According to legend, blues guitarist Robert Johnson sold his soul to the devil to be successful. This article traces a 40-year career in law librarianship full of unforeseen events, both bad and good decisions, and sometimes just good luck. Hopefully, the lessons learned along the way will make others’ professional lives easier than Robert Johnson’s.

1 I suspect that few of you who are reading this thought you would have a career as a law librarian—or any type of librarian—when you were a child. Flash back to 1958:

Mommy: What do you want to be when you grow up, Jimmy?
Jimmy (age 8): I want to be a law school librarian, Mommy. It looks like fun. I can work with smart people who want to help other people and answer questions and teach and write articles and attend conferences and have 5 weeks of vacation every year.

It didn’t happen that way, of course. But sixty years later, it would have been a good answer to my mom’s question. And far more realistic than playing shortstop for the Detroit Tigers.¹

2 In the next few pages I will tell you how I got to where I am today, a few months from my retirement. If you are thinking “musings of an old man,” I guess they are. But my goal is to share some of the things I learned during my 40 plus years as a law librarian.

3 As for the title, capitalizing the “T” in “The Crossroads” is not an error. We come to crossroads every day when we make decisions; some are minor, some are important. Others are really important, like decisions to quit or take a job. As for the article’s style, the changes between past and present tense are intentional. This may not be grammatically correct, but I think it’s more interesting this way.

4 I learned four major lessons during my career. They appear below in the “30 Lessons Learned,” but I want to emphasize them now. The first is Baseball Hall of Fame catcher Yogi Berra’s line, “When you come to a fork in the road, take it.” Nike

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* © James S. Heller, 2018. The title is taken from one of my favorite albums, Retrospective: The Best of Buffalo Springfield, and the song Crossroads by Robert Johnson. Thanks to Fred Dingledy, Michael Umberger, and Betta Labanish for reviewing the article. Credit any errors and anything you don’t like about the article to me, not them.
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put it another way: “Just Do It.” Use your best judgment—which often includes first seeking input from others—and make a decision. Usually you’ll be right. If you’re not, fix it. The second follows from the first: it’s fine to make mistakes, but try to learn something from them. The third is that many things in life are unplanned—including your career. Stuff happens. The last one is very simple: hire great people.

¶5 It may help to give you a brief outline of my career in reverse chronological order—sort of like the film Memento. Here are some highlights:

• 1988–2018: Director of the Law Library and Professor at William & Mary
• 1983–1988: Director of the Law Library and Professor of Law at the University of Idaho
• 1980–1983: Head of the Civil Division Library, U.S. Department of Justice
• 1977–1980: Associate Law Librarian for Reader Services at George Washington University
• 1976–1977: Library student at UC Berkeley
• 1973–1976: Law student at the University of San Diego
• 1972–1973: Permanent substitute teacher at Central High School in Detroit
• 1967–1971: Undergraduate student at the University of Michigan
• 1965–1967: Mumford High School, Detroit, Michigan

Now let’s proceed in chronological order.

¶6 After getting my undergraduate degree at the University of Michigan in 1971, I traveled a bit and then took a job as a permanent substitute teacher at Central High School. While working at Central, I applied for a teaching job in Australia and to several law schools in California. (If you are from cold and dreary Detroit, it’s easy to be enamored with warm and sunny southern California.) Looking through the 1972 Pre-Law Handbook I saw that there were three law schools in San Diego. Two looked promising, but I didn’t know which one was “better.” A friend of mine, who in 1972 was a 1L at Hastings, told me that USD was the better school. So that’s where I went. Let’s call this—

¶7 Lesson #1 and Stroke of Luck #1: Talk to someone who knows the answer—or knows someone who does. As for USD, I did pretty well and played in a band. Forty-five years later, my best friends are those with whom I went to law school.

Work study jobs were plentiful, and I ended up working at the USD Law Library circulation desk. Checked out and reshelved books, filed BNA releases . . . the typical stuff we did in the days of print. During my second year my roommate and I got part-time jobs working for a solo practitioner. As a 3L, in addition to working for the lawyer, playing in the band, and working in the law library, I did an externship at the San Diego City Attorney Office.7

I was offered a job with the lawyer but wasn't excited about practicing law. I didn't think I had the temperament; juggling dozens of cases at the same time would keep me up at night. I enjoyed working in the law library under Myra Saunders,8 who had just begun her career as head of circulation at USD. (Myra would attend law school at USD and eventually became director of the UCLA Law Library.) I had some conversations with Joe Ciesielski9 (the director of the USD Law Library), with Myra, and with two bandmates who worked in the library (Joe Simpson and Larry Dershem) and thought, “maybe I’ll be a law librarian.” Maybe . . . maybe not.

Showing great commitment to a career in librarianship, I applied to only one library school—UC Berkeley. It was in-state and had a one-year program. To see whether I meant more to Berkeley than it did to me—a 3L’s ego can be quite astounding—I told the school that I wouldn’t take the GRE because I was a third-year law student and would then study for the California bar exam. Accept me and I’m yours. Reject me and I practice law. Berkeley accepted me and gave me a free education and a job as a work study student in the library at the Center for the Study of Law and Society.10

Lesson #2: Don’t be afraid to ask. If someone says “no,” you aren’t worse off than you would have been had you not asked the question. This applies to negotiating with publishers, too; you often can get significant discounts for digital products.11

After taking the California bar exam, I went home to Detroit for a few weeks and took a side trip to Ann Arbor. I figured I’d pop into the University of Michigan Law Library and introduce myself to the director, Beverley Pooley,12 whom I had never met.

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Me: Hi. Is there a chance Ms. Pooley is here?

Law Library Desk Attendant: Oh... It’s Mr. Pooley. Unfortunately he is out of town. Would you like to meet with Margaret Leary, the associate law librarian?

Me: No, that’s OK. Thanks anyway.

Yes, Beverley Pooley was a man, born in England, where Beverley was not an uncommon male name. And if I couldn’t talk to the director, I wasn’t going to talk to anyone. So thank you, but no. I don’t need to meet Margaret Leary.

¶13 **Lessons #3(a) and (b):** Don’t be cocky, and do your research. I should have known that Beverley Pooley was a man, and I should have been excited to meet with Margaret. She succeeded Pooley as director at Michigan and served as AALL president in 1988–1989.

¶14 In August 1976, after taking the California bar exam, I moved to Oakland to work toward my MLS at UC Berkeley. I knew that Myron Jacobstein was the director of the Stanford Law Library because we used the book *Fundamentals of Legal Research* that he coauthored with Roy Mersky in our 1L Legal Research class at USD. I also knew that Prof. Jacobstein was pretty important in the law library profession; he was vice president/president-elect of AALL in 1977–1978 and would serve as president in 1978–1979. Before I left San Diego, I sent a letter to Prof. Jacobstein explaining that I had finished law school at USD, would soon attend library school at Berkeley, and hoped to meet him before classes began in September. Prof. Jacobstein graciously invited me to check in with him when I got to Berkeley and asked me to send him my résumé.

¶15 After getting established in Oakland, I put on my only pair of khaki pants and a button-down shirt, drive down to Palo Alto, go to the law library, and see Prof. Jacobstein's secretary. She does the intercom thing on the phone, tells him that I am waiting outside, and a minute later he opens his door and welcomes me to Stanford. I enter his office and sit down.

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15. Berkeley no longer offers the MLS degree. The School of Librarianship has gone through several name and programmatic changes: School of Library and Information Studies (SLIS) in 1976, School of Information Management and Systems (SIMS) in 1994, and School of Information in 2006. History, Berkeley Sch. of Info., https://www.ischool.berkeley.edu/about/history [https://perma.cc/WH2C-D7MA].


Jacobstein: It’s nice meeting you, Jim. But I have to say that I’m a little disappointed.  
Me: [Speechless. What did I do wrong? Should I have worn a tie? Was my shirt improperly buttoned . . . my zipper open?]  
Jacobstein: When I received your résumé in the mail I saw that you were from Detroit. I also was raised in Detroit. And then I saw that you taught at Central High School. I went to Central about 40 years ago. And then, after talking to you on the phone, I was certain you were black. I was excited; we need more minorities in our profession.

¶16 Well, there was nothing I could do about that. Our conversation continued as one might guess. Prof. Jacobstein asked about growing up in Detroit. I told him that I graduated from Mumford High, and that my mother went to Central. (Apparently he and my mom overlapped for a year or two.) It was a pleasant conversation, and six months later I was taking the legal research class he taught in Berkeley’s MLS program. It so happened that Prof. Jacobstein took ill for a week or two and asked me to substitute-teach the class. I can’t recall exactly what topics I covered, but it probably was the very nearsighted (me) teaching the blind (my classmates).

¶17 Stroke of Luck #2: I meet an important law librarian, we’re both from Detroit, and he and my mom graduated from the same high school where I taught many years later.

¶18 I’m now in library school at Berkeley and working 10 hours a week in the library of the Center for the Study of Law and Society. It’s early 1977; time to search for a job. Two opportunities in academic law libraries look somewhat appealing: a reference librarian position at Louisiana State University and head of reader services at George Washington University. I also receive a phone call from Roy Mersky at the University of Texas inviting me to come to Austin—at my expense. I tell Prof. Mersky (years later I call him “Roy”) that I can’t afford to pay for a flight to Austin, and think that’s the end of it. I had yet to learn how Roy Mersky operated.

¶19 Lance Dickson, the director at LSU’s Law Library, invites me to interview in Baton Rouge. I happily accept. Within 24 hours I receive a call from Roy at UT:

Roy: I understand that you are going to interview at LSU. You can piggyback a flight to Austin when you go to Baton Rouge, and I’ll pay for it.
Me: That sounds fine, Prof. Mersky. But I’ll first have to check with Prof. Dickson to see if it is OK with him.
Roy: I already talked to Lance. It’s fine with him.

¶20 I call Lance, who verifies that this is OK. (He is one of many law library directors who early in their careers worked for Roy.) I visit Baton Rouge and am very impressed with Lance and the LSU Law Library. I’m not familiar with the Deep South, however. When we leave the library at the end of the visit, Lance wants to impress me with their historic collection. He pulls a worn leather-bound book from the shelf, opens it up, and out falls a large (and thankfully dead) cockroach.19

¶21 It was then on to Austin. The staff seemed impressed that UT paid for me to come to Austin, as that wasn’t Roy’s modus operandi. Neither were hotels. Bob

19. See Harry Ransom Center, Approaches to Insect Problems in Papers and Books, Univ. of Tex. at Austin, http://www.hrc.utexas.edu/conservation/resources/insects/ [https://perma.cc/QNL3-43T7].
Berring\textsuperscript{20} was the deputy at UT, and I stayed at his house during my visit. I thought it was a bit strange that I didn’t know what job I was interviewing for; apparently Roy’s staff didn’t either. It looked like Roy was checking me out, probably at the recommendation of Mike Jacobstein. In later years, Roy would tell me that I was the only person who turned him down for his or her first job as a law librarian. I told Roy that he never offered me a job.

\textsuperscript{22} Sometime that spring, a reference librarian position opened up at Boalt. I had gotten to know Bob Doyle,\textsuperscript{21} the head of reference services, quite well. It was arranged that I would have that job come August. I called to thank Lance Dickson for offering me a job at LSU, but told him that I would begin my career at Berkeley. I also called Roy to tell him that I’d be at Berkeley. (I guess I could have said that I wouldn’t accept the job he hadn’t offered me.) I hadn’t heard back from George Washington, so I didn’t have to call Hugh Bernard, the director.

\textsuperscript{23} Life is looking good; I would stay in California, keep my apartment in Oakland, and have a job at one of the best law libraries in the United States working with Bob Doyle. In June I would finish library school and head back to Detroit to visit family and old friends for a few weeks.

\textsuperscript{24} Before I left for Detroit, I asked Bob Doyle about a contract. Bob told me they’d have one for me pretty soon. On to Detroit, where a strange thing happened: I get a letter from Mr. Bernard offering me a job as head of reader services at GW. Strange because (1) I had never heard back from GW after submitting my application months earlier; (2) I hadn’t interviewed at GW, in person or over the phone; and (3) why would they hire me, fresh out of school, as a department head?

\textsuperscript{25} I again called Bob Doyle about a contract. Bob told me they should have it for me when I returned to Berkeley at the end of July. Knowing about birds and hands, I called Hugh Bernard, thanked him for the offer, and asked if I could have two weeks to decide. A few days later I bought a used Plymouth, picked up two people in Ann Arbor who wanted a ride to California and would share gas bills, and headed west on I-94.

\textsuperscript{26} I got to Oakland Thursday, July 28, with an appointment to meet with Bob the next morning, planning to sign the contract and begin work on Monday, August 1. When I saw Bob Friday morning and his first words were “Let’s go have a cup of coffee,” I figured something wasn’t right. It wasn’t. Someone who was interested in the reference librarian position filed a complaint because the law library hadn’t advertised the position. Bob said (1) I couldn’t start work on Monday; (2) they would re-advertise the position; and (3) they still hoped to hire me.

\textsuperscript{27} I called Mike Jacobstein at Stanford to seek his counsel. After telling Mr. Jacobstein (I always called him “Mr. Jacobstein”) what just happened and that I had an offer from GW, he said “Go to GW.”

\textsuperscript{28} I went to Bob’s office and told him I was going to GW. I also said that I wanted to meet with his director, Val Mostecky. Summoning up everything I learned in the contracts class I took at USD a few years earlier, I told Mr. Mostecky that I


relied on assertions that I would have a job at Berkeley, had to pack up and move 3000 miles to Washington, D.C., and was financially harmed by what had transpired. Within an hour I had a check in my hand. Time to pack up and head east.

¶29 **Lesson #4:** If a bird flies into your hand (the offer from GW), don’t let it fly away or crush it; you may need it later.

¶30 I now have two cars in Oakland: the Plymouth I bought in Detroit a few weeks ago and my 1967 Chevy Nova. Within a week I sell the Chevy, get out of my lease, say goodbye to some friends, and call my friend Joe Simpson in San Diego (Joe was head of technical services at the USD Law Library and the bass player in our band) and ask if he wants to drive to D.C. with me. Joe says “sure.” I get a trailer hitch for the Plymouth, put my stuff in a U-Haul, and head down Highway 1 toward San Diego.

¶31 We left San Diego on August 16, 1977—the day Elvis died. We drove east on I-40, taking a photo of ourselves standing on a corner in Winslow, Arizona. A few days later we landed in Washington, D.C. I’d begin work at GW in less than a week and had to find a place to live.

¶32 I happen upon an apartment complex in Glover Park. Ms. Jones, the kindly middle-aged manager of the complex, says, “I’m sorry, but we don’t have anything available and we have a long waiting list.” I engage in some casual conversation with Ms. Jones, making sure to tell her that I’m a librarian who will start work at GW in a few days. She opens up a notebook, thumbs through it for a few seconds, and says, “You’re in luck. We do have an available apartment.”

¶33 **Lesson #5:** Landlords like to rent to librarians. They think we’re bookish and quiet.

¶34 It’s my first day at work at GW as associate law librarian for reader services. My work space is a cubby adjacent to the circulation desk, which is on the third floor of the Jacob Burns Law Library, a facility not at all designed for students. I’m in charge of circulation, interlibrary loans, reference . . . and serials control. Why serials was part of Reader Services I didn’t know, but I never questioned it. Reference was me; there were no other reference librarians on GW’s staff, although the associate director, Bob Bidwell, enjoyed helping when he had time.

¶35 That afternoon I walk around the library and see a wall full of books bound in blue buckram: the *Federal Register*. Standing in front of the books is a fellow dressed in a suit and tie who appears to be about 30 years old. He looks confused, so I ask whether he needs some help.

Man in suit: I’m trying to find the index to the *Federal Register*, but don’t see it here.
Me: I don’t think there is an index to the *Register*.

Man in suit: I’m pretty certain there is.
Me: I don’t think so.

Man in suit: Who are you?

The man in the suit was Jim Hambleton. Jim was a librarian at Arnold & Porter going to GW’s law school at night. He knew a whole lot more about legal research than I did.

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Stroke of Luck #3: Meeting Jim Hambleton, who has been a close friend for 40 years. Lesson #6: Try to help people. Even when you can’t answer their question right away—or make a fool of yourself—you will learn something. And you may find a new friend.

Hugh Bernard was a supportive director. Within a short period of time he agreed to our hiring two new reference librarians, one specializing in government documents, the other in audio-visual support. New to the law school and trying to promote my being there, that fall I began writing a humorous (at least I thought it was) research column in the law school newspaper called “In Between the Sheets.” Borrowing from the Rolling Stones, I wrote in the first article, “The title of the column is self-explanatory—all answers can be found in between the sheets of paper in any number of legal publications.” Not long thereafter, the editor of Law Library Lights, the newsletter of the Law Librarians’ Society of Washington, D.C. (LLSDC), asked whether they could add “Sheets” as a regular column in the newsletter. Of course I readily agreed.

Lesson #7: If you write something, someone may actually want to publish it.

I attended my first AALL Annual Meeting in Rochester, New York, in July 1978. AALL used to have three-day institutes, and I went to one in Buffalo that was held right before the Rochester meeting. AALL limited the number of attendees at the institutes, and there were maybe sixty to seventy in Buffalo. The institutes were a great way for someone new to the profession to start out. In Rochester I hung out with several people I met in Buffalo, and did so at AALL meetings many years thereafter.

Roy Mersky coordinated the Buffalo institute. At the closing dinner Roy had the attendees come to the podium where he passed out certificates and made a few comments. More formal clothes were appropriate for an event like this, and I was wearing the only suit I owned—a horrible plaid number. Roy calls my name, I come up to get my certificate, and Roy says in the microphone “somewhere in Texas there’s a horse that’s very cold tonight.” I bought a new suit when I returned to D.C.

The years of 1978 and 1979 were auspicious ones. We had great luck with the law library’s first two college interns, Eileen McCarrier for the fall 1978 semester, and Janet Crowther for spring 1979. Their experience at GW working mostly with Reference/Audio-Visual Librarian Kathy Larson confirmed their interest in librarianship, and both have had successful careers. In 1979 I also hired several GW law students to work in our library. Just about all of them followed me to the

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26. After I went to the Civil Library at DOJ in February 1980, Eileen followed later that year and became the assistant Civil Division librarian. She is manager of research services at Pillsbury, Winthrop Shaw Pittman in McLean, Virginia. After her internship at GW, Janet went to the U.S. Court of Claims/Court of Customs Appeals, to Kirkland & Ellis (both D.C. and Chicago), to the Idaho State Library, and to the Williamsburg Regional Library, where she’s the deputy director. If you’re wondering why Janet has lived in both Moscow, Idaho, and Williamsburg, Virginia, it’s because we got married thirty-two years ago. Stroke of Luck #4: (Get really good interns.); Lesson #8: (Marry one of them.)
Department of Justice after I began working there in February 1980. Two, Donna Bausch and Linda Corbelli became law librarians.

Lesson #9: Hire smart, hard-working students, give them interesting things to do, and they may follow the same career path as yours. (If you missed Lesson #8, it’s in note 26.)

I left GW in February 1980 after a couple of interesting experiences with the law faculty and library administration. One day in the spring of 1979, while having coffee in the library’s seventh floor lounge, I heard yelling coming from Mr. Bernard’s office around the corner. I went to see what the commotion was about, and there was one of the faculty members whom I’ll call Prof. H: “How would you like it if someone did this to your office?” he yelled, then put his meaty arm on Bernard’s desk and swept it clean. Mr. Bernard was not young, and he wasn’t big. Here’s how I recall the conversation:

Me: Excuse me. Is there anything I can help with?
Prof. H: Who are you?
Me: I’m Jim Heller, the head of public services.
Prof. H: Are you the one who had a student come into my office?
Me: Yes. We do an annual inventory of books in faculty offices. I sent all faculty members a memo and asked you to let me know if you wanted to be in your office when the inventory takes place.
Prof. H: I’ll get you.

As Prof. H lunges at me, Mr. Bernard comes up from behind, puts Prof. H in some kind of judo hold, and drives him out the door. This was quite a feat; Prof. H was probably 5’6” and weighed 200 lbs. Mr. Bernard was about 5’6” and weighed 130. As he’s being unceremoniously escorted from the library, Prof. H yells at me, “I have a gun in my office and I’ll use it if I have to.”

Lesson #10: Don’t tangle with someone a lot smaller than you; he may know judo . . . or worse.

Mr. Bernard told me not to worry about Prof. H; he wouldn’t shoot me. I made an appointment to speak with Jerome Barron, the dean of GW’s law school, who pretty much told me the same thing. I contacted GW’s personnel department (like every other place, it’s called Human Resources now), and they told me that while a faculty member or a student could file a complaint against a professor, a staff member had no such right. So I contacted the university police. They visited Prof. H’s office and confiscated the gun that was in his desk.

Lesson #11: You don’t have to take “no” for an answer.

What prompted me to leave GW was an incident that happened later that fall. Sometime in mid-November 1979, on a Monday, Mr. Bernard calls and asks me to come to his office.

27. Donna is the law librarian for the Norfolk Law Library and executive director of the Norfolk & Portsmouth Bar Association.
28. Linda is a research librarian at the Supreme Court of the United States Library. She held prior positions at the Executive Office of the President Law Library, the Association of the Bar of the City of New York, and the Law Library of Congress.
Mr. Bernard: Mr. Heller, your future at GW hangs by a shoestring.
Me: Excuse me?
Mr. Bernard: Your future here hangs by a shoestring because of what happened this weekend.
Me: I have no idea what you’re referring to.
Mr. Bernard: Prof. X just came into my office, and he told me that you had a student call him at his home to ask about a book that the professor had checked out from the library.
Me: I don’t know what you are talking about.
Mr. Bernard: Did you tell a student that Prof. X had checked out a book the student wanted, and then gave the student his phone number?
Me: No. I don’t know anything about this.
Mr. Bernard: I’m sorry then. Maybe you can find out what happened.

¶49 Apparently a law student came to the circulation desk that past weekend when one of our student workers was staffing the desk. The student couldn’t find a particular book in the stacks, so he asked the circulation desk student whether it was checked out. The circulation desk student looked through the manual records (we kept a cardboard card in the back of a book; when the book was checked out we put the card in a file box at the circulation desk) and found that the book was checked out to Prof. X. The student who wanted the book, on his own accord, called Prof. X at his home and asked when he planned to be done using it. Prof. X was so upset that a student phoned him at home that he complained to Mr. Bernard.

¶50 After having my boss accuse me of something that I didn’t do—or even know anything about—I went to my desk and typed a resignation letter. It probably went something like this: “I hereby resign my position as Associate Law Librarian for Reader Services effective February 22, 1980. Thank you for the opportunity to work at GW. I learned a great deal in this, my first professional job.” I put the letter in an envelope and delivered it to Mr. Bernard. (I picked February 22 for two reasons: first, it was George Washington’s birthday so I thought that was kind of clever; second, it gave me three months to find another job.)

¶51 A short time later Mr. Bernard called, apologized, and asked me to withdraw my resignation. I told him I wouldn’t. Mr. Bernard must have spoken to the dean, because the next day Jerome Barron asked me to come to his office where he, too, asked me to reconsider. I gave Dean Barron the same answer I gave Mr. Bernard. I was leaving GW.

¶52 Lesson #12: It’s much easier to quit a job without another one lined up if you don’t have responsibility for other people, like a spouse and/or kids. I don’t recommend this for everyone, but three decades later both of my sons did the same thing.

¶53 The best-connected law librarian in Washington, D.C., in 1979 was Maureen Moore, head librarian at the U.S. Department of Justice. A few days after I resigned my phone rings.

Maureen: Hi Jim. This is Maureen Moore. I understand you are leaving GW.
Me: Hi Maureen. How do you know? This just happened.
Maureen: I have my ways. Are you free for lunch sometime next week?

At that lunch Maureen offered me a job as the head of DOJ’s Civil Division Library, explaining that it could use some new blood. In February 1980 I joined DOJ—and at a huge salary increase.

¶54 I learned a lot during my two and a half years at GW, often by making mistakes. Most important, I learned that I had a lot to learn. There would always be people who knew more than me, and they invariably were willing to share what they knew. I tried to do the same. At GW, I wanted our student workers to learn all sorts of things—especially about legal research. When I was trying to answer a research question and student assistants were around, I’d ask them to come with me and we would work on the problem together. (Remember that legal research was done in print sources, so we would move around the library to locate the necessary materials.) A half dozen GW law students followed me to DOJ, as did Kathy Larson, who became head of DOJ’s Civil Rights Division Library in April 1980.

¶55 So now I’m at DOJ. The 300+ Civil Division attorneys are spread among three buildings. The Main Justice Building on Pennsylvania Avenue houses the Federal Programs and Appellate staff; the Torts and Commercial Litigation units are in separate buildings a few blocks away. The “home” of the Civil Division library is in the main building. My first day I walk around, introduce myself to the lawyers and other DOJ librarians, and sit down with Maureen Moore to get a sense of how the main and division libraries operate and what she expects of me.

¶56 The Civil Division library needed work. The collection was not properly maintained, and the attorneys were getting little help from the staff. An example about the collection: I had a large office, and there was a locked door within it. One of our staff members was a young man named Charles.

Me: Charles, what’s in the closet?
Charles: Your office key should open it. But when you do, stand back.

¶57 I unlock the door. Books and boxes pile out. I look in. Hundreds of never-opened boxes, pocket parts, and shrink-wrapped books. For the last couple of years, newly received volumes for titles like the USCA and West digests were thrown into the closet, along with issues of the Congressional Record and Federal Register, pocket parts, CCH releases, and the DOJ Manual. Civil Division attorneys were using materials one or two years out of date. Then again, maybe they weren’t; maybe they gave up some time ago and were using the Antitrust Library across the hall or the main DOJ library.

¶58 The first order of business was telling the attorneys that the library’s collection would soon be in good shape. With the help of a couple of students who followed me to DOJ we got everything updated within a few weeks and promoted the fact that the collection was current and the staff was there to help.

¶59 Lesson #13: Libraries are like restaurants. A restaurant that has a nice (or at least interesting) atmosphere, good food, and good service will have new—and repeat—customers.

¶60 Besides offering a current collection and solid research assistance, we did other things to get more customers. The Civil Library collection was shelved in a long corridor outside my and a lot of attorneys’ offices. That corridor was the “highway” for the Civil Division; it led to the Great Hall of Justice on one end (the Hall featured two partially nude statues that former attorney general John Ashcroft
covered with drapes in 2002), and to more lawyers’ offices on the other, including the assistant attorneys general and other supervisors.

§61 Outside my office, attached to one of the shelf ends about seven feet from the floor, was a rectangular sign holder. Every morning I placed a piece of cardboard in the sign with a Latin word or phrase on one side and an English translation on the other. Depending on what side of the corridor you were coming from, you could try to translate Latin to English, or English to Latin. Knowing that many people were sports fans, in the morning I clipped the baseball, football, basketball, and/or hockey results and standings from the Washington Post and taped it to the end panel under the English/Latin sign.

§62 Signs and scores worked pretty well, but we had to establish a reputation for good and prompt research. It didn’t take long to see that one of our staff members was not well suited for the job. DOJ head librarian Maureen Moore agreed. She moved that person to a different division, and we hired Eileen McCarrier, our first library intern at GW who was finishing her library degree. Pretty soon we were running at full speed.

§63 Lesson #14: If you want to lead a horse to water, you must have water. Lesson #15: If you want the horse to drink, have good water.

§64 While I was at Justice I joined the AALL Copyright Committee. I can’t recall why, but Lolly Gasaway, director of the University of North Carolina Law Library who was chairing the committee, may have asked me. Someone—maybe Lolly—asked me to write a report for AALL to the U.S. Copyright Office on the King Research study on library copying. So I did. Then Roger Jacobs, who was the librarian of the Supreme Court of the United States at that time and served as AALL president from 1981–1982, suggested I submit it to Law Library Journal for publication. And the Journal published it. I learned a lot more about copyright and libraries, which is mainly what I wrote and talked about for the next 30 years.

§65 Lesson #16: When you come to a fork in the road, take it. (Yogi Berra)

§66 The DOJ job was great—and I also got to play shortstop on the Civil Division softball team. But I wanted to get back to academia and began to look for law school jobs after a couple of years. It took a full year, after interviewing at several law schools, to finally find a good fit at the University of Idaho College of Law.


32. A decade later at William & Mary we hired a local company to bring in and staff a muffin and coffee cart in the library lobby. Different product but same effect: it brought people in.


35. Roger Jacobs, Univ. of Notre Dame, the Law Sch., https://law.nd.edu/directory/roger-jacobs/ [https://perma.cc/R3F3-257T]; see also AALL, supra note 30, at 117 (Roger F. Jacobs).


A couple of unsuccessful interviews stand out. I’ll call them Law School A and Law School B. Law School A arranged what I’ll call a “passive interview” for the library director position. For a couple of hours I was told to sit in a small room where faculty who wanted to see me would stop by; fewer than 10 did. Either the faculty weren’t interested in me, they weren’t interested in the next law library director, or they weren’t interested in the library. Any of these by themselves would be fatal, and I withdrew my application.

Law School B was a unit of a religious university. A day after returning home from the interview I received a phone call from one of the associate deans telling me that the law school would not consider me further. When I asked why, he told me that I said “Jesus Christ” during my presentation to the faculty. I clearly wasn’t a good fit for them.

Lesson #17: Before you take a job, make sure that you are a good fit for the institution, and that the institution is a good fit for you.

The University of Idaho was perfect. I was ready to leave D.C., and Moscow seemed like a great college town. I was hired to take over from a fine gentleman named Walter McLeod, who was retiring as law library director. The small law school was the right size for a new director: 300 students, fewer than twenty faculty, and a nine-person library staff.

At Idaho you could get things done. If you wanted to see the dean, just pop in. If you wanted control over teaching legal research to the 1Ls, you came to the right place. I think I was able to add a bit of energy to a very good and experienced staff.

Lesson #18: Energy is contagious. Staff feed on it, and it spreads to those who use your library. It was true at GW, at DOJ, and at Idaho.

Being close in age to the students (I was 33) helped me relate to them, but as I got older I found it wasn’t critical. Humor certainly helps. Both at GW and Idaho I introduced myself to the 1Ls by showing them that I was in their shoes not long ago, and that while the first year of law school can be stressful, if I got through it they would, too. I had an old backpack I used in law school, filled with a Frisbee, a couple of old Gilbert outlines, a baseball glove, a tennis racket, a Wiffle Ball, a harmonica, a Sports Illustrated magazine, a couple of empty beer cans, and a few other things I can’t recall. At orientation I showed the 1Ls my backpack, told them that in it was what it held when I finished law school in May 1976, and then took out each item. It wasn’t all true, but it made the new law students relax, laugh, and know that I was on their side.

I also told the GW and Idaho students—and tell the William & Mary students to this day—about an experience I had in civil procedure class my first semester at USD. Our civil procedure professor was a fellow named Ed Philbin, a former

42. EDWARD PHILBIN, WASHINGTON POST OBITUARY (MAR. 16, 2014), LEGACY.COM, http://www.legacy
military guy who later retired as a major general in the U.S. Air Force. Philbin was a big man, maybe six-two and 200 lbs. The film *The Paper Chase* was just coming out, and Philbin taught like Prof. Kingsfield: the professor calls on a student, the student stands up and speaks, and the professor tears him or her apart.

¶75 The second week of our civ pro class we were to discuss the notoriously difficult case *Pennoyer v. Neff*. I had read the case several times and still didn’t understand it. We were already afraid of Philbin, and the possibility of being called on to brief *Pennoyer* gave all of us a case of High Anxiety.

Prof. Philbin: Today we will look at the case *Pennoyer v. Neff*. Let’s see . . . Mr. Heller. Tell me about the case.

Me: [I stand up and babble for a couple of minutes. What little I knew about *Pennoyer* left my head as soon as Philbin called my name.]

Prof. Philbin: That will be enough, Mr. Heller. I’ll try someone else . . . and will get back to you later in the semester, assuming you are still in law school at that time.

Here’s the irony: About six weeks later Philbin has a heart attack. He wasn’t there at the end of the semester. I was.

¶76 Lesson #19: What goes around comes around, so treat people well.

¶77 Back to Idaho. I’m not manic about it, but I like order. The UI Law Library was orderly, except for the ground (basement) floor. The top two floors were carpeted and well maintained, and the students were respectful of one another. The concrete floor and unfinished walls made the basement a different world. It had library carrels, tables, and chairs. But a certain breed of students considered the basement their living (and sometimes bed) room, bringing in lounge chairs, sofas, and refrigerators. There probably were radios and TVs, too. The basement bothered me, but it shouldn’t have. Students who wanted a quiet place to study used the top two floors. Students who wanted something different had the basement.

¶78 Lesson #20: Every place has its own culture. Don’t try to change an institutional culture in one fell swoop; incremental changes can lead to larger ones later on.

¶79 The activity I enjoyed most at Idaho was teaching legal research. The students were welcoming, and I tried to make research engaging . . . even fun. I designed a program with a lecture, followed by library labs. I’d lecture to the entire class, and later that week groups of about twenty students would come into the library to work on problems for an hour or so with me, the head of public services, and our reference librarian there to guide and help.

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As for the presentations, legal research isn’t con law or torts. You don’t have interesting cases like the constitutionality of forcing U.S. citizens of Japanese descent into internment camps or the liability of parents for the torts of their minor children. To try to keep the students’ interest, I had a Henny Youngman pull-out tape measure with jokes. When a student (or I) thought it would help—two or three times during a fifty-minute class—he or she would ask me to pull a joke from the tape:

“I’ve been in love with the same woman for 41 years. If my wife finds out, she’ll kill me.”
“A man goes to a psychiatrist. The doctor says, ‘You’re crazy.’ The man says, ‘I want a second opinion!’ The doctor says, ‘Okay, you’re ugly too!’”
“Some people ask the secret of our long marriage. We take time to go to a restaurant two times a week. A little candlelight, dinner, soft music and dancing. She goes Tuesdays, I go Fridays.”

It’s Monday, January 7, 1985, and I had just returned from the annual meeting of the Association of American Law Schools. Dean Sheldon Vincenti comes into my office around 11:00 a.m.

Dean Vincenti: How was AALS, Jim?
Me: Pretty good, Sheldon. Attended some good programs and saw friends and librarian colleagues.
Dean Vincenti: Jim, you do a pretty good job teaching legal research. How would you like to teach legal writing, too?
Me: That could be interesting, Sheldon. When?
Dean Vincenti: This semester. Next week.
Me (after coming up for air): I guess I can give it a shot, but I can’t guarantee anything.
Dean Vincenti: Great.

I have a week to put together a legal writing course. The dean didn’t tell me why he needed someone to teach legal writing on such short notice, and I didn’t ask. I suspected that whoever taught the course in the past wasn’t happy about something. Maybe it was compensation. That wouldn’t be a problem; I was in such shock that I didn’t ask the dean for more money. I just had to put a course together in a week.

I can’t recall how I selected the texts for the course—maybe I contacted colleagues who taught writing and asked for their advice—but I settled on Dernbach and Singleton’s A Practical Guide to Legal Writing and Legal Method and Wydick’s Plain English for Lawyers. The course included writing an office memo, an appel-
late brief, and a mock appellate argument. I wanted to make this realistic for the students, with materials they could work with. The solution: cases that were on the docket of the Idaho Court of Appeals.

¶84 I phoned the Office of the Idaho Attorney General\(^{52}\) and told the directors of the civil and criminal units that I was just asked to teach legal writing at UI and needed a civil and a criminal case that weren’t too complex. They agreed to sift through their case files, and by the end of the week I received two boxes, each with a dozen or so case files including briefs and trial transcripts. I sifted through the files and selected two cases that we would use in class—interesting ones that would be argued in the Court of Appeals that spring.

¶85 The live cases really engaged the students, far more than fictional ones taken from a textbook. That both would be argued that spring made the students even more interested, especially when I arranged for one to be argued in the law school’s courtroom.

¶86 Lesson #21: To engage your students, make it real . . . or at least meaningful.\(^{53}\) Students take the research class more seriously when what they have to do is tied to their legal writing problem.

¶87 To this day I recall—and very much regret—a huge mistake I made when I reviewed one student’s appellate moot court oral argument. She was very passive, almost submissive, and I said her presentation reminded me of a dog that had been beaten. The student was visibly crushed by my insensitivity.

¶88 Lesson #22: It’s fine to offer constructive criticism and ask pointed questions, but never say something that can be taken as an insult. The same applies to in-class student-to-student discussions: they may critique one’s positions, but not the person.

¶89 Taking a step back a couple of years, in D.C. I met Sally Wiant,\(^{54}\) the director at Washington & Lee, and we shared a mutual interest in copyright. I’m not sure how it happened (Sally probably does; she has the far better memory), but after I got to Idaho we decided to coauthor a copyright book for librarians, which was published in 1984 as part of the AALL Publication Series.\(^{55}\)

¶90 As the years passed I learned a lot more about copyright law. It was time for a major update, and Hein published *The Librarian’s Copyright Companion* in

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Several years later I asked two of our reference librarians, Paul Hellyer and Ben Keele, if they were interested in coauthoring a second edition. They were. And we did.\textsuperscript{57}

\textsuperscript{91} \textbf{Lesson #23:} Make connections. Who you know is as important as what you know.\textsuperscript{58}

\textsuperscript{92} As for connections, there is one I did not make until I moved back east in 1988, but to whom I was “sort of” introduced in 1987. I got a call from my friend and colleague Wes Cochran,\textsuperscript{59} who had relocated from Gonzaga to Texas Tech. The slate of officers for the AALL 1987–1988 Executive Board had been announced, and Wes urged me to vote for Carol Billings\textsuperscript{60} for vice president/president-elect. I didn’t know Carol (she was director of the Law Library of Louisiana), so I voted for the academic library candidate, Margaret Leary. Margaret won, but Carol did become AALL president in 1995–1996. More on that later.

\textsuperscript{93} I got married in Moscow in October 1985, after Janet (my wife) got a job as the public library consultant for northern Idaho. Janet remarked that she moved from the seventieth floor of the Standard Oil Building in Chicago where she had worked for Kirkland & Ellis\textsuperscript{61} to the basement of the Moscow Public Library.\textsuperscript{62} The Idaho job was very interesting; Janet worked with dozens of libraries in northern Idaho—from the well-funded Coeur d’Alene Public Library\textsuperscript{63} to a 200-sq. ft. cabin open two days a week and staffed by retirees. It also prepped her for a career move from law libraries to public libraries.

\textsuperscript{94} We thought about moving back east, closer to our families, and in March 1988 I was invited to apply for the director position at the William & Mary Law Library. We ended up in Williamsburg, me at W&M,\textsuperscript{64} Janet at the Williamsburg Regional Library.\textsuperscript{65}

\textsuperscript{95} \textbf{Lesson #24:} I like being a big fish in a small pond,\textsuperscript{66} but you need to figure out what works best for you. The University of Idaho worked well for me, and for a
host of other law librarians who spent time there. At Idaho, I worked closely with Trish Cervenka and George Pike. Trish was a UI law student who worked in the law library as a 3L and was so good we hired her as a reference librarian when she graduated. Trish decided to leave Idaho to pursue her MLS at the University of Iowa, and we hired George, who also had been a UI law student, to serve as acting reference librarian. Idaho also was good for Rita Reusch, Bobbie Studwell, Lynn Foster, and Lei Seeger, all of whom spent time at UI, and all of whom became directors elsewhere. Idaho also gave me an opportunity to get involved in West-Pac and to help jump-start the short-lived Northwest Consortium of Law Libraries.

So it’s back across the country, 2600 miles to Virginia. During a two-day interview one has little time to assess a law school, its law library, and the parent university. Even if you do a lot of research beforehand, which I did, you can’t know the place until you spend considerable time there. It didn’t take long to realize that Williamsburg was an unusual town. The “downtown” is Duke of Gloucester St., owned by the city, but really a part of Colonial Williamsburg. More like “Disneyland 1775” than a real downtown, it wasn’t my cup of tea. There also were some surprises at work.

As in most universities, the fiscal year for William & Mary is July–June. I began work August 1, 1988, a month into the new fiscal year. I soon found out that the library’s budget from the prior year ran out in mid-April, and that 30 percent of the current materials budget had been expended in July. The problem was less a matter of the library not having enough money than it was how that money was being spent. The problem was serials—pesky things akin to razor blades and printer toner where the initial cost is nothing compared to what you’ll pay later.

A review of all of our subscriptions was in order. Many cancellations were easy, and within three years we canceled nearly 700 subscriptions. Our collection budget improved a lot my first decade at W&M, but then it stalled. Today, it is


72. Western Pacific Chapter, AALL, http://chapters.aallnet.org/westpac/ [https://perma.cc/4GT6-5YG]. In the fall of 1987, WestPac Vice President/President-Elect Judy Meadows asked me to serve as program chair for the November 1988 meeting in Coeur d’Alene, Idaho. I decided to do something different—the entire program would be on Western Legal History. I took flak from some people who thought the topic was hardly relevant to working law librarians, but I wasn’t to be swayed.


pretty much what it was in 1997. Fortunately, I love canceling what’s not needed, and the migration from print to digital makes cancellations easy.75

¶99 **Lesson #25:** To build a good collection, you must get rid of what’s not needed. A good manager should be frugal, “characterized by or reflecting economy in the use of resources.”76 This is very different from “cheap.” A frugal person buys what’s needed and it must be of good quality. It’s true for shoes, cars, anything electronic . . . and library materials.77

¶100 Building (and cutting) the collection, it turned out, also applied to the staff. At first it was building. When I arrived in 1988, Associate Law Librarian Marty Rush was the only JD on staff other than me, and Teresa Schmidt was the reference librarian. Teresa left not long after I arrived, and we were able to hire two JD reference librarians, Mary Grace Hune and Rick Buchanan. With a more robust staff, in August 1989 those of us with JDs began teaching the legal research component in the school’s Legal Practice Program. We still do this today, now with six JD librarians.

¶101 Our professional staff has been pretty stable: a head of Research and Instructional Services (Chris Byrne, who arrived in 1997), three reference librarians (Fred Dingledy in 2001; Paul Hellyer in 2005; and Michael Umberger, 2013–2016 and 2017–present), a head of Access Services (Martha Rush until her retirement in 2009, then Jennifer Sekula, who has been with us since 1999), and a head of Technical Services (Sue Welch until 2004, Kevin Butterfield from 2004–2009, and since then, Linda Tesar). In 2010 we created a new professional position to develop and manage digital resources and our scholarship repository when Lauren Seney, who had been with us for several years, received her MSIS.

¶102 Reducing the size of our staff happened primarily in Technical Services due to attrition. It used to take 3 hours to sort the mail; today it takes about 15 minutes. With no more CCH or BNA print services and many fewer titles needing pocket parts or other supplementation, the little filing that needs to be done is handled by those working the circulation desk.

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77. Only the “quality” part of frugality applies to guitars; buy good stuff. The quantity part does not; buy what you want, not just what you need. As for needs versus wants, see You Can’t Always Get What You Want, WIKIPEDIA, https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/You_Can%27t_Always_Get_What_You_Want [https://perma.cc/SY82-6VKJ].
¶103 As in other libraries, there has been a transition from classified/paraprofessional staff to librarians. In 1980 we had 13 staff members: 4 librarians and 9 classified. In 1990 there were 5 librarians, 10 classified, and 1.5 FTE part-time hourly. When the staff reached its peak size in 2000, we had 7 librarians, 10 classified, and 2.5 FTE hourly. Today the staff has 8 librarians, 7 classified, and 1 FTE hourly.

¶104 Lesson #26: “You better start swimmin’ or you’ll sink like a stone. For the times they are a-changin’.”\(^78\) In the changing environments of legal education and legal publishing, you must be nimble—not willing to change, but eager to change.

¶105 Enough about staff for now. In 1993 Carol Billings was elected vice president/president-elect of AALL. I voted for her this time. Carol was all about change. For the 1995 AALL Annual Meeting in Pittsburgh that concluded her term as president, Carol wanted to do something very different: two days of the meeting would be a National Conference on Legal Information Issues “to bring together law librarians and other movers and shakers in the legal, information, publishing, and government communities to talk about the evolving issues in the dissemination of legal information.”\(^79\) Carol asked me to serve as program chair for the annual meeting and national conference. And I did.

¶106 Carol and I—and I think many others—considered the conference a rousing success. When I was elected vice president/president-elect in 1998, I decided to do something similar at the 1999 Annual Meeting in Washington, D.C. For some inexplicable reason, the AALL hierarchy didn’t want to call it the Second National Conference on Legal Information Issues. So I called it “At the Crossroads: Information Management, Technology and Policy.” It was a second National Conference in all but name.\(^80\) Program chair Tim Coggins\(^81\) and his committee did a fantastic job, and AALL’s 92nd Annual Meeting was the highest attended of all time.\(^82\)

¶107 In June 2002 I was visited by Lynda Butler, the law school’s vice dean. In a conversation reminiscent of the one I had with Sheldon Vincenti at Idaho in 1985, Lynda asked me whether I was interested in teaching the required Law and Public Policy (LPP) course in W&M’s master’s degree Public Policy Program. I was intrigued and told her I wanted to get more information before making a decision. A few days later I met with Lynda and told her “yes,” on two conditions: (1) that I would co-teach the course with Chris Byrne, our head of research and instructional


\(^80\). “A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.” William Shakespeare, Romeo and Juliet act 2, sc. 2.


\(^82\). Email message from Pam Reisinger, Director of Meetings, AALL, to James S. Heller (Apr. 30, 2018, 13:16 EDT) (on file with author).
services; and (2) that we would get paid. (I wasn’t going to make the same mistake I made seventeen years earlier.) Lynda agreed, and Chris and I teach LPP to this day.

¶108 Lesson #27: See Lessons 16 and 21.\textsuperscript{83}

¶109 Change is good. Our facility needed a very different kind of change. Pinterest images of “retro” and “vintage” colors\textsuperscript{84} don’t at all do justice to what this library looked like. Orange, green, and brown never looked good in kitchens or bathrooms. They looked worse in our library, which was designed in the mid-1970s and opened in 1980. Carpet, chairs, walls—orange, green, or brown. And to further emphasize the “autumn” hue, the carrels, tables, and shelf end panels were oak. But like many things, first you are startled, then you adjust, and finally you tune out . . . or try to.

¶110 What we couldn’t ignore was the functional outdatedness of the library. We set the stage for a library expansion/renovation project during ABA sabbatical inspections of 1995 and 2002, noting such things as lack of space for students and staff, technological limitations, and noncompliance with the Americans with Disabilities Act (even though we were grandfathered). We did a preplanning study in 1999–2000 with the architectural/engineering firm HSSM from Washington, D.C., which later became part of SmithGroup. Together we came up with a building design, floor plan, and cost estimate. We figured SmithGroup would get the project should it move forward.

¶111 Move forward it did. The first two barriers were internal: the law school and college administrations. That the ABA panned our facility, along with comparisons I gave them of other Virginia and “peer” law school libraries, convinced them. The more difficult ones were the Virginia Department of Planning and Budget, the Virginia State Council on Higher Education (SCHEV), and the William & Mary Board of Visitor’s Buildings and Grounds Committee. We had to convince them of the need to renovate and expand our library, and then they would prioritize our project among dozens of other state projects.

¶112 The latter two groups were given library tours, and what seemed to impact our visitors were (1) that the facility looked somewhat shabby; (2) that more than 40 percent of our book collection already was in microformat; (3) that only a handful of the carrels, and none of the tables, had electrical connections; (4) that the carrels were filled with books; and (5) the small size of the individual study rooms.

¶113 SCHEV sent one representative to tour our library, and the last thing I showed her were the individual study rooms. Each was slightly larger than a telephone booth, and to enter you had to push a small (maybe 20-inch-wide) door into the room. Then you pressed yourself up to the desktop and closed the door behind you. Or you tried to. Our zaftig SCHEV guest couldn’t get into the room, and I

\textsuperscript{83} Teaching Law and Public Policy to graduate students has been intellectually challenging, interesting, and a lot of fun. To make it real (Lesson 21), much of the course focuses on four cases that will be heard by the U.S. Supreme Court that term. We also take students to Washington, D.C., to hear oral arguments in one or two of the cases, and we usually meet with a Justice. For more information on LPP, see The Required Law & Public Policy Course in the College of William & Mary’s Masters of Public Policy Program: 25 Years of Lessons, \textit{9 Wm. & Mary Pol’y Rev} 73 (2017).

we knew we were good. A few weeks later SCHEV gave us a “1” for need—the highest ranking.

¶114 **Stroke of Luck #5**: The SCHEV representative.

**Lesson #28**: Some things take a lot of time, but don’t give up. Lots of things had to happen before our project began. It took years to get (1) endorsement by the law school administration; (2) support from the W&M administration; (3) approval from SCHEV and a high “need” ranking; (4) approval from the Virginia Department of Planning and Budget; and (5) money. Funding arrived when Virginia voters passed a statewide bond referendum for capital projects. Construction began in spring of 2005, and the project was completed in July 2007.

¶115 **Stroke of Luck #6** appeared in the fall of 2003. Shelley Dowling, recently retired as librarian for the Supreme Court of the United States, had moved to Williamsburg with her husband. Shelley wanted to work, and we hired her to be a part-time reference librarian and to help with the building project. Shelley and the rest of our staff proved instrumental to the success of the project, which both transformed the library and how our students treated it.

¶116 Great though they were, SmithGroup weren’t hired as the architects. A not-so-funny thing happened on their way to the college. Those in public institutions know that there are stiff requirements for building projects. Architects and contractors must dot all i’s and cross all t’s. There are no exceptions. On-the-day responses to the college’s “Request for Qualifications” had to be submitted for our $16 million project. SmithGroup hired a courier to deliver the documents to us. The courier headed out from D.C. to Williamsburg early that morning, with about six hours to get here for what would normally be a three-hour trip. Apparently, the driver decided to stop for a relaxing lunch on the way; maybe some shopping at the outlets, too. He arrived 10 minutes late. The “no exception” rule applied, and SmithGroup was excluded from consideration.

¶117 **Lessons #29(a) and (b)**: Roseanne Roseannadanna said, “It’s always something. If it ain’t one thing, it’s another.” Don’t wait until the last minute to do something. And sometimes it’s better—easier, quicker, and of higher quality—to do it yourself.

¶118 In 2005 our library began focusing on George Wythe, America’s first law professor here at William & Mary. Wythe attended the Second Continental Congress and the Constitutional Convention, and was a signer of the Declaration of

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Independence. He was mentor to Thomas Jefferson, who studied at William & Mary from 1760–1762 and had served as Wythe’s legal apprentice from 1762–1765. By the time Jefferson became governor of Virginia in 1779, he was convinced that the new nation needed lawyers with a formal legal education. That year, at Jefferson’s urging, the W&M Board of Visitors made Wythe Professor of Law and Police (“police” meant government or policy in the eighteenth century). I add this background on Wythe because he may be the most unknown among the Founders. (Only half of his head made it into John Trumbull’s famous painting of the signing of the Declaration of Independence.)

¶119 Kevin Butterfield, our head of Technical Services from 2004–2009, came up with the idea that we should try to replicate the law books in Wythe’s personal library. When Butterfield left in 2009 we had 33 titles. Linda Tesar, Butterfield’s successor, convinced me that we should not limit Wythe’s Library to only his law titles. Today we have more than 300 titles that represent the entire range of Wythe’s interests, including cooking, economics, history, literature, mathematics, philosophy, religion, science, travel—and, of course, law.

¶120 Two Wythe-related initiatives took place while we built Wythe’s Library. The first was our interest in telling Wythe’s story. Wythepedia, created by Tesar and Steve Blaiklock (our library’s circulation supervisor), began as a tool to highlight the collection but grew to include all aspects of Wythe’s life and careers. The second was a place to show off this collection, and we created the George Wythe Room in 2015.

¶121 Two other significant projects were our Scholarship Repository and New Books Alert (NBA). We weren’t on the cutting edge, but we were a pretty early adopter using Bepress’s Digital Commons platform. Under the direction of Digital Initiatives Librarian Lauren Seney, who supervised an army of students the first couple of years, the Repository has become the digital archives for the entire law school. We developed NBA, which went live in 2013, from whole cloth. Developed by Jennifer Sekula, it’s an effective way to inform a faculty member of newly received books pegged to his or her interests.

¶122 Lesson #30: Hire great people and give them room to grow and innovate. This doesn’t mean that you let your staff run with any ideas they come up with. (This has happened with tech-savvy people who spoke a language I didn’t always understand.) Encourage creativity, but you need to match institutional goals with individual skills. For us, George Wythe’s Library, Wythepedia, and NBA are good matches.
¶123 I will end this retrospective with one more comment on staff. Although I focused on librarians, paraprofessionals are the heart and soul of the library. The first people users encounter when they enter your library—at least here at W&M—are members of the circulation staff. Because the folks at your circulation desk are so visible, they get all sorts of questions. Where are the restrooms? Where can I find a book? How do I connect my laptop to the wifi? How do I get the printers to work? And so on. Behind the scenes are the technical services staff who order, receive, process, pay for, and catalog your materials. Little happens without them. And your administrative assistant does anything and everything to make you—and your library—successful. No job is too small or too large for Betta Labanish, whom I hired in February 1989 and who helped make happen everything that has been accomplished at the William & Mary Law Library.

¶124 That’s it. After 40 years, this is my Retrospective . . . for what it’s worth.94 It has been a great career, working with terrific people and doing interesting things. As George and Ira Gershwin wrote, “Who could ask for anything more?”95

94. The song For What It’s Worth was written by Stephen Stills and performed by Buffalo Springfield. For information about the song, see For What It’s Worth, WIKIPEDIA, https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/For_What_It%27s_Worth [https://perma.cc/K8BB-DADW]. To hear the song: Buffalo Springfield—For What It’s Worth 1967, YouTube, https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gp5JCrSXkJY [https://perma.cc/B8MG-WQB5].