The Lighter Side
Pomp and Circumstance
By Mitch Gilbert

Well, here we are again . . . getting ready to don the old cap and gown. It seems like just yesterday that we were all engulfed in cramming for our first set of exams, which we feared would separate the men from the boys. (Due to rapidly changing sexual mores, such separation is no longer deemed necessary). It was nearly three years ago that Phil Pickus first asked Dean Malachy Mahon what the job prospects looked like for our class. He should've taken the hint when Mahon replied, "I don't know, but someday they're all gonna need clothes!" Out of Milton Friedman, with his Nixonian economics, John Kenneth Galbraith, with his ski chalet in Gstaad, Walter Heller, with his moronic fiscal theories, and Arthur Burns with his imbecilic monetary policies, only Phil Pickus forecasted the state of the economy with any degree of accuracy.

At any rate, very shortly, we will all be presented with a piece of paper which will entitle us to all of the accouterments of being lawyers . . . most notably the right to buy malpractice insurance. Graduation from law school signals the end of a long and arduous journey for many of us. As Lawrence Ferlinghetti so aptly put it: "'No more pencils, no more books . . . no more teachers' dirty looks!'"
However, after receiving correspondence from various other institutions in response to my applications, the decision became easier and easier, until... well, the rest is history. I cannot help but think that my unique socioeconomic status was responsible for my admission... young, male, Jewish, upper-middle class, residing on Long Island. It was incredible to find that the percentage of Jews at Hofstra Law is higher than it was in my Hebrew School class.

Then came the day of registration. The only thing I can remember about that day was meeting a guy named Norman Kent who asked me to sign a petition for Gay Lib or McGovern for President or to Save the Oak Beach Inn... one of those socially conscious causes. Little did I know that one day Kent would become the editor of a big, metropolitan newspaper... Great Caesar's Ghost!

I learned a lot in my first year of law school. I learned that Monarch Notes were now called Universal's; that Associate Deans could be women; that Burt Agata tells jokes to his pipe as he walks down the hall; and that class attendance isn't mandatory. This last bit of information resulted in much embarrassment for some faculty members. I remember sitting in "Property" while Professor Ross went to fetch Dean Twerski so we'd have a minyan.

There was Professor Wypyski's Legal Research course, where I was first exposed to that art form known as cinema verite - courtesy of West Publishing Company; Trivia question - who played Lawyer Jones?

Boy, that first year of school was murder... the pressure, the insecurity, the competition - and that was just trying to find a parking spot! Of course, there were attempts to lessen the pains of law school. There were parties, meetings, and student-faculty softball games. I'll never forget what Professor Ordover said to me during one of those softball games, after being zonked in the head by a throw from left field... the words still linger in my ears, and have actually guided me through much of my law school career... he said, "Duhhh-di-di-oohhh!," and then passed out.

Anyone remember Judy Younger... that vivacious, ambitious sexist of a Dean? She's come a long way, baby! Future Hofstra students will never know their loss in not having J.Y. as a teacher. They will most probably never learn the uses of a wormtub, the shape of a wether fleece, the going price of a peppercorn, or the precise location of a Bumper Hall Pen. Instead, they will know of Judy Younger only as one-half of a husband-and-wife bar review act.

"Nobody retains a lawyer because he thinks the lawyer has a great sense of humor."
Harold P. Seligson
My second year at Hofstra Law School proved to be very different from the first. It was during the second year that my mind really developed, probing, creating, questioning. It was at this time that I was confronted with a serious identity crisis...it kept haunting me day and night, day and night (for two days and two nights): 'What am I - a sophomore or a junior?'

During my second year, I began to notice the people around me, my fellow students, my colleagues. It was very interesting to watch the process of role-playing develop into an intramural sport. Jeff Englander, who was reelected class representative in a landslide victory, took on the demeanor of Ted Kennedy, explaining to anyone who would listen that he had decided not to seek election to a higher office due to obligations to his family. Norman Kent, in the process of giving birth to 'Conscience' (this explains why he had the appearance of being pregnant), thought of himself as a modern day Perry White. This wasn't so bad until he began taking his subordinates to task for calling him 'Chief.'

Then there was Fred Eisenbud, editor-in-chief of the Law Review. It was during the second year that Fred started having delusions of being the reincarnation of Learned Hand, growing a full beard so that no one would recognize him and ask to borrow his class notes. And what about Tom Feinman? Tom has been walking around for the past year-and-a-half thinking he's Steve Reeves starring in 'Hercules Goes to Law School.' Feinman, you'll recall, successfully waged his one-man campaign to eliminate smoking in the classrooms at Hofstra Law. The reason for this, he explained to me, was his fear that one day a student in Professor King's class would fall asleep with a cigarette in his hand.

Even the faculty began acting strange during that 1973-74 academic year. Does anyone remember that contest sponsored by Gillette to see which faculty member could get the closest shave with the new Technomatic II razor...the one Professor Gregory won by a head?

Of course, anything that I write about the faculty which appears to be derogatory is certainly in jest, for I have the utmost regard and respect for the professors at HLS. A glance at the law school Bulletin shows why...our faculty is composed of a group of dedicated, public-spirited human beings. Many have manifested their social consciousness by participating in numerous and varied programs to aid the poor (not all of them on the giving end of such programs). The key, however, to the success of our law school is the faculty's universal availability to meet with students outside of the classroom, often taking time out from
their busy luncheon schedules. Fortunately, they can do this because there is no such thing at Hofstra as a "publish or perish" rule . . . or many professors would have perished long ago. At any rate, I am not alone in my fondness for the faculty, as is evidenced by the diverse, imaginative nicknames given to several of the professors by students. These include (but are not limited to): Stuart "Stu" Rabinowitz; Burton "Burt" Agata; Malachy "Malach" Mahon; Josephine "Joseph" King; and Monroe "Monroe" Freedman.

Of all the outstanding features of Hofstra Law School, after careful consideration, I'd have to say that the most important is its teaching methodology, which includes the demanding and analytical Socratic method. Typical of the administration's concern for authenticity was its request to ARA Services to install in the student lounge its "Socrates" model coffee machine, which, upon the deposit of fifteen cents, spews out a liquid reminiscent of the hemlock Socrates was so fond of.

Our last year at Hofstra is, for many, very traumatic indeed. This forthcoming June, we will leave the sanctity of this institution to seek greener pastures, not only because tradition so mandates, but because it will be easier finding a job as a farmer than as a lawyer. Besides, who can afford to pay next year's increased tuition? Seriously, though, it's sad to realize that, as the economy heads further into a depression with increased layoffs, lawyers are in the same precarious position as policemen, firemen, and school teachers . . . except that policemen, firemen, and school teachers can buy their appliances for way below retail at JGE. Nevertheless, we made the decision to become attorneys, and that's what we shall be. Now it's our turn to go out into the world and make our marks as members of an honored profession . . . and even those of us who work as lawyers must try to do some good in the world.

In closing, I would just like to say that I've enjoyed myself immensely at Hofstra Law School during the past three years, and I hope all of you have, as well. I've met a lot of wonderful people here and will always remember them fondly. This yearbook is being published for just that reason - so that years from today, we may look back upon our law school careers and remember these good ol' days. I would like to leave you with one final thought: Wherever you go, whatever you do, when someone asks you where you attended law school, always remember to stand up straight, and with a tear in your eye and pride in your heart, reply, "Harvard, Sir!"
“There is no such thing as good writing. There is only good rewriting.” Louis D. Brandeis

TOP: CONSCIENCE editor Norm Kent and staff hard at work in wild frenzy to meet newspaper deadline.

LEFT: Law Review editors pose for exciting yearbook picture.

TOP ROW: Englander, Faller, Fryer, Castleman, and Scheer.

BOTTOM ROW: Sapir, Eisenbud, Elseman, and Block.