**INSIDE THIS ISSUE**

**COMMENT**
- Richard Peck and William Dumas explore the life and legacy of Thurgood Marshall.

**FROLIC & BANTER**
- Mike Klein gets towed.
- Maurice Aswaad breaks his silence.
- Jason Talerman on proper gun selection and usage.

**NEWS & VIEWS**
- Bradd Babbitt reveals how tuition is really set.

**BCLS SPORTS**
- Dave Feldman, Allledger sports guru, exposes the campus's great unknown— the Quonset Hut.

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**Career Office focuses on corporate law**

By Doug Sachs

**Editor-in-Chief**

Janine Petit, in-house counsel for WCVB, Boston (Channel 5), and William Wise, a corporate attorney for Analog Devices, Inc. are the lucky ones.

Petit and Wise, both highly successful corporate attorneys, landed in-house positions as soon as they got out of law school.

“There are some really big corporations, like a General Foods, that will hire right out of law school, but those are rare,” Petit said. “They will, however, hire a young attorney with good business sense from a good corporate firm.”

Petit and Wise shared their insights and observations at a Career Services Office seminar Feb. 1. Entitled “In-House Counsel: Career Opportunities,” the event attracted about 30 students.

As a graduate of the Columbia University Journalism School and Columbia Law, Petit said she saw herself as a natural for an in-house position.

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**CRG encourages BCLS to carpool**

By Craig Kelly

On Thursday, 21 January, the Conservation Research Group sponsored a carpool/alternative transportation day. Any member of the law school community who did not drive alone to school was greeted by a fresh bagel as they entered the parking lot. A few days later, on Tuesday, 26 January, CRG sponsored another event. Labeled “trashday,” this event encouraged members of the law school community to collect, rather than dispose of, their trash for the day. Both of these events were attempts to raise environmental consciousness within the BCLS community.

By handing out bagels, CRG hoped to demonstrate that carpooling or alternative forms of transportation are not nearly as inconvenient as people may think. At the end of “trashday,” CRG hoped that participants would have a better idea of how much trash they created in just one short period of one day, and would realize how much of it is truly unnecessary.

We also hoped that participants in both events would realize that it does not take much effort to reduce the negative impact our lifestyles may have on others not as fortunately situated as ourselves. When we throw something away, we guarantee that others will live with the effects of our trash, whether it be because they live near an incinerator or because their groundwater is contaminated by the local landfill. When we insist on driving ourselves everywhere we go, we ensure that indigenous peoples in Ecuador will have their land-stripped as the oil industries supply our demands.

Naturally, no one wants to starve to death in the cold and dark. Fortunately, these choices are not the only options to our current consumer oriented lifestyles. CRG is attempting to demonstrate that living a low impact life does not have to be difficult, uncomfortable or unwieldy. As the semester continues, we, and other student groups, will conduct more events and conferences to raise the BCLS community’s awareness of environmental issues. We understand that people will continue to drive themselves to school, and that we all will keep on using throwaway cups, and we don’t plan on throwing stones at anyone.

We just hope that when one of our classmates gets elected President, she (or he) will think back to law school and say, “Gee, maybe there is something to this carpooling thing. Let’s put it into our transportation plan.” When that happens, it’ll be well worth the effort of passing out a few bagels.
Justice Thurgood Marshall 1908-93

Marshall's dedication sets high standard for Clinton

By Richard Peck
Executive Editor

It seems somehow significant—the death of Thurgood Marshall so close upon the heels of the inauguration of the new President. Something to do with death and rebirth. And the death is certainly a reality. A man whose actions and integrity made models by compara-

sion of others who had achieved similar professional status has departed from the living. The rebirth however can still be said to be more than a hope.

Yes, the hateful crowd who had fed for years with the notion of racial
totalitarian morality down the collective Ameri-

can throat, who meaninglessly manipulated the Constitution for their own political and financial benefit, must now ask themselves how their
applaud one another as great patriots, has

real change the new administration will

trickling down from above. But how much

said to be more than a hope.

of the actual people—residents of Con-

It was shocking that it took the complaints

broke the law. And that is as it should be.

proved. The pols were all set to give her the

substitute Land—to bring about the disap-

it is impolite to admit that one considers

one's self to be above the law. It is also

people who have done things like that—

something to do with children in New

understand that the national television

news media may have done to Marshall.

my hopes were shattered. I do not

of such corporate paragons of the public good as

was however, the consolidated case that

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Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr. called

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Tow, tow, tow your car; to the city pound!

By Mike Klein

Crime doesn’t pay. Everybody knows it. Zoe Baird knows it, but she forgot until the Senate Judiciary Committee pointed it out. Casper Weinberger knows it, but he was a friend of the President, so it didn’t matter.

Even I know it. But it wasn’t the Senate or the President that reminded me. It was a more powerful force: the New York City Traffic Department.

You see, I just got towed. Well, not me exactly, but my car. It was parked in the “No Standing” zone behind the New York University Medical Center, the same place I’ve been parking for five and a half years when I visit my best friend from college. He just got his Ph.D. in microbiology and will get his M.D. in tow more years. I just paid $150 in towing costs and will pay the $55 ticket next week, when I know the check will clear.

Ironically, the car was towed on the night of the party to celebrate my friend’s doctorate. At 1 a.m., I walked out with three guests from the party, making the magnanimous slow. Were you parked on the EF-DEEEHR?”

“Hold on, I check... Yes, we have a Saturn, four-door, Jersey plate HDP-85M. But it’s blue. Hundred fifty dollars Cash.”

I maxed out on the MAC card withdrawal, my compasses scanned toward cab fare, and we hailed a cab to Pier 76. The cab driver and I had the following conversation:

“Where to?”

“Thirty-eight and twelfth.”

“Ah—I get car towed?”

“I stared coldly into his rearview mirror. “HA-HA-HA!”

You’ve never been mocked until a New York City cabbie laughs at you. I’d never felt so low.

“HA-HA-HA!”

At 2 a.m. on Pier 76, a chauffeur fumbled with his wallet, looking desperately for his driver’s license and reassuring the cashier with the seven braids tied in a bun at the top of her head that he would find it. An Asian couple seemed bewildered by the whole process as they filled out their retrieval form. Four young guys speaking Hebrew surveyed the vending machines and settled on pretzels. Seventy cents... what a bargain.

The cashier inspected my registration and insurance card and copied the information onto a receipt. He tried to attach the receipt to the retrieval form, but his stapler was empty, creating the most nerve-wracking scene of the night.

Never have you witnessed the essence of bureaucratic delay until you’ve watched someone load a stapler. The cashier slowly reached behind him for a box of staples. He unsheathed a long strip, but sized up the space in the stapler with the length of his stapler strip. With surgical precision, he split the staple strip into uneven pieces, loading the longer segment into the stapler.

But wait! There’s still room left in the stapler chamber! Will the shorter segment of the staple strip fit, or is it too long? These were obviously the thoughts running through his mind, vexing his brain, clouding his otherwise crystal-clear cash register judgement.

The drama ended as he returned the smaller segment of staple strip to the box. Alas, its day will come. But now, I was time to fasten my receipt to my retrieval form... with three staples. I fumbled with my wallet and counted out $150. What a bargain.

I presented my receipt to Droopy Dog, who again opened the gate leading to the Van With No Door Handle. The driver brought me to my car, and I unlocked the Club, which had so well ensured my vehicle’s safety that evening.

After driving my guests to their destinations and heading home, my brush with the law was over by 3:30 a.m. Thus I ended my life of crime and cleared my name, preparing myself for any future nominations as Attorney General. I will promise to faithfully execute my duties, uphold the Constitution of the United States... and bring my own staples.
By Maurice Aswaad

I cannot keep silent any longer. I am mad as hell and I'm not going to take it anymore. Starvation has been swerving across our landscape and despite ample warnings of its imminent arrival our administration has tried to do nothing about it. Is this unprecedented?

And to make matters worse, even now, while we are in its midst, while there is still time to mitigate its continued destruction, our "head in the sand" philosophy is forbidding us to listen to the solemn onslaght upon our community. Who knows how many untold lives could have been spared but for the avering of our gaze.

For this is not first time, nor I fear the last, that we will fall scrouge to this perennial peril.

Its blitzkrieg was almost as predictable as the coming of the locusts, and yet almost equally predictable was our passive response. We do nothing.

Of course, I am talking about that pestilence, that blight, that chance sore on the

its Blitzkrieg was almost as predictable as the coming of the locusts, and yet almost equally predictable was our passive response. We do nothing.

Annie get your gun—and use it

By Jason Talerman

There is no right or wrong way to streamteam someone with a gun. Pluralists and contextualists like myself that the chosen form of any offensive gesture with a firearm depends on the totality of the circumstances. Killing isn't point and shoot anymore. Regardless of the final outcome, usually in the right place at the wrong time.

Sam Nuss and Bob Dole are a little bit gunshy these days. Seems like Bill Clinton would rather make tough choices on civil rights than use national security as an excuse to excuse his own homophobia. Somewhere where getting their asses handed to them by the federal judiciary and trying to shamelessly attack a rider on the side of the train will make them feel better.

No, they can make difficult decisions with absolute conviction and convince his audience that life is on the line. Sam Nuss and Bob Dole are a little bit gunshy these days. Seems like Bill Clinton would rather make tough choices on civil rights than use national security as an excuse to excuse his own homophobia. Somewhere where getting their asses handed to them by the federal judiciary and trying to shamelessly attack a rider on the side of the train will make them feel better.

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sense of dignity, of pride, of equality, for those who have been denied those things. And this person, through sheer force of will and because of a greatness of character which cannot be denied or denigrated, achieves a position of prominence.

Such a person was Thurgood Marshall. Marshall started out working with the NAACP Legal Defense Fund. Despite great danger to his physical self, he traveled throughout the segregated South fighting such racist institutions as literacy tests, the "white primary" system, and inferior public facilities for "Coloreds." He single-handedly fought the idea, accepted by many in his own organization, that separateness in education could also be equal.

This fight culminated in his victory before the Supreme Court in Brown v. Board of Education overturning decades of segregationist precedent.

Marshall was a key leader in the civil rights movement of the '60s, without whose successes not only African-Americans, but all minorities, including (and perhaps especially) women, would not have had their equality, rights and position in society so far advanced from what they had been.

Sadly, during Marshall's late years on the Court his voice was most often one of outspoken dissent, as the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Much of what he devoted his life to appears in danger of being lost to the reactionary agenda of the Court's present majority. As Marshall stated in his dissent to the 1991 decision, Payne v. Tennessee,

"The majority today sends a clear signal that scores of established constitutional liberties are now ripe for reconsideration."

This is where the hoped-for new era under President Clinton comes in. There have been some early positive signals, such as the executive order to lift the ban on federally funded abortions. But one hopes Clinton's agenda will involve more than the throwing of a few bones now and then to the ordinary working and poor people he has made a point of saying is his friend. For it is not the change of a few laws here and there, or a few condescending words on big occasions, that are going to solve the problems of this country. What is needed is much more fundamental. What is needed is a new way of thinking and acting. A nation taught to be selfishly in love with wealth itself must change to one wherein compassion for one's fellow human beings replaces hatred and suspicion of those who are different. Where longsighted planning and the appreciation of the worthiness of a superior education for everyone, and of real equality of opportunity, replaces shortsighted lust for personal gain and whining over having to pay taxes and to contribute to society instead of just taking from it.

It is up to us, the American people, to see to it that this change comes about. As Thurgood Marshall proved, it is committed citizens working at the grass roots level who are always going to be the agents of real, significant change. For, whatever good intentions it may have, the new administration is not going to bring about significant change on its own. We must not sit passively and wait for it to deliver the goods. They will not come. The good people of this country must not allow the memory of Thurgood Marshall and all that he worked for and stood for to go gently with him into that good night. They must rather stand up now and rage against the dying of the light!
It’s milking time, again

By Bradford Babbitt

Well, it’s that time again. Yes, that’s right, friends, it is February and over on the Main Campus that means... tration. Right now, even as you read this column, your financial future hangs in the balance. What would you like to know how it works?

Boston College Financial Vice President and Treasurer, Peter C. McKenzie, gathers all the receipts for money from the past year. Then he divides the size of Rhode Island in their classrooms), but altogether the only mildly relevant rate state of New York.

One question, though: what’s the town name? Most of the places in this neck of the woods sound more like a debilitating fungus than somewhere you’d call home—kind of like, “Man, it was a New Englanders’ classic team, and got into everything whatever I write, regardless of its fine verse or decent rhyming. It’s an implicit endorsement of a Ferguson/deadline joint called in “Beverly Hills 90210.”

So I figured I’d take this opportunity to bubble. You know, just kind of kick back with a glass of and dump out some random thoughts, none of which are substantially independent. Each one a semi-boyant, borderline-epileptic clod.

Massachusetts: Granted, not an entirely bad state. Really off color in some respects (acents that make life more manageable,溽 roommates who maintain surety. What he loses in its evil, that appeared to blind even the eyes of God’s angels to the injustice in the He remains a bea


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Massachusetts: Granted, not an entirely bad state. Really off color in some respects (acents that make life more manageable,(90,519),(899,982)
Mysteries of the Quonset Hut solved!

By Dave Feldman

Quonset hut (kwon’ sit), a prefabricated shelter made of corrugated metal, shaped like a longitudinal half of a cylinder resting on its flat surface; it is similar to the British Nissen hut and was first used by the U.S. Army in World War II.

That's the meaning of Quonset hut according to Webster’s New World Dictionary. Apparently, people actually lived in Quonset huts during the war. Personally, I never even knew there was an actual dictionary definition of Quonset hut. I thought of the term only in relation to the Quonset Hut. As in that building at the end of the lower parking lot. As in that marvel of architecture which the law student-athlete calls home.

Maybe it's just me, but it seems like the Quonset Hut is shrouded in an unexplainable aura of mystery. I've heard rumors—and seen on television—that there is a Quonset Hut right here at BC. People have said that they have seen strange things happening in the Quonset Hut. They say that the Hut possesses certain mysterious qualities. The police must engage in a highly ritualistic, nightime ceremony (signing in) upon entry. Also, the Hut can be closed for large chunks of time. Unconfirmed rumors and minor quibbles aside, the Hut is a pretty under-rated source for fun and stress-relief. For those of you who have never been to the Hut, it consists of four main rooms, each with its own unique personality. Examining these clockwise starting at 12:00:

Room 1: Hoop time. Site of BCLS intramural basketball and my personal favorite room in the Hut. The court is too small to play five-on-five games. The floor is too dirty and worn to avoid sliding halfway down a lay-up. There is about one millimeter space between out-of-bounds and hitting one of those patented corrugated walls.

Skill, it is one of the few floors on which you can play full-court basketball without being in shape. Too small for long trips up and down the court; too slick to worry about your opponent making a quick move. In other words, perfectly suited to the law student-athlete.

The basketball court is the site for Quonset hut aerobics. This is a legit aerobics program complete with instructor, music, and movements which make me cramp up just thinking about them. Class times are Monday, 4:30-5:30 p.m.; Wednesday, 6:30-7:30 p.m.; and Thursday 4:30-5:30 p.m.

Room 2: The dance room. If not for the sign on the door, I wouldn't have known what to call this room because I've never seen, nor heard of, any dancing going on in here. There's a bar for ballet-type leg movement things. There are mats for stretching. There is empty floor suitable for jumping rope or just hanging out. This is probably the least-used room in the Hut.

Room 3: Pumping Iron. The Quonset Hut version of Gold's Gym is small, but it's worth checking out. There's a bench press, an incline bench, curling bench and barbells. The most unique feature this room is its funky mirror which makes even the best-toned Husdevotees look like a cross between Barney Rubble and Ethel Merman.

Room 4: Stairmaster fun. Stairmasters, exercise bikes, and rowing machines are lined up for the cardiovascular appreciators, the Hut is worth investigating.

Just a few final issues to ponder: Whose idea was it to make a gym a Quonset Hut? What was our gym's strategic advantage in World War II? And, did its inhabitants get to work out in a Nissen hut? What was our gym's strategic advantage in World War II? And, did its inhabitants get to work out in a Nissen hut? What was our gym's strategic advantage in World War II? And, did its inhabitants get to work out in a Nissen hut? What was our gym's strategic advantage in World War II? And, did its inhabitants get to work out in a Nissen hut? What was our gym's strategic advantage in World War II? And, did its inhabitants get to work out in a Nissen hut? What was our gym's strategic advantage in World War II? And, did its inhabitants get to work out in a Nissen hut? What was our gym's strategic advantage in World War II? And, did its inhabitants get to work out in a Nissen hut? What was our gym's strategic advantage in World War II? And, did its inhabitants get to work out in a Nissen hut? What was our gym's strategic advantage in World War II? And, did its inhabitants get to work out in a Nissen hut?