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# Marshall-Wythe School of Law

Volume XVI, Number Fourteen

April Fool's Day, 1985

#### In Search of The Dean Search

For the first time, the Advocate takes its readers backstage to reveal the inner machinations of the dean search committee.

Speculation has, of course run wild about the names of the six finalists. Speculation has also run wild about which of the six finalists the S.B.A. dean search committee found "acceptable." Despite repeated inquiries by this newspaper, committee members maintained their silence, prompting co-editor Jerry Kilgore's resignation in early March.

Asked to reveal the names of the six finalists, Dean Richard Williamson responded, "What walks on four legs in the morning, two legs at noon, and three legs at

However, two members of the S.B.A.'s dean search committee agreed to talk to The Advocate on the condition that their names not be disclosed. These students confirmed rumors that finalists included Admiral James T. Kirk, an authority on space law and intergalactic relations; Chief Justice Warren Burger, who saw an opportunity to retire to teach while a conservative president was in office; and Godzilla, who threatened to reduce Carter's Grove to ashes if not offered the post.

One quality looked on favorably for dean candidates was familiarity with the political and legislative process. For that reason, other finalists included Gerald Ford and Rosalynn



The six dean search finalists arrive at Marshall-Wythe incognito.

These S.B.A. Dean Search Committee members agreed to talk to the Advocate on the condition that their names not be used.

Carter. Other candidates who applied included Richard Nixon, Bigfoot, N.C. State basketball coach Jim Valvano, the Catwoman, Floyd Cramer, and Grateful Dead guitarist Jerry

One of the Advocate's sources said that the process had been especially difficult, "especially when Nixon promnised me a case of Moo-Cow creamers from the Southern Pancake House if I'd

give him my vote.

"It got even rougher near the end of the process, when we were all tired and frustrated and deadlocked," he continued. The tension in the meeting room was so thick that we could hardly get our Ouija board to work, and when one guy lost the dice I almost hit him over the head with the Henry McKenna bottle. Boy, I sure hope I never have to do anything like that again."

(Editor's note: A serious aside here. As most of our readers probably know, in real life President-designate Verkuil appointed Professor Timothy Sullivan to become law school doon offective July 1. We congratulate Dean Sullivan and wish him a happy and successful tenure as dean. We will carry a more detailed, non-satirical article about the appointment in our April 11 issue.)

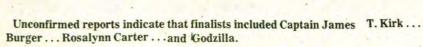








Chief Justice Warren







#### **AMA Accreditors Visit**

A pair of inspectors from the American Mouse Association recently visited Marshall-Wythe's new facilities. They were generally pleased with the overall layout and functioning of the school but did note a lack of cheese in the lounge area. Citing the administration's policy against food in the lobby and classrooms, the officers expressed strong disapproval and questioned whether M-W could retain its accreditation unless the situation is remedied. School officials pointed out, however, that Marshall-Wythe does not allow cats in the building and does serve wine and cheese at its receptions.

The Marshall-Wythe School of Law

A student-edited newspaper, founded in 1969 as successor to the Amic.

Curiae, serving the students, faculty and staff of the Marshall-Wythe Scn

# Things Could be Worse

We thought we'd run a humor issue, because, if I remember right, I had this anthropology class, and there was this tribe of eskimos, and they'd get bored in the winters up in the arctic, because there wasn't anything up there but snow and polar bears and other eskimos and really cold water and lost explorers and anthropologists with tape recorders, and so they'd sit around the fire and eat raw rabbits or whatever and trade insults. Like, Sam would say, "Hey, Moe, your wife used to look like a walrus before she lost those two front teeth that stuck out and now she looks like a sea lion," and Moe would say "Hey, Sam, I saved your reputation the other day. I killed a pregnant penguin." Except that they don't have penguins up there, but anyway what our teacher, who I later saw on CBS news in this retraining program for PhDs who didn't want to teach in college anymore, told us was that they didn't just do this to keep from going crazy from being bored. They did it to hold everything in their tribe together, sort of like, "Hey, look, Sam, you're such a great guy and I like you so much that I can call you everything from a syphilis germ down right to your face and get away with it." Or something like that. Anyway, it seemed like a good idea at the time.

We'll probably get some people mad at us, but, hey, we kind of expected that because we get enough people giving us hell for Advocates that aren't joke issues. I guess things could be worse. We've got this big old file cabinet full of pictures of law professors when they had hair and students in aviator glasses and paisley shirts, and when we were going through it to get stuff out of this so we wouldn't have to do as much work of our own we found a picture of some girl reading what looks like an old Advocate except the name of it was the National Tampoon. I guess that was their joke issue that year. The guys who put that out are probably on a state supreme court somewhere now, which I guess is a comforting thought.

Another reason we thought maybe this was a good idea was that we thought maybe we'd start a trend and the law review and the docket and the colonial lawyer and the International law society newsletter and everybody could do humor issues. Just think, somewhere in California some first-year at Stanford could be browsing through the library putting off learning the rule against perpetutities and find the William and Mary Law Review's humor issue and then he'd read it and think, "Gee, these guys sure are funny. I wish I'd gone to school in Virginia." Heck, you never know what'll happen until you try it, you know. We thought maybe the Federalist society newsletter could publish a humor newsletter but we weren't sure anybody could tell the difference.

We hope you get a laugh out of all this, anyway, and if you don't get enough laughs out of this you ought to go to Libel Night because the Libel Night committee and everyone else have been working themselves silly just to pull Libel Night off and all they ask in return from you is that you show up and laugh at the silliness. There's only one other article in this issue that you should take seriously besides this editorial, and that's the article on this page by Fritz Donner '86 where Fritz talks about how lucky we are to be somewhere where everybody can work so hard and learn so much and still hang on to a big part of what makes them human. I guess we're like the eskimos, and we have to laugh at ourselves because we're human, and if we don't laugh we'll go crazy. Even if we don't have to eat raw rabbits or anything but can go to the Seven-Eleven and get a burrito instead.

Interaction Now!

By FRITZ DONNER '86

The law school has within its walls ancient tomes of knowledge, but potentially more importantly, it also contains people who possess a wide variety of abilities and interests. The more people interact with each other the more each individual, and the body of people as a whole can gain.

Many students and probably all the professors are extraordinarily intelligent, interaction with them can help sharpen the minds of their more common-minded brethren. But it is not only the common-minded who gain; the more mentally exalted develop increased ability to communicate their ideas, and maybe even get insights from a different perspective.

Some students are very politically oriented, and vocal in their opinions. They should keep their minds open to the equally vocal opposing views, and try to see the potential value in the other

side. And perhaps they should adopt some idea of moderation from those apolitical folk whose only deeply held political conviction is "I'll never vote for that Hitler dude again."

In music, comedy, and other artistic endeavors many law students (and professors too, I assume, although I'd like to see more at coffee houses) are amazingly talented. From those individuals one can learn an appreciation for art, and hopefully acquire a sense of humor, especially about their situation in law school. Some students are so "artistic" (as opposed to "autistic," although I've seen a few law students in that category after late night parties) that it is clear they have suffered unduly from law-tennel-vision.

Sports (interscholastic, intramural, and recreational) offer significant relaxation for many law students. Those who consider themselves not particularly sports-minded may find that by getting on a few teams or by playing more sports they will feel better, meet some different people, and excel more in other fields. Even if they don't, they may find just observing sports to be a nice break

Beyond all these specific endeavors and the list could easily go on with the fellowship groups and so on interaction on a personal level is extremely rewarding in and of itself. Just talking to others outside your group of friends can broaden one's perspective and make more more amenable to differing opinions and views. Sometimes a little less conflict and closed-mindedness can prove amazingly enlightening.

For my own part, I've found even a little interaction with S.L.U.G.s can be quite pleasurable new and then.

#### Letters to the Editor

To the Editor

I never thought I would be writing to your magazine about one of my experiences. Until now, in fact, I never believed the other stories I read. But after what happened to me I can believe anything.

I attend a small traditional law school in the Tidewater area. Naturally I spend most of my time in the library and am oblivious to most of the hedonsim that I hear goes on. It was the library, however, that recently was the scene of the experience I am about to relate to you.

I was in the library late one night, struggling with one of the law's eternal mysteries. The Rule Against Perpetuities had my head spinning. Suddenly out of nowhere came my savior. I'll never forget her. Until then I has been shy and reserved, and very inexperienced. The extent of my knowledge of what spiritual pleasures await young American men was limited to what I had read in your magazine. I considered myself a late-bloomer. Other people were not so kind. My savior looked me over, and liked what she saw. She must have recognized my unbridled potential.

She asked me what was bothering me. I explained to her that I was at a dead end with my first year brief. She said she could help. I felt myself beginning to melt. She said she could unlock forbidden secrets for me if only I would trust her and let myself go. Just to give me a preview, she reached around her back and deftly found her zipper. She slowly worked it down, making a metallic sound I still can hear. My eyes were glued to her and I felt myself rising to the task as her flap fell open and out popped two beautiful signts. They were full and complete, all that a young student like myself could ask for. I couldn't look away, I had never been so interested in such a pair before. There were soft to the touch, soft yet firm. I had to struggle to contain myself, I wanted so badly to run my fingers over them and bury my face in them, never to rise for air. Just as I was fully lost in this positive imagery, she jumped up and yanked the zipper closed on her bookbag and those beautiful hornbooks were again out of sight. She told me to wait

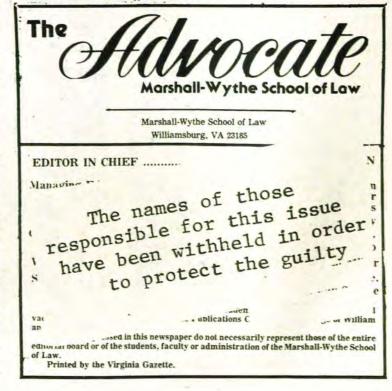
until everyone had gone and the lights were out. She promised me she would be worth the wait.

Sure enough, a little after midnight I felt something moist and sensuous on the side of my head. It was the cleaning lady's mop. She admonished me about sleeping and told me to get out of the library. Bewildered, I began to leave. On the way out I glimpsed my savior again. She was in the shadows by the photocopy room. She beckoned to me, and I came. It was as easy as that. I felt embarrassed. She said not to worry. She was a professional, and she knew I was young and inexperienced. She led me to a special mechanical device that she promised would open great doors for me, fill me with a wonderful feeling, and provide me with a lifetime of pleasures once I perfected my technique. She stretched out a finger, a beautiful finger equipped with a finely manicured long finger nail done to the hilt with flaming red polish. She started to scratch the surface of my control panel, the excitement was building. She suddenly stroked the power buttom, and I felt a manly surge as life passed through all the circuitry. My terminal popped to life. She began pressing all the right buttons. My case was rapidly on the rise, and soon it all came flooding forward.

Suddenly I had more than I could handle. I was in over my head. There was just too much to deal with. I was groping all over when she told me to relax, settle down, and narrow my search. I complied. I got a grip on myself and started to work my way down the list of all that I wanted to explore. I had all at once gone from nothing - no experience - only dead ends - to everything. Now there was so much I needed to know. And I wanted to learn it all that night. Then I saw my opening. I plunged in, she screamed in excitement, telling me I had found the key level, that I was now at level three, and doing fine, but not to rush it. It wasn't long after that I experienced a final big surge followed by complete power failure. Loss of momentum. I felt ashamed. She said it was okay that it was only my first time, and we could have more training sessions in the future.

Now I'm a second year. My training sessions have long since ceased, but the expertise I gained I still carry with me. In fact, I strive constantly to share it with others, always trying to perfect my technique. But I'll never forget the night I learned to use the Lexis machine.

Sincerely, Harold T. Barrel



(D.O.A.)

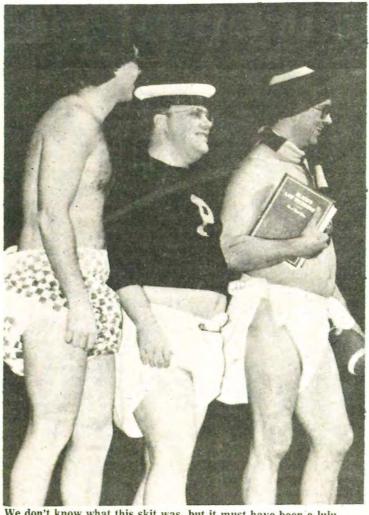
#### Libel Nights Strike



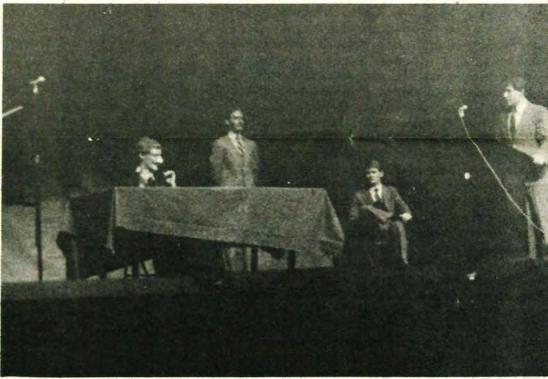
Phil, oh Phil, why did you leave us behind?



"I can see Paradise rolling baseball dice . . ."



We don't know what this skit was, but it must have been a lulu.



The Honorable John Zepkin presides over the People's Court.

Libel Night is Thursday, April 4,

highlighter run dry, may moths in- may you send out 250 copies of fest your charcoal-grey suit, and your resume before discovering a



Killer bees invade the library.

typo indicating that you're 144th in the class. Here are some scenes

from Libel Nights yesteryear . . .

#### **Honor Committee Adopts Colonial Sanctions**

The Honor Committee met recently to revise the penalties for Honor Code violations at the law school. Responding to pressures from the Colonial Williamsburg Foundation's Tourist Entertainment Division, the Honor Committee has decided to replace the standard punishments of warning, withdrawal of parking privileges, police harassment, and expulsion with more colorful punishments. First time offenders will be locked in the stocks in front of the law school. Tourists are encouraged to throw tomatoes, rocks, and rotten eggs. Trials will no longer be held indoors. Instead, violators will be required to run to Jamestown and back, followed closely by a gun-toting professor. Anyone failing

and if you don't go, may your



Tourists will be encouraged to throw rotting vegetables at future honor offenders.



Civil procedure protessor helps administer new honor "trial by marathon."



Another one bites the dust.

### M-W Adopts "No-Admissions" Policy

When asked what the most exclusive law school in the country, the average pre-law type will say things like, Harvard, Chicago, Yale, Texas, etc. These are the places that everybody dreams about going to and making law review. Almost never on these lists of exclusiveness and dreams does the name of Marshall-Wythe Law School of the College of William and Mary (widely thought to be a Catholic girls' school) appear. In order to remedy this "exclusiveness gap," an in-house committee of administrators, professors, students, and flightless ducks from the Crim Dell have formulated a bold plan to raise Marshall-Wythe to the lofty heights of law school super-stardom.

First, the law school will conduct a nation-wide media campaign centering on commercials featuring Christy Brinkley. Ms. Brinkley will be lounging on tropical beach clad in a skimpy two-piece bikini. She will be peeling grapes and holding a yellow hi-lighter. Cristy will turn to the screen, slowly run her tongue over her lips, and say, "Marshall-



Wythe: it's not for everybody." Then a graphic will flash on the saying, "In fact, it's not for anybody."

That's right; Marshall-Wythe will become the most exclusive law school ever by not accepting any students in the fall of 1985. The committee debated this dramatic move at length. One of the ducks, who asked to remain unidentified, stated, "I think the committee made a bad decision because . . . Well, I can't think of anything right off hand, but you get the point." When asked to comment, Professor Rufus T. Firefly just quacked a little and picked some mites off his dorsal feathers.

Third, the law school will up its normal application fee from \$25.00 to \$70.00, which is \$15.00 more than the application fee of any other law school and is certain to make us more exclusive, and, thereby, the school will receive many more applications. Economists predict the higher application fee and the increased numbers of applications will completely offset the lack of any tuition from the Class of '88. Harristweed Staphinfection, director of The-Lawyers-With-Jobs Program, commented, "We wanted to get like a program to charge rejected students tuition, but like we couldn't swing, you know. But, wow, man, it would have been great, you know.'

Fourth, the law school will establish two special admissions programs: the "early rejection" program and the "apply early, apply often" program. The early rejection program will allow highly qualified undergraduate candidates to have their hopes shattered like an eggshell thrown against a granite cliff at high velocity before any of their equally underegraduate friends have their hopes shattered like an eggshell thrown against a granite cliff at high velocity. The apply early, apply often program will offer many of the advantages of the early rejection program except that it will be more expensive and, hence, more exclusive. In addition, participants in the apply early, apply often program will receive a free t-shirt with the law school logo on the front and "I got nuked by the best" on the back.

Numerous observers have criticized the law school's action, claiming it will eventually destroy legal education in this country, because other schools will be sure to follow. If this trend continued, a just-released study reveals, there would be no students in any law schools, not even the ones named after Supreme Court Justices. When asked to comment on this observation, Dr. Staphinfection states, "Hey, man, like when you're exclusive, you can get away with this sh-, you know.'

Some stupid fool on the American Bar Association's Law School Accreditation Committee warned that Marshall-Wythe might lose its accreditation if it refuses to accept any new students. The ABA, though, has decided that it's a great idea and is currently working on a plan not to let anybody else into the bar.

And what will happen to the Admissions Office and its staff? Bingo—Tuesdays and Thursdays; \$10,000.00 Jackpot Every Night.

#### National Center Razed for Parking Lot

Marshall-Wythe students returning to class on Monday were greeted with a change of scenery as they discovered that the National Center for State Courts had been razed to make way for a new parking lot. Scheduled for completion in August, the new parking lot will add approximately 75 new parking spaces.

When asked about the project, Dean Spong replied, "I know it seems like a drastic measure to some, but the fact is that we were facing drastic circumstances. Some students who couldn't arrive in time to find parking spaces in the existing parking lot were having to find other parking places either in the street or on the grass at the end of the existing lot. We had a very dangerous situation with students trying to parallel-park at 8:00 in the morning, and some students were even having to walk as much as an eighth of a mile each morning just to get to class. We just couldn't let this situation go on, and razing the National Center for State Courts was the only alternative available to us. All of the other proposed sites, such as the area to the south of the existing lot and the Mimosa Street site, were simply too far away.'

A survey of the students studying at the law school over the weekend showed that reactions to the new project were overwhelmingly favorable. Only one student, who asked to remain anonymous, had a negative reaction. "I'm just furious," the student said. "This is the most disgusting display of meaningless waste that I've ever seen. I think it's shameful that that building was torn down just to make room for a parking lot. If the administration had been thinking about the welfare of the students and of Marshall-Wythe's reputation, they would have left the National Center standing and converted it into a parking garage. With its two floors, we could have had 150 new spaces instead of just 75.



A cheerful M-W official shows the ruins of the National Center.



Frustrated by the parking problem, M-W students had been using alternative forms of transportation to get to class.

## We Sue the World . . . Why Not the Children?



Only \$10 a month would feed this pitiful law student! Your contribution can make a difference! Won't you care for Little Ray?

Little Ray was found cowering on Dog Street, begging for food from tourists. He kept alive by rummaging through the trashcans at the Green Leafe. The Advocate soon found him a sponsor who provided new clothing, food, and a teddi bear. But many more need your help! Send your checks to: The Advocate Hunger Squad, c/o Room 238, Marshall-Wythe.

......Be "Dean for a Day!"



or less why you would like to be dean at Marshall-Wythe! Send your entry to:

Dean Search Committee c/o The Advocate Room 238, Law School

\*Entries to be judged on originality, clarity of thought, blue book form, and sincerity. One entry per person.