

CHAPTER 6 - Friday Mornings, Friday Afternoons, and, sometimes, Friday Evenings.

There is a theory that, if at no other time, an outside observer would watch a first-year student (Fall '73) during Friday, he would be totally bewildered about the future of the legal profession in Hawaii. Bewildered, while an otherwise ignorant observer would be terrified. In other words, Fridays were a climax of the week's madness in a varied number of ways.

The day began early (for the true-blue student) with "Legal Education and the Profession." This course with the tripartite goals (where's the legal profession going, what's it doing when it gets there, and how should we get there?) was, at best, one-third successful. It was interesting to some extent to listen to Dean Hood spin out convoluted 15 minute sentences, but as the refrain of the pop tune goes: What's It All About, David? Again, those same suspicions that haunted our collective subconsciousnesses concerning Ben's course left us unsettled during these morning meanderings. Everyone would probably agree that the lawyer in society was playing a varied and increasingly important role in society, but a gut question that was never asked: Should he? may have been the troubling kicker. The course definitely got into trouble as it attempted to teach ethics; first, it was a little unrealistic to think an hour a week was going to make anyone "ethical"; and second, there was a basic anomaly about a Dean pulling down an extremely high salary (Is it true the new Dean will be the highest paid public official in the state? More than the governor? More than Larry Price?!) talking of ethical considerations, service pro bono, etc. Well, perhaps in some eyes, salaries in the \$30,000 - \$40,000 range represent "sacrifices" in the public interest.

The following hour started with the highest faculty aspirations. For it was in this free time that the students, believing in democratic ideals, etc., would come together and form a government. What a social behaviorists' paradise! All these multi-racial, multi-cultural budding lawyers would coalesce, and form, and debate, and present reasoned positions to the faculty and the law school community would march down the road to Utopia. Jim McIntyre sat in the back of the room, notebook in hand, waiting for the first session practically salivating. Well, it was not to be. At least two "junior legislators" visioned the law school as a dandy stepping stone to bigger and better things and the first session became the last when a railroad job became apparent to the rest of the students. Who would benefit from a student government and was it necessary? After all, we still trusted the faculty and their decisions and there was little desire to let the law school become a "political sandbox for the junior legislators." But student government wasn't dead, and like Frankenstein's Bride, would return to haunt us.

Some say it was Reinhard's idea. No matter, some unsung hero started bringing a can or two of beer around on Friday afternoons. It soon escalated (some say degenerated) and there was a hard core of at least fifteen behaving uncommonly human for law students. "Mens sana non potest vivere in corpore sicco". The semester went from Friday afternoon to Friday afternoon, and soon it was Frank Hayashida Day.