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NOT **Wythe** STANDING

THE NEWS

I See London, I See France but GW ... Not a Chance

By *Special Contributor* **Leif Calzone**

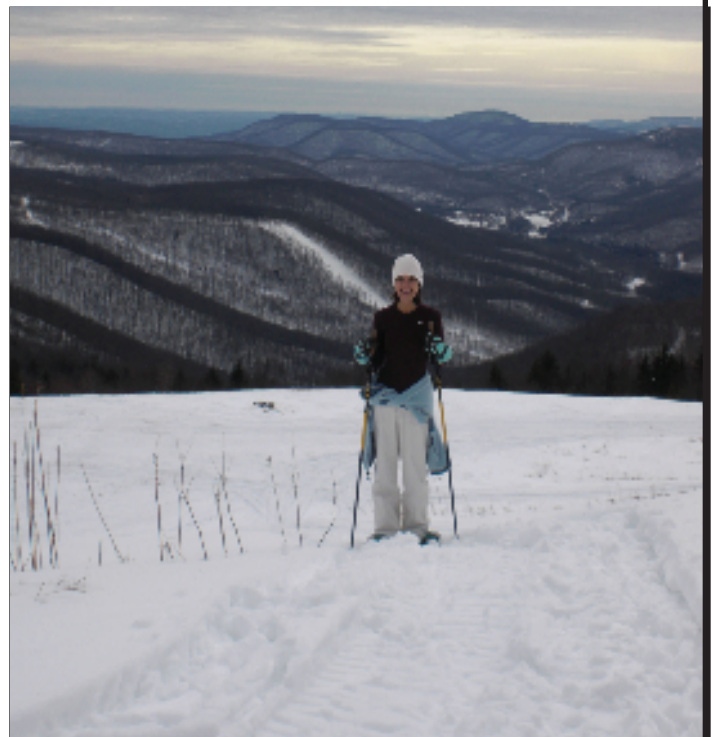
The people of Nepal called it Yeti. Natives of the Pacific-Northwest called him Bigfoot or Sasquatch. In Scotland he is the Fear Liath. On every continent where humans reside there exists folklore of an elusive and rare beast. Tales of a giant, hairy, often smelly, ape-like creature that walks on two legs and can traverse the deepest of rivers in a few short steps have been told over campfires for hundreds of years. There have been sightings, videos, and even rotting carcasses (later proven to be hoaxes) from around the world – all claiming to have proof that Almas (Mongolia) does exist.

This year the SBA decided to join forces with our similarly ranked US News & World Report's compatriots from D.C. for the annual ski trip to Snowshoe Mountain Resort. All in attendance were looking forward to time away from the law school, dancing the night away in Club Connection, and some fresh powder on the slopes. As the bus wound its way through the Appalachian Mountains, with the singing of John Denver's "Take Me Home Country Roads" being the only reprieve from the near death encounters with every hairpin turn and crumbling cliff, I had no idea that this weekend would result in my chance encounter with the George Washington Law Student.

Since we had arrived late in the night on Friday, my cabin-mates and I determined that the best course of action was to relax for a while, visit with our friends, and call it a night (after some drinks and general debauchery). As day broke on the first full day, most of us stayed fast asleep in our beds. Even as the sun crept down the wall and across our mascara-streaked faces, we clung to the covers, rolled over, and mumbled something about "Louie Louie." Some of the students, of course, took to the slopes. Courtney Mills (2L) told NWS, "The conditions were great. Ryan is a great skier."

Everyone was having a great time, but missing from the fun were the GW kids. Andy

Campbell (2L) says, "I didn't see any [George Washington Law Students], I just assumed they were doing their own thing." Maggie Brunner (2L) told us, "I heard they were at Starbucks the whole time doing work." In fact, a few W&M students did see these elusive creatures at Starbucks. Lauren Andrews (2L) recounts the sighting, "I was getting my usual skinny vanilla latte when I turned around and couldn't believe what I saw. Behind mountains of casebooks and hornbooks I caught a fleeting glimpse of what I now believe to have been a GW Law Student." She continues, stating, "I know that people might not believe me, but I know what I saw. It was a G-Dub." Monday morning we left Snowshoe with a lot of things: sore muscles, a lack of dignity, great memories, and a chance encounter with a rare beast, the George Washington Law Student. Who knows what next year will bring: Jackalopes, the Loch Ness Monster, Jimmie Hoffa ... time will only tell.



Cara Boekeloo (2L) hits the slopes on the Ski Trip

Above the Blah: The Phenomenon of True Blood and Vampire Hysteria

By Contributors Bishop Garrison (3L) and Elyse Simmerman (3L)

Bishop: E, I have absolutely no idea where all of this ridiculous "Vampire Love" has suddenly come from in pop culture, but there are several sources I would like to take the time to blame right now. First, Stephanie Meyer, the author of the *Twilight* series. Granted, Vampire Love has been around since Anne Rice and the *Interview with the Vampire* novel and the Tom Cruise/Brad Pitt/Christian Slater movie. Then we moved along to a cornier side with *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, its television version, and *Angel*. But those were all just entertainment, and never rose to the level of hysteria we saw after someone put those prissy Johnny Depp-in-Cry Baby-esque pale kids on the screen with *Twilight*. We first watched *True Blood* to goof on it. Do you remember that?! That show DOES NOT deserve a new season, let alone awards. And I know so many law students who watch that crap, it's ridiculous. We're highly educated people. What's happening here?

Elyse: This from a man who just last week explained to me that watching *Back to the Future I-III* is actually an educational experience. Now, I will give you *Twilight*. While I think for sixteen-year-olds it's a perfectly lovely story (à la Jack and Kate in *Titanic*), for anyone older than that, there's an issue. Then again, I have Miley Cyrus and Taylor Swift blowing up my iPod. However, *True Blood* is a different story. Alan Ball, creator of *Six Feet Under* and writer of *American Beauty*, Anna Paquin, one of the youngest Oscar winners ever, and now Evan Rachel Wood, who some call the next Meryl Streep? They are involved in this show for artistic reasons. *True Blood*, though starting as campy fun, has evolved into something that America enjoys. Entertainment is escapism, and *True Blood* feeds into that (no pun intended). And get off your lofty high horse. We're not "highly educated." We're law students, and if I would rather watch Jason Stackhouse take off his shirt than read for Secured Transactions, so be it. The "hysteria" is just pop culture. Remember teen horror movies of 10 years ago? There's always something.

Bishop: Listen, we are all smarter than that show whether you want to admit it or not. Granted,

listening to Miley Cyrus knocks you down a couple of slots, but you're still a fairly bright lady. Additionally, who cares about Anna Paquin in *The Piano* if she's running around humping Vampires now for its "artistic" value? Do you remember Elizabeth Berkley? We all loved Jessie Spano until she made *Showgirls* to break out of the child actor mold and for its "artistic" value. Maybe it needed more Vampires in it?

Elyse: Fine, Bishop, be a hater. But campy fun is what makes our pop culture go 'round. But when you wind up alone and there's no Sooooooookie to comfort you, you'll be sorry.

NOT WYTHE STANDING

THE NEWS

*The Newspaper of the William & Mary
Marshall-Wythe School of Law*

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This is the Law School Newspaper?

By The Editor in Chief Stan Jackson

Yes, it is. It has been awhile since you have seen us, and we look a bit different. The unlikely collection that is our Board is almost entirely new and we have a brighter, bolder, friendlier new format which we hope you will enjoy. We had an unexpected transition period last fall, when it turned out our editor in chief had transferred out. Rather than becoming defunct, our fantastic and inimitable staff met to resolve the crisis. Five or six of us were determined to make me EIC—as you can see, my abstention was a fruitless endeavor. Between the learning curve and the new format, our progress has admittedly been slow. Here finally, notwithstanding what you might think the news is, is our take on it. Hope you like it alright.

The Dueling Andrews

By Contributors Andrew Gordon (2L) and Lauren Andrews (2L)

Controversy. Liberalism. Terrorism. Patriotism. A little death penalty in your face? Slam. Some abortion debate with your coffee? Slap. Too far? We hope so. The “Dueling Andrews” will tackle any subject, providing an experience best described as a mildly painful blow to the face. Partisan? Yes. Uninformed? Slightly. We are here to offer you the valuable coverage of today’s issues that you don’t hear on Fox & Friends and The Daily Show. So, what Marshall-Wythe superstars have the skill and tact to foster a professional, intelligent discourse on these compelling issues? A select few. Unfortunately, they were too busy with job interviews. Instead, unburdened with the prospect of securing employment, we present:

ON THE LEFT:

Andrew “Coach” Gordon aka “Blaze”

I am a Democrat. I am the embodiment of unpatriotic dissent, socialism, the scientific dismantling of faith, terrorist-coddling, death panels, the destruction of the family, and recently, according to FOX, fascism. When I’m not turning your children into homosexual animal-fornicators, I’m finding ways to honor He Who Shall Always Be Named, Darwin-reincarnate Barack “Black Jesus” Obama. What I lack in morality I make up for in intellectual arrogance and deceitful manipulation. And, although my opponent, Lauren “did you hear I went to UVA” Andrews hates to recognize it, my side is the victor. May the spoils of this country go directly to Obama and then slowly filter back to me through social programs.

My job is easy. The absurdity of the right, once separated from the drivel of talk radio and Fox News, is self-evident. Until next time, dear reader, __ bless and Go Tribe!

ON THE RIGHT:

Lauren “LT” Andrews

I am a Republican. Why, you ask? Well, I was born that way – with a shotgun and American flag in hand. My dad was quick to complement my accessories with a pair of cowboy boots and jeans. And, in case you haven’t seen me around the law school, not much has changed.

Because I am a Republican, I am, naturally, a good ol’ “boy” who despises every social program, loathes anyone remotely different from the typical attractive Caucasian, stockpiles as many guns as possible, never helps others, blows things up while drinking, talks in a southern accent, bathes in ignorance, mispronounces common words, hates the environment, and loves country music (excluding the Dixie Chicks). And don’t let that Prius-driving, sea-kitten-loving, town hall-hating Andrew “we are all vessels for our genes” Gordon tell you any different.

Together, our mission is to foster a lively, semi-coherent, but ultimately entertaining debate on various political issues. Thus far, we have resigned ourselves to duel over the death penalty, a flat tax, and of course, our favorite President. If allowed, we have also committed ourselves to providing a demonstrative photo for those unwilling to read 500 words outside of their casebook or Facebook. However, if you have a topic you’d like us to explore, or an amusing picture of yourself or your friends, email it to us or drop it in our hanging files.

Death to all moderates, The Dueling Andrews

A Legal Catch 22

By Special Contributor Jonathan Bolls, JD 2008

This is an update to my article published March 5, 2009, regarding my ongoing legal case against the Virginia Board of Bar Examiners. First, a quick review of my background. I graduated from law school in May 2008 and took the Virginia Bar Exam in July. At the test I experienced a software malfunction that caused me to seek hands-on technical assistance during the saving stage of the exam. When the results came out, my essay score appeared to be significantly underreported, and I requested my essays. After being denied access to from obtaining my essays, I filed for an emergency court order in the Fairfax Circuit Court in November. That court ultimately denied relief for lack of jurisdiction in mid-March.

The Fairfax Circuit Court requested supplemental briefs on the applicability of the state Administrative Process Act. It turns out the Board is both exempt from that as well as the Freedom of Information Act. Without the essays, it was impossible to make an informed decision as to whether to petition the Virginia Supreme Court under one of the substantive grounds of review for a bar exam. Despite repeated requests, I was thwarted in my attempts to obtain the essays.

In order to get perspective on Virginia’s nondisclosure policy, I phoned each bar examiner office in the country to find out what rights



applicants in those jurisdictions have to their essays. It turns out 43 jurisdictions allow some form of access, most of which simply send the essays in the mail for a small fee. I also discovered that many of these states just recently instituted the computer-based test in the last year or so. Some have been considering it for some time but have decided against it for one reason or another.

Scott Street, Secretary of the Board, told me that the Board has been following a policy of nondisclosure since 1973. I informed him that

other state bar examiners' offices are posting all such policies on their websites and there is a strong national trend towards an open grading system. In a follow-up letter I requested a written copy of the nondisclosure policy. No written policy was ever sent.

At this point, I had no choice but to petition the Virginia Supreme Court for mandamus

under its original jurisdiction to compel the secretary to release the essays. I also reserved the right to petition for a second hearing for the purpose of reviewing these essays if it turns out to be a case of substantial misgrading or the software glitch caused data loss. My argument was straightforward: discretion in releasing the essays was abused because the issue present, i.e. the potential impact of the software crash, was never considered and no remedy was set forth.

Furthermore, the Board has unduly incapacitated my petition to the Virginia Supreme Court by withholding the only evidence with which I could present a valid petition with the kind of particularity necessary to withstand a motion to dismiss. Representing the Board, the Assistant Attorney General argued that even if discretion was abused, nothing could be done about it now. While the court was considering the issue, the July 29 one year mark was fast approaching. According to law, the Board is required to preserve the essays for one year following the test, presumably for disputes like this one that arise. I brought a motion for protective order to ensure that the Board does not destroy the test papers while the litigation is underway, since they represent not

just a significant part of my case but the entire case itself, "upon which all of my rights rely." In response, the AG's office filed an informal letter on behalf of the secretary and the Board agreeing to protect the "answers in question." When asked by the clerk if that would suffice, I responded by letter that it did not because the glitch covered the entire exam; therefore, all of it is in question. The language, I argued, could be exploited at a later date. Despite my objections, the AG did not change the letter. The court then denied relief.



The students were not the only ones freezing during the storm; the law school patio froze too

One week away from the one year mark, I brought an emergency motion for reconsideration on the grounds that my letter and reasons for objecting to the AG's letter were probably not considered. This time the Assistant AG revised the letter to use the same language I used in my motion: "all essay responses and short answers."

Finally, in a two-sentence opinion that was significantly shorter than the Fairfax Circuit Court opinion, the court found that it could not compel a discretionary act, dismissing the case altogether. This dismissal came as a surprise, especially since the court was informed in detail about the software glitch I, as well as a number of others, experienced. They were also made aware that other jurisdictions have experienced loss of essays and portions of essays due to software malfunctions just like mine. In New York's July 2007 test, for example, alternative grading methods approved by the National Conference of Bar Examiners went into effect. After retrieving lost data for hundreds of test takers who experienced software malfunctions at the saving stage, 47 could still not be recovered despite a USB backup. A dismissal acts to deny a person their day in court, which is why every allegation is supposed to be taken as

true, and any fair inferences are to be drawn. My case easily satisfied this standard.

According to the Virginia Supreme Court rules, you have thirty days to petition for rehearing. I informed the court that there was no other way for me to petition it without the essays in hand, making my right to petition for a hearing as a bar applicant completely illusory. In other words, the court itself is prevented from making an informed decision on whether to hear the case. On September 23 this petition was denied without opinion.

At the Library of Congress I began reading Gressman's Supreme Court Practice, where I learned everything I needed to know about how to file a petition for certiorari to the U.S. Supreme Court as a pro-se plaintiff. I also got on the phone and discovered that over half of bar applicants nationwide are now taking the bar exam on a laptop. The practice is now firmly established, which means the time is ripe for Virginia to join the other states in implementing more transparent policies in regards to the essays. I am currently in the middle of preparing the cert brief. Until then, I remain in my Catch-22.

If you are interested in following this litigation, I record each stage of it on my blog at <http://jonathanbolls.blogspot.com>.

MARSHALL-WYTHE HIGH SCHOOL: STEREOTYPES MAKE IT EASIER TO JUDGE PEOPLE

By Contributor Robert Murdough (2L)

Last time you were in high school, it was easy to tell who people were just by looking at them. In law school it's harder – you have to wait until people actually say something. Law school tends to stereotype people as “gunners” (bad) and “everyone else” (good). But those categories are so . . . pedestrian. Upon closer inspection, you'll realize you've been surrounded with a wide cast of characters. I'm here to assist you in placing them into categories, so you can be more efficiently judgmental.

Gunners make up 25% of the class and 95% of voluntary participation. Here at MWSH, the four horsemen are —

The Questioner: She never fails to ask a question; always unprompted, usually irrelevant. She prefaces it with “I was just wondering,” and then invents some nonsensical question, which was already answered.

Captain Hypothetical: This guy takes the facts and twists them into some convoluted and unrealistic scenario. “Okay, let's say for example the guy was driving at night, with a truckload of fireworks, with a gold watch, in Maryland . . . is it still a breach of contract?”

The Runner: As soon as class ends, the runner bolts to the front of the room, tripping, pushing, and knifing the other runners along the way. He then breathlessly asks the professor important questions about policy, the strong points made by the dissent, or his favorite color. (The important

thing is face time; content is immaterial).

Opinion Kid: Just when you think you might finish class on time, she vigorously propels her hand into the air, waving it if necessary, and then leads off with, “I just think that . . .” Oblivious to both the law and the groans around her, she goes on for four minutes.

But most people in the classroom are not gunners. When you're paying over twenty grand a year, the most important thing is to make as little an effort as possible. Here are a few others —

Metaphysical Man: When asked a question for which they're unprepared, most stumble through it poorly. Not this guy. He unleashes a barrage of prepositions and *non sequiturs* along the lines of “it seems that the implications of the ramifications therefore are to wit *per se* characteristic of judicial jurisprudence,” convincing at least himself that he knows what he's talking about.

The Would-be Crusader: On her application, she wrote movingly about working for social justice. She's going to fight for the weak and oppressed. However, she never raises her hand to ask or answer a question, because she's intimidated by a bunch of 24-year-olds who might call her a gunner.

Ms. Unapologetic: My favorite. When called upon, rather than rush to look it up on Wikipedia, she just flat out admits, “I didn't read it,” and then maintains eye contact as long as necessary. The world will go on.

See how many of these characters you can identify in each class (some of them may combine their powers into one super-student). If you can't find one of them it's probably you.

HOW TO ANSWER IN CLASS WHEN YOU HAVEN'T DONE THE READING: A PRACTICAL GUIDE

By Contributor Ryan Ruzic (2L)

As many of you know, I am not what Webster (whoever that is) would refer to as “studious,” and after an embarrassingly large number of times being called on in class after not having even attempted to read the assignment, I've become very good at faking it. Since this is a serious column, with high ambitions beyond the cheap laugh, I've decided to share four basic principles to successfully faking knowledge in class. You're welcome.

One: Make things up.

Suppose you're asked a question about the best evidence rule. You didn't read the last few days. You didn't read the last few weeks. You're not entirely sure you could satisfactorily explain an evidence rule, let alone the best one. Don't stutter out a few words while frantically flipping pages. Instead, claim to have read something outside the reading you think is relevant. Say something along the lines of, “While I thought the reading was interesting, I found a report that says that many state legislators are considering better defining the rule because of disparity between rules and the courts' need to further define the terms.” If the professor asks what report you read, make that up, too. Say, “I was reading Dr.

Cynthia Thomas's study for the National Civil Procedure and Research Commission for 2009." Say it confidently, they won't look for it later. I promise.

Two: Use unnecessary and confusing legal words

While this might come as a surprise to the gunners among us, the professors already know the answers. They are not interested in our deep, philosophic thoughts. So if you fling about enough legal jargon, and do so confidently, they'll probably assume you answered the question and move on. Say things like, "In terms of, ergo, qua, QED, e.g., i.e., per se, fact finder, vis-à-vis, deposition, as it were, appeal, constitutionally, etcetera"

Three: Focus in on a single sentence.

There will be times when the professor is actually paying attention to your response and confidently blathering nonsense won't work. It won't be often, but it will happen. Look down at your book and focus on a single sentence. Give yourself some time by reading it aloud to the class, then say something along the lines of, "While the court didn't focus on this primarily, I think it is a particularly revelatory passage." When he asks how it was revelatory, read the sentence again. Repeat.

Four: Compare the court to Adolf Hitler.

Your last line of defense, when you have no idea whatsoever and the professor is obviously listening to your answer. Don't give up – just avoid the question by comparing the court that decided the case to Hitler, which will make the professor move on immediately to avoid a political discussion. Of course, you don't want to look like an idiot, so be sure to do it subtly. Say, "It sounded suspiciously like something Hitler might say," or, "The court in this case certainly reminded me of Hitler."

Tribe Basketball's Season To Be Remembered: Keyed Through Our Chemistry

By Special Contributor Jamion Christian, Assistant Basketball Coach

The following is a special piece about the magic behind this year's standout Men's Basketball team.

Only halfway through the season, this

year's installment of Tribe basketball has become special for a number of reasons, and not just in record alone. It goes beyond play calls, clock management, or simply making shots. For us, it is all about team chemistry.

Everyone defines "chemistry" differently, but for the Tribe it's about a few key things, the first being a happy locker room. Our locker room has become an open forum for players and coaches to express themselves as they see fit.

The locker room is a place where we laugh, debate, and even shed a tear from time to time. We should be able to look at one another and admit our faults, accept our defeats, and, most importantly, learn from them. Our openness has allowed us to overcome our failures as a unit and not as individuals. We are united!

Come into our locker room on game day and it is a mad house. We celebrate before the game and after it. For us, game day is party time! Get focused? We are always focused, we have prepared all week for our opponent, and are confident in our skills.

In order to be a team leader you must do one thing first: listen to those around you. The road to achieving our team chemistry began last summer when we were challenged to

find articles that made us think on a level higher than just basketball. Each player then wrote a summary about what they learned from the article. When the team arrived back on campus for the fall, our staff read each article. We quickly discovered that the Tribe was made of young men who understood not only how to be great people, leaders, and teammates but also that they truly understood sacrifice, honor, and loyalty. Through their words we learned how to manage them as individuals and as a unit. And we listened to what they thought would make us better as coaches.

You know what we found out? We were all on the same page but we just needed to change the way the message was delivered. Some guys needed for us to build them up and others needed for us to take a more direct approach. Some need us to yell, some for us to talk to them calmly, and some even needed us to whisper.

As coaches, we learned to listen to our players and in turn learned how to have our players listen to us. In doing so, we are all having much more fun this year and enjoying great success. The improvement from 10-20 last season to 14-4 this season was made possible by the chemistry we found through our shared passion for the game, our respect for one another, and most importantly our pride in being a part of the Tribe.



Kate Paine (2L) and Joy Einstein (2L) cheer on Jamion Christian (and the rest of the Tribe).

Bob Tells You About Sports

By Contributor Bob Benbow (2L)

This is my sports column. Where I tell you about the sports that I like, and you listen, because I'm smarter than you and frankly, I have better taste. Let's face it anyway, your teams suck. You've been a Detroit Lions fan since you were a little kid and ever since Barry Sanders left, watching them play has been like seeing the genocide in Rwanda in slow-mo with Phil Simms on the commentary.

Spring training is starting again soon. Which is great for the New York Mets, because they know that they will get another six months of me buying \$35,000 dollars of their merchandise before the season ends the same way it has for the last three years straight. We don't make the playoffs, the management blames "unfortunate injuries/intervention of the Egyptian God of the Underworld, Anubis" for our shitty season, and I end up streaking down the highway towards the Mexican border, drinking rye whiskey and screaming at the top of my lungs, with hot tears staining my cheeks. I'm thinking about forgoing the \$120 MLB.TV premium package this year and just mailing the money directly to Carlos Beltran, so he can come to my house and punch me in the dick when I answer the door. I mean he basically does that every year anyway, so I might as well cut out the middleman.

Hey, the news hasn't been all bad this offseason though! I mean we signed a hot new left fielder, Jason Bay! Since Jason Bay is a good player, I am anticipating that he will play two weeks, hit fifteen home runs, then get his right leg bitten off in a freak accident involving *Chupacabra*, the famed Latin American Goatsucker (fear him). The Mets will have failed to pay the "*Chupacabra* Premium" in their player insurance policy (somewhat commonly overlooked), and will be out \$60 million.

In other sports news, the William & Mary Men's Basketball team is putting on quite a show this year. They are 14-6, with a conference record of 6-4. This comes in the face of enormous adversity, since they attend a school where athletes actually have to go to class and like, read books and shit. And they can't even supplement their scholarships by robbing classmates at the 7-Eleven on campus (I'm looking at you, Tennessee)! I know, it's crazy. Compounding their problems is the appearance of the finalists for the William & Mary Choose Your Mascot Competition. These alternate between being completely balls-off crazy (Oh, "The Pug's motto, *multum in parvo*, means 'a lot in a little'?" Thanks William & Mary Mascot Search Team! I was just wondering what motto A GODDAMN LATIN-SPEAKING DOG HAS.), to the product of your worst nightmares. Have you seen the King and Queen mascot concept? They literally look like the monsters that used to crawl out of your Uncle Larry's attic and torment you when you were six and stayed at his house. Or maybe that was just Uncle Larry? He's at sleep-away camp on Riker's Island now, Mom says.

Principles for Sale

By Contributor Paul Gibson (2L)

This recession is silly; so is this profession. Hey 1Ls, do you sense that the career services programs are more frantic than usual? Hey 2Ls, did you spend as much time working your summer job as you did looking for next summer's job? I'm seriously behind on my own job search, and while I wouldn't call myself desperate just yet, I'm starting to consider job opportunities I wouldn't have pursued otherwise, such as farming. I read in The New York Times that the class of 2011 is facing the worst legal job market in 136 years. I'll google firms looking for opportunities, and the top results are invariably "Walrus Toad & Onion LLP slashes another 50 jobs." Meanwhile, Mattress Warehouse is hiring sales associates, and I'm tempted. It's a jungle out there. The jobs are there, I can feel it, but there aren't enough to satisfy the ever-growing army of law students. It's time to get bloodthirsty.



Paul Gibson (2L), being Paul Gibson

Some- thing bothers me about the feeding frenzy. I'm ready to abandon my so-called "principles" altogether. You no doubt understand that many of the firms you're looking at are, technically speaking, evil. Perhaps you were fortunate enough to interview with Gibson, Dunn & Crutcher when they came to campus. Did you know they represented Bush in Bush v. Gore? That means that lawyers working for that firm were partly responsible for President Bush taking office. Creepy indeed, but you may recall that they won. A more mundane example: another major firm that interviewed here derives much of their business from representing the tobacco, alcohol, and coal mining industries, not to mention massive health insurance companies; all industries notorious for unsavory business practices. If you worked for these firms, you would be spending your life enabling powerful people to do ugly things. True, it's not all puppies and kittens in this business, and everyone's entitled to zealous representation and all that. But still, do you really want to be defending Altria?

Of course you do! I do! It's a recession, in case you haven't heard. I need some summer

experience and a paycheck and a gig once I graduate. I've got debt to pay off and a resume to fill out; sleeping peacefully at night doesn't fit into this picture. Abandoning my naïve "principles" doesn't bother me; what bothers me is that I won't miss them. Have I lost my conscience since coming to law school? I doubt it. More likely, my ideas of right and wrong have changed in the past year. Even huge, faceless, predatory companies have a point of view that needs to be defended. The fact that the so-called "bad guys" are the only ones who can afford the best lawyers is of no consequence; it's our duty to serve justice, and we can do that from either side. We may as well work on the side with the wallet.

I admit this still sounds a little fishy to me, but writing all these cover letters leaves little time for introspection. I'll save those long, dark nights of the soul for until after I have a job.

Snow in the 'Burg!

By The Editor in Chief Stan Jackson

You probably did not know it, but the January 30th snowstorm was the second major snowfall of the winter of 2009-2010 – if you can call a "Virginia winter," winter, that is. Back in December, after most of us had smartly headed home for the holidays, Washington D.C. got socked with a foot and a half of snow, Richmond a foot, and six inches fell here in Williamsburg. Most of that snow melted pretty quickly here, but Richmond was still clueless as to what to do with their snow a few days later.

While it is unfortunate that this latest batch of snow fell on a weekend, impolitely refusing to interfere with our class schedules, it still provided many of us with a bit of fun. From

snowmen and snow angels to sledding behind Trader Joe's to digging your car out of a snowbank, how many of you actually enjoyed the storm? Come on, admit it! Late Saturday afternoon I took a drive around town, just to see what I could see, and to explore

where I could explore – and hopefully not get myself into trouble. Empty snow-covered roads allowed me to imagine for a few short miles that I was Ice Racing in New Hampshire – until I almost hit a bottle in the middle of the road. Nice.

The building was empty, but I managed to take a few interesting snow photos around the law school. Conveniently, there were abandoned umbrellas near each door; so, I could step out without being locked out. You can check out a selection of the pictures in color on my Facebook page if you are so inclined, or not if you are not. Moving on, I found Confusion Corner to be rather unexciting in the snow. Richmond Road, the Deli's and Zable Stadium were at least less ubiquitous in their unusual white garb.

The back parking lots and unfinished streets of Newtown either had too much snow for my car to maneuver through easily (you all would have had a great laugh if I had gotten myself stuck!), or were being plowed. Somehow I didn't think the guy in the truck would appreciate me doing hot laps around where he had just plowed. Back on Ironbound, I was baffled to see someone on a bicycle riding down the icy street – only in Virginia. And when you need to plow the Ukrops's parking lot what do you use? Why not a full-on bulldozer! Reminds me of how they put plows on every single vehicle on the tarmac at the Manchester, New Hampshire airport, including the de-icing

truck, though not the bus.

I told a few of you last year that winter followed me here from New England, and I promised snow each and every year that I am here.

A year and a half in,

and there have already been three storms . . . all you need to wonder about is whether there will be more snow this school year or not until next. Sorry most of you will never get to join me on the ice.



A bicyclist braves the icy conditions during the recent snowstorm in Williamsburg