



A Brief Critique of Legal Writing

By *Anonymous*

Legal writing is the most important part of the law school curriculum. It is the one subject in which every law student must become an absolute expert. While every student must learn the law of Contracts and Torts and Property and the myriad other topics covered by the bar exam, the ability to write effectively is the one skill that defines a good lawyer.

Every member of the legal writing faculty at St. John's has distinguished himself or herself both professionally and academically. Each professor is dedicated to the students of this school – this author has heard countless stories of these professors going the extra mile to help their students, be it in the form of writing recommendations, career advice, or the personal meetings with students to discuss and improve drafts of the students' briefs and memos. As the track record of St. John's alumni proves, these individuals are excellent at their jobs. In other words, this article is in no way a critique of the teaching methods, ability, or effort of any faculty member.

That being said, this author believes that the manner in which students are graded in legal writing classes is troublesome. As the seemingly countless number of legal writing texts suggest,

there are many different approaches to teaching legal writing. Thus, there are just as many opinions as to what constitutes "good" legal writing. Yet, four credits of a student's first-year grades are based entirely on one person's view. While that "one person" is undoubtedly an expert in legal writing, even such well-informed minds can disagree. Work that would earn very high grades from one professor's perspective might earn only mediocre marks from another.

For example, does the inclusion of a full case citation in the middle of a sentence cause too much confusion in the mind of the reader, or would separating the case name from the numerical portion of the citation be the truly confusing approach? Certainly there are legal writing experts on each side of this coin. What about the use of so-called "SAT words" – at what point does their use in a brief move beyond elegance and precision and into the realm of utterly needless use of legalese that has the effect of confusing the reader? Ask three attorneys and you might very well get three very different answers.

Consider a student who has had two legal writing professors, and has worked for a judge as well as for a firm. That student has possibly had to adopt

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Justice Clarence Thomas Speaks

By Owen Heslin '08

On Tuesday October 16, 2007 at the Sheraton Hotel in midtown Manhattan, Justice Clarence Thomas spoke to a packed house about his life and memoirs. I was in attendance and the following is a paraphrase of the few of his words that I was able to scribble. I have inserted some words of my own in the interest of clarity. I am sure I have misquoted the Justice and the members of the audience a few times. Any inaccuracies are solely my fault.

After taking the stage to a standing ovation, Justice Thomas said, "I feel like quitting while I'm ahead!" He continued, "Writing is a long, lonely process, unless someone else does it for you. When I faced the first blank page I thought, 'What have I gotten myself into?' I tried to remember my forebears, and especially those who had raised me. I remember when I left home for the seminary and my grandfather told me, 'Don't shame me, boy, and don't shame the race.' I hope I didn't. I'm just an ordinary person to whom extraordinary things have happened. I hope that's someone whose struggling will find hope in my words."

After his introductory speech, Justice Thomas took questions from the crowd.

"What one person, event, book, or idea has led you to your view of our constitutional system?"

"I don't like prejudice. Having been counted by race, I don't like it. In the mid-1980's I had long sessions with

political theorists." Justice Thomas went on to name the Claremont Institute and Straussians, and then went on to state, "I began to understand that to preserve liberty, we must preserve the structure of our government."

"How does faith play a part in your life?"

"I abandoned my faith for twenty-five years. Faith was very important to my grandparents. How can one survive and be idealistic without faith? My grandparents were always finding things that were positive, always looking forward to something. They didn't raise me to be cynical. At every stage, faith provided hope... but faith does not supplant law. As I tell my clerks, I took an oath to God, not an oath to *be* God."

"What has been your greatest challenge as a Justice?"

"The perception of what we do is so different from what we actually do. The Court is covered as if it's political. I remember a complicated preemption case that had to do with tobacco companies and the news analysis didn't concern the issues of law, but only with which Justices were smokers. The Court is a private place and that privacy can be frustrating.

"I've never had any bad moments on the Court. Every year, I take my law clerks to Gettysburg so they understand why what we're doing is important. I remember meeting with some veterans and

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The Losers' Lament

By Abigail Lynn Cameron '09

I never liked football and football fans always made me a little impatient, but after the latest gossip frenzy about how "classless" the New England Patriots are for soundly beating the Washington Redskins 52-7, I have decided that professional football and the fans who love it are not only wimpy, but are causing the wimpification of our society.

After the Patriots destroyed the Redskins, players, coaches, and commentators were all talking about

how "classless" it was for the Pats to continue "running up the score" in the fourth-quarter since it was obvious that the Redskins would never be able to catch up with the Pats, even without the fourth-quarter increase in point lead. Instead of irrupting into uproarious laughter when these "classlessness" comments started to surface, fans on internet chat-boards, radio talk shows, and countless blogs all over the Net joined in and denounced the Pats for their overwhelming victory over the Redskins.

I've never heard anything so asinine in my life.

Since when did soundly beating another team in a professional athletic match become "classless" and not a commendable demonstration of superior athletic and tactical skill? When did a sound win become something not celebrated by sports fans as a great demonstration of athletic excellence? And since when did the idea that one professional team should win, but only by enough not to embarrass the other team, become so widely accepted?

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The Forum International News Wire With Martin Sigal '10

ITALY – “Lucky” Luciano Pavarotti Died September 6, 2007 After Eating Some Bad Clams

Born in Modena, Italy this 16th century pop star left a mark of operatic proportions on the world. Pavarotti started his singing career very early in life, after his father decided he would no longer support his sons' expensive habits of eating and having a roof over his head. Pavarotti would roam the medieval Italian streets offering to sing for his meals. Unfortunately, after the Euro was introduced into Italy, causing rapid inflation, Pavarotti found that many of his former patrons were no longer willing to part with their hard-earned pay. Pavarotti was quoted many times as having said, “I finally realized that I was 36,

and the young hungry-kid shtick was just not working anymore.” The next day, Pavarotti was humming to himself while passing by La Scala Opera House in Milan, when a man ran out and signed him to do two shows a day, seven days a week, for the next year. It turned out that this man was none other than the head of the Opera janitorial team, and was in desperate need of a new young talent to clean the men's room between shows. It was not until two years later that Pavarotti accidentally walked on stage and began singing the role of Rodolfo from *La Boheme*. That day, people started calling Pavarotti “Lucky” Luciano. The men's room at La Scala would never be truly clean again.

ANKARA, Turkey – Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice met with Turkish officials Friday, assuring them that the United States was willing to support Turkish military efforts against Kurdish rebels in Northern Iraq. The Secretary of State made it clear that the United States would take any actions necessary in order to maintain access to US military bases in Turkey.

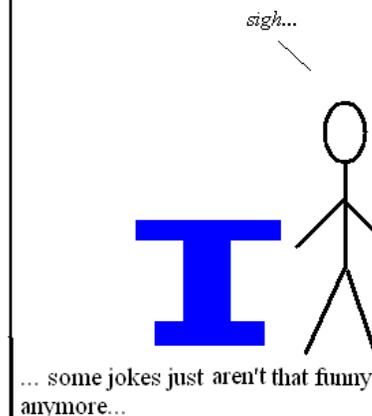
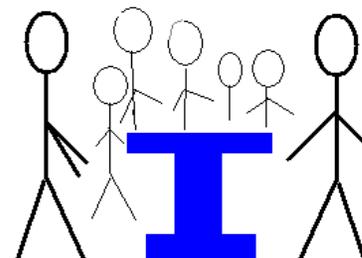
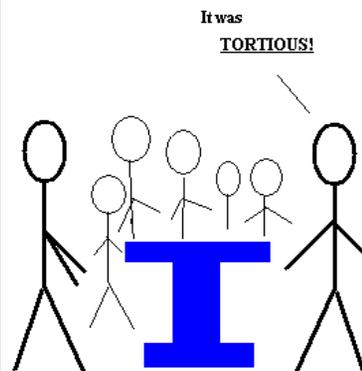
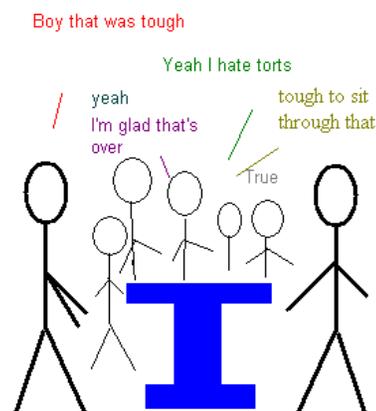
This strategic move by the United States comes after Congress took under consideration a bill that would officially recognize the massacre of 1.5 million Armenians by Turkey at the beginning of the 20th century as genocide. Ms. Rice, a skilled diplomat, attempted to mitigate the potential beef this bill might create between Turkey and the United States by reminding Turkish Prime Minister Recep Tayyip Erdogan and Foreign Minister Ali Babacan that Turkey remains President Bush's favorite deli meat. In particular, the Secretary of State alluded to the fact that President Bush

thinks Turkey is a sweet country because he enjoys honey maple over Cajun style. Incidentally, some have suggested that this might be the reason he allowed New Orleans to be swept away by a giant hurricane. Others have suggested that he was simply choking on a pretzel at the time and could not be bothered.

The meeting ended with the Turkish Prime Minister expressing his satisfaction with the new US foreign policy. “We hate it when those Kurdish rebels come into our country with their rock and roll music and punk hair cuts,” he said in response to a hiccup from Condoleezza Rice.

“We consider rock a roll music a great threat to the security of our country as well,” Ms. Rice said, “and in recognition of our two nation's renewed cooperation, the President will pardon two Turkey's this Thanksgiving.” This promise particularly impressed Turkish officials, as it is a well-known fact that President Bush is terrified of anything with Feathers.

How you can tell the semester is almost half way over....



If you would like to reply to any article printed in this issue, or if you would like to write an opinion piece, The Forum encourages letters and submissions to TheForumSJU@gmail.com

Response to “Armchair activist speaks out against Semiformal Atrocity” from October 2007

By Peter Ryan '09, Student Bar Association Day Vice President

Dear Ms. McAleer,

You suck. And you're ugly too.

Love,

Peter, xoxo

P.S. Please keep submitting to The Forum

An Armchair Activist Speaks Out Against Deplorable Building Conditions

By Marissa A. McAleer '09

When I wrote my article criticizing the Semiformal subsidies, it was not my intention to turn my complaints into an ongoing editorial. However, the positive feedback I received from readers has inspired me to give this whole “observations-turned-to-writing” thing another shot. (And by “positive feedback” I mean that a few friends told me over a vodka-soaked dinner that they thought my last article was hysterical. While I refused to agree to their request of an article entitled “Why Marissa Shouldn’t Date Her Fellow Law Students,” their praise was all the encouragement I needed. To those that do not find me witty and/or adorable, I offer my most (in)sincere apologies for the following.)

When I was a teenager, people told me that my antagonistic ways would eventually fade and I’d lose the endorphin rush I received from being “against the machine.” As I write this article and stomp through the law school in my 15-eyelet Doc Martins, I’m patiently waiting for that day to arrive. That being said, today’s rant concerns the deplorable environmental conditions in the law school building. I want to note from

the beginning that I do not find fault with those hired to clean and maintain the building. In fact, I think these people go above and beyond the ordinary call of duty to make sure the building is clean and habitable, and I think that anyone who pays attention will notice the hard day’s work these people put in. I always try to make a point to say hello to the janitorial and maintenance staff because 1) they are way friendlier than many law students and 2) I get really uncomfortable when people have to clean up after me due to some social pecking order that I, myself, didn’t create. The idea that we, as professionals, will never be in a position to have to clean our own toilets is a part of capitalism that really does not correspond with the equality proposed by democracy. It’s hard to say that we’re all equal when I get to pee on a toilet seat and someone else has to clean it up. While one can argue, “Hey, it’s their job to clean the building!” there are responsibilities that should fall on the shoulders of all of us that use the building, not just those hired to clean it. To put it bluntly, I think that if you pee on a toilet seat, you should have to clean it, preferably with

a toothbrush, because it would be funnier that way. Maybe I’m biased (my perspective on all this is probably affected by the fact that all the maintenance men in the building know me by name. *Insert article entitled “Why Marissa Shouldn’t Go To Dinner With A Guy That Works Part-Time Doing Maintenance In The Building” here.*), but I think it’s simply a matter of fairness and human decency.

So what exactly am I talking about? First and foremost, why do people insist on leaving their garbage on the desks and floor of the classrooms? How hard is it to throw this stuff out? It’s one thing to expect someone that works in the building to empty out the trash, but its quite another to expect them to pick up garbage off the classroom floor. Also, is there a reason that there is constantly pee on the toilet seats and floor of the women’s bathroom? First of all, gross. Secondly, this isn’t a problem like a lack of parking spaces or a lack seats in the cafeteria that we can blame on the undergrads. I sincerely doubt that the undergrads are coming into our building just to pee on our toilet seats. (However, if they were, I have to say that my frustration would turn to utter (udder?) amazement at the well thought-out and hilarious plan of attack. Kudos to them.) Lastly, if us ladies are really having a hard time keeping the bathroom in a decent condition, a few squats and some Kegel exercises at the gym should take care of it.

In addition, why aren’t there more recycling bins in the school? I know of two – one on the ground floor, one on the first floor. Why aren’t they on every floor? It’s quite disheartening to look into a garbage can and see it filled with paper and plastic that very easily could be reduced, reused, and/or recycled. In fact, if I’m not near a recycling bin and I have paper or plastic with

me, I simply put it in my bag and take it home to recycle. I’m such a good person that I’m constantly trying to recycle things the NYC Department of Sanitation tells me can’t be recycled – wooden hangers, spiral notebooks, plastic that is not in bottle or jug form. Their rules can’t define my progressive environmental views. You can’t keep this tiger in a cage, and nobody puts Baby in a corner. I like to ruminate over my progressiveness while my Jeep gets 13 miles to the gallon on the highway. A very liberal friend once told me that one of the major differences between him and I is that he likes to hide his hypocrisy, while I put it out there for everyone to see. As any true liberal knows, your hypocrisy and humor are your strongest weapons. The more honest you are about your own hypocrisy, the easier it is to condemn others without feeling guilty or leaving yourself open to criticism. Note the following example: As a liberal, I think that political elections are excellent opportunities to see the diversity of our nation in action. It’s beautiful how all the perspectives of the melting pot are reflected in our political process. Therefore, this November, everyone should vote so all different opinions can be heard. Unless you’re a Republican. In that case, you should stay home on Election Day with a rifle to make sure George III doesn’t try to quarter troops in your rumpus room.

I’d like to conclude by saying that we really shouldn’t make the lives of people that work in the building more difficult. Throw your garbage in the garbage can; Ladies, please stop peeing all over the bathroom. And there should be recycling bins on every floor, and they should be brightly colored with glittery stickers of bumblebees to attract attention and make recycling fun. After all, this is *our* building, and we should respect it accordingly.

The Public Interest Committee would like to thank the student clubs and organizations for their generous, thoughtful or adequate donations to the Poker Tournament:

BFF's

Catholic Law Society
Law Review
Phi Alpha Delta
The Forum

Acquaintances

Bankruptcy Law Society
Irish American Law Society

Well Wishers

(in that they don't wish PIC any specific harm)

Amnesty International
APALSA
BLSA
Entertainment and Sports Law Society
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The Federalist Society
Justinian Law Society
Poolestino Trial Advocacy Institute
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NATIONAL CHAMPIONS!

PTAI Congratulates:
Mary Kate Quinn

Kirk Sendlein

Rob Miklos

Mike Vicario

and

Coaches Stephen Murphy and
Wayne Gosnell

For their First-Place finish at the National Institute for Trial Advocacy's Tournament of Champions, the premier trial advocacy tournament in the nation



Scenes from the 4th Annual Public Interest Committee Charity Poker Tournament

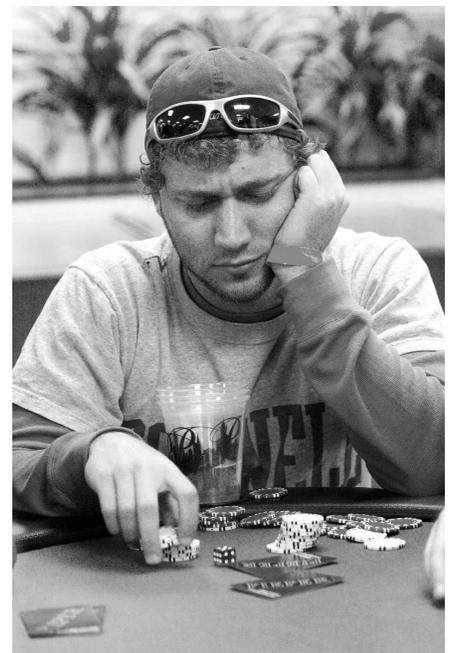
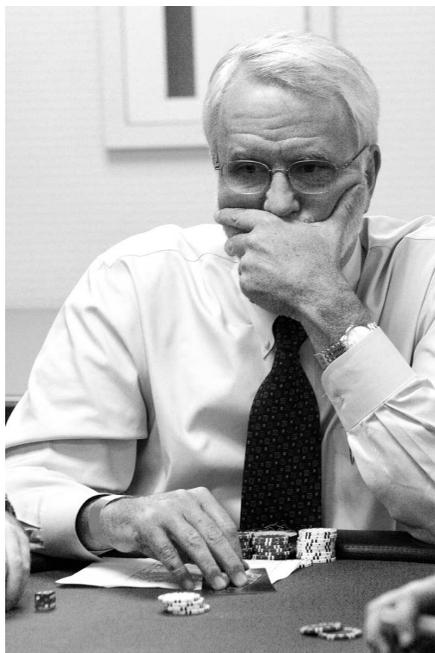


Photo Credit:
Abigail Lynn Cameron '09

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Address to the St. John's Law School Alumni Association, Washington, D. C. Chapter

By Tracy Adamovich '09

With an introduction by Andrew Simons, Associate Academic Dean

The School of Law Alumni Association has 12 chapters around the country, one of which is located in Washington, D.C. On Wednesday, Oct. 24, 2007, that chapter had its annual fall reception, at the Army/Navy Club, and honored our alums who have served in the military. As part of the program, they invited Tracy Adamovich, a 2L who spent five years in the U.S. Army before starting law school, to share some thoughts with the alums about her military background and law school experience:

Good evening Dean Daly, alumni, and guests. Thank you for this opportunity to speak to you. It has been a long, challenging journey coming to this point, but it has defined who I am as a person. As an 18 year old in June of 1997, not knowing what to expect, I reported to the United States Military Academy at West Point. Military service is not common in my family, nor did I personally know any West Point graduates. Yet, the reputation of the school appealed to me and upon visiting the school I fell in love with the campus. As for the military, I figured I would travel the world, meet fascinating people, and have experiences that others only dreamed about. I was not disappointed!

My four years at West Point were challenging and demanding, yet I have great memories and I accomplished so many things I never knew I was capable of — qualifying with an M-16, earning my Airborne wings, completing a fifteen-mile road march! Still, this was only the beginning of a very difficult and rewarding period of service.

Upon graduation I was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the Adjutant General Corps. I've always enjoyed working with people, so becoming a personnel officer was a natural fit for me. Following four months of training at Ft. Jackson, South Carolina, I reported to Bamberg, Germany for my first assignment, as an executive officer for a personnel detachment. We handled promotions, evaluations, awards, reassignments, and even issued passports for over 7,000

military members and their families. Further, as a brand new Second Lieutenant, I was responsible for researching and developing our standard operating procedures and other unit regulations. Around January 2003 we were given tentative deployment orders for Turkey. We were to support the First Infantry Division as they attacked Iraq through the North. I was tasked with shipping our vehicles to Turkey, and, accordingly, spent one week in Rotterdam, Netherlands with the vehicles ensuring they were loaded onto transport ships. In the end, as you may recall, the Turkish Parliament voted against allowing the U.S. Military within its borders for this mission, and after all that preparation our deployment was cancelled.

After promotion to First Lieutenant and eighteen months as the executive officer, I was reassigned to Battalion Staff to serve as the Assistant Operations Officer. Shortly thereafter, we were given deployment orders again—this time to Iraq. As a personnel unit, one of our many war-time functions is casualty reporting. Accordingly, my new responsibility became Chief of Casualty Operations. As of our deployment in February 2004, the casualty reporting system in Iraq was still new. Thus, it was up to me to develop the system by which we would report the casualties as they occurred. I am often asked about this process, so for those of you who are curious, the basic casualty reporting scheme is as follows: a casualty, injury, or death occurs and it is reported from those on the ground to the Battalion S1, or personnel shop. The S1 then reports to us in the casualty center. In order to expedite this process, my teams were stationed throughout Iraq at the Combat Support Hospitals. There, they could get the information regarding the casualty from either the injured soldier, or the soldier's unit members, if at all possible. I would then input all available information regarding the casualty, such as type of injury, seriousness of injury, location, soldier personnel data, etc., into a central database and report that to my next higher command. Ultimately, this information would reach The Department of the Army, Personnel Command, and the actual family notification process would begin.

According to The Department of the Army regulations, we had twenty-four hours from when the casualty occurred to when the information must have reached DA PERSCOM. I personally found this way too long and lowered the acceptable reporting time by imposing a four-hour limit between time of casualty and when I reported it my immediately higher command, thus beginning the reporting chain that much sooner. Considering the fog of war, the confusion and fear in the units themselves, and the importance of accurate reporting under these conditions, this was indeed a daunting responsibility.

The most positive of my experiences in Iraq was as the Officer in Charge of our unit's sponsorship of an Iraqi Elementary school. We would bring the children desks, chalkboards, paper and pencils, as well as toys and candy. The majority of the students loved our visits and were very grateful to see us. There was one little girl in particular that I will never forget. She turned to me and said that she wanted to be a doctor and that because of us Americans her dream could come true. Sometimes when I get upset thinking about all the negative reports from Iraq, I think of her and the positive impact we were able to make on that one little girl.

My unit redeployed to Germany in February 2005, by which time my team had reported almost 3,500 casualties. Because of this experience I am a changed person. I view the world differently. I am more appreciative of my family, my friends, and even of my military service. Also because of my deployment I am more capable, confident, and competent. Although I believe the military would have given me these attributes even if I had not deployed, they are definitely stronger within me and whenever I get frustrated I remind myself that I survived a year in Iraq, I can accomplish anything!

My final assignment was in Shreveport, Louisiana at a Military Entrance Processing Station, where I served as the Operations Officer. Although I was in Louisiana during Hurricane Katrina, I was lucky to be out of the path of the hurricane. However, our sister unit in New Orleans closed for several months and we had to absorb their mission. Accordingly, we were still

able to help, albeit in our own way. I served in this capacity until June 2006, when I was honorably discharged as a Captain and returned home to New York to start law school.

St. John's was a natural choice for me when deciding which law school to attend. I researched the professors, the alumni, and the school itself. I was impressed with the compassion and concern that the professors had for the students, and was drawn to the very distinguished and strong alumni network. I have not been disappointed in any aspect. My professors have been approachable and involved and as I stand here today I am witnessing the support the alumni have for the school.

Since beginning school, I have used the tools the military gave me and because of that I have succeeded in every endeavor I began. I have done well academically. I am a member of the Law Review. I was chosen to be a New York Court of Appeals Fellow. And, next summer, I will be a Summer Associate at Sullivan and Cromwell, a top law firm in the City.

I am grateful for everything that St. John's has done for me, and I realize it is only the beginning. In fact, just recently, in support of our eleven military law students, Dean Andrew Simons spearheaded a new club—the St. John's School of Law Armed Forces Society. In just a short time we have already begun planning a drive to collect care packages to send to troops in Iraq and Afghanistan. We also want to help give back to the school by teaching other students those traits that have become second nature to us—time management skills, discipline, teamwork and leadership.

Even before entering the service I knew that I wanted to be a lawyer and, now that I have completed my service, the ability to work with people and help them attack and solve their problems appeals to me even more. As an attorney and a St. John's alum, I will strive to serve others to the best of my ability. With my practical life experience, I will be able to approach their problems with a level of understanding and maturity that many of my colleagues will not possess.

Thank you all for your attention, and for those of you with military experience, thank you for your service.

Taking Two Bar Exams Concurrently

Submitted by Erica Fine; BAR/BRI Eastern Region Associate Director & SJU Law Class of '82 and Carl Gillen, BAR/BRI Assistant Director.

Just when you get somewhat comfortable with the idea of you actually taking the bar exam, someone, whether a Professor, a colleague, or a BAR/BRI Director, might suggest, "Why not consider taking two bar exams".

While at first blush this admittedly does seem rather masochistic, there are sound reasons why, even if you choose NOT to take two bars concurrently, you should at least consider it.

Among bar exams from around the country, there is a lack of uniformity amongst the states as to the topics tested on their bars, yet, a good amount of crossover amongst tested topics exists.

The "take two" mindset can best be viewed by example. For this discussion, let's look briefly at the bar exams of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Massachusetts although certain other jurisdictions might work equally as well.

New York is one of the broadest bar exams in the country in that the bar examiners test applicants on their knowledge of approximately 25 topics; more or less depending upon how you break them down. Business entities for example can be considered one topic or it can be defined as three topics; Corporations, Agency and Partnership. In any event, the New York bar exam tests applicants on their knowledge of the New York LOCAL rules for each of these topics as well as general principles of law for the "National Multistate" portion of the New York bar exam.

The Massachusetts bar exam, on the other hand, tests applicants on approximately 20 topics. While the Massachusetts bar examiners do test a significant amount of local Massachusetts law on the exam, it is the applicant's command of general principles of law and not the Massachusetts distinctions that will weigh heavily in earning a passing score.

In Connecticut, the bar examiners test on only a relatively small amount of local Connecticut law. While topics such as Connecticut Practice and Procedure, Connecticut State Constitutional Law and Connecticut Evidence are "subject" to testing, they are not among the most frequently tested of the Connecticut bar exam topics.

New Jersey remains at the opposite end of the spectrum from New York. While New York places a premium on an applicant's knowledge of New York law, New Jersey tests primarily the six Multistate topics plus Civil Procedure which could include New Jersey Procedure.

To easily visualize taking two bar exams concurrently, consider the New York bar exam as a rather large umbrella which covers a lot of tested topics. When preparing for the New York bar, you will need to review all the Multistate topics, the general principles of law relating to these topics AND the New York local distinctions for each of these topics as well. This New York "umbrella" covers mostly all the topics you can encounter on both the Massachusetts and Connecticut bars and all of the topics you may find on the New Jersey bar.

If you feel that you are simply "winging" this second state, you are not. You are actually preparing for it while

you are studying for the New York bar exam. As to the local topics or as to the format of the essays on your second state, you may usually purchase from BAR/BRI a supplemental packet containing practice essays, mini outlines on the local topics and a CD which addresses how to apply the material you learned in your state's bar course on this second bar exam.

While publications such as the The New York Law Journal, the New Jersey Lawyer, etc., do reprint essays released by the bar examiners along with sample benchmark answers, you should note that the answers released by the bar examiners are generally not model answers. These answers might include wrong law or might even present an alternative interpretation of the facts that in no way would be suitable for your studying purposes. These answers do however lend insight into the fact that you need not always present the correct rule of law or reach the correct conclusion to pass, and they do illustrate that the bar examiners are actually looking for applicants to develop a flowing, logically organized legal analysis.

There are four reasons why, even if you choose to

take only one bar you should at least consider sitting for two bar exams concurrently:

1. You will never know more law than when you graduate law school and take your bar review course for hopefully the first and last time;

2. You will, in all likelihood, never want to take another state's bar exam ever again;

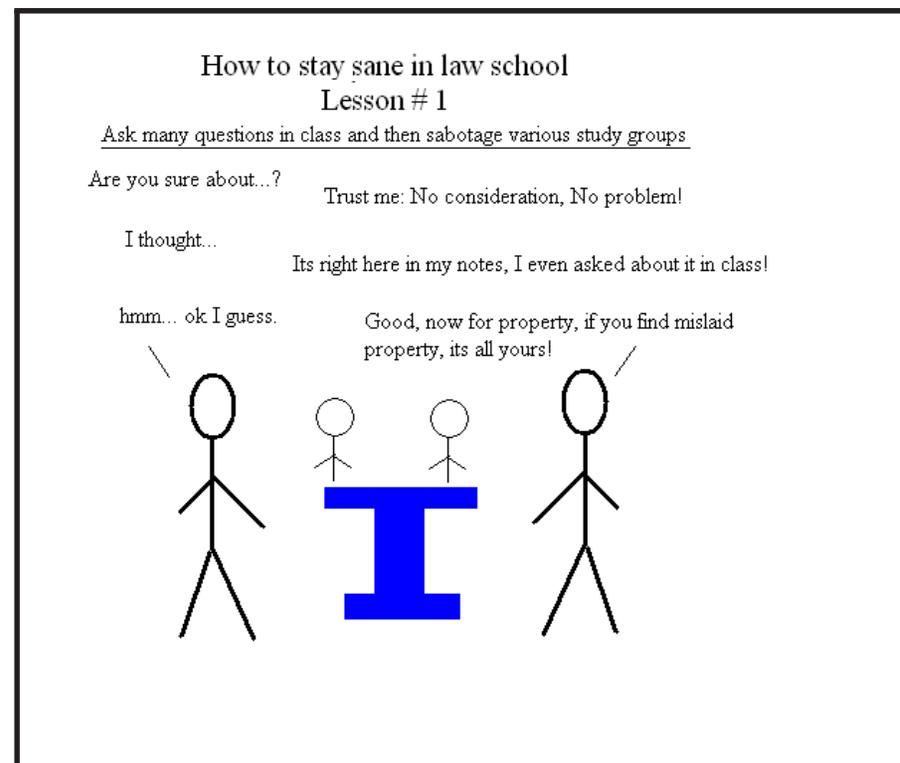
3. Given the current nature of multi-jurisdictional law firm practice, having two bar admissions "under your belt" might give you a leg up in the job market when competing against job applicants with only one bar admission; and

4. Should you need to take a second bar exam some time in the future, you would in all likelihood need to take time off from your job, utilizing sick time, vacation time and family time, and perhaps take a bar review course once again.

So, while obviously taking two bar exams is not something that you are required to do, it is something that is truly worth considering.

Not a fan of the Bar?

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Sports Perspectives with Brian Smith '08

Welcome to Soxtober

These ain't your grandfather's father's . . . heck are these even MY Red Sox? In 1995 the Sox won the AL East and were promptly disposed of by the Manny Ramirez-led Indians 3-0 while Mo Vaughn and Jose Canseco went 0-fer. In 1999 the Sox staged an amazing 0-2 comeback to beat Manny's Tribe in 5, only to be disposed

Obviously everyone remembers the amazing 3-0 Disney-scripted comeback in the 2004 ALCS when David Ortiz turned into Mr. October, Schilling pitched with tendons attached to places they shouldn't be attached to, and Derek Lowe clinched on Yankee soil on TWO DAYS rest (how 'bout dem apples, Chien-Ming Wang?). But as



David "Big Papi" Ortiz and Josh Beckett celebrating the Red Sox 2nd World Series victory title in four years

of in 5 by the Yankees with Pedro leading the Sox to victory in their only win with half an arm. In 2003, there was the memorable, amazing back and forth series against the Yankees which left the Sox within 5 outs of their first AL pennant in 17 years when Grady Little left Pedro in too long and Aaron Boone hit the most memorable HR in Red Sox-Yankees history since Bucky Dent. Wait, did I just say Boone and Dent without the obligatory !#*&@\$* in the middle of their names? Something has clearly changed here.

boy genius Theo Epstein said recently, "Anyone can win one World Series." Well yeah, sure Theo, anyone can, but we hadn't in 86 years. It was amazing and the Sox deserved every bit of publicity and credit they got. But nevertheless, Yankees fans loved to treat it as a fluke. Yankees fans no longer chanted 1918, instead telling Sox fans that we wouldn't see another title until 2090. 2090 no more . . . the Sox did it again, and they did it in astounding, comeback fashion. Yes, these are MY Red Sox, as well as my dad's and

grandfather's (they're also the "it" team due to all the cute girls in pink hats who have joined Red Sox Nation and who Nick Rigano loves to dress up as), but the 2004-2007 version is unlike any team I have ever rooted for. In fact, it's more reminiscent of the late 90s Yankees who I despised, naturally.

There is no need to go into great detail since it's been fairly well publicized, but the Sox dominated the Manny-less Tribe in 3 straight games, coming back from a 3-1 ALCS deficit to go to the World Series where they quickly disposed of the junior varsity league's best team, the Rockies. Manny Ramirez had 16 RBI in the postseason—one less than A-Rod has in his postseason career—and now holds the record for most playoff HRs, slowest walk-off home run trot, and slowest home run trot while his team was losing handily. Josh Beckett turned into the most feared playoff pitcher since Bob Gibson. Ortiz was still scary dangerous despite requiring surgery within a week of the title. And a bunch of rookies and young guys named Dustin, Jacoby, Kevin, and Pap the Riverdancer were all nearly flawless. Other than the hiccup where they lost 3 in a row to Cleveland, this was the most dominant playoff run of all-time. Even counting the 3 losses and examining run differentials, this team rivals the 1998 Yankees for sheer playoff dominance. And like the 1998 Yankees, they're not going away.

I'm not trying to scare you, Yankees fans, but answer me this question: How are the Sox going to be any worse in the next few years? In fact,

how are they not going to be BETTER? Beckett is 28. Ortiz is 32 and getting his knee fixed. Manny is still being Manny. Papelbon, Dice-K, Youkilis, and Delcarmen are just reaching their prime or are still a year or two away. Pedroia, Ellsbury, Lester and Clay Buchholz—who owns one more no-hitter than Schilling, Pedro, and Roid Rage Roger Clemens combined—are all under 25. That's right sports fans, this team isn't coming down from its pedestal any time soon. Sure, if Schilling, Buchholz, and Lester struggle, the Sox might be in the market for a solid SP. But their farm system is LOADED. They have the money and minor league talent to acquire any final piece to the puzzle and still have a lot of young talent left over. Lowell might be signed by the Yankees (don't count on it—he'll be a Sox next year), but then the Sox can either sign A-Rod (please, no!) or trade for Miguel Cabrera or Garret Atkins who will both be on the market. The Sox are stocked in every department, and there will be no downfall in the next few years at the very least.

Red Sox fans, enjoy this title. It sure is sweet, but get excited for next year too, because the boys from Fenway are going to be even better. And Yankees fans, be afraid – be VERY afraid – unless you can come up with an answer as to how the first-round-and-out-Yankees are going to beat a team that simply never says die.

Not a Red Sox Fan?
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The Eye Of The Storm

On November 14 at Carnesecca Arena, the St. John's Red Storm Men's Basketball Team will kick off its fourth season under Coach Norm Roberts against St. Francis. This year's team is more talented, hungrier, and more athletic than any team in Coach Roberts' tenure so far. When you start hearing the buzz on campus, you'll know the Storm is ready to strike and you will be able to attribute your increased interest in the team and attendance at games to Coach Roberts' hard work and vision. Below is a recap of a discussion I had with Coach Roberts, which will hopefully help you realize that you should jump on the bandwagon early and often.

Brian Smith: Last year it was obvious that the program took a big step by winning seven Big East games and finishing ahead of Uconn. How do you go about making a smooth transition and building on that success with the influx of seven freshmen?

Coach Roberts: Talent. This year's team is much more talented than last year's team. We are young — we have to forget about experience. We're trying to instill in our guys an unbelievable passion and desire which will overcome immaturity and newness. Playing with this desire will foster good chemistry, which will drive us to succeed.

B.S.: Based on simply reading reports about the players, this seems like your deepest, most athletic team at St. Johns — will we see any different style defensively or offensively, or with the rotation of players?

Coach: This year's team has so much versatility, more so than last year's team. You can only play according to your level of talent and versatility, and that affected our style and how we had to play last year. Now we are *very* athletic, the guys handle the ball better, they play faster, and they can make plays on the run. This team will wreak havoc defensively and be able to score off their defense — when you can score off your defense, you can have a very dangerous team.

BS: What should the fans look for this year besides strictly the win-loss record in evaluating the team's progress?

Coach: Everyone is really excited about this team, especially with all of the

freshmen we have. But you have to remember that they are still freshmen. Look for the guys playing with a high level of intensity on the court and a great level of chemistry — look for them communicating and how they work with each other. People have to understand that this is St. John's' future right here, and the future is very bright.

BS: What kind of player do you look for when you are recruiting and how has recruiting changed now that all the sanctions have been lifted?

Coach: Well, this is the first year we had the full amount of scholarships to offer. The first year to a year and a half here it was tough because kids were unsure what kinds of sanctions would come down, and some kids didn't want to come to a program that might be banned from making the tourney. Now that all of those problems are gone, we have been able to recruit a lot of talented guys from *winning* programs. Mike Cavataio (freshman SG/SF) took St. Francis to a new level of winning in his time there. D.J Kennedy's (freshman PG/SG/SF) team went 32-3 in Pittsburgh last year and he led his team to the state title. Malik Boothe (freshman PG) led Christ the King to the New York CHSAA championship and was named MVP of the tournament. Justin Burrell (freshman PF) and Paris Horne (freshman SG) both came from Bridgton Academy in Maine and were on the #1 prep school team in the nation. Sean Evans just recently decided to concentrate on basketball (he was also a superb football player with D-1 offers) and is going to be a versatile power forward that will help us both inside and outside. Dele Coker (freshman C) is constantly improving his game and will make an immediate impact inside.

BS: How have the upperclassmen been approaching this season?

Coach: Anthony Mason, Jr. greatly improved his ball handling this summer. Look for Larry Wright to have a big season; he is going to be more aggressive and more comfortable on the court. Eugene Lawrence is going to be better because last season we asked him to do everything — he had to run the offense and guard the fastest guy on the opposing team. Now he won't need to do everything and will be more effective. The upperclassmen (Lawrence, Mason, Wright, and Tomas Jasiulionis) are

doing a great job helping the freshmen understand what is expected, and understand what kind of commitment they need to put into this to have a successful team.

What may not necessarily be evident from the interview, but was overwhelmingly obvious to me in my discussion with him, is Coach Roberts' confidence in this team and *his* desire and hunger to bring the Red Storm back to prominence. A coach should not only know basketball, but should be a leader of young people. The confidence and kindness that Coach Roberts exudes and his commitment to this program are amazing and will undoubtedly help greatly in the exponential growth on and off the court of this young and exciting team.

I expect that this season could be something of a roller-coaster ride at first. While Mason Jr. is ready to explode and become a star on the Big East scene and Lawrence will undoubtedly continue his steady growth as a point guard, the team is very young after them. Larry Wright hit an amazing game winning three-pointer against Notre Dame last year, but he is only a

Boothe, Horne, Kennedy, Coker, and Jasiulionis will get major minutes as well, and Cavataio and Evans have a chance to jump in the mix. The beginning of this season will be somewhat unpredictable, as a great deal depends on how quickly the players come together as a unit. If they haven't done so by mid-December, then their trip to the Rainbow Classic should provide for an excellent bonding experience, as well as some great competition before the Big East season begins.

Whether it happens in game one this week, in late December at the Holiday Festival, or during the Big East season, this team will gel and when they do the rest of the Big East better watch out. Come to Carnesecca Arena for a game before finals start — I guarantee that this team, with its winning attitude and hunger led by Coach Roberts and his staff, will get you hooked. And if great team play, intensity, and the growth of a young, talented team is not enough to get you excited — and you're more a



Norm Roberts instructing kids at his basketball camp

sophomore and still has a lot of room to improve. Justin Burrell was a top-50 ranked player coming out of high school and has a chance to make an immediate impact — not only on the Red Storm but on the entire Big East — but, nevertheless, he is only a freshman. I predict that

fan of SportCenter highlights — the sheer athleticism of the players will wow you, and “Young Mase,” Burrell, and “Air Horne” will likely provide you with a few sensational, rim-rocking dunks that you won't want to miss the chance to see in person.

ADDICTION

By R. S. Holman

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Library, Library, Library, I CAN'T SEE GOD ANYMORE, where did His day go...Wash. Rinse. Repeat. Repeat. Repeat.

We're automatons. The humans are dead. Our humanity poisoned by text and gin and tobacco, ground into steel parts for reassembly and furious mechanical masturbation. There is no joy on Tuesday. Tuesday? Yes, it was Tuesday—all of the weekend rust was gone, exposing our arthritic lives to raw soreness, without a respite from the assembly line in sight.

"Oh, you have carpal tunnel? Well then, retype this 200-page document in a half hour. And skip lunch. Thanks."
"By the way, why aren't you smiling? Work on that. Thanks."

But I made it past Tuesday.

The godlessness of my weekday washed over the gin of last night. I sat poised on the edge of an ottoman, staring into "polar sky" blue (Benjamin Moore #1674). Serenity, solace, slumber all seemed so close. So very, very close. No, no. I had my hand up as if I were about to say "hey, guys, great to see...!" and they brushed right by me and started hugging the guy behind me. Like an ashen corpse reanimated by hope, he got up and walked off with fresh taste buds and eyes that could distinguish mauve from coral.

And I could only ask the gargoyle on my left why I was spared the happiness lavished on others. When it rains, he'll answer me.

I walk outside and fumble my cigarette. I don't even follow the dance of its fall. There's another one out of the pack and lit already. I can taste the stale and wrinkled tobacco. Mmm, a hint of plutonium. I can taste my death. Ah, to only know you live by tasting death. Memento mori? Nay. Memento vivi.

The cigarette joins its brother on the pavement, my heel clips its flame and extinguishes it. Better one life than two. I pass a garbage can and unceremoniously drop my pack in. I'm still walking and heave a gentler than usual cough. In my pocket, I rattle the keys and pop the trunk. As I lean over, gravity gently slides my lighter out of my shirt pocket and it bounces once, twice, skips off of my fingertips and skitters on the pavement as it settles, glibly catching the sunlight.

For a moment, I ponder its fate and put off the decision. One, two, three, four, five buttons down. I chuck it into the recesses and grab a fresh one from the spare shirt compartment. A new beginning.

It's been a week, I can't eat, I can't sleep, I can't focus, I bit off my girlfriend's head when she asked me how my day was, I got a ticket for jumping a red light, I have never fought myself so hard and I'll be damned if I'm gonna lose but can you win when you're the loser, the winner, the nympho, the celibate, the polar opposition of light and sound and energy and logic.

"It's easier to do it cold turkey." No, it's not easy to do at all.

I bought a pack just to beat up on it. To let it know exactly how it made me feel. I stood about 4 feet from that Benjamin-Moore-#1674-painted wall and started throwing the pack against it like I was doing catch-and-throw drills. One sickly crunch of paper and foil after another. Over and over again. Slivers of tobacco started finding their way through the packaging. I wound up and stopped myself. Misdirected, rage, anger, spite. I squeezed the pack in my hand and dropped it without looking. I walked outside and had an "air cigarette."

Pacing, pacing, breathing, pacing, stopping, sauntering, pacing.

"Can I bum a smoke, man?"

"Sorry, I'm trying to quit. I just beat the shit out of a pack. I also littered. But if you'd like an air cigarette, I've got a whole air pack and I can give you an air light."

"Rough week, huh?" as he walks away, shaking his head. Mumbles: "Weirdo."

"Hey man, so what if I like playing pretend? What's it to you?"

People say it's a personality thing, "Oh, I have an addictive personality." "I lack self-control." "I hate myself." "I just do what I want to do." I like smoking. I like drinking. I like sex. I like working out too. My flesh likes being used. My organs like being stressed. But there's this sense of moderation, this social morality imported from the Classics. I'm not doing this for them and I'm not doing it to live longer. I'm not afraid of death. I'm doing this because I hate how dirty smoking is. It makes everything yellow and cloudy. And I don't want to continue to live with that.

After a couple of g&t's, overheard by my worse judgment:

"Yeah, sure, I'm trying to quit, but hey, I'll have a quick one with you, got a light?"

I hit send on the email, take off my glasses, rub the bridge of my nose and close my eyes for a second. With a deep breath, I lift my cigarette from its cradle in the ashtray and take a deep drag. I close my eyes, hold it in, hold it. Hold it. And out. Shirley Manson's crooning—something about a stroke of luck. The wryest smile turns up the corners of my lips. I place a phone call. She doesn't pick up.

BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP. Hey, it's me. I hope your week's going well. Mine's shit. Was thinking you might be able to help me make mine a little better. I'm thinking Thursday, 7 PM. My treat. Let me know. Click. She won't call back, but I wish she would.

A lot of mistakes, a lot of angst and a lot of hurting self and others. I've got books, studying, women, alcohol and laundry. But in it all, I can always kick back, light up a smoke, and relax.

At least, until I need another one.

HAIKU CORNER

Rich Spiedel

Poker Tournament:
Some play on tilt, others not.
Public interest wins.

It devolves into
Guitar hero and Wii, for
Those not good at math.

Eddie Mario

Playing Cards and Guitar PICs
Cool calm poker face
Guitar riffs for the ages
All for charity

Gianfranco Finizio

internet in class
without it I would ace school
but B's are cool to.

Brian Smith

The Life of a 1L
Barbri or Pieper?
I'm in deep finals trouble.
Maybe I should pray.

Law School High School
She hooked up with him?
I heard he hooked up with her.
Law school breeds drama.

Anonymous

Happy Halloween
I love all candy.
Liquor is far better though.
So I drink grey goose

Anonymous

That Sweet Bow Tie and
Wrap Around Oakley Shades Too
You Rule This Law School

Of Night, Class, Beer and Pong

By John Pierpont '10

The moment seemed frozen in time. This was it. The hopes and dreams of an entire hour were in the balance. A dozen moderately intoxicated faces looking at me. It was hit this cup or go home (not really). The foam rolled slowly from the ping-pong ball down my fingers as I lined up the shot. Across the table our opponents had already begun celebrating. I could hardly blame them. Not ten minutes ago we had done the same.

"No pressure," my teammate, whose name wasn't actually Harry Sack, said to me. "If you miss this, we lose." He always seems to know the right thing to say. I bounced the ball once, and took aim...

Ok let me back up a little:

Tick...

It was warm, too warm, for a late September night. This did not, however, weigh heavily on my mind.

Tock...

Five minutes to go in class. We were already late.

Tock...

Some people have already unplugged their laptop and put their books away

Tick...

Did the clock just move backwards?

Tick...

This is the life of a night student. We have to leave events early to go to class.

Tock...

Or we have to go to events late because of class. But we do, because we're that awesome.

Tick-tock x 300 (If only)...

Finally class was out. Now it was a race over to the bar where the beer pong tournament was most likely underway. We piled into cars, not much caring who was driving. This, led to an awkward situation or two where some piled into a car that didn't actually belong to any of us. After a quick sidebar ("Not my car, moron!"), everyone was accounted for and we were off.

The drive was wild and frightening. I don't really like to think about it. "Go faster!" someone exclaimed. Then, on second thought, because we just learned about alternative liability and concert of action, they added "But I'm not encouraging you!"

Tires squealed, men cringed, and babes wept. But damn it, we would get to that tournament.

After a wrong turn or two and having aged around 3 years, we arrived at the bar to find the tournament was already underway. The organizer said there was no more room for participants. Disappointment settled in. All of our wild driving would be in vain. One night student even angrily exclaimed, "What an almost waste!" We all nodded in agreement. It was indeed almost a waste; we would now have to settle for an unlimited amount of beer for the ten-dollar cover we paid.

"Last call for Patrick and Harry!" another organizer cried. -A plan!

So it was then that my partner and I were entered into the beer pong tournament. We would later discover that an entire other bracket would open, but let's be honest, would you rather play under your real name, or under a secret, witty, intelligent alias?

"Call us, Patty O'Toole and Harry Sack!"

I thought so.

The first round wasn't much of a challenge. We cruised to victory. At that point many of the other night students had entered. Some even matched up in the first round. This led to quite a conflict of emotions. I was torn until one of the teams immediately started to talk garbage and generally play dirty. What a horrid display, I thought to myself. That team should be ashamed and perhaps even disqualified. I immediately decided to cheer for them.

Soon (not at all), it was time for our second match. We cruised out to an early lead, hitting the first four cups before my partner, Harry, decided to start shooting as though he had both eyes closed. Still, we managed to get down to one cup each. We hit. We rejoiced. Then they hit. We groaned. Overtime.

Now back to the present:

I bounced again. I took aim. Someone yelled. I shot. Everyone held their breath.

I missed.

Devastation.

Patrick and Harry, two students who didn't even show up at the bar, were eliminated in a second round game that went to overtime.

After that we played many pickup games. And we won them all. It seemed the students formerly known as Patrick and Harry could do no wrong. We played nine games in a row when someone decided to start playing the time honored game of "Peg the Nearest Person with a Ping-Pong Ball." This was, immediately, a big hit and things were going along just dandy when a member of team "play dirty" (hereinafter "the tortfeasor") was hit with a ball thrown from across the room. Seeing his friends all around, overtly throwing ping-pong balls at one another, the tortfeasor came to the only logical conclusion he could: the unknown bald man standing two feet away, facing away from him, engaged in conversation with a young woman must have done it. With a leg kick higher than El Duque's, the ping-pong ball was delivered with stunning speed into the back of the bald-man's head.

Fast-forward twenty minutes and now we're outside. The tortfeasor is angrily protesting to the bouncer that the bald man should be kicked out; he had used disproportional force in retaliation by throwing a beer in his face, thus a preponderance of the evidence would show that, if anything, the bald man had committed a battery. Further, by retaliating to the tortfeasor's actions, he consented to them. Therefore, the tortfeasor hadn't done anything that could even amount to a tort! This argument was articulated with such an eloquence that any judge who heard it would immediately reverse and remand. The bouncer, however, responded by flexing his pec's. Twice.

The nuances of the law are just lost on some people.

So our tumultuous night came to an end (again, not really). I like to think we all learned a lesson that night. Some learned not to peg bald men with ping-pong balls. Others learned that some responses to legal arguments aren't learned in law school. As for me, I realized that if El Duque had a windup like the tortfeasor's, the Mets might have had a shot at making the playoffs.

Not a beer pong fan? TheForumSJU@gmail.com

Clarence Thomas, *from page 1*

they were worried that they were taking up too much of my time, like I was some important person. I told them that they were the real heroes. I haven't shed a drop of blood for our Country; they were missing limbs. Don't complain about the challenges."

"What do you hope the public will get out of your book?"

"Hope. Negativism is tiring. Who wakes up on a beautiful day and says, 'What a great day for whining'? 'What a great day to not be able to accomplish something'? I want to give people someone or something positive to look forward to, even where there is no reason to hope. There was a young woman in tears at one of my speeches, and I wondered what I said that moved her. She said it was when I said that I couldn't get a job out of law school—she couldn't get a job out of law school, either—but the fact that I couldn't resulted in my appointment to the Supreme Court."

"What is the greatest threat to our Constitution?"

"I can't tell you what the greatest threat is, but I can tell you a threat: How many people have read it? People want to be better informed about their health, the environment, what food to eat... Why do

so many know so little about it? My brother would have to deal with people who found out who he was and didn't like the opinions I wrote. I told him to use a conversation stopper and ask them if they had read The Constitution. He was astounded at how few had. People have strong opinions, but weak understandings. I watched the Giants beat the Jets last week. How many Jet fans had a favorable opinion of the referee? People have a stake in the outcome."

"As a father of three, do you use your grandfather's childrearing techniques? Or do you give your kids more leisure and love than he gave you?"

"Well, it's hard to argue with success, but I couldn't do it. That's why I admire him so. It's tempting to spoil children. I wondered if he was ever tempted to spoil me. He prepared me like he was a drill sergeant. Parenting is a humbling adventure, because kids are so different. But to answer your question, I give my children much more leisure than I got."

"Should international law have any weight in American jurisprudence?"

"If a treaty has been adopted, certainly. One can look to Blackstone and so forth. Looking to international law under the substantive due process doctrine

presents problems: Which laws do you look to? China? North Korea? You end up cherry-picking countries."

"What was the biggest surprise that you've had on the Court?"

"The civility. D.C. was tumultuous... Joining the Court was like walking off a busy street into a quiet library or church. Justice White told me, 'All that matters now is what you do here.' Also, how much work it is. And Justice Rehnquist was very good to me."

"What in your life would you have done differently?"

"Every plan I made in my life has failed. I wanted to practice law in Savannah and failed. I wanted to practice law in Atlanta and failed. I wanted to be a millionaire by the time I was thirty and failed. I don't have control over what my life brings. I only have control over what I do every day. President Lincoln said, 'I will prepare myself. When the time comes, I will be ready.' Ready for what? The people who picket and complain, knowing how we should live our lives—I didn't write the book for them. They already know it all. I wrote it for us—the sick, the hurting, the disappointed—not for those with such divinity running through their blood. I was a total loser at career planning."

"What is the value of appellate argument?"

"The value can be overstated, but very close cases can be won or lost on oral argument. It's important for people to say their piece, but the real work is in the briefs. I would prefer that we listened more, but that's not up to me, it's up to the other Justices."

"What's your favorite movie?"

The movie that I've seen the most times is *The Fountainhead*. I force my clerks to watch it every year. I'm not an objectivist, but the film demonstrates that some things are worth standing for, even with the whole world against you. It's not a bad thing to have the whole world standing against you if you're right, but you should double and triple check and make sure that you're right. Some people think that because I'm black, or because I come from certain circumstances, that I should hold certain views. Just as blacks were once excluded from certain neighborhoods, or excluded from drinking from certain water fountains, it's intellectual segregation—the idea that I'm drinking from the wrong fountain of knowledge."

In closing, Justice Thomas said, "You authors win. Writing this book was a humiliating experience. Thank you all, you've lifted my spirits."

Losers, *from page 1*

When I was a kid, I swam on a swim team. At swim meets it didn't matter whether I lost a race by one one-hundredth of a second or whether I lost by several seconds. I still lost the race. When I first started swimming, there were plenty of times when I got lapped in the pool. I don't remember anyone suggesting that the lead swimmer should have slowed down to let me catch up a little before winning. No one suggested that the winner was "classless" or should get less glory for winning because she was out of the pool, dried off, and on the winner's podium before I even finished (okay, it wasn't really that bad, but that's just what it *seemed* like at the time). And that was in local competitions between a bunch of knock-kneed kids, not among a bunch of full-grown, muscled-up, highly compensated professional athletes with their own cheerleading squad, merchandise lines, product endorsement packages, and fanatic fans. When did professional football players and their fans become so wimpy?

So maybe I'm wrong and the culprit isn't merely professional football or even football fans. Maybe there is a larger societal problem underlying these ridiculous "classless" accusations.

A few years ago, on a visit "home," I noticed that my sister's bedroom walls were covered in ribbons and trophies. I know what blue, red, and yellow ribbons signify, but what

about the rainbow-colored ones? And what about all those certificates? Those are participation awards, she said.

Since when did mere participation become something that deserves its own ribbon? I understand offering commendations occasionally for unique, outstanding participation. It is nice for society and for communities to acknowledge exceptional efforts on the part of individuals. But shouldn't mere participation in sports/arts/school/community/society be something that is expected and not something that we feel that we have to reward? When did we stop *expecting* people to participate? What happened to "participation is its own reward"?

So maybe the problem isn't that professional football has gone wimpy or that the Pats are "classless." Maybe the problem is that our society is becoming whiny and entitled. In a society that teaches kids that mere participation merits an award and that everyone should get a trophy or ribbon for playing, can we realistically expect that those I-always-get-a-trophy-for-playing kids will grow up and behave any differently than the Washington Redskins did when they couldn't keep up with the Patriots?

With more and more kids growing up in a society that rewards participation almost as much as it rewards dedication, perseverance, effort, and excellence, I wouldn't be surprised if we see more and more demands that even professional athletic

teams constrain themselves to "just barely winning"—heaven forbid a professional athlete ends up embarrassed because they lost by "too much." Or perhaps the next thing we will hear is that the Patriots—or any other team on a season-long undefeated track—should graciously throw a game here and there so that other teams, who haven't yet scored a win all season, can win sometimes, too.

I say bring back the reality that there is one winner and everyone else is a loser and maybe we will teach kids a valuable life-lesson. When kids learn that not everyone gets a ribbon for merely participating, and that rewards—both in Pee Wee sports and later on in their personal and professional lives—almost always require that they do more than merely participate, they will have learned a valuable lesson that will continue to benefit them for years to come. For me, being the "loser" made me want to be the winner. I still didn't win every time, but I knew that no one was going to hand me a ribbon just because I showed up, and it meant that I valued the ribbons I did get because I knew that I earned every one of them.

Life is full of wins and losses. Sometimes you will lose and when that happens, both in sports and in "life," one thing is certain: feeling entitled to a participation award or spouting-off about how "classless" you think your opponent is won't get you ahead and it just makes you the classless one.

Legal Writing, *from page 1*

his or her writing style to four different ideas of what is "proper legal writing." Obviously, this comes with the territory of being a lawyer—an attorney's audience is ever-changing. The same brief or pleading will be read by multiple supervising attorneys, and judges. It is important that the authoring attorney's writing style appeal to a relatively broad range of perspectives.

That being the case, it seems that students could more effectively be served by their legal writing coursework if their grades were based on the opinions of multiple professors. This would introduce students to the reality that there is more than one method of legal writing sooner rather than later. The earlier that students can learn the necessary flexibility in their writing style, the better, as the likelihood that students latch onto one particular interpretation of "good" legal writing as dogmatic, to the exclusion of all other interpretations, will be diminished.

Undoubtedly, requiring that multiple professors grade one student's assignments will cause several logistical problems. Added constraints on professors' already busy schedules cannot be taken too lightly. However, this author believes that the idea should at least be discussed and considered for implementation. No opportunity for improvement, even to a well-oiled machine, should be dismissed without at least some deliberation.