1974

The Best of Res Gestae 1971-1974

University of Michigan Law School

Follow this and additional works at: http://repository.law.umich.edu/res_gestae

Part of the Legal Education Commons

Recommended Citation

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.
The Best Of
RES GESTAE
1971 - 1974
CONTENTS

Children's Hour (October 22, 1971) .................................................. 1
Through The Stained Glass (October 29, 1971) ........................................ 1
Grading Code Cracked (January 28, 1972) ........................................... 2
The Langdell Method - Cartoon (September 24, 1971) ............................. 3
2640 A.D. (February 4, 1972) ................................................................. 3
Help Wanted: Strict Constructionist - Cartoon (October 8, 1971) .............. 4
Dick & Shirley & Ted & John & Gene & George... (February 11, 1972) ...... 4
New Bar Review (February 25, 1972) .................................................... 6
Legal Reform Department (February 25, 1972) ...................................... 7
Bacchus Bar Review II (March 10, 1972) .................................................. 8
Reflections Of A Jaundiced Eye (March 24, 1972) ..................................... 8
Interviewing - Cartoon (March 10, 1972) ............................................. 9
NIT News (April 7, 1972) ................................................................. 10
The One That Got Away or First Year Blues (September 15, 1972) ........... 11
Bacchus Bar Review Refresher (September 29, 1972) .............................. 12
Quizzzer (October 20, 1972) ................................................................. 13
A Jury of His Peers - Cartoon (February 16, 1973) ................................ 15
Seisin Street: Contracts (September 15, 1972) ....................................... 16
Investor's Corner (November 3, 1972) ................................................... 17
In Terrorem (December 8, 1972) ........................................................... 18
Travels With Reasonable Man (January 12, 1973) ................................ 18
Themis - Drawing (December 3, 1971) .................................................. 20
Advocate - Drawing (April 5, 1974) ....................................................... 20
Seisin Street: Torts (February 23, 1973) ................................................. 21
Restatement of Exodus (March 2, 1973) .................................................. 22
Fly By Night Travel (March 9, 1973) ....................................................... 23
My Name Is Bernie - I'm An Attorney (March 23, 1973) ....................... 24
Law School Course Mart (April 20, 1973) ............................................. 25
Summer Opportunities (April 27, 1973) .................................................. 26
Chile Coup - Cartoon (September 21, 1973) ......................................... 27
Mythology (September 14, 1973) ............................................................ 27
Crème de la Crème (September 21, 1973) .............................................. 29
Legislative Report (October 12, 1973) .................................................... 30
September Peacock - Cartoon (October 1, 1971) .................................. 31
Law Library Going Out of Business Sale (October 5, 1973) ..................... 32
Billy Jean King v. Bobbie Riggs - Cartoon (September 28, 1973) ............ 33
Agnew Deposed - Cartoon (October 19, 1973) ...................................... 33
Ethics: The Michigan Way (September 28, 1973) .................................. 33
Ex Libris (November 2, 1973) .............................................................. 34
Griddie Goodies - Cartoon (November 5, 1971) .................................... 36
RG Presents Wednesday Night Football (November 30, 1973) ................. 36
Jonathan Livingston Squash (January 18, 1974) .................................... 37
A Story (February 1, 1974) ................................................................. 38
Late News Briefs (February 8, 1974) ..................................................... 40
On TV (February 22, 1974) ................................................................. 40
The Hierarchy (April 19, 1974) ............................................................. 41
The taut drama unfolds each evening. At about seven the trickle of undergraduate females turns into a stream and soon virtually every place in the Law Library is filled. Let the games commence.

If you look up often from your casebooks these fall nights, you may see many unfamiliar faces in the main reading room. They are usually pert, attractive, meticulously made-up faces and ever so young. It's a select spillover from the UGLI, come to wash the arid quarters of the law.

The preliminaries follow a set ritual as old as Cook Quadrangle. First she perches at the head of the Library's inside steps, eyeing the empty chairs for one which offers an unobstructed view. Usually, this means on an aisle, not too deep in, and facing the center. Even an unobtrusive saunter to the chosen spot puts the less conscientious law students on notice that they will not spend the evening unperturbed. Standing now at her chair, surveying idly the shelves, she allows more studied inspection. Finally seated, she waits, pretending to read.

For an interested law student, the etiquette of first meetings offers numerous alternatives. Like one: suppose she is seated by the SW2d reporters. You hustle over to those shelves, MR Court Room Pad in hand, and pull down a volume. Poring over an Oklahoma acquiesced-in line fence dispute may not sound intriguing, but it's important to seem intent. Some page riffling, then concerted reading (possibly with head in hand) adds to the effect. Finally, you look up, lost in thought, and what should rivet your attention but this nubile jewel.

Striking up a conversation is no problem. Say she's reading an economics textbook. The barest pretext will suffice.
"Excuse me, but are you reading Samuelson there?"
"Yeah, it's probably better than Lipsey and Steiner."
"Say, Steiner's on the law faculty here. I had him for a seminar last term."
"Oh really. What's he like? I want to take his graduate macro-economics course next semester."
"Well, he's a very complex guy. Uh, got a minute? Maybe I could tell you over a cup of coffee at Dominick's."

Euphemistically enough, this is known as a "study break."

Actually undergraduates have good cause to come over to the Library. The UGLI probably is over-crowded and especially turbulent at peak hours. The Law Library, on the other hand, was perhaps best described in the words of Jennifer Gingersnap, a sophomore Polyphony major from Birmingham, "The place is like a cathedral with these high ceilings; it makes me feel kinda religious to sit in there."

The invasion is appreciated by many law students as well. Art Lesclowan, a third-year man, headed for a clerkship under Judge Carsworth, J.P. in Macon County, Georgia (rumored to be under consideration by President Nixon for the High Bench) gave this observation: "These girls are already subjected to a process of natural selection. They won't bother to trek over here unless they mean business. It beats computer dating by a long shot."

All in all it appears to be an excellent way to get acquainted. Has anyone found a place to study?

- Joe Serritella

THROUGH THE STAINED GLASS

Alice and I never have been much for hornbooks or canned briefs, but we couldn't help taking a short course in the law while strolling past the windows on the first floor of Hutchins Hall. Whomever old Cook commissioned to do the center panel drawings depicting various aspects of legal life must have been a celibate
fundamentalist Baptist preacher on the side.

"Geez, this guy was death on welfare recipients," said Alice pointing to a panel showing a squatting beggar with his folded leg hidden by a hat over his bent knee, and captioned "fraud." Then there was another vignette entitled "robbery" in which a ragged boy was extending his cup toward a sympathetic lady.

"He comes down a little hard on free speech, too," I reasoned from a panel called "anarchy" illustrating a soap box speaker before a crowd with the U.S. Capitol in the background.

"Do you think the local constabulary failed to make our preacher-painter's Morality League meetings every week?" questioned Alice in front of a series of police-oriented scenes. Over the words "bribery" a cop confronted a shocked family group inside a car, and in another panel a smirking officer of the law was grabbing a paper from a forlorn newsboy with the line "extortion" written below. Elsewhere, in a vignette headed "coercion" a righteous looking businessman was accepting a ticket reading "police benefit" from yet another cop.

Moving on, we couldn't help noticing the creeping show of misanthropy. "This guy must have had 40 French maids troop through his boyhood," I gasped, noting each of the rare windows that depicted women, all acutely drawn.

"Male chauvinist pig!" hissed Alice. Not knowing if that was meant for me, the illustrator, or both, I examined with her anyway the panels marked "disguised," showing women being made-up in a beauty parlor, and captioned "inheritance" with two haughty-faced veiled women waiting in a somber room. Not far away, a mother and daughter were scolding a very sheepish looking man over the title "divorce," and a final scene showed one woman directing a searing gaze at another coy-looking female arm-in-arm with a smug M-sweatered man (presumably a law student), all over the cryptic line "Matthew 5:21" -- that text reads "Thou shalt not kill, and whoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment."

"I swear," said Alice, "Cook must only have advertised for a painter in the Daily Pentecostal News."

"Well, maybe," I replied, "it just shows you to what panes some zealots will go."

- Mike Slaughter

GRADING CODE CRACKED

Puzzled by the grading system? Ever wondered why you were supposed to put only your social security number on the front of your exam book, and why there were never any marks inside? Well, the key to these questions and more has been passed to the RG by one Michael Goldband, who secreted a folder of top secret grading policy memoranda from the special Law School files located on the first floor of Hutchins Hall.

You probably thought (1) that the numbers were used to obtain objective evaluation, and (2) that there just wasn't time to write comments inside of blue-books. But according to the Goldband Papers, it turns out that what you write on your exams has nothing to do with your grade -- instructors don't even look at that stuff. Grades actually are based entirely on a computer analysis of that social security number you put on the outside of your booklet.

Yes, at the end of each semester the Law School simply runs all the exam covers through a new computer program which distributes grades on the basis of mathematical manipulations of your number. First, there's the Jackpot test, that gives an A+ to any number that follows the sequence of musical intervals in a certain chant by an obscure Medieval composer named Josquin des Donahue. If no gongs ring after that one, A's are awarded to numbers consisting completely of primes (naturally). Next, the Stoned Cold test prints out a B+ for any number the sum of whose digits is a factor of the total count of gargoyles in the Quad. C's are granted to numbers with a 0 in them somewhere (naturally again). All
other grades are assigned randomly to any numbers that fail the previous tests.

The designers of this system, however, were shrewd enough to provide for exactly the contingency that prompted this exposé. Phase II of the classified grading policy called for a special fund to be created in the event of a leak. It would pay the law students who got the best grades out of the present system to go through all the exam books and write completely illegible comments and sundry check marks, underlings and slashes any place beside the answers. That was to produce evidence to impugn the credibility of any truly courageous investigative reporting on what are now the Goldband Papers. But everybody can profit in the exam book write-up if you just say to the secretary upstairs handling the project, the secret password -- "I've gotten a gold mine, but I don't want the shaft."

- Mike Slaughter

---

In what is perhaps the most bizarre find since the Goldband Papers, RG has come into possession of a remarkable document purporting to be an archeological study done of the Ann Arbor area in the year 2640. According to Dr. Philippe Dérangé, visiting professor of physics, an apparent infarction of the 1972-2640 time-sequence warp layers occurred right where the manuscript was being prepared at the excavation site. The report, actually within a hologram, was processed and deciphered just last week after its discovery in a Lawyers Club eave trough along with a little note deciphered as well to read, "Honey, don't forget to feed the clones." Excerpts of the portion describing the Law School diggings follow:

"One of the more interesting sections [grid coordinates omitted throughout] consisted of a quadrangular arrangement of intricately carved limestone caves in which the inhabitants carried out their duties - perhaps to the exclusion of all outside forces judging from evidence of migratory patterns..."

"Two groups of caves in the quadrangle were divided into many smaller rooms, and calculating from the Nurnd Minimum Survival Living Space equation, it was
estimated that the inhabitants could not have been more than two feet tall... However, [with respect to the sub-divided cave groups] two anomalies appear: (1) the room walls seemed never to have received more than one layer of a brittle, colored coating usually applied liberally in other similar dwellings of the period; (2) the rudimentary wooden structures inside the rooms, after numerous spectrofrilic tests, were shown to have pre-dated everything else in the area by about 200 years.

In explanation of the conflicting data, it has been suggested by Arndthurd and others that the cave system housed a religious sect forced to live, work and think as its ancient ancestors did.

"The religious sect theory receives support from the presence of a great sacred cave across from the dwelling units in which the residents apparently worshipped many hours a day. Inside the sacred cavern were endless rows of primitive information files, probably containing the holy writ venerated during the lengthy worship rituals. The materials are thought to have been exceedingly dry in their day so as to be preserved so well now, though a number of materials when brought into the light of day away from their more protected environment, were seen to disintegrate almost immediately...

"Although a start has been made toward understanding this extinct culture, much more research will be needed before it is known why these people adopted such a strange way of life."

- Mike Slaughter

Dick & Shirley & Ted & John & Gene & George ...  

[By a stroke of good fortune (and the promise of Doctor of Laws degrees all around) your law school weekly got all the 1972 Presidential candidates together for a group discussion.]

President Nixon: In this, the greatest interview in history granted to a major
midwestern law school newspaper whose initials are MC, let me say, uh, how nice it is to be with you today. We also have a number of my fine colleagues in the government present, who happen to be worthy opponents of me, The President ... and who have assembled here just for more instant analysis and carping criticism, to give support to those nattering nabobs of negativism in this country -- oh, pardon me, someone else I know is supposed to say that. But you know, uh, it has been hinted that you wouldn't want to buy a used car from me. Well, my fellow Americans, I don't want to sell you a used car ... I want to sell you a new car, a new house, a new refrigerator, some new furniture, ANYTHING! Just so you buy it before the next GNP estimate is made.

Rep. "Pete" McCloskey (R-Cal.): I think we've just heard more of the same bunch of double-talk from the President that we've heard for years. It's time we ended the crisis of credibility, and you can't help but believe me because I tilt my head down and look up intensely toward you like Frank Church and Ralph Nader.

Mayor Sam Yorty (D-?): Well, I ...

Mayor John Lindsay (?-N.Y.): Yes, and let's talk about how I've seen cities decaying from the inside, with strikes vitiating local services for the black and the poor who need them most. Let's not talk about how I've administered a city decaying from the inside, with strikes vitiating local services ...

Sen. Henry Jackson (D-Boeing): I'm concerned about social needs, too, but we can't let our defense spending deteriorate to nothing as it is now. If I were President, I'd locate all new defense plants in the center cities so the poor can work themselves out of their plight making guns, bombs, and missiles.

Gov. George Wallace (D-Ala.): That's a great idea Senator, but I wanna say to the sniggering pointy-headed liberals and reporters who're always twistin' my words, that I'm not against busin' in every form. With these center city defense plants, we gotta bring in the white supervisors from the suburbs somehow.

Sen. "Ted" Kennedy (D-Mass.): It's shameful what's been said by, uh, some people here, because solving, uh, this country's problems requires a man who will, uh, take charge on his own and think for himself. However, as has been made clear in the past, my aides have told me, I mean, I have decided not, uh, to be a candidate.

Rep. Shirley Chisholm (D-N.Y.): Senator, the last person this country needs in the White House is another man. And I'm a black and proud woman running hard to reach the 60% of the people I represent and put some human values in this national administration.

Sen. George McGovern (D-S.D.): We certainly need those views on human values badly, but I must say we've heard some new views in a hurry on a certain issue that begins with V (and it isn't victory) that we didn't hear a few years ago.

Sen. Hubert Humphrey (D-Minn.): Well, I'd rather talk about how when I look across this great country of ours, with its swift rivers flowing past the bustling centers of commerce and culture nestled in green valleys set against blue skies streaked by gleaming aircraft carrying their passengers across this great country of ours, with its swift rivers flowing past the bustling ...

Sen. Edmund Muskie (D-Me.): I don't know what your point was Hubert, but I'm reasonably sure I think there are probably fourteen ways of looking at it. Although keeping my jaw squared and face set like the craggy Maine coastline makes it pretty hard to open my mouth and say the first way.

Rep. John Ashbrook (R-Ohio): With the whole country unamerican and the
President breaking all his promises, other genuine free enterprisers are difficult to find. So let me take this opportunity to announce my running mate -- a computer programmed to simulate Calvin Coolidge.

Sen. Vance Hartke (D-Ind.): May I remind you again my name is Hartke, H-A-R-T-K-E, and I prefer not to be called Landslide Vance.

Rep. Wilbur Mills (D-Ark.): All I've got to say is that somebody from Kensett, Arkansas can't be all bad.

Eugene McCarthy (?-?):
As the desperate February snows swirl again
Round well-remembered New Hampshire town squares,
I start to rise, I sit, I rise, I sit
Smugly. I'd much rather write poetry.

-Mike Slaughter

NEW BAR REVIEW

If you are a third year student, for the past two months your mailbox has been full of little goodies from your friendly local bar review course people.

Who wants to pay $200.00 to learn how to study for another damned law exam. Indications are that the local bacchanalians would overwhelmingly prefer another type of bar review course -- one which reviews local drinking establishments.

The following introductory lecture will attempt to give a broad review of the drinking institutions in and around Ann Arbor. Later lectures which are still in the process of distillation will focus on particular establishments to enable us to give a more indepth report. Since on-site research is still in progress, any comments or suggestions would be appreciated. Because of the enormous expenses involved in doing research of this kind, contributions which would help to defray the costs of this worthy project should be sent to me at home.

Liberty Bar -- Located just two doors east of Mr. Flood's Party, you can stop in and have a few beers while your friends wait in line to worm their way into Flood's. Not many students, or customers in general, but the beer is cheap and the lighting dim -- not romantic, just dim.

Lums -- Live music on weekends brings with it a cover charge. With the lights turned down it's easier to overlook the plastic furniture that comes from the folks who decorated Howard Johnson's. Foreign beers are available, but prices are fairly high.

Village Bell -- If you haven't been there yet you must be being held prisoner in the library. Law students flock to the Bell like lemmings to the sea, and for about as much reason. The place is noisy, crowded and offers nothing except beer at $2.00 a pitcher.

Pretzel Bell -- Slightly better atmosphere than its relative, but just as crowded with the same frat and jock types. It's not really worth the trip for serious nightly drinking; but it makes a good change of pace for lunch. Prices are not totally unreasonable.

Wunder Bar -- The only thing wonderful about this establishment is how it manages
to stay in business. What few customers there are are all eligible for social security. One redeeming feature is that you never have to worry about getting a table: the patrons keel over often enough.

Golden Falcon -- The Falcon is known primarily for its "golden hour." From 4 to 6:30 Monday through Friday all drinks within reason are 60 cents and you can call your shots (name the brand of whisky, stupid). Turnover in waitresses is rapid, and the service is sometimes almost nonexistent.

Cracked Crab -- More of a seafood restaurant than a drinking bar. Very crowded around dinner time. Food is snappy but the portions are small.

Old Heidelberg -- While also primarily a restaurant, the mixed drinks are very high quality. A place to take a date if you just want to talk over a few leisurely drinks. After that, you have to think of your own discussion topics.

Stadium Tower -- Not known as a student bar. Not many people and not much in the way of atmosphere. Just chairs and tables and beer by the pitcher. Attracts the hardware store crowd. Bring your own tools.

Bimbo's -- No self-respecting college town is complete without a gay 90's/roaring 20's bar. This is Ann Arbor's. All your favorite sing-along songs (e.g. "When Irish Eyes are Smiling," sung to the sound of machine gun fire, "In the Good Old Summertime," a nostalgic recollection of above-freezing weather) are played by five dirty old men in authentic period costumes. If you are lucky enough to get a booth, you don't have to sit at one of the main long tables. These ostensibly provide atmosphere, but in reality they enable the management to pack in more people per square foot than any place else in town, including the V-Bell. To top it off the beer's expensive and there's a 50 cent cover charge. Personally can't stand the place, but whatever turns you on.

Flame Bar -- As long as we're talking about whatever turns you on, this is the place to go if you're into counter-cultures. A gay extravaganza.

Odyssey -- This was intended to be the really in place to go. Not too many people went. While there's usually a band, no one dances, and there isn't enough room if they would. A trip.

-Dick Ginsberg

LEGAL REFORM DEPARTMENT

[With all the talk about how our courts are hopelessly clogged, RG wonders what it would be like to make judges out of people who've had experience setting a faster pace.]

STATE v. HARSHMAN

WAMO, D.J., Can you dig this out in due process land, right in the big RC. Recorders Court in the Motor City, here's NUMBER ONE (one, one, one, one...) on the docket this week - been movin' up all year - "Five Finger Discount" by the Defendants. You know the request lines are always open, so we've gotten a real blast from the past, a golden moldy oldie: they were gonna put it back. That's a real heavy tune if you did it soon, but not very neat if you were down the street. Groovin' on this rule, Big Daddy Cardozo said, "far out and solid." So here's the rap line, they're stuck with a fine, and they gotta do some time. 'Cause we just keep crankin' out those hits.

-Mike Slaughter
The New Michigan bar review course continues unabated. Here is the second lesson in the survey phase of the course. Research was interrupted momentarily last Wednesday night when a visit to a local pub turned into an in-depth study. I'd say about ankle-deep. Results to be reported in future issues. Okay, class, pencils ready?

Schwaben Inn -- Thursday night alternative when the law school isn't having a mixer. Go fairly early if you don't like standing in line outside in the cold. Band is usually fairly good, but a crowbar is indispensable if you want to get out on the dance floor. Interior has been recently remodeled -- long tables a la Bimbo's -- encourage you to rub shoulders with your neighbors, or play "Paris Peace Talks" with your date.

Flick's -- Reputed to be the hangout of the "theater" crowd. Looks to be the ticket-taker, usherette, janitor, etc. They can have it all to themselves. Only good thing that can be said for the place is that the beer is only $1.50 a pitcher. Atmosphere is depressing and so are the people. Everyone speaks in whispers, including the freaks, but the secret is apparent: Flick's out.

Mr. Flood's Party -- An Ann Arbor landmark for years. Known as the "in" place to go, although getting inside the front door requires a minor miracle. Once inside, the object becomes to see how many people can cram into each booth. Prizes are awarded to the survivors. Another popular sport used to be freak-watching; but since hippie sub-culture has finally swamped the Midwest, this pastime is now passé. While there is no room to dance, the bands are often quite good. Listening conditions are unfortunately somewhat less than ideal, although good vibrations may be conducted by the pressed flesh.

Del-Rio -- Agreed by many to have the best mugs in town, the "Del" has recently emerged as one of the most popular bars around. Good mugs are the coming thing.

Merkel's Friendly Corner d.b.a. the Union Bar -- Caters to a mixed bag of senile senior citizens and leather jacket greasers. The Fifties live! Why folks would come into Ann Arbor to do their drinking is mystifying, but lucrative. Don't appear to be interested in the student trade, especially if the students in question have long hair. If being with "real people" is your thing, then bring some friends. Studs Terkel's delight. Redneck heaven.

Rubaiyat -- The new, improved Rubaiyat is just a larger edition of the old, unimproved Rubaiyat. Although claiming the status of a continental restaurant, this is merely a facade for the uninitiated. The real attraction is the band. The Iris Bell Adventure has been performing here for years and is still the best rock band in town. Dance floor is large and the place usually isn't too crowded during the week. Band usually plays three sets, but the first of these should be avoided. Food is fair, but the mixed drinks are terrible. The Heublein cans accumulate rapidly in the trash.

- Dick Ginsberg

REFLECTIONS OF A JAUNDICED EYE

There's a sadist loose in the administration office. I know there is. For four years as an undergraduate, I juggled courses so as not to have any classes earlier than ten o'clock. I get to law school and some petty bureaucratic clown hands me a schedule which gives me two eights and three nines. But, this isn't enough. To add
insult to injury, I'm also given afternoon classes every day.

During my first year here, I came to hate two places: Dominick's and the Union snack bar. When it's nine o'clock and you've just sat through an hour of Torts, you've got to go somewhere for a cup of coffee and a donut. Going back to bed for an hour and then getting up again for Property is just too painful. Unless you're into walking long distances in sub-zero weather, the only places to go are either of the above-mentioned establishments.

I'm not trying to put the nix on Dominick's. It is a fine place to go for a cup of coffee or a sandwich. But twice a day, five days a week, for a whole year? Even two years later, I sometimes wake up in the middle of the night and can taste pastrami on rye with mustard no lettuce.

The best thing I can say about the Union snack bar is that there was usually room to sit down. You can only begin to appreciate this if you've spent as much time as I have standing in line at Dominick's. If you've ever eaten at the bar, I'm sure that you also include a few words of thanks for the Bagel Factory in your nighttime prayers.

The highlight of the social season was the Crease Ball. I got a kick out of all the posters and signs. Unfortunately, no one ever bothered to inform me that people dressed up for this particular event. So I came strolling in wearing my usual classroom attire. I don't mean to suggest that I felt out of place or anything, but I doubt if I could have drawn any more attention to myself if I had ridden my motorcycle into the dining room.

At the end of the year, I got to play the greatest of all law school games -- grade report roulette. Everyday I would run out to the mailbox to see if that magic letter from the law school had arrived. By the middle of June I began to wonder if...
they would ever come. By the middle of July I decided to invest in a phone call [Mr. Ginsberg resides in Baltimore. --Eds.] to the registrar. I was politely informed (probably by the same sadist) that the delay was due to Professor Harris' failure to turn in his grades for Contracts. It was close but my grades did arrive before I left to come back to Ann Arbor. I guess some things never change.

- Dick Ginsberg

NIT NEWS

[With everybody going to law school these days, RG wonders if there might have to be some changes in the Saturday afternoon television programming.]

ANNOUNCER: Live from federal district court it's the NBC Case-of-the-Week, pitting Blue versus Board of Education. This week's case is brought to you by Wilkinson Bar Review Courses, the people who have saved so many from a close shave at exam time.

ROWDY: Good afternoon court fans, and welcome to another NBC Case-of-the-Week. This is Curt Rowdy. Right beside me is colorperson, Joe "Rocket" Schlect, and Tom Dawkins is down near the court floor to provide some analysis of the case. We'll return for the opening arguments in a minute, but first let's pause for this message.

ANNOUNCER: We had these 13 law students try Wilkinson's Bar Review Course. Let's see how they liked it. Law student number six -- "It was very smooth, no drag, no pull." How about number thirteen -- "After the Wilkinson course, I could barely notice I was taking the bar exam at all." Try the Wilkinson Bar Review. These 13 students did and were completely satisfied.

ROWDY: Well, back to court-side, fans. You know, Joe, way back in 1954, Brown went to the Supreme Court against Board of Education; Green did it against County School Board in 1968; and now it looks like Blue could go all the way against Board of Education again this year. But there have been some drastic rules changes lately that could hurt the Blue team a lot, and give Board it's first big win in a long time. It's gonna be tough for Blue.

SCHLECT: Uh, Curt, it's gonna be tough for Blue.

ROWDY: Right. So let's go down to Tom Dawkins for a look at today's game plans and starting line-ups.

DAWKINS: Ok, Curt. It appears that Board of Ed. is going to use a box-and-one zone defense, mainly to try and jam up hard-driving Jill Walton inside, but also keep a person close to Henry Dippy on the outside, who can shoot off his mouth and score from anywhere in the court. As you see by the diagram, Blue's bit play is for Dippy to fire a pointed question to a witness at the baseline, with Walton rolling to the bench from the low post to quash and objection. Nobody can seem to stop her there.

On the other hand, Blue will have to move quickly ahead before Board's recent recruit and top player, D.O. Justice, can put on the stall with a lot of fancy procedure. Waiting for the right time, Justice will take a big shot from way outside and score before you know what's happened. Back to you, Curt.
ROWDY: Thanks, Tom. You're certainly right about that Walton. She can do it all — briefs, motions, summations — and only in her second year. Blue's head mentor, Dawn Wooden, says Walton's the best second-year person she's ever coached.

SCHLECT: She can do it all, uh, Curt.

ROWDY: You bet, Joe "Rocket" Schlect, who still holds the record for "most shots attempted" at his old alma mater. Well, we're ready for the case. What's this? Blue will start at the center of the court on a technical foul before the game — it seems that Justice tried to dunk an amicus in against the rules.

DAWKINS: Curt, I can see there's going to be a lot of rough contact underneath in this case that people aren't going to be aware of. For instance, I'd like to tell the fans about ...

ROWDY: Thanks again, Tom. Oddly enough, we're at the quarter-hour and both sides have called time out. There'll be more of the NBC Case-of-the-Week after this message.

- Mike Slaughter

THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY
or
FIRST YEAR BLUES

"Now, let's consider a hypo with the following facts: Defendants Dudley and Stevens attempted to purchase a hermetically sealed coffin for their shipmate Parker, who had died as a result of dietary problems while the trio was shipwrecked. An argument arose over the price of the casket; not unheated words were exchanged and the mortician, Grover, drew a 24K gold-plated letter-opener, which he flourished threateningly. Dudley, believing himself to be in imminent danger of great bodily harm, expropriated a bottle of embalming fluid from a nearby shelf and struck Grover over the head, causing him to drown. At this point, Grover's wife came upon the gruesome scene, had a cerebral hemorrhage, and was unable to work for 16 months.

Mr. Moniker, did or did not the defendants enter into a binding contract for the purchase of the coffin?"

Hearing my name, I snapped out of my reverie and cleverly tried to salvage my tenuous position with, "I'm sorry, sir, would you please repeat the question?"

"Mr. Moniker," he sputtered, "have you thought seriously about why you are here?"

I was stunned and hurt. The Socratic method is not supposed to be a personal confrontation; we're all in this together. Hell, yes, I'd thought about why I was here. I wanted to extend my neotenous period another three years. Law school was the only no-pref field of graduate study, U-M seemed to have a comfortably liberal atmosphere — the cafeterias are reputed to use Spanish fly instead of saltpeter and the mayor of Ann Arbor is a known communist. But I soon found law school was not just a bed of clichés. I had entered a time warp. In three years I would be legally smarter but humanly stagnant; out of touch with reality.

I knew it didn't have to be this way. "Play ping pong, go to the movies," the Dean had counseled at the freshman convocation. "Be well-rounded; enjoy yourselves." But it was too late. I could already see the perversions setting in, spreading like leprosy through the 1st year ranks after only a week.

We'd seek escape through a pick-up football game. "Detine, replevin, trover,
hike." Too late. Even dinner offered no reprieve. The pork-and-beans ladler confided in us that he had found two gold rings in the bottom of the pot, and we laughed. Then Fred went back for seconds on "savory Richard Parker."

"You'd better see me after class, Mr. Moniker," he was saying. I realized the entire section was staring snidely at me with that "at-least-I'm-ahead-of-one-guy" look. I flushed and began trembling. Then leaping on the chair, I defiantly ripped my Uniform Commercial Code to shreds, and stomped off to adversely possess the Flame Bar. Reversed and remanded for further consideration. You win some, you lose some.

- John McKay

BACCHUS BAR REVIEW REFRESHER

A recent study has determined that the average lawyer spends more time in the corner bar than he does before the bar of justice. In the belief that this aspect of legal education is being sorely neglected by the law schools, Res Gestae brings you the current revision of the Bacchus Bar Review Course.

Easy-Open Summaries

Those of you who read this column religiously last year may have noted in your independent studies on the subject that a number of changes have taken place over the summer in our field.

--The SCHWABEN INN, long a gathering place for people in need of a weekend date, has disappeared from the face of the earth.
--Rising, so to speak, Phoenix-like from its ashes is MACKINAC JACK'S, an unlikely cross between a ski-lodge and a frontier dance hall.
--FLICK'S BAR, always one of the dullest places to drink east of Kankakee, Illinois, now has live bands several nights a week, making it one of the noisiest dull places east...etc.
--A brand new entrant onto the drinking-cum-dancing scene is called, imaginatively enough, THE SCENE.

Next Assignment

In succeeding issues we will be busy bring you concise, indepth analyses of the foregoing and other dives. An added feature will be random excursions to some of the communities outlying A2, on the off-chance that you are into rustic vibrations or just want to gape at rednecks. While research is not completed in several areas (unlike some law professors I could name, I don't use student lackies to handle my research; do it all myself), in preparation are revised reports on some of the more established placed in town. These commence next week. For those of you who are new to A2, we conclude this introductory lecture with a brief digest of last year's favorites.

Gems

Village Bell - The V-Bell has invariably been a favorite of law students mostly because it's within walking distance of the Lawyers Club for the faint of heart. On most nights it's wall-to-wall people with frat boys, sorority belles and assorted jocks well represented.

Rubaiyat - If you are primarily interested in dancing, this is probably the place in town to go and do your thing. The band -- the Iris Bell Adventure -- is outasight. The dinner show at 9:30 is worth making. The Rubaiyat specializes in Continental cuisine, although the relevant continent appears to be Australia. Still it's good
grub. So are most of the mixed drinks. The Galliano Stinger, aptly named at two bucks a throw, provides tremendous hallucinatory effects if sucked rapidly through a small-gauge drinking straw. BYOS.

Fraser's Pub - In addition to frosted mugs, Fraser's features two kinds of bowling machines! Here you can avoid the heavy pinball parlor scene and still get your kicks rolling, lustling and drinking. The place fluctuates, however. On some nights it's a really good place to drink with working class folks, law students and teenagers rubbing shoulders; on others you can be all alone nursing your lager to the sound of somebody else's bowling match. A fine choice if you want to down pitchers of beer in a crowd.

Golden Falcon - The Falcon's golden hour, from 4 to 6:30 is the best deal in town. All drinks, with a few exceptions for exotic mixed, are sixty cents. Service tends to be slow due to the high turnover rate among waitresses. Their being sky-high doesn't much help the rapidity of service, especially if your bag is fast-drawling those Galliano Stingers. But for a couple of bills you can become memorably plastered.

Del Rio - If the draft beer wasn't so flat a lot of the time, there would be nothing bad to say about the Del. The burgers, salads and pizzas are all notable. A tape machine with an incredible tape library that feeds any appetite for R & R, R & B or jazz. Although crowded most of the time, there is no sense of claustrophobia. Autistic males can adorn the walls of the men's can with graffiti. The selection is choice already. The ladies room I can't talk about. Live jazz on Sundays.

- Dick Ginsberg

**QUIZZER**

[The malevolence that brings you the following, what is apparently an exam question, is not ours but solely that of the author's. While Steve Keller cannot assure you a place on the Law Review for answering his hypo, he will not, on the other hand, force you to eat at Dominick's. Eds.]

Rider was arrested early Sunday morning in the city park. In a general way he answered the description of a man wanted for an assault and robbery two days earlier—long hair, blue jeans, sandals, 5'10", about 160 pounds. One person coming out of a bar down the street had seen the assault. Two other persons had seen a man of this general description come running around a corner and jump over a fence.

Rider was taken to the city jail and informed of his rights.

"You have a right to a counsel." Officer Curley told him. "If you cannot afford one, the court will appoint one for you in the morning."

"Lot of good it'll do me in this town," Rider scoffed. "I'd do better with a court appointed minister."

"That's about it," said Curley pointing at the row of X's on the wall. "The slashes to the left represent the number of hippies we've arrested, and the slashes to the right represent the number of convictions."

* * *

The next morning, Rider was arraigned before Judge Trench.

"I see you don't have an attorney," said the Judge. "I don't see that it makes much difference," said Rider. "The court will appoint one for you anyway," replied
the Judge.

Rider was dismissed and the Judge, his clerk, and the prosecutor got together in the Judge's chambers to select an attorney. "How about Sam Sharp?" Trench suggested. Sam was called.

"Not another hippy." Sam said. "I'm beginning to lose business representing these creeps." "Well, how about Bob Good?" the prosecutor ventured. "Good'd be good," the clerk said. "But he's working night and day on the Magna company merger. He doesn't have a lot of time. The problem is that there just aren't a lot of decent lawyers around. "Well, how about Daffy Duffy?" the Judge asked. "Didn't he retire about five years ago?" asked the prosecutor. "Yea," said the Judge, "but at least he knows the law." "Yea, he knows the law if you want to write a will. But who wouldn't after 45 years in the probate department of the First National," the prosecutor added. "The probate department of Murphy's Bar you mean," smirked Curley who had wandered in during the discussion. "Daffy's our man," said Trench. "Curley, go over to Murphy's and talk to him."

***

"A whole case!" exclaimed Daffy. "No, Daffy, a legal case. We want you to represent this kid." "Some guy wants a will?" asked Daffy. "I guess I could dig out the old forms." "No, it's a criminal case. He's charged with robbery and assault." "Well, I don't know," said Daffy. "I haven't had much experience with that kind of stuff." "It's just to make it legal," said Curley. "Besides, there's money in it. The city'll pay you for it."

***

"This is my attorney!" said Rider. He looked slowly up at the row of X's on the wall and the new left handed slash at the end of the row. Then he looked back at Daffy. "You guys must want me bad." "Got to keep the record up, creep," replied Curley. "Nothing personal." "I suppose one's about as good as another," sighed Rider.

"Well, lawyer, I didn't do it," said Rider. "I wasn't even in town that night. I went up to Ann Arbor to see what was happening. I met this guy named Slim and this gal named Prim and we went to this place called Bimbos. They go there all the time--drink beer and sing along to old time music. Spent the whole evening with them. See what you can do for me, old man."

On his way back to Murphy's Daffy stopped to see Judge Trench. "Can I get some money from the city to run up to Ann Arbor? My client says he spent the evening with some people up there and I want to see if I can find them."

"Come on, Daffy," Trench said. "You know we don't waste money running down every alibi some guy thinks up." "Yea, but you have plenty of money to pay the police," Daffy surprised himself--and for a second, Trench. But only for a second.

"Run along, Daffy," Trench said. "I've got a lot to do."

***

Quick and sloppy justice, you might call the trial. The prosecutor first presented the victim.

"I didn't see him so clearly," he said. "It was dark and he came up from
behind. But I recognized him from the pictures the police showed me several days later. Long hair, blue jeans, boots. That's him. After he slugged me and took my wallet, he ran off."

Daffy didn't cross-examine him.

The prosecutor then called one of the witnesses, the one who had seen the accident. The witness described the events generally. "For all I know," he concluded, "it could have been the defendant."

Daffy examined this witness generally on the events. He concluded by asking him if he was sure that it could have been the defendant. "Yup" said the witness. Daffy did not ask the witness what he was doing on the street at that hour. Nor did he mention the fact that the witness had been released from jail several months earlier after serving a term for armed robbery.

The prosecutor called no other witnesses.

Then Daffy presented his defense. He called Rider who explained his side of the story. Daffy then called Rider's mother. She explained that he had had polio as a child and couldn't play the normal children's games. She had always wanted him to play the violin like his namesake, Efrem Zimblist. Somehow, that hadn't worked out. In any case, she said that she thought that he was basically a good boy who wouldn't beat anyone up.

The jury did its duty and returned a guilty verdict. Curley marked up the score on the wall and Daffy returned to Murphy's.

* * *

You, my friends, have been appointed to represent Rider on appeal. Write a short (three pages max.) typed essay explaining what Constitutional arguments you would use to get the court to reverse the verdict. Cite the precedents you would use.

- Steve Keller

A JURY OF HIS PEERS
Today we're going to learn about contracts.

Oh, boy, Kermit! I see cookies! Well, we'll see about that.

Okay, Cookie Monster, I'm going to give you a cookie every minute for 5 minutes if you'll sit still for the whole time.

On minutes up, where's my cookie? Why should I give you a cookie? You didn't tell me you accepted my offer.

Waddya mean! I sat still! Excellent, you've just learned reliance.

Well, where's my cookie?

Why should I give you a cookie? How do I know you're going to sit still for the whole time.

Why should I sit still anymore if you don't give me my cookie?

Very good!

You've just learned mutuality.

How we'll have to go to Roger to straighten this out.

Hey, wait Cookie Monster!

Self-help is not a contract remedy.

Possession: nine points of the law.
You may think that this November's balloting is stuck with at least as many losers as victors, but there's a well-established brokerage firm that has never seen anything but winners—even around election time. At the local offices of Mirror, Litch, Peertz, Feller & Smiff, general manager Hoyt Barsnard says he has 27 ways investors may cash in on America's votes.

"Sure," Barsnard began, "there are short-term gains, long-term returns and everything else in between in the election markets. Take 24-hour drug stores.

"24-hour drug stores?"

"Right, they're a sure thing - with a close race, supporters for both sides are going to be staying up all hours of the night feeling nervous and upset and are going to need aspirin, tranquilizers, Alka-Seltzer and so on by the ton. On the other hand, if it's a run-away for one side, the drug store earnings are less than half as much, but that just means we gotta diversify.

"You mean find some industries not sensitive to election trends?"

"No, no, son, you'd never be a good broker. You can't sense the main chances - if it looks like a run-away you go into 24-hour party stores 'cause the people with the landslide are going to start celebrating early and won't quit before morning. Keep 'em supplied with 24-hour party stores, then rake in the profits."

Thinking I was getting a handle on the business, I suggested, "or a way to cover yourself is buy 24-hour drug stores with a liquor counter, huh?"

Barsnard almost dropped the large green-brown cigar jutting from the side of his mouth, and sneered, "you sound like a mutual fund salesman with that kinda talk, boy. Whatcha gotta do now is move into the growth markets for future elections. Like with convertible municipal bonds."

"I'm afraid I've never heard anyone mention those."

"Well, son, that's why you should get in before all the others hear about them. See, elections of the future are gonna be computerized, and you know that'll cost a helluva lotta money. However, local governments are in big trouble these days and their credit ratings show it, yet people are sick of higher taxes. So to raise money for computer voting you gotta make your municipal bonds more attractive."

"So you make them convertible. Convertible to what?"

"Uh, what's that?"

"What can you convert them to?"

Barsnard immediately assumed an offended air. "Look, I'm just a broker, boy; tell me to sell, I sell; tell me to buy, I buy. But if you want teensy-technical information like that, you look it up yourself."

- Mike Slaughter

Big Sister Is Watching You
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 anti-trust. Wish I had read the textbook this semester.

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 other are right and I'm wrong? Wait a minute. There's the sound of the door opening. I won't turn around though and rubberneck 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 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 Philippine 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 professional in not too long a time! Hmm, the proctors aren't even here yet either. Maybe I better take a glance down at the 'ol timepiece on the wrist. Yes, it's almost time for the test. Gee, I never noticed before how crookedly they pasted the numbers 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.

- Mike Slaughter

TRAVELS WITH REASONABLE MAN

The first fourteen weeks of a law school semester can be rationalized as benign masochism, but there is no ready excuse for subjecting yourself to "finals week."

Shellshocked and slightly nauseated, I packed up on December 22 and set out to
see the folks and check the pickle factory for an opening. Even in a normal state of mind a Michigan winter is enough to make you tuck in your thumb and shell out for a bus ticket, so I caught the southbound 6:42 and settled back for a few hours of peaceful brooding.

A Greyhound labeled Chicago is a momentary reminder of the outside world as it rumbles through rural crossroads communities. But inside the most exciting thing going for me was a fantasy about the ghost of Marilyn Monroe doing a remake of "Bus Stop".

That's why I didn't mind when the denizen of the back seat staggered forward and asked to keep me company. He pulled out a wrinkled brown paper sack, unscrewed the top, and we passed dinner back and forth.

"Whaddya do fer a livin' boy?" he asked.

"Nothing, I'm a law student."

"Well, it ain't nothin' to be ashamed of. I got a cousin's a shyster, too, and he ain't a bad sort, 'cept he don't talk to me."

Since I really didn't feel like talking about law school, I asked him about himself, and that's when he told me about Reasonable Man.

"Son, mebbe you'll understand, bein' a lawyer and all. Nobody else cares. But you see, I wasn't allus like this. I used to shave and eat regular. Fact is, I even played some semi-pro ball. It's true. But I could never be quite good enough for anybody. My mother would say, 'Why can't you be like Olly Holmes? He's so polite and he dresses so nice.' Or, 'Why can't you get good grades like Sicnarf Nella?' If I got caught sleeping in algebra Mrs. Campbell would say, 'Your sister Kathy was never like this. I don't know what's wrong with you'.

"Well, it got so's I couldn't take it anymore. If Olly Holmes screwed up, my mother would ignore it and find someone else to compare me to. If I did good in one thing, they'd find something else to complain about. Finally I left home and decided to get a fresh start--no Holmes', no Nellas, no big sisters; I was gonna make it on my own."

He took another snort, wiped his stubble with a once-plaid sleeve, and continued. "Well, I got off to a rough start. I had me a nice piece of farm land, and one night we was playin' cards and I needed money. So I says to this guy--just joking of course--I says I'll sell you my farm for $500. And he says OK and wrote some papers up. Well, I knew he knew we were just kidding around, so I signed. The next thing you know we were in court and some hifalutin' judge was saying, 'Reasonable Man would not have known that you were making a jocular promise.' That was that. I had $500, minus $450 for my attorney, and no farm.

"Well, I walked out of the courtroom and down the street--not payin' much attention to where I was goin'--and I fell into this hole where the sidewalk was broken up. Broke both my legs and fractured my jaw. I said to myself, that judge seems to like givin' away other people's money, so I sued the city. Well, the judge just told me, Reasonable Man would have watched where he was going.

"By now I had figured out me and this Reasonable Man weren't gonna get along. But anyhow, I met this jewelry salesman, and he offered me a place to stay if I'd help him sell his watches and rings on the street. So I says OK. Then one night he brings home a color TV he said a friend give him and offered to sell it to me for $50. The next thing you know I was in court again, and the ole judge was saying, 'Reasonable Man would have known it was stolen.'
"Well, I tell you it was enough to drive a man to drink. What right did Reasonable Man have to run my life? I couldn't escape him by running away from home, and I couldn't find him to punch in the nose."

By now the hard-guy role of law school was miles behind, so I showed some interest, and asked, "What happened them?"

"Well, what finally pushed me over the edge was when I was drivin' down the street with my buddy, and we'd been hittin' the booze a little so I wasn't as careful as I might of been. All of a sudden the car jumped the curb, hit a fire hydrant, the water gushed up, hit a sign, and the sign fell on the car and killed my buddy. Well, they charged me for killin' him. Now by this time, I half expected to have the judge tell me that ole Reasonable Man wouldn't get drunk, so I says to him, You got a lotta nerve, sittin' up there half-crooked and tellin' me I shouldn't be drinking. And he says to me 'You are obviously not an ordinarily prudent man.' Then he not only tells me that Reasonable Man wouldn't drink while he was driving, but that Reasonable Man would have 'foreseen the consequences of his actions.' That was the last straw."

"'To hell with Reasonable Man,' I said."

"'You probably will, but Reasonable Man will never end up in hell,' the judge said."

"'He will if there's a God who's reasonably just,' I said."

Welcome to law school.

- John McKay
BERT: "BEAST ROSE, I BROUGHT HIM ALONG TO LEARN ABOUT TORTS, TOO?"

TORTS

WELL, ANYWAY, BUT REMEMBER YOU HAVE A DUTY TO KEEP HIM FROM BEING HURT.

DUTY

WHAAAP!

INJURY

ERNIE: "WADDA, LET HIM DO THAT FOR YOU, YOU NUMBSKULL! YOU CAUSED AN INJURY!" BUT HE'S NEVER DONE IT BEFORE.

PROXIMATE CAUSE

CHEE! NEVER HAVE I SEEN ANYBODY PICK UP FORESEEABILITY SO FAST.

FORESEEABILITY

AND ROSCOE DID IT ON HIS OWN, I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT.

YOU'RE NOT BAD ON VICARIOUS LIABILITY, EITHER.

VICARIOUS LIABILITY

THERE! HE DID IT AGAIN, AND YOU TOLD HIM NOT TO. YOU CAN'T WIGGLE OUT OF THIS ONE!

WAIT A MINUTE, BERT. WHAT GOES ON WHEN I COME TO SEE YOU?

WAIT A MINUTE, BERT. WHAT GOES ON WHEN I COME TO SEE YOU?

YOU PUT SOME RIDICULOUS STUNT AND SOMETHING ALWAYS HAPPENS TO ME.

RIGHT! SO IT'S NOT MY FAULT YOU ASSUMED THE RISK OF SEEING ME.

ASSUMPTION OF RISK

THAT'S ENOUGH FOR TORTS, ERNIE.

NOW YOU'RE GOING TO LEARN ABOUT JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE.

M. SLAUGHTER
RESTATEMENT OF EXODUS

As you will recall from last week's episode, a great number of people lived in Egypt who did not really fit in with the system. The Egyptian administration said, "Come, let us deal shrewdly with them, lest they multiply, and, if war befall us, they join our enemies and fight against us and escape from the land." Therefore they set taskmasters over them to afflict them with heavy burdens and made the people serve with rigor, and made their lives bitter with hard service.

The people were naturally uptight about this, but weren't sure what to do about it. Although Egypt wasn't the greatest place to be, they knew that if they put in their time and followed orders that they would all soon be on the golden gravy train.

It came to pass that as they searched for an answer, one Moses, son of Corbin, and of the house of Langdell, decided that he would lead the people from Egypt to a "promised land". And the people relied on his promise, for he held out the offer of a new life, free from oppressive traditions inflicted by the Pharoah and his court, and there was mutual assent. (Well almost. Some of the people felt it might be better to stay put for awhile and have a representative brought in from the promised land once a week, and since they were led to believe this was their only option, it was done. But for the most part the people regarded Moses as a saviour and a large section committed themselves to follow him.)

And Moses, quaffing the heady brew of his people's adoration, went to the Pharoah and boldly said, "Let my people go. Let them throw off the straight-jackets of your traditional system, because you are not preparing them well for the life hereafter."

The Pharoah and Moses didn't see eye to eye, so Moses tried a few tricks, but when they didn't work, he announced that he would lead his people to the promised land anyway. He gathered his people together, along with what little Property they retained, and set out on the journey. Some of the people wanted to bring with them keep-sakes and souvenirs, like casebooks, but Moses said, "Cast them aside, lighten your load--we'll have problems enough without them."

Now the very arrogant manner that made Moses the darling of his people gave the Pharoah great pain, and he sent his army after the emigrants to bring them to justice. And when the people saw that they were about to be trapped between the sea and the army, with only Moses to protect them, they said, "Verily, this is a big test, it could be our final hour."

But Moses said unto them, be not afraid, and even as he spoke the sea parted before him and a way was opened before them. The people followed Moses through the escape he had created for them, and rejoiced that he had not let them down.

But even as they marveled at his courage and integrity, Moses ran on ahead of them and closed the waters upon them, and the people were crushed. Immediately thereafter, the Pharoah's launch pulled up alongside the bank and Moses boarded it, and together the two surveyed the scene, and the Pharoah said, "It is good." And Moses said, "I guess we got rid of those troublemakers." And Moses made his way swiftly back to the other side, where the Pharoah showed his pleasure by giving Moses a free year's pay and thirty Hessian slaves. And all that lived were as happy as they had been to begin with.

- John McKay

22
THE SAME COMPANY THAT BROUGHT YOU DR. WATSON'S EXCITING BOARD GAME "THINK YOU ARE A SHRINK" NOW BRINGS YOU:

"MY NAME IS
BERNIE
I'M AN ATTORNEY"

ALL ASPIRING LAWYERS, LAW STUDENTS, PRE-LAW STUDENTS, PEOPLE WHO HAVE BEEN ARRESTED AND CONCERNED CITIZENS MUST PLAY THIS EXCITING NEW BOARD GAME, NOW AVAILABLE FROM BARKER BROTHERS FOR ONLY $9.95.

"MY NAME IS BERNIE, I'M AN ATTORNEY" CAPTURES THE EXCITEMENT AND GLAMOR OF BEING A BIG TIME CORPORATE ATTORNEY!

IN ADDITION TO THE GAME BOARD, MARKERS, CARDS, DICE, WHISTLES, AND CRACKER JACKS, EACH GAME SET INCLUDES:

- 43 MISC. NEGOTIABLE INSTRUMENTS
- CONTINGENT FEE SPINNER
- 12 REAMS OF BRIEF PAPER
- ONE ENTIRE SET OF WEST'S N.E. REPORTERS
- TRANQUILIZERS - BLUE, GREEN AND YELLOW
- 6 MEMBERSHIP CARDS TO EXCLUSIVE CLUBS
- 1 PEPTIC ULCER
- 24,476 USEFUL CITATIONS
- 16 FIFTHS OF SCOTCH
- $50,000 IN UNMARKED BILLS
- 1 BOOKLET, "HOW TO SHEPARDIZE"
- 1 GOLD KEY TO THE EXECUTIVE WASHROOM.

THE OBJECT OF THE GAME IS TO BECOME A SENIOR PARTNER IN THE LAW FIRM. EACH PLAYER STARTS AS A JUNIOR CLERK IN THE BASEMENT LIBRARY. THROUGH VARIOUS STAGES HE (OR SHE) MAY MOVE TO THE PENTHOUSE OFFICES ON THE 23RD FLOOR.

1. THE FIRST PLAYER TO REACH THIS ULTIMATE GOAL WINS THE GOLD KEY TO THE EXECUTIVE WASHROOM!

THE EXCITEMENT OF THE GAME IS HEIGHTENED BY THE FACT THAT MANY TIMES NO ONE MAY WIN. FOR EXAMPLE, PICKING A "JUMP CARD" FROM THE J.N.O.V. PILE MEANS THAT THE PLAYER MUST JUMP FROM THE BUILDING, NO MATTER WHAT FLOOR HE IS ON. (OBVIOUSLY, THIS WILL NOT AFFECT THE JUNIOR CLERKS WHO ARE "STILL IN THE BASEMENT".) LANDING ON "GO DIRECTLY TO JAIL" MEANS THAT THE PLAYER MUST MOVE DIRECTLY TO THE PENITENTIARY SPACE UNLESS HE HAS $20,000 CASH FOR THE AUTHORITIES, OR 25 "POLITICAL CREDIT" POINTS OR IS ABLE TO SHAKE DOUBLE SIXES ON THE ETHICS COMMITTEE SQUARE.

ACCELERATED MOVEMENT UP IN THE FIRM MAY BE MADE BY DRAWING A "YOU WON A BIG ONE" FROM THE JURY VERDICT CARDS, LANDING ON THE EXECUTIVE POKER PARTY SQUARE AND LOSING $2000 OR DRAWING THE "YOU MARRY INTO THE SENIOR PARTNER'S FAMILY" CARD FROM THE CHANCE PILE. THE REST OF THE RULES ARE CONTAINED IN THE INDEX OF THE LA SALLE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL CATALOG ENTITLED "34 EASY WAYS TO LEARN LAW AT HOME."

BUY IT TODAY! FUN FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY!
(Recommended for ages 6-9 or ages 26-44.)

Also, try these other great games from BARKER BROTHERS:

"MARK, I'M A NARC"
AN ACTION PACKED ADVENTURE GAME WHERE YOUNGSTERS LEARN WHAT IT IS LIKE TO BE A TRAFFIC DEPT. SPECIAL AGENT. A DRUG ANALYZER KIT IS INCLUDED WITH SAMPLES. (WATER PIPE IS OPTIONAL)

"IT'S NOT TRUE THAT I CAN'T STAND PAP"

"DOCTOR FOR A DAY"
FUN FOR THE KIDS - THE KIT INCLUDES SURGICAL TOOLS WHICH THEY CAN USE TO PEEING
SUMMER OPPORTUNITIES

ENJOY YOURSELF THIS SUMMER! DO SOMETHING THAT YOU CAN TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT NEXT FALL! BE A STAR DURING "SHOW AND TELL" PERIOD! FIRST YEAR STUDENTS ARE ELIGIBLE!

A LARGE MIDWESTERN LAW SCHOOL WITH AN EXCELLENT REPUTATION HAS A NUMBER OF SUMMER OPENINGS FOR BUDDING LEGAL SCHOLARS. IF YOU ARE A NOMINAL FEE, YOU CAN JOIN THIS SELECT GROUP OF FUTURE LEADERS OF AMERICA.

LOOK WHAT YOUR $25.00 A CREDIT HOUR WILL BUY:

- INSTRUCTION BY SOME OF AMERICA'S MOST NOTED LEGAL MINDS, MANY OF WHOM LEAVE FOR THE SUMMER (BUT THEIR AURA STILL PERVADES THE SCHOOL).
- AN UNLIMITED NUMBER OF POSSIBLE EXCUSES TO THE "QUADRANGLE" - A GREEN, GRASSY AREA BETWEEN THE BUILDINGS WHERE YOU MAY TRAVEL AWAY THOSE LAZY SUMMER HOURS!
- AN OPTION TO RENT A PENTHOUSE SUITE IN A PSEUDO GOTHIC MANSION THAT ADJACENT THE SCHOOL.

APPLY NOW!

ALL YOU NEED IS A 300 LSAT SCORE AND A 3.5 AVERAGE FROM AN ELITE COLLEGE.

WRITE: HUTCHINS HALL, ANN ARBOR, MICH.

SEE THE OTHER AMERICA!

BECOME A PROCESS SERVER THIS SUMMER!

THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS SERVING CORP. WANTS TO HIRE A NUMBER OF AMBITION YOUNG PEOPLE TO HANDLE A NUMBER OF THEIR MORE CHALLENGING CASES IN THE PICTURESQUE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS OF TENNESSEE! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS FIND THE PARTY NAMED ON THE SUMMONS AND PRESENT THE PAPER! UNFORTUNATELY, AFEW OF THE MOUNTAIN PEOPLE DON'T UNDERSTAND THE LEGAL PROCESS, AND ARE KNOWN TO HAVE BEEN FAIRLY HOSTILE TOWARD THE SERVERS, BUT THIS WILL MAKE THE JOB MORE INTERESTING!

FREE MEDICAL INSURANCE!

INTERESTED IN SPY MOVIES, LAW AND ORDER OR VOREURISM? THEN YOU WILL ENJOY SPENDING THIS SUMMER TESTING THE BIG EAR!

A CALIFORNIA BASED FIRM WHICH SPECIALIZES IN DISCOVERY TECHNIQUES NEEDS HELP TESTING THEIR NEW PROGRAM. A FLEXIBLE TIME SCHEDULE IS REQUIRED, BUT THE EMPLOYEES ARE REWARDED WITH HIGH PAY, GOOD TRAVEL BENEFITS AND ACCESS TO A LOT OF SPY INFORMATION! IN FACT, WORKING ON THIS JOB MAY ENABLE YOU TO MEET JACK ANDERSON! WRITE: PROF. A. MILLER, HARVARD LAW SCHOOL.

NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY
HIGH PAY/ FLEXIBLE HOURS

BECOME A TORT ORDER COOK

A LARGE, EXCLUSIVE "LAW" FIRM DESIRES TO HIRE A NUMBER OF STUDENTS AND TRAIN THEM IN THE ART OF TORT ORDER COOKING. THEY WILL THEN BE PLACED IN A NUMBER OF EXCLUSIVE RESTAURANTS TO PREPARE CULINARY DELIGHTS WITH SPECIAL INGREDIENTS WHICH ARE EXPECTED TO BE IN THE SOLUTION OF ESTATE PLANNING DISAGREEMENTS, FAMILY DISPUTES AND CRIMINAL MATTERS. FOR MORE INFORMATION CONTACT LOUIE AT 2070 S. PRABE AVE., CHICAGO, KNOCK TWICE AND THEN COME BACK IN TEN MINUTES. THE PASSWORD IS "RES ISA ".

VISIT FAR AWAY PLACES, LEARN NEW LANGUAGES, MEET STRANGE FOREIGN PEOPLE, YOU CAN BECOME A TITLE SEARCHER!

THE FERTILE CRESCENT TITLE COMPANY (455 PARK AVE., N.Y., N.Y.) INVITES A LIMITED NUMBER OF STUDENTS TO COME TO THE NEAREST FOR THE SUMMER UPON COMPLETION OF A 3 WEEK COURSE IN CLAY TABLET READING. THE STUDENT WILL THEN JOIN A CARAVAN TO SEARCH TITLES. (A ONE OR TWO HUMP CAMEL MAY BE REQUIRED). THIS SUMMER WILL FEATURE "PROJECT NEBUCHADNEZZAR" - AN ATTEMPT TO DISCOVER THE REAL OWNERS OF ALL THE LAND THAT THE BABYLONIANS TOOK FROM THE ASSYRIANS IN 612 B.C. (BRING TRINKETS AND A VERY LARGE

LEGAL FICTION WRITING

A NUMBER OF DISTINGUISHED JURISTS ARE INTERESTED IN HIRING LEGAL FICTION WRITERS TO HELP THEM IN THE PREPARATION OF THEIR OPINIONS. THE WRITER WILL GAIN VALUABLE EXPERIENCE IN CREATIVE ANALOGY WRITING - IMAGINATIVE HYPOTHETICAL INVENTING AND RESEARCH OF "BAD LAW" AND PREVIOUSLY UNUSED CASES.

APPLY: 5TH CIRCUIT CT. OF APPEALS, NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.
Law School Course Mart

Offerings: Fall 1973

Note: Any student enrolled at the U.M. Law School who has completed over 18 credit hours with a grade point of 0.66 or above may elect to take up to 6 courses from the course mart. Each course will give the student 1 credit unless the professor can be convinced otherwise. Courses will be graded as follows: "Pass", "High Pass", "Really High" and "Also Ran".

**Applied Criminal Law 101**
"From the Criminal's point of view" Members of the class will be sent on nightly scavenger hunts for Hi-Fi TVs, jewelry and cars. A weekly seminar will discuss the most successful methods that were employed by the class. At the seminar a collection will be taken up to post bail bonds and jail visits will be arranged. The last student in the seminar who is not caught will be awarded all of the items which were collected.
- A student is allowed up to 1 year withdraw after taking the course.
- The course may be taken concurrently with jail break '720.

**Applied Criminal Law 102**
"From the Police's point of view" Members of the class will patrol the high crime areas of Ann Arbor, such as the Massage Parlors and Corners of Hutchins Hall under the direction of an experienced police officer. Their grade will be determined by how many members of the Criminal Law 101 class they catch.

**Creative Procedure 141**
"Deposition Taken" The class will learn the art of deposition taking. Each member of the class will try to break the world record for the longest continuous deposition ever taken (28 hours, 11 minutes, 6 seconds) held by Professor Arthur Miller. A number of unwilling petty larceny suspects will be supplied by the Ann Arbor Police for the use of the class.

**Business Planning 237**
This year's special topic will be corporate management - how to keep your hospital going smoothly. There will be a case study of the Howard Johnson Corporation. A number of issues will be examined, such as: "How to notice electronic surveillance equipment as it is being moved into the rooms" (Washington), "How to run roof-top sundries" (New Orleans) and "How to keep freaky graduate students out of the rooms" (Ann Arbor).

**Animals and Their Symbolic Meaning to the Law 411**
This year's animal for discussion will be the bull.

**Law and Computers: The Future**
The computer has given us the following description of the course:
- "BROTHERS LENNOX CLARKS AMOUR DE RUESDO CEZURPHIA MURROU CLIPUR MIROVYREU" (Legal Ethics 520)

The students will be given practical experience in the field as they draft memos for John Mitchel and G. Gordon Liddy. The course will be taught by a (recently) retired F.B.I. agent.

**Applied Labor Relations 577**
"The Teamster's View"
A necessary course for those who expect to practice labor law! The class will spend 2 weeks in grungy diners, truck stops, and union halls with Teamster business agents. Learning how labor relations really work, the students will be graded on their creativity in inventing a new strong arm tactic.

**Environmental Law Seminars 596**
The following seminars in key environmental problems will be offered this year:
- The Vanishing Honeybee
- The Uses and Abuses of Garbage (Case Study at the Univ. of Michigan)

**Queer Laws 699**
We don't want anyone to get the wrong impression about this course like last year when 123 students signed up for it! The course deals with unusual laws that have been passed by certain jurisdictions.

**Tort Commission 859**
Each member of the class will commit a tort of his or her choice on an innocent person walking through the quad. The course will then expose the student to the psychological trauma or being a defendant in a tort case. The excitement of arrest - foil's arrest, arrest, trial, and incarceration will be stressed.
It has been said that the Age of Gods and Heroes is past, but I beg to differ. Gods and heroes never really passed away entirely. In fact, 'cultism' has experienced a renaissance as of late.

The signs of this re-birth of gods and heroes were first noticed in a New York Subway Tunnel circa 1952. Inscribed on a wall was the epithet: "God is dead. -- Nietzsche," a rather common graffito. However, below that, indelibly etched into the wall was a phrase worthy of notice: "Nietzsche is dead. -- God."

Our society now is deluged with gods, heroes, and idols -- everything from 'jocks' to fifteen year old gurus. President Nixon has his George Allen, the Watergate defendants the Gestapo, Max Smith reveres Bozo the Clown, our charming Dean Waterson has St. Peter as her own personal hero (for the dullards among you, he is the admissions officer Up There), and the staff of the Law Review worships money, i.e. potential earnings.
In at least one regard, then, the majority of law students are discriminated against; that is, they have no hero to inspire them. Consequently, RG presents a remedy for the situation.

Who is stronger than the UCC, able to leap tall stacks of statutes annotated in a single bound, and is faster than the appellate process?——COIF-MAN.

COIF-MAN, who by day masquerades as a pompous, officious, elitist law student, and by night is a pompous, officious, elitist law student.

Though he has never been photographed, I was able to sketch COIF-MAN based on the information given to me by eighty-seven year old law student, Gerry Atric, who is purported to have seen COIF-MAN at work one night. An eighty-seven year old law student, you ask? Well, actually he has amassed 6,782 credits but was never allowed to graduate since he has failed Case Club for the last fifty-nine years in a row -- someone keeps hiding the books he needs.

The sketch of COIF-MAN requires some explanation, so I have provided a key:

A. Track shorts and track shoes so he can get to the library first.

B. Big pocket for hiding books.

C. Dean St. Unwound Memorial Pocket Watch for having half of his body in the top half of his body.

D. An apple for the teacher.

E. Worms.

F. Over-sized foot, not due to elephantiasis, but from stomping on people on his way to the top half of the class.

G. Brush and butter to "butter up" profs with (substitute for excessive oral participation in class and saying things as if no one else in class understood them).

H. Giving hand.

I. Taking hand.

J. Phony face (for use at receptions, sherry parties, interviews, etc.).

K. For back stabbing, what else?

L. Utility belt -- a chic item among heroes.

-Joe Fenech
CREME de la CREME

I was strolling across the courtyard one day last week enjoying the sun and trying to figure out just what the hell "promissory estoppel" really means when I met Dean St. Unwound.

"Good afternoon Dean," I said.

"Good afternoon young man. I see that half of your body is in the bottom half of your body."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Nothing young man, just a little joke that we, who have offices in the top half of the building, have among ourselves."

By now a bit bewildered, but thinking that this was a good chance to interview the Dean, I proceeded.

"Dean St. Unwound," I began, "I have a list of questions the editor of Res Gestae gave me. I was wondering if you wouldn't mind answering them?"

"Certainly young man, proceed. However, I will only answer the questions which are on the top half of your list."

"Uh-huh... Dean, some people have accused the University of Michigan Law School of being elitist. Could you comment on this?" I queried.

"These accusations are totally false," said the Dean. "We have more token Blacks, token Chicanos, and token women than anyone else! However (and at this point a sardonic smile appeared on his lips) our tokens are, of course, from the top halves of their respective classes!"

"Sir, doesn't administrative emphasis on grades, class standing and so forth, create an undue amount of pressure on students and perhaps lead to the wrong type of motivation?"

"No, emphatically not. We can point to the results of this type of atmosphere with pride! For example, in polling the graduating class, we found library skills of the students to be excellent—a full twenty percent can find a book hidden by an overzealous colleague, among the half million in our collection, within three days of exhaustive search. In answer to charges that academic pressure does not build character, I point out that we found only ten percent of the students said that they would resort to bribery, threats, trickery, or blackmail in order to improve a course grade!"

"But sir," said I, "if the atmosphere was not such there wouldn't be any cases of book hiding, or excessive scrambling for grades."

"Yes, but then how would we distinguish the top half of the class?" asked the Dean.

At this point I decided to pursue philosophical and ethical considerations. "Sir, many critics of contemporary legal education claim that law schools are unresponsive to needs of society. They claim that there is no true justice in the legal system, that emerging law students have no compassion or incentive to aid certain socio-economic strata."

"Nonsense," said the Dean. "For example, we encourage our students in criminal law to defend anyone in need of help—no matter how rich he is!"
Turning to campus matters, I said, "Dean why is it that law students are generally considered to be pompous and officious by non-law students and colleagues here at the University of Michigan?"

"This can be attributed to the immature, jealous attitudes of non-law people."

"Jealous attitudes?"

"Yes," said the Dean. "We live and work in a magnificent, Jacobean style-gothic, quadrangle designed to achieve the maximum of convenience, adaptation to purpose, and beauty. ALL THEY HAVE are modern, well-lighted, air conditioned buildings, adequate parking, and a supply of single rooms.

Glancing at his watch, the Dean said, "Well, young man it is getting late. I must go. I expect this interview to be printed in the top half of the page in the newspaper. Of course, I do understand that half of the newspaper must be in the bottom half of the newspaper! Good day."

"Thank you Dean St. Unwound," I said.

Thinking over my conversation with the Dean and still a little bewildered, I found myself strolling down State Street when a loud crash startled me. I looked up, and to my horror saw an automobile accident. I asked a bystander what had happened.

"That crazy fool in the red sedan ran through the estoppel sign!" he said.

- Joe Fenech

LEGISLATIVE REPORT

I had occasion recently to draft some legislation for a friend of mine. This friend, a distinguished second-year law student, was interested in a bill clarifying the status of those in the process of collecting rejection letters from law firms. Certainly a germane piece of legislation for the law community, I thought! It's about time someone took an interest in the rights of the oppressor.

So I sat down and drafted this statute: Section 13. Placement Code. For purposes of this statute, a "script-antipathelexcoist" shall be defined as an individual who collects letter of rejection from law firms.

For the benefit of those to whom the derivation of the work is unclear, herewith is a crude explanation: /script/ = writing, letter (scribe), /antipath/ = adverse feeling, dislike, hatred (antipathy), /e/ = from, /lex co/ = law company, i.e. law firm, /ist/ = one who collects.

The appellation is preceded by the name of the city in which the firm is located. I myself, vis-a-vis the statute, am a Philadelphia scriptantipathelexcoist, having received by letter of antipathy from the City of Brotherly Love just last week. My distinguished second-year friend is an Atlanta scriptantipathelexcoist. Others have already added New York, Detroit and Los Angeles to their collections.

I was rather pleased with the statute. Having had classroom experience with the pains of statutory construction, I labored to create what I thought was an unambiguous statute, and gloated silently that I could write legislation better than the legislators.

But nay, I was wrong. There are rumblings deep from the bowels of Hutchins Hall. News has reached me that a class action suit has been initiated by students with rejections from HEW and HUD, claiming protection under the statute for all those who have been rejected by the federal government. A student whose rejection consisted of a postcard saying "Tough luck, kid" claims that postcards should be considered letters for the purposes of the statute. Another asks if the statute calls for the
affirmative action of collecting letters, or merely indicates omission in not throwing them away. Yet another wonders what "rejection" means. His letter started "Dear John" (his name is David) and went on for three pages about the open, sincere relationship which had been established during the interview, but concluded with something to the effect that the firm had just gotten tired of him in the next four weeks and had decided that the long-distance relationship could not continue. And a friend of mine, a striking blonde, received a letter saying "Come up and see us sometime." She queries whether "sometime" really means not to come at all. And would you believe it--another friend received a rejection letter from a firm he didn't even interview, and wonders if that qualifies.

And that's not the half of it. Lately people have been coming to my room in the middle of the night babbling nonsense about "intent of the framers", "contemporary practices" and "mischief to be remedied." People accost me with rueful tales of having received letters without postmark and postcards without signatures; postcards without postmark and letters without signatures. They ask ingenuously how a letter can not be a letter just because it lacks postmark or signature. My friends who have received no rejection letters are starting to feel neglected. One even had the effrontery to ask me to draft a statute defining the rights of "scriptamorelexcoists" (those who collect love letters from a firm).

My interest in this legislation is simple. When I was young my mother admonished me to bring home a rich, New York, Harvard educated attorney to marry. I figure if I bring home a Kansas City scriptantipathelexcoist from U-M Law, I may get by.

- Elyse Fox
The University of Michigan Law Library wishes to announce a:

**GOING OUT OF BUSINESS SALE!**

The crushing need for new gym facilities, poor attendance, the rising cost of janitorial services and poor alumni contributions have forced the University of Michigan Law Library to plan to close its doors on Halloween (Oct 31!). This closing offers a rare opportunity for all law students to build their personal libraries! Books are priced even lower than what they cost when bought third hand from junkies who just ripped them off in the quad!

Every book will be sold at deep discount! Look at these bargains:

- **Reporter Riot** Mix or Match, 1922-24, 2 sets, 1922, 3 $4.50 50c each!
- **Assorted pocket parts** 24c, 5c each
- **Foreign language books** Can you read or decipher?
- **Stained glass windows** Cut to size, with your college crest!
- **Shepards by the pound!**
- **Blacks law dictionaries** (missing only a few key pages) $3.95

So that the law school will not be left without library services, The West Company has graciously put the entire contents of the law library on microfilm. A broom closet in the basement of the current library will be set aside for use of these items. The key may be obtained between 3:00 and 5:00 pm at the law club desk.

Note: Look for the opening of the new law school sports complex in October in the library building. It will feature a co-ed sauna, a pitch and put golf course, boxing ring (where students may work out problems with each other), tennis and handball courts! Apply for membership now!
It was the middle of August, and there we were, ninety "summer starters" about to take our first final in law school.

Naturally, we were nervous sitting there in cavernous room 100. We were facing Torts—"the nemesis of all sane men."

"Let's see," I said to myself, attempting one more review. "Consequences have to be foreseeable except in certain situations where they don't, and plaintiffs have to be foreseeable except in certain instances when they don't. Means never have to be foreseeable. What about unforeseeable consequences of foreseeable causes, or is that foreseeable consequences of unforeseeable causes?"

Looking around the room, I saw my classmates staring at the ceiling mumbling the same phrases.
"My God," I thought. "We're going to be the first class in history to have 90% of the students in the bottom half of the class!"

Before the exam started the proctors said:

"Okay, everybody come up to the desk and turn in your bluebooks." Of course, we complied. We knew of our duty to uphold the Michigan Law School tradition against the honor system. After all, isn't the purpose of law school to make one petty, suspicious, aggressive, and competitive?

We all went back to our seats expecting the proctors to redistribute the bluebooks when they said:

"Okay, everybody come up to the desk and pick up a bluebook." That's when the complaints began, the seeds of rebellion began to sprout and the fires of resistance flicker. There was a lot of grumbling over the great issues of our time: "I put in a 15 cent bluebook, but I only got back a 10 cent bluebook!"

Strangely enough there weren't enough bluebooks to go around. This puzzle was compounded by the fact that the student sitting next to me, Brian Kennedy, had brought thirty-seven bluebooks with him to the exam. It wasn't until later that I learned the proctors had gone into the bluebook selling business and were taking some off the top.

By the time we got back to our seats the exam time was half gone. We were all set and ready to go.

"Everybody come up to the desk and turn in your pens!" This elicited further grumbling, but I didn't mind since I got a ten dollar Parker fountain pen for my 19 cent Bic. Again we were back at our desks awaiting the exam papers.

"Okay everyone turn in your wristwatches. These will be x-rayed and fluoroscopyed to be sure they don't contain Prosser on Torts microfilmed!"

Again, I didn't mind so much since for my humble Timex I eventually got an Omega. Incidentally, the reclaiming of watches from the pile on the desk got quite vicious. Numerous torts were committed that day.

Finally, all of us were, thoroughly disgusted and quite angry with those in charge of administering the examination. We had wasted well over an hour already.

"Okay, everybody come up to the front and take off your clothes!"

-Joe Fenech

EX LIBRIS

My first suspicion that the law library was not entirely what it seems occurred last summer. I had entered the library, for the first time, with Cohen's *Legal Research in a Nutshell* (sequel to his great best seller, *Legal Student in a Nutshell*) in hand, and asked a scholarly looking fellow where the "Shepard's were."

"Oh, about forty miles north of here, tending to their flocks," he said.

"Hmm, with a sharp wit like that he must be a law review man," I thought to myself.

I finally found the Shepard's Citations. The particular volume I needed was on the table interspersed with: You and Your Tibia, What the Hell are Eczema, Seborrhea, and Psoriasis?, Metatarsals and Proboscis, i.e. Toes and Nose, A Chemical
Strang books for a law library," I thought.

I began "shepardizing" a statute when I heard someone scream: "Your elbow is wiping out my cornea!"

In panic, thinking I had inadvertently incurred a Tort action, the loss of which would result in liens on my loans, I quickly retracted my elbow and turned toward the injured person ready to offer my aid. There on the table was a three-foot diagram of the human eye.

The individual who had screamed came over and said: "Pretty nice eye, huh?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"You had your elbow on my eye diagram," he said.

"Isn't that a strange thing for a law student to be studying?" I asked.

"Yes, but I'm an ophthalmology student."

"An ophthalmology student! Then what are you doing in the law library?" I queried.

"Oh me and my thirty-seven classmates here (he pointed around the table) always study around the "Shepard's".

"Why is that?"

"Our calculations show that reading the small print in a Shepard's results in a permanent loss of vision. Why already today, I've seen six law students with ocularitis, two with glaucoma, and six with cataracts."

"Uh-huh."

"Listen, I graduate in a month. Four of us are going to open up a practice back in the Federal Reporters. Come and see us if you have eye problems."

Reassuring him that I would do so if necessary, I decided to leave the shepardizing for a later date since the large "eye" was having a mesmerizing effect on me and I swore it blinked. Turning to leave, I walked a few steps when I tripped over a four-foot-high plastic model of a molar which had written on it: "PROPERTY OF U. OF M. DENTAL SCHOOL."

As I plummeted head first toward oblivion, I shouted: "damn dental students", whereupon the three hundred dental students in the law library pelted me with scores of empty toothpaste tubes!

Fortunately, I fell into the arms of an undergraduate girl who, with the 6,087 other undergraduate girls in the library at the time, asked me to marry her. I politely declined and slipped away.

One of the toothpaste tubes had cut my forehead and I was bleeding. Immediately the fifty-seven medical students, who had been occupying the entire west wing of the library with their coughing and hacking patients, rushed to my aid.

"What a madhouse!" I said to myself trying to regain my composure.

Since I had to check some Wyoming statutes before leaving, I went over to the Wyoming section.

"HAII--EEE!!!"

Accompanying that horrendous sound was a flying side kick. Having studied Pukang-Tang-Soo-Do in years past I successfully parried the thrust, but the only other law student in the library, who happened to be standing at my side, was knocked clean through the A.L.R. shelf. While the medical students fought over his crumpled body, I discovered to my horror that we had intruded upon the Korean Olympic Karate Team which used the "Wyoming section" for its practice meets.

"A madhouse!" I said as I fled for protection into the "Michigan section".

There among the compiled statutes I sought refuge.

"Tweet! Tweet! Tweet-Tweet-Tweet!" There marching straight toward me was the two hundred forty piece University of Michigan Marching Band playing "Hail to the Victor!"

I got up and ran right out of the library, passing through a meeting of the Ann Arbor chapter of the National Organization of Women, and Evel Knievel who was reving
up his bike near the reference desk.

Two days later I got up enough nerve to try again. There on the revolving doors was a sign: "In as much as facilities and space are severely limited, we ask that law students refrain from using the library."

- Joe Fenech

RG PRESENTS WEDNESDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL

Howard Gazelle: Welcome all you gridiron aficionados to Wednesday Night Football, with two of the newest expansion teams to be featured on our sportscasts. Tonight, the Pineywoods Pelicans of the Western Quadrant of the Southern Section of the Central Division of the American Conference of the National Football League meet their arch Western Quadrant rival, the Gunkville Guttersnipes. Looks like we're in for a veritable avianic imbroglio, eh, Dandy Don?

Don Midriff: Affesheeo-what? Aveeonik imbrol-?

Frank Gooferd: Yes, and the teams are lining up now for the kick-off in the Pelicans' brand new sixty thousand seat municipal stadium donated by the enthusiastic local citizens. It's not quite a capacity crowd, but there must be at least fifty to fifty-five - here, I've just been handed the attendance figures. I was pretty close; there are fifty-seven people on hand for tonight's contest. And boy is there a lot riding on this game, right Howard?

Gazelle: Right, Frank, and we can't help calling to the fans attention the deadly earnest personel duels destined to be played out on the hundred and twenty by sixty yard expanse of artificial turf before us. At the embattled right tackle spot, in which the Guttersnipes have employed in vain three different men on three successive occasions to shore up their admittedly fragile offensive line, the Pelicans' Savage Joe Babage is undoubtedly waiting for his latest chance to pummel the opposing quarterback.

Gooferd: And he's some kinda football player. Babage is leading the Southern Section in multiple fractures inflicted in front of a home crowd so far this season. Well, there's the kick-off, and it looks like the ball is going to be booted way past the end zone. Uh, no, not quite. The 'Snipes Wherling Dervish, two years out of Delaware A&M will catch the ball on his thirty yard line, where I believe he's tackled immediately - after gaining twenty-five yards.

Midriff: Aveeonik - what was that again, Howard?

Gazelle: That's OK, Dandy. Just let me tell it like it is. And so far, it is an incredible bore. We didn't even have a ninety-nine yard broken field run-back for a touchdown. Dervish is definitely not up to par this evening.

Gooferd: But he's some kinda football player - one of the premier running backs in the league, who for years, according to his head coach, has been able to tie his own shoelaces.

Midriff: Howard, I'll have to agree with you. It's one heckuva imbroglio out there.
Gazelle: You bet, Dandy, and we've got more of them coming up on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Monday and Tuesday Night Football. You want to tell the fans about that, Goof?

Goofferd: Sure. We've got plenty of night football coming up - on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Monday and Tuesday. And as we finish analyzing tonight's players, coaches, playing surface, grandstand signs and cheerleaders, there's the gun ending the game. Stay tuned for highlights of the first and second halves.

- Mike Slaughter

JONATHAN LIVINGSTON SQUASH

After the law students finished with their classes for the day, they would all go down to the IM to play squash. They played it because it was fun, and good exercise, and taught them good sportsmanship - but they played it mostly because Harvard lawyers all play squash, and most of all they wanted to be like Harvard lawyers. And when they finished playing squash for the day, they all went back to the library to look up cases. All of them, that is, except Jonathan.

After all the other law students had left the squash courts, Jonathan would still be there, all alone. He liked being there alone, because he could practice his shots. Over and over he would hit them, the cross-courts, the volleys, the half-volleys, until the building closed and he had to go home. Then he'd go back to his room and fall into an exhausted sleep, not waking until the next morning. He came into class late, and sometimes the professor in the class would look at him over the tip of his nose.

The professors weren't happy with Jonathan. He never had the right answer to their questions, never raised his hand, never stayed after class to answer questions, never visited the professors in their cells. And, sometimes, when they looked at him in class, he would have a far-away look in his eyes, and sometimes his right arm would move a little, as if he were making a shot. True, they agreed, he had good form, and always kept his elbow in close to his body and snapped with his wrist, but the classroom was a place to listen, not to practice.

Jonathan knew they disapproved of him, knew that he was getting farther and farther behind in his reading, but somehow it didn't matter much. All he thought about was his shots. Trying to keep the ball within an inch of the wall on the straight volleys, never giving the other guy a good shot. He saw squash as a tiny replica of life itself: the competition; the fight to do it better; the pain in his legs when he got up and tried again even after he was exhausted. He became a great squash player. And the better he got, the sillier it seemed to him to sit in classes, listening to the professors lecture, and take page after page of notes. And, most of all, he was puzzled because no one else seemed to realize how silly it was. To Jonathan, it seemed as if all the other law students wanted to do was talk law, read law, study law, and, once a week, get laid.

One day, one of the bearded professors, who was supposed to be wiser than the others, went down to the squash courts with Jonathan. Jonathan showed off all his shots - the cross-courts, the volleys, the ones he had invented but hadn't made up names for yet. They played all afternoon, and Jonathan won every game. The professor was very impressed with Jonathan's skill, and he told Jonathan that he was better than any of the Harvard lawyers, and there was nothing more that he could learn from the professors at the law school about squash.

Jonathan was ecstatic. To be better than the Harvard lawyers! Why, that was what every law student wanted, and he had already achieved it, before he had even graduated. It was fantastic, unbelievable. Why, that would mean he could go to Harvard, and play squash there, and win. Unthinkable!

But Jonathan's euphoria didn't last. After he had thought about it for a while, he realized that there wasn't anything left in his life, nothing more for him
to achieve. He sank into depression. Suddenly his life had no purpose, no goal.

For weeks, he stayed on the courts, not bothering to go to classes. He just practiced his shots, over and over again. He never missed, never made a mistake, seemed never to get tired. People stopped to watch him as they went by, and they all agreed that he was the best, the very best. Jonathan didn't even realize they were there, nor did he know it when they had gone on, and left him alone.

One morning the people came by to watch him, and found him lying in the middle of the court, unconscious. At first they thought he was dead, but when the doctors came they said he was still alive, and took him to the hospital.

When Jonathan awoke in the hospital bed, he felt something was wrong. It was his right arm. His squash arm! Something was wrong with his right arm! He rang for the nurse, and when she came, he shouted at her, "What happened to my arm?"

She was scared by his shout, and she went to get the doctor.

The doctor came into the room, and Jonathan shouted at him, "What happened to my arm?" And the doctor, in understanding tones, told him that he must have fallen on his right elbow when he collapsed, and had lain on top of it all night. He could never use his elbow again, would never be able to play squash again.

Jonathan didn't know what to say. Never to be able to play squash again! Squash was his whole life. He didn't want to go on living if he couldn't play squash again.

But Jonathan went on living. He went back to the law school, and for weeks a tragic figure shuffled through the halls, talking to nobody, looking at nobody. Poor Jonathan, they said.

Then Jonathan disappeared. Suddenly he no longer walked the hallowed halls, no longer attended his classes. Nobody knew where he was, or what had happened to him.

They found him in one of the study carrels in the library, pouring through casebooks like a man possessed, making volumes of notes. And whenever anyone came up to him, spoke to him, he would look up at them out of protruding eyes and smile, a horrible smile, and say, in a voice full of awe and mystery, a single work: "Malpractice."

Now Jonathan lives in a house high on a hill in Grosse Pointe, and once a year he comes back to the law school in his Ferrari, and looks at the students pouring over the books in the library, and just laughs.

- Bill Hays

A STORY

As soon as I woke up, I knew it was going to be a good day.

I was living in a two-bedroom apartment with two other guys. Fred and I shared the big bedroom, while Henry had the smaller one. That's because Henry usually had his chick over. She was all right, I guess, but both Fred and I thought he could do better. But, then, neither Fred nor I had a chick to sleep over with, so I guess we didn't have much room to talk.

Anyway, like I said, I knew this was going to be a good day for me as soon as I woke up. Up on the wall, where I couldn't miss it, I had tacked up a sign. It said, in big block letters, "Interview today! 10 a.m. Marsh, Beroza, and Jones." It was a big firm downtown, one of the really important ones, and I just knew that they'd offer me a job today. It would be just the break I needed.

I hadn't had too many breaks since I graduated from law school. I hadn't been in the upper ten percent of my class, or even in the upper half. I had just graduated, after spending three years taking it easy, enjoying myself, doing some of the things I wanted to do. What the hell, I had told myself, you're only young once. So I had graduated with a C average, practically no money in the bank, and only a mild interest in finding a job right away. I didn't want just a job. I wanted an important job, something in keeping with my rather high opinion of myself. I wanted to join one of the smaller, more personal firms, where it was possible to work up the ladder fast. An influential firm, where I would meet the right
people, travel in the right circles. Once I got started, I could do anything. Eventually I wanted to run for a judgeship, so I could write my own decisions. Write them the way they should be written: Honestly; Fairly. Without being swayed by some attorney's fancy talk or back-room politics, like some judges were. I'd do things the right way, and if anybody tried to tell me differently I'd just tell them to get lost.

But things hadn't worked out that way. I didn't get a job with that small, personal, influential firm. In fact, I didn't get a job with any firm. Maybe I had just graduated at the wrong time, when there were too many graduates for the available jobs, or maybe it was some other reason. Anyway, not a single firm even made an offer that year to a high-principled C-average law school graduate.

I just bummed around for a while, looking. I kept telling myself not to settle for a job I wouldn't be happy with, that if I took a job just to pay the bills I'd get trapped in it. The bills never stop, and my best chance to get the kind of job I wanted was to do it right the first time.

And then the money ran out. I wasn't living extravagantly, or even well, for that matter. But it cost just to eat and sleep, and suddenly I didn't have any way to pay. So I looked for a job to pay the bills, just temporarily, I couldn't find one for a long time. The big corporations, they had jobs, but not for me, they said. The openings they had would bore someone with my education, my background, and I'd quit for a better job with someone else within a year. I asked them if they knew where those better jobs were. They just took down my phone number and said they'd call me if anything came up.

You know, back when I got my letter of acceptance from the law school, I was really proud. I mean, getting the letter wasn't a surprise or anything, because I knew I'd get in. I had too many things going for me for them to turn me down. I was Caucasian, male, good recommendations, good grade-point, excellent test scores. You know, that was funny. I mean, when I took the LSAT, I thought it was kind of a game. The test was too simple. When the score came back, 99+ percentile, I wasn't even surprised. Happy, yes, but not surprised.

I knew I was good. All I had to do was prove it to everyone else in the world. The guys who already had their practices, their offices, their fancy homes and their new cars. I envied their world, and more than anything else, I wanted to be a part of it.

***

On the way home from the interview, I stopped at the sports car dealership on Main Street. There, in their showroom, was the car. THE CAR. I'd wanted that car for about a million years, more or less. It was a Ferrari Dino Spider, $18,000 worth of brown leather upholstery and 30 hand-rubbed coats of metallic orange lacquer. It only came up to about my waist, and it had a section of the roof that lifted off and stored in the trunk, so it could become a convertible. When they started the engine, it sounded like a hundred race cars all at once.

The salesman down there, a guy with a friendly smile and a warm handshake named Wayne, he knew me. You see, I'd been in there before, looking at the car. I'd told him, when I got my big break, I'd come in and buy the car from him. He came over and looked down at me sitting in the car, and asked, "What do ya say, big boy? Is today the day? Eighteen thousand dollars, and you can drive it away right now."

I looked up at him. He had the kind of smile you had to smile back at, so I did.

"No," I told him, getting out of the car, "Today isn't the day. Maybe tomorrow."

"Maybe tomorrow," he agreed

***

As soon as I woke up the next morning, I knew it was going to be a good day.

- Bill Hays
LATE NEWS BRIEFS

Portrait Presented to School
In a brief ceremony this morning, Professor Conard presented the law school with a full-color portrait of a corporation. Professor Conard painted the portrait himself, drawing on his years of experience and a piece of canvas. After examining the painting, which is titled "A Corporation", Dean St. Antoine commented, "I just can't see it myself."

Remodeling Planned
The basement office now being used for minority student organizations will be remodeled in the near future. Commenting on the present facilities, Assistant Dean Cook said, "I think it's a shame to crowd all those blacks, females, and rasses into one tiny office like that.

Parking Facilities
New parking facilities will soon be provided adjacent to the law school for the convenience of law students. The daily parking rate will be $5, which is competitive with the rates the City of Ann Arbor now charges for parking at other spots around the quadrangle.

Mixer Changes
Additional guidelines for complying with health regulations were discussed by a State Health Official at last week's LSSS meeting. According to state law, dogs can not be brought into areas where open food is served unless they are on a leash. A motion to bring this information to the attention of the governing council of Martha Cook was passed by a vote of 6 to 1.

Kennedy Turns Down Presidential Request
At a recent White House reception, Senator Ted Kennedy turned down a Presidential request that he drive the President's secretary, Rose Mary Woods, home after the party. The suggestion reportedly came directly from the President himself, who thought that a drive into Chappaquidic would be nice for both of them.

Agnew News
President Nixon today flatly denied the possibility that Spiro T. Agnew would be appointed to fill the next Supreme Court vacancy. However, Mr. Nixon refused to comment on rumors that Agnew was under consideration for Director of the FBI. Several Congressional leaders are said to be sponsoring such an appointment, saying, "It takes one to know one."

Horoscope
If today is your birthday, you are bright, charming, witty, have an insatiable sexual appetite, and probably would have been named Paul if you had been a boy. You are also about to be called on because you are reading this instead of paying attention to the professor.

- Bill Hays

ON TV

What with the rising tide of lawyer shows on television, and with due respect to the "What Things Will Be Like When This Trend Really Gets Out Of Hand!" format made banal by MAD magazine, I submit the following page from a TV Guide of the near future:

(2) OWEN MARSHALL-PLEADER IN EQUITY. The fate of a three bedroom split level in the exclusive Jeju Estates subdivision hangs in the balance as Owen races against time to demonstrate the inadequacy of the remedy at law. (Repeat)
(4) WHAT'S MY ACTION?-Game. Bewigged panel celebrities do wigmaking imitations of XVII Century English jurists as they compete at guessing whether fact situations submitted by viewers should be pleaded as trespass, n'est armis or case. Lord Holt: Buddy Hackett.
(5) MOVIE-Thriller. "Sieg Heil" Four Nazi chieftens escape detection for 30 years after WWII, ultimately achieving a working majority on the U.S. Supreme Court.

(7) ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF TORTS. Jim McKay reports on the degradation wrought by a beserk reindeer in Lapland, a pair of defective munitions in Hungary, and an overzealous New Mexico store detective (90 min.).

(9) DIVORCE COURT. "While the attorneys argue this point of law, we pause for these messages--"

(11) BASEBALL. Minnesota Twins at Washington.
(13) INTERVIEW. Alex Bickel, Paul Freund, Charles Alan Wright, and Solicitor General Robert Bork discuss the rising trend of illiberalism and protofascism among law school faculty, often disguised as "neutral principles", "reducing the Court's workload", or "a humiliating attempt to wangle a Supreme Court nomination."

- Keith Pinter

THE HIERARCHY

The Law School, though an autonomous unit, is part of the greater university. Always astute, and ever ready to recognize our responsibility to the University of Michigan, Res Gestae publishes the following. It was written by an anonymous sage. (It goes without saying that in order to be a sage, one cannot be a law student).

THE DEAN: Leaps tall buildings in a single bound, is more powerful than a locomotive, is faster than a speeding bullet, walks on water and gives policy to GOD.

THE DEPARTMENT HEAD: Leaps short buildings in a single bound, is more powerful than a switch engine, is just as fast as a speeding bullet, walks on water if sea is calm and talks with GOD.

PROFESSOR: Leaps short buildings with a running start and favorable winds, is almost as powerful as a switch engine, is faster than a speeding BB, walks on water in an indoor swimming pool and talks with GOD if special request is approved.

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR: Barely clears a quonset hut, loses tug of war with locomotive, can fire a speeding bullet, swims well and is occasionally addressed by GOD.

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR: Makes high marks on the walls when trying to leap tall buildings, is run over by locomotives, can sometimes handle a gun without inflict-self-injury and talks to animals.

GRADUATE STUDENT: Runs into buildings, recognizes locomotives two out of three times, is not issued ammunition, can stay afloat with a life jacket and talks to walls.

UNDERGRADUATE STUDENT: Falls over doorstep when trying to enter building, says look at the choo-choo, wets himself with water pistol, plays in mud puddles and mumbles to himself.

DEPARTMENT SECRETARY: Lifts buildings and walks under them, kicks locomotives off the tracks, catches speeding bullets in her teeth and eats them, freezes water with a single glance--she is GOD.

- Law School Secretaries