

## EDITOR'S NOTE

As you read in Dean Bernstine's column, a lot has been happening here this fall. As construction slowly ate into our space, we have been scrambling to condense, consolidate or replace lost space. Faculty, students and staff have all suffered (at times believing that only they were bearing the burden). But, as the fall semester closed and we looked back on the perhaps the hardest three months of a twenty-two month project, we were still teaching, doing research and forming the kind of interpersonal connections that will last the rest of our professional lives.

Our building would have been a good place for some scientist to study the origin and spread of rumors, however. Some innocuous remark between two construction workers could, within a single day, result in the rumor that the entire classroom section of the building had been undermined by pack rats and was in imminent danger of collapse.

As I write, we have just had a one-hour power outage. Everyone's first thought was, "What power line did our construction workers cut this time?" But it was not their fault. This time many campus buildings were out because of a non-law problem.

We have had numerous planned and unplanned power outages during the last five months. The fire alarms went off so many times that we had to post stern warnings telling everyone to leave the building and not exhibit the "cry wolf" syndrome. Many of you have undoubtedly built houses or remodeled offices but few, I suspect, have tried to live or work inside the construction zone. I write today from my seventh office since September 1st and, while the power is back, my phone has been in limbo for eight days now. The logistics of moving phones as we play office bingo is staggering. I have files in two storerooms in addition to this office and I wonder if I'll ever find everything I started with.

Classes went on in this building, as well as others, during construction but it became a daily test to find the location for

the class as we moved here and there to avoid noise, dust and falling walls. Just getting into the building was a test as well. With the final connection between the Library and the classroom building severed, it is now a quarter-mile walk from one to the other.

Understandably there has been a high level of anger and frustration. If we took a vote now, knowing what we do about the problems of constructing in an occupied building, I think it would still pass but it would be a lot closer. Hopefully, if such a vote is necessary, we can delay it for about eighteen months until our new building is ready to open and everyone can begin to appreciate what we are trying to accomplish.

Want to receive a lot of mail? Publish a picture of a law student carrying a pig across the football field on Homecoming and ask for an explanation. It seems like everyone except the pig wrote and several who did write claimed to be speaking for the pig. The date was quickly established as Homecoming 1964. Members of the Class of 1965 readily volunteered that they had smuggled the pig into the stadium. It actually was carried in a harness under the coat of Jim Schernecker ('65). Jim reports that his class felt that pigs were being dis-

criminated against. After all, we have the Wolverines, the Gophers and, of course, the Badgers, but no Pfighting Pigs! "As idealistic bearers of the sacred covenants, we could not ignore the swelling squeals for aid. We resolved not to become hamstrung by outdated, pig-headed rules," says Jim. Where could you find a pig to participate in the protest? Well, according to Guy Glover ('62—does this mean there were two pigs or a time warp), the pig actually attended classes and took several finals, although he does not mention how the pig did. "It was not difficult to hide the pig in the back row, but on occasion, the pig would make a snort, which we feared would end her legal education. However, much to our surprise and delight, the infrequent snorts were usually accepted as the right answer to the question posed," Guy remembers. Incidentally, when the pig was released on the 50-yard line it refused to budge so Jim had to pick it up and carry it the rest of the way.

This issue's mystery picture shows what appears to be a Trial Advocacy class in Room 150, after remodeling to be our Habush, Habush & Davis Appellate Courtroom. How many of these students can you recognize and when did this take place?



*Mystery Picture*