

THE DISSENT

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UNIVERSITY OF OREGON LAW SCHOOL

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"LEGS" HILDRETH COPS NEW RECORD

Professor Hildreth in an impressive performance broke his own American Record as he walked 2.78 miles in a 50 minute class period. The distance suspiciously equalled the Pennoyer distance but "Legs", when questioned on that point, denied that he had any intentions to make an assault on Brent Summers' walking record for that distance. Dick pointed out that he was clocked through the first 15 minutes in a 3 mile plus pace, but it dropped significantly when red hot John McKenna pumped a couple of tough questions at him as he rounded that tough North East corner of the podium.

Professor Hildreth fought back valiently through the next 30 minutes gaining much of the ground lost during the hard pounding at the hands of McKenna. To break the 3 mile mark "Legs" had to come through with his patented "Dick Kick".

Preparing for those

final minutes, he changed directions to "unwind" to reduce the likelihood of cramping, but simultaneously Gary Kahn woke up and threw a question at him. Many called "foul" citing the rule that questions totally unrelated to the discussion are prohibited. FRCW 19 (c) (1971).

The sympathetic crowd gasped as he stumbled while twisting to answer Kahn's question. Dick regained his footing and charged through the final minutes. His time, though falling short of the world record of 3.13 miles held by a law professor from Kenya, was Legs' best effort to date.

In a statement he made after the race, he assured this reporter that he intends to continue his training and to make another assault on the world record. He also indicated that he would appeal race official John Silk's ruling that, although Mr. Kahn is incompetent and his question irrelevant and immaterial, "All is fair in love and law." 63 R.D. 114 (1980).

FIRST YEAR REP CANDIDATES

Elections will be held on Thursday, Oct. 2 and Friday Oct. 3 for the first-year SBA representatives. The names of the candidates will be posted in the hallways after all petitions for candidacy have been submitted. Also, a candidate's forum at which the candidates may give a short state-

ment, and answer questions is tentatively scheduled for Tuesday, Sept. 30 at 2:30 in Room 129. Any change in the scheduling of the forum will be posted.

All first-year students are encouraged to attend the forum of Tuesday and vote on Thursday or Friday.

Elections Committee

OREGON v. NEW YORK

(Or True Confessions of a Returned Easterner)

For two weeks in late July and early August I was a prisoner of New York City. No, I don't mean that I was locked up in a cell at the NY Women's Detention Center. I do mean that once again I found myself caught up in the madness of Manhattan - although swirling in the winds of a cyclone. I'm not quite sure what it is about NY that makes me so crazy. Maybe I can work it out here.

But first. I want to make it clear that I am not a "Native New Yorker".

That is I don't have a Brooklyn accent nor the innate "Jive" that comes from being born and raised on or near that island. No, I only lived in the place for about seven years. Of course, they were formative years (what years aren't?) between 14-21. Oh, yeah - also one year, the year just before I came to Oregon and law school.

So what?! you may ask. Who cares?! you gesture loudly. (As one of our most beloved profs is famous for doing).

DISSENT ENDORSES REAGAN

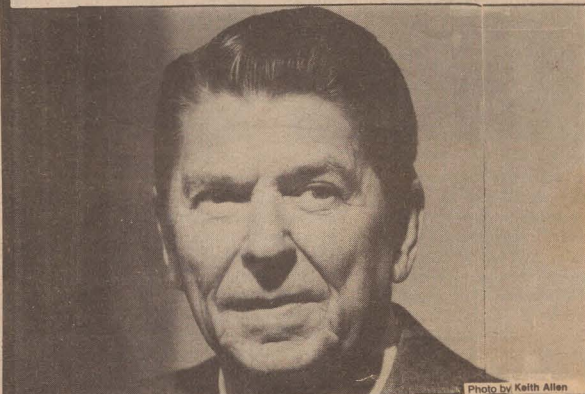


Photo by Keith Allen

In a tersely worded statement issued today, DISSENT editors Bill McCall, Rich Perrigo, and Mike Oths endorsed Ronald Reagan for President.

The statement praised Reagan for his stands on various issues ranging from evolution to reliance on nuclear energy.

The DISSENT had special praise for Mr. Reagan's restraint in keeping the recent Iran-Iraq war out of the campaign, saying that, "However, we completely agree with Mr. Reagan that all two-bit rug merchants and camel jockeys should be given a one-way ride on a Titan II."

The statement also included a denial of a secret deal between the DISSENT and the Reagan campaign which was revealed three weeks ago by a document leaked to Foreign Correspondent Mark Oswald.

The DISSENT editors said no unusual political pressure has been applied by candidates seeking endorsements other than an obscene phone call from a woman claiming to be Lillian Carter.

The DISSENT editors had no other comments except a denial of rumored plans that would require the Army Corps of Engineers to build a marijuana plantation for DISSENT use free of FBI interference if Reagan is elected.

Sorry - this was not meant to be an autobiography. So - I'll get to the point.

I was back in NY this summer. The heat was unbearable, the stench and filth of the streets and subways appalling and disgusting. The subways, which are the means of transportation, are like dungeons - inhumane, degrading, without air, sweaty, bodies pressed against each other with no possibility of pleasure.

So why was I there? Well - because my parents, sister, brother-in-law, nephew, and best friends are there.

Why are they there? (I ask them again and again). Mostly - the reply comes - "Because we love it!"

Aha! Masochists - I

say. But no, they assure me that that is not the case. They love NY for all its virtues and fine qualities. They remind me of Broadway, the dance and music that is unmatched in any city, thousands of fine restaurants, movies, the World Trade Center, Bloomingdales, Central Park, Neighborhoods, Bag Ladies, The New York

ORE. v. NY (cont. on p. 8)

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VICTIM OF SADO-SOCRATIC METHOD



Pam Schultz, the sole student enrolled in the new, experimental "Sado-Socratic" methods class, recently revealed that the first few weeks have been "tougher" than she'd expected.

Pam told the DISSENT that she signed up for the course because she'd just finished reading the James Clavell novel, *Shogun*, and she believed that "Sado-Socratic" was a Japanese variant of the Socratic method involving tea-drinking and Oriental massage during class.

Instead, the DISSENT has learned Pam has been routinely tortured. Beginning with her first day in class she was allegedly forced to brace herself between two chairs, using only her neck and big toes, while volumes of *Corpus Juris* from A to Evidence were piled atop her stomach.

Pam was quoted as saying, "Taking notes in that position for 45 minutes was somewhat difficult especially since I had to keep slicing open a new finger to get enough blood to write with. And blood is very 'smeary' you know."

A faculty spokesperson denied Pam's account, saying that Pam was merely staked to a lecturn and interrogated in Latin about Roman aqueduct regulations.

The spokesperson added that the University pays all medical expenses and the grade for the course is an automatic 'A' because the faculty finds it "a joy to teach."

The DISSENT has been asked to refer all interested students to Mrs. A who will screen applicants with a variable voltage electric cattle prod.

Race Has Long History

PENNOYER RUN SLATED:

The Law School's Third Annual Sylvester Pennoyer (Pennoyer v. Neff) Memorial Run will be held this coming Friday, October 10, at 4 o'clock in Alton Baker Park. The race is sponsored by the SBA and will start at the Pre's Trail signboard at the recreational canal south of Autzen Stadium, just off Day Island Road about 3/4 of a mile inside the park as you come in off Centennial Boulevard and the Ferry Street Bridge. The course length is 2.7 miles, mostly on barkdust, but with some asphalt and gravel. All UO Law School students, staff, and faculty are invited to join in the run, and for the first time law students from Willamette, Lewis & Clark and possibly Golden Gate University in San Francisco will also be participating. The "Pennoyer" is a fun run, and although it has in the past drawn top-notch athletes like UO's own Henry Marsh, first-place US qualifier for the 1980 Olympics in the steeplechase, it's designed mainly for people who have trained only a few weeks and are in basically sound physical condition but who are otherwise undistinguished except academically. The SBA is holding a kegger after the run, and T-shirts promoting it will be on sale from 2nd-year class reps. Mike Bruce and Nancy Bennett as race day approaches. Proceeds from the T-shirt sales will benefit the 2nd-year class's January Over-The-Hump Party, another all-law school activity.

The history of the Pennoyer can be summarized in a few sentences. The run was organized by 1st-year students in

cont. on p. 7

SUPREME COURT NOTES

(Intrepid legal-combat correspondent David Allen gives his all (having run out of other people's) to file another series of Continuing Legal Education dispatches from the teeming malarial swamps of Washington, D.C. This series will appear irregularly until he goes on the wagon, or graduates, whichever is more likely.)

Sex: The Court dismissed, as improvidently granted, a petition for certiorari¹ which challenged California educational practices which encouraged the assigning of homework in sex-education classes. Petitioners, California high-school graduates, contended that the State had thus extended sexual opportunities to "a bunch of pimples who can't appreciate it" while past practices had unconstitutionally deprived petitioners of the same opportunities. The Court concluded that the suit had been improperly certified as a class action. "At best, it's sort of sweaty, and thus outside the scope of the Federal Rules," said Brennan, J.

Drugs: A Los Angeles resident sought a patent on himself after a program of LSD ingestion, arguing that if he had not created a new form of life, he was at least a hell of a fun guy as a result.

The Court surprised observers by declining to extend its landmark genetic-engineering holding announced earlier in the summer. Adopting the lower-court finding that the appellant was a fun guy, the Court, per Stewart, J. nevertheless refused him a patent. "The ability to contact cosmic sources of mmph is a process, not a concept; an idea, and not a thought. It is therefore outside the gestalt of the patent laws, and not part of our space. But who are we to speak of laws in a relative Universe?"

The decision is not expected to affect the validity of a recently granted patent for a bacterium which breaks down Supreme Court opinions into usable crude oil.

Rock and Roll. The Court heard a challenge to a Red Hump, North Dakota municipal ordinance which bans the performance of rock music within city limits. The 8th Circuit had overturned the ordinance as a regulation of free expression based on semantic content, but the Supreme Court, per Powell, J., reversed. Analogizing to obscenity cases, the majority held that there were no conceivable circumstances in which rock and roll could meet reasonable time, place, and manner guidelines, and thus concluded that rock was unreasonable as a matter of law and an unprotected form of expression.

Justice Marshall filed a vigorous dissenting bass line, joined on slide guitar by Justice Rehnquist.

Metaphysics: The Court held that there was no administrative law appeal from the Ouija Board, on the ground that its findings were always supported by substantial evidence. "We've been using it for years, and we therefore take judicial notice of its efficacy", said Burger, J.

¹LL., comp. of certus, certain. The Court thus was uncertain of what it was doing. Long time observers were not surprised.

HOROSCOPES

LIBRA-Avoid unpleasant experiences, take a transistor radio to class.

SCORPIO-Another law student is eyeing you hungrily-play it cool and wait for finals week.

SAGITTARIUS-Because your planet is now in another house your rent will soon go up, rob a bank.

CAPRICORN-Polish an apple for your law professor, who has seen your exam lumber.

AQUARIUS-Another law student is eyeing you hungrily-play it cool and wait a week.

PISCES-Financial outlook

is improving-a fraternity left 3 beer bottles in your front yard.

ARIES-Friends seem to be avoiding you-try changing deodorants.

TAURUS-Your philosophical debates, your subscription to TV Guide expired today.

GEMINI-Tomorrow is a big day-eat yeast and shoe polish so you can rise and shine.

CANCER-Another law student is eyeing you hungrily-sacrifice cool for contentedness.

LEO-A good day for you-3 square meals await.

VIRGO-Forget it-everybody hates Virgos anyway.

PREZ OF VICE SEZ

Rob's out of town this week (although he'll be back in time to read this) so this terrific of Presidential duties devolves on me. Oh, boy, wow, gee whiz. (Gosh.)

Basically, this column is a laundry list of information (and since I'm doing my laundry at this very moment, how appropriate) that at least 2 or 3 of you may find useful. So keep looking, you might find something.

1) The Sylvester Pennoyer Memorial Run. Someplace else in this sheet (oops! laundry on my mind) is a detailed history of this auspicious race, so I'll just give you the brief rundown. The SPMR will be held this year on Friday, October 10, at 4:00 p.m. in Alton Baker Park. Same 2.7 mile trek around Autzen Stadium and on Pre's Trail. Everyone is encouraged (indeed, exhorted) to come out and participate. **THIS IS A FUN RUN!!!** This means that sheer body count is more important than great running times. In the past, we have pitted class against class against faculty, and the class with the most points wins. This year we have invited Willamette and Lewis and Clark (and, rumor has it, Golden Gate) to participate, so I'm not sure how the scoring will actually work. Perry will figure that out. For those serious runners, there is now a Pennoyer trophy; the top male and female runners will have their names engraved upon it. And, naturally, there will be a celebration kegger-wine tasting-fruit juice delight after the run. Even if you don't want to run, we still need timers, photographers, and cheering crowds, so please come out and do something. (Steve Shupe, will you please once again honor us with your unrivaled pointing abilities?)

2) Pennoyer T-Shirts. What else would you wear to the Sylvester Pennoyer Memorial Run? (Well, let's hope you wear something else!) A new design is available this year and gorgeous new colors as well, PLUS an SPMR football jersey. (What a fashion innovation!) Shirts will be on sale during posted times for \$5.00 and \$7.00. Even if you don't participate in the run itself, I'm sure you'll want one of these goodies. (Besides, it's a way to recognize other law students when you go to Safeway.)

3) First Year Elections. Elections for 1st year SBA representatives will be held Thursday, October 2, and Friday, October 3. By this time you should have met enough of your classmates to even know who you're voting for. Election tables will be in front of the SBA office during those two days.

4) Incidental Fee Committee Elections. Elections for this all-University committee are held in the latter part of October. Every U of O student is eligible to run and law students are particularly encouraged to do so. **THIS IS A VERY IMPORTANT COMMITTEE.** It decides what will become of your Incidental Fee monies as it determines the budgets of all ASUO organizations. The Student Bar Association, and through it L.A.W., WLF, People's Law School, MSA, etc. gets all its \$ from the IFC. In this year of drastic budget cuts, it is essential for the law school to have sympathetic representation on the committee. Interested persons may contact Mark Stapke, Chris Moore, or Jon Neiderbach through their box in the SBA office for a detailed explanation of committee duties and campaign strategy. (Plus you get paid for it.) And get out and vote in the elections!

5) Peer Counseling. I hope that everyone on the list has gotten in touch with their peers. I think we all remember that the Panic will soon be upon us and it helps to have someone who has been through the wars to be able to call. I also think that the Administration deliberately schedules 1st year classes to conflict with the rest of us just to make it a little more difficult, but keep trying.

6) Directories and Picture Books. In order to call your peer/peer counselor, it does help to have a phone number. Well, by now it's in your grubby little hands. I know it's late but if you had to wait for me to type it, it would be even later. (Thanks to Julie Bell and her flying fingers. No thanks to the weird mimeograph stencils that we got for a "bargain".) The picture books, featuring all three classes, are forthcoming. (Wait till you see what we 3d graders looked like two years ago! Law school has improved our looks at least, if nothing else.)

7) 3d Grade Yearbook. It's true! We are going to have one. Perry Buck and Beth Marks are looking for people who are interested in coordinating this lasting peice of memorabilia. Please leave your name, and locker number in their SBA boxes; also, if you have pictures of your peers that you would like to share, let them know. (I've got some choice ones myself.)

8) Law Partners. At the Orientation Picnic, several people asked if there was an organization for the spouses/friends/roommates of law students. There used to be one, and there can be again if sufficient interest is shown. (When the Panic hits, it hits everyone.) Talk to your S/F/R; if s/he's interested, leave his/her name and phone number in one of our SBA boxes. We'll see what we can do to help everyone together.

9) Coffee/Donuts/Bagels/Bake Sales. Coffee operations are now running smoothly. (Thanks Vivien.) Finally 2 burners and even the hot water pot is repaired (thanks, Bert). Donuts are on sale every Monday, bagels sponsored by Phi Delta Phi every Tuesday. The other 3 days of the week are available for organizational bake sales on a first-come basis. Reserve your day on the SEA calendar posted on the office door so there are no conflicts. Also, I might suggest you put your name on your coffee cup because the undergrads are now upon us. Supposedly Operation Identification does deter theft.

10) First Year Halloween Contest. This item is purely based on rumor, only slightly less reliable than hearsay. It is said that there will be a costume contest for 1st graders held on Friday, October 31, similar to the extravaganza staged 2 years ago by Section B. Costumes must be based on a character/event/concept in any 1st year course. (Are there any in LAP?) Group costumes are welcome. (Vicki, where's the other end of Rose?) Perhaps, I am told, there will be a lovely dinner again as the prize (thanks, Sheridan). The categories 2 years ago were Most Intellectually Stimulating (Death of Quasi-in Rem Jurisdiction; Deep Pocket), Most Morally Objectionable (Reed Christensen), and Most Elaborate (Rose of Aberlone). Maybe the same this year, maybe different. I understand that you must wear your costume (even group events) to at least one class. Keep tuned for details. (2d and 3d graders: I suppose if you had a real terrific costume, no one would know you weren't in the 1st year class.)

11) Law School Blood Bank. Donations of blood are desperately needed for the Law School Blood Bank. Any law student, faculty, staff or family member may participate; in turn, blood will then be available for members of the law school community. Make an appointment by calling Lane Memorial Blood Bank (484-9111), or contact Dan Nye through the Moot Court for more information.

12) Swing Dancing. See Brent Summers.

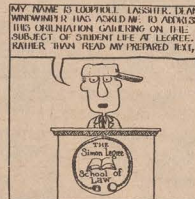
13) Soccer Team. Games are on Sunday. See Brent Summers, Neil Street, or Stuart Spring.

14) Guess What? I'm through. And not only that. While I've been slaving away over this legal pad, some kind person took my laundry out of the dryer and folded it for me. Bless that one.

And Rob, I know you're sorry you ever left town and left me in charge. (But I know your father really appreciated it.)

Welcome Back,
Candace Reed

Dophole
by hal malchow



EDITORIALS

You may be wondering why the DISSENT has endorsed Ronald Reagan. Well, it's because we like Ronald Reagan. No leader in America today epitomizes the no-nonsense, even-handed approach to critical issues like school prayer or the Taiwanese pocket calculator industry like Ronald Reagan.

We believe the American people are tired of hearing a wishy-washy Georgian accent apologizing from the TV every time the Russians decide the want to kick America in the derriere.

We believe the American people are tired of being gouged every day at the gas pumps because some fanatical camel jockeys with towels on their heads happen to have the dumb luck to be parked over the only thing that ever made their worthless deserts noticeable - oil.

We believe the American people are tired of letting the finest military hardware rust away while Commies and loud-mouthed rinky-dink Third World backwaters overpopulate the planet with more Marxist zombies.

Yes, we believe the American people are tired of being called the bad guys for just giving a friendly hand to decent, honorable men like Nguyen Cao Ky, Park Chung Hee, Anastasios Somoza, and the Shah, to name only a few.

It's time for a change. It's time to renew our faith in our ideals. It's time to face up to facts - Jimmy's a clown. He just can't cut the mustard.

But Ronald Reagan can. He believes in America. He knows that truth, justice and the American family are the greatest assets our country has besides the love of God and the Baltimore Orioles.

And who doesn't believe in that?

Do yourself, your family, and your country a favor this November. Give 'em one for the Gipper.

WOMEN'S LAW FORUM

Are you a first year student asking yourself: "when did they change the definition of weekend?" or pondering "why am I here?" Are you a law review candidate who will have some free time after October 15th? Well, if you are one of the normal students who is finally breaking down, the Northwest Regional Women and the Law Conference in Seattle is just what you need to put that pain into perspective. Throw that IAP book down (or better yet, away) and join us.

Keynote speakers include Barbara Babcock, author of the best selling textbook on sex-based discrimination and Margaux St. James, President of Coyote. Some of the workshops include: women in the work force, custody proceedings, E.R.A., women in the courtroom, and more (see bulletin board for a complete description of all scheduled workshops).

Registration deadline is October 7, 1980. If you think you might be interested in attending be sure to come to the Octo-

ber 3, 1980 Potluck at 7:00 at Jean Fogarty's, 1745 E. 25th (25th & Columbia) 344-1135. Housing and transportation arrangements will be discussed.

In other news:

Melissa Turner is chairing a committee that will be sponsoring a six week series of women's films to be shown later this fall. If you have any suggestions for films you'd like to see presented, contact Melissa (Law Review office).

If any person has been denied child care services at the University (i.e. EMU or CCDC), please contact Pam Schulz, locker #240.

Jeanne Kincaid

WHO KNOWS? WHO CARES?

He just couldn't believe the Indian Summer was lasting this long. Man! All the stuff he'd heard about Eugene and its constant monsooning must be bullshit, or at least hearsay. Anyway, today it was inadmissible evidence as far as he was concerned.

Notwithstanding, the ride to school was giving him a generous dose of that study-revoking, hooky-provoking sunshine that them Californians take for granted.

Having successfully evaded the usual rash of morning Kamikaze Kommuters who have an apparent bent on wiping out the bicycling community of Eugene, he made his way onto the plaza of the Law School.

Being an overly prudent person and one with an extraordinarily large amount of reasonable foresight, he triple locked the wheels of his bike to a tree, thinking this would deter the would-be thief equipped with a hacksaw, but not one with a chainsaw. Either way, he didn't want to put anything past the bike pirates teeming in Eugene.

As he cautiously ascended the grey cement steps leading to the entrance of the Law School, he noted the black fungi which seemingly drips down the molded concrete and he reconnoitred the dreariness it lends to the building. With that, he jerked open the door only to see the oh-so-familiar halls of what he thought would one day be his latest alma mater.

Opting against checking the assignment board (for fear of some obscure class requisite that had some-
WHO KNOWS? WHO CARES?
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WHAT IS LAW REVIEW?

"Is 'investing' abbreviated 'inves.' because it has over eight letters?" "How many spaces do I skip between Cal. and Rptr.?" "Do I italicize the space between Appeal and dismissed?" "Why am I doing this?"

These are just a few of the questions baffling the minds of some 54 die-hards (is that proper hyphenation? see rule 3:4:4.) competing for the "highest honor a law school can offer its students".¹ First year students should be able to easily detect law review candidates. They are the only second years in the library (except for Bill Sime) on Friday and Saturday nights. And the only ones (i.e. Michael Brennan, John Acosta) waiting outside the library doors at 9:00 a.m. the morning after the Fall Ball. See PROSSER on Torts.

While other fellow students are chalking up other activities on their bed posts, L. REV. candidates are competing for the largest number of cases and articles read. Some have just realized that

there is no GILBERTS on L. REV. casenotes. (see, "A Cause of Action for Pain and Suffering," Gus Palmitessa).

And then there's THE BLUEBOOK² THE BLUEBOOK represents everything one is supposed to have learned in Research and Writing. See e.g. Brevity: you call this a table of contents? Clarity: Rule 4:1: Use "id." when citing to the immediately preceding authority within the same footnote or within the same footnote or within the immediately preceding footnote when the preceding footnote contains only one authority. Conciseness: Id. and Practical: Omit "The" unless referring to "The King".

But how do L. Rev. candidates feel about the experience:

Laurie Webb: "what casenote?"

Gus Palmitessa: "the last month I've been in training: reading at least 35-40 cases per week. It's the rough draft that I'll have to sprint to finish."

Dan Greenstein: "Didn't

I drop that?"

Michael Brennan: (I was unable to get a few words out of Michael.)

Jane Nelson: "Hey, what's another marathon!"

Holly Hummel: "what date is it due?"

Carol Hamilton: Carol Hamilton! Where is Carol Hamilton.

John Acosta: "Now that I've completed my rough draft, I don't know what to do with myself."

John Silk: "They just changed my case again, but I'm learning a whole lot."

Diane Smith: "I'm a drop out and proud of it."

It's obvious Reba Weiss also dropped L. Rev., she started talking in Con Law again.

- Jeanne Kincaid

¹ Don Hornstein. Cf. Vetri, "The Rising Costs of Attorney Malpractice Insurance", 59 OR L. REV. 114 (1979)

² A UNIFORM SYSTEM OF CITATION (hereinafter known as the German Guide to Speaking Swahili)

³ See also DIARY OF A SCHIZOPHRENIC

"I will not say the professions of Law and Divinity necessarily make men worse."

Jonathan Roberts

The Dissent is the SBA funded student newspaper of the University of Oregon School of Law.

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IT'S PRONOUNCED "OH-REE-GAWN"

Phil Garrow

They were sitting across from each other in a window booth, shouting over the noise...They were shouting mostly because they were drinking, and it seems somehow easier to get your point across when you scream it at the top of your lungs. Outside it was raining.

"I didn't say I hated you because you're from Detroit", the first one was yelling. "I don't hate you at all, as a matter of fact. Or anyone from Detroit or Chicago or New York or California or anywhere. I don't necessarily like every sona-bitch from Oregon, either. I was just--"

"You were just being a goddamn chauvenistic, rude Oregonian, like everyone else in this goddamn state", the second loudly interrupted.

"I was just saying that you all expect us to kiss your ass because you're from the Midwest or the East Coast or the Bay-

fucking-area. You have no goddamn respect for us natives, or what we're trying to do here."

"There you go again", the second one broke in, "preaching about your little piece of heaven under the rainclouds, here in Ore-ee-gone. You people think you have a patent on righteousness. Or that you're the only ones with a beautiful state. I've seen a lot of states--"

"I've seen a lot of states, too", the first interrupted back. He was warning to the challenge now. "And I've seen Detroit and fucking polluted Lake Erie and the rusted-out cars and garbage all over the roads and I don't think you ought to come out here to my state and tell me what hot shit you are. I think you ought to have a little respect--"

"There you go again, on your goddamn soapbox."

"OK, let me put it to you this way", said the first. He was red in the

face from shouting over the Boston album screaming from the speakers above their booth. "I've lived in Oregon all my life. That may not make me too wordy, but I don't give a shit. I like it here and I'm probably going to stay the rest of my life. I came to the U of O to get an education that maybe I can use here. And maybe do something good for this state. Understand? Oregon's been good to me. I think you out-of-stater's--"

"If you're going to get nasty again--"

"You out-of-staters ought to think about what you plan to do when you finish school. If you stay here you ought to think about making a goddamn positive contribution to the state. That's all. Just think about it. If you're not planning on staying, just remember that old backpacker's credo:--"

"Jesuschrist! don't you

ever give up?"

"...Take only photographs, Leave only footprints."

The second shouter slowly refilled both glasses, eyeing the first over the now-empty pitcher.

"You Oregonians are a funny bunch of people", he said. "It must be all this water or something. Even this Henry Weinhardt's beer. It's all-right beer--don't get started on me again--I like it good enough, but it always gives me the shits the next day. Is that why you people like it? No accounting for taste, I guess. Hell, Faulkner loved the South, of all the goddamn places."

"To the South", the first one shouted. And they raised their glasses and drank. And the rain continued its steady drumming on the windows and the water continued to seep slowly under the sill and down the wall towards the puddle forming on the floor.

WHO KNOWS? WHO CARES?

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how eluded his cognizance), he chose to descend to the dungeon-like locker room to lessen his burden. So, directly after entering, he made a deft veer to the left, almost a U-turn, toward the stairs.

The irises (or apertures, if you prefer) in his oculars were still tightly stopped-down due to the intense solar shower from which he just came. But what?! Suddenly he went blind for want of light. Everything was black, save for a faint triangular patch of light near the bottom of the staircase. But the top was so black. Upon hearing the summons of the first bell he mindlessly stepped forward.

Thud. Slap.

He awoke with a junior-pseudo-paramedic quasi-nurse overlooking him. Outside he could faintly hear a rally taking place saying something about wanting a "two-way street". He thought that strange since most streets in Eugene are one-way. Then the dawn finally enlightened him! He was in traction in Sacred Heart! Next, as the tide of the omnipresent Law School-homework-guilt-syndrome hit him he blurted,

"Where are my casebooks, I've got to study! I need to get to the library to finish work on casenotes for the Law Review...there's only 16 days left! And now I'll never get on the

staff...Dad's gonna be so pissed!"

Now, just hold on... your law career has been put on a shelf for a while, you know, tabled? Put on the back burner, so to speak? Could be a long while. That was one hell of a dive you took down them cement stairs."

Goddamn it! They've tortured me! First contorted by all the administrative red tape, and now this. But stand! I recall an analogous case we had in Torts class...Let's see, I think it was Bornstein v. Faden, around 149 App.Div. or was it 208 N.Y. 605? Anyway, I think I can see myself in the courtroom now...I may never make the Order of the Coif, but I may never have to work again..."

moral: don't let your Fort-tease you.

Assignment: write a 500 word office memo on the possibilities of our client, P above, to prevail.

Todd Hutchinson

"God never intended his creature man, should be under the necessity to carry a written book in his pocket, or a lawyer by his side, to tell him what is just and lawful..."

Jesse Higgins
Sampson Against the
Philistines (1805)

WHY NOT?

Donating a pint of your blood is not traumatic; on the contrary it can be moving, and deeply satisfying, personal experience.

When I gave blood a few months back, I noticed the nurse wrote "Quad-Pack" on my donor card. This puzzled me. Did this mean I had a dread disease? A one-in-five billion blood-type? Or were my corpuscles and pretzels to be a vampire's Friday night after-work snack?

When I saw the nurse get out a four-packet bag my curiosity got the best of me:

"What's a 'quad-pack' and why the funny bag?"

"Quad-packs parcel the blood you donate into small units suitable for transfusion to infants. There was an A+ baby born at Sacred Heart this morning that needs the blood you're donating just about as fast as we can get it out of your arm."

A pint of blood is one of the most personal gifts you can give, though you may never see or know the recipient. Call the Blood Bank at 484-9111 today and make an appointment.

Thank you,

The U of O Law School
Blood Donors Club

PHI DELTA PHI

For spring, PDP is planning a clam dig-and-bake at the coast.

All law students, members or not, are invited to attend these events. Naturally, we do encourage you to join PDP as well. In the first week of November, we will be having our fall initiation, a mystical ritual surrounded by secrecy and suspense, followed by a festive celebration held at the home of one of our favorite faculty members. 2d and 3d year students are eligible to join in the fall; all students may join in the spring. The initiation fee is \$30; semester dues are \$5 per.

This is a wild and crazy bunch of people; also, another line item for your resume. We invite you all to check out

Which fascinating group of law school people cluster under the symbol of an angry owl, a leering skull 'n' crossbones, and three golden stars bearing mysterious historical dates? That's right, none other than the illustrious legal fraternity of Phi Delta Phi. (Oh, you looked at the headline.)

This year PDP, under the able leadership of Magister Fritz Hahn, has already kicked off its activities schedule by sponsoring a picnic at Alton Baker Park on September 19. The weekly bagel sales in the lounge are underway. Coming up in October is the annual PDP Halloween Costume Party, always a fiend-filled event. The Brownbaggers Speakers Forum is getting together its list of featured speakers.

COWABUNGA II

This may cause you to get extremely excited. However, get a grip on yourself for the time being and determine whether you agree with the following statements. If you do, know that you are among friends.

DO YOU AGREE WITH THE FOLLOWING STATEMENTS?

- The very best things on earth come equipped with circular cavities.
- There is absolutely no juice at all in Florida.
- Sex wax is a very useful substance when applied properly.
- We are, for the most part, haoles, and there is very little that we can do about it except act considerably.
- You do not eat mush; rather, you suffer through it.
- Boogies are for gremlins. And vice versa.
- You prefer frontides to backsides, but if there is juice you will accept either readily.
- Annette Funicello was not all that bad, but the location shots could have been better.
- Cape Hatteras is your favorite spot on the east coast.
- There are, and you have seen, people riding fish equipped with elastic cords.
- Rubber suits allow you to really enjoy yourself, and you have one at home, although it is still a little damp.
- Life is not possible in Kansas.
- Some of your most enjoyable moments have been spent inside hot tubes, but they are not easy to find, and often spoiled by crowd pressures.

Do YOU agree with these statements? If you do, welcome to Oregon: there are several of us here. The waves are good, although rather distant, and new spots are popping up all the time. One of our contingent actually passed the bar last month. Leave a message on the Board; we will get in touch. Early fall is the best time to surf in Oregon, so get on it.

Mark Stapke
Glen Thompson

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF BUNKY McPERRIGOTH

By Bill McCall

It was late. Bunky was tired. Studying by torchlight was really beginning to affect his sinuses.

He looked over at Muzzim, his Afghani roommate, snoring away with his M-14 cradled across his chest, a string tied around his big toe leading to the door. Muzzim didn't trust anybody. He especially didn't trust Bunky after Bunky had put that tab of acid in Muzzim's tea. Muzzim had emptied 280 rounds into Bunky's 9-inch Sony color TV when Ronald Reagan appeared to be aiming a six-shooter at the screen during a press conference.

Bunky really missed watching the Swedish Channel X at 11:00 so he and Muzzim weren't getting along. Nuts to Muzzim.

All Bunky could think about tonight was Ellie Sweetknocker.

She seemed to stare up at him from his Contracts book, her sweet, ruby tongue dancing over her white teeth as she smiled seductively.

"Bunkaroo?"

"Oh Ellie, you're fabulous!" Bunky sighed, thinking he heard her girlish Texas twang.

"Thanks, Bunkaroo. You're a cute li'l cowboy yourself. Can I come in?"

It was really Ellie's voice. Bunky slammed his book shut and Muzzim sat bolt upright, emptying 25 rounds right over Bunky's blonde head.

"Allah be praised!" Bunky yelled as he dove for the door

"Capitalist running dog and oil-sucking Yankee!" Muzzim muttered as he went back to sleep.

"He sure is touchy lately," Ellie said as Bunky gently released the string to the door and let himself into the hallway. The bullets didn't bother Bunky by now but when he saw Ellie he stopped breathing.

She was wearing a satin silver Dallas Cowboy jumpsuit open from her silky neck to the bottom of a small gold cowboy hat necklace that hung in delicate splendor on her chest. "I couldn't sleep. Want to share a little Acapulco Gold up on the North Tower, Bunkaroo?"

"Ellie, I'd kill for you."

"Just roll us a good one, cowboy," Ellie said, taking Bunky's hand and leading him to the North Tower. Bunky nearly floated up the stairs and out onto the ramparts where he rolled a tight number and lit it for Ellie. She took a deep, scenic breath.

"Bunkaroo, I don't know what I'd do without you."

Bunky bit his lip as he watched her form a smoke ring while she talked. He could watch her smoke all night. Suddenly a bat hovered overhead, squeaked, then fluttered away.

"Pesky things," Ellie said, handing the joint to Bunky. "I'd rather have a

JK'S AD NAUSEUM

Culture! I keep hearing (mostly from elitists from major metropolitan areas) that Eugene has no culture. Ha!! These people wouldn't know culture if it bit 'em on the ass. A few weeks ago we had the Lane County Fair. Where in the Big Apple could you find Suzanne Sommers and a 400 pound pig in the same place, huh?!!^{THC} We got plenty of culture. ART-what about Saturday Market and its homemade craftwork? It sure beats some stuffy museum where they hang 6' x 9' paintings of Campbell soup cans. ZOOS-have you ever been to Taylors on a Saturday night? MUSIC-New Ork might have CBGB's and San Francisco might have had the Fillmore West, but what could surpass the splendor of the WOW Hall? Where else could you find the Persuasions one night, and the Foam-lords another playing in a delapidated depression vintage church with a bar in the basement? And to top it all off, we even got our porno book shop back!!!^{MDA}

Well, I could rave on and on about the culture of Eugene, but I'll leave a more detailed analysis to such epicureans as Brent "Down Home" Summers and Gus Palma-briba. But to highlight the depth and profundity of the culture of the entire Willamette Valley, I will now critique the cultural pinnacle of the year - DEVO live in Portland!

My first trip to Portland for a musical event was a profound one. Gone was the fear of dismemberment I remember from the Aragon Ballroom in Chicago. Gone were the nine year old kids holding big sticks pointing to vacant lots covered with broken glass saying, Park here, fuckhead!!^{LSD} AHHHHH. I park my car, walk past the bag ladies in the park, and have a leasurely drink before Devo. And Devo they were. They opened with about a half hour worth of home movies - Devo style. Some of these "shorts" won awards at the Ann Arbor Film Festival.^{PCP} Devo claims their music is the sound of things falling apart. And right they are. With their lowest common denominator power chords, pulsating lighting, spastic theatrics and atonal syncopation, Devo can remind one of a grade B (make that grade D) science fiction movie heavily influenced by Kafka experiencing technical difficulties. But they're fun! Although they certainly are not virutosos, they have an enthusiasm and beat that can be very contagious.^{DMT} The spuds from Akron^{KKK} played a frenzied 75 minute set, including such favorites as Uncontrollable Urge, Mongoloid, Satisfaction, Wiggly World and, of course, their classic Jocko Homo (Are we not men? We are Devo!). For the fashion conscious, Devo began their set in yellow chemical jumpsuits (now available from Devo, Inc. - suitable for lounging or nuclear attack) but later stripped into their Rollerball outfit. After one encore they were off to spread the truth about de-evolution.^{STP}

^{THC} Studio 54 is closed, n'est pas?

^{MDA} Watch those holes in the booths!

^{LSD} Winter 1974, Jethro Tull, Chicago Stadium

^{PCP} But then again, what do they know in Michigan?

^{DMT} Especially if your brain has been damaged by drugs.

^{KKK} I bet you could have guessed they were from Ohio.

drunken linebacker around than those danged bats."

"You homesick?" Bunky asked, taking the glowing morsel.

"Kind of. But you help a lot." She meant it.

"Ellie?"

"Bunkaroo?"

Bunky sucked in every ounce of courage he'd ever had and put his lips to Ellie's, something he'd wanted to do ever since he saw her. Their lips met in softness, then wetness, then fever, then quiet passion.

"Ms. Sweetknocker!"

A cold voice lanced through the evening and their kiss as a figure in a black cape loomed in front of them.

"And Mr. McPerrigoth!"

It was Von Halsig. "You're both out past curfew!"

"We're sorry, professor," they answered meekly, their faces steeped in embarrassment.

"Please see that you don't do it again and I'll over-

look it," Von Halsig offered, wrapping himself in his cape.

"Yes sir," they answered, relieved.

"Now, it's late. Good night."

"Good night, professor," they said as they turned to leave.

"And I'll take that, Mr. McPerrigoth," Von Halsig demanded. Bunky sheepishly handed Von Halsig the illicit cigarette. "Now, get some sleep."

"Yes sir," they said, departing.

Von Halsig watched them leave, then breathed a small sigh. He envied youth. It seemed a thousand years ago since he'd been a small boy. In fact, it had been almost exactly a thousand years ago. His birthday was getting to be boring. He put the joint between his fangs and took a deep, superhuman lungful. "Not bad," he said to himself. "I'm beginning to like that boy."

FIRST YEAR REP CANDIDATE STEVE KAISER

Steve Kaiser is different from most politicians, he is honest. He will admit that he is running for SBA freshman representative because he wants fame, power, money and the other concomitants of political office (and he wants you to share in the spoils!) The other candidates cloak themselves in gowns of piety claiming meekly that, "I only want to serve." and avowing humbly "I will represent you honestly." "Hogwash!" shouts Steve Kaiser, "They are greedy louts just like the rest of us!" They too seek fame and power but are too slippery to admit it. Voters, don't be

fooled by this feigned altruism!

Vote for venality, vote for Steve Kaiser, the only honest politician. On to the issue which most concerns you freshman students, what's in it for me?

What's in it for you? Plenty! Steve Kaiser and the New Athens Party will promise you the moon and deliver the stars. Steve hopes to rekindle the spirit of Athens in the heart of Oregon. Steve plans to facilitate ooze keggars and olive oil orgies presided over by the ghost of Baccaus himself.

Steve plans curriculum revisions. Noting the

preponderance of humanity majors in the freshman class, Steve plans to introduce a five credit Law in Literature class and to personally conduct a seminar on Law in the Metaphysics of Heraclitus.

Steve feels that the present SBA arrangement of providing coffee and bagels is fine for now, but realizes that something stronger will be necessary for finals time and proposes to supply pharmaceutical amphetamines to all who ask. Steve also advocates the right of students to answer by committee in LAP and pro-

poses a full reenactment of the Trojan War.

In addition, Steve promises to end world hunger, free the hostages, explore space, balance the budget, wield power and influence in a graceful manner, grant opening hearing ala Londoner, and allow everyone to be famous, if only for fifteen seconds.

Electing Steve Kaiser and the New Athens Party is a Herculean task, but you can do it first year students! Don't be a Sisyphus and don't let law school turn into a greek tragedy. Vote for Steve Kaiser and the New Athens Party!

PENNOYER-cont.

the Fall of 1978 as a way of spotlighting one of the cases all entering law students read, *Pennoyer v. Neff*, 95 U.S. 714 (1877). Because most first-year casebooks reduce to empty names the persons students read about and because there is such a widespread and persistent curiosity among students about what the personalities behind the decisions are like, it was decided to highlight, through the means of a footrace, two first-year litigants. The decision to choose Sylvester Pennoyer and Marcus Neff came because both men were Oregonians and biographical information about them was here which might not be readily available elsewhere.

Sylvester Pennoyer, part-time scoundrel and fulltime demagogue, graduated from Harvard Law School in 1854 and came to the Oregon Territory the following year. While Oregon remained loyal to the Union during the Civil War, sentiments within the state were mixed and Pennoyer published a Copperhead Democratic newspaper in Portland during this time. He entered the lumber business following the war and eventually built a sawmill on the banks of the Willamette River in Southwest Portland. It was during this phase of his life that he fought *Pennoyer v. Neff*. He was elected mayor of Portland in 1885 on a racially exclusionary platform, and was elected Governor of Oregon the following year. He established a reputation as a workingman's friend due to his favorable attitude towards strikers and organized labor in general during this time, and won a second term as governor in 1890. His economic policies became increasingly radical during the early 'nineties, and he wrote two articles in the prestigious *North American Review* criticizing the Cleveland administration on the free coinage of silver issue, which he advocated as a means of easing credit rates by inflating the nation's money supply. He split with the President and became a Populist in 1892. It was during this time that he sent his famous telegram to Cleveland in response to an earlier directive that certain presidential orders be carried out, replying testily, "Let the President attend to his own business. I will tend to mine." He also made headlines in 1889 when he refused to meet President Harrison at the state line on an official tour, thereby violating protocol, preferring instead to wait for him in Salem. "Let him come to me," Pennoyer said. Pennoyer also refused to travel to San Francisco to view the christening of the battleship *Oregon* there in the early 1890's. Again, he remarked, "Let them bring the ship to me."

When his second gubernatorial term expired in 1894, Pennoyer ran for U. S. Senate. Because U. S. senators were not elected directly by the people in those days, but by the state legislature instead, this meant an arduous campaign for him and his opponent throughout the state trying to convince the voters in each district to elect state legislators who would vote to send them to the capitol in Washington, D.C. To complicate matters, the spring flood of 1894 was the worst in state history, and both Pennoyer and his opponent at one point had to walk several miles where the railroad track was washed out and then borrow a handcar in order to reach their next speaking engagement.

Pennoyer's campaign was a lost hope. The Oregon Legislature had been solidly Republican for 20 years before 1894, and it remained that way after the election. His opponent went to Congress and Sylvester went home to recuperate. He made a comeback two years later, winning another two-year term as Mayor of Portland. His two opponents carried the fashionable West Side precincts on

the city's heights while he carried most of the working-class East Side of the Willamette. It was his last race. He retired in 1898 and died in 1903. He won begrudging respect from his opponents for his administrative ability and flair for public office, even if his personal viewpoints were often offensive.

Less is known about Marcus Neff, Pennoyer's legal adversary. He came to Oregon in 1848 and took up a land claim on Portland Heights, near Macleay Park in today's Northwest Portland overlooking the modern sites of the Vaughn Street Montgomery Ward's store and the Guld's Lake Industrial Area. It was this land claim which became the ultimate *res* of *Pennoyer v. Neff*. He succeeded in holding onto the land claim against Pennoyer and lived on it until about 1890, when he moved across the river to Albina. He lived to see one of daughters marry Governor Budd of California, and died on the 37th anniversary of Oregon Statehood Day, February 14, 1896. No known photograph of Neff exists and most of what is known about him is derived from various maps showing no land claim, and an obituary of him which appeared in the *Oregonian*, February 20, 1896.

Matthew Deady, the Federal District Court judge who issued the initial opinion in *Pennoyer v. Neff*, drafted the first Oregon Rules of Civil Procedure, and also went on record at the state Constitutional convention in opposition to the founding of a state university for Oregon because he felt it would encourage academic elitism. Deady Hall is named for him.

The Pennoyer became an immediate success, drawing nearly 120 first-year students and faculty in its last year. The race pitted Section B's Caribolic Smokeball Bombers against Section A's Arnold Schuster Heroes. The latter was organized due to the goading of a disgruntled Torts professor, an East Coast expatriate, who felt that the race should be named for a New Yorker who had performed a minor act of heroism and paid for it with his life. The race also withstood attack its second year from a Legal Research and Writing instructor, who threatened to publish a scurrilous article in the *Oregon Law Review* charging that Gov. Pennoyer had vetoed appropriation for the law school in the 1890's in a move to close it. He believed that a law school would lead to a glut of lawyers and an oversupply of educated people in the state. The scandalous article has not been published to date.

The second Pennoyer came off better than the first due to a large improvement in T-shirt quality. For the first time, all three classes were eligible, although the first year class produced the biggest turnout.

This year, other schools have been invited, which may help surpass last year's 225 participants. To reach the starting line by bike or foot follow the Autzen footpath from Franklin Blvd. near B.J. Kelley's. Cross the bridge and walk toward the stadium.

To reach by car, take Franklin Blvd. north across the Ferry Street Bridge, take the Centennial exit, turn right at the first stoplight. Turn left again at the Alton Baker sign and follow the road about 8/10 of a mile through the park. Parking is available.

Caveat: Runners are advised that they should not run if out of shape, intoxicated or ill. Walk part of the course if necessary. Neither the SBA or the law school, or any individuals assume responsibility for injuries received. Please be carefull and have a good time.----- Hope to see you there.

JUDICIAL PROCESS IS MY LIFE: Rantings of a First-Grader

Cathi Bulone

Last time anyone called me a first-grader, I was about 35 inches tall and still in love with Mr. Greenjeans. Second time around has brought a revelation with it. Law school is about as much madcap fun as a barrel full of gratuitous promises. (They're unenforceable, you know.) In a few short weeks, we newcomers have been-follow the bouncing ball-welcomed, oriented, queued, scheduled, documented, coffeed, bagled, photographed, hamburgered, barbeque chickened, potlucked again, locked, law libraryed, land, air and watered, potlucked some more, Vetried, Lacyed, Sangered, Bakered, Soboled, Mooneyed, Westlinged, Merrilled, Bonined, Lawrenceced, Rudmaned, Forelled and Rock-etted. I could use some industrial strength Excedrin.

I'd like to say a word about confusion. Unfortunately, it has become a way of life. A number of us have even ventured very close to perfecting that classroom asset of dubious value known as the blank stare. This state of face is usually accompanied by a geranium in the cranium, space to rent upstairs and a general overwhelming desire to hide behind a potted plant when your Torts prof even hints he might glance in your direction. Panic in the streets. Fumble with your notes and try to look half-way intelligent. (Not always an easy trick.) You open your mouth and announce that you have to leave; you forgot that you were scheduled for a frontal lobotomy this hour. He doesn't buy it. (What a sharpie.) At this point in time we call to mind the judiciousness of the ages: it is wiser to remain silent and be thought a fool, than to open your mouth and remove all doubt.

I continue to be fascinated by the vast cross-section of humanity that composes this first-year crowd. In our former lives we were hula dancers and Trappist monks, Zamboni operators and cowpokes, obscene Jello-mold designers and hot tub demonstrators, lady wrestlers and cough-drop salesmen. Some of us even had unusual jobs.

The law school building is quite impressive. The only place on campus where the graffiti says stuff like, "You mother was a filius nullus," "Benjamin Civiletti sucks eggs," and

the ever popular, "Take this amicus brief and shove it."

I've come to believe that law school textbooks definitely suffer from a glandular problem. I can only conclude that the problem is underactive thyroids, accounting, no doubt, for their enlarged conditions. If I were going into business, I'd sure like to have the truss concession for this student body. Could be big bucks.

Now we come to the faculty. In the interest of remaining in a state of grace...we have today's feeble attempt at bowing and scraping. (I'm no knucklehead.) I would like to state unequivocally that the teachers here are, each and every one of them, God's gift to mankind, real gems, strikingly handsome and/or breathtakingly beautiful, and, boy, don't they just bring new meaning to the word, "genius"?

And what about the second and third-year students. They think they're so smart. Just because they know how to pronounce certiorari. Big deal. So what if I always thought a tort was something you could only find on a French pastry cart. Who knew? The truth is, not every upperclassman is Oliver Wendell Holmes incarnate. I met one at a potluck dinner and had to show him how to work the onion dip.

In the past few elegant weeks I've somehow managed to rally the old grey mat-

ter long enough to come to one conclusion: I love law school. Of course, I also love hangnails and post-nasal drip. But after all, where else on earth can you trot up to the resident class Adonis and ask to see his briefs?

(Eds. note: possessing not only the incarnate wisdom of O. W. Holmes but the business sense of J. D. Rockefeller, we insisted that Ms. Bulone pay a fee to see our briefs.)

POETRY

WORDS

by Bill McCall

I'm tired of
The lies
The cheats
The little deceits
That we pass around
From day to day.
Why can't we
Believe in what we say
And say what we feel?
Love is very real
To me
And to you
So let's be true
To ourselves
And not dwell
On the complications
Of conversations
For words are
Endless
And relentless
One enormous sentence
And we'll talk the day away
Unless we
Touch between the lines.

CHILD-CARE PROBLEMS?

Are you a law student with children and horrified by the double demands imposed by your rigorous schedule? The Women's Law Forum is attempting to establish a childcare support network for law student parents.

We need your suggestions so we can be responsive to your needs. Would a volunteer babysitter one evening weekly help out? Do you want childcare at WLF (or other student organization) functions? Would you participate in a babysitting pool on Saturday afternoons, or what? Please address responses to Pam Schultz, locker #240.

ORE. v. NY (cont. from p. 1)

Times, brownstone houses, money, fashion, Fifth Avenue, the Bronx Zoo, Long Island summers, autumn in upstate NY, Free Shakespere in the Park, people everywhere, the Hudson River...and so on.

So - what's this all about? Well - I suppose I only want to explain myself. You see, when I rant and rave about how God awful New York is - that's because - I been there. I know! And I weighed the pros and cons for myself - and came to Oregon. But please, if you talk about New York and think of going there - give it a chance. You might just love it.

-Reba Weiss



Recent books:

*former Dissent editor
bares all...*

**LAW SCHOOL: I MADE IT
THROUGH.** by Gary P. Marcus

"enlightening" ... WLF

"I couldn't set it down" ... Dean Clark

"must reading for law students!" ...

Nick Pace

EXCERPT:

*"The key to success in law school is
knowing when to put down the
books and to pick up the slinky..."*

AVAILABLE AT BOOKSTORES NOW !!