

University of Michigan Law School  
University of Michigan Law School Scholarship Repository

---

Res Gestae

Law School History and Publications

---

1972

December 8, 1972

University of Michigan Law School

Follow this and additional works at: [http://repository.law.umich.edu/res\\_gestae](http://repository.law.umich.edu/res_gestae)

 Part of the [Legal Education Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

University of Michigan Law School, "December 8, 1972" (1972). *Res Gestae*. Paper 697.  
[http://repository.law.umich.edu/res\\_gestae/697](http://repository.law.umich.edu/res_gestae/697)

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Law School History and Publications at University of Michigan Law School Scholarship Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in Res Gestae by an authorized administrator of University of Michigan Law School Scholarship Repository. For more information, please contact [mlaw.repository@umich.edu](mailto:mlaw.repository@umich.edu).

883  
R4

# RES GESTAE

LAW LIBRARY

DEC 8 1972

UNIV. OF MICH.

Ann Arbor, Michigan

Sears-Roebuck Law School

December 8, 1972

## In Terrorem

Well, here I am in the same old room for the final. Shall I sit in my regular seat or take a different one. Geez, that old seat has so many bad vibrations - if I look up all I'll see is the old bird glaring down at me and screaming "Therefore what?!" Better sit here in the back instead.

OK, I have six pencils, eight pens and...where's my bluebook! I know I brought one along. God, it's not in my pants pockets, it's not in my coat pockets. I must have dropped it along the way. Do I have time to hunt it down or should I go over to the Cellar? Can't leave my notebook and text...my notebook. Aaahh, I put it in my notebook!



Wow. Staying up for the last two days and nights has really messed up my mind. Sure glad I was awake enough to look at my watch - I hardly knew what I was doing or what part of the day it was.

These classrooms sure are dull and drab. My notebook really adds some color and texture to the scene. Wish I had taken some notes this semester. And the dark blue textbook really looks neat, too. Hmm, Foundation Press. Then there are those Little, Brown books - they're always big and red. Ha ha. The dark brown ones I guess are West Publishing. How come only three companies and how can they charge so darned much? Oh, why am I worrying about that; I won't be taking antitrust. Wish I had read the textbook this semester.

(see TERROREM p. 6)

# SPECIAL HOLIDAY

# PACKAGE



# LETTERS

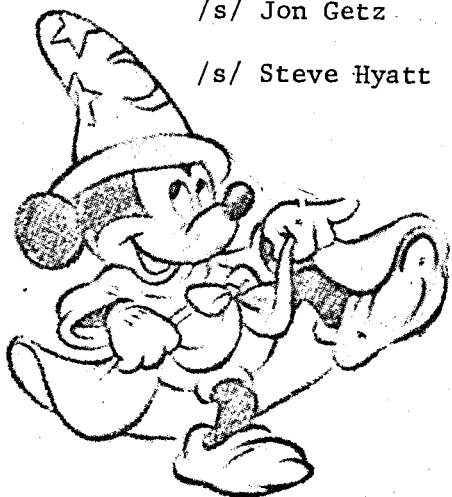
TO: Res Gestae

RE: letter of James Forsyth

While it may be a bit presumptuous (not presumptive, Mr. Forsyth) to make such a suggestion, Mr. Forsyth's writings might be a little more persuasive, if he let some small knowledge of the world--of which the law is a minute and trivial part -- temper his condescension.

In his disquisition on the nature of obscenity, Forsyth didactically pronounces that obscenity is what the supreme court says it is. Nothing else is obscene. You know -- it's the law of the land and all that. Ho hum. Legal-dee-dee, legal-dee-da.

It is with no small pleasure, indeed great delight, that we shall shortly be "cancelling" our subscription to Res Gestae by "the simple device of withdrawing from the school." Of course, those for whom such a measure is slightly, and only slightly, unwarranted can continue reading the RG's Friday vomit, secure in the knowledge that the supreme court, under its present standards (as presented with great legal punctilio by Mr. Forsyth), will not declare it OBSCENE.



/s/ Jon Getz

/s/ Steve Hyatt

Mr. Forsyth replies:

Far out, fellas. Good luck in the outside world.

/s/ JDF

[As suggested in our little editorial statement, "PRO SE" last week, the face you see reflected in R.G. may well be your own. That is why we were delighted to have Messrs. Getz and Hyatt venting their bile, as it were, this week in response to Mr. Forsyth. Theirs is, indeed, fitting elucidation of a (w)retched condition abroad in this land.

-- Eds.]

Dear Dr. Watson:

We understand that you gave a most helpful and informative talk to the Law Wives' Association on the problems of the professional wife. Many of us in the Women Law Students' Association have husbands who must deal with the same conflicts you spoke of there - a spouse with a demanding career who often comes home for dinner too tired to talk; who is wrapped up in work he can little understand; and whom he must, without undue jealousy, expect to share with the Law all his life.

We would very much like to have you address a law husbands' group on the same topic. We are sure they would benefit, as did the law wives, from your advice on how best to adjust to being married to a lawyer, and how to deal with potential conflicts between their needs and the demands of their wives' careers.

Please let us know what would be a good date for you, and we will make all the necessary arrangements.

Sincerely,

Michigan Women Law  
Students Association

In response to the above letter, the good doctor has (we think) agreed to give equal time to the problems of the professional's husband, a breed of whose existence he was seemingly unaware until now.

Yes, Dr. Watson, there are women in law school...

s/ M. Lee

Dr. Watson will speak at the L.C. Lounge on Jan. 16 at 8 p.m. on this subject of compelling interest.

# opinion

On a recent Wednesday evening a talk was given by Dr. Andrew Watson in the Lounge of the Law Club. The topic had been advertised as being "The Professional Woman". As it turned out, Watson did not expect to talk on quite that subject. Rather he planned to give his annual talk to wives of men in law school on "The Professional Wife"--the conflicts, problems, and pressures facing them in their marriages by the fact that their husbands are in law school now and will be lawyers after graduation.

After a brief reference to the problems the women before him may face in their job roles--such as being at a competitive disadvantage with men in their fields because of the time demands of their families--Dr. Watson went on to his main area of concern, marriage.

Although I am the wife of a law student I found that many of his assumptions about my marriage were incorrect and that many of his comments simply did not apply. I have sat in a classroom of this law school and have heard the Doctor tell us as a class of law students about the issues we will have to deal with in our marriages. Also in that situation I felt that he just was not talking to me.

Dr. Watson did make one reference to women in the professions during his talk. He commented that when he was in professional school the men students were threatened not only by the women in the class but also by any acknowledgment of emotion, from whatever source.

He expressed the belief that now that there are more women in law school both the problem of threat and the reticence to deal with emotions have eased considerably.

I am not sure that the threat to men in the law school has abated.

I also am not sure that the resulting hostility to women in the class has become a thing of the past. Dr. Watson's comments relating the increase in the number of women in the school to an easing of up-tightness in dealing with emotions, are interesting to say the least. Interesting too are the assumptions which led him to make some sort of cause-effect connection between the two.

I suggest that there is a gap in Dr. Watson's knowledge of the role problems, conflicts, pressures both in school and at home for women in the law school. I urge him to take time to sit down with women at this school and elsewhere to help him educate himself on this issue.

Helen Forsyth



BIG SIS had her eye on Prof. Alfred E. Conard when in his 11:00 a.m. Enterprise Organization class on Monday, December 4 he was heard to say that one reason that a person would want to gain control of a corporation is so that he can make himself president and his wife secretary. Alf, is that secretary to the president or secretary to the corporation?

Every organization receiving financial assistance from LSSS must submit progress reports to Frank W. ("The Enforcer") Jackson by the second week in the new semester.

## Admissions Against Interest

When you arrived at the University of Michigan Law School to begin its little three-ring circus you were probably greeted by the Dean, who assured you with the obligatory encomium that you were "the best class ever." On this, unquestionably a "slow news day" at R.G., we relate the freshman class statistics for this year as reported in a recent University news release. The data lend support to the Dean's otherwise fanciful claim and may supply psychological balm to first year students contemplating their first l.s. exams. Of course the policy of curving each class' grades only insures that the bigger they come, the harder they fall.

-- Eds./

ANN ARBOR---The number of applicants for admission to The University of Michigan Law School continues to increase at a record pace, although the number of admissions are being reduced slightly as the Law School tries to reach an optimum enrollment level.

Freshman classes in recent years had bulged to a high of 444 students in 1969 as a result of the Law School's policy of over-enrollment in anticipation of high draft calls. During this period the School also automatically admitted veterans who had been accepted---or who were already enrolled---at the Law School prior to their military service.

Now, however, Dean Theodore J. St. Antoine says the School is attempting to reduce freshman enrollment to about 350 students a year. This figure, he says, is in keeping with the size of the School's physical plant and faculty.

Jane Waterson, the School's assistant dean and admissions officer, reports that 363 students were placed in the freshman class in 1972. The total number of first-year applicants was 4,915.

By contrast, the School in 1971 received 4,768 applications out of which 360 first-year students were admitted; in 1970 3,740 applications were received and 419 were enrolled; in 1969 there were 2,810 applications and 444 students enrolled.

Total enrollment at the Law School -- including first, second and third year students and a small number of post-graduate students -- is nearly 1,200. The School hopes to reduce this number to about 1,100.

Miss Waterson explains the high number of applications by noting a general increase of student interest in the legal profession. In addition, she notes that more minority and women applicants continue to apply to the Law School, and that many applicants have chosen the law as a career after pursuing graduate studies in other areas where they found employment opportunities limited.

A total of 51 students in this year's freshman class have done graduate work in other areas, according to Miss Waterson. Six of these students have earned a Ph.D. and 31 have a master's degree.

Miss Waterson offers these additional figures:

Applicants for admission in 1972--- not including transfer students and students applying for re-admission--- included 711 women and 4,163 men. Of this total, 58 women and 264 men were placed in the freshman class. This year's first-year class has some 46 minority students, including blacks, Mexican-Americans and American Indians.



One of the 4500 left out in the cold.

About 25 per cent of this year's applicants were from Michigan. Current freshman enrollment at the Law School includes 51 per cent from Michigan, compared to 55 per cent last year and 46 per cent in 1970. All told, this year's freshman class comes from 34 states and the District of Columbia.

(see ADMISSIONS p. 7)

# promises to keep

It appears from confidential reports surreptitiously gathered from the White House that President Nixon's government reorganization plans will be quite sweeping indeed. Almost every nook and cranny of the federal establishment seems destined for a vigorous clean-up of elements undesirable in the New American Revolution.

Of course, at the head of the list is fulfillment of the President's wish to work from the "top of the mountain" over the vast Washington bureaucracy. And to that end a 4500 foot mound will be constructed within the next year just east of Gooper, Maryland from which the President and his closest advisors will rule. The new summit of Executive power will be christened Mt. Rebozo, after Mr. Nixon's close friend Bebe Rebozo who must have made the President feel high now and then as well, and will be entirely formed by an accumulation of shredded memos, Vietnam settlement press releases, and other recurring D.C. waste material re-cycled as a personal environmental project of the President to show his commitment in the field.

Also in the works is a plan to carry out Mr. Nixon's vision of the typical American as a "child in the family" who if indulged will amount to nothing but if given responsibility will be strong. Incorporating the Nixonian pledge to send back power to localities and the private sector, the plan calls for organization of Poverty Builds Character clubs all over the country, but especially in urban areas, which would be supported by voluntary contributions from concerned suburbanites and Rotarians. The clubs would sponsor lectures to the poor on the problems of earning a living, maintaining a household and developing initiative from a distinguished pool of speakers including W. Clement Stone, Daniel P. Moynihan, and Norman Vincent Peale,

As for officials in the executive branch, two significant changes are contemplated. First, while much anxiety was created by the Presi-



dent's summary demand for resignations from all personnel serving at his pleasure, the real motivation for the directive was completely misunderstood by those affected. Rather than seeking to brace his appointees for a loyalty test, Mr. Nixon was actually satisfying his penchant for putting "generalists" in high positions with a special procedure whereby everybody gets fired one day but the names of those discharged are drawn from a hat for new positions the next day. Curtis Tarr, Director of the Selective Service System, because of his special experience in such matters will conduct the operation.

Second, in order to obtain the quick response from the bureaucracy the President desires, all Cabinet departments will be placed in the Office of the President, where modern corporate organization techniques will bring efficiency to government. Thus, the mandate to reduce costs and trim back government operations Mr. Nixon identified in the last election will be carried out by dropping, through use of executive privilege, the needless waste, delay and expense of Congressional questioning of department heads.

All in all, the dizzying changes at the top promised by the unpublished White House reports reaching this writer should provide extraordinary entertainment, especially for those with plenty of spare time these days to sit at home in a chair and watch it on TV - if they still have a TV, a chair, or a home.

MY LAWYER

When grappled in the law's embrace,  
Who first betrayed an anxious face.  
And fain should shield me from disgrace,  
MY LAWYER.

Who told me I should not confess,  
That he would all my wrongs redress,  
And set me free from all distress?  
MY LAWYER.

When sick in jail I senseless Lay,  
Who took my watch and ring away,  
Lest prowling thieves on me should prey?  
MY LAWYER.

Who to my wealth tenacious clung,  
And for me wagged his oily tongue,  
MY LAWYER.

Who told me was dreadful smart,  
And always took his client's part?  
MY LAWYER.

Who in court, with peerless pride,  
My rights affirmed, my guilt denied,  
And swore the State's Attorney lied?  
MY LAWYER.

And when twelve men, in one compound,  
For me a guilty verdict found,  
Who came to staunch my bleeding wound?  
MY LAWYER.

Who said my time within the wall,  
Would exceedingly be brief and small,  
The minimum, or none at all?  
MY LAWYER.

And when the judge my doom proclaimed,  
And 150 long years of exile named,  
Who looked indignant and ashamed,  
MY LAWYER.

When at the sheriff's stern command,  
I, for the chain, was told to stand,  
Who longest shook and squeezed my hand?  
MY LAWYER.

Who, when of prison clothes I'm stripped,  
And from these walls on homeward shipped,  
Will get himself immensely whipped?  
MY LAWYER.

Reprinted from Joliet-Stateville Time,  
Illinois State Penitentiary

(TERRORUM cont'd from p. 1)

You'd think more people would have  
showed up by now. But I'm the  
only soul here. They better get  
here pretty quick or they won't get  
credit for the course.

Is it possible all those others are  
right and I'm wrong? Wait a minute,  
there's the sound of the door opening.  
I won't turn around though and rubber-  
neck like everybody else always does

whenever they're waiting for the  
exam to start. I'll just slouch a  
little and gloat since I showed up  
well ahead of the procrastinators  
who put off coming until the last  
minute. What else do they think  
they can learn anyway.

Oh no, it's a janitor with a mop  
and bucket. Doesn't he know there's  
going to be a very important test  
here? Why can't the Law School  
hire better help these days instead  
of wasting money on all those  
canon law and Phillipine trade  
regulation books nobody ever reads.

How come he's looking at me so funny?  
He doesn't have any right to do that.  
I'm going to be a highly-paid pro-  
fessional in not too long a time.  
Gee, the proctors aren't even here  
yet either. I'll just take a  
glance down at the 'ol timepiece on  
the wrist. Yes, it's almost one  
o'clock. Never noticed before how  
they pasted the numbers in so crooked  
on my watch.

DAMN! My watch is on upside down!  
I thought it was kinda dark for  
noontime. Been so busy this last  
week I hadn't read the papers to  
know for sure if there was an  
eclipse.



Book Review

# The First Year Blues, or ... Carbolic Smoke Ball Returns

By SCOTT BURNHAM

*The Paper Chase*, by John J. Osborn, Jr., Houghton Mifflin, 181 pp., \$4.95. Soon in paper.

This novel is about the love affair between Hart, a first-year law student, and his Contracts professor, Kingsfield. To show his love, it isn't enough that Hart become the best performer in class. He also reads every article Kingsfield ever wrote, sneaks behind his podium at night trying to pick up vibrations, and even breaks into the library in an attempt to gaze upon his mentor's notes from Williston's course a half century before.

Because Hart is a straight Midwestern boy, or perhaps because the story takes place at Harvard rather than Yale, their love remains Platonic. It doesn't help that Kingsfield can't remember Hart's name; maybe on a symbolic level, he is lacking Hart. Fortunately for Hart and the plot, he finds a surrogate for Kingsfield in the professor's daughter, Susan.

The relationship with Susan allows him greater opportunities to pursue his reverse-Oedipal desire. When Kingsfield departs for the weekend, Hart sleeps in his bed. Worshipping at the

shrine of the professor's study, he fondles sacred objects. Susan, perceptive female, thinks there's something strange going on here. Ah, yes, she realizes, he's just like all the other law students. And so she has to let him go. Can he win her back while remaining in school?

He does so by saying no to Kingsfield. One day in class Hart is called on. He knows the answer because he knows Contracts inside out. He declines to answer. The spell is broken. He has shown that he can reject Kingsfield and he wins Susan back.

The theme of the yes-man who suddenly finds the moral courage to say no is an old one in fiction, as in life—witness Saint Thomas More. I don't knock a novel for having this theme any more than for having a love theme, but it has to be somewhat credible. Yet the reasons for Hart's behavior are elusive. They must have something to do with the strange culture of law school, but perhaps because the author is himself a law student he is too ethnocentric to be a good anthropologist.

Hart tells us that during this year he heard a girl say "shit" for the first time. This seems to be the extent of his personal self-

examination and growth. He witnessed bizarre phenomena like the fact that students are scared to death most of the time and put up with constant abuse without asserting their dignity, but he does not explain such aberrations. The non-initiate has to wonder about this culture, what is such a big deal about saying no? Perhaps this group behavior, like Hart's relationship with Kingsfield, is a manifestation of the concentration-camp syndrome, a love-hate developing between the captured and the captors with whom they identify.

Though there are few psychological insights, the reader learns a few things about law school. That students form study groups to share their knowledge, for example, and lose their discipline after a while. That they spend most of their time studying, but much of it is spent in unproductive day-dreaming. That most of them feel pressured, but that some can't take it and leave. None of this is all that interesting to read about, however, and since the author writes reasonably well, I don't think it's his fault. I get the impression it isn't all that interesting to experience either.

(ADMISSIONS cont'd from p. 4)

This year's first-year class had a mean undergraduate grade-point average of 3.49 (out of a possible 4.00), which is higher than figures for the past three years. In 1971 it was 3.47; in 1970 it was 3.37; and in 1969, 3.21.

Student scores on the Law School Admissions Test (LSAT) are also on the rise. For this year's first-year class the mean LSAT score was 695 (out of a possible 800); in 1971 the figure was 680; the 1970 mean score was 666; and in 1969 it was 630.

TO: 2nd & 3rd Year Students

FROM: Nancy Krieger (Placement)

When you accept a job - please let us know. We're trying to keep accurate statistics so that we can evaluate the office, and try to improve our service. Even if you didn't get a job through interviewing at the Law School, please come in.

If you have comments or suggestions about the interviewing season, please come in and tell us!





# RG TRIVIA QUIZ

Awright out there in the carrels and reading rooms. Here's a chance to remember what you couldn't care a whit about and can forget with even less consequence. All you have to do is look over the questions about the signal literary events which have been part of Res Gestae this semester, then write an appropriate response in the blanks and sign at the bottom so we know who to snicker at in the hall.

Incorrect answers will be photo-enlarged and posted over the author's name outside Room 100, correct answers will be well nigh impossible and smart answers will be replied to by the Editors in the next issue. The winner will receive untold notoriety, a special holiday sub from Dominick's, and, absolutely free, 7 days and 7 nights in exotic Acapulco with the RG staff (septuple accomodations in thatched hut; staff airfare, meals, ground transportation and bribes to Mexican civil servants extra). So just slide your trivia quiz under the office door and wait for a winner and answers to be announced at the beginning of the new semester.

- (1) How many pages did the first (9-1-72) RG have? \_\_\_\_\_
- (2) Who wrote the football polls? \_\_\_\_\_
- (3) What was the name of the case involving a violation of the Small Birds Act? \_\_\_\_\_
- (4) How many times did Ms. Harper reply this semester and on what subjects? \_\_\_\_\_
- (5) What was the name of the cartoon in which Kermit and the Cookie Monster taught contracts? \_\_\_\_\_
- (6) According to an article RG filched from the N.Y. Times, how many law graduates will there be for every law job available until 1980? \_\_\_\_\_
- (7) What were the names of the three main characters in The Winner? \_\_\_\_\_
- (8) What happened to the ABA plot to assemble dossiers on prospective law students reported in the RG? \_\_\_\_\_
- (9) What happened to the plaintiff in the railroad personal injury case reprinted in RG from the Virginia Bar News? \_\_\_\_\_
- (10) Complete the S. Riesenfeld quote from the 9-22-72 issue: "After 3 weeks in law school you can talk to any lawyer in the world but \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_  
signature of quizee