

1997

## "A Day in My Law Library Life," Circa 1997

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# “A Day in My Law Library Life,” Circa 1997

Compiled by Frank G. Houdek

*Contributors describe their lives as law librarians by recounting what they did during a single day at their jobs. Given the wide range of positions and libraries represented by the authors, the pieces collectively represent a snapshot—and a historical record—of the law library profession in 1997.*

## Introduction

In 1996 I asked over one hundred individuals to prepare a contribution for publication in *Law Library Journal* that described what happened to them during the first AALL Annual Meeting they ever attended. Over half responded by writing what, collectively, came to be called *Stories of “My First Annual Meeting.”*<sup>1</sup> Most readers<sup>2</sup> greeted these stories with open arms—I have never received so many positive responses about a piece appearing in the *Journal* as I did for this one. I have been at it again in 1997.

This time, however, I was not looking *for* history, but rather *to make* history. Or, more accurately, to make a historical *record* of the law library profession as it exists in 1997. To sketch for current readers, but also for those of tomorrow, what it is like to be a law librarian in this volatile, challenging, exciting time in which we now practice our profession.

Given my predisposition toward writing that is “original, thoughtful, and provocative” and that entertains as well as informs,<sup>3</sup> I chose *not* to do this with “textbook” descriptions of the practices and procedures of the various types of positions that exist in today’s diverse law library settings.<sup>4</sup> Instead I sought a different approach, one that would tell the story of our profession through the personal life experiences of those who are on the law library front line day in and day out. While the result might not constitute a training manual on how to

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1. Frank G. Houdek, comp., *Stories of “My First Annual Meeting,”* 88 L. LIBR. J. 9 (1996).
  2. In the spirit of full disclosure, I must point out the following assessment of the article: “[T]he last issue [of *Law Library Journal*] went kerplunk, too, because, you know, it’s nice to have wonderful musings, but I don’t know if that’s for an organ that’s published at our expense to be musing about, and so I know it was a big mess.” *Proceedings of the Members’ Open Forum Conducted at the 89th Annual Meeting of the American Association of Law Libraries Held in Indianapolis, Indiana* (remarks of Peter Pogacar), 88 L. LIBR. J. 557, 559 (1996).
  3. See Frank G. Houdek, *From the Editor: Good Writing*, 88 L. LIBR. J. 333 (1996).
  4. For this approach, I strongly recommend *LAW LIBRARIANSHIP: A HANDBOOK FOR THE ELECTRONIC AGE* (Patrick E. Kehoe et al. eds., 1995).

be a law librarian, it does offer an amazing assortment of small details and lofty thoughts that, taken together, paint a fascinating portrait of "A Day in the Law Library Life, Circa 1997."<sup>5</sup>

As with that earlier collection of first meeting remembrances, I solicited contributions from a large group of librarians, representing all types of positions and all types of libraries, with the following simple direction: "Describe a single day in your law library life."<sup>6</sup> To give legitimacy to the assertion that the collection stood as an snapshot of a "single law library day," I asked them to pick a day during a short three-week time span: February 17 to March 7, 1997. The only other instruction was to provide the title and nature of their position and a bit of context for their story (e.g., their level of experience, the nature of the library).

To say that I was pleased with the results of my "plotting" would be to put it mildly. The objective of delineating the job of a law librarian in an eminently readable fashion was achieved—over and over again. The breadth of our profession—not just in what we do but in who we are—is clearly documented. The fast-paced and changing environment of life in the late 1990s is richly portrayed in these pieces—computers, technology, e-mail, stretched resources, personnel and personal challenges are all prominent (if not dominant) aspects of nearly everyone's day. That much of this environment is unique is clearly demonstrated by the contrasting picture one sees in the short companion piece documenting an earlier law library life,<sup>7</sup> not that this should come as much of a surprise to anyone.

Perhaps the value of this collection was best stated by one of the authors:

Most of us seldom take the time (or have a reason) to sit down and reflect on what we do, why we do it, and how our jobs mesh with others in our own institutions and the broader areas of law and librarianship. Putting these thoughts on paper has helped me clarify and reaffirm my own personal reasons for choosing to be a law librarian, at a time when I have felt some doubt about the value of my job.<sup>8</sup>

There is not much more for me to do but step back and let the real stars of "A Day in the Law Library Life" take the stage. Get ready to deliver a standing ovation at the end.

Frank G. Houdek

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5. This is not a totally new idea; similar "days" having been presented in the form of photographic essays, for instance. *See, e.g.*, ONE DAY USA: A SELF-PORTRAIT OF AMERICA'S CITIES (Richard Carver & Judith Carver eds., 1986) (containing over 300 photographs of American cities all taken on March 20, 1985); A DAY IN THE LIFE OF ITALY (1990) (photographed by one hundred photojournalists on one day, April 27, 1990).
  6. Letter of solicitation from Frank Houdek, Editor, *Law Library Journal*, to prospective authors 1 (Feb. 5, 1997) (on file with author).
  7. Frank G. Houdek, *A Day in the Law Library Life, Circa 1910-1920*, 89 L. LIBR. J. 239 (1997).
  8. Letter from Janice K. Shull, Systems Librarian, Law Library of Louisiana, to Frank Houdek, Editor, *Law Library Journal* 1 (Mar. 3, 1997) (on file with author).

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**Rhea Ballard-Thrower\***  
*If Only the Desk Could Talk*

Psst . . . psst . . . yeah, it's me . . . down here . . . What? You can believe in a talking horse and a pig who thinks it's a dog, but you can't believe in a desk that can talk?

That's a human for you! Actually, you are one of the select few who will have the privilege of hearing me speak. For others, I just sit here. Why did I pick you? Oh, I've been watching you for a long time. I still remember the first day you started working in the library. You admired my fine grain, smooth texture, and deep red color—even brushed your hand across my top—oooooh. Pretty well put together, aren't I? Yeah, I'm



constructed of the *Prunus serotina*—that's one of the best black cherry hardwoods available. Wood that was stripped from the finest forests of North America. My lineage can be traced all the way back to that infamous day when a small falsifier named George gave birth to the logging industry. A craftsman worked hard, with loving care, to create me. Then I was trucked across the country to eventually be placed at this spot.

So, what's it like, a day in the life of a reference desk? You think a desk can't have an exciting life? Just ask my cousins, who humbly served during the signing of the Declaration of Independence, who elegantly sat in the Hall of Mirrors during the signing of the Treaty of Versailles, or, more recently, my cousin of American royalty—the Kennedy desk—recently auctioned for an astronomical sum. Oh, they've had such wonderful lives. And while my current position may not be as exciting as theirs, it's still pretty rewarding.

Five days a week, the reference librarians spend fifty-eight hours with me. They come in all types, you know. Take Van Gogh, for instance. Van Gogh must not have enough work to do, because when he's not answering reference questions he doodles. Ouch! I still have some of the scars where his pen rolled off the paper and onto me. Then there's ESTJ. (You know—the Myers-Briggs personality type.) For the ESTJ librarian, everything has a place and everything should be in its place. Every time she begins her shift, ESTJ rearranges things. The pencil holder here, the stapler there; the rolodex to the left, and the tape

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\* Associate Librarian, Georgia State University Law Library, Atlanta, Georgia.

dispenser to the right. She still hasn't figured out that the staple remover is now in my third drawer on the left.

Actually, ESTJ's sense of organization I can handle, but the "rapper" librarian—that's another story. The rapper—not the Snoop Doggy Dogg, Death Row Records type, but the finger-tapping kind—is pretty awful. Each time the rapper sits behind me, he begins this sadistic abuse. In another life, he may have been Ringo Starr, but to me he's a pain. If it weren't for my slick polyurethane cover, I would have a million bruises. Want to know something else? When there is no one around, the rapper will start singing!

To compensate for the rapper, I have been blessed with an angel. My favorite of all the librarian types is the Martha Stewart model. She brings flowers to brighten my counter, wipes the dust away, and calls housekeeping for my periodic waxing. She was the one who decided that I needed an overhead sign that said "reference desk" so everyone would know my name. (Sigh) . . . How come there can't be more Marthas sitting behind me?

Overall, I guess life isn't too bad. I could have been one of those big, green, metal desks, sent to salvage way before my prime. So I guess I've been pretty lucky. But please, the next time you sit down to answer a question, remember that the reference desk is here rain or shine, with hardly a moment to rest, and deserves the Martha Stewart treatment more often than not.

### Carol Bannen\*

#### *A Day in the Life of a Law Firm Librarian and Records Manager*

I arrive at 8 A.M., half an hour before the rest of the staff, to get a jump start on the day. I stop by the Records Department to touch base with my new department coordinator and find out what crisis has occurred since we last spoke. (None to report—a good start.) I come upstairs to the Information Resource Center and sign on to my computer and check my internal e-mail, voice mail, Internet mail, and snail mail. I check the LEXIS and WESTLAW printers and distribute items that were printed overnight. I then forward the table of contents of the *Federal Register* to my personal group that is interested and print off the table of contents from *Tax Notes Today* using LEXIS Tracker to review for any new developments of the day.



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\* Manager, Information Resource Center, Reinhart, Boerner, Van Deuren, Norris & Rieselbach, S.C., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Calls start by 8:15 A.M. I am given a Public Law number to check to see which of its provisions amend ERISA. It turns out the attorney has given me the number and it is a different Public Law that makes the changes he needs. Next I am given a company name to research. I am told it is a subsidiary, but further research shows that it is publicly held and not a subsidiary. I pull up Netscape and get ready to wow the attorney with free Edgar documents when we find out that our Internet provider has lost the connection in Chicago and we can't contact any East Coast Internet addresses. That will have to wait. We do a Dun and Bradstreet report instead to help verify some of the information we have found.

Next I go to a meeting with our head of Information Systems and head of Word Processing to discuss how we are going to handle our work product database now that we have upgraded some software. We work through various approaches and finally reach what appears to be a workable solution. Next stop is the Records Department for a weekly meeting. We have doubled the amount of delivery runs and are splitting the department so that it will occupy two floors, and we have a number of items to figure out.

Stepping back to my office in the Information Resource Center (a.k.a. the library), I handle a couple of easy requests and then discover that an attorney is leaving the firm. I run the listing of books checked out and client files checked out and go visit him to make sure they are all accounted for before he leaves.

I get a call for a look-up on an attorney and think "piece of cake." The attorney is not in *Martindale-Hubbell* or our state legal directory, but does show up on the *West Legal Directory* online through the Internet. West is in the Midwest, so we can get at them on the Internet even with half the country inaccessible.

The LEXIS rep calls and we discuss the summer clerks and new associates, planning training in our D.C. and Madison offices. I send her a list of the people I have gotten from Recruiting and now have to track down the training coordinator to reserve the room; next will be the creation and circulation of a training schedule.

I get a call from the Information Services Department about some new Dun and Bradstreet software that needs to be loaded on all the IRC terminals. We load it and find it will not connect. Calling Technical Support to figure out how to make it work is a project for another day. No time for it today.

I receive a memo detailing the results of a meeting I had yesterday with the Intake and Marketing departments on how to handle a conversion to new mailing list software to handle the firm's client mailings. The Records Department had previously handled much of the data entry, but will not have to do so with the new software.

It is now noontime and I go to lunch with one of my fellow managers just to keep up to speed on internal gossip. On my return I talk to two associates



who have had outrageous online research costs and we discuss alternative ways of researching effectively. I review all the LEXIS and WESTLAW billing weekly to make sure this only happens *once* per attorney. I pull a book for an attorney, check the currency of a statute, cancel a periodical, and find out where an executive went after leaving a company.

It is now 2:30. I have the luxury of working six-and-a-half-hour days so I can be home with my three children when they come home from school. I leave the Information Resource Center and Records Department in the capable hands of the supervisors of each area. I check with both to make sure there are no outstanding emergencies, hop in the car, and change my hat to Mom. This slowly happens as I drive west and another day at Reinhart, Boerner is done.

**Ladd Brown\***  
*Internet '97\*\**

This is the law library. It is a good place for legal research. It is a place of law—and order. When things get out of order, I step in. I wear a bun. I'm a law librarian. My name is Ladd.

We were working the day shift out of Reference investigating a rash of four-seventeens (patrons not using spill-proof beverage containers). This is my partner. His name is Joe.

"Heard the latest?"

"No, what, Joe?"

"New thing. Out on the street. Kids, adults, teachers, students, everyone's getting addicted. One try and you're hooked. Productivity goes straight down the toilet."

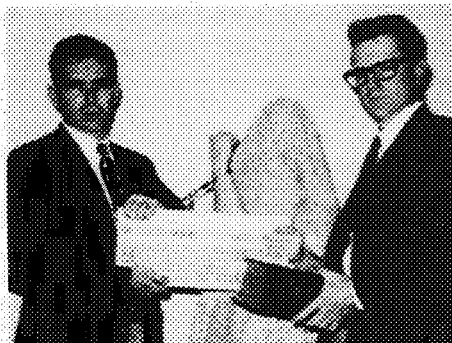
"What's it called?"

"The Internet, the 'net, the Web."

"Catchy."

The rest of the morning was as calm and quiet and sleepy as an audience at a John Denver concert. (It's tough, sometimes, being a public servant without any public to serve.) Suddenly the phone rang.

"It's a hot one, Joe. Lady professor. Name's Chu. She's from Georgia State University's New Developments in Higher Education and Innovations in Technology."



*Law librarians Ladd (right) and Joe save an unidentified woman from the clutches of Web addiction.*

\* Acquisitions/Serials Librarian, Georgia State University College of Law Library, Atlanta, Georgia.

\*\* *Editor's Note:* *Dragnet '67* (NBC television series, Jan. 1967–Sept. 1970) was a prequel of sorts for the author's vision of his "law library day." Imagine Jack Webb (portraying Sgt. Joe Friday) and Harry Morgan (Officer Bill Gannon) at the reference desk.

"A Chu from GeSUNDHEIT?"

"Right, Joe. Says she was looking at the law library home page and got hold of some bad links. Wants us over there right away!"

When we got there it was almost too late. Chu, red-eyed and mumbling about "rebooting," was a user all right. A hard-core user. One glance at her office told the story. The aloe was all dried up and dirty coffee cups were piled near her computer. Crumpled URLs on little Post-its littered the floor; Dilberts covered her dusty terminal. The family picture on her desk was as out-of-place as Michael Jackson's signature on a marriage license.

"How long you been on it, Professor?"

"Today is—what? Tuesday? Wednesday?"

It was Friday. (The day, not Joe's name.) But we didn't tell her. She was chain-talking too fast to get a word in.

"You know, I started out with speed-dialing. I'd mix in a few telefacsimiles now and then. I kept my e-mailing strictly social. I thought I could quit anytime. I was kidding myself."

"It's no joke, ma'am. You go thrill-seeking in Tech City, you end up hurting yourself, or others. Speed-dialing, e-mailing—what was that other thing?"

"The fax, Joe. Just the fax."

"Right."

The story you have just read is true. Only the names—Ladd and Joe—have been changed to protect the innocent.

### **Karen Brunner\***

#### *No Two Days Are Alike . . .*

No two days are alike as the manager of a large law firm library. Each day, I come in with plans to accomplish a few specific tasks. By the end of the day, I am lucky if I have taken care of one of them. Each day seems crazier than the one before it, but even after eleven years with the firm, the job is more challenging than ever.

One recent day began with assisting the WESTLAW representative in preparing for a day of paralegal classes on WESTLAW for Windows in the firm's new training facility. Coordinating the day's events with the MIS department was also involved. Most of the morning disappeared since I attended the training session.




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\* Library Manager, Riker, Danzig, Scherer, Hyland & Perretti L.L.P., Morristown, New Jersey.

I raced back from the training facility, located in another part of the building, in time to check in with the library staff before going to a luncheon meeting. This meeting was a unique attempt to tackle all the problems associated with the firm's numerous tax CD-ROM products. In attendance were most of the lawyers from the practice area, two members of the MIS department, and me. An opportunity such as this to brainstorm and troubleshoot is rare. Once the problems were laid on the table, vendor representatives joined the meeting. They had been briefed beforehand about some of the problems, but others had not been identified until that day. The reps handled the questions and comments skillfully and diplomatically and promised to attempt to find solutions. When the meeting ended, I congratulated them for their ability to hold up well under fire.

After returning to the library, I met with a new staff member to discuss her progress in learning the job and plans for further training. I took a few minutes to put finishing touches on a handout I was preparing for a presentation the next Saturday at a bar association-sponsored program.

When the final WESTLAW training session ended, I discussed the outcome with the WESTLAW representative. It was a good beta test for the sessions planned during the firm's upcoming move from DOS to Windows 95.

I also found moments here and there to check my e-mail and return phone calls. Finally, I talked with the firm's other managers about our plans for activities on April 24, "Take Our Daughters to Work" day. A look at the role of the law librarian is one event on the schedule.

### *J. Wesley Cochran\**

February 19, 1997—8:00 A.M.—Met with my Associate Director, who reported on a staff personnel problem. Working with people remains both the best and worst parts of an administrator's job. When administrators can provide good support and people achieve some success, that's the best part. But when something goes wrong, or conflict erupts and people become problems rather than solutions, that's the worst part.

8:30 A.M.—Staff meeting to discuss matters relating to the personnel problem.

9:00 A.M.—Librarians' meeting to discuss



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\* Director, Texas Tech University School of Law Library, Lubbock, Texas.

several items, including: (1) drafting a library development plan in anticipation of a small budget increase; (2) discussion of the first-year legal research and writing program, currently taught by part-time nontenure-track faculty members; and (3) audiovisual resource needs for the library.

10:00 A.M.—Worked on report to Associate Dean on library support section of proposal for distance-learning degree program under consideration by the state legislature. The proposal is an attempt to extend professional education to areas of the state with large minority populations. Current ABA accreditation standards are geared to a traditional program of law school instruction, not to the type of distance learning that the proposal covers. The law school would operate a part-time program of instruction for students located in El Paso, a city some three hundred miles away from Lubbock, and currently the largest urban area of the state without a law school. Students would complete two calendar years of instruction in El Paso, taking classes offered there and classes offered in Lubbock. Classes in Lubbock would include the distance learners by means of broadcast and computer technologies.

One challenge facing the library is the provision of services to the El Paso students in a manner equivalent to the Lubbock students. We are committed to the concept that the part-time program must not be viewed as some sort of "second-class" offering. The library must be able to provide the El Paso students with access to the same resources as the Lubbock students.

Another challenge is the level of support required for the first-year legal research and writing course. The proposal anticipates that the El Paso students will take the required first-year legal research and writing courses there, rather than in Lubbock. The question, then, is how many print resources are needed to provide quality instruction in research and writing? Some faculty members, ironically the ones who are computer-phobic, believe that no print resources will be needed at the distance location—that the students will rely solely on online resources. Those faculty who have been involved in teaching the course for several years know that the number-one complaint of law firm librarians and managing partners is that students rely far too heavily on computer-assisted legal research.

10:15 A.M.—Took break with library support staff. I try to take some breaks each week with the library support staff. I tend to isolate myself during much of the workday so that I can concentrate. That isolation may be good time management, but it is lousy personnel management—particularly with a staff like mine. My staff values highly the opportunity to interact with "the boss." During breaks, we usually talk about everything but work, and that's how it should be.

10:40 A.M.—Talked with reference librarians about a pro se patron. As difficult as it may be to deal with some of these folks, they help remind me that our profession is, always has been, and always will be, dedicated to helping

people locate and use legal information. It makes no difference how automated our methods might become; there is a person behind every request we fill.

11:00 A.M.—Prepared for copyright law class that I teach. I try to introduce new cases and interesting examples to make the subject matter more interesting to my students. Last week, discussing whether a later, different version of a song can be a derivative, I played two versions of “Layla”—the 1972 recording by Derek and the Dominos, including a young Eric Clapton, and Clapton’s solo acoustical guitar recording two decades later, in 1992. I couldn’t help but dance a little bit during the earlier “real” version. I plan to have a “Paro-day” when we discuss fair use and parodies. I will encourage students to bring originals and parodies to class, and I plan to award prizes for a number of categories: Most Colorful, Closest to the Original, Most Creative, etc.

1:30 P.M.—Class. Today I covered the “small store” exemption contained in Section 110(5) of the Copyright Act. To give students an idea of what a thousand-square-foot area looks like, before class I measured the distance around the room and marked the spots with tape. During class, I asked students to stand on these marks and ran a small rope around the perimeter to illustrate the thousand-square-foot area. Student estimates ranged from three hundred to two thousand square feet.

2:30 P.M.—Prepared for PBS video teleconference on the new Fair Use Guidelines for Educational Multimedia. I have become an “expert,” more or less, for copyright questions and problems. Success can be a two-edged sword, because now I receive questions from all over campus—from graduate students in the music department to faculty members in engineering to reference librarians in the University Library. The director of the University’s Center for Technology, Teaching, and Learning asked me to moderate a discussion here at Texas Tech following the broadcast of the teleconference. I predict that, as a result of moderating this discussion, I will be asked to draft a policy on the educational use of multimedia.

5:40 P.M.—Headed for home. Set the table for dinner. I invited my girlfriend over for my own recipe of cabbage beef soup. Time to relax.

**James E. Duggan\****It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World*

March 3, 1997—From the e-mail log of a computer services librarian . . .

Date: Mon, 03 Mar 1997 08:55:54  
 To: Librarians  
 From: James E. Duggan <duggan@siu.edu>  
 Subject: Network Problem

To the librarians:

Yes, I know the network is down. And, yes, I also realize that in all probability you won't be able to read this message until the network is back up (whenever that might be). I am working with Tim (our computer technician) right now (well,



okay, I took a few short minutes to compose this message), and hope to have us all back online sometime in the morning. Please bear with me.—JED

P.S. Did anyone happen to notice who spilled the Diet Pepsi on the network server keyboard?

Date: Mon, 03 Mar 1997 11:23:22  
 To: Computer Technician  
 From: James E. Duggan <duggan@siu.edu>  
 Subject: Additional Problems

Tim,

Thanks for all your help in getting the network back up and running. I've only received a few complaints from faculty and staff about the downtime (and only one responded with something the FBI might consider a threat when I suggested the magic words "local backup"). Now on to this morning's regular requests:

Professor X would like someone to explain the Internet to him by noon so that he can appear "technologically adept." This project is hopeless, but I will try to accommodate.

Professor Y wants a new computer, complete with thinkpad, stereo speakers, Soundblaster, and dual-Pentium processor (apparently he was talking with a colleague at another law school, and feels the need to keep up with the Joneses). Oh, it must also be fully compatible with his Macintosh system at home, and his old notebook. Why don't you talk to him, explain our budget and compatibility issues. If that doesn't work, mention our inability to get

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\* Computer Services Librarian and Associate Professor, Southern Illinois University School of Law Library, Carbondale, Illinois.

purchase orders out of the university without three levels of signatures, from the local information technology office to the Office of the Vice-Chancellor. If that doesn't work, pretend you are being paged, and run. (Then we'll try to think of something else.)

The legal clinic has a problem with LEXIS software, the Dean's office has problems with the WESTLAW software, and WordPerfect 6.1 keeps crashing in the computer lab. Speaking of the computer lab, is there some way we can restrict students' abilities to access specific sites on the Internet? (I'm tired of clearing out the computer cache files every week and noticing sites with the words "hot" and "babes" among the most frequently accessed. You don't even want to know about the JPEGs and MPEGs.)

Four staff members are waiting for hardware upgrades, and two students continue to complain about the extreme cold temperature in the lab.

Have a good day,  
James

Date: Mon, 03 Mar 1997 13:02:28  
To: Advanced Electronic Legal Research Class  
From: James E. Duggan <duggan@siu.edu>  
Subject: Class Assignment

Dear Class:

To follow up on the discussion in class this morning at 11:00 A.M.: It's anybody's guess what the future of CALR will be in the next ten to twenty years. Heck, I can't even predict what might happen a year from now, although I suspect that both major providers, LEXIS and WESTLAW, will continue to examine how their products are used and viewed by attorneys, and what effect the Internet (and to a lesser extent, CD-ROM) will have on online databases. (And no, I don't think that LEXIS's decision to remove vendor-supplied equipment in their permanent learning center indicates that LEXIS is on the wane. Just that they wanted to get out of the equipment business . . . but if anyone asks, no, I don't think our contract with LEXIS will cost any less because they are no longer providing equipment.)

Your assignment for next week: begin to review topics for your pathfinder due at the end of the semester. You should schedule individual conferences with me beginning next week.—James E. Duggan, Associate Professor

P.S. Did anyone notice someone with a Diet Pepsi in the lab last night? Just wondering . . .

Date: Mon, 03 Mar 1997 15:30:46  
To: Technology Task Force  
From: James E. Duggan <duggan@siu.edu>  
Subject: Re: Meeting

Although I thought our ninety-minute meeting at two o'clock was extremely productive, I'm still troubled about the perception of some professors

that technology is overrated, and the concern of some members of the Task Force that "we don't need no stinkin' laptops" will be the rallying cry of these Neanderthals if we continue to consider a proposal to require student ownership of laptops. This is the same kind of "head in the sand" perspective that continues to keep some of our faculty from using e-mail, the Internet, or even a computer for word-processing (I think we all know who I mean).

At any rate, please try to rise above the technological "know-nothings," and let's keep our goals in mind when responding to these critics.

BTW, no one knows whether wireless technology will be the industry standard a year from now. I'll be glad to investigate for the task force, but would like to have some idea of the technology budget first (in the now immortal words, "show me the money!").—James

P.S. We are still trying to discover the cause of this morning's network failure. A major investigative effort has uncovered some telltale clues at the scene: an empty Diet Pepsi can and a sticky, brown, syrup-like substance covering the server's keyboard have set us to wondering . . .

Date: Mon, 03 Mar 1997 17:01:12  
To: Patron X  
From: James E. Duggan <duggan@siu.edu>  
Subject: Reference Question

I'm sorry I was not able to immediately respond to your reference question. I was "on the reference desk" from 3 to 5 this afternoon, and was barraged with questions about citation form, looseleaf services, and complaints about network connectivity.

To answer your specific question—no, I was unable to find any record of an "Edward Bankhorst," who you claim was a nineteenth-century attorney active in the Chicago organized labor movement, and was (is?) the reincarnation of your grandmother (as told to you by your channeler). Alas, I cannot comment upon the accuracy of your recent "crystal readings," but I think you might suggest to your channeler that she provide more information to you (including any dates or addresses of the elusive "Mr. Bankhorst").

Best wishes on your search.—James E. Duggan

Date: Mon, 03 Mar 1997 20:36:09  
To: President, ACM  
From: James E. Duggan <duggan@siu.edu>  
Subject: Internet Presentation

Dear Student X,

It was my pleasure to present "The Legal Implications of Publishing on the World Wide Web" to the SIU student chapter of the Association for Computing Machinery earlier this evening in Faner Hall. I was pleasantly surprised by the audience interaction, and the question-and-answer period afterward was espe-



cially gratifying, as it indicated that many of your members take “this stuff” seriously. You are right, though—free pizza would probably have increased the attendance.—James E. Duggan

Date: Mon, 03 Mar 1997 22:19:38  
 To: Librarians  
 From: James E. Duggan <duggan@siu.edu>  
 Subject: Network Problem, Part II

Librarians,

I have just noticed a telephone message on my answering machine at home indicating that the network server is down again. I will try to investigate tonight or early tomorrow morning. I do suggest we look into better network equipment soon.—JED

P.S. The “anonymous” caller also indicated someone had been eating dinner in the lab. Anyone know of a way to keep students from bringing in microwaved dinners?

**Taylor Fitchett\***  
*My Empire Strikes Back*

Friday, February 21, 1997—It’s 6 P.M. Most of the staff of the University of Cincinnati College of Law Library have gone home and the only sound I hear other than the purring of my LaserJet is the piteous voice of a law student coming through my office door. He is sniffing around for a pass to stay in the library after hours, having noticed that my secretary, dispenser of passes, has left for the weekend.



Momentarily, I filter out this distraction and turn my eyes to my desktop and the hovering empires of papers that threaten collapse if they are not shorn or, at least, rebalanced. Weren’t computers supposed to reduce the pounds of pulp we push? It’s scary to think that maybe they have! Before I leave for the day, I will move the most important stack to the middle of my desk blotter as a Monday morning reminder of what I didn’t do this week. A half-empty can of warm Diet Coke is parked by the telephone, to which is affixed a yellow Post-it note with telephone numbers I must call early next week: 63483—the Univer-

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\* Director of the Law Library, University of Cincinnati College of Law, Robert S. Marx Law Library, Cincinnati, Ohio.

sity Attorney's Office wants to talk with me about a contract I sent over concerning a book one of our librarians is publishing; 61515—the Dean of University Libraries wants to prod me into working on the criteria for reappointment, promotion, and tenure of library faculty; 60051—the President of the Student Bar Association wants to know what the library will contribute to this year's auction to raise money for the Hooding Ceremony.

Among the piles, cans, and notes are two books that patiently await my opening: *Literary Texts in an Electronic Age* and *Cyberfutures: Culture and Politics on the Information Superhighway*. I imagine that they might include information that will help me compose an inspiring speech for the ICCC/IFIP Conference on Electronic Publishing in April. I had hoped to write a little on the oration today, but that didn't happen. The February 1997 issue of *Communications of the ACM* is opened to page 88 where, earlier in the day, I was reading a techie article by Ted Selker, manager of User Systems Ergonomics at IBM, entitled "What Will Happen in the Next Fifty Years?" Wish I could predict what will happen in the next fifty minutes.

Taped to the side of my bookcases are Steve Covey's *Seven Habits of Highly Effective People*, which usually are a great catalyst for a guilt trip. But, hey, it's Friday afternoon. On days like this I often wonder what has happened to the approximately thirty thousand seconds of the working day of this law library director. When I was a younger library administrator I was once caught off guard when a faculty member came into my office and commented that he was glad to find me available because I was usually on the phone or in a meeting. His comment rings with even more veracity a decade later—the only reason I'm not consulting with someone at this moment is that everyone has gone home. But I'm not alone—I have my stack of unopened snail-mail, a mailbox full of e-mail, and one law-male who is now peering through the crack in my door to ask me about that library pass. And thoughts of the day that is now slowly coming to an end.

Usually the staff leave me alone in the morning until I've made it to the coffee pot, but today the Systems Librarian hit the unwired director with a wiring problem in the lab. The sympathy that I offered seemed inadequate at the time, but, in retrospect, I think that was what was needed. As I sat sipping my coffee, noticing that I had a navy blue shoe on my left foot and a black shoe on my right, the Head of Reference chatted with me about an idea he had for a proposal to our University Research Council for professional development money for librarians. His visit was followed by several others before I finally closed my door so I could make phone calls. Those calls included one to a publisher to negotiate the purchase of electronic text for a project that we are working on for the Internet and another to a donor who is contributing money for new library carrels.

At 10:30 A.M. I went to an open house hosted by the Center for Electronic Text in the Law, a department within our library, which was showing off its

newly renovated space. I appreciated the tour and week-old Valentine's Day cookies. Before noon I edited the faculty newsletter and had a brief meeting with the financial dean of the College to discuss the salary of the new systems engineer.

After lunch there was more of the same, but the routine was broken delightfully around 3 P.M., when I got the rarest of phone calls: someone actually *did* want to support a grant proposal I had written to purchase some computer equipment to assist the blind, including a device that converts ASCII text to synthesized speech output. In the grand scheme of things it was a small financial victory of less than \$10,000, but enough to elicit one gigantic *yes* from me when I put down the receiver.

Shortly after 4 P.M. my husband called to say that he wanted to go out to dinner tonight and then see the rerelease of *The Empire Strikes Back*. Two yesses in a row!

So, now it's time to stop typing, grab my coat, and head for my favorite Indian food and the fantasy world of George Lucas. Don't worry. Before I go I'll track down the student looking for the overnight pass.

### Robert Giblin\*

#### *Building for the Future—Just Another Day*

A bright, sunny day with fluffy white clouds against a sky of royal blue. A quiet pond surrounded by hills of green. Galloping down a hill, a large white horse plunges into the pond, creating a series of waves and spraying water as it swims out into the deep water to six little children, boys and girls, five or six years old, who, laughing and squealing in the water, jump on the horse's back. In the darkness, a thump. Awakening, I sensed tentative steps as a cat came across the bed to start another day with me. Whiteness peering through the darkness. Acceptance, trust, commitment.



Staggered about reaching for light switches as I went room to room. Hot coffee for direction and motivation. Heater on, stretched back against a sofa, reading and contemplating. Into the reliables and out the door. Fifteen minutes to the Back Bay, an inlet conservatory of verdant marshland surrounded by

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\* Associate Librarian, Assistant Professor, Director of Academic Computing Services, Western State University, Fullerton, California. He selected a new first name, at the suggestion of an associate dean, after his recent appointment to manage academic computing, discarding "Bob" (too common), and rejecting both "Rob" (too sporty) and "R. Bryce" (too tacky).

limestone cliffs. Picked up a couple of pals on the run, one a real estate broker and the other a high school teacher. For nearly an hour, easy eight-minute pace. Somewhere, between the newsy and nonsensical, ideas alighted in my consciousness and then fluttered off like the snow-white egrets along the bay—gender socialization (an article in preparation), the L.A. Marathon (just completed), the moral implications of copyright in international law (a topic recently discussed at a SCALL<sup>1</sup> meeting), and the expanding impact of technology on legal education (a new responsibility). By the time we returned, the sun was up. Bright, warm, and dry. Santa Ana winds.

Drove toward snow-capped mountains. On the freeway, slowed to approach flashing red lights, then accelerated to pass a gardener's truck full of tools, then slowed again to confront still more flashing red lights. Through the busy street traffic around an adjacent university and then safely into the empty clutter of a familiar parking lot.

Dashed into a plain, 1960s-style four-story building located in a densely populated city in northern Orange County. Past the reception desks, through an overcrowded library—with greetings to all—and into a comfortable small office. Looked out the window in front of my work table and peered into a chain-link fence—encircled large hole that will be the new library. Three stories, thirty-five thousand square feet, with a completion date of August 1. Big, burly guys in blue T-shirts and white hard hats, already spitting, scratching, smoking. Checked the tall green plants in my office to see if they needed water. Turned on my office blaster to tune in Thelonius Monk on the local jazz station. Started up the computer. The phone rang—an assistant dean wanted me to review a document before it went to publication. The phone immediately rang again—the desk attendant indicated that a student needed help in the computer lab. Stepped out to log her in and help her print out an assignment. Came back to read my e-mail. Interesting, but rarely personal, and often irrelevant. Reference questions deleted. Staff actions, practices, and proposals saved. Commentary on the law book mergers and consolidations deleted. Legal citations saved. Discussion of legal writing courses deleted. No e-mail from Her Librarianship today. The phone rang again—the new WESTLAW rep introduced herself and inquired about training this semester. Decided to get out of there. Took a scheduled group of fifteen students across the street to tour the library at the adjacent university. Returned to my office, after chatting with the reference librarians on the way through the library ("Hi, how are ya?"). Settled into my office to study, as faculty advisor, a pile of articles being considered for publication in the next issue of our law review.

Before long, a professor popped in, wanting help in preparing a legal research and writing class. The director of the legal writing program, running

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1. *Editor's Note:* Southern California Association of Law Libraries.

late, called from her car's cellular phone to ask me to start her class—wait, the cars in front of her were stopping suddenly—well, to tell me she, in fact, had an accident. Federal legislative materials—been there, taught that. Decided it was time to get out of there again. Put together in one room the two sections totaling fifty students to teach the class. Did an hour-long stand-up on the federal legislative process, drawing on the grease board to make my points clear and interjecting humor to keep the presentation lively. At the end they applauded. Took the legal writing program director's section to another classroom. Did a half-an-hour discussion on trial brief arguments in support of a motion for summary judgment in a case involving the settlement-bar rule. Dry stuff.

Passed through academics on the third floor and tech services on the second floor to pick up my snail mail. Nothing unusual—calendars, green slips, library and computer magazines, and memos regarding coming events. Punched through the numbers keyed to the lock on a small, lonely staff lounge. Microwaved up a couple of medium-hot salsa veggie burritos. Then strolled to the cafeteria for something cold to drink. Spoke with one student about drafting a generic disclaimer for the Web site, another student about an assignment due in my legal research and writing section next week, and still another about locating information on the subject of regulating interstate medical practice. Punched back through the numbered lock of the staff lounge into a few minutes of solitude. Peered down into the large hole that will be the new library. Watching the workers pour cement into the end posts invoked a bizarre idea. The Santa Ana winds sometimes do that to me.

Took my veggie burritos and Snapple diet lemonade with me to the Faculty Meeting upstairs on the fourth floor. No bonking now. Long Range Planning Committee, Skills and Curriculum Committee, Self Study Committee, Admissions Committee, Pro Bono Committee, Library and Technology Committee. Soon a Committee on Committees?

Returned to the library at exactly the right moment to start a scheduled WESTLAW training session. Took eight students haltingly to the starting line of new technology in legal education. They all finished in under an hour and a half.

Drove off-campus for a meeting with the Associate Dean of Finance, the Director of Management Information Services, and the Director of the Library. The meeting began about Internet connections, but ultimately evolved into a discussion of the deployment of technology in the new library building. Crystal-ball gazing followed by some cognitive planning.

Came back into the library in time to start up a second scheduled WESTLAW training session and turn it over to the student representative to complete. Grabbed a peanut butter Cliff Bar and strolled over to the cafeteria for another Snapple diet lemonade. Very busy there. Full-time students finishing their day, part-time students starting theirs. Stepped into the staff lounge. Somebody's

child was watching television. Faculty and staff were circulating through, those working at night, to prepare food taken from the refrigerator or just to grab a styrofoam cup of Starbuck's coffee and run. Outside the windows, the sun set, a bright orange ball on the horizon.

Returned to the library, stopping at the reference office to chat with the two reference librarians. Talked about the daily happenings. Questions from students ("What's this?"). Faculty requests ("Where are the Ruling Cases?"). Missing materials (bye, bye, *Points and Authorities*). Copyright permission requests (fax delight to *Hastings Law Journal*). One of us will stay until 11:30 P.M., covering reference, but not me tonight. Monday is my night to howl.

Was something missing today? There were no library meetings—no regularly scheduled, semi-regularly scheduled, or spontaneous meetings. Also, I did not teach today—my legal research and writing section was doing its midterm project this week.

Grabbing a booklet from the recent AALS meeting that the Dean had left on my desk, I gathered up my gear to go home. A student stopped me at the door, asking for a few moments to discuss her tormented decision to drop out of school for personal reasons. Sat back down, listening compassionately for a half an hour. Leaving, thought of swimming tomorrow.

Dark and cool. After the commuter traffic has passed, from the freeway the surrounding communities twinkled past faster than legally permissible. Red lights ahead, but free-flowing. From two miles away, the smell of salt air. Walked through a churchyard into a side building full of maybe twenty men. Exchanged waves and greetings. A fire was burning in the fireplace. Pulled up a chair and threw my legs over a nearby table. Listened and relaxed.

Late in the evening, I returned home. As I came through the door, the white cat sprang up, looking at me in exactly the same manner as earlier that morning. Acceptance, trust, commitment. For another day, I was the type of person—the law librarian, the computer administrator, the staff supervisor, the administrative planner, the academic colleague, the counselor, the athlete, and the friend—the exact type of man my cat thinks I am.

**Barbara Cornwell Holt\***  
*Is This "Real Work"?*

I became Library Manager at Preston Gates & Ellis L.L.P. six years ago. Best known for its work in municipal bonds, intellectual property, technology, and environment, Preston is a 235-attorney, multiple-office firm based in Seattle, Washington. The firm is dynamic, fast-paced, socially conscious, and about as democratic as a law firm can be.



Dynamic? Definitely. If anything is certain about law firms of the nineties, it is change. In 1995, firm management reorganized its administration to more evenly distribute oversight responsibilities. Central Records, formerly managed by Information Services (IS), became my responsibility.

Tricky change, since my background is librarianship, not records management. Trickier still, since the library (with my office) is located on the fiftieth floor, whereas the Records Department is located on the fifty-fifth. Trickiest of all: the two departments whose functions (and staffs) virtually never intersect are the Library and Central Records.

Fast-forward to 1997: I manage both departments, with the help of a second office in Central Records. I am no longer a hands-on librarian. My biggest adjustment, one with which I continue to struggle, is the sense that I don't do "real" work. I discuss, brainstorm, ask questions, review, make suggestions, offer encouragement, smooth ruffled feathers, write messages and memos, plan, attend meetings, make lists, gather and share information. But other than budget reports, I rarely produce a discrete, tangible piece of work. Reference work is now a rare treat, and I fear that as my reference skills fade from underuse, I may become a danger to rather than help for the innocent library patron.

Instead of doing conflict searches, cataloging, folder retrieval, or library research, I rely on the knowledge and professionalism of nine people in Records and six in the Library. Bridging the gap between the needs of the firm's attorneys and the operational requirements of the two departments takes patience, humor, and infinite tact (e.g., if you don't check it out, we won't know where the file is; it takes time to download documents, even in cyberspace). I have to be the quintessential grown-up.

Every working day is different, but there are a few similarities. Frequent interruptions are the norm, and unanticipated crises (sometimes quickly solvable via friendly communication) are not uncommon. Most days include

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\* Manager, Library and Central Records, Preston Gates & Ellis L.L.P., Seattle, Washington.

multiple e-mail and phone messages. While I sometimes wonder whether these communication tools are blessing or bane, I admit that I could not function simultaneously in two departments without them. E-mail lets me easily contact multiple recipients and departments, and also serves as a tickler system where I save and review messages periodically until resolved. Many days include budget review or reporting for both departments. (How did I ever function without spreadsheets?) Occasionally I even provide backup reference service. While my surfing skills on the Net don't approach those of our reference librarians, I am relieved that sometimes patrons still need to know how to update the C.F.R.!

One of the more challenging yet rewarding pieces of my day is interacting with staff: reviewing, coaching, listening, teaching, and learning. I need reliable and competent staff to handle the bulk of daily duties, and time invested in their development serves both the firm and the individuals well. No day is complete without a meeting—with fellow administrators, with office managers of offices outside of Seattle, with Records and Library staffs. Time-consuming, yes; unproductive, not necessarily. Outside of the periodic full-staff meetings for each department, we try to limit project planning to those who are directly involved with the process under review, then use e-mail as our follow-up. Time spent on coordination before the fact saves time on damage control later. Increasingly, decisions made within a single department may have ramifications elsewhere. Many records issues are closely tied to Accounting Department processes or subject to Ethics Committee review, so we work closely to ensure that all aspects of a process are understood and coordinated throughout. Further, IS Department input is required for many service improvements, since these often rely upon technology. We drive and direct the changes based upon our knowledge of user need; IS provides support.

Working with two departments has broadened my understanding of the relative value of each, to say nothing of my respect for the efforts of those outside the library. Believe it or not, the library is not the most vital operation in the firm. Instead, each department is an essential organ without which the firm could not maintain its health. The similarities between my departments (service, detail orientation, information management, volume management, circulation woes) are rivaled by their differences. The Library's clientele is primarily attorneys, while secretaries and clerks are frequent requesters in Central Records. There are usually several resources where one can find answers in library research, but we can't substitute another file for a misplaced one. Librarians are recognized experts in legal research, but the considerable knowledge of records staff may be underestimated. In coordinating my time with the two groups, I sometimes feel a bit like a bigamist who has two separate "families" that don't know each other—their only link is me—and who knows that each could benefit from more attention from me.

Like most of my professional peers, I find that my day-to-day work life



has changed radically over the last few years, change that would have occurred even if I hadn't accepted the Records responsibility. We librarians, like most firm administrators, are breaking new ground with only the sketchiest of roadmaps. We expect the unexpected and have learned to be flexible and open to fresh approaches. And I know that I will be able to review this *Law Library Journal* issue in a few years' time and chuckle at the old ways of the old days.

**Sarah Holterhoff\***

*I Fought the Law and the Law Won*

March 18, 1997—The Bobby Fuller Four weren't singing about Valparaiso University Law Library in their 1966 hit recording, "I Fought the Law," but their lyric seems to capture what is happening here on a certain Tuesday in March 1997. With the students and faculty back after spring break and mild weather bringing out more than the usual number of pro se patrons, the library staff in general (and this government documents librarian in particular) are doing a land-office business in legal reference questions. Good thing I graded those research assignments over break and updated my section of the library Web site and finished editing the next library newsletter. Unfortunately, I still have hundreds of unread e-mail messages from discussion lists and a pile of routed professional journals to scan. But those will have to wait until I handle a few skirmishes on the reference front. . .



A young woman and an older gentleman appear at my office door, asking how to give temporary guardianship of a child to the child's grandmother and how to get access to \$20,000 that is being held for that child in a trust fund (settlement from an accident in which the child was injured). I start them with the *Indiana Code* and *Indiana Digest* and tell them I'll be back later to check on how they are doing.

I check my mailbox and find a letter (addressed to me as President of the Chicago Association of Law Libraries) from a prisoner in Huntsville, Texas, requesting that I photocopy for him a number of pages from an Indiana legal directory. He helpfully includes instructions, such as "please put the book open faced down on a copy machine and make a copy of those two pages of criminal

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\* Government Documents Librarian, Valparaiso University School of Law Library, Valparaiso, Indiana.

defense attorneys. . ." I forward this request to the student group that does pro bono research for prisoners.

Returning to my desk, I find a voice-mail message from an adjunct faculty member who is looking for a legislative history of the Americans with Disabilities Act. Reaching for Johnson's *Sources of Compiled Legislative Histories*,<sup>1</sup> I find a number of possibilities. I also check the database guides for LEXIS and WESTLAW to confirm my recollection that both services offer online access to legislative history documents for this act. As I finish e-mailing this information to the professor, a faculty research assistant is at my office door, requesting the cite for the recent Food and Drug Administration regulations restricting the sale of cigarettes to teenagers. Using Netscape, I find my bookmark for GPO Access and use that to go to an FDA heading that provides a handy section on Nicotine Regulation Documents with cites to the final rule published in the *Federal Register* last August. As I print this for the student assistant, I explain the various sources available for the *Federal Register* text.

Leaving my office again in search of a much-needed cup of coffee, I walk upstairs, where an older gentleman asks me to help him locate the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms rule that says BATF agents have to swear allegiance to the United Nations. He was tipped off about this in a pamphlet someone handed him on the street. Proving that something doesn't exist can be tricky, but I get him started with the Index to the *Code of Federal Regulations* and the BATF telephone number in the *U.S. Government Manual*. He seems satisfied, at least for now, so I head for the stairs again. Stopping back to check on the people researching guardianship in Indiana, I encounter a student who needs change for a \$50 bill to use the photocopier. I refer him to the nearby convenience store, since neither the library nor this cash-poor librarian can oblige him.

As the day wears on, the questions I face range from mundane (who can replace the toner cartridge in the laser printer in the computer room?) to memorable (how to fire a county prosecutor who is not taking timely action on an attempted murder case, asked by the wife of a man who was shot four times in the head and survived). A student would like a copy of an unenacted Indiana bill on parental rights from the 1996 session so he can compare it with the new version that has recently been introduced. I direct him to the library's collection of Indiana bills and also give him the URL for the Indiana state government's Web site. Some "simple" questions are deceptively so. Once again the Porter County Clerk of Court's office has referred an individual to our library to get a legal form—this time for filing a divorce action. As I show the young man (with small son in tow) the appropriate section in the Indiana formbook, I can see that he is deciding this is a bit more complicated than he had hoped. He finally says he may hire an attorney after all.

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1. *Editor's Note:* NANCY P. JOHNSON, SOURCES OF COMPILED LEGISLATIVE HISTORIES (1993).

Returning to my office to retrieve some information on copyright law that I have set aside for a student writing a seminar paper, I take a phone call from a public librarian in a neighboring county. (As the only law library in northwest Indiana, we get lots of public library questions.) His patron is concerned about something she believes she heard on a recent visit to the Voting Rights Museum in Selma, Alabama: that the Fifteenth Amendment is due to "expire" soon. I try to be tactful in suggesting that the patron is worrying unnecessarily and that a repeal of this amendment is highly unlikely.

By now it's late afternoon and I take advantage of the temporary lull in reference questions to rearrange those piles and projects on my desk (to be tackled first thing tomorrow). Eventually I head off into the sunset (well, it would be a sunset if it weren't raining), saving my strength to match wits with the law again tomorrow.

**Mary A. Hotchkiss\***  
*Juggling Three Bags*

February 25, 1997—About six years ago, I made some decisions that dramatically altered the way that I work. For a number of reasons, I traded in my wonderful full-time position as Assistant Librarian for Public Services at the Gallagher Law Library of the University of Washington School of Law for a combination of three part-time positions. These part-time positions include being the computer-assisted legal research librarian at the U.S. Courts Library in Seattle (with attendant medical and retirement benefits); being the editor of the weekly *Current Index to Legal Periodicals (CILP)*, published by the Gallagher Law Library; and being a



lecturer at the University of Washington School of Law. This combination of jobs gives me the flexibility to balance my love for research, publishing, and teaching with my love for travel and volunteer work. While each job has its unique joys and rewards, none provides me with my own desk. And so I juggle many bags.

Each day, I carry from one to three bags, depending on the day's activities. These bags are my substitute desks. One bag (a zippered blue WESTLAW briefcase, circa 1990) carries a dozen law reviews for indexing. A second bag (a green mesh BNA bag, circa 1992) holds my textbook, a copy of *The*

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\* Assistant Librarian, U.S. Courts Library, Seattle, Washington; Lecturer, University of Washington School of Law, Seattle, Washington; Editor, *Current Index to Legal Periodicals*.

*Bluebook*, handouts, and class folders. A third bag (a blue, oversized BNA bag from the 1995 AALL Annual Meeting in Pittsburgh) holds my briefcase and a sweater or change of shoes. This system of bags, while not particularly stylish, works well for this itinerant librarian.

Today is a three-bag day. First stop, around 8 A.M., is the *CILP* office at the Gallagher Law Library. In one bag, I have a dozen indexed journals. *CILP* is a not-for-profit publication that has been prepared on a weekly basis by the staff of the Gallagher Law Library since 1948. As a "bridge" publication, available four to six weeks before commercial indexes, *CILP* provides timely topical access to approximately five hundred legal publications. By Wednesday of each week, I index between twenty-four and thirty-six journals; by Friday, the data are input by Muriel Quick, the *CILP* Information Specialist. I proofread each issue before Monday morning. Muriel makes the necessary corrections on Monday and Tuesday, sending a clean copy to the on-campus printing services, transmitting electronic copies to WESTLAW and to our electronic subscribers, creating mailing labels for our print customers, etc. Then on Wednesday, the input of the next issue begins. Like all weekly publications, there are patterns and rhythms. I empty my *CILP* bag and shift gears.

I check my e-mail and make a couple of phone calls to double-check on arrangements for the next day's Law Librarians of Puget Sound (LLOPS) meeting. As Program Committee chair, I am delighted to have found a new facility, a conference room in an office tower, to host our February meeting. Wednesday's program will feature resource roundtables with LLOPS members serving as discussion facilitators. The topics include: Serials Control (Monica Luce); Acquisitions Issues (Rick Stroup); Training Issues (Mary Hotchkiss); and Using the Internet in Reference (Mary Whisner). I pull together some materials on active learning for my training group, stick them in my downtown bag to review later, and then turn to class prep.

During the winter quarter, I teach Advanced Legal Bibliography from 10:30 to noon on Tuesdays and Thursdays. (Also in my repertoire are Advanced Legal Research and Federal Tax Research.) Today I will return papers I received last Thursday. Students selected a topic and, following a class exemplar, examined and evaluated specific specialized tools, including government publications, a major looseleaf set, and an Internet site. This particular project dovetails with their final class assignment, a research guide. Today's class session has a short informational component and then individual conferences to address student questions about the research guide. I grab my class bag and head for the classroom.

After class, I return to the *CILP* office, check my e-mail, and trade my class bag for my downtown bag. When I get on the bus, two law students sit across from me. Jennifer, a student from last spring, thanks me for letters of recommendation and updates me on her job search. She just got a clerkship with a

Hawaiian state court judge. Jennifer tells Christa, a student in my current class, that my handouts and projects were invaluable to her last summer. Christa enthusiastically agrees that my class has been really useful. I know that their compliments are exaggerated but I still feel affirmed.

On my way from the bus to the courthouse, I stop to buy a bagel and skim the headlines of the afternoon paper. I note that, for the first time since 1991, Randy Johnson will probably not be the Opening Day pitcher for the Seattle Mariners. This is significant to me, and also important for cultivating patron relations. Quite a few of our law clerks, staff, and judges are avid fans.

My two-hour reference shift passes quickly. I have an assortment of questions from court staff and the public on topics as diverse as immigration restrictions, bankruptcy exemptions, federal sentencing guidelines, and the legislative history of Washington's franchising law. Members of the public receive only directional assistance; in-depth reference and research assistance is given to all court inquiries. I introduce a law clerk to *Sutherland on Statutory Construction*; she is ecstatic. After my desk time, I spend twenty minutes demonstrating WestCheck's automatic citation checking features to a new extern. I then work on the Ninth Circuit Court Libraries inventory project. We are verifying continuing subscriptions and entering the Seattle information on a Lotus 1-2-3 master spreadsheet. My day at the courts ends at 5:00 P.M. I pick up my downtown bag and head back to the University of Washington and the Gallagher Law Library.

At Gallagher, I print out some material for the LLOPS program on Wednesday. I check my e-mail one last time, and answer a couple of questions from students who picked up their papers but skipped the conference portion of this morning's class. I pick up my class bag, ever hopeful that I will do a bit of class prep before the evening before class. I stuff a dozen journals in my *CILP* bag to index at home, after dinner. (Multitasking is the key to my survival.) And by 6:15 P.M., this itinerant librarian heads happily for the bus, bags in hand.

*Dwight King\**

Monday, February 24, 1997—"I'm reading a slave narrative," said Professor Henry. "In it, the slave is trying to fight off her master and he says to her, 'Don't you know I can do whatever I want with you? Don't you know that I can even kill you?' I need to know whether during the period 1830 to about 1842, a North Carolina slave owner could actually kill his own slave. Can you help me?"



This was my first request of the day. Although it was not from a law professor, I tackled it because our research department serves the entire Notre Dame community. Anyway, I especially enjoy questions like this because I can use some of my knowledge as a history major in college to try and find an answer. I had help from my student assistant and in a couple of hours I felt confident about what we had found. According to *State v. Hoover* and *State v. Robbins*, if a master intentionally killed his slave, he would be guilty of murder. (I accidentally tore the leather cover off the 1855 volume containing the *Robbins* decision. The history major destroys a little bit of history!)

I had used a book by Mark Tushnet to begin looking for an answer. Tushnet's book referred me to a statute that I sent my research assistant to locate. He emerged from the bowels of the library where we keep old state law sources, not with a statute, but with a volume of the *North Carolina Digest*. He showed me the "Slaves" volume and asked if I thought it might help. I was amazed to find that "Slaves" is a West digest topic! And not only that, but there are 1996 pocket parts for the West digests with cases listed under slavery! As an African-American, I shudder at the thought that involuntary servitude is still an issue.

While working on Professor Henry's request, I fielded a few *Bluebook*<sup>1</sup> questions from law students. Over the years I have become somewhat of a citation expert. Knowledge of *The Bluebook* should be a job requirement for a reference librarian. Students always have a lot of citation problems as they finish their moot court briefs. Because *The Bluebook* is mute on many matters,

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\* Head of Research Services, Notre Dame Law Library, Notre Dame, Indiana.

1. THE BLUEBOOK: A UNIFORM SYSTEM OF CITATION (16th ed. 1996).

I had to input searches into LEXIS's Allrev File to find suitable citation examples.

At Notre Dame Law School all faculty members—teaching and research faculty and library faculty—are involved in the review of admissions files. My next task for the day was to read some of the files I had received for the week. It is a humbling experience to read admissions files. So many applicants have overcome more obstacles in their lives than I have, done more community service than I have, been in more leadership positions and earned better GPAs and LSAT scores than I did, and yet I sit in judgment of them. I hated law school, but I have spent my entire adult life working and teaching in law schools and for several years now I have been recommending which students should be admitted to law school. (And the Director of Admissions thinks that I do a very good job!) As Alanis Morissette would say, "Isn't it ironic!" (I recommended that we accept two of the three applicants whose files I read, despite the applicants' modest LSATs.)

The problem that took up most of the day came from our dean, who wanted a bibliography on "pastoral care for the legal profession." I spent the early afternoon at the undergraduate library, using *Religion Index* and *Catholic Periodical and Literature Index*, searching for articles on how ministers might help lawyers keep in touch with their spiritual and emotional selves. Although there are many publications about the spiritual life (or lack thereof) of attorneys and law students, I could find only one article on my particular topic.

The article I found was entitled "Ministry to the Legal Profession," written by a lawyer and an episcopal priest named C. Eric Funston. I decided to call the Reverend Funston to see if he knew of any other sources on the topic. I tried to locate him in *Martindale-Hubbell*, but he was not listed. I checked LEXIS for a news story on him, also to no avail. So I ventured onto the Internet in search of some mention of the man. I must admit that the Internet still intimidates me. I am not a Net surfer, maven, or aficionado. Call me "Mr. Hardcopy." So imagine my joy when my Net search brought a recent address for the Reverend Funston along with a picture of him holding his cat!

"No," said the Reverend Funston, "I try to scan the literature for similar publications, but I didn't find sources on the topic before I wrote mine, and I haven't seen a single one since." I thanked him anyway and told him that I had found the picture of him and his cat on the Internet. "I loved that stray," he said. "It would follow me wherever I went. It accompanied me on my walk to work." Unfortunately, the cat had been killed by a car. I have a cat that loves me, too, so I knew the preacher's pain.

I had spent the last three workdays trying to find relevant sources, and now I was just about out of ideas. I still had one chance. Over the weekend, my wife happened across a newspaper article about an organization called Marketplace Ministries, which makes worksite visits to offer chaplain counseling. Unfortunately, I struck out there too, though a very nice gentleman did give me the

names of a couple of organizations that did similar work and suggested I might call them as well.

I called all the other organizations. The last person I spoke with told me, "No, we are not aware of anything about caring for lawyers in particular. We would treat them the same way we would treat workers in a chicken plant." As I hung up, I wondered if her comment was an affirmation that we are all equal in God's eyes or a barb aimed at arrogant attorneys who think that they are something special. I decided that I would write the dean a memo the next day admitting my frustration at not being able to uncover more information.

After my disappointing experience with the dean's project, I decided to go to lunch. I usually go about four in the afternoon, take an hour break, and return to my office around five o'clock. At six I leave work for the day. My coworkers think this is weird and I suppose it is. I like knowing, however, that the rest of the workday will be short when I return from lunch. Fortunately, my current and previous employers don't seem to mind.

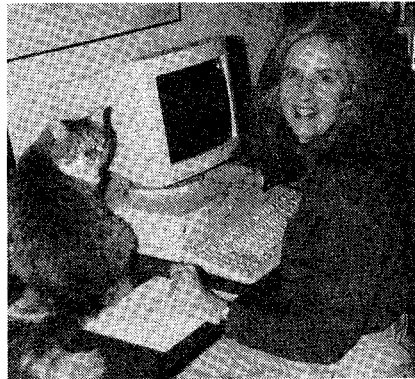
As I left for lunch, I passed a student who asked me if I had seen the student talent show held over the weekend. Like students at most law schools, N.D. students have an annual talent show in which they do skits and sing songs, show off hidden talents, and ridicule faculty members. "You should have seen the guy who did you!" she laughed. "He had you down pat! You've got to see the tape of the program!" I was too embarrassed to ask what the impersonator said or did. I wanted to know, but then I didn't. I'm self-conscious enough without knowing that students are noticing this and that about me. On the other hand, I felt proud that students cared enough to include me in their good-natured barbs.

I returned from lunch with an hour of work left to go. I tried in vain to tidy up my office and weed through the mound of publishers' brochures growing near my file cabinet. I also played around on the Internet for a few minutes, looking for useful sites. Realizing that Net skills are vital for a reference librarian, I've vowed to spend more time becoming one with my Netscape. Six o'clock soon arrived, and I left the library to take on other duties—those of a husband and father.



**Anna Belle Leiserson\****A Day in the Life of a Collecting and Wired Librarian*

February 25, 1997—The day starts normally enough, with the usual decathlon-like dash out of the house. The goal is to get our fourteen-year-old to high school before the inhumane hour of 7:00 A.M. While the timing may be cruel, it gets me to work early enough to find a decent parking place—an auspicious start to a day in the life of the Collection Development Librarian and Law School Webmaster at Vanderbilt University.



My morning ritual revolves around coffee and e-mail. But today my electronic in-box is empty! Something is clearly wrong. Indeed, as the morning wears on, we hear that the campus is “down.” This is not to be confused with depressed. In fact, it is a relief, as I am absolved of looking at messages which each day seem to come flashing in at an ever greater pace. Also, it is a brief reprieve from my ongoing battle with the electronic bulge. The Systems staff threatens dire consequences if I tip the 5M mark on the disk drive. So I must monitor and delete with a vengeance. What is all this electronic verbiage, you ask? Stay tuned.

Meanwhile, I work on a few faculty requests with the acquisitions staff. These are our “TLC” orders, requiring extra work and attention from all involved. Some of our faculty have the notion that when they ask for a book, we simply go out and buy it. If it is published by the West Company or is on the bestseller list, they are absolutely correct. But often they want exotica, teetering on the verge of out-of-print or requiring prepayment in unusual currency. Fortunately, over the years (thirteen to be exact, first in Acquisitions, now in Collection Development) I have not only developed wily ways, but also many wonderful contacts. Today we urgently need a second copy of the new book by U.S. Supreme Court Justice Antonin Scalia and once again the university bookstore comes through for us.

Next is the mail. Because I select new library materials, I am the junk mail goddess of the law library. A typical Tuesday pile, today’s is about six inches deep. (It gets smaller as the week wears on.) Much of it I can toss in my sleep. I know some of these ads as well as I know my children’s faces. What remains after my hurricane-like dispensation is an Oxford University Press catalog and

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\* Collection Development Librarian, Vanderbilt University, Alyne Queener Massey Law Library, Nashville, Tennessee.

a notice from a publisher that it is discontinuing the *Medical Liability Advance Service*. The latter assures me that it recognizes our "need to protect [ourselves] and [our] practice from malpractice litigation and will continue . . . service with *Emergency Department Law*." In truth, medical malpractice is not high on my list of worries. However, I do worry that we are getting this title at all. A little research on our dying NOTIS online catalog uncovers that it was requested by a faculty member. Once again I mourn the death of NOTIS (it will be turned off March 1), but check the cost with Acquisitions and e-mail the faculty member to see if he is still interested. He is not, so I e-mail our Collection Development Committee of six librarians, suggesting we cancel it. Our challenged subscription budget can always use more breathing room.

I devote some time to the Oxford catalog. In part I am using it to learn our new online catalog, SIRSI. Also, this seems to be our only copy, and that means I will have to share it with our Foreign/International Librarian and cannot tear it to shreds (my usual custom—for a student to go through at a later time). I am briefly annoyed by a listing for a "new, 1996" publication, which an OCLC check shows as a paperback reprint of a 1993 title we own. But this is offset by the discovery of a new book by Mark Tushnet on Thurgood Marshall. Two of our faculty are very interested in Marshall. I e-mail them both, and in a trice hear back from one who wants her own copy.

Later in the morning, I meet briefly with Howard Hood, our Associate Director, to review several possible purchases. Of particular concern are books about the Web for the staff. We do need some, but what will best meet our needs? There is a plethora of titles on the market, all "guaranteed" to bring you up to speed in nanoseconds (and guaranteed to be out-of-date almost that quickly, too). We conclude that a book or two on searching the Web are good candidates. Back in my office, I search for more books on this topic—my primary resource being, ironically perhaps, the Web itself. There are a host of useful sites reviewing computer books.

While on the Web, I check an out-of-print exchange service recently recommended on acq-lis, a British listserv for acquisitions librarians. The service is remarkably easy to search. This means three things. First, I add a link to it on AcqWeb, the home page I maintain for acquisitions and collection development librarians.<sup>1</sup> Second, I review our "most wanted" list (i.e., out-of-print titles requested by faculty). There are six on the current list. One is available through this service. However, prepayment or a credit card is required, so I send an inquiry. Third, I add it to my list of good out-of-print sources.

At this point it is late enough in the day to follow up with an emeritus professor who has recently donated about 175 books to our library. He has

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1. Not to mention cat fanciers. Check it out: <<http://www.library.vanderbilt.edu/law/acqs/acqs.html>>

questions about their value and how they will be handled. I explain how, by law, we cannot appraise them for him, but tell him of the best contact locally. Another thing I have learned over time is how difficult it is for faculty to part with their books, and so assuring them that these cherished titles will still be accessible and cared for is an important part of the process of receiving donations.

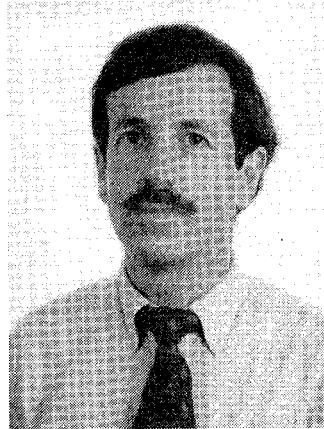
Suddenly my e-mail icon announces thirty-three new messages in my box. I divine that the campus is reconnected to the world. So what do these thirty-three consist of? Roughly it breaks down as: ten requests to be added to AcqWeb or ACQNET; four new publication notices from publishers; four news notices (two outdated already); four administrative notes about schedules and meetings; four notes from friends (mostly forwarded jokes); three notes to the Law School Webmaster, wanting admissions information; two notes about Hawaii outsourcing their technical services functions; and two faculty order follow-ups.

My day ends with some Webmaster work. As the importance of the Web grows, so does this part of my job. Today I am developing a new set of pages for our Alumni and Development Office. They are excited about their soon-to-be Web presence. We are mocking up forms for alums to fill out, calendars, and general informational pages. For me, it is a window into a part of the Law School I have hardly ever seen and it is fascinating.

As I pull out of my precious parking place, my thoughts turn, as they often do of late, to how deeply computing and electronic communication have penetrated into our working world. From the rapid e-mail exchange with faculty to searching out-of-print sites on the Web, and, of course, "Webmastering," it seems to have moved from a tool to the keystone of my work. On the one hand, I am in that most traditional of roles, selecting books, and on the other, I am Webmaster. Yet the balance is mostly seamless, and increasingly I see the role for collection development of the Web, with librarians playing a major role in culling through and organizing the dizzying surfeit of electronic information.

**Mark Mackler\****A Day in My Law Library Life, or It's Never Easy*

Thursday, February 20, 1997—My law firm will be moving on June 1. I've planned library moves twice before; one, in fact, was an emergency move necessitated by the 1989 earthquake. I've always thought that if I could survive *that* move, I could survive *any* move! However, I will have 40 percent less linear footage of shelving after the move, and I am being forced to rely on CD-ROM products to replace a substantial portion of the collection. As a result, I—a closet Luddite—must deal with CD-ROM technologies, networks, towers, jukeboxes, terminators (!), and SCSI cards ad nauseam, all the while presenting a happy face to the lawyers—who are avowed Luddites—and pretending that I know what I'm talking about.



I arrive at work at 7:30 A.M., clean up the library, check my phone mail, check my law firm e-mail, check my Internet e-mail, make a few calls to East Coast vendors, and scan two legal newspapers. I have already read the *San Francisco Chronicle* and the *New York Times* at home, clipping stories pertaining to things on which the lawyers in my firm are working.

At 9 A.M. my West CD-ROM rep comes into my one-person library to give me some scary-looking contract documents. We have a brief but pleasant conversation. He leaves, giving me time to review and check in the library mail before my scheduled ten o'clock meeting with the shelf installation man. I find myself thinking that I might even be able to do some NOCALL<sup>1</sup> work later in the morning. (Last year I was elected to the NOCALL Executive Board.)

At 9:45, one of my favorite associates (honest!) sails into my office and hands me a thirty-five-page fax from our co-counsel in Australia. The associate wants copies of *all* the cases, statutes, and court rules cited in the document. Skimming through the fax, I'm horrified to see that some of the cases are very old and some are very new. Some are federal and some are state. Court rules for Queensland? Statutes for New South Wales? To add to my grief, he tells me that he needs this for a meeting which he has to attend at 2:30! My stomach begins to churn, and I tell him that the online services have a limited amount of Australian material, and there's just no chance that he'll have everything in hand for the meeting. "Well," he says, "just do the best you can. You always

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\* Librarian, Kenney & Markowitz L.L.P., San Francisco, California.

1. *Editor's Note:* Northern California Association of Law Libraries.

manage to come through." I am beginning to develop a headache on the right side of my head. Perhaps this time my "best" won't be good enough.

While waiting for the shelving installation guy to arrive, I review the document and, for the first time, notice the fax cover sheet. It's dated January 18. *The fax is almost one month old!* By now I have a full-fledged headache.

The shelving guy arrives, and I tell him that I will be right back. I go to the associate's office, and say, in a very nonconfrontational way: "I couldn't help noticing that you received that fax almost a month ago." His response: "Yes, that's right. But I've been very busy. Sorry."

Please don't misunderstand. I love my profession. I love most of my colleagues. At this juncture, I can't think of anything else I would prefer to be doing with my life. However, even after eleven years in the profession, things like this still get to me.

At the end of the day, I leave work in a foul mood. There's a stack of professional reading waiting for me on my desk at home. I had taken it home because there is just no way that I can read it at work. Well, maybe I'll get to it *tomorrow* evening.

### Jean McKnight\*

#### *My Day at Work (and You're Welcome to It)*

I've answered two phone calls, handled three walk-up questions, and disciplined a wayward copier before the first "crisis" of the day strikes. An impatient faculty member (is there any other kind?) looks on, tapping his foot, while the circulation librarian and I spend fifteen minutes elbow-deep in microform printer innards. We manage to get the machine going again, thus relieving the professor of the necessity of feeding us to fire ants, which was clearly his fall-back plan.

There is no time to rejoice in our narrow escape, however, since now there is an angry student at the desk demanding that we retract the overdue notice he just got for a book *he's never even heard of*. I remind him that I checked the book out to him myself, and that it was blue and about so big. His face goes red for a full twenty seconds before it all comes back to him. He manages a sheepish apology and a promise to return the book before lunch. Right behind him is a woman with an overdue notice for a paper she turned in yesterday, and now it's my turn for sheepish apologies. This process will be repeated with slight variations in detail, roughly on the quarter hour throughout the day.



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\* Reference Librarian and Associate Professor, Southern Illinois University School of Law Library, Carbondale, Illinois.

By this point we're into the ten-minutes-'til-the-hour rush, so I join the knot of workers fetching and checking out books for students on their way to or from class. A professor comes up to ask if he can have a television in room 102 for his class in three minutes. I literally run it down for him.

Back at the reference desk at last, I check my e-mail. I check my e-mail ridiculously often, and with a totally uncalled-for sense of happy anticipation. Some unteachable part of my subconscious apparently fully expects to receive an e-mail notification that I've finally won the Publisher's Clearing House Sweepstakes. Today there is the usual assortment of questions, ranging from variations on "Where can I find the Forty-Second Kumquat Treaty of Bwala-Bwala?" to "I'm thinking of a document that's bigger than a bread box . . . ." I answer the ones I can, and write back for more information on the others ("How *much* bigger than a bread box? Can I buy a vowel?").

A panicky student approaches the desk in a lather. His paper is due in ten minutes and the printer isn't working. He swears there is no error message and it just isn't working, presumably because the universe is against him. I follow him to the computer lab, where he stands behind me wringing his hands while I survey the situation. Fortunately the problem falls within my realm of technical competence: the printer is blinking the message "out of paper" in large block letters. I refill it and start it up again, and the student stops hyperventilating for the time being. Law school: it was painful to go through, but it's nearly as painful to watch.

On my way out of the lab I run a mild gauntlet of word-processing questions and generalized rants about the horrors of law and computers from students who haven't slept or had anything but Jolt cola and "cheez" crackers for the last twenty-nine hours.

A woman is waiting at the reference desk. She seems to have come for a congressional document entitled "miscellaneous." She has written this down lest there be any misunderstanding. Forty-five minutes, three false starts, a phone call, and a Chinese-to-English dictionary later, she is happily on her way with the object of her quest in hand. I return to typing, fetching, pointing, and crawling under various pieces of equipment to jiggle kicked-out connections back to life.

After lunch I cloister myself in my office and work on an article that is due next week. I also need to do some work on the Web pages I maintain for the law school, the library, and the Illinois State Bar Association. This means surfing galore, making sure that sites I have listed have not gone the way of the carrier pigeon, and looking for more. I also try (often in vain) to keep up with new developments so my pages don't bear the clear imprint of the cave woman.

Now and then someone comes to my door and asks where something-or-other is, or could I help them with their computer, or write them a letter of recommendation, or tell coworker X not to do Y anymore or they're going to have to kill her. This gets a little old at times, but if I ever want to write a comedy about office politics, I'll have plenty of material.

At the reference desk again later in the afternoon, there is a significant lull. I surmise that there is good Frisbee weather outside, and start the chore of going through today's new journals, picking out articles to be brought to the attention of our faculty, based on the research profiles they each give me at the beginning of the year. Time permitting, I move on to the amazing amount of mostly garbage (read that with a French accent, please) that is routed to me for one reason or another.

Nice weather, for some reason, always brings in more than the usual number of pro se patrons, desperately seeking information on anything from stopping corporate bulldozers bearing down on orphanages to finding those laws that say you don't really have to pay any taxes. Thank heaven for Nolo Press. Now if we could just hand out anti-psychotic medications, we'd have all of our patrons' needs firmly in hand.

At other times of the year I have legal research classes to teach and things get really hectic, and on other days I have meetings which make me consider the feasibility of a midlife career change, but today is an easy day. Lots of people stop by to talk. Law students, especially, are prone to come by and tell me their troubles. Being a reference librarian is sort of like being a bartender without the sticky beer mess and the drunks. You get to talk to a lot of people. Many of them are quite nice, and the others are rarely armed. It's a pretty good job, really, and I was just kidding about your being welcome to it. I hope to hold onto it at least until I win the sweepstakes. Speaking of which, I haven't checked my e-mail for nearly half an hour now . . .

### **Carol Avery Nicholson\***

#### *A Day in My Life . . . As a Law Librarian*

I have been a librarian half of my entire life (twenty-three years to be exact). In fact, the only work for which I have ever received a paycheck has been that done in a library and I even recall filing cards in the card catalog as a volunteer at my elementary school when I was just a child. (I'll bet many of my colleagues can relate to that.)

I have been employed at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, since 1982. My official job title is Assistant Director for Collection Resources and Bibliographic Services. A loose translation would be head of Technical



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\* Assistant Director for Collection Resources and Bibliographic Services, Kathrine R. Everett Law Library, University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

Services, which itself means that I coordinate the overall supervision of acquisitions, serials, cataloging and government documents for the library. In addition to managing the flow of new materials that are added to the library's collection, I also coordinate automation activities related to Technical Services. Finally, I am a member of the law library's Management Team.

In addition to my affiliation with and affection for all things related to technical services, I also enjoy actively participating in professional library associations, most notably, AALL. Being on the cutting edge of shaping the future of AALL as we sail toward the twenty-first century is very exciting and rewarding. Thus, I am very honored to be currently serving on the AALL Executive Board. In fact, the day that I am describing occurred when I was particularly involved with AALL matters.

Of course, I began the day by checking my e-mail. Thanks to my subscriptions to several electronic discussion lists, I always have new mail to delete—oops, I mean to read. After completing a request for OCLC authorizations for a new staff person and a revised authorization request for the library's ILS, I decided to tackle the mountain of mail, paperwork, and professional reading overtaking my desk and office. After all, I was recently complimented by a sales representative on the orderliness of my stacks of stuff so I have a reputation to protect!<sup>1</sup>

After more mail sorting and desk organizing, I sent a fax of my travel agenda for the upcoming Executive Board Meeting to AALL Headquarters in Chicago and found a fax waiting for me in the fax machine. Alas, more work and another reminder to get busy on the work of a subgroup of the board dealing with publisher relations (what fun!). I have to be prepared for a conference call at 2. It's a good thing that I rescheduled my (sometimes) weekly meeting with the Associate Director as many of the items on my desk will be matters to take up with him tomorrow. Whew—it's only 11 A.M.!

During an early lunch break, I read a couple of chapter newsletters and was immediately inspired, amused, encouraged, and refreshed. I really needed that pick-me-up, too, because I then spent about an hour with the Serials Librarian mulling over problems and procedures involved in setting up and using the serials control module of our ILS (which will remain nameless, but it is not the one most often used by law libraries).

I then had just a few minutes to read some data for my two o'clock conference call with two members of the Executive Board in preparation for a Committee of the Whole Discussion at our upcoming Board meeting. Time to check my e-mail again—oops! I can't get in, so now I finally have to face that SOLINET survey (since I received a follow-up letter today). In between completing the survey and handling the usual daily interruptions, I received and sent another fax.

Okay, I confess, I joked around with the staff for a few minutes and arranged a group lunch date for a new staff member, but—all in all—what a day!

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1. In fact, this article would not exist had I not decided to clean my desk, as I discovered an unopened envelope in a little pile that contained the invitation from editor Frank Houdek to write this piece!



**Laura Orr\***

*It's a Small Fiche—Someone's Got to Duplicate It*

Today started with reference desk duty from 8:30 to 1 P.M. This is not common. Usually the shift is two or three hours, but we're a bit short-staffed today. Our part-time reference assistant is not in today so I made arrangements to have her back-up do the library office mail delivery. I then cranked up the Reading Room PCs (the absent reference assistant usually does this) and tidied up the mess from overnight (we're open twenty-four hours a day to our law students). I checked on the supply of golf pencils (where *do* those little buggers go—maybe with the paper clips to some kind of well-stocked desk in the sky?) and scrap paper. Thought about why I went to law



school and decided, all in all, this was a lot more fun than talking every day to people in grey suits. Besides, where else can I wear sandals to work all year 'round? The students here are super. They learn the easy stuff in a flash, and then we have fun together with the tough reference questions.

Warming up, I answer a series of miscellaneous quickie "where is?" and "how do I?" reference questions.

During a lull at the reference desk, I talk with my boss about how to cover the pregnancy leave of my documents-microforms reference assistant, a leave that we hope and pray won't occur any sooner than expected.

I take a phone call from a librarian in Cleveland trying to track down a transcript of a speech given here by A\_S\_, Jr. Try Law School and University offices, Public Affairs, and Alumni but no luck, which I report back to the librarian. She'll phone "the great man" himself and let me know if he has a copy of his own speech. (I heard from her later and we had a good laugh. A\_S\_, Jr. says our Dean's Office should have the transcript. That's what he thinks—it's like those law review article footnotes that say "on file in the \_\_ law library." Hah!)

A faculty member calls from home with a request for information on the history of law firm incorporation which is needed for a class in two hours. (We're actually safe from a lot of faculty questions, thanks to our genius of a faculty services

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\* Senior Reference Librarian, Lillian Goldman Law Library, Yale Law School, New Haven, Connecticut.

librarian and really get only the questions that leave him totally stumped.) I find a few books, one of which was slated for weeding, for the professor. I make a note to talk again to the powers-that-be about this mania for weeding.

A student needs a dozen or so pre-Ninety-Sixth Congress bills. I check with the government documents library, hoping they got a windfall and gave it to Congressional Information Service (CIS) for a retrospective congressional bills fiche collection. No such luck. I call our CIS rep (a dream-come-true of a rep!) to find out if any of her customers have the pre-Ninety-Sixth Congress bills fiche sets. We will get these fiche eventually but because of space (its absence), not until after the renovations. Unfortunately, renovations won't be complete until 1999, though the microforms room might be ready before then.

An interlibrary loan staff member needs to find out who can do fiche-to-fiche copying. Our machine isn't working. The Government Documents Center (the only other library on campus with a fiche-to-fiche copier) can't do it because the only person there who can use the machine is pregnant and the fumes nauseate her. And we can't send over our person. She's pregnant, too. (I make a note to e-mail all women friends of child-bearing age and warn them to stay away from duplicating machines.)

The Career Development Office (CDO) phones to ask questions about their book collection and how to organize it. I suggest they phone Blair (Kauffman, our director) to ask about putting the records in MORRIS (our law library catalog). CDO also says they have an old InMagic database of a lot of their books and wants to know if it is of any use. I tell them I'll ask our local InMagic representative to get in touch with someone at CDO.

The CIS rep calls back with a list of area libraries that have pre-Ninety-Sixth congressional bills on fiche. Whew! She really is a saint. I pass this information on to the ILL staff.

Our index to the microfiche set of bills from the 103d Congress has gone missing. I spend ages searching high and low, then e-mail everyone to keep an eye or two out for it while making a note to arrange for a copy to be made of the Government Documents Center index if ours doesn't show up soon.

A faculty member's student research assistant needs the source of a quotation. Nowhere in sight. She and I check every quotation book here and online (and that's a *lot* of quotation books!). Everyone seems to quote it but no one seems to believe in verifying where, when, and if it was really said.

My one o'clock reference desk relief arrives. So do the latest architectural plans for the renovation of the reading room, including the ref desk area. Two different layouts are presented. The architects prefer the more symmetrical one. Yeah, yeah—symmetry is *always* a *good* basis for the design of work areas.<sup>1</sup> Sigh. We all share stories of architectural design disasters. I'm re-

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1. The italics are used here as a print manifestation of the sarcasm dripping in my voice.

mindful of that wonderful book by Margo Kaufman, *This Damn House*, dedicated to any homeowner who ever looked at a weight-bearing wall and said, "Boy, this room sure would look great without that." We, the reference staff, prefer the "unsymmetrical" layout. The one that allows us to move around, to reach things—in other words, to do our work.

I eat lunch in my office while reading and answering e-mail. I also look over a few new book ads (I do the U.K. selection).

I browse through a faculty member's recent publication and am not impressed, but it is tough to crank these out so often. I look at our latest law school newsletter for faculty research assistant ads; this is a good place to see what new ideas faculty are exploring so I can keep an eye out for relevant articles, books, etc. I then go to the main library across the street to check their quotation books for that elusive E.B. White quotation. Still no luck, but I do take out two E.B. White essay collections. (These are so wonderful I spend most of the next few evenings at home with them.)

I check in with my documents assistant, who tells me that a volume of the *FCC Record* wasn't received and everything she tried to do to replace it was unsuccessful. I add the title to our "Please Please Show Up on the N&O and Hope No One Gets There Before I Do List." The documents assistant also tells me that "they" finally got her PC set up. But now, of course, the network connection doesn't work. She does have Windows 95, which is more than the reference librarians have, though I'm not sure I'm unhappy about this.

As our part-time reference assistant who delivers the mail is out, people are starting to fuss about not getting their *YDN* (the university's daily paper). (Under my breath: These newspapers are piled up at nearly every door on campus, for heaven's sake. *You have to have it delivered?* Even members of Congress are now believed to be capable of getting their own ice.) I keep my temper, but resolve to keep looking for another job. This is right up there with the six-figure faculty members who fuss when the *New York Times* isn't "right here where it is supposed to be!" on the day their op-ed articles appear. They can't step outside the front door and put a buck into the newspaper box? Actually, I've been in this business long enough to find this type of behavior more funny than aggravating. I joke with a student about how lucky we are to have the face-book, otherwise I'd never know what any of the professors look like. With about four exceptions, we never see any of them in the library.

I return to my office to find that my husband has faxed me a great joke. We live three hundred miles apart. Although this may be the secret of a happy marriage, I am grateful to live in an era of fax and e-mail.

I spend the remainder of the afternoon returning phone calls, tracking down some elusive SEC documents for a professor, and scanning a few of the librarian, law, and publisher journals routed to me.

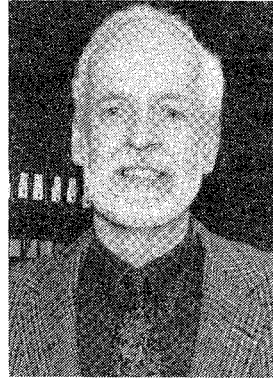
I have a Friends of the New Haven Free Public Library meeting tonight (I'm on their board), so I leave work a little early to check before the meeting

the public library's collection of quotation books for the missing quotation. While at the public library I run into the very professor who is seeking the source of this quote. This is not a little embarrassing for me, but she is very amused at my perseverance. Then again, she is one of my favorites and we have a good laugh.

### Peter C. Schanck\*

#### *Swimming in Molasses: "Disorienting" in a New Law Library Job*

The description offered here of a "typical" day in my work life will differ, I am sure, from that of most of my colleagues in one very important respect. I began as the new director of the Marquette University Law Library only about two months before the day described in this essay. Although I had been director of two previous libraries over a nineteen-year span and thus was hardly a neophyte, the beginning of any new administrative job requires an extensive and exhausting orientation, as those who have done the same thing can attest. The Marquette Law School administrators, faculty, and library staff were to the person warmly welcoming and supportive. They made my orientation as painless, smooth, and expeditious as possible. Nonetheless, I experienced the same peculiar sense of *disorientation* that I felt in other new directorships. I can best describe it as a sense of swimming in molasses. There is such a vast amount of material and information to absorb, so many new faces to get acquainted with, and so many traditions and conventions in each institution to become familiar with, that one naturally feels overwhelmed. Nonetheless, within a few weeks I began to feel comfortable and had, by then, sufficiently grasped how things operate to begin functioning like a real manager.



I have picked an actual day to describe, not a fictional composite, so readers who have not held director positions can vicariously experience what the position—or at least one instance of such a position—is really like. Nonetheless, I will admit that I picked a day that was relatively interesting—at least to me. (Like any author, I want to be read.)

March 3, 1997—To put this particular day in context, I should provide the reader with a little background about some events and circumstances at Marquette, including the terms under which I had been hired. I accepted the offer at Marquette in late October 1996. At that time the only established obligation

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\* Law Library Director and Professor of Law, Marquette University, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

on my part was that I serve as the head of the library. Questions of other specific responsibilities relating to teaching or service and any possible additional administrative duties were left open for discussion with the Dean in January. I commenced my position on January 2 and at my first meeting with the Dean volunteered to serve as head of all computer operations and services in the Law School. That offer was accepted. (It turned out the Dean and Law School Technology Committee had independently come to the same conclusion, but not until after having interviewed the candidates.) Since an extensive upgrading of computer hardware and software, along with staff and faculty training, was well underway, I was to assume command in a couple of months, rather than immediately.

I arrived at work at 7:50 A.M. and read my e-mail and listened to voice-mail messages. I had two voice-mail messages from faculty returning my calls. I was systematically contacting every member of the faculty and administration to arrange individual conferences to discuss library services and collections and Law School technology and any ideas they might have for improving those, to learn about their research topics and what we might do to support those, and any other thoughts they might have about the library or technology. I returned the calls and, as usual, heard their voice mail. I was down to the last four faculty members—the dean and associate dean, and two other administrators. Like most employees I find telephone tag frustrating, but e-mail wouldn't do for setting up appointments. I read the usual dross on the listservs to which I subscribe and responded to one private message from a friend.

Steve Nelson, the computer services librarian, stopped in while I was planning my day and said he'd heard a disquieting rumor. We had just hired a computer technician (called a "consultant" in Marquette parlance) for the Law School who would be shared with the College of Communications in the building next door. We were to have 50 percent of his time. Steve had heard that the new consultant would have responsibility for four schools or departments. This was obviously disturbing, but I told Steve that I would be meeting with the consultant, the Communications dean, and Information Technology Services (ITS, the university's Computer Center) personnel that afternoon to set the parameters and schedule for the consultant, and that I would bring up the rumor at the meeting.

I had already scheduled a brief meeting for 10:30 with Steve Nelson and Associate Dean Tom Hammer, who was still in charge of Law School technology at that time, to discuss the location of an office, tentative schedule, and list of responsibilities for the consultant. Prior to that meeting I had warned Tom that I had "confiscated" for the library the previous Law School computer technician's office in the library. The library had staff space needs that I considered to have precedence over a new half-time computer specialist, whose responsibilities would be primarily outside the library. These needs included finding a decent office for Julia Wentz, whom I had just promoted to

associate director. Fortunately, Tom had a good solution to the office problem. We also quickly came to agreement about the consultant's schedule and responsibilities. At the conclusion, I brought up the "rumor." Tom said that this definitely should be broached at the afternoon's meeting, which neither Tom nor Steve could attend. He suggested that I first ask the dean, Howard Eisenberg, if he had agreed to any kind of arrangement that we didn't know about, so I wouldn't be embarrassed at the meeting. I had qualms about this because I doubted the possibility that any such arrangement had been made. Nonetheless, I agreed to see Howard.

Next, I had a meeting with Geri Clausen, the assistant dean for admissions, to discuss her office's technology needs in anticipation of my assuming responsibility for computers. She was unhappy with the antiquated dBASE software she was using and urgently requested an upgrade. I sympathized and said I would see what I could do.

After having lunch with a group of faculty in the Faculty Conference Room (I can always count on a few professors being there and that provides me with a good opportunity for faculty interaction), I caught up on some paperwork. From 2:00 to about 3:00 I began preparing some Wisconsin administrative law exercises that I would be handing out the following Monday for an Advanced Legal Research class (five members of the library staff and I are team teaching the class). This proved especially useful to me because I had little prior knowledge of Wisconsin administrative materials.

I caught the Dean in his office a little after 3:00 and, somewhat warily, asked him if he knew anything about additional units that would be sharing the computer consultant. He said no and he would be very distressed if it proved true because the Law School is footing half of the person's salary.

At 3:30 I met with the ITS representatives and the Communications College dean in the latter's office. We had an amicable meeting and came to agreement on the consultant's schedule. I was troubled, however, by a detailed three-page document that one of the ITS people prepared and distributed at the meeting describing the consultant's responsibilities. I didn't like getting blindsided by a document that I couldn't read before the meeting. One item immediately caught my attention that I didn't like. It asked that all Law School personnel call the ITS Help Desk before contacting the consultant. I knew this would go over like a lead balloon with the faculty. The dean of communications agreed and he said he would develop a better scheme allowing direct access via pager.

The meeting was over at 4:45. I returned to my office, listened to my voice-mail messages and read my e-mail, returned one call, and left for home at 5:15. That night at home I studied the ITS document and was extremely displeased that it left out numerous tasks we expected the consultant to undertake but, worse yet, it seemed to convey an implicit message that ITS, rather than the Law School, would decide the consultant's responsibilities. I

spent a couple of hours revising the document. The next day I would draft a covering memo to ITS discussing my general concerns and run it by Tom Hammer.

So ends a ten-hour day as a library director. I won't pretend, though, that every day is or will be quite that long or that immersed in major issues.

**Melissa Serfass\***  
*A Job with a Slash in It*

February 24, 1997—The UALR/Pulaski County Law Library is, as the name implies, a combined law school and county law library. I have one of those job titles with a slash in it. I have been Computer Services/Reference Librarian for almost five years. I never imagined five years ago that I could learn so much about computers, or that computer issues would take so much of my time.

The Computer Services side of my job includes managing the library's local area network and supporting a student computer lab, as well as all of the library staff PCs. That is forty-eight computers in all and it seems that not a day goes by without some sort of minor—or major—crisis. Some days it is a file server crash and everyone is affected. Some days, it is just a distressed student whose only copy of his or her moot court brief can't be recovered from a damaged floppy disk. "It's always something" is definitely a truism for me!

The other side of the coin for me is eighteen hours of reference each week. We have a diverse and interesting array of patrons. In addition to our primary groups of law students, professors, and attorneys, we have a lot of pro se patrons. In fact, as the keeper of the reference statistics, I can attest to the fact that some months pro se questions outnumber law student or attorney requests. In fact, this afternoon was a real pro se parade. But first, the morning.

The morning began with the dean's meeting of law school administrative staff. I was there because the librarians are taking turns attending each week in the absence of our library director, who is on leave. Luckily, the meeting was short. I also had an off-campus assignment that morning, a meeting of the People's Law School planning committee, of which I am a member this year. This annual event is sponsored by the Law School and our county bar associa-



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\* Computer Services/Reference Librarian, University of Arkansas at Little Rock/Pulaski County Law Library, Little Rock, Arkansas.

tion. It is a series of lectures on legal topics designed for lay persons. In an effort to boost attendance, our campus Communications Office liaison arranged for a thirty-minute radio spot. The committee chair asked me to participate with her and two of the speakers. I was nervous, but agreed. I felt better when I learned it would be taped, not live. Off we all went to be interviewed by Michael P., the Pontiff of Rock and Roll. He immediately put us at ease. A skilled interviewer, he asked great questions and thirty minutes went by quickly. It was much more enjoyable than I thought it would be—in fact, it was fun and certainly different than anything I've done so far in my library career. Then it was back to the library to grab some lunch and get ready for an afternoon at the reference desk.

Hoping for a quiet afternoon, I took the library newsletter, the *Legal Reader*, out to the desk to edit. The afternoon was interesting, but definitely not quiet. Here are a few highlights.

A law student asked if I could show him how to FTP some files from the campus VAX. As I was helping him, I took two reference calls. An attorney wanted to know if we had copyright forms. That was easy—we have them. The other caller had printed a message from the Internet about the Voting Rights Act of 1965. It said that an extension signed by President Reagan in 1982 would be expiring soon. According to the message, if Congress did not reenact the extension, African-Americans would lose their right to vote. The message urged people to contact their congressional representatives right away. She offered to fax a copy of the message and to call me back. That sounded good because I had two people waiting. A student asked if I knew anything about LEXIS. I guess he forgot that I taught his LEXIS training classes last year.

The next question came from a regular pro se patron. He is a member of the "common law" movement, so I have learned to anticipate certain types of questions from him. On this day, he asked for copies of the Louisiana Purchase and the Treaty of Paris. I found a copy of the treaty and a cite to the Louisiana Purchase. The cite was to a publication we don't have. Meanwhile the phone was ringing. Luckily for me, Kathryn Fitzhugh, Reference Librarian and our local treaty expert, happened to come to the desk. She volunteered to get the document from another source and our patron was happy. Since I was on the phone, Kathryn got stuck listening to him explain how he was going to use the Louisiana Purchase to change property laws.

Two more phone reference questions came in. An attorney asked if we had the Arkansas Putative Father Registry in the library. I don't know how she got that idea, but I gave her the phone number she needed to call. Another pro se question—is there a statute of limitations on obtaining an annulment in Arkansas? Now two more pro se patrons in person. One needed divorce forms, the other a copy of an act from the current Arkansas legislative session.

Finally, a chance to work on the Voting Rights Act question. I found that the Internet message, as I suspected, was wrong. Just about the time I got my



documents together, the woman who asked the question showed up at my door. She was pleased with the information I had for her.

And then it was 4:30! Where had the three and a half hours gone? I had not found a chance to work on the *Legal Reader* at all. Would my last thirty minutes be quiet? Of course not—someone else came to the reference desk. Oh well, at least there wasn't a computer crisis today!

**Janice K. Shull\***

*Snapshop of a Cataloger,  
or What Does a Systems Librarian Really Do?*

March 3, 1997—For more than twelve years I have followed the same path into the library, into the same office, greeting the same people. And yet every day has been different. I walk into the Law Library of Louisiana on this “typical” day and see a librarian friend from the nearby public library. She needs current tax information and I drop my bags in the Reading Room to help her locate it in the tax services. Returning to the Reading Room, I gather with my colleagues around the chest-high, boxy card catalog for a Monday morning confab. We all agree that our old catalog, a dying breed in state court libraries, could metamorphose into the ideal staff meeting place, with favorite goodies stored in our assigned drawers, stools arranged around it, and one of us granted the high honor of tending bar.



My work today must be planned around the down time of our integrated online system. A problem that developed last week has not yet been fixed. I can search our online catalog but cannot add or edit any records in the catalog or serials databases. Our yearlong serials conversion project approaches completion and I chafe at the delay.

I select a stack of eight books to be cataloged and sit at my versatile workstation. I enter OCLC via the Internet, a faster, easier, and cheaper method than using a dedicated phone line as we did formerly. For the items in hand, I use two Library of Congress records, three from the Government Printing Office, and three created by OCLC member libraries (including one by a local colleague and one by a friend at the National Center for State Courts). One of the day's pleasures as I work is to think about my friends around the country whom I have met through AALL and its chapters, pooling our efforts in

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\* Systems Librarian, Law Library of Louisiana, New Orleans, Louisiana.

building the tower of bibliographic records at OCLC. All of these records need only minor editing to meet our local needs. I see and correct one funny mistake, but the temptation to retain the subject heading "Violet crimes—United States" is strong indeed. Would these be acts of purple passion, I wonder? In less than three minutes the book becomes part of our library collection, fully cataloged, our symbol attached to the OCLC record for resource sharing, catalog cards ordered for our nearly obsolete card catalog, the record exported into our new online public access catalog, and spine labels stored—all in a nearly effortless transaction.

Thirty years ago in my first undergraduate course in library science, a cataloging class for future school librarians, my professor taught us the timeless art of examining the book for its bibliographic secrets. Today with "new" cataloging rules, MARC format, a variety of media, and worldwide access to bibliographic information, I still approach cataloging with the same questions in mind and the same goal of creating an accurate description of the item in hand. To finish my cataloging duties for the day, I turn to several items that need original cataloging. A local company which provides expert testimony in the area of maritime law uses our library often for research and donates its publications to our collection. I enjoy this opportunity, somewhat rare for our fairly standard state court library collection, to exercise my cataloging muscles on unusual subject matter.

After lunch I spend an hour across the street at the public library looking for old newspaper articles that might give details about our court's "historic home" in the French Quarter. These will be used in an upcoming exhibit on the history of the old courthouse, one that we hope will elicit public support for our ongoing campaign to gain the legislative appropriation needed to renovate the building. Next I consult with the Clerk of Court about the exhibit and borrow the old Courthouse Commission minute books, which document the planning and construction of the building from 1902 to 1910.

Back at my desk an e-mail icon beckons me. My in-box contains several messages about the public relations exhibit which I am organizing for the AALL Annual Meeting in Baltimore this summer. My first experience with coordinating the exhibit at the Indianapolis meeting in 1996 put me in touch with many interesting, creative individuals and gave me a new appreciation for the energy level of law librarians everywhere.

A phone call from an undergraduate student at a university on the opposite side of the state reminds me of how far our influence can reach. She seeks information on researching divorce laws in Louisiana, and I describe several avenues she can take at her university library. Our recent addition of a toll-free number brings people in touch with our library who would otherwise never know of our existence or think to call us.

The end of a "typical" day approaches, typical only because I leave my office with a sense of satisfaction at being connected in some tiny way to

pursuits that are important for a wide variety of reasons. I think of my job as a swivel link in a chain, turning this way and that as information needs and delivery methods change, but holding fast at either end to all the other links in our profession.

**Merle J. Slyhoff\***  
*Dear Diary*

February 25, 1997—Another work day is over! Today wasn't much different than most days; I spent it being pulled in five different directions simultaneously. I can't figure out why all this pulling doesn't turn me into a tall, svelte person. Guess some things are just impossible.



The day started at 8 A.M., Room T-212, Biddle Law Library, University of Pennsylvania. I left my mom and wife chapeau on the doorstep and donned my jaunty Document Delivery/Auxiliary Services Librarian hat. How many years have I been switching hats at Biddle? Too many, probably, but the most recent, Auxiliary Services, since the summer of 1997. Auxiliary Services—I still get asked if I arrange the volunteer firefighters dance, and I tell them no, that in addition to overseeing interlibrary loan, faculty document delivery, and our fee-based document delivery service, I also do: collection development for videos, videographies for faculty, marketing (including editing the library's publications), library development for grant and funding resources, development of our electronic library, and other assorted minor functions. Phew, lots of hats under hats.

First thing, I checked e-mail, finding a steady stream of questions and answers on the law-lib, interlibrary loan, media, ALA, and development/funding discussion lists, all of which I regularly monitor. What a great way to keep up on trends, follow hot topics, ask questions, and get answers.

E-mail is great of course, but I certainly didn't have as much paper on my desk before this technology came along. Have to print off those important messages, you know. Who was it who said the computer would bring a paperless society? Certainly not a law librarian!

Let's see, what other gems appeared on the screen? My call for help to the video listserv asking for suggestions on videos portraying ethnic stereotypes is bringing a steady stream of responses. After searching through all the

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\* Document Delivery and Auxiliary Services Librarian, Biddle Law Library, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

catalogs and doing RLIN searches, I just knew there had to be more. Once again the power of electronic networking is demonstrated!

One message informed me that I have been assigned to work on Biddle's Collegiality Team. I haven't seen the actual charge, but I know it's about the new team approach the librarians adopted at Biddle, and finding ways to get us to work together in a more collegial and cooperative environment. Wonder if we'll get to plan parties and team outings? Nah, bet we have to draft standards of behavior and code of ethics stuff. That will be time-consuming, but it's essential now that we're in a team environment.

Reviewed the online interlibrary loan requests from our students and passed them on to the clerk who processed them and sent them to the lending libraries. Using OCLC's FirstSearch and CARL's UnCover was one of the best decisions we ever made. The patron-initiated, unmediated ILL process is working extremely well, and the students like how easy the system is to use and how quickly they receive their materials. Tomorrow I will spend the day at OCLC meetings to learn how to further streamline the process. Technology certainly has changed the face of ILL. Just not sure why more libraries haven't adopted the same procedures. Maybe some day . . .

Had a Public Services Team (PST) meeting today. Remember, Diary, I told you that the Public Services librarians decided to operate in a team environment. After our two-day retreat a couple of weeks ago, we've plunged full speed ahead and adopted a mission statement and code of conduct. Today we discussed the reorganization of the microform collection. Personally, I can't wait until all of this information is available online. Fiche and film seem so archaic in 1997. Still no consensus on the reorganization. Lots of issues with some pretty strong feelings expressed. This is our first true team test and we're far from consensus. I think the team process will work for us, but we're just getting our feet wet.

Did some searching online and in library grant resource books looking for possible outside funding sources. With budgets they way they are, coupled with a nonstop list of special projects and technological advances to implement, foundation and grant work is proving to be essential to the library. I bet more and more librarians are seeking money from the same sources. Everyone is in the same boat; lots to do, not enough money.

Home again and time to shed the librarian hat and replace it with the mom/wife version. Maybe some day I'll wake up and find that all this pulling in various directions has been for the good and has turned me into that tall, slim person. But like I said, some things just don't seem possible.

Gotta go; time to get on the computer and use it for fun.

*Joe K. Stephens\**

February 27, 1997—I climb on the bus at 6:50 A.M. for the hour-long commute to Salem from my home in Portland. It is really more journey than commute, and I try to use the time to read and think and plan. This morning the eastern horizon is clear and I am distracted by a spectacular sunrise, bathing Mt. Hood in its rosy glow and highlighting the intricate texture of the clouds. For just a moment, a flight of geese headed north are bathed in the glory of the rising sun, a little miracle of beauty to compensate us for the early hour and the long ride. Well, at least the dark days of winter are behind us, although the cruelest month still lies ahead.

Today I share a seat with a lawyer from the Justice Department I used to know in my law firm days. Both of us fled the firm in a bid for a saner work environment, and we often talk through the trip, these days usually about the series of tax-cutting ballot measures the voters of Oregon have passed in recent years, with devastating effects on schools and libraries (including mine), and services to the sick and elderly and abused. Paradoxically, Oregon has never been so prosperous. Unemployment is at an all-time low, and new shopping malls abound, their parking lots clogged with luxury cars and ridiculously expensive SUVs. Yet our children share outdated textbooks because there aren't enough to go around, and classes are growing ever larger as more teachers are laid off. Half the branches of the Portland Public Library have been closed. We have become a land of private wealth and public poverty.

These matters are on my mind this morning, since I am scheduled for an early meeting, the first hearing on the Judicial Department budget before the Ways and Means Committee. I am to be there as a backup for the Chief Justice and the State Court Administrator, in case there are questions about library funding. I have prepared a memo about the plight of the library for the Chief. Briefly, our budget has been level for four years. During this period, our costs have increased by about 40 percent. We have canceled about a third of the library's subscriptions. Further cancellations will ruin the only law collection in state government. The Chief has heard this story many times by now. He understands that the library is in dire straits, but he is responsible for the entire judicial branch of government, including all the trial courts and their programs, and Indigent Defense Services, which consumes an ever larger part of the budget. Influenced more by the hyperbole of the Information Age than by first-hand knowledge, many judges believe that books—and libraries—will be obsolete within a very few years, and some argue that it is a waste to put any more of the taxpayers' money into books. The library, I fear, may receive short shrift before this committee.

But I am pleasantly surprised by the Chief's presentation. Although the

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\* Law Librarian, Oregon Supreme Court Library, Salem, Oregon.

library clearly is not his highest priority, he does a good job of laying out for the committee its problems, including references to the takeover of legal publishing in this country by foreign interests, a powerful appeal before provincial legislators. He is a former state senator, an adroit politician, and he plays this game well. The committee does not grill us about the library, since they have much bigger targets, and I leave the hearing feeling better than when I entered it.

It is late morning by the time I return to my office. I fire up my computer (less than two years old and already outmoded) so that I can go through my e-mail, usually one of the most pleasant tasks of the day. There is almost always something funny or interesting or important happening on at least one of the lists to which I subscribe. I look for personal messages or reference requests I could respond to, and I look for anything having to do with the West/Thomson merger, against which I have carried on a quixotic campaign for several months.<sup>1</sup> I collect everything I can find on this topic from the lists and other sources, telling myself that I am documenting the effects of the merger for a major article, which I imagine as creating dismay and shame among West/Thomson executives, galvanizing the American Bar Association and the Federal Trade Commission to action, and bringing the West Group gorilla crashing to the ground. Well, we all have our fantasies.

It is noon by now, and I spend some time at the reference desk to give staff a lunch break and to keep my hand in with what goes on there, as well as to look through the paper mail. We have received several letters from prisoners today, requesting legal research assistance and voluminous photocopying. These letters have increased from a trickle to a small stream since the law school in Portland started declining them and referring them to us, and it is becoming a problem. We cannot undertake serious research on behalf of prisoners, of course, and we generally require citations to the items for which photocopying is requested. But the letters must be answered, which takes time, and often they do provide citations. We are obliged by state law to bill for photocopies, but most prisoners claim to be indigent, and we seldom are able to collect on these bills. So we have a large backlog of unpaid photocopy charges. There must be a policy decision soon about how to deal with these requests, but this will require the involvement of the state court administrator and legal counsel. Nothing is easy in government.

After lunch, I have another meeting. This time it is the Appellate Courts Technology Group, which is currently considering issues like media-neutral citations, and the electronic publication of our slip opinions. Oregon is among the few states that do not make their slip opinions available in electronic form

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1. *Editor's Note: See, e.g., Joe K. Stephens, The End of West(ern) Civilization, AALL SPECTRUM, Sept. 1996, at 6; Joe Stephens, Brian and Me, AALL SPECTRUM, Feb. 1997, at 32.*

to anyone, and the Bar has begun to chafe at this. But our reporter of decisions has consistently opposed electronic publication because she fears that it will cut into subscriptions for advance sheets. Oregon is among those states which still publish their own opinions, and the Publications Department is mandated to be self-supporting. We have already seen some decline in subscriptions with the availability of CD-ROM versions of our reporter. I have argued that slip opinions will not affect advance sheets, since we have a court rule which requires citing to the advance sheets or bound volumes, once published, but she fears that lawyers will build databases of electronic slip opinions, and will no longer need the reporters. I have prepared a report for this meeting arguing that this is unlikely, and explaining different options for electronic publishing of our opinions.

Actually, I have a hidden agenda here. I want a Supreme Court Library Web site, and I want to disseminate the opinions on our Web site. This is important, because the library has been very low-profile for many years, and it has suffered as a result. Our Information Services Department plans a judicial branch Web site in the future, but they are way behind the curve, and I think it will be at least a year, maybe two, before they are ready. But the state already has an Internet presence, and I have learned that they will help us get up a "virtual server" with our own domain name at very low cost and very quickly.

Most members of this group do not grasp the issues here, and the meeting drags on far too long. In the end, however, and, after Information Services withdraws its opposition, the justice who chairs this group asks that I report at our next meeting on exactly how the library would be able to establish and maintain a Web site and publish Oregon slip opinions. This is a victory of sorts, and I return to my office feeling at once exhausted and elated.

I finish the day with the mundane tasks which keep law libraries going, and I climb on the bus back to Portland a few minutes after five. I am asleep by the time we leave Salem.

**Alva T. Stone\****Remains of the Atypical Day*

When I told my boss about the invitation to contribute to this collection of "law library days," he said: "Your days aren't exactly typical." *Oh! He understands!* I thought, a warm fuzzy feeling rising in me. "Man, I know . . . lately I've been wondering just who I work for—Florida State University or SEAALL."<sup>1</sup> A slight smirk distorted the corner of his mouth, and I reacted: "Oh, but maybe you meant something else about my days not being typical." Right away he set me straight. "Well, it's just that, when I think of law librarians, it's the activities of the librarians in public services that I'd consider 'typical,' not what you do." I started visibly. *Here we go again,* I think, of-



fended by this implication that catalogers are somehow less professional, less worthy, or not really "law librarians" like their counterparts out on the reference desk. But I responded aloud with what I thought would be a reasonable explanation. "Hmph! . . . well, probably the editor of *Law Library Journal* wants to have the technical services perspective on law librarianship, too . . . you know, he's trying to be all-inclusive, or something." My boss shrugged. I did not want to argue. It's a little like a marriage, being on someone else's staff. If you expect that the other person will eventually change, you are almost certain to be disappointed. So much for the prologue. Now begins my day.

February 24, 1997—Woke up, got out of bed, pulled the curlers off my head. How long's that radio been playing? What's that Bob Edwards was saying? Out the window there's a Canada goose, and yes, there, its mate. But wait! What are all those other grayish- and rust-colored . . . hopping all over the?—Robins! Get the binocs and look. Focus, counting out loud—one-two-three-four . . . —110 robins! And three American crows. If I run late this morning, well . . . blame it on the birds! Running out the back door, one last look through the windows, and there at the feeder: two goldfinches, female! Hey, it must be spring.

Arrive in the office finally at 9:15, determined that today I will catch up on checking the new cataloging assistant's books. After all, hadn't I been here on Saturday formulating a new improved "budget" for the SEAALL Annual Meeting which we are hosting here in April, and writing detailed instructions to a Local

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1. *Editor's Note:* Southeastern Chapter of the American Association of Law Libraries.



Arrangements Committee member about the name-badge ribbons we need to order? This day I will devote to my cataloging staff, not to SEAALL. But first, let me just send this one little fax showing a photocopy of what the ribbons should look like. Oh! And I need to write a memo to my director about the seven paraprofessional staff who'd like to attend some of the SEAALL programs and events.

Interruptions happen. Like the phone. *Ring ~ ring!* A cellular phone call from my brother halfway between Jacksonville and Mayo, where he has a hearing. He says yes, he and my nephew Will would like to go to the FSU-UF baseball game this Friday. They are coming for the weekend, bringing their black Labrador for the Ducks Unlimited field trials, which we will all attend at a south Georgia quail plantation. After a walk to the student lounge to buy a breakfast muffin, I reach for the nearby book truck. But . . . *Ring ~ ring!* A law school library director wants to know if I can send a SEAALL Meeting preliminary program to her retired law-librarian friend in California and we chat about some other stuff. I address a manila envelope, insert the program, and carry it down to outgoing mail. Back in my office I start to wheel the book truck over when the ILL assistant comes in. She wants to know if there is any way to "qualify" the title-browse search in OCLC's database. I tell her no, you can't, but explain about using keyword searches, which can be qualified by year(s), format, or language, and give her the keyword reference card to photocopy for future use.

I remember that I haven't checked my e-mail. There's a message from the SEAALL president conveying the fact that one of our donor-vendors has accidentally overpaid for the coffee break it wants to sponsor, so he suggests that the difference be applied toward its fee for participating in the exhibits. This seems a workable solution to me, so I respond accordingly, copying the message and replying to the committee member who is collecting the exhibitors' fees. *Ring ~ ring!* A SEAALL Meeting speaker from the FSU School of Information Studies wants to verify his panel's scheduled time, because he may have a conflict. Someone at Valdosta State University wants him to speak up there that same weekend. I am very concerned about this but he says not to panic. He knows that the SEAALL commitment was given first, so he will check with the other group to see if there's any flexibility there. I reach for the first book from the truck, pull a printout and temp slip out of it, and then log on to NOTIS, after closing my e-mail session. *Ring ~ ring!* It is the same professor—everything is hunky-dory; he will not have to leave for Valdosta until after his panel presentation has ended. Phew!

As the phone hits its cradle, I hear: "Wow! I actually found you in your office!" It is a librarian from the Supreme Court of Florida, the aforementioned individual coordinating the SEAALL exhibits. I dig out the preliminary programs and hotel registration forms which she needs to send to the vendors, and then I proofread the cover letter and instructions that she will be mailing. There's one error that needs to be corrected. We discuss how the exhibits area might be arranged and consider requests for extra chairs and table "skirts."

When she leaves I look at the clock and discover to my dismay that it is already after 12 noon. I log on a second Windows session of NOTIS and also invoke the CLARR software, a cataloger's "tool kit" of macros which assists us by partially automating the name, series, and subject headings verification procedures. But the disjointed morning has left me unable to shift gears so I decide that maybe this would be a good time to run errands instead.

I zip down to the University Center, find the last available parking space, and purchase four baseball game tickets. (Brrr! It's chilly out here, and rainy too—what's that I said about spring?) Then, it's a roundabout route to the opposite end of campus, where, at the Fine Arts Building, I'm able to exchange my Saturday night opera ticket for the Sunday afternoon matinee. The rain is coming down hard now. I raise my Mardi Gras umbrella in the law school parking lot, hearing an odd "pop" . . . Oops! broke a spoke—oh, poop!

Okay, that took thirty minutes. Time to get serious about cataloging. On the first book, I see that our new cataloger has neglected to derive the LC uniform-title authority record for the "Codigo civil" of Spain. Also, the form of name traced as an added entry is inconsistent with the form used by the main library in our shared catalog. We need to notify the main library, because what they have used is the incorrect form—*this* time! The catalog description, call number, and subject headings on the next book I check look fine, so I go ahead and issue the "tape" command, which will send the record to a file used to generate our *New Books List*. Next, I find a record with the old subject form, UNITED STATES—CONSTITUTIONAL LAW; the cataloger needs to flip this around to CONSTITUTIONAL LAW—UNITED STATES, and change the MARC tag, too. The other "problem" with this one is more complex. The book is *Constitutional Law as Fiction: Narrative in the Rhetoric of Authority*. How do I explain to the novice cataloger that the subject heading FICTIONS (LAW) means something else, and should not be applied to a study of how judicial opinions are like a type of fiction? I find some definitions in *Black's Law Dictionary* that might help. But the cataloging copy we are using is from the Library of Congress. Would they use their own subject heading incorrectly? I decide to put the question to my contact at LC's Cataloging Policy & Support Office and copy the OCLC record into an e-mail message addressed to him.<sup>2</sup>

As I continue to review and revise my assistant's cataloging, the director stops by to say that he's examined my revised SEAALL budget, and as far as he can tell it looks fine. A few minutes later the Acquisitions librarian wants to know how I'd like a new CD-ROM title to be numbered prior to its being loaded on the library's LAN. Five or six of the next books I examine are okay,

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2. The next day, LC agreed that FICTIONS (LAW) had indeed been applied erroneously to the bibliographic record. They deleted that subject heading, substituting LAW AND LITERATURE, and the change appeared in the OCLC database two days later.

or have only minor errors, which I note. One of the Florida Bar CLE publications has a nice PowerPoint handout; I decide to make a copy for myself, as a model for an upcoming presentation I have to prepare. Then I go to the staff icebox to get my tossed salad and bagel, which I'll eat at my desk. At this point I miss my box of Kleenex. How could it walk out of the office? I wonder. Then I remember having taken it out myself, last Friday, when I did my weekly four hours on the Reference desk. (Contrary to popular belief, most catalogers do *not* hate "the public." In fact, I rather enjoy the personal contact with patrons, and it is certainly nice to hear someone say "thank you" for just doing your job, at least every once in a while!)

The next bib record has some CIP data, in the subtitle and contents areas, that differ from what appeared in the final published work, unnoticed by our new cataloger. I also must make a note, on the next record, that the statement of responsibility has the spelling "forward," whereas on the title page it is correctly given as "foreword." *Ring ~ ring!* It is someone from West Group on the phone, wanting to know about the hours for SEAALL exhibits, what the charge for a phone line will be, etc. I answer some questions, but refer her to another committee member for the rest. The wording of the bibliography note for the next book concerns me; the cataloger did not notice that every chapter has a separate bibliography; hence, to give page numbers only for the last bibliography would be misleading. She also has asked me to look at three bib records that have an identical call number. This runs counter to what I'd told her about using *unique* call numbers for individual works. *Yes, but . . .* (ah, aren't there always exceptions?) these happen to be serial *title* changes, and it is our library's policy to shelve them as a set, under the same continuous call number. *Ring ~ ring!* This time it is the SEAALL treasurer on the phone. He has received the first batch of checks which I sent for the Annual Meeting registrations, and he has a request. Could I give him more detail when I send them—like, personal names and breakdowns for meeting, institute, extra (guest) meals, etc. I argue that I have all this on the registration forms, *and* I am photocopying all the checks before sending them. But then he mentions the word "auditor," and that's enough to convince me. I'll develop a standard form, but not this minute. Tomorrow. *Ring ~ ring!* The librarian from the Supreme Court of Florida wants the new snail-mail address of the SEAALL treasurer who has recently moved. Back to cataloging questions . . .

Pretty soon it's after five o'clock, so I start to wind down. One more check of e-mail. Next year's chair of SEAALL Local Arrangements wants to know where she should ship materials for the 1998 meeting "promotion" table that will be placed in this year's exhibit area, and about how many members we are projecting will attend. I make more coffee. Then I prepare two fax cover sheets for the revised SEAALL meeting budget which I had promised to send by today. I get really annoyed when the faxes do not go through. This time it's not my fault! The area codes for *both* the SEAALL president and program chair

have changed and no one bothered to tell me! While looking for the right codes, one of our tenured professors comes in to "borrow" our fax machine. Of course he asks my help in using it. Back in my office, I close the CLARR program, my e-mail, and the two NOTIS sessions. Then I enter Netscape, go into Newsgroups, and choose "bit.listserv.autocat." I'm too busy with other commitments just now to keep up a subscription to AUTOCAT, but through the newsgroup I can monitor the discussion list periodically to see if there's news I need or a debate I can't resist joining. Nothing this time.

Work over, I decide to "hang" at the library a little longer because I have to be downtown at 7 P.M. anyway, so why fight the traffic to go home first? There's a Healthy Choice dinner to go in the microwave. The computer services librarian shows up, and he and I chat about FSU baseball and genealogy while I photocopy two articles about the Langille/Langell family of Nova Scotia to send to my cousin who is working on his thesis at CERN in Switzerland. Then I read a little of the *Tallahassee Democrat* at the staff lunch table as I eat my supper. Ah . . . seven o'clock! Now, I get to do one of my favorite things in all the world.

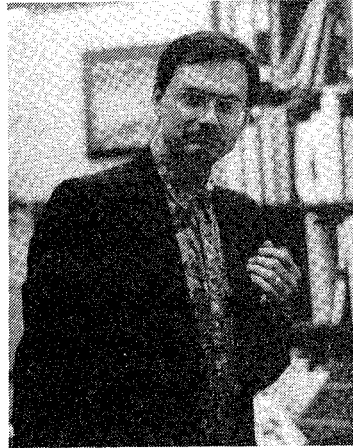
On my way down the stairs, I encounter one of our younger tenured professors, who is going up. He's the one we call "the little Admiral," and before I can stop the impulse, my hand flies up to my forehead in a stiff salute. He puts on a mock expression of reproach, and barks at me, "Get back to work!" pointing upward with the end of his umbrella. "What!?" says I, "It's seven o'clock!" To this he counters, "So? . . . I'm beginning my *second* shift!" I laugh, but having reached the exit door, murmur, *sotto voce*, "Yeah, get a life!"

Tonight is my weekly rehearsal with the Tallahassee Community Chorus. I love to sing. Well, I'll never be a soloist, true, but in the chorus—such discipline, such beauty, as we blend our voices to create something glorious, rich, and exciting. And what a thrill to be on stage. The friendships made with my fellow singers, the love we share for our esteemed conductor. I began the day admiring those other creatures who sing, my backyard birds. Now, it's my turn to create music. I'd like to be able to say that my workday has ended. But . . . would you believe it? Even at the chorus rehearsal, my thoughts wander to SEAALL, as it occurs to me that I could ask around here for someone to recommend a good Barbershop Quartet (no, I am not joking!) to perform at the opening reception for the Annual Meeting. Here, in the remains of my day, the SEAALL responsibility cannot be entirely put aside. Indeed, there's no question that, for me, most of 1997 thus far has been full of *atypical* days, chiefly because I seem to be working for SEAALL just as much as I am working for the FSU Law Library. But it is valuable experience, and I will be a better professional and person for it!

**Brian D. Striman\***  
*Runaway Time Machine*

March 4, 1997—Try to find a typical day in the life of a law librarian. Looking at any week's worth of days, they all seem to be the about the same. Yet when you focus on a particular one, it doesn't seem very typical at all. Oh well, how about this one?

The biggie for today is that the ABA accreditation team will be visiting the law college. It's a normal seven-year accreditation activity for us. We've done all our reports and paperwork in advance, so for me it's just a matter of getting together with the library accrediting team person, Gary Gott. The day unfolds . . .



My coat is barely on the coat rack in the workroom when the LAIII (Library Assistant III) starts in on a report of what happened on Friday while I was on vacation. The LAII is within earshot and soon enters into the discussion about the problems encountered with the new Windows version of our stand-alone binding software program. The reports-feature printout continues to be difficult to decipher—in fact it's nearly unreadable. We mess with it and soon discover that activating that portion of the program now begins to lock up the entire binding program. We discuss options for fifteen minutes and decide that I had better call the manager at the bindery and see how we go about returning to our DOS version for binding and continue using the DOS version until all the Windows bugs are cleaned up. (Don't you *hate* Windows with bugs?)

I unlock my office and turn on the computers and peripherals. I start with e-mail and find over four hundred messages. Yikes! I normally cruise at about 175. You know how it usually goes: thirty to forty e-mails from law-lib, another twenty or so from AUTOCAT, then maybe fifteen to twenty personals, some from the main university library with its staff of 150, and, of course, there are the internal messages from the law library staff. Add in a Friday off plus a weekend and there's an extra two hundred messages in the mailbox. But no problem. I simply activate my "MDO protocol" (a.k.a. Mass Delete Operation) where I instantly delete huge bunches of law-lib reference questions and other law-lib messages where the subject headers don't convey meaningful content.

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I just don't have time to look at the e-mails that say "help" or those that have wording that don't convey contents of the e-mail. The letter D on my keyboard seems more faded than the other keys. I click away for awhile when . . .

The government docs assistant is in my doorway: "Hey B-man, I added some check-in records you need to look at. Also, there are some questions about binding and retention for some of them. Check it out for me okay?" "Okeedokee," I say, barely turning away from the e-mails to look at her. Phone rings. It's a serials cataloger from the main library who wants to set up a time to talk about me giving a program in April on "how to catalog law materials" for the Nebraska Library Association Technical Services Roundtable program. Sure, no problem. I return to e-mail. Phone rings again. It's the binding staff person from the main library who wants to come and see our new Windows version of LARS, the binding program. I tell her we're not too happy about it. She wants to come this Wednesday anyway. Fine. More e-mail. Cripes! I'm no where near being at my cruising status of around 175. In fact, after all my rapid-fire work, I'm only down to 289. Keep moving, Brian. Keep moving. (The morning is speeding by, reminding me of the scene in *The Time Machine* with the time-lapse images of clouds and suns and moons and stuff we see through the laboratory window. Gad!)

Go to tech services workroom. Problem-solve about a batch of new microfiche containing U.S. Supreme Court records and briefs, and then deal with a reissued volume of the *Nebraska Revised Statutes*. The state didn't include any instructions with this new reissue volume, so I have to call the revisor of statutes to get the scoop on what the new volume replaces and what now officially constitutes a complete, current set of the statutes. I whip out a memo to the faculty so they'll know what to do with their old volumes.

Okay, let's catalog. I do my stuff on OCLC and attempt to download a couple of rush materials. What? The downloader isn't responding. We've lost the port connection. This can be tricky. This often means having to contact my "favorite" person at Information Services to get the port "unlocked" so we can download bib records into our local Innovative system. Sometimes this person isn't around, beeper or not. I dink around and in about ten minutes it's working. Thank you oh great mysterious CyberOne! Finish up the rush stuff.

Look through some piles on my desk and perform some paper shuffling—February stats sheets need to be put away, candidate info and notes for our associate director opening put away, go get coffee, get out new cataloging production sheets for March, look through my in-box papers, scan the faculty route folder from the Dean's Office, look at priorities, and shuffle more paper around so I sense what I need to do next. I hear my name being called from the other room; I get up to go answer cataloging questions from the LAII, who's doing copy cataloging. Next, go out to the stacks to check on what may be a classification problem with some bankruptcy materials. While there, a student asks me to send a letter of reference for him to attend the library science

program at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign. Yeah, I'll be glad to write a letter. Bye. Yikes! It's noon.

Head upstairs to attend the all-faculty sandwich luncheon in the faculty lounge with the ABA accrediting team. I say a casual "hello" and introduce myself to one of the team while hunting for the best sandwiches. Find a "strategic" seat in the lounge (we don't want an upset stomach). Everything's cool and the luncheon is over before I know it. Returning to my office with spare soda pop in hand, it isn't but a moment before I sense Gary Gott is at my office door wanting to talk to me as part of his ABA investigation.

Gary stands in my doorway, looks around: "Hi Brian . . . [pause]. What a . . . [pause] . . . colorful office you have." I tell him it's also been called a "busy" office since I have all kinds of stuff on the walls and in my shelves. After small talk, we sit down together and talk about the law library and how far I think we've come since the bad old days in the mid-1980s and I answer some of his ABA accreditation questions. We talk for about an hour and Gary leaves for his next appointment. He seems happy. I guess I'm happy, too.

I get back to my e-mail, dealing with some new e-mail buildup (is this like plaque?) and responding to some of the previous weeks' messages that have waited perhaps a bit too long. I end up spending way too much time on e-mails. I didn't set my kitchen Robertshaw Lux "minute minder" timer, so a little more than an hour is shot. I *did* answer some questions and help out some folks though. Guilt quotient goes down. I hear commotion in the workroom. I hear my name. Hmmmmmmm . . .

The LAII's phone message program isn't working. This won't be a fast fix, as her phone line is a CENTREX-shared voice message system with two other phones. Seems she can't get into her waiting voice messages. We dink around with *that* for half an hour, but finally get everything straightened out.

What's left of the day is an hour or so of miscellaneous this-and-that. You know what I'm talking about! I *know* you know. I can't even remember most of them . . . they were just thises and thats. Finally it's 5:30. I'm pooped. I'm going home. Goodnight Chet. Goodnight David.

**Nancy L. Strohmeier\***  
*The Day of the Dwarfs\*\**

March 6, 1997—7:14 A.M.—  
My clock radio, tuned to 93.7  
FM, station WALT, chirps its  
morning salutation, and I  
awaken, relaxed, renewed,  
and ready for the day to come.  
The sun smiling down on the  
burgeoning earth gives me  
hope that the day will be beau-  
tiful, in spite of the chores that  
await me at work.



8:25 A.M.—Traffic. Why  
is there always traffic? The  
deer, squirrels, and bunnies

that were escorting me to work have leapt ahead, trying to stay out of the path of speeding cars. Even the turtle has caught up and overtaken me. Ah, we are finally moving. Maybe I will get to work today after all.

8:37 A.M.—Parking my car under a berry-filled tree, I try not to think about the unavoidable outcome of my winged friends perching on the branches, eating those berries. After all, cars can be washed. Tomorrow, I shall simply have to arrive earlier, before all of the non-tree spaces have been taken.

9:15 A.M.—I have no wells over which I can sing a duet with my echo, but still I'm wishing for someone to find me someday. No, maybe not; I don't need the aggravation. Besides, I doubt anyone who would be entranced by my vocal stylings while passing by my door would be a prince. I guess I should just get back to work.

10:00 A.M.—My first scheduled meeting of the day, with three of my colleagues, discussing various collection development-related matters. My boss, Happy, is in a good mood today. Almost immediately we get off the subject, not an unusual occurrence for us. The jolly banter flies, since we all

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\*\* No, I am not being politically incorrect. I used "dwarfs" in the title because I meant dwarfs, not "little people" or "vertically challenged" or any other euphemism. This is a specific reference to a major, classic icon of motion picture history, after which this article is patterned, and a tribute to my favorite moviemaker and hero, Walt Disney. *Editor's Note: See Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* (Walt Disney Studios, 1937). A special Academy Award was presented to Disney in 1938 in recognition of the film "as a significant screen innovation which has charmed millions and pioneered a great new entertainment field for the motion picture cartoon." The award consisted of one statuette and seven miniature statuettes. MASON WILEY & DAMIEN BONA, *INSIDE OSCAR, THE UNOFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE ACADEMY AWARDS* 678 (1986).



enjoy the jobs we do and feel fortunate that we work with such pleasant and talented people. Sure, we can't buy many gemstones with our salaries, but the satisfaction of doing a good day's labor is so much better than financial reward. In fact, it makes us whistle while we work, although that causes us to waste even more time. Eventually, we get serious, make some ordering decisions, clear up some confusing instructions, and look at a few antiquated books. During this last task, Sneezzy's allergies kick in, and we have to remove the dusty old books from her hands quickly before the explosions begin.

11:35 A.M.—Our meeting breaks up. I spend some time reading mail and straightening papers in my office. It certainly needs a severe cleaning, but my animal friends seem to have deserted me. They are probably at the zoo, enjoying the day with their fellow creatures. Oh well, I don't have enough time to clean anyway.

12:30 P.M.—My next meeting is supposed to begin. However, this is a law school committee involving law faculty. I am one of the first to arrive. Dopey, an unfortunately seldom silent student, is pontificating about the state of oil production in Louisiana. I read the newest memos to the committee. Finally, everyone who can come has arrived. We begin discussing what our next proposal to the law faculty should include, since they voted our last one out of existence just as they did the two that came before. Someday, if this keeps up, we may even get discouraged. Dopey speaks or grunts at every opportunity. Despite his contributions, the committee agrees on a stratagem for the immediate future.

1:33 P.M.—Happy is surprised to see that my meeting has ended so quickly, but he is about to take part in a thrilling teleconference, so I will have to report to him later. I find my friend who picked up lunch for me and return to my office to eat and rest. I really need to get a little bed in here so I can relax more effectively.

2:27 P.M.—I take a book cart and begin collecting beautiful, colorful volumes of *Shepard's Citations*. I will be lecturing about them to the legal research and writing class tonight, and I need to make overheads. I strive to make it an interesting task, not one full of drudgery and routine. People stare wickedly at me as I sing, so I decide to think happy thoughts instead.

3:06 P.M.—I print screens from two computerized legal research sources, also to be made into overheads. As I walk through the library, I notice Bashful is watching me approach. Putting on my smiling face, I ask him if he needs any help. Well, yes, he does, he mumbles into the floor. He was having trouble using some basic research tools, but hesitated to ask such stupid questions. I encourage him, then spend some time reinforcing and refining his budding research skills.

4:10 P.M.—I ask a colleague to staple together my handouts while I complete my overheads. As the copier hums, I dream of the day when I can do a computerized rendition of my lecture, complete with digitized graphical

images sent out to the networked computers of the students. It could happen; it's not just a fairy tale anymore.

5:12 P.M.—I return to my office and review my lecture outline. My review is brief; I do not want my delivery to seem stale. I consider baking an apple pie, but as I have no ingredients, recipes, baking dishes, or ovens in my office, I decide to eat some Girl Scout cookies instead.

5:17 P.M.—Grumpy asks if she may speak with me. She is unhappy that she has been thwarted in doing illicit printing of cases because too many other students have been sending too many other requests to the printer ahead of her and the toner keeps running out. Is there no accommodation I can make for her since she has special circumstances which make her print requests so much more valid than theirs? I explain that there are, in fact, no accommodations I can make, especially since she can always photocopy any needed cases from those things we like to call books. Of course, this would be an incredible hardship for her and would likely lead to her death. I am unmoved. Sometimes I must place my heart in a crimson box so that I can recognize unworthy requests.

6:00 P.M.—Lecture time. Explaining *Shepard's* to first-year students in an interesting and understandable fashion is always a challenge. However, I live for those kinds of tests. Doc introduces me to her class, then takes a seat and dares me to be entertaining. The least she could do is play some lively music. Oh well.

6:40 P.M.—I have cheerfully described the reasons for using citators and am completing my explanation of what those long columns of numbers and letters mean. The eyes of many are somewhat glazed. They may have reached the limit of their ability to comprehend this topic tonight. I swiftly inject some humor. A few students still seem to be absent, but most spring back to life as they realize what I have said. Even so, I know they will not last much longer. The story's climax must be reached, with the promise of the denouement to come. I encourage questions, asked now or later as the information continues to seep into their brains, give them various handouts, and return the class to Doc. She looks at the students over her spectacles and wraps up the evening with some sage advice and encouragement for the future.

7:20 P.M.—Sleepy, but intellectually refreshed, I drive toward my cottage. My dwarf and animal friends have already returned to their homes, so I travel alone. As I reflect upon the mirror of my day, I realize that it was filled with a variety of experiences, good and evil. I dealt with all types of people, in all types of situations. I managed to complete those things that could not wait, but probably forgot to do some things I had hoped to finish. In other words, it was a fairly normal day in the life of an academic law librarian. It also served to reinforce my sincere belief that, as long as I remain steadfast and true to my profession, I will continue to live as I always have, happily ever after.

**Kathie J. Sullivan\***  
*The Librarian as Archaeologist*

February 19, 1997—It was already a banner day by 8 A.M. simply because I did not get stuck in the usual traffic jam between Saratoga Springs and Albany, New York. I commute the nearly forty-five miles each way daily so I may enjoy what could be called “country living” and have a respite from the hustle of the city after a day’s work. While I share the ride with another staff person in our office of thirty-seven attorneys, the travel can be tedious if the weather is bad. Today, however, it is to be fifty-six degrees.



Our office is located in the heart of downtown Albany and has been in the same location for over 125 years. We are a landmark in the city and take great pride in our presence. I am the first professional librarian ever employed full time by the firm and have been here since 1986. While I took the course offerings in legal bibliography and government documents in graduate school, for the most part my skills have been honed while on the job. Since we have a general law practice, I must know a little about everything, which has been the challenge since I arrived. I am the only library professional, but since I supervise the law clerks, I awarded myself the title of Library Director several years ago.

A typical day for me often consists of sorting, routing, and reading mail; completing or prioritizing and assigning research projects to law clerks (today was “use of a trade name in an Internet domain and unfair trade”); dealing with problem invoices; searching attorney offices for missing books and documents; retrieving and copying cases for bar association projects; catching up on correspondence; reading product reviews; and evaluating new software. The days can be somewhat mundane at times. I stick my nose into client development and public relations efforts to illustrate my skills whenever I can, as well as coordinate RFP responses.

Today I also found time to work on the book reviews I owed Linda Karr O’Connor for the “Best Refs”<sup>1</sup> article and I started planning the firm’s home page. And I had lunch with Judy Brown so I could vent about the person who suggested I “complain to the publisher” about the cost of a supplement to a subscription. As if I have not gone on record before with my complaints! I calmed down after a lunch of cashew chicken and Chinese tea.

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\* Library Director, McNamee Lochner Titus & Williams P.C., Albany, New York.

1. *Editor’s Note:* Kathie Sullivan has contributed to the *Law Library Journal’s* series of *Best Legal Reference Books* articles since 1994. See, e.g., Linda Karr O’Connor, *Best Legal Reference Books of 1993*, 86 L. LIBR. J. 219 (1994).

What has taken my time and focus lately, however, is the project I finally started after too many years of ignoring the obvious. I started cleaning files. Not just tidying up a messy desk, but the wholesale discarding of ancient files, collected reference materials, and catalogs. For the first time in a very long time, I had several days in a row when I was not inundated with reference questions so I elected not to pursue vendor account problems and instead to put a little order back in my life.

Like the rings in a tree trunk cut on the bias, my files are a veritable history of my training as a law librarian. The librarian's genetic predisposition to classify, stash, and stockpile is in my blood. But today I decided to go against my natural and inherent tendency to collect and save and I started weeding my files.

In some cases, what I found was both amusing and frightening. I found the files of past research projects I still hope to turn into a training manual as well as the files of materials on the computers we were going to purchase: the 286 models! I found old law clerk memos that I tried to keep around so we could utilize our own work product and I tried to put faces with the names from the past. I uncovered catalogs from small and large publishers who no longer exist for one reason or another. I discovered AALL Annual Meeting programs (some attended, some not) I had saved because I was sure they would be a source of programming ideas in the future. I unearthed old memos and inventories printed on pin-fed paper using a dot-matrix printer. Scraps of paper floated all around me: clippings from journals, lists of articles to read someday, library humor in cartoons (Calvin wanted a book from his public library on "painting theory and technique," specifically, graffiti and lists of popular dirty words and slogans); an article from the June 1993 issue of *Vermont Magazine* called "From the Stacks: A Librarian's Letters Illuminate Life in a Vermont Community," by Dan Cohen.

Of course, I found all the professional articles that have become a part of my consciousness and daily thought process, covering topics such as controlling costs in libraries, marketing the services of the librarian, and making the most of the librarian in a law firm. Buried in several files were the article ideas I hoped to develop someday *myself* to add to the body of professional literature. Scribbles on scrap paper that never saw the light of day or ideas that were better expressed by someone else, including "The Librarian as Information Pack Rat: A New Marketing Strategy." What that article would have been about is anyone's guess.

The gold nugget from my panning for information (I chose to think of my cleaning frenzy as a proactive task, that of "looking for historical information") was a booklet from January 1986 that I must have received when I became a member of AALL: *Introducing the American Association of Law Libraries*, edited by Frank Houdek.<sup>2</sup> Chapter 1 is titled "From Narragansett to Now . . .

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2. *Editor's [inmodest] Note: INTRODUCING THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF LAW LIBRARIES* (Frank G. Houdek ed., 2d ed. 1986). And she's right—for several years in the 1980s this booklet was distributed to every new member. A copy of the first edition was given to every member of AALL at the time it was published in 1983.

AALL History in Brief.” Where have I heard that phrase before? Marian Parker, one of the contributing editors, was at the University of Tulsa; another, John Edwards, was at Drake University.

I kept a lot of these materials, because early in my career I was convinced I did not know what I was doing, and if I had managed to find the answer to a question once I thought I had better keep the trail close to me in case I would ever need to retrace my steps. Now I have more confidence, but in fact, on more than one occasion I have revisited research files and have been rewarded for my hoarding.

I suppose this day will not be memorable to me or anyone else in the long term. I did not save the world or create a new Internet search engine. I could have told you about the day we had to evacuate the building for several hours due to a bomb scare, but then I would have had to describe my lengthy coffee break and the people watching I engaged in, rather than relating what I found in my files. For the curious, the “bomb” was a box of checks and I had a large Hawaiian Hazelnut with cream, no sugar.

**Susan E. Tulis\***  
*Queen for a Day*

March 10, 1997—At the University of Virginia Law Library, I am known to many as the Documents Queen. While I wear my “crown” with pride, life isn’t always as glamorous as this queen would like, and, in fact, on some days it is just a plain old grind. Take for instance this “average” springtime Monday. My day began with the ritual reading of my e-mail as per my usual custom. I quickly scanned and tried to delete as many messages as possible, hoping to avoid the ignominious warning that I so often receive:



This is an automatically generated form letter. Your mailbox on hobbes.itc.Virginia.EDU is rather large. Your mailbox: 3102 Kbyte (*ranks #3 out of 1596*).<sup>1</sup> Average mailbox: 152.10 Kbyte. Free space left: 29536 Kbyte.

\* Documents Librarian, University of Virginia Law Library, Charlottesville, Virginia.

1. Emphasis added to demonstrate my elevated stature as queen—or are they trying to tell me something?

Before I could finish reading my fun messages,<sup>2</sup> a "strictly business" one came in via "Refdesk"—our electronic reference desk. This service allows faculty and staff to e-mail their information requests directly to the lucky soul currently in residence on the hot seat at our real reading room reference desk. We get all types of requests—from simple document delivery needs (e.g., photocopy a law review article, obtain an SEC filing) to more esoteric research problems (e.g., can you verify if some American Colonies denied Catholics the right to vote or hold political office on the theory that their higher loyalty to the church made them unreliable patriots?).

Even though I wasn't on the hot seat right then, I offered to handle the incoming request for a legislative history on Public Law 104-199, the "Defense of Marriage Act." After all, this sort of request is usually a piece of cake for the Documents Queen. I love tracking down the scads of House and Senate reports, congressional hearings, and floor debate that typically comprise a federal legislative history. As it turned out, this had some juicy extras because there were a number of references to this act in the Extensions of Remarks section of the *Congressional Record*, as well as the insertion of various letters. Thank goodness for CCH's *Congressional Index* and LEXIS!

By the time I finished getting all the materials copied and put together it was already 11 A.M. and I still hadn't gotten to my usual Monday duty—putting four illustrative government documents on display in the faculty lounge.

At 11:30 A.M., I headed home so I could get in my two-mile run. It is nice to get away from the office and the people and phones. It gives me time to think about what I would like to accomplish during the afternoon. Fat chance of getting any of it done but one can dream . . .

Back at 12:45 to discover a glowing thank-you from the faculty member who requested the legislative history: "It was *exactly* what I needed." (Now *there's* something outside the ordinary scheme of things.)

The afternoon flew by as I tried to return a few phone calls, edit the minutes from the last GRC conference call,<sup>3</sup> work on my GODORT Awards Committee announcement for GOVDOC-L,<sup>4</sup> arrange a meeting with the new editorial board of the *UVA Journal of Law and Politics* to talk about my role as their library liaison, and help various patrons who walked into the government documents office for assistance. (The glass-walled office is only thirty feet away from the reference desk so many of these "visitors" were really seeking the Reference King, not the Documents Queen.)

Before I could leave for the day though, I had to review a truck of new

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2. Yes, I admit that every now and again a personal message finds its way into my electronic in-box. Not "often," of course, and even rarer is the instance of such a message in my *out* box.

3. *Editor's Note:* Susan Tulis is chair of the AALL Government Relations Committee for 1996–1997.

4. *Editor's Note:* Susan Tulis is chair of the Awards Committee of the ALA's Government Documents Roundtable for 1996–1997.

documents ready to make their way to the cataloging department for addition to our online catalog. In theory I do this so I can note those titles that should be included in our recent acquisitions list, but I also inevitably come across some glitch or other that requires the fine tuning of my royal touch. In this case, for example, one item had not come through the Depository Library Program, but rather had been requested by us directly from the issuing agency. So I had to “invent” a SuDocs number before it could go to cataloging. (You can do this when you’re the Documents Queen, but please, don’t try it at home without 911 on speed dial.)

One last check of my e-mail revealed two GOVDOC-L messages that I felt compelled to answer before leaving. (Was that an hour ago that my assistant heard me say I was “outa here?”) For one, I responded privately so I could make a snide comment about the situation. (Watch where that “reply” key sends you!) For the other, I offered an explanation to the list of why depository libraries had received a copy of a slip treaty as part of the item number for the bound volume which they already received. At first glance, it might seem that this slip treaty duplicated what was already in the bound volume and thus could be tossed. In reality, however, GPO had not been given the treaty originally so it was not included in the bound volume. Unfortunately, GPO had not indicated this on the shipping list that included the slip treaty, compounding the problem and leading to the confusion now being expressed on GOVDOC-L, a fact that I had explicitly called to their attention (a Documents Queen never rests!) only this afternoon. Although GPO had told me that they would send out a clarifying message tomorrow, I decided that the Queenly thing to do was to post an explanatory message right then and there in the hope of (1) heading off further listserv questions about this errant slip treaty (always thinking of ways to avoid that nasty warning), and (2) keeping others from mistakenly pitching the slip treaty on the assumption that it wasn’t needed.

As I tried once again to pack up my belongings in my trusty grey bag, a faculty member stuck his head in the door to inquire about Virginia tax forms. After some hemming and hawing, he finally admitted that he had managed to spill his morning cup of coffee all over the forms at home, an act not at all amusing to his wife. Rather than tell him *how* he could print them off the Internet (a route I might have taken had he asked for help earlier in the day), I simply went to my bookmark for the download of the Virginia tax forms and printed out what he needed. Trust me, the faculty member was much happier that I chose this way of responding to his request, and frankly, given what was already the length of my work day, so was I.

Having reached 6:30 P.M., I was definitely ready to bring an end to the day. It was time for the Queen to head home to the castle, take off her crown, put her feet up, and get to work on that crossword puzzle!

**Robert C. Vreeland\****What Do You "Do," Anyway? \*\**

February 27, 1997—It is just over six months since I finally crested the Sisyphean hillock of graduate education and careened into the workforce as one of the first "Generation X" law librarians, whose mission it will be to radically reshape the profession's understanding of sloth, cynicism, and Star Wars trivia.

My title is Reference Librarian, an all-purpose description for an all-purpose job. Specific duties include sitting at the reference desk, teaching a section of the first-year legal research class, participating in collection development, and serving as the library Webmaster.

I start the day by making final preparations for my research class. I have approximately forty first-year students in my section. I meet with them once per week in a large group, and the class is divided into three smaller groups, each of which spends an additional hour every week conducting computer-assisted legal research (CALR) under my watchful eye. On this particular day I teach both the large group and one of the CALR sections.

Before I can go to class, I must rummage through the stacks, gathering up books to take with me for the sophisticated, high-stakes version of "show and tell." Finding these materials takes longer than one might think, because I need an uncharacteristically easy example for each source so that I can fool the students into thinking they understand everything. The reckless overconfidence engendered by this tactic gets them into the library, and by the time they realize how difficult research really is, they have no choice but to continue, much like a swimmer who has traveled more than halfway across a shark-infested body of water.

After selecting suitably deceptive course materials, I must finish grading the students' last homework assignment. One of the questions on the assignment asked for the uniform resource locator (URL) of a certain judicial opinion on the Internet. Several students made typographical errors in the URL, and I have spent almost a week trying to decide whether I should deduct points for a mere transcription error. By 10 I decide that the Internet does not tolerate such errors, and neither will I.

Having passed sentence on the weekly homework, I adjourn to the reference desk, where I open my e-mail and delete several dozen messages without reading them. I save a few that announce new legal Web sites, and begin



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\* Reference Librarian, University of South Carolina Coleman Karesh Law Library, Columbia, South Carolina.

\*\* The title of this article is taken from virtually every conversation I have ever had about my job. The purpose of this story is to answer the question.



visiting these sites to see if I should add links to them from our home page. In this batch, I don't find anything worth linking to. The most interesting reference question during this shift is from someone who needs to find an obscure congressional document. It is only available on microfiche, which, judging by the patron's facial expression, is not his favorite medium.

Today's one o'clock research class is primarily a review of all the South Carolina materials the students have studied during the semester. Most of the hour consists of me saying things like "South Carolina Supreme Court cases are reported in \_\_\_\_" and waiting for the class to fill in the blank. Most people know most of the answers, but they tend to respond in mumbled whispers, so that if their response is wrong, they can plausibly deny having said anything at all.

Between my two classes, I go back to my office, a glass-walled room affectionately known as "the fishbowl." The office is next to a cluster of LEXIS and WESTLAW terminals, and I receive many questions from frustrated online researchers. Hardly a day has gone by when I have not had to reboot a frozen PC, fix a paper jam, or change a toner cartridge.

In the four o'clock CALR session, I attempt to teach my students about key number searching on WESTLAW. The green "plus" symbols and the red "minus" signs to the left of the keys are a source of great confusion until I resort to that great pedagogical cop-out, "Click on them and see what happens." With their spirits thus lifted, I employ a divide-and-conquer strategy, telling them that this section is by far the most mature and intelligent of the three. This provides the necessary momentum for them to finish the lesson, and for me to finish the day.

### **Patricia Wellinger\***

#### *Rushing Today, Preparing for Tomorrow*

A typical day for me and my library is one that rushes past, leaving almost as many things on tomorrow's "to do" list as we were able to check off of today's. We are in the midst of continual change and this leaves us striving to achieve a balance between current projects and planning for the future.

As consolidation of legal publishing changes the face of legal research, we struggle to teach students to locate and evaluate information regardless of format. We try to get across the message that, in changing times, lawyers are required to master resources whether they are found in print, online, CD-ROM, or on the Internet.



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\* Reference Services Coordinator, Westminster Law Library, University of Denver College of Law, Denver, Colorado.

To reach a new generation of law students we have diversified our approach to teaching, so that we now include small group lectures, hands-on exercises, handouts, Powerpoint presentations, videotapes, and interactive CD-ROMs. We have participated in a learning styles project at our law school and received instruction in adult learning theory and presentational speaking.

Our reference staff spends long hours preparing for and participating in the first-year legal research and writing program known as Lawyering Process. One of the goals of the library is to integrate legal research throughout the curriculum. We envision a future in which all of our graduates are known for their mastery of research, writing, counseling, and other practical lawyering skills as outlined in the ABA's MacCrate Report.<sup>1</sup> But I sometimes wonder if we have the resources to fulfill that dream (or if others in the law school even agree with our vision of the future).

It seems that at any given time we are hiring and training new personnel (and I'm not even talking about the student workers that have to be replaced each semester). We are currently in the process of hiring a library instruction coordinator. At the moment we are also planning to hire an electronic services librarian and a reference librarian. Only one of these is a newly created position. In addition, our circulation/interlibrary loan supervisor just announced he got a job in a public library, a circulation assistant is transferring to the main library, our acquisitions assistant will soon be going on six months' maternity leave, and I am planning to be gone soon for surgery.

In the midst of all this chaos, the library's management team is preparing a self-study report in preparation for our accreditation review next year. In spare moments we are busily filling out worksheets to facilitate migrating from the CARL system to Innovative Interfaces.

Despite all of these pressures (or perhaps because of them), we pull together and work as a team. Between continual rounds of strategy meetings and dealing with each new crisis as it arises, we get things done. Questions are answered, books are processed, classes are taught, and faculty research requests are answered. Providing effective service and fulfilling our role in an educational institution are the primary goals that we hope to achieve. So each day we begin again, rushing around to deal with the problems of today, and preparing for a better future.

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1. *Editor's Note: TASK FORCE ON LAW SCHOOLS AND THE PROFESSION: NARROWING THE GAP*, AM. BAR ASS'N, LEGAL EDUCATION AND PROFESSIONAL DEVELOPMENT—AN EDUCATIONAL CONTINUUM (1992).

**Karen Westwood\***  
*Life on the Phone*

I've been law librarian at Lockridge Grindal Nauen & Holstein for almost a year now; although when I started it was called Schatz Paquin Lockridge Grindal & Holstein. This private company gig is new to me and that first sentence is just one of the many differences between private and public library life (the Public Library of Brookline didn't change its name on me in the years I worked there, and the Minnesota State Law Library was called that long before my six-year tenure and remains that to this day). But the biggest change from being part of a library staff at a public library to being in a one-person library is that, as far as library service goes, I'm the only game in town.



Thus I field queries all day (including lunchtime), I research all questions, and I deliver all the results. The other big difference between the public and private sector is . . . ? No, not the billable hour, not the "law firm culture," not even the swanky holiday party, although those are all significant changes. The other single biggest change is the inordinate amount of time I spend on the phone.

I quickly realized upon beginning this job that my most important research skill to date had been the natural ease with which I asked my colleagues, "Get a load of this question—where would *you* look for the answer?" But now I was on my own and determined to prove that I could get research results without assistance, thank you very much. So I proceeded to input every local library's online catalog number in my communications directory. I spent much longer than I should have trying various WESTLAW searches that didn't work, and tried in desperation to locate things on the Internet that I knew wouldn't be there ("But maybe someone's added this exact document in the last week," I'd murmur—the perpetual hope of the Internet surfer).

It didn't take long (less than a week) to realize that no librarian is an island. That's when I discovered my new closest friend—the phone. I still use all the techno-wizardry of the 1990s. I cruise the 'Net (but first I look at handouts of favorite sites compiled by other Twin Cities firm librarians and call them for more hints) and I still search WESTLAW. (I call those West Reference Attor-

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\* Librarian, Lockridge Grindal Nauen & Holstein, P.L.L.P., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

neys so often some days that I expect them to say, "Oh, you again." when they answer the phone.) I use the phone to call the Minneapolis Public Library for basic business information, and I use the phone to call the Secretary of State's Office for filing information. I telephone area public law libraries for treatises we don't have, and once in a while with a "Get a load of this question—where would *you* look for an answer?" I telephone publishers more often than I'd like with questions regarding bills and invoices (I know certain publishers' Muzak loops by heart—I think I've spent too much time on hold . . .). My Minnesota Association of Law Libraries directory is getting well-thumbed from my probing through to find more of my colleagues to consult when some tricky query comes up, and I've been known to cold-call colleagues from the *AALL Directory* if I think they might be able to help me out. I call the courier service to pick up and deliver books and I've been known to phone for pizza.

So when I hand-deliver research results to attorneys and paralegals, I look like a hero. Little do they know that behind those results are other librarians throughout the country. Don't get me wrong—I love the whiz-bang technology of the nineties. I use the Internet whenever possible, am getting to be an expert online searcher, and delve into other library catalogs by dialing in. But if I had to choose the single piece of technology that's most important to me as a law firm librarian in 1997, although my computer would give it a run for its money, I'd have to go with my phone.

### Mary Whisner\*

#### *It's the Variety*

February 26, 1997—I often tell people that what I like about librarianship in general and my job in particular—head of reference at a large law school library open to the public—is the variety. When I chose Wednesday, February 26, 1997, as my day to chronicle, I knew it would be a busy day—busy enough to show the variety, but not so exceptionally busy that it would give an unrealistic snapshot of my professional life. Here is my day.



8:10: Stopping by Legal Brew, the espresso cart run by law students, is a good way to stay in touch with the law school community. The coffee is good, too.

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\* Head of Reference, Gallagher Law Library, University of Washington, Seattle, Washington.

At the elevator I talk to a professor, who thanks me for a project I did for him on limited liability companies last week.

8:15: Upstairs in my office, I greet my officemates and check my e-mail. I scan for messages that are directly to me; messages from e-mail discussion lists will have to wait.

8:30: I go to a library Collection Development Council (CDC) meeting. CDC includes the four selectors—Rob Britt (Japanese law), Bill McCloy (Chinese and Korean law), Peggy Roebuck Jarrett (state, federal, and international documents), and Reba Turnquist (the rest of the world, including the United States)—plus Penny Hazelton, the library director; Richard Jost, the assistant librarian for technical services; and me. Its purpose is to advise the selectors on tough issues and to set policy.

Today, Richard is taking minutes on the laptop, while the rest of us sit with our piles of paper: the library's *Collection Development Policy*, minutes of past meetings, publishers' flyers, notepads. Reba begins with several quick items: *Internet Legal Reference Services Quarterly*, a new journal; Hein's bar exams in microfiche; an ad for *United States Statutes at Large* on CD-ROM; some audiotapes a professor donated to the library; an ad for a famous trial transcript on floppy disk; and the beginning of the *Tenth Decennial Digest, Part 2*. I am struck by the proliferation of formats in law libraries: in fifteen minutes, we have discussed a print serial (about the Internet), microfiche, CD-ROM, audiotape, floppy disk, and that most venerable staple of legal bibliography, the West Digest System (in print). A collection development meeting just ten years ago would not have brought up all these formats in such a short time. What will the next ten years bring?

Next we discuss making the *Index to Foreign Legal Periodicals* available on our campus network (as *Legal Resource Index* already is). Reba has investigated pricing. Richard will discuss the technical aspects with the head of the Electronic Information Program at the University of Washington Libraries (who, in turn, will deal with the relevant people in Library Systems and UW Computing and Communications). Peggy and I will coordinate testing the database. This is another good illustration of our professional life in 1997: selecting and acquiring this source involves a great deal of teamwork, not just within the law library, but also involving staff members in other campus libraries and in campus computing as well.

10:15: After almost two hours of CDC, I return to Legal Brew. One of Penny's Advanced Legal Research students, also getting coffee, asks me a reference question. He apologizes for bothering me, but I assure him that if I didn't like law students, I wouldn't work in a law school—or at least I wouldn't get my coffee at the coffee cart.

10:25: I quickly check my e-mail in-box again. Then I start on a project for a practicing attorney who the law school has hired to teach a course in negotiations in the spring. On the Web, I find the home page for the Harvard

Program on Negotiation<sup>1</sup>—its clearinghouse of teaching materials should be very useful for the new lecturer.

11:10: I cross the street to buy a sandwich to take to today's LLOPS<sup>2</sup> meeting downtown. This month, instead of having a speaker, we will share information around four "resource roundtables." I will facilitate the discussion on using the Internet for reference. (The other facilitators and topics are: Mary Hotchkiss, training; Rick Stroup, acquisitions; and Monica Luce, serials control.) On the bus with Mary Hotchkiss, I write an outline of discussion points and leaf through the issues of *Internet Reference Services Quarterly* that Reba gave me at this morning's CDC meeting.

12:00: The LLOPS meeting begins. During the hour my group talks about how we are using the Internet, how we educate and train our patrons, what technical challenges we wrestle with, and what search engines we use. The other groups are also abuzz. As the meeting is breaking up, I talk to the editor of our chapter newsletter and offer to write an article summarizing our discussion.<sup>3</sup> I ride the bus back to the University District with several colleagues.

1:45: Back in my office, I check e-mail again. It's gaining on me—I have received many more messages today than I have been able even to skim.

2:00: Tomorrow I am giving a guest lecture on foreign and international legal research in Mary Hotchkiss's Advanced Legal Bibliography class. I have given similar talks recently, so I just need to update the handout a little. I sign on to LEXIS-NEXIS and WESTLAW and discover some new databases to add to the table listing foreign law sources available online. Among other things, I notice that WESTLAW has added a database with case law from Singapore, Malaysia, and Brunei. After an hour of tinkering, I decide the handout is ready to reproduce for tomorrow's class.

3:00: I begin a two-hour shift in the Reference Office. I continue gathering materials for the new negotiations lecturer, searching *Legal Resource Index*, *Expanded Academic Index*, *Business Index*, and *PsycInfo*.

An attorney telephones, asking how to research Singapore law. I tell him about Reynolds and Flores<sup>4</sup> and recommend it as a starting point for his research. I also tell him that Singapore cases are now on WESTLAW (pleased to share something I learned so recently). A variety of other patrons telephone and come in during my shift.

5:00: Back in my office, I talk to Peggy about a faculty project she's working on. I return to my e-mail for one last look. There's a message from

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1. <<http://www.law.harvard.edu/groups/pon/>>

2. Law Librarians of Puget Sound, a chapter of AALL.

3. See Mary Whisner, *Using the Internet for Reference*, LLOPSCITED, March 1997, at 1. See also Mary A. Hotchkiss, *Resource Roundtable on Training*, *id.* at 4; Rick Stroup, *The New Meaning of Acquisitions*, *id.* at 5.

4. THOMAS H. REYNOLDS & ARTURO A. FLORES, *FOREIGN LAW: CURRENT SOURCES OF CODES AND BASIC LEGISLATION IN JURISDICTIONS OF THE WORLD* (1989).

the associate dean asking for faculty volunteers to lead a colloquium on the effective use of research assistants. I want the library to participate, so I e-mail Penny, the other reference librarians, and the head of circulation services.

5:35: I turn off my monitor and head out of the library.

5:36: I remember that I wanted to send an e-mail message to the faculty adviser for the Jessup moot court team. One of the students had asked me to meet with the team to help them with international law research. I return to my desk, log back on e-mail, and take care of that.

5:50: I turn off my monitor and head home. Another day, and my e-mail and paper have piled up. Again.

**Leonette Williams\***  
*Above and Beyond*

Most days begin with a "bitch session." I feel strongly that open communication between colleagues contributes to better work performance. Work days are busy for everyone, so I make a practice of seeking out fellow librarians and staff members for a few moments of informal conversation. For me the open window of time at the beginning of each day is just right for a few minutes of shared thoughts. My approach is to casually sit down with the selected individual of the morning and just start talking about whatever comes to mind. Earlier I referred to this conversation as a "bitch session" and for good reason; the majority of times someone wants to unload their personal thoughts on someone else or something going on in the library. It's surprising how much can be shared and gained from a ten-minute nonjudgmental, nonthreatening dialogue. An opening remark about today's headline or last evening's sitcom can expand into a variety of directions, including professional topics. Over time these sessions foster better and friendlier personal and professional relations that make it easier for colleagues to work together. There's nothing like trashing the boss or "him" or "her" to create a bond.



My title reads "Associate Director for Collections and Technical Services." For those who prefer a simplistic and generic description, I am the head of technical services. My position entails all the standard responsibilities that are usually part of a position with this title. But there are some other areas that are not so evident from the position title. They are "above and beyond" what my

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job description calls for and they often fill a good part of my day, although, of course, no day is typical. Every day offers something different.

Practically every day I put on my firefighter outfit. Fires may be large or small—the key is to prevent small fires from becoming large fires and to put out all fires as quickly as possible. Someone's unexpected and different way of looking at something can be kindling for a fire just waiting to ignite at the first spark of disagreement. Or a seemingly innocuous procedure can be ignored for a little too long, and pop!—a fireball suddenly bursts forth. Fires demand immediate attention and I stop whatever I'm doing to devote my full attention to dousing the fire. The smoke may linger for a while but I'll keep working to wave it aside and return us to clear skies. The most disturbing fire is the one which I cause. Even after practicing fire prevention techniques for many years I can still ignore a burning ember, albeit unintentionally, and accidentally start a flame.

As you would expect, the majority of my time is spent in the Technical Services Department. Each day I meet informally with the two librarians in my department who manage the acquisitions and cataloging functions. Currently the two librarians in technical services are relatively new to the profession of law librarianship. Both are extremely bright and enthusiastic about their new profession, and I believe both will become future leaders in the profession. Their fresh view has changed several procedures for the better. Because of their talent they have made my task of teaching them their new responsibilities (and serving as their supervisor) sheer joy. This is not to say that they will not need instruction, guidance, and mentorship for some time to come; it is to point out that, because of their competency, more time is open for me. I enjoy working with them on such things as tracking down requests for items where insufficient information is given, examining entire ranges of the collection title by title for the purpose of reclassifying it, analyzing serials with potential problems, offering suggestions for added subject entries, and figuring out how best to handle a difficult faculty request.

Collection development is my favorite activity. The Acquisitions Librarian has responsibility for Anglo-American selection and ordering up to a certain monetary figure. She refers titles above the specified figure to the library's director or me for authorization to purchase. International and foreign law is selected by a committee on which I serve as chair; the committee is composed of the senior reference librarian, the foreign/international reference librarian, and a library staff member fluent in Chinese who handles selection for Asian jurisdictions. I regularly monitor many sources for reviews of new books to keep apprised of the current state of legal and nonlegal publishing. In addition, I review all acquisitions invoices slated for payment. This review provides direct information on expenditures and leads me to closely examine potential titles for cancellation. As a result I continuously prepare lists of titles by subject or publisher for the librarians and selected faculty members to review. I consult



with the law faculty members on collection development matters so frequently that I am sure they believe it is my own money comprising the acquisitions budget.

Our philosophy on hiring is to find the best and the brightest. As a result, our library assistants generally remain with us an average of three years. Most have gone on to become librarians or have pursued master's or doctoral degree programs. It seems that in any given year there is always someone to be trained in technical services. I now accept the fact that training new staff is a constant part of my job. For me to keep current with what's going on in my department, I need to participate in training all levels of personnel. By becoming involved in training, the teacher is forced to first become the student. When I learn new library operations or software updates, I either feel pride in my ability to grasp new concepts at lightning speed or I feel just plain stupid. Experiencing both feelings is good; it helps me set realistic goals for new employees.

If this were a parody essay, I'd entitle the two formally scheduled meetings that I attend "The Horror." In practice, the two meetings are commendable; in my moments of paranoia they are dreaded trials of tribulation. The two meetings are the weekly administrative meeting and a computing meeting every third week. The purpose of the administrative meeting is to ensure that time is set aside each week for the librarians involved with administration to share their noteworthy activities and to discuss library matters of mutual concern. The meeting is necessary. However, in the presence of the library director and esteemed colleagues, a strong pressure exists to contribute something worthwhile. Quite frankly, sometimes weeks go by without anything noteworthy happening. More times than I care to admit, I feel like a character in a Dilbert cartoon scrambling to make something out of nothing. The only saving grace is that my colleagues share the same feeling. In defense of the meeting, it does force each of us to take a more critical look at our areas than we otherwise would. The computing meeting is more challenging for me since the attendees—with the notable exception of the assistant director and me—are computer nerds. The two of us learn and observe a great deal more than we contribute. However, neither one of us wants to be excluded from the meeting because we fear that our departmental needs would be relegated to a low position on the list of computing priorities. For example, if I hadn't been at these meetings to harp on the extraordinary boot time (i.e., those lost moments when a computer gears up) experienced by various staff members, some of us would still be using 286 PCs instead of Pentiums. I think it was the completion of a king-size quilt made during boot time that convinced everyone an upgrade was due. In fairness to the "nerd squad," our library couldn't have a better group of computing people. The director of computing is blessed with intelligence and the ability to translate nerdese into lay terms with charming diplomacy.

I think that the director of my library has a great deal in common with

Captain Jean Luc Picard of the Starship Enterprise on the *Star Trek* television and movie series.<sup>1</sup> Captain Picard runs one of the finest fleets in Star Fleet. His officers have been selected from the top graduates at Star Fleet Academy. From his no-nonsense approach to management you are aware that he expects all of his officers to be highly competent and to perform at high levels. His one clear direction is to "make it happen." Captain Picard does not address his top officers by name, but addresses them by their function: "Number One," "Counselor," "Doctor," and "Chief Engineer." Although he places a distinct distance between himself and his crew, he has shown a selected few a personal side. Star Trek fans will recall that Captain Picard stood as Worf's "second" during Worf's battle to regain his family name from the Klingon Empire. Captain Picard is not married, he does not have children, and his work is his life. In the years and years of intergalactic space travel he has had but two real romances: Commander Darrian and an archaeologist unrelated to ship's personnel or Star Fleet. He has visited his family, a brother and his brother's family, only once. He makes all the tough decisions but never without first consulting his officers. He gives his officers the confidence to speak their opinions and though they may not always agree with Captain Picard's decisions, they will carry out his orders. He confronts danger straight-on and never backs down. I have great faith in the creativity of law librarians and know that you can carry out the analogy of the library to the Enterprise without further elaboration. I don't see myself as any one particular character on the Enterprise; more like a combination of Counselor Troy, Doctor Crusher, and Worf. Serving on the Enterprise can be challenging but I am proud to be aboard.

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1. I mean the character of Captain Picard, not Patrick Stewart, the actor who portrays the character.

