Watch Out New Orleans – Here We Come!

Various members of the Gallagher Bunch crew at the 2006 Annual Meeting in St. Louis. Photo courtesy of Stacy Etheredge.

What’s Inside

A Letter from the Editor on the road trip of the decade
An exclusive from our own Shannon Malcolm on ranking law libraries
Exciting updates and fascinating reports from our fabulous classmates
And a new “Where’s Stacy?” photo essay
LETTER FROM THE EDITOR:  
ROAD TRIP 2007 - WHO’S WITH ME?

From Yahoo! Maps

Every once in a while, I imagine everyone gets the urge for a good road trip. This past summer, I had the pleasure of driving from Portland, Oregon to outside of La Grande, Oregon and back with a good friend and her then fiance to a wedding. In one day, we drove over 500 miles. And of course, a couple weeks ago, Ryan, Brisco and I made the trip back up to Seattle which set us back over 1500 miles. But the road trip I’m about to propose would be the mother of all road trips.

Spanning 5754 miles and only 84 hours and 31 minutes (without stops, I imagine), we can visit the city of each classmate. We can split the cost of gas and the rental of a 15 passenger van. We would take turns driving so we would only have to stop at gas stations for fuel, food, and restrooms... Okay, probably not a feasible trip for so many different reasons. But what I really wanted to point out is how spread out we are (despite the increasing concentration of us in Seattle) yet we are able to maintain such a strong bond.

Anyway, now that I got all mushy, I’d like to apologize for the lack of creativeness in this edition. My excuse is mainly that I’ve been preoccupied with moving this past month (next time I move, please remind me not to do it right before the holidays) and my lack of access to photoshop and other nifty programs available at work. As you all know, I’ve left ASU and will begin working at SU January 2.

Well, that’s my brief update. Hope you enjoy this year’s newsletter. Now I must go back to listening to my mom ask me about getting married and having kids... Doesn’t a dog count?
American’s Best LIS Programs
The arbitrary tools for making the unthinking choice.

Who has the richest dead alumni?
The most nubile coeds?
The longest convoluted degree acronyms?

Bonus Pullout Section on Endowments: See why size DOES matter!

Also in this issue:
• Shared toothpaste preferences: The key to romantic compatibility
• Ayn Rand’s shocking lost essay: the importance of collectivist groupthink
• An athlete speaks: Carlos Moore on the painful stigma & shame of being only 39th fastest man on the planet

New for 2007
Ignores more crucial criteria than ever!

Graphic by Shannon Malcolm
The Malcolm Ranking of Law Libraries

Shannon Malcolm ranks the law libraries that employ the class of 2005 based on the library's name.

   Words: 16
   Characters:
   Excluding spaces: 88
   Including Spaces: 103

2. University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign College of Law Albert E. Jenner, Jr. Memorial Law Library
   Words: 15
   Characters:
   Excluding Spaces: 86
   Including Spaces: 100

3. Yale University Law School Lillian Goldman Law Library in Memory of Sol Goldman
   Words: 13
   Characters:
   Excluding Spaces: 67
   Including Spaces: 79

4. The Ohio State University Moritz College of Law Michael E. Moritz Law Library
   Words: 13
   Characters:
   Excluding Spaces: 65
   Including Spaces: 77

5. Louisiana State University Paul M. Herbert Law Center Law Library
   Words: 10
   Characters:
   Excluding Spaces: 56
   Including Spaces: 65

   Words: 9
   Characters:
   Excluding Spaces: 52
   Including Spaces: 60

7. University of South Carolina School of Law Coleman Karesh Law Library
   Words: 11
   Characters:
   Excluding Spaces: 59
   Including Spaces: 69

8. Santa Clara University School of Law Library
   Words: 7
   Characters:
   Excluding Spaces: 38
   Including Spaces: 44

9. Perkins Coie, LLP
   Words: 3
   Characters:
   Excluding Spaces: 15
   Including Spaces: 17

A few notes:

1. I didn't let a library "double dip with the same name even if the institution seemed to follow that convention (e.g., "Columbia University Columbia Law School" becomes simply "Columbia University Law School") Why? Because other institutions could easily, justifiably be called something similar following that convention, creating a wash (e.g., the Santa Clara University Santa Clara School of Law," etc.). An exception has been made for OSU regarding Moritz's name, but that's because their dead guy's middle initial isn't included in the school's title, and I decided the library's ranking deserved points for their meticulous work recovering the "lost" initial in their own appellation.

2. OSU also benefits from their insistence that the definite article always, without exception, must precede their name.

3. Those at schools of law should consider becoming colleges of law. Similarly, law schools and law colleges should reconsider the value of descriptive prepositions over adjectival nouns.

4. I opted to rely on the word as the unit of measure, whatever the hell that may be in this case (Robyn, call someone in Redmond involved with MS Word's programming and find out).

Update from the editor: Please note that this ranking was done in early November 2006. The #1 and #2 libraries will no longer employ UW05 graduates as of January 2007.
Jorge Juarez

Troy, Viga, and I continue to enjoy life in the Bay Area. We've spent a lot of time visiting new friends in San Francisco and have taken full advantage of our proximity to the Pacific Ocean, though we haven't yet braved any of Santa Cruz's clothing-optional beaches!

We're still apartment dwellers, though we hope to buy a condo in the next year, as well as fulfill Troy's lifelong dream of owning a French bulldog (he's already picked out her name - Frida). Work is going well for both of us.

Troy loves his job as a developmental therapist working with autistic children, and he's currently applying to graduate programs in speech therapy. I just transitioned into the position of Electronic Services Reference Librarian, a job which is filled with many exciting challenges. I like to tell people that I get paid to surf the Internet, whereas before, I was doing it for free!

We miss Seattle terribly and look forward to reconnecting with everyone next summer in New Orleans!

Rachael Smith

Not much new here. Lots of work and then a little bit of time for play. I went home at the end of October, after the 1st year legal research course (teaching it!). I was very happy to be in a place where the "low" was the "high" from where I was coming from. I am currently on vacation, I left the 6th and will be back on the 13th.

The law library is looking for a new hire, it is very strange to be on the other side of the process so soon. It will be interesting not to be the new kid any more.

Pegeen Mulhern

We are currently in Zanzibar after a huge 10 days in Tanzania northern circuit of national parks highlights Ngoorrongo Crater and Serengeti. We head to South Africa on Thursday and from there to Namibia, Botswana, Zimbabwe.

I have trouble accessing email because anytime we are near a computer the kids want to check their email! As it is only 7:00 a.m and this hotel has email, I can check before the kids are up...

I am really looking forward to having Tina back in town and look forward to hearing who will be next to return to the promised land. We return at the end of January and will have more news and tales then. Until then, take care and happy holidays to all.

Searching for a unique holiday gift for that special someone in your life? Well, look no further! The UW Law Librarianship Class of 2005 has you covered with gifts for your best friend, neighbor, and even your dog! Now featuring Rockin’ Robin’s Baby Doll T-shirt.

www.cafepress.com/uw05

Note: We do not make a profit on items sold on the cafepress web site.
Well everyone said it would happen... one day, when I wasn't paying attention, I would fall deep in love. Well that time has come, I have fallen deep in love... with my brand new stuart weitzman pumps.

Ah, so happy together!

And after a long hard struggle, I have finally embraced the west coast be healthy and eat well lifestyle. I have taken up the sport of bike riding... nothing too intense (which for me is pretty much anything past five miles) and I am now experimental cooking with this new thing I found called "organic" food.

Next is a picture of Vermont during peak fall colors, which I took on one of my bike riding adventures. One great thing about scenic bike rides, as compared to regular ones, is that I can take lots of breaks to catch my breath under the guise of needing to take a picture. I had to leave the shoes behind for that trip, but I think they understood...

I also decided to come to terms with the fact that I have a Nascar Dad, so as a Christmas present, I took him to his first ever Indy 500. Below is a picture of my Dad outside the Indy Hall of Fame, with a bag containing every item available from the Indy gift shop. I now know more than I ever wanted to about race cars, the history of racing and the great the state of Indiana... in case you ever have a reference question along those lines.
In September, I visited the country of Panama with my (now) fiancé, Matt. Here’s an excerpt from an otherwise very long trip report. There’s a link to our online photo album at the end.

**Kuna Yala (San Blas Islands)**

The most anxiety-ridden part of our vacation was visiting the Kuna Yala. Sure, it’s simple to get there, if you don’t mind flying a domestic airline in a second world country. The Kuna are the most intact indigenous group in the Americas. That’s about the extent of what we knew before we visited.

Tuesday morning we were up at 4:45 waiting to be picked up by the PC woman who coordinates Cabanas Yandup in Kuna Yala, where we would be staying for the next 2 nights. Our flight ended up being delayed and when we finally boarded the plane, those sneaky Kuna (just kidding) left us with the 2 front seats, looking straight into the cockpit. Any existing fear of flying was compounded. Robyn was scared out of her mind over the potential of witnessing firsthand in-flight complications. It didn't help when the pilot whipped out a book and started reading once we had reached our cruising altitude!

Much to our surprise, we arrived safe and sound. As soon as we stepped off the plane, we were greeted by a light rain and the Yandup staff: Jonny Morris, despite the American-sounding name, is a Kuna and the ostensible administrator, although he spent most of this time sleeping in a hammock; Malvita, Jonny’s wife, who served as a waitress; Mani, the cook, who rarely came out of the kitchen; and Robinson, our excursion guide.

Within a matter of minutes, we were in a very large canoe with an outboard motor, headed toward our final destination: Yandup Island. Yandup is just off shore from Playon Chico, and is situated in the geographical center of the Kuna territory. Describing Yandup as paradise doesn't do it justice. It was beyond beautiful and so peaceful. An island about the size of a football field (maybe smaller), with 4 thatched roof huts equipped with decent mattresses and mosquito nets, each with a deck facing the open water. There’s a bathroom facility with toilets and showers and a large thatched roof restaurant with a wooden floor built over the water, with views of the mainland mountains and other islands. The only sound was that of the palm tree tops brushing together and waves lapping the shore. An island equipped for around 15 people but, due to it being the low season, we were their only guests!

Breakfast was waiting for us and soon after that we were back in the canoe with our guide, Robinson, headed out on our first excursion: a ride down a river. We saw toucans, small super-agile monkeys (the Kuna call them Montiti monkeys), and a ton of other birds. After 20 minutes, we drove the boat ashore and began trekking into the jungle. We passed an abandoned banana plantation, about a thousand red ants working furiously, more Montiti monkeys, more birds, and a Kuna man carrying an enormous bundle of palm fronds with a bunch of baby bananas hanging from the back and a machete. All the while Robinson was telling us stories (in Spanish) of the Kuna people and culture. It was a bit 'lost in translation' at times. We could tell it was important to him that we understood (rather, Robyn understood -- we made it clear Matt didn't know any Spanish) and it was important to us that we at least acted like we understood. Robinson would talk for several minutes and at the end he would say "Comprendes?" Robyn would turn to Matt and distill all that Robinson had just said down to a sentence or two, "I think he said something about the Kuna being chased out of Colombia by poison arrows." Matt would nod his head and smile and we'd continue on.

Back on Yandup, lunch was a whole fish with a red sauce and mixed veggies. We lounged on Yandup's...
small white sand beach, occasionally entering the water to cool down (a co-worker described Panama as the hottest place she’d ever been -- I concur wholeheartedly). A bit later Robinson told us it was time for another excursion to an island with a larger beach and better swimming. He loaded the green plastic chairs into the canoe and we set off past the island covered in Mangrove forest, around several reefs, and arrived at an island about the size of a couple basketball courts with a long white sandy beach and a stretch of swimmable water. Robinson said we could stay for as long as we desired; he was going to take a nap beneath a coconut tree. We lounged in the water, took about a dozen pictures on timer and continued to be astounded at the beauty of our surroundings.

Back on Yandup, dinner was at 6:30 (jumbo prawns) and the sunset by 7:15. There was a spectacular lightning show to the West as we watched all 4 Yandup employees board the canoe for Playon Chico. We had the island to ourselves. At this point you might envision us running around naked or 'howling at the moon' as they say. In fact, neither happened. Later we confided we were both a bit scared to be on a tiny little island in the Caribbean with no one else around. Before bed, we each applied about 3 layers of 30% DEET and a couple more layers of sesame oil to fend off the chitras (no-see-ums). There was a nice breeze outside but, unfortunately, the mosquito netting didn't allow for us to enjoy it. We were asleep by 8:30 and wide awake by midnight. In the morning we awoke to a big fiery strong sun streaming through the slats of the cabana. It was 7am and breakfast was waiting. We had survived the night, alone, with only a few chitra bites.

After breakfast, Robinson steered us ashore to the mainland where we visited a Kuna cemetery and botanic garden. As we walked down the airstrip toward the trail that lead to the mountains, we were joined by 2 young Kuna brothers who must have been playing hokey from school. They were each holding a long weapon-like stick of bamboo which they whipped through the air, killing bugs. Along the way we passed a small shelter where a half dozen Kuna women in traditional costume sat sewing molas, which are textiles made by sewing layers of colored cloth together to form patterns. A traditional Kuna woman wears strings of colorful beads around ankles and wrists, a long blue and yellow sarong, a blouse with homemade molas on front and back, a red and yellow bandana, and a pierced nose bridge. They are vibrant, beautiful, and proud.

After a strenuous, muddy hill climb, we reached the cemetery. There were a dozen or more small thatched roof shelters. Under each was a long mound, covered in sheets of fabric and secured on the sides with rocks. At both ends of each long mound were large poles of wood stuck into the ground. Robinson explained the burial process but it was a definite 'lost in translation' moment. Since returning home, we’ve done some research. Our understanding is that the Kuna lay to rest (at least some of) their dead in underground rooms strung with hammocks. The Kuna dead forever sleep as they did when they were living -- beautiful really. All or most of the everyday possessions of the dead person are placed in the underground grave or room so that the dead person has all that they would need, if there were still alive. Some combination of sand and soil is used to form a large mound, which seals off the grave and eventually becomes seemingly as solid as cement. The name of the dead and date of death are carved into the mound.

Back on Yandup, we took our last swim in the crystal clear waters of our sandy white beach. We had lunch (more jumbo prawns) and prepared for our last excursion: a tour of the village of Playon Chico, where some 2,000+ Kuna live in an area that can't be
bigger than a city block. Robinson docked the boat next to the foot bridge, alongside the Playon Chico police station, which consists of a 1 room building where several uniformed men lazed around. As we entered the village, there was a volleyball game in progress. The players were all young women; none of them in the traditional Kuna dress. The volleyball court also functions as a basketball court. We meandered the tiny dusty 'streets', stopping to notice a cabana that was listing so bad we couldn't imagine it'd survive a strong wind, and another cabana with long strings of animal skulls and jaws on display. On every cabana's thatched rooftop were clothes drying in the sun. We came across several clothes lines of molas and Kuna women hoping we'd make a purchase. We only had enough cash for one. We couldn't help but think they seemed disappointed.

Continuing on, we came to the heart of the village and its largest structure, the community center. Outside there was a dance competition in progress. Groups of Kuna children, divided by age, were participating. The boys played wooden flutes and danced around the girls with fancy foot moves. A large crowd was gathered around. From the crowd emerged a tiny naked Kuna boy who immediately approached us. He began hugging us, gripping our arms and hands with his cold little fingers and smiling all the while. He kept saying "Hola!" as though he didn't know any other Spanish words (he may not have). We continued on leaving him behind, but he caught up to us down the path. This time he was clothed. We came to another stand of Kuna women selling molas and other crafts. At this point, we were feeling uneasy not making any more purchases.

Our now-clothed Kuna friend continued to follow us, still holding our hands. Back at the volleyball court, it was time to say goodbye to Playon Chico. Matt took out a $1 bill and held it out for our little friend. He excitedly ran over, snatched it from Matt's hand, and got ready for his photo shoot. Except that $1 only buys you 1 picture.

That night, we signed the Yandup guestbook (in English unfortunately) and attempted to express our overwhelming gratitude to the staff. They showed us what a beautiful life they live and what strong, independent, proud people the Kuna are. Leaving would be hard. Neither of us got much sleep our last night on Yandup. The chitras must have developed a strong resistance to DEET. We couldn't have slept more than a few hours, even though there were 10+ hours of darkness. In the morning, neither of us had the stomach to count the number of chitra bites we acquired. It was sickening really. They fed on us all night. The incredibly beautiful sunrise and the quiet of the early morning made us wonder if all travelers feel the same way about Yandup or countless other tropical but insect-infested islands. Paradise during the day and near-hell at night. Perhaps you get used to it….

The canoe ride back to Playon Chico was somber. There were 6 of us (the staff and us) but no one said anything. We waited on the footbridge for the plane and it eventually came, an hour late, and about 6 seats smaller than the one we flew over. We asked Jonny and Robinson if there were more guests coming and were told that they didn't know of any for the time being. We didn't know whether to be secretly happy that our faces, experiences, and memories would remain unique and linger with our new friends for longer -- or to be sad about what that meant for them: no real income for the short term. Robyn cried as the plane ascended over the sea and we left the Kuna behind. They packed a hard punch.

Pictures:
http://picasaweb.google.com/mattgarson/2006Panama?authkey=iRTjoBuWSs1kZXSUiyMiX4F8bQ
After complaining ad nauseam about not being able to manage my life last year and vowing to change, I can confidently report that this year has been pretty much more of the same.

Matt and I both are still working too much, but we are also truly enjoying our time off together as much as possible. In fact, the third nicest thing about living in New York is that we’d rather explore the city than vacation elsewhere. The best thing about living in New York remains the frequency with which we’ve been visited by friends and family. The second best thing is delivery.

- Groceries: $123.
- Dry cleaning: $40.
- Having really good Indian food delivered at 2:30 a.m.: priceless.

I’m looking forward to seeing the Gallagher clan in January when I come to Seattle for ALA Midwinter – happy holidays to you all!
LRSQ sent me the copies of the issue with my article today, so I’m all jazzed about that. It seems strange that I started working on that paper almost two years ago and it’s finally in print.

I interviewed at LaVerne College of Law in Ontario, CA for the Head of Access Services position in late October and with University of San Diego for the FCIL position in early November. Not that I don’t like it here, but California is really nice and both those places had In-N-Out Burgers within less than 6 miles of their libraries. Can you imagine? I would have been having In-N-Out for breakfast, lunch, and dinner for a long time. I got offers from both places and I was sorely tempted to accept, but LSU made it even harder to leave so I’ll be here for a little while longer.

I am going to be the webmaster for SEAALL this year, so I’ve already started working on that, like I don’t have enough with faculty and student requests. I’ll also be the blogmaster for AALL in New Orleans, so I’m counting on you all to write tons of stuff and provide me with a bunch of pictures and materials to animate that blog.

I talked to Brian Huddleston, from Loyola, the other day and he said that he had sent Theresa a real nice place for our group dinner; we are really looking forward to having you all visiting us. That reminds me, I already have some ideas for the Cohort of Darkness’ 3rd Annual Cigar and Martini Invitational so start making plans. Maybe Tina can come up with some good t-shirts for that event.

I went to Catalunya for a week during Easter, had a great time and can’t wait to get back again. I got some pictures posted at: http://lsu.facebook.com/album.php?aid=2099850&l=f9069&id=23447866 and http://lsu.facebook.com/album.php?aid=2100839&l=6b312&id=23447866 if you want to check them out. I’m planning to go back next October, I would have liked to have gone back sooner but SEAALL and AALL are really cramping my style.

Miss you and love you all!

The Dos and Don’ts of Meeting Supreme Court Justices

DO ask to take a picture and politely pose next to him with your coworkers. DO NOT gawk and point, even if she is a former Supreme Court Justice.
I assist my brother (and niece and nephew) on a dental mission trip to Nicaragua, and remember why I went to law school.

The entrance to my pod ... "office" ..... Red doors bring you luck ... ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ....

I don't miss Seattle at all.

Who says I don't embrace the use of technology in my classes?

March of the Penguins

Official Law Library Greeter!