A Message From The Dean

These are pages you may read in 1979 or 1999 or some years into the 21st century. Each leafing with stir up varied memories of Hofstra days—of friends and crises, of classes and new ideas.

This message should, like a time capsule, speak to you each time you read this book. My purpose, however, is not to awaken memories or to soothe you with self-congratulatory paean, but to stimulate your self-awareness as an attorney. A few questions are appropriate.

How have your ideals of serving others survived over the years? How conscientious are you in promoting your client’s interests, and not just your own? How often do you represent poor clients? Have you undertaken any public service activity because the project was good and necessary, and not just because it brought you publicity?

Have the intellectual ideals formed in law school been maintained? Are you still able to see the other side of a question? Can you disagree without taking personal affront? Are you open to new ideas? Do you still think through a problem, or do you resort to old solutions developed years ago?

Does the law still command your respect? Has familiarity with the persons who administer it jaded your enthusiasm for our legal system?

This list of questions is suggestive, not exhaustive. We at Hofstra pledge to keep faith with these ideals as other classes graduate in the future. We are confident that you, too, will maintain this trust.

John J. Regan
Dean
"Looking for fingerprints . . ."
by Robert J. Lifton

Who came to me with tearful eyes,
with wringing hands and piteous sighs
and swore the charges were all lies?
My client.

Who promised me while still in jail,
that if I got him out on bail
my fee he'd pay and would not fail?
My client.

When I found out all charges true,
who looked at me with face to blue
and offered explanations few?
My client.

Who caused me endless pain and grief,
and gave me almost no relief
from statements far beyond belief?
My client.

Who, while upon the witness station,
caused his lawyer great vexation,
ignoring all his preparation?
My client.

But when at last we'd won the game
(the jury absolved him from all blame),
who shook my hand and praised my name?
My client.

Then who, despite my earnest plea,
laughed at me and sneered with glee,
declined to pay my modest fee?
My client.

Who, when I get into the mood,
will be repaid for acts so rude,
and get his ass... soundly sued?
My client.

Oh Lord, stir up much strife
amongst the people...
Client

by Thomas J. McNulty

Who swore that, although he'd tried
he never—not once—had lied,
and wouldn't, if I would take his side?

My client.

Who vowed that he had done no sin
when evil forces, out to do him in,
attacked him from a fifth of gin?

My client.

When from home and hearth he tore me,
who said he hoped he would not bore me,
with his tale (told to five before me)?

My client.

When I said, "I'll take your case,"
who said, with tears upon his face,
I'd restored his faith in the human race?

My client.

Who said that he would pay my fee,
if I could wait a day or three,
his girl would get some cash to me?

My client.

Who knew, even as he said it,
full well that I would never get it,
'cause he'd told the gal to bet it?

My client.

When he said, "A watch and ring I've got,
for my Dad and Mom I bought,"
who'd have guessed that they were hot?

My client.

When state's attorney hit his stride,
who broke down and screamed and cried,
'cause he'd proved that he had lied?

My client.

And when the judge his doom proclaimed,
who, with face white, pinched and pained,
finally admitted he'd not been framed?

My client.

Who, while my hand he's shaking,
and in his trousers legs are quaking,
doesn't know my heart is breaking?

My client.

Who, filled with many thoughts unkind,
would doubtless be surprised to find,
that he preys upon my mind?

My client.
My Lawyer

by Stephen C. Chocholek

When struggling in the law’s embrace, 
who betrayed an anxious face, 
and tried to shield me from disgrace?

My lawyer.

Who told me I should not confess, 
that he would all my sins redress, 
and set me free from all distress?

My lawyer.

When sick in jail I senseless lay, 
who took my watch and ring away, 
est prowling thieves on me should prey?

My lawyer.

Who took my wealth (I lustfully clung), 
and for me wagged his only tongue, 
and on my foes hot embers flung?

My lawyer.

Who told me he was dreadful smart, 
and knew the law all by heart, 
and always took his client’s part?

My lawyer.

Who in court with peerless pride, 
my rights affirmed, my guilt denied, 
and swore the state’s attorney lied?

My lawyer.

And when twelve men with smiling face 
said, “Guilty,” and left without a trace, 
who came to staunch my bleeding disgrace?

My lawyer.

Who said my time inside the wall 
would be brief and small, 
the minimum—or none at all?

My lawyer.

And when the judge my doom proclaimed, 
and fifteen years of exile named, 
who looked indignant and ashamed?

My lawyer.

When at the sheriff’s stern command, 
I for the chain was made to stand, 
who longest shook and squeezed my hand?

My lawyer.

Who when of prison clothes I’m stripped, 
and from these walls am homeward shipped, 
will get his ass... soundly kicked?

My lawyer.

Stephen C. Chocholek is an inmate paralegal advocate at Oregon State Penitentiary in Salem, Oregon.

Juris Doctor—February 19**
Contemplating: is there life after Law School?