so brilliant. What can I do to shut this girl up?

Intellectually yours,

Dr. Suave

Dear Suave,

I am the only doctor on these here pages, so watch it, dork-boy, and don't get cheeky with me. You sound like a total gimp to me, so you should probably be thanking your lucky stars that somebody is gracing you with the favor of having sex with you. And I don't think that you are as smart as you seem to think you are, since you (unlike Tossed, above) ended your sentence with a preposition. But thinking you are smarter than you are is a common law student's problem, so you probably fit right in. Unlike your girlfriend, who is going to take a lot of ridicule for dating you. Your chick is probably way more embarrassed than you, but is smart enough to know that nobody can keep a secret in the gossip-ridden halls of Marshall-Wythe Junior High School. What you need to realize is that everybody already knows that you are dating her.

Monday, November 10

Men's Basketball: vs. Court Authority, 7:00 p.m. in W&M Hall. What the hell is Court Authority? To find out, go to the game. Alternatively, go to the game to check out some young, toned, male undergrad booty squeezed into those polyester, Seventies-esque, oh-so-clingy shorts as the perspiration gleams off of their bodies, drips on the floor, and burns itself into your psyche. Forget the game, just hit the locker room afterwards. As Dana Loftis notes, "Mmmmm . . . booty!"

Tweed, Tweed, Tweed: Interesting word if you say it out loud three times. But it is also the museum that loaned some paintings to the Muscarelle through December 7.

Memories of Brooklyn: Another exhibit at the Muscarelle. Photography by Dinanda Nooney, through December 7.

Just for Laughs: Just in case you are done laughing at the practice exams on reserve, the Ninth Annual Comedy Showcase is tonight at 8:00 p.m. in the UC Auditorium. Admission is \$3, and goes to the Hole in the Wall Gang Camp. No idea what that is, but it sounds like a good cause.

Tuesday, November 11

Men in Black: Go see the other side of the U.S. government. UC Auditorium at 8:00 p.m. \$2. Ever wonder where some of the College administrators come from?

Veteran's Day: Say thanks to some of the vets here at our school who have fought to keep our country safe. Then go ask the administration why we never get any days off. With any luck, hell actually will freeze over this winter and we can *finally* have a chance to celebrate all these *federal* holidays from which we have been forced to abstain.

Wednesday, November 12

What Do I Say in an Interview: OCPP presents "Interviewing Tips" in Room 119 at 2:30 p.m. Hint: When in an interview, don't ask the employer if he sleeps on the left or the right side of the bed. Just assume the left, so be prepared to sleep on the right.

Holding Court: Racquetball entries open. Small room, glass walls, blue balls — better than a peep show. More calories burned too.

Benched: Weightlifting entries close. For those entering, remember to sign your name on the line that says "signature." You may not be smart, but you can lift heavy things. Consequently, you may not be employed, but you can beat up those who are and steal their lunch money. Of course, by doing so, you may have the opportunity to meet equally large men who refer to you in terms often associated with female dogs. But at least your clothing will be provided.

Paintball Madness: The Military Law Society is sponsoring an all out, drag down, war with paintballs. Registration deadline is today. Put a \$12 check in Mark Matthews' (2L) hanging file with your name and phone number. Hidden costs are the paintballs: \$5 per 100, and expect to shoot 400-500.

Thursday, November 13

Muscle-Bound Men Brag: Weightlifting tournament in the Free Weight Room of the Rec Center. Will the "the Angels" of the social column be covering this? I mean the topic, not the entries.

Living with Aliens: If you missed it yesterday, or you just can't get enough, you can go see *Men in Black* tonight at 8:00 p.m. in the UC Auditorium. \$2. Just remember, lots of undergrads will be here too. I always wondered where some of my professors came from.

Jazz It Up: The W&M Jazz Ensemble presents its fall concert at 8:00 p.m. Admissions \$2. They will play stuff by Duke Ellington, Neal Hefti, Bob Mintzer, et al. Rumor has it that they may allow certain transactional professors to attend this session for free — anything to give them ideas on how to keep their classes awake for those all important final weeks of class.

The Beauty and the Freak: No, this really is the title, no joke. Rosemarie Thomson from Howard University will speak on "The Beauty and the Freak: Spectacles of Embodiment in American Culture." All this fun will be in Blair 205, and is free.

The Bare Bones: Bar Review will be at Bones Restaurant and Bar. No clue what the specials are, cause they haven't decided yet. But it will be the usual time, and will be attended by the usual suspects.

Friday, November 14

Laughter: No, not one of Fred's tours of the (once again named) McGlothlin Courtroom, but Comedian Vince Morris in Lodge 1 at 8:00 p.m. Free!!! Feel free to split your sides laughing here because one thing's for damn certain: you can't make that much of a mess in *Fred's* courtroom.

Saturday, November 15

Football: vs. University of Richmond 1:00 p.m. I wonder who Professor Smolla will

root for? Probably UR, as it seems likely that the bulk of the football team may be law students. God knows, those law students likely will not receive an education there that will actually allow them to *practice* law.

Men's Basketball: vs. Stetson, 7:00 p.m. in W&M Hall. For those who are olfactorily impaired, this is the school, not the K-Mart cologne or the goofy hat.

Expressions of India: An Evening of Indian food and entertainment, sponsored by the Indian Cultural Association. Saturday, November 15 at 7:00 p.m. in Trinkle Hall. Formal attire requested. Tix are \$8. For more information, call Gazala at 1-6373. Kim, you may want to consider this if you want some good Indian food.

Sunday, November 16

Let's Kick Some Ass!: Paintball war today, sponsored by the Military Law Society. Ever want to shoot a fellow classmate, but have been worried about the impending arrest? Well, now you can not only shoot them, but cover them with paint. Meet at the law school at 9:00 a.m. Attendance likely for those to whom Saturday nights offer an optimal time to study without all those annoying interruptions — like having a life.

Tuesday, November 18

Air Force One Arrives: Not the President, but the movie in the UC Auditorium at 8:00 p.m. \$2. For those of you horrified by the thought of further revealing footage involving Bill Clinton, rest assured that the only ass you'll see in this flick is that of Harrison Ford. For those involved with PETA, do not fret, no trailer park groupies were harmed during the filming of these scenes.

Wednesday, November 19

The World is a No Smoking Section: Great American Smokeout Day. Go sponsor a smoker for a day, and help him/her quit smoking. But don't even think about sponsoring me — I have to make up for all those people who quit. God, I hate quitters.

Court is Closed: Racquetball entries close.

Swimming: Men's and Women's swimming meet vs. the University of Richmond. 4:00 p.m., Rec Center Pool. Will Smolla let his class out early to go root for his team?

Air Force One: At the UC Auditorium at 8:00 p.m. \$2. Bill Clinton really *wishes* his plane was so cool, or that he had this much, or any, courage.

Agents of Good Roots: Yes, this is actually a band. And they are playing on-campus in the University Center at 8:30 p.m. *The Flat Hat* calls them a "unique blend of jazz, funk, and swing in a rock setting." I think they just want free tickets, cuz the rest of us are paying \$5.

Thursday, November 20

Smoke Up!: Legalization of Marijuana Debate, in Tidewater A of the University Center at 7:00 p.m. No, it is (most likely) just a coincidence that this debate falls just one day after the Great American Smokeout.

Watch Dawn Crawford Kick Your Ass: Yes, the Law School Pool Tournament is back at the Corner Pocket for Bar Review. But the only way you'll win the tournament is if Dawn is on your team. By the way, this is the last bar review of the semester, so come get it while it lasts.

Saturday, November 22

You're All Wet: Men's and Women's Swimming vs. Loyola College. 1:00 p.m., Rec Center Pool. (Like it would be anywhere else.)

Sunday, November 23

Racquetball Tourney: Today and tomorrow in the racquetball courts of the Rec Center.

Monday, November 24

Stop the Presses: Hold back your tears, laments, and begging us to reconsider — this will be the final edition of the *Amicus* this semester. Articles due November 19.

Wednesday, November 26

THANKSGIVING BREAK: Time to do your outlines, eat some turkey, and watch football. Oh yeah, don't forget to see your family. Remember, only one week of classes left before finals, so get some sleep now. By the way, anyone know what is going on in Corporations?

Women's Basketball: vs. Winthrop College, 5:00 p.m. Where the hell is Winthrop College anyway?!

Men's Basketball: vs. Virginia Tech, 7:30 p.m. W&M Hall. How many V-Tech students does it take to change a light bulb? There really is no answer, cause no one has seen them do it correctly.

Please submit your entries for the *Amicus* Events Calendar to Kevin Muhlendorf (3L), or the *Amicus* hanging file. Entries may include activities sponsored by law school organizations, main campus or community events.

Coughlin Up Predictions . . .

Inside the Topsy-Turvy World of the NFL

By Kenneth J. Coughlin

The Fish won! Just in case you left the planet temporarily, the Florida Marlins beat the Cleveland Indians in the World Series four games to three.

Not only was the Series close as far as number of games, but the final game went into extra innings. The two teams traded games back and forth from the start. Every time Florida won one, Cleveland would come back and win the next. All in all, it was an excellent Series.

What's happening to the Tampa Bay Bucs? After winning their first five straight, they've dropped three in a row and had to rely on a last second field goal to beat the hapless Colts. That's right, the Colts, who haven't won a game all year. Maybe their just coming down to earth.

Don't get me wrong, 6-3 is not a bad record by any means, but Tampa is clearly playing in

the toughest division in professional football.

The Packers and Vikings are both tied for the lead at 7-2, and they're both on winning, not losing streaks. Neither team has lost since September. If Tony Dungy really wants his team to be competitive for the NFC Central title and be in the playoffs at the end of the season, he's got to get his players to shape up.

Also on the list of surprise NFL collapses, what's happened to the NFC East?

This used to be the NFL's power conference. The Cowboys, Redskins, Giants, and Eagles have all been to at least one Super Bowl, and the first three have each won the game multiple times.

This year, however, this division is a tribute to mediocrity. Ten weeks into the season, the division's top team is the New York Giants at 6-3. At the beginning of the season, no one gave

the Giants a chance, but when the rest of the division has been a severe let down, that makes it easier to succeed.

The Redskins are 5-4, and everybody else is under .500.

All season long the Cowboys have been having trouble forcing the ball into the end zone after they get inside the 20. They seemed to solve that problem against San Francisco, but apparently the defense got confused and thought the game was only three quarters long.

The Cardinals have probably been the division's unluckiest team. Out of their seven losses, five have been decided by a field goal or less, or in overtime. It's hard to believe that a 2-7 team is only a few points away from being 7-2.

And last on my NFC tirade is the NFC West. I don't think it's possible for the NFC East to collapse so far that it would be worse than the West.

The San Francisco 49ers lead the pack at 8-1. Of course, when the all of the opponents you beat have a combined record of 15-30, that isn't too difficult. In fact, only one of the 49ers' victories came over a team who currently has a winning record, and that was the Carolina Panthers who are 5-4.

Somebody explain something to me. Everyone seems to be saying that the 49ers were untested before they played the Cowboys, but after they beat them, they proved to be a real contender. In the next breath, the same commentators say that the Cowboys are not the team that they used to be, that they've collapsed and aren't a contender anymore.

So answer me this, how was the game against Dallas any different from the other seven victories?

I've got news for you, Dallas is not very good this year! San

Francisco didn't prove anything because they still have only played one real opponent (Tampa Bay) and they lost! And in week 11 the 49ers have the incredible challenge of facing... the Philadelphia Eagles, yet another team with a losing record.

Frankly, I don't care if San Fran wins their next four games. I will remain unconvinced until they face the Vikings and Broncos at the end of the season.

On a last note, take a look at your local papers for the new polls today, because the college football world is in for a shake. This past Saturday, four of the top five teams faced off. Florida State took on North Carolina and Penn State battled Michigan.

I can't give you the outcomes here, but this was a big enough weekend that you shouldn't have to wait two weeks until my next article, so check it out.

Tribe Crew Makes Gains at Head of the Schuylkill and Head of the Occoquan Regattas

By Charles Ehrlich

The William and Mary Rowing Club came away from its Fall regatta schedule with resounding successes at the Head of the Schuylkill in Philadelphia and Head of the Occoquan in Fairfax on the past two weekends. The main racing season takes place in the Spring, but these Fall regattas provide a chance for crews to gain experience and test themselves out before going into the grueling Winter training indoors.

The Head of the Schuylkill is the world's largest single-day regatta and attracts crews from several countries, including national teams and top university squads. The Head of the Occoquan is the mid-Atlantic's most important regional regatta in the Fall.

The Tribe came away with strong performances, mostly against fully-funded, varsity-status opponents. It was a chance for the crews to test themselves against opponents they do not normally compete against, and to see just how far this program has climbed despite its lack of funding and recognition from the College.

The Women's Varsity Heavyweight Eight finished a spectacular fourth at the Head of the Schuylkill and second at the Head of the Occoquan. Returning all the members from last year's spectacular Varsity Heavyweight Four (seniors

Danielle Abate, Tara Eng, and Nancy Hiteshue, Junior Sarah Spink, and Sophomore coxswain Rika Drea), this crew also had the added power of four members of last year's novice crew (sophomores Joann Atallah, Nora Clancy, Carla DiSalvo, and Katie Roche).

The crew is showing the potential to be a contender nationally in this year's campaign. Among the many crews it defeated in Philadelphia was upstate rival George Mason, which recently got promoted to varsity status.

The Men's Varsity Heavyweight Eight finished twentieth on the Schuylkill, third-highest of all crews from unfunded programs. It also finished well faster than regional power George Mason, and was within seconds of several crews it will face at the Division III national championships in May.

This was an especially encouraging result because the crew was less experienced than its opposition, containing only second-year rowers (senior Steve Harmon, juniors Josh Ehrenfeld and cox Kelly Crouch, and sophomores Adam Ayers, Milan Chakraborty, Allen Dvaskas, Mike

Fitzpatrick, Mo Kearney, and Dave Smith).

At the Head of the Occoquan, the crew, slightly reconfigured, finished fourth behind Potomac Boat Club, a crew formed of national team hopefuls.

The other crews faced similarly high-caliber competition. The (all-sophomore) Women's Varsity Heavyweight Four came in 19th at the Schuylkill and challenged the leaders at the Occoquan, the (mostly sophomore) Women's Varsity Lightweight Eight finished 26th in the heavyweight event at the Schuylkill.

Senior Kyle Stier finished 29th at the Schuylkill in the Men's Single Scull, and the Men's Varsity Four (composed of Sophomore lightweights competing in a heavyweight event) finished 34th. The Men's Varsity Lightweight Eight finished second on the Occoquan.

The freshman results also gave the Tribe reason to cheer. Since the majority of rowers learn to row after they get to college, the freshman program provides the development necessary to ensure continuity in the program for future years. In

Philadelphia, the Women's Freshman Four finished fourth and the Men's Freshman Four finished fifth.

On the Occoquan, the Men's top two freshman eights finished third and fourth, and the women's freshmen also turned in good performances, tarnished only by a small crash involving the Women's First Freshman Eight, which cost it a high finish.

These results are easily the best ever for the Rowing Club. The club became a seriously competitive program only recently, first with the women and then last year with the men's team. It has quickly become respected across the region as an important program.

At 100 athletes, it is not only the largest intercollegiate sport at William and Mary, it is also one of the biggest programs outside New England.

This Fall's racing gave the young squad valuable experience against some long-established and well-funded opponents, as well as against some non-collegiate crews training for the national teams of various countries, and all the crews came away encouraged and excited about the results.

The Head Coach of Rowing at William and Mary is Charles Ehrlich (2L), and Pete Ismay (3L) is the Assistant Men's Coach.



Insert Witty IM Football Title Here

By Mac Stuckey

With only one month left in the semester, many students have begun to focus on their goals. While some talk revolves around the quest for good grades, or the unending search for a summer job, an intramural football title seems to be at the top of everyone's list. Fierce competition and some big wins marked the action in last week's IM play.

The Co-Rec squad **Buffy Loves Me** continues to flex their muscle with two impressive victories. Befriended by the two point conversion, they have marched their way to their two wins. When not "scoping the ladies," play-maker **Rick Enspr** masterfully guided the offense. **Max DeWitt** and **Tom Koonce** have been bowling over opponents. Unfortunately, the same can't be said of **Patrick Muldoon**, who has been too busy shaking hands with the fans and kissing babies. (Sideline photo-ops available).

Speaking of kissing, **Monica** and **Greg** have connected several times for short yardage, so long as it does not interfere with their cuddle time. **Alexis Bennett** and **Jeannette Meacham** have provided the big defense, with key fourth down stops and strong pass coverage. **Chris Forstner** scrambled for several TDs, while **Karin Larson** dazzled the opponents. One teammate noticed that the opposition was "distracted by Karin's legs," leading to major offensive gains.

In other Co-Rec action, the **Legal Motions** pulled out a 27-24 victory over fellow law schoolers, the **Bud Law Stars**. Down by 12 at the half, the Motions posted three second half touchdowns for the victory. Led by the monster D of **Megan "Grrr... I'm sorry" Hogan**, **Tate "Dikembe" Love**, and "Mean" **Joe Grogan**, the Motions only allowed one touchdown in the second half. Mild mannered **Kindra Gromelski** anchored the offense, with added contributions coming



from **Eddie Pumpkin Seed Patrick**, **Bob "Stenerud" Morris**, and **Don "The Gimp" Martin**.

In the Motions' second contest, they tasted bitter defeat at the hands of **Aye Frijoles!**. Unlike their previous game, the Motions managed to cross the plane only one time. **Kim "Pointer" Kurkijian** suffered a broken finger, before the game, when trying to catch a pass thrown by **Dan "Tortfeasor" Gasink**. **Ken Walsh** scored the Motions' only points, while star running back **Kindra Gromelski** took a few snaps at QB. Led by **Maqui Parkerson**, the Frijoles upped their record to 3-0 and are the smart money to repeat as Co-Rec A League Champs.

In Women's action, the **Parkerson** led **Clever Senoritas** spanked undergraduate sorority **Alpha Chi Omega**, by a margin of 26 to nada. **Robin Dusek**, **Danielle Berry**, and **Parkerson** masterfully handled the offensive duties. Star free agent (an acquisition from the school of education) **Jenn Zecher** pulled in two TD passes and **Kim Welsh** tacked on the extra points. **Rebecca Eichler** provided more fire-

power, running the ball for yet another **Senorita TD**. Defensive highlights were provided courtesy of **Laura Spector** (1 sack), **Danielle Berry** (1 sack), and **Sarah Karlsson**. Cornerback **Kathy LaMothe** deflected three passes for defensive MVP honors (always good for the resume). The frustrated sorority girls displayed their lack of couth and sportsmanship by stomping off the field and refusing to participate in the post game handshake.

After a tough loss last week, the 1L men's squad **The Ex-Presidents** regrouped and pulled out an impressive 22-18 victory. Captain **Adam Hills** fortified the defense with foursacks and one interception. Yet, the real honors in this contest belong to QB **Hunter Eley**. Eley connected on two early TD passes to **Chris Forstner** and **Monsignor Farrell** product **John McDonald**, but he saved his real heroics for the last two minutes of the game. With the ball on their own twenty, Eley picked apart the opponent's defense. He marched the team down field to set up a 1st and 10 on their opponent's twenty yard line with only 13 seconds

remaining. Reminiscent of "The Catch," Eley threw the ball into double coverage where the recently healed **Don "Poison Ivy" Martin** laid out for the completion. Game ball to **Hunter Eley**, the Chevrolet player of the week.

After their setback versus the **Bud Law Stars**, the 1L Men's squad **Hammers of Justice** vented their frustration on the hapless and ill-named undergrad team known as "John Denver's Greatest Hits." **Ken "Long Ball" Walsh** and **Mike "Hot-tub" Defricke** provided the touchdowns in the 13-7 win, as **Ken "Personal Foul" Shook** anchored the O line. Despite the treacherous conditions and crisp air, the team found strength and warmth in the sideline cheers of **Kim "Malibu Stacy" Kurkijian**.

The 1L **Assault and Battery** met mixed reviews in their last two games. Game one saw them stomp undergrad fraternity **SAE**, while game two brought a tough 14-13 loss. **Rick "Parental Supervision" West** continued to provide the firepower on offense connecting on several TDs and running for big yards. Cornerback **Jeff Polich** nabbed several INTs while **Dan "Sweater" Keiser** and **Pat "Bizarro MVP Steve" Blake** pounded the opposition on the line. New addition **Kevin "Let's go for two from now on" Rice** brought some much needed speed to the A&B line-up, while **Steve "One Year Anniversary" Lastelic**, **Eric "Nordic Boy" Lehtinen**, and **Matt "Flirt" Kuehn** once again put in solid efforts for the team. A&B thanks the strong fan support provided by **Chris "30" Morrison**, **Bob "Haiku" Morris**, **Bretta "Parental II" Zimmer**, **Kindra "When were those pictures taken" Gromelski**, and **Erica "Superfan" Kroetch**.

Stay tuned for playoff updates and the latest IM news. If you would like your team to be included in the *Amicus*, just drop me a note. Go Jets.

Coqua felix

The Best Cooking Books for Christmas

COOKBOOKS from 11 than your Criminal Procedure book. The recipes are not very complicated. This is a great book if you want to throw a Mardi Gras party.

Madhur Jaffrey's Indian Cooking, Barron's Educational Series, Inc. ©1983

I was talking with 2L **Gurbir Grewal** about Indian food the other day and he thought that this was the best Indian cookbook available in the United States. All of the recipes are in both metric and U.S. measurements.

The author does an excellent job of explaining how to prepare

Indian food without the use of a Tandoori oven. There are numerous lamb dishes and thirteen recipes for rice!

Recipes to try: Tandoori-style chicken, Creamy Rice Pudding, Apricot Chutney, and Kashmiri Red Lamb Stew.

Drawbacks of purchasing this cookbook: Spices are expensive and hard to find in the Tidewater area. Some of the recipes are impossible to prepare unless you have two ovens in your home.

Benefits of purchase: Considering the fact that the nearest Indian restaurants are located in Richmond and Norfolk, it's a nice book to have on hand.

PSF Work

PSF from 8 very vocal when their parental rights were threatened with termination.

I, however, did not observe a single case in which the parental rights were unjustly terminated. If anything, parents were given too many opportunities to be reunited with their children.

Hopefully, the Georgia legislature will soon follow communities elsewhere in the United States and limit reunification efforts to one year. Despite this policy problem, I truly enjoyed working at the Child Advocate's Office. The job of Child Advocate's Attorney demonstrates that the practice of law can be both interesting and rewarding.

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