Not Wythe Standing: The News (Vol. 3, Issue 7)
A Life Well Lived

By Editor-in-Chief Sarah Aviles (2L)

At 7 o’clock on the dot, six days a week, Professor Charles Koch would pull into his usual parking spot. He was always the first to arrive, before any of his colleagues: “No one ever beat Charles,” confirms Professor Ron Rosenberg. His dear friend, Professor Alemante Sellassie, still glances at that usual parking space – close to the school, but not on the circle (to avoid being side-swiped) – expecting to see Professor Koch’s car announcing his presence.

During the day, Professor Koch’s office door remained open, inviting students or faculty to interrupt his continuous research and study. He would greet you with a shy smile and a quiet word of welcome. If the door was closed, one might find him downstairs, teaching a class on Administrative law or European Union law. “Charles Koch was a remarkable professor and person,” writes Ian Ralby, a William and Mary law school graduate. “He managed to take incredibly dry subjects and, with an equally dry sense of humour, point out the ridiculous and entertaining side of them so as to make them both understandable and enjoyable. He seemed to always be amused with life, which made him such a pleasure to have as a professor and a friend. The lessons I learned in the courses I took with Charles now have direct bearing on my work almost every day. I sincerely regret that when I next return to Williamsburg, I will not have the chance to tell him of how frequently I am reminded of his classes.”

Ian’s words are echoed by Brian Soiset, a 2006 graduate and a Drapers Scholar who writes: “I was fortunate to have taken a couple of his classes. He was a truly gifted teacher. I’m nearly six years out of law school now, and only a few classes have really stuck with me in that time. His Administrative Law class is one of them. His love of and passion for the topic really shone through in the class, and for me at least, it became infectious.”

In the past few years, even though his health didn’t permit him to stay as long as he used to, to teach as many classes as he once did, or to talk as easily as he had in the past, it never affected his punctuality, enthusiasm, or subtle sense of humor.

Around lunchtime, he and Professor Sellassie might take a leisurely walk to the bookstore, discussing anything of interest, from current events to current intellectual pursuits. Or he might gather some friends and go to lunch. “He loved going to restaurants or having a glass of wine with friends,” says Professor Warren. At 3 o’clock each afternoon, Professor Koch would pack up his things and head home to his wife, Denise, and their son, Andrew. This, more or less, has been his routine since 1979 when Charles Koch was hired to help transform the law school from a tiny program in the basement of Tucker Hall on the main campus, to the nationally renowned school that exists today.

Professor Lynda Butler, hired the same year as Professor Koch, remembers him in those early days. The picture she paints is quite different from the quiet, dignified professor with whom most current students are familiar. Back then, a young, single Professor Koch, driving a rusty orange 240Z with an old hanger sticking out of the top as an antenna, could be seen on the volleyball, basketball or tennis courts or in the field playing co-ed softball with the law students. After he married in 1985 and had his first child, Andrew, the professor’s lifestyle changed.

Professor Koch with one of his dogs

Drawing from Microsoft Word clipart
Not Wythe Standing

“So many people felt they had a special position in Charles’s life, and with Charles, they really did.”

son, who is now a senior at UVA, Professor Koch continued his athletic pursuits, though on a smaller scale: for example, teaching his son to play tennis as his father had taught him.

Instead, Williamsburg cultivated his passion for nature and the outdoors. “Charles would get to our house when the stars were still in the sky. The dogs would be barking – our dogs, and his dog, Chris – and the car would be full of their decoys and guns,” Professor Jayne Barnard reminisces. Professor Koch had been one of her husband’s best friends since 1985; the two were drawn together by a passion for bird hunting and fishing. “Charles would tolerate the bad motels, lumpy beds, cold nights, all for the thrill of the chase. It was their secret world. He led a distinctive double life. I think he reveled in the outdoor life next to his quiet academic life.”

From the time and energy he dedicated to them, most people might assume that these recreational pursuits were Professor Koch’s true passion. But therein lay the marvel of this man: few can claim such a diverse, yet perfectly balanced field of interests and passions. Although he had a remarkably close relationship with his family and friends and dedicated much time to recreational hobbies, Professor Koch was also a highly regarded legal scholar. The majority of his early career was devoted to becoming an expert in Administrative Law. Seven years as the Editor-in-Chief of the Administrative Law Review, a past president of the Committee on Sections and Annual Meetings of the Administrative Law Section of the Association of American Law Schools, author or co-author of thirty-nine articles and nine books, his scholarly output points to a man whose career was devoted to excellence.

What Makes a Role Model?

By Special Contributor Frantz Farreau (1L)

In recent news, Jeremy Lin has been taking New York by storm. He has led the New York Knicks in a multi-game winning streak, and has excelled in the NBA. His story is compelling: after graduating from Harvard, he was overlooked by several teams before being picked up by the Knicks.

His success has prompted some interesting commentary. In a recent USA Today article entitled “What Lin means to Asian-Americans,” Anthony Youn says, “My Tiger Dad trained me to strive for excellence, even in sports, where Asians in America didn’t excel. We had nobody to look up to.” (Anthony Youn, USA TODAY, February 23, 2012) Really? What about all the other basketball stars that were around when he was a kid?

Youn’s assertion presents an attitude shared by minorities around the country. Where in the rulebook does it say that children growing up have to look up to people who look like them? Jeremy Lin is no more valid as a sports role model to Asian-American children than Michael Jordan. Lin possesses many of the same characteristics as Jordan. Asian-American children aspiring to become star basketball players will not magically grow taller because their role model is Jeremy Lin instead of Michael Jordan. And the academically motivated Asian-American kid may get into Harvard just like Jeremy Lin, but Harvard is more likely to crank out MBA millionaires than NBA millionaires. So from where does the relevance of Jeremy Lin’s race to Asian-American children emanate?

Youn points out that Jeremy Lin is “cool, measured and smart. He’s modest and fearless. He’s a man of faith, plays well with others and puts his team first. Add all these qualities, and you have a fairly standard Asian-American stereotype.”

Sure, perhaps some Asian-Americans have these qualities, but anyone with a measurable amount of success in the US is going to have these qualities. Benjamin Carson, who performed the first successful separation of twins conjoined at the head, graduated from Yale, went to Michigan Medical School (Ranked among the top 20 in the nation), and then went on to do his residency at Johns Hopkins University Medical School. Dr. Carson is quite modest and his fearlessness drove him to undertake this risky procedure. Anyone who has been in an operating room knows that surgeries require enormous amounts of teamwork, especially ones that last more than 24 hours. And in his book Gifted Hands, Dr. Carson certainly asserts that he is a man of faith. But Dr. Carson is black. That just goes to show that excellence does not have a race, and the traits necessary to excel are defined not by color, but by deeper personal qualities.

Those in our country who manage to achieve excellence and success in any field look beyond race, color, gender, or other superficial characteristics. Youn himself said it: “When I was my son’s age, I used to be Michael Jordan because he was the best.” That is the only way to achieve success.

Minorities need to understand that role models share your values and goals, not your color. It is merely a narrow-minded fiction that people who look like you necessarily share your values and goals. Only a discerning eye can lead you to the person who can help you reach your goals, whether on the court or in the courtroom. Only when everyone can look past superficial characteristics and find those who genuinely inspire can our country truly become one nation: indivisible, with justice for all.
A Life Well Lived (Continued from page 3)

arity prowess is unique even among his gifted colleagues. His most significant academic accomplishment, many would say, is his widely renowned and highly regarded three volume Treatise on Administrative Law that has been used by students and judges alike.

“A lot of people could have been satisfied with that success,” says Professor Rosenberg. “But Professor Koch loved to learn and never hesitated to self-educate, whether it was a CD course on Opera music, auditing Professor Warren’s Islamic Law class, or soliciting research papers from students on topics he wanted to know more about. An interest in international legal systems and history inspired him to teach himself the laws and systems of the European Union. He became the Assistant Chief Reporter of the Administrative Law of the European Union Project of the American Bar Association and a member of the United Nations Affairs Coordinating Committee of the American Bar Association.

“He had a fantastically curious and open mind,” Professor Christie Warren recalls. “Charles loved learning – about anything. He had the most inquisitive mind I’ve ever come across.” Professor Warren and Professor Koch became friends almost immediately upon her arrival, despite diametrically opposing political views. They shared a deep professional respect for each other as well as a shared interest in comparative legal justice systems. The two of them co-taught an interactive course on the French legal system. He and Professor Warren flew in four French judges to hear cases that the students conducted using French law and procedure. Professor Koch believed that law school was a place not only for theoretical knowledge but for practical learning experience as well.

Although no one can be sure why Professor Koch didn’t retire when he was diagnosed with cancer three years ago, many suspect that Professor Koch continued his work because it was such a large part of his life, a passion he couldn’t give up.

“He had a tremendous loyalty to this place,” Professor Rosenberg says, referring to William and Mary Law School. “When he was part of a place, it was part of him.” Even the final tribute to his memory has been dedicated to the students of William and Mary Law school in the form of the Charles H. Koch Memorial Fund for International Studies, designed to help and encourage students to work and gain experience abroad.

Yet, despite all his achievements and all that he has given to this school, a majority of the current student body did not know Professor Koch. They might read a list of his achievements and be duly impressed, but they can’t read his greatest success: the regard that every person who has ever met him feels for this kind, quiet man.

“So many people felt they had a special position in Charles’s life, and with Charles, they really did,” says Professor Barnard.

“He was compassionate and took the time to get to know you as a person,” remarks his Graduate Research Fellow, Tony Guo (3L).

I only recently met Professor Koch when he taught my EU law class. Though I had little knowledge of his professional success, I did know that the man who taught me three times a week was a friendly, approachable teacher with a subtle sense of humor. When I heard of his sudden passing on Saturday, February 18, 2012, my thoughts were not of his great accomplishments – remarkable though they were – but of the quiet professor who always had time to answer my questions after class or to share an amusing anecdote about the torrid romance of Sarkozy and Merkel.

“He was an amazing mentor. He was very selective, but when he chose you he’d devote so much of his time [to you],” Professor Barnard recalls, a sentiment echoed by Professors Butler, Selassie and Warren. Professor Koch’s openness to new ideas, his willingness to listen and to help people, and his quiet humility attracted friends and admirers. His absence will be felt, not just in the law school, but at the international Administrative Law conference he was coordinating in Luxemburg, in the ABA committees on which he served and often ran, in the woods alongside his fellow hunters and fishermen, even among his three beloved dogs.

“If you are lucky enough to have a friend like Charles, make sure to treasure him or her. Friends like him are not easily replaceable,” says Professor Warren. “These are the people worth knowing. Even when you are not aware of it, they quietly change your life.”

Rest in Peace
Charles H. Koch
1944-2012

NOT WYTHER STANDING (THE NEWS)
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I thought waking up after ninety years of sleep would be difficult. There are a lot of factors. You have to think about how your lungs are going to adapt after being dormant for so long. On that same point you need to consider future pollutants contaminating the air. Is your body going to be able to handle something like that? Then there are the culture shock possibilities. But all of that was outside the range of thought for my time, which is why I was the only one to think of those problems and the only one to think of freezing myself when I realized that someday we’re all going to die. It was tough to find someone with the capabilities to do it. The idea of freezing a person was far from anyone’s mind in 1922. But if I could do it with my steak then I could do it with myself, right?

So, anyway, that happened and it all seemed fairly complicated, but awakening to what I did was something I never could have planned for. Naturally, I wanted to lessen the culture shock. The men who unthawed me sat me in a room with numerous books about history but I had my doubts that these books could sufficiently explain the culture changes. I was supremely interested in this box on the other side of the room. The men called it a “television” and explained that, now, it’s a large part of the culture to sit in front of it and watch it.

Watching a box didn’t sound too interesting to me, but I began to understand when they “turned it on.” Pictures were moving and talking! Right in front of me! They gave me a “Remote” and showed me how to change the pictures when I wanted to see something different. One picture away was something called the “History Channel.” And so, I learned just how difficult living in this time was going to be.

Ninety years is a long time so I assumed that anything was possible but I had no idea that there would be an influx of trees. Coming from a city, I thought the trend would be in the opposite direction. Sometimes in the past there was a massive logging expedition with many men who looked like animals running large, oddly shaped automobiles. It looked dangerous. Everything seen, I’m glad I missed it. Worse was the war on alligators: Animals turning against us! I had barely heard of alligators to begin with, but to see their ferocity going up against, what seemed to be, the same army we fielded when taking back the land from the trees, can’t be described.

God bless those brave men. Judging from the similarities in the beards and clothes I assumed these events occurred around the same time period.

In terms of animals, it was good to see that at least something had remained the same. People fished for a living. Times were tough back then of course. But the lack of success portrayed here, I can only describe as frightening. To watch the end of the fishing industry was a sobering experience. Things don’t last forever. I knew that. Seeing these families floundering made me wonder if they should have joined the war effort against the alligators and trees.

At this point I was itching for a new period of history. All those seemed to be during the same time period. Finally I learned that an actual ice age had moved in! I remember reading about some theory concerning “a Great Ice Age” but how could they have known that one would strike again? The pictures weaved a desperate tale of men in giant automobiles carrying supplies across ice from town to town. Times were hard indeed. I can only assume that this the only way to get supplies and that these people were brave breadwinners keeping those towns alive. How the men weren’t freezing to death is beyond me. Perhaps in this time, humans have adapted to the cold weather. I concluded that I could not have made it.

Following the ice age was a dystopia of sorts. Men rode around in more automobiles, digging through the ruins left from the ice age and buying pieces of trash for exorbitant prices. Many people would bring their trash into specialized garbage shops and ask incredible prices – obviously in need of money to feed their families. The businessmen were brutal, only seeking a profit. They would pay much less than I assume the trash was worth at the time. It all seemed very sad and from the looks outside my window. Times have changed dramatically.

As the pictures continued, I found that at some point humanity had lapsed into the middle ages! They used their new technology and ruins to hold tournaments in the style of middle age jousting. I suppose it was the logical next step. Out of darkness comes barbarism and competition. Crowds rejoiced at the pain felt by the unfortunate loser. I found myself on the edge of my chair, hoping, praying that this society would learn to live together. I remember the WWI and the hope for peace. There were hairy men on two wheeled automobiles that patrolled the landscape, eating everything. “Superhumans” as they were called that resorted to selling themselves as freak shows. There were monsters that people wanted to catch, likely to kill them so they no longer ravaged the countryside. People were shooting guns to see who was a better shot, driving crazy automobiles around and making fun of them, flaunting their money to a crowd (it was obviously a pastime of the rich to poke fun at the poor).

There were even predictions for the future. People were envisioning Revelations and some prophet (during this second Great Ice Age, I suppose)
named Nostradamus who tried to predict everything that was going to happen when the world ended. Superstition was widespread with much talk about secret societies and conspiracies in the government to survive the end of the world. People were obviously scared, looking to these as assurances that eventually their struggle would end. I sympathized with them but again I had to shake my head at the misguided conceptions of selfishness and desperation. The sky outside looked brighter than any of those predictions from the past.

Ninety years seemed a long time, but it seemed even longer after absorbing all the knowledge of what’s been going on. Perhaps freezing myself was the right decision after all. I don’t know how I would have survived those dark times. It took a different kind of person to handle all that: I’m lucky these men woke me up when they did. At least I have something new to look forward to and the assurance that a society that survived all that is stronger, more intelligent and moving on to a brighter future.

**PSF Auction Success!**

**By Special Contributor Lily Saffer (2L)**

Every year, the Public Service Fund holds several events to raise funds for students doing public service summer internships. But none of these events holds a candle to Auction: PSF’s most attended, most fund-raising, and, arguably, most fun event of the school year. This year, with special help from a Beach Party theme and the availability of online bidding, PSF made more money at the Auction than it has for the previous two years – over $30,000!

For months leading up to the event, the intrepid board members of PSF were busy tromping about town, soliciting donations from various local companies. These range from movie theaters, candy shops, and restaurants, to auto shops, gyms, and salons, and everything in between. Donations were also brought in via board members’ special connections: for example, one of the board’s most talented skiers managed to solicit ski passes.

But perhaps our most valuable donations come from various members of the law school community. Students donate services, such as tutoring, house-sitting, or babysitting. On top of that, almost every member of the faculty and staff also donates something, usually a fancy dinner or outing with that person or group. This year we even had a couple of donations hearkening to years past, when the Auction was actually a date auction. Community members, including Julie Silverbrook, Eliza Epps, Emily Brown, Pat Slebonick, and Lee Tankle, auctioned off their time over a meal or drinks. Needless to say, these items went for very high bids.

There are three tiers to Auction: the Faculty Auction, the Silent Auction, and the Live Auction. The Live Auction is the most extravagant portion, with law students performing various acts which our incredible emcees (Garrett Trego, JB Poulard, Emily Cohen, and Keith Buzby) then connected to various items and packages. The performances included regular Lawton “Heart Throb” Tufts; law school performance groups Law Capella and Law Revue; and dancing groups of 2L and 3L ladies. But there were some less predictable acts as well, including stand-up comedy by Ryan Malone and Alex O’Dell; a dramatic reading of OkCupid quotes by Amanda Fickett and Emily Lippolis; and an absolutely beautiful traditional Indian dance by Ann Zachariah. My personal favorite was should-be-professional belly dancer Fran Polifione. In total, more than 60 students performed – some in more than one act!

All in all, the PSF Auction was a gigantic success. A lot of beer and wine was drunk, a lot of pizza and chips were eaten, and a lot of fun was had. Some shirts came off. Someone may or may not have dropped a guitar. And everybody got lei’d.
Dear Scalia

My boyfriend just broke up with me. We were going along so well, and one day, he says that “I’m crowding him, and that he’s too overwhelmed with his job and everything, and that it’s not me, it’s him.” I also heard from my friends that he was actually seeing another girl on the side, someone who is the complete opposite of me; ugly and mean. I really thought he was the one! I loved him, and he broke my heart. Should I just move on, or do you think we can work through it?

WORRIED IN KANSAS CITY

Dear Worried:

I once wrote that family issues “are [not] better known to the nine Justices of this Court any better than they are known to nine people picked at random from the Kansas City telephone directory” - which is where I suggest you start looking again if you think a guy will just crawl back to you. Cruzan v. Dir., Mo. Dept. of Health, 497 U.S. 261, 293 (1990).

Oh, I crack myself up.

But enough about me. This guy clearly doesn’t respect the doctrine of Stare Decisis. It’s one of the bedrocks of our American legal system. Your boyfriend established the precedent of dating cute and nice girls in BOYFRIEND v. WORRIED, and he’s turning on that precedent faster than my “learned” colleagues turned on Bowers v. Hardwick. Of course, if you started out ugly, like say, the legal argument in FEC v. Wisconsin Right to Life, then all I can tell you is: forget Stare Decisis. That dog won’t hunt (but I will! Thanks Heller!) Dist. of Columbia v. Heller, 554 U.S. 570 (2008).

But enough about me. The best advice I can give you is this: Bush v. Gore was decided correctly. Does this help you all that much? No. But hey, just like ending the recount in Florida, isn’t it time for you to cut it off and move on?

SCALIA OUT!

The Honorable Justice Antonin Scalia is being channeled through Special Contributor Joseph Figueroa (1L)

*DISCLAIMER: By ‘channeled’ we mean that Justice Scalia has no input into or knowledge of this column whatsoever.

Food Corner

10 Things We Hate About Food

By Columnists Diana Cooper (2L) and Matt Turtoro (2L)

Possibly the one thing your friendly food-reviewers love more than actually eating food is complaining about food. Fortunately for all of us, we have had a series of events occur that force us to talk about how effing bad some of our food related experiences have been. So, without further ado, our listing of 10 things we hate about food:

ONE: Fast food that is neither fast, nor food. I had that misfortune of picking up food from a Wendy’s drive thru earlier this year. After ordering and paying, I was instructed to park my car and await delivery of the food because the kitchen was backed up. Twenty minutes later, I was still sitting in my car, wondering how horribly mistitled this fast food was. It took two trips into the actual Wendy’s before the wait staff finally deigned to provide me with my order...which, by this point, consisted of a chilly and limp approximation of a grilled chicken sandwich and French fries so flaccid that not even a little blue pill from Pfizer could have restored their turdity.

TWO: Preparing a meal. I love making food. Chopping an onion, frying bacon, kneading dough, even plating the meal...it’s wonderful. But what about the real prep: going to the grocery store, attempting to cut coupons and transporting groceries? I always eat before I go to the store and write out a detailed list so I can avoid buying unnecessary items. Sometimes this does not work. I waste a lot of money (see: year old bag of sun dried tomatoes, jar of caviar (rolls eyes), and 9 out of 10 tortillas left over from when I wanted to eat just one) at the store. Finally, I believe in the “one trip” rule when transporting groceries. I suddenly have hulk-like strength to hold up to 4 bags per arm and three per hand, and sometimes I still don’t get all the groceries out of my trunk (I don’t know what secret family I seem to be cooking for). Hate it. Honorable mention: Cleaning the dishes. No one likes that.

THREE: The simple fact that fattening food tastes better. In a prior article I wrote about foie gras covered filet mignon. That is food! It tastes good and makes your heart feel warm (and your left arm slightly numb). Steamed vegetables or a side salad pale in comparison to such bovine glory. Vegetables, in the words of John Pinette, “are not food but rather what food eats!” With the news that Paula Dean, that inestimable goddess of butter and bacon, has Type-B diabetes, we are all faced with a simple question: “Why is good-tasting food bad for us, and vice versa?” Is this some sort of divine comedy that was a bit to banal for Dante? Or is it an infinite jest more stupefying and troubling than David Foster Wallace’s dense, post-modernist tome? This question has taken on epic proportions for me as I try to reduce my own epic proportions (a man such as myself should never be described as...
Not Wythe Standing

I tried to gently wriggling out the fourth. Going postal on a metal baking mold, out of six popped out… broken in were stuck. So I used a knife to loosen cakes over, none came out. NONE. They the batter, but when I turned the baked with vegetable oil before pouring in sort of person, I sprayed the bottom going to do about it?). Being a cautious I like my legal skills firm. What are you classmates one day (That’s right, flavored mini-Bundt cakes for my legal not non-stick. I tried to make lemon and can bench press nearly 50 lbs). I still reached the lofty height of 5’6 ½” I’d never grow to be big and strong (and all, they told me when I was 10 that if doubts about the existence of a higher power; that apple in the Garden of Eden was probably of the strudel, crisp, pie, or caramel-covered variety; my trainer is trying to kill me (help…); and trying to catch a stomach flu is not a viable alternative to healthy eating.

FOUR: When the wait staff decides that you are his/her best friend. Don’t get me wrong, I love being friendly towards the lovely waiter/waitress, but when you tell me you have 4 kids, could make upwards of 100K in Colorado growing weed, and that you are still using in response to my “Thank you for the water,” then you’ve gotten too comfortable. Regardless, I thank Baker’s Crust for that eye opening experience. (As an aside, watch out for the “herbed pot” roast…that name just sounds suspicious to me).

FIVE: Nutritionists. Oh they think they’re sooo smart…saying things to me like, “Matt, just because you put some spinach in your penne alfredo doesn’t make it healthy” and “Diet Coke is neither one of the main food groups nor a valid substitute for water” or, worst of all, “You’ve just got to learn moderation.” Well, you know what? Screw them. Sure, they have “science” to back up their claims. But if that’s the case, why is it that every 5 years they change their minds on the relative benefits vs. risks of eating eggs? And wasn’t it these same nutritionists and doctors that a mere 50 years ago were extolling the virtues of a pack-a-day smoking habit and telling us that a little whisky was a good way to calm a teething-toddler? Don’t buy into their pseudo-scientific nonsense. After all, they told me when I was 10 that if I didn’t drink more milk and less coffee I’d never grow to be big and strong (and I still reached the lofty height of 5’6 ½” and can bench press nearly 50 lbs).

SIX: “Nonstick” things that are not non-stick. I tried to make lemon flavored mini-Bundt cakes for my legal skills classmates one day (That’s right, I like my legal skills firm. What are you going to do about it?). Being a cautious sort of person, I sprayed the bottom with vegetable oil before pouring in the batter; but when I turned the baked cakes over, none came out. NONE. They were stuck. So I used a knife to loosen the sides. I turned it over again… Three out of six popped out… broken in half. As I tried to prevent myself from going postal on a metal baking mold, I tried gently wriggling out the fourth.

A miracle occurred. One almost perfect Bundt. With new hope, I wriggled the last two out - only to have them break in half. I ate the perfect one and threw away the others, defeated. The next day I threw the pan in the trash and prayed to the gods of baking for a better solution (see: silicone Bundt molds).

SEVEN: Menus with pictures on them, but no calorie counts. It’s almost as if chain restaurant owners at some point in the recent past all sat down together and wondered, “Well gee, how can we ensure that our customers get fatter and don’t need to worry about trifling things like basic literacy?” It demeans the customer, encourages rash meal selections, and is, frankly, TACKY. Plus, the meal that arrives never looks like the picture shown. If restaurants can go to the trouble of hiring food photographers (and yes, this is a profession. My cousin the trouble of hiring food photographers for the team and gently point out that the food, and then never let that person cook food again. But what happens when a person thinks they are good at cooking, and thus tortures people with their cooking? In that case, you have to tell them. You have to take one for the team and gently point out that salt is not to be used by the teaspoon, or that chicken should not be pink, or that raisins are NEVER appropriate in brunch omelets with cheese. Never. Please end the madness of this person’s bad cooking.

TEN: Potato Salad. It knows why.
Happy St. Patrick’s Day!

By Staff Writers John Alford (2L) and Mary-Carson Saunders (2L)

What, exactly, is St. Patrick’s Day all about? We traveled to Boston to find out. On the scene with a local man from Southie, we got the full story. We found Matty O’Callaghan wandering the streets and this is what he had to say on the matter.

“St. Pat was a wicked cool guy. He, you know, told all the snakes to get out of Ireland and stuff. And, hold on, you know the Boston Celtics, they are all about the shamrock because St. Pat use to hold it over his head and yell at kids about the trinity.”

Well, we guess that clears up why we dye our beer green. To us, St. Pat’s Day was the day you had to wear green or else get pinched by the school bus driver. That and look for leprechauns’ gold at the end of a rainbow...but not those double rainbows, they’re too amazing for words. Really, when it comes down to it, we are still confused about how Irish car bombs made it into this tradition. Nevertheless, Southerners can’t complain. If ever there is an excuse to party, we will take it.

What is even more confusing: we both have Irish blood running through our veins. So I guess we will be wearing our “Kiss me, I’m Irish!” shirts without really knowing why. Thank you Boston for the history lesson and good times. And to all, find us on St. Patty’s Day and we will ‘cheers’ you over a pint: “May your blessings out number the shamrocks that grow, and may trouble avoid you where ever you go.”

Irish Trivia

Aye, tis the season for everyone to be sportin’ the Luck O’ the Irish. In celebration of St. Patrick’s day, here are some fun trivia questions about Ireland ta test yer knowledge about the ole Emerald Isle.

1. On the Irish flag, the green signifies the Catholics and the orange represents the Protestants, what does the white middle stripe symbolize?
   a. Purity
   b. Peace and Honesty between the people
   c. Peace among the people
   d. Renewal and Rebirth of a nation

2. St. Patrick is celebrated for kicking all of the snakes out of Ireland. But Ireland isn’t the only island country without snakes. What other country does not have snakes?
   a. Scotland
   b. United Kingdom
   c. China
   d. New Zealand

3. The Irish game of hurling boasts one of the fastest moving balls in sports. Local Irishmen assure you that to be any good at hurling, you have to have been born with a hurling stick (called a “cuman”) in yer hand. Hurling has been banned twice in Ireland, in what years was the sport banned?
   a. 1489 and 1924
   b. 1366 and 1918
   c. 1777 and 1914
   d. 1914 and 1945

4. The world consumes 10 million glasses of Guinness a day, at what temperature is Guinness beer served?
   a. 30° F
   b. 32° F
   c. 42.8° F
   d. 50.2° F

5. People often joke that you need a fork and knife to finish yer Guinness like a dinner. How many calories are in a 12 ounce glass of Guinness?
   a. 125 calories
   b. 130 calories
   c. 150 calories
   d. 175 calories

6. What is a leprechaun’s profession?
   a. Baker
   b. Toymaker
   c. Shoemaker
   d. No Profession

7. Poteen is a kind of whiskey, what is it made out of?
   a. Carrots
   b. Grain
   c. Turnips
   d. Potatoes

8. The Claddagh wedding ring symbolizes 3 aspects of love—love, the hands—friendship, and the crown—loyalty. From what Irish city does the Claddagh ring originate?
   a. Dublin
   b. Galway
   c. Cork
   d. Limerick

9. Kissing the Blarney stone is said to bestow the gift of eloquence. Which WWII leader kissed the Blarney stone in 1932?
   a. Franklin Delano Roosevelt
   b. Joseph Stalin
   c. Winston Churchill
   d. None of the Above

10. America celebrates St. Patrick’s day on a-whole-nother level than Ireland and dies two rivers green each year on March 17th. Which two rivers?
    a. Chicago River and San Antonio River
    b. Chicago River and Mississippi River
    c. Chicago River and Hudson River
    d. Hudson River and Charles River

Irish Car Bombs

1. A Chicago River and San Antonio River
2. A Wisconsin and Mississippi River
3. A Chicago and Mississippi River
4. A Charles River and Hudson River
5. A Guinness is only 125 calories per 12 ounces.
6. A Shootemater
7. A Peace and Honor between the people
8. A Plymouth
9. A Wisconsin and Mississippi River
10. A Chicago and San Antonio River

Happy St. Patrick’s Day!