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# SLA Kidnaps Beloved Dean; Sichta Leads Ransom Efforts

(AC, May 7) Dean James P. Whyte, chief administrator of Marshall-Wythe School of Law at the College of William and Mary in Williamsburg, Va., was abducted late last Monday evening by three hooded dwarfs who entered the Drug Fair (not Drug Store) and accosted the Dean as he stood in a long line of customers. Dean Whyte was on his way to the SBA Banquet when he was abducted.

Dean Whyte, according to a witness to the crime, was abducted while standing sixth in line at the cosmetics counter of the Drug Fair. The witness, who refused to be identified, explained to reporters that customers go to the cosmetics or photo counter for "super-fast" service.

Federal Bureau of Investigation officials from the Norge division deny that they know of the location at which the unknown persons are sequestering Dean Whyte, despite reports yesterday in two Tidewater newspapers to the contrary. The newspapers, The Tidewater Trashbag and The Newport News Nitty Gritty, reported yesterday that FBI Director Clarence Smelley had told regional FBI agents that the specific location of the kidnapped Dean and the identity

of the abductors had been determined by an exhaustive search of restroom graffiti in the law school.

According to these reports, the abductors were identified as Robert Quadros, an escapee from Virginia Pedantic Institution; Charles "Burrhead" Burr, an unsought escapee from the University of Virginia Rotunda mop closet; and Joanne Hickcox, a William and Mary graduate who is considered the theoretician for the band of urban guerrillas.

Quadros, Burr, and Hickcox, seeing little humor in the reports, filed libel actions in the U.S. District Court for the Eastern District of Virginia against the two newspapers this morning. The newspapers issued a joint statement contending that their reports were protected by *New York Times v. Sullivan*. Quadros, after finding out what *New York Times v. Sullivan* was, responded, "We're gonna get their ass."

As noted, Dean Whyte was abducted at a cashier counter. One witness who agreed to be identified, Vernon Edmonds, told reporters that the Dean dropped a six-pack of Rolling Rock beer, a bottle of Grecian Formula 69, and a copy of the May Penthouse as he tried

futilely to fight off his assailants. Edmonds said the three took a screaming Dean Whyte to a waiting Honda Civic, and that the car then headed toward the Shopping Center exit.

Mrs. Whyte, Mr. Whyte's wife, received a ransom demand from the abductors, who call themselves the Syphilitic Liberation Army, early Thursday morning, attached to a rock found in the living room of the Whyte home. The SLA demanded a \$100,000 ransom payment as a show of good faith, and set a deadline of May 10.

Numerous campus organizations offered immediate assistance. Tommy Graves, College President, announced in a Wigwam press conference that his office would contribute moral assistance. Jim Reese, former editor of the Flat Hat,

W&M's undergraduate rag, offered to substitute Dwight Surekill, Reese's successor, for the Dean. Associate Dean Timothy J. Sullivan, who is serving as Acting Dean in Whyte's absence, smilingly refused comment, as did Acting Associate Dean Anne Forbes. SBA President Nettie Bailes offered her services. George Campbell, soon to be a has-been, mumbled some polysyllabic gibberish.

Edward R. Blumberg, outgoing president of M-W's International Law Society, and Bob Sichta, the brain behind the Porno Conference, joined to organize a fund-raising drive toward the \$100,000 demand. Sichta promised to raise \$50,000 in three days. After four days, Sichta and Blumberg have raised 37 cents.

Early this morning, students reported that Dean Whyte had been among four streakers who streaked the Wigwam during the breakfast rush. One student, Garry "J. Woody" Ewing, told reporters that the Dean was a "willing participant in the streak, and he left something strange in my ice tea, too." Attorney General Sacksbee, whose efforts have been so successful recently, announced that the Dean was now a common criminal, and loosed the FBI on Williamsburg to search and destroy.

Mrs. Whyte, interrupted by reporters at a party in her home, expressed dismay and envy at the new reports. "I do hope those terrible dwarfs let my Jimmy go. The garbage is really piling up and there's no one to take care of it now."

## NEWSLETTER OF THE STUDENT BAR ASSOCIATION

### ANIMUS CURIAE

Marshall-Wythe School of Law College of William & Mary

Vol. IV, No. 12

Williamsburg, Virginia

Tuesday, May 7, 1974

## Graves Reveals M-W Shift To Beautiful Campus Site

College President Thomas Graves shocked the law school community yesterday when he announced, with a wry smile, that a new law school complex had been secretly completed and was now ready for occupancy by the students of Marshall-Wythe. Graves said that the high level of secrecy was necessary in order to surprise the law school and to graphically illustrate the high regard the College administration has for M-W.

Graves also explained the secrecy as necessary to guard against other law schools within the state trying to copy the new

complex which Graves called, "... the most modern, up-to-date facility to be used by any law school in the east."

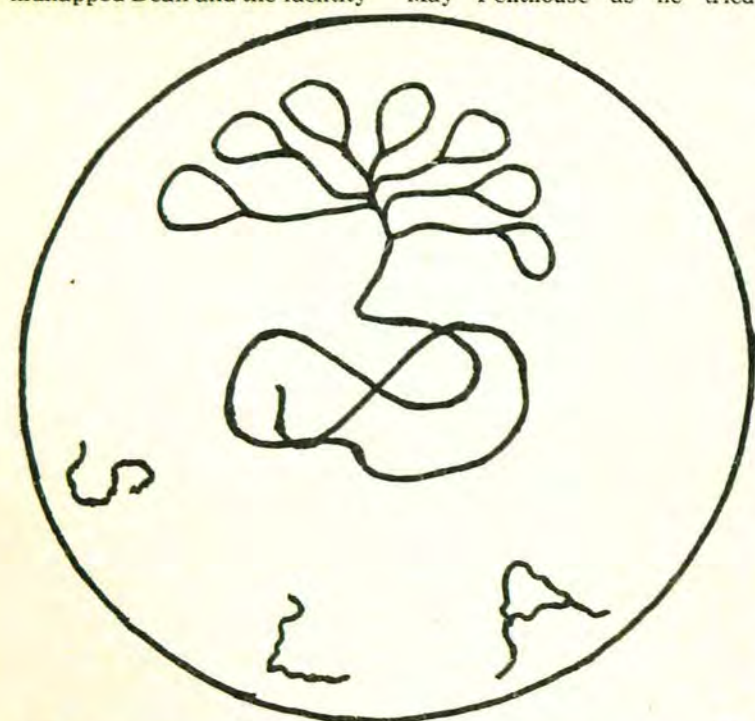
Graves revealed that the

\$1,980,678,436,789.03 necessary to construct the new complex was obtained by Executive Vice-President of the College, Carter

See Building, p. 5



James B. Murray, Jr. — now a has been — leads the crowd of his followers to the site of the new law building. Murray credited his hard and diligent efforts with prompting the move, and gave special thanks to Gov. Godwin and President Graves.



## Dean's Absence Highlights Peaceful Student Bar Fete

In spite of the fears of the guests in attendance, the rumored confrontation between recently kidnapped Dean James P. Whyte and Busdriver Rodney Okerskie, winner of the SBA Outsider Award, never materialized and the SBA Awards Banquet took place without incident.

It had been rumored that Okerskie would challenge Whyte to a duel of honor using rolls supplied by the caterers of the banquet, the Krotchy Brothers. SBA President Nettie Bailes had issued a statement imploring the two prospective combatants to

restrain themselves. Bailes had stated, "My God, I don't know how they could even think of such a thing in this day and age. Why, can you imagine the tragedy if a thrown roll should miss the Dean and hit one of the innocent guests who will be there."

When it was pointed out to Ms. Bailes that the only people in attendance would be those who were getting recognition and they, in the past, have left immediately after receiving their own award, she retorted, "Well, I certainly can't leave until it's all over — although I'd

like to, of course. So we do have the safety of myself and my groupies to consider, and I can't subject any of us to the hazards of a roll fight between Whyte and Okerskie."

The rumored confrontation allegedly was to have taken place as a result of an altercation which took place between Whyte and Okerskie last week on the Golden Horseshoe Golf Course. Although there were conflicting reports, most sources consulted reported that Okerskie had been enraged when Whyte dove into a

See Awards Banquet, p. 6



## Editorials

### Affirmative Action Vital

This is the last issue of the *Animus* for this academic year. Our readers may have thought that our last issue was our last issue, but this last issue is our last issue. And we plan to make the most of it.

In our recent issues, we have had some of the nicest, most innocuous, most rational, most utterly boring editorials you or we have ever seen. We don't like that kind of garbage any more than you do. So we're now going to tell you what we here on the second floor, cramped between shelves of International Law books, including a goodie Golden Book on the U.N., and shuffled in and out between interviews, really think.

We think it stinks. It is utterly deplorable. It is unconscionable, and it smack of flamboyant grandiosity every time we think of it. The utter pomposity of the situation is something that should never be seen in a law school, not to mention a drug store. Yet no one has done anything about it. It isn't even mentioned. This terrible problem is threatening the continued existence, yet no one does any more than whisper sweet platitudes. Not us.

We don't plan to stand around and let this happen to the law school or to the town of historic Williamsburg. If this were New York or Boston or Albuquerque, it wouldn't be allowed. So why should we allow it in our midst? We must take strong action to stop this creeping menace, to send it back to its rightful place, and to see that nothing of the sort ever happens here again. We have a fine heritage to safeguard, and it is inconceivable that this threat can be considered at all compatible with the heritage the Virginia legislature has so long fostered.

It is time for all students, faculty, administrators, and *Law Review* types to join together and stand fast in support. As Abraham Lincoln said in Springfield, Illinois, "In unity, there is togetherness. In disunion, there is loneliness." No one alone can change the course, yet every alone will be all alone. You may think the *Animus* stinks. We think you're much less cool than us. But if we share what should be everyone's concern, we must cut the crap and start uniting in a common cause. If something isn't done soon, something will be done later.

### Eschew Affirmative Vital

Always recognizing that invective is the morpheic predicate of enlightenment, I am compelled to dissent from the majority decision handed down by the Editorial Bored and proclaimed in the vertical-contiguous space in the column. Readers, hark and eschew, mine is the cogent capitalization of a cranium crystalized.

First, the spurious reasoning of the other Editors misses the mark; it is not that we are encompassed in the maniacal grasp of dejected demagoguery as they would have you believe. It is that we have allowed ourselves to be propelled into cataclysmic catharsis, not caring to roast or toast or dine or whine. That is the problem.

Unlike they assert, the crisis of this latest abortion of laissez-faire matriculation must transcend the ambit of Medula Oblongata and fuse the primordial preconception into a working formula, a ploy we all must agree will benefit the legal community in the millenium to come.

As Dean Whyte recently so succinctly stated, "The composite cryptics of the Oracle at Delphi came to grips with the problem and refused to be undone by Pyramus and Thisbe. We shall do likewise."

Such is the only course left to pursue before we shuffle off this mortal coil and pervert the truculent trespasses of the Brighter Light. We are all Prometheus bound to the boulder. We must not turn asunder if the gomeri gods of gaudiness must go for gold.

### OPU Effort Eschewed

Jeez. Our colleague O.P.U. somehow has missed the point entirely. Oracle at Delphi and Medula Oblongata notwithstanding, we cannot agree that O.P.U.'s course is the proper one. Such a course would cause more problems than it would solve. And as for what Dean Whyte said, who cares? He's in the clutches of the SLA and that should keep him occupied.

Fusion is not the answer, either. Roberta Flack disputed this thesis in her recent tract, "Jessie and the First Time." O.P.U. has been out in the cold so long it seems to be getting into his ear lobes. O.P.U., always the hot shot with the big words, tantalizes us with such beauts as catharsis, contiguous, and eschew. Eschew you, O.P.O.

As we maintained above, this menace threatening the law school must be confronted directly and strongly. Marshmallows are not enough. We must go that extra miles. We may come up with nothing more than a camel, but it beats sublimation of our puerile instincts.

### Eschew Effort Ubiquitous

Come on fellas. Once again your pseudo-intellectual, agrarian herds of midget morphemes motivates mortals to

## Letters to the Editor

The *Animus* wishes to devote a little space to those unappreciated people who spend so much time making life a little easier for Law Students — The Maintenance Staff.

*At Marshall-Wythe the Law School,  
we never seem to see  
the folks who wield the  
brooms and mops  
and clean for you and me.*

*They pick up cigarette butts,  
they wash the windows clean,  
they dust the shelves and mop  
the floors;  
they're crucial as the Dean.*

*We sometimes walk right by  
them  
and fail to say hello.  
But if they did not do their job  
we'd have no place to go.*

*The work they do is needed,  
important to the school.  
Without the maintenance  
staff at work,  
life would be too cruel.*

*We're in the Law School daily  
and the prospect just is  
frightenin'  
of coming here without the  
help  
of Frances, Dorothy and  
Lightnin'.*

Robert Frosty

#### TO THE EDITOR

I would like to commend the *Animus Curiae* for the meritorious contribution it has made this year to the legal environment here at the Law School. The *Animus* has evolved from its primordial existence

when it was a cranberry conduit for the student faction and has reached the plateau of preeminence. This stellar achievement is due solely to the hours of toil and sweat which those that direct the course of the *Animus* have donated to the students, faculty, administrators, wives, children, grandparents, minah birds, Shadracks, Meshacks, and Abendigos of the law school.

As the year has drawn to a close, there are some that deserve to be commended for the broad base of support they have given the *Animus*. The faculty has demonstrated its concern for the genetic distribution of the *Animus* and have given of their time boldly. The Administration has only firebombed the *Animus* office three times and thereby shown a marked improvement in their attitude.

But the students must look deep into themselves — even beyond The Lower Tract — and realize that they must contribute more of their time and talents to the *Animus*. The fact that 426 students work on the paper indicates that there are 24 students who are parasitically benefitting from the hard work done by the 426. If the *Animus* is to continue to be a forum for the open exchange of opinion, these 24 must commit themselves to the procreation of open-ended expression. Otherwise, the *Animus* will not survive.

Once again, my congratulations to those who are responsible for the excellence of the *Animus* this year. It is unlikely that those who take the helm of the S.S. *Animus* in the years to come can do as fine a

job as has been done this year by the number one man in charge.  
George Campbell

New Editor's Note: Wanna bet?

To the Editor:

As a member of the *Law Review* staff, I feel obligated to respond to all of the snotty correspondence that has been finding its way into the pages of the *Animus* regarding the seemingly innumerable faults of the *Law Review*.

We are not crooks. We are not the effete snobs we are cracked up to be. Yet everybody who cannot afford to take the Editorial Board to Hardee's every night spits on our office door.

Listen, you bloodclots. We are cool. Just because you are not allowed to use the private restroom off of Pop Swindler's office, you use the *Animus* to bludgeon us with the truchions of rank ignorance. We need that place all to ourselves to think about stuff like "Labor Law and the American Gopher," and "The Tax Effects of Nose-Picking."

Let me tell you why we are as selective as we are. Bob Scott told us that he would not go to the parties *Law Review* throws if everybody and his uncle is allowed to attend. He wants a selective group, who can discuss the weighty factors that make a footnote great. Also, you must remember the policy reasons for keeping our staff small. If everyone were on *Law Review*, firms would not know who not to hire. As it is, they don't not hire almost no one, and we feel that we have a right to be the ones that they don't not hire.

And you must remember that it is not everyone who can commit the entire Harvard Citator to memory. Those of us who are able to truthfully call ourselves mental dynamos deserve to have the wreaths of laurel associated with *Law Review* laid carefully at our door.

It is not in the interest of the school to have *Law Review* sucked down to the lowest common denominator of the students. I realize that it is not common knowledge that 68 percent of the people at Marshall-Wythe got in because they knew some Heavy, and managed to beat Dean Williamson's legitimate admissions policy. But it IS true. *Law Review* is the organization that weeds out these power brokers and gives the scholarly work to the wizards who know the difference between an illegal gerund and a permissible participle. We are not interested in money, which separates us from the non-*Law Review* students. We are interested only in the furtherance of the Law as an institution, and the fact that we are offered \$30,000 a year to start never enters our mind as an incentive.

In closing, let me say that *Law Review* is the type of organization it is, because of the people who are on it, like Vardnee Darkschnurd, Duffleby Krotchklutcher and Rudy Valenti. Life is not all roses and burgers, and we must take boyte the bad and the good. Eat your hearts out, losers.

Cecil Snarksnurd  
Law Review Cartoons Editor

## ANIMUS CURIAE



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Opinions expressed in articles and initialed editorials do not necessarily represent those of the Editorial Bored, the Student Bar Association, or Vernon Geddy. The editors reserve the right to edit anything they want to edit. Letters to the editor are encouraged, but must be triple-spaced, conform to the Harvard Citator, and be worthy of gracing the pages of this esteemed publication.

The *Animus Curiae* is published occasionally during the academic year, or the summer, or vacation periods by the small time pols of the Student Bar Association, the milkman, or Bob Scott's Sunday School class — whoever tries to censor us first.



## Faculty Comment

# Court Condones Gross Lewdness

By J. Fred Muggs  
Professor of Law

The law is a living and vital organism. It is also a seamless web, but that does not concern us today.

Too often, law students lamentably fail to perceive this essential livingness, this vast, even existential, flux in the law as we know it today, to the law as we shall know it tomorrow, from the law as we knew it yesterday, when Bill Swindler and I were in law school.

This, anyway, brings us to the subject of this small article: a recent wrong-headed and repugnant decision rendered by the Supreme Court of Virginia. The editors of this publication have asked me to write on a subject that awakens interest in my breast. So, I have today chosen as my text 214 Va. 325. It is a decision that should quicken the blood of every law student — but I doubt that a single one has bothered to read its few pages.

A woman, who we shall call Elsie, lived in the Blue Tartan. She was friendly — to say the least — with a man known as Clarence.

The Blue Tartan was once a motel. At the time this story takes place, Unit 9, where Elsie lived, was being operated as a complex of efficiency apartments.

It is a well-known fact that many a motel has been constructed with immoral actions in mind. Whether that was so of the Blue Tartan we cannot say. But we may be sure that there is one kind of mind that turns to immoral thoughts upon being exposed to motel architecture.

Be that as it may, law enforcement officers received "complaints from the general neighborhood concerning immoral actions at this particular building." 214 Va. at 326.

Law students, as future officers of the court, must be conscious of the fact, that in this day and time, few persons willingly call the police to complain about criminal actions that they witness. Considering this, one can only conjecture as to how gross and immoral must have been the activities that finally caused Elsie's neighbors to forswear their general desire to avoid involvement with the police and call for help.

At any rate, three deputy sheriffs "conducted a surveillance of the premises for about two months. On several nights in the later evening and early

morning hours, one or more of the deputies saw (Elsie's) car and (Clarence's) car parked near Unit 9." *Id.*

Now I ask: When you see the cars belonging to a woman and a man parked near a motel room at all hours of the night, what thoughts come to your head? Are these thoughts lewd? Are they lascivious? Do they suggest "association" and even "cohabitation"?

The answers suggest themselves.

The Virginia Code, Sec. 18.1-193 states, clearly and unambiguously, that "If any persons, not married to each other, lewdly and lasciviously associate and cohabit together, or, whether married or not, be guilty of open and gross lewdness and lasciviousness, they shall be fined . . ."

On one night in the summer of 1971, Elsie and Clarence were under the usual three-deputy observation. At about 2:00 a.m., a light went on.

The officers approached the building. Looking through curtains that the wind had parted, one of the deputies saw Elsie standing nude — that is the language of the Court — standing in her birthday suit, in plain and open view of anyone looking through that window, talking on the telephone.

If such a performance is not openly immoral, I don't know what is. This shows us how far the "Playboy Philosophy" has pervaded the American moral fabric.

The officers went around and knocked on the front door. Elsie had the decency to put on a robe before opening the door. They asked for Clarence.

And then — in full view of minions of the law — Elsie went to the back bedroom and an officer saw her throw "what appeared to be a T-shirt and underpants" toward the bed." That's what the Court said. *Id.*

She and Clarence came to the door — he wearing only trousers and a T-shirt.

Upon this evidence, Elsie and Clarence were convicted of "open and gross lewdness and lasciviousness." The propriety of this conviction, upon such evidence, is clear for any nitwit to see.

But yet — but yet the seven members of the Supreme Court of this Commonwealth did not see it. They reversed the conviction. Why? Because "the conduct, whatever its nature was not open to the



Prof. Muggs Cogitates

public." *Id.* at 327.

It is as if the Virginia Supreme Court has said "go ye and sin some more. But do it only in your motel room."

Remember — I am not making this up. It is all there for you to read, at 214 Va. 325. Here in Virginia, the bedrock of the nation, such conduct has been given the stamp of approval by the very highest court.

Professor J. Fred Muggs' faculty commentary focuses on immorality in Virginia and creeping, invidious insidiousness on the Virginia Supreme Court.

Professor Muggs joined the Marshall-Wythe faculty in 1975. He is an expert on some of the more difficult subjects in law school, including remedies, legal history, and beechwood aging.

## Scott Describes M-W Exit As A Titanic Experience

The class that entered Marshall-Wythe in 1965 included the usual assortment — the bright and not so, the young and not so. And it included three graduates of Oberlin College.

One of them dropped out along the way. Another finished second in the class. And the third became Professor Robert E.

Scott.

Bob Scott has been at this school practically ever since (save for a year for graduate work and a year as a visiting professor at the University of Virginia).

But now he is leaving Marshall-Wythe. He has accepted a professorship at the University

of Virginia (which is located in Charlottesville), and will pack up his first edition U.C.C., his dazzling white suit and a female first-year student and leave at the beginning of August.

As a parting gesture, Professor Scott agreed to grant an audience to the Animus for this interview.

Q. Mr. Scott, you'll certainly be missed here at Marshall-Wythe . . . ?

A. I know that.

Q. Yes, you'll certainly be missed here, and . . . ?

A. You've said that once already. God knows I'll be missed. It isn't easy for a school to lose its finest teacher and most dazzling classroom personality.

Q. Yes. Ah, why did you decide to go to U.Va.?

A. Quite frankly, they need me. There they are, a school with a national reputation, a new building, casebook authors, hornbook authors, but still sadly lacking.

Q. Well, just what is it that they're lacking?

A. Me.

Q. I see. Is it true that you bought your white suit just because you were going to U.Va. last year?

A. People make entirely too much ado about that white suit. I bought it because it reflects my personality. White, you know, is symbolic of purity and perfection.

Q. Well, when you were at

U.Va. last year, did the other faculty members seem — ah — impressed to have a professor from Marshall-Wythe?

A. Yes. I remember, early in my first semester, one of the professors came up to me and said, "you're from William and Mary, aren't you." When I said yes, he asked me, "how long does it take to get here from Lexington?"

Q. I see. And what are your plans at U.Va.?

A. Well, I don't know how long I'll stay there. After all, Bill Douglas is getting to be an old man. But in the meantime, I intend to write the definitive law review article on U.C.C. Sec. 1-103. After that, I'll complete my treatise on *Pearson v. Post* and its meaning in modern society. And, of course, I have my correspondence with Casner and Leach, straightening out their misconceptions.

Q. What about your wife? Won't she find it difficult to change law schools in mid-stream?

A. Well, she'll bask in the reflected glow wherever I am. Besides, it could be very humiliating if we stayed. What if she wasn't editor-in-chief of the *Laura Vu*?

Q. Speaking of the *Laura Vu*, as a former editor and present advisor, what are your feelings about that publication now?

A. Well, changes are certainly needed. For example, the names of the advisors should be

displayed much more prominently. On the cover, I think. And the contents should be more interesting — like my commercial law class, for instance. People fall asleep reading the *Laura Vu*. They never fall asleep in my class.

Q. When you leave, do you intend to maintain any ties with Marshall-Wythe?

A. Oh, absolutely. After all, modest thought this school may be, it will be remembered as having spawned me. It always gives me a good feeling to return. Why last year, when I came back for weekends and saw students, the adulation was just marvelous. They know what they're losing, don't kid yourself. And, of course, I'll always be receptive to offers to return for a lot of money.

Q. It's been suggested that you might someday return here as dean. What about that?

A. Well, of course, I could do that job better than anyone else — but you know that already. I don't know, though. That would mean cutting down on my classes — and students ought to be exposed to someone like me during their law school careers.

Q. I see. Well, thank you very much for your time and thoughts, Mr. Scott.

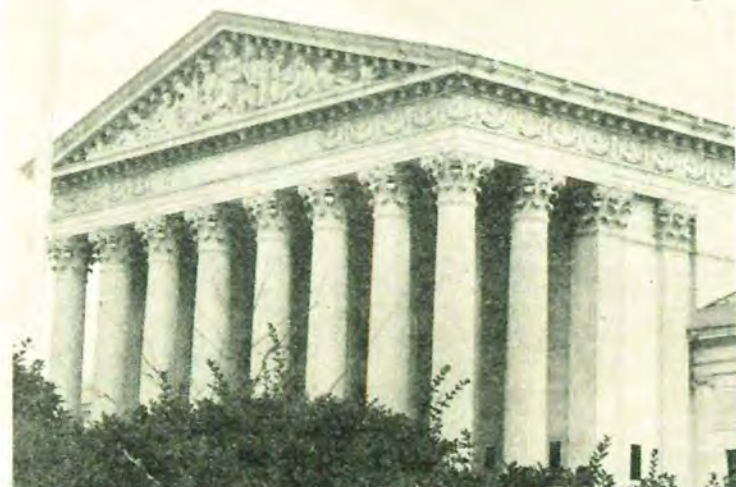
A. My pleasure. And now, if you'll excuse me, there are 45 students in the hall, blocking Elmer Schaefer's door, waiting for my pearls of wisdom.



Bobby Scott, Marshall-Wythe's renowned marshmallow, will be leaving the halls of his beloved alma mater this spring to take up a mercenary position at whatever that law school is in Charlottesville. We will miss Mr. Scott's presence greatly, if only we can figure out who he is.



# Whitehead Reveals Move



This spacious and beautiful building will be the site of the international law library beginning this fall. Professor Walt Williams has announced that all students interested in international law will be able to have their classes in the new site also. The Animus wishes them a fond bye-bye, but will, of course, miss their presence in its office.

## Sullivan Describes Relevant Courses

In response to student requests for more relevant and varied courses, the administration has announced the following additions to next year's schedule.

**Law of the Pore** Fall Mr. Clean  
A study of the rights and remedies available to the victim of dirt under his skin. Historical bases and statutory interpretation will be washed. Soap provided.

**Illegal Accounting** Spring Mr. Nixon  
The course will teach the prospective lawyer how to balance his books so only the public is fooled. Inoperative alibis and unconstitutional defenses will be taught.

**Oil & Gas Law** Fall Mr. Sawhill  
An explanation of the processes used by the major refining companies to hide surplus petroleum, raise prices and conspire with sheiks. You will profit 80 percent or more from this course.

**Future Interests** Spring Mr. Kreskin  
A study of presently non-existent legal problems.

**Contracts** Fall and Spring and Winter and Summer Mr. Gambino  
A study of the fundamental concepts of the law of contracts. Covered are the extortion, default, the kiss, mark, hit, dumping and escape on insufficient evidence.

**Commercial Law** Fall Mr. Suttle  
An examination of how to get residuals from advertising your own business in the most nauseating manner.

**Conflict of Law Schools** Spring Staff  
An examination of the reasons why students at Ivy League law schools are likely to get jobs and students at non-Ivy League schools aren't.

**Consumer Defection** Fall Mrs. Knauer  
How to prevent getting a lemon from GM when you don't want one and not getting a lemon from Food Fair when you do.

**Old-Fashioned Land Finance** Fall Mr. Getty  
A study of the simpler ways to obtain real estate, such as paying cash.

**Modern Social Revolution** Fall and Spring Mr. Clever  
A study of violent reaction to American ills. Examination of the law of larceny, assault, disturbing the peace and arson. Students will get the opportunity to see the crimes committed.

**Busts & Estates** Spring Miss Shug  
A consideration of the problems in the probate of wills of testatrixes who have died from negligent silicone treatment.

Doctor Commander Professor James Madison Whitehead, Esq. B.A., LL.B., M.L.S., rocked the Law School late last night when he announced that the International Law Library will be moved to the United States Supreme Court Building on August 13, 1974.

Whitehead, reputedly the most profusely titled person in the Western Hemisphere save Queen Elizabeth, explained the move as being part and parcel of a unified tertiary theory of octagonal library coagulation. He said that people were complaining that the International Law Books were inconveniently located, and that the move to Washington would clear up the myriad of problems associated with its present situs.

The Animus asked Associate Dean Richard Williamson if he had a comment on Whitehead's announcement. He responded that he "would really rather have it a little bit farther away." It was not clear whether he was referring to Whitehead, Whitehead's announcement, or the International Law Library.

Evan Adair, managing editor of the Animus Curiae, whose office is located in the same room as the International Law Library when asked for his feelings on the move of his nemesis, answered, "gargle gurgle um-chukka wambi snapper!" George Campbell, Editor-in-Chief, was also present, and wondered out loud whether he would still be able to look at the pictures in Peasler's International Government Organizations.

Harley Unruh Cranberry, the Curator of the Supreme Court Building, stated that the collection will be placed on the south fire escape, adjacent to Justice Rehnquist's urinal.



**Tax stud John Donaldson** was once upon a time SBA President. Which means that anyone can be SBA President. John's platform when he ran was "students should wear coat and tie to class." How nifty. Hushpuppies, too?

**One Final Note:** The annual M-W Open Golf Tournament will be held Wednesday, May 8 (that's tomorrow, kids) with tee-times from noon until 2:30 P.M. Entrance fees are \$3.00. If you have not signed up by now, do so today on second floor.



Mrs. Forbes is reported to be resting comfortably in Community Hospital after she was attacked by an enraged Red Shafted Flicker. The Flicker escaped from Scott Whitney's office and perched on a sill over the Dean's office where it could make a large deposit on the head of anyone walking below. When Mrs. Forbes told the Flicker to come down or it would not be allowed to matriculate, the Flicker matriculated on her face and flickered her severely about the head.

## Prof Takes Blackwell Nod for Fashion Cool

By Swinely Whiplash

Few students at Marshall-Wythe know that one of our beloved professors, Mr. John Donaldson, was once upon a time President of this law school's SBA. If most of the students know this, forget it, because it's time to go on with the story. And this is the truth.

Yessiree — Good old Mr. Donaldson was elected President in the spring of 1961. You remember 1961, of course. It was a long time ago, but students certainly can remember having their mommies read to them and teach them how to tie their shoes. That was 1961, unless you're an oldster like Dave Holmes, who was on Social Security in 1961. That was before Dave decided to make something useful out of himself.

Moving right along, Mr. Donaldson was welcomed as the new SBA President at the May 12, 1961, meeting of the SBA Board. We know; we have the minutes to that meeting. Demonstrating the civic responsibility that has since led him to a seat on one of the local political boards, Donaldson began his service as SBA President with the assertiveness and downright cool that has been one of his qualities for so long.

Yup. We will now quote the minutes, because this is good stuff. "John Donaldson thanked the law students (all eleven of them) for electing him President. John stated he felt there should be a further attempt made at separating the law school from the college (now we know who to blame). He suggested that we should wear coats and ties to set ourselves off from the rest of the campus (he would think of that)."

"This led to a lively discussion: Melson (who's he?) felt that one should not dress up important to make a good

when 'you go to school in a boiler room.' Whitten (another biggie) suggested air-conditioners. Donaldson replied that it was



Dean James P. Whyte, Jr.

impression on lawyers who come to the law library (who comes to the law library?), and that nothing would be done unless the whole student body was behind the proposal.

"Some felt that we cannot be persuaded to dress differently until the law school is made more separate from the college. (See article on new law building, p. 1) Mr. Schilke offered a resolution that students wear sport coat and tie, or a tie without a coat in the law school. This was passed with a good majority."

That's the story. When pressed by the Animus for an explanation of his foolish conduct, Donaldson blushed and asked, "How did you find out about that?" The Animus responded, "We're cool. We know everything." Donaldson then asked this reporter what his excuse was for his Frank DeMarco-like performance on his fall Tax exam. This reporter angrily walked out, threatening Donaldson with platitudes about retribution and constipation.

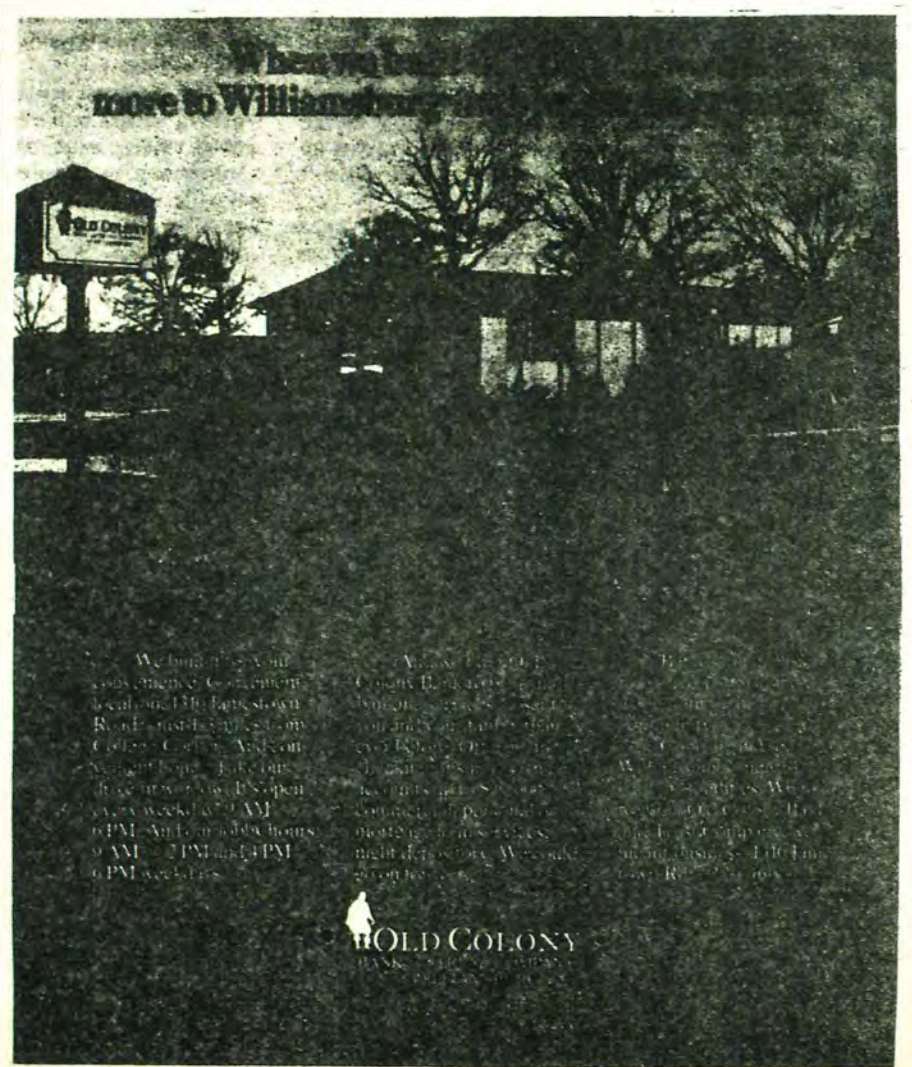


# *Dorothy Assists Oz Wizards In Trek Down Yellow-Brick Road*

**James Whyte, Jr.**

One source has it that Tim Sullivan is already saving his nickels.

'The roar of the wind and the smell  
of the wild in one natural cereal'







Professor Bolling R. Powell, Marshall-Wythe's patron of the arts, displays his latest production — The Mint Julep. Professor Powell maintains that the connoisseur does not "make" a Mint Julep: "One 'constructs' a Mint Julep, my boy."

## Powell Gives Tips on Sleeping Night Away

By Bo Powell

Being the eminent person I am, I was approached by the Animus Curiae and asked to record for posterity, my world-renowned recipe for genuine Southern Mint Juleps.

Before I go into the technology of it, however, I think it would be beneficial to mention some of the historical foundation of this power-packed refreshment. When I was but a scant ten years old, I was out on the plantation, practicing my drawl, when I saw one of the estate's staff out picking up leaves from the banks of the creek. I asked him what he was doing, and he told me he was picking mint leaves for the folks in the Big House, so they could enjoy a frosty Mint Julep.

As soon as he saw the quizzical look on my handsome face, he realized that it was time to initiate me into the fraternity of Southern Masculine

Artistocracy. It was time to deflower my taste buds, to consummate that undying relationship between a man and his drink. I was about to experience my first Mint Julep.

Well, the earth moved. The firmament opened up, and I was swallowed in an ecstasy of a new sensual delight. They say you never forget the first one. I never did. And now it is my turn to initiate you into the club.

The first step is to pour a double shot of Virginia Gentleman into a sterling silver mug well packed with ice frozen from the waters of the York River. Then you hold the mug to the sun, letting in a few rays of pure Virginia sunlight. Then you add some powdered sugar that has been aging for 3 hours in the Virginia air. And the final touch is to add the sprig of mint that was picked by one of your plantation staff members.

You'll never forget it.

# Placement Efforts Surge As Four Find New Jobs

The Placement Office of the Marshall-Wythe School of Law proudly reported yesterday that four persons at Marshall-Wythe have obtained jobs this year.

The four, Mr. Bob Scott, Dr. William Swindler, Mr. Doug Rendleman, and Don Llewellyn, recently informed the Placement Office of their success at finding employment. Dean Richard A. Williamson, who serves at Placement Director when he's not making a fool out of himself on the softball diamond, gleefully reported that the four job offers proved that there is no discrimination in hiring practices, explaining that "If Bob Scott can get a job, anyone can."

With the four successful applicants, Marshall-Wythe now has only around 130 students seeking positions. Dean Williamson believes that this

figures is substantially lower than last year, when more third-year students graduated.

In addition to citing the four recent job offers, Williamson further notes that students this year are receiving far fewer job applications returned unopened. Williamson concedes that the former practice of not opening applications has been replaced by sending "HO HO HO" refusals, but reasons that this is a step in the right direction.

Recruiters from the four major military branches will be visiting the law school this week to seek applicants for military positions. Sgt. Albert Tinkle revealed yesterday that the Army is not considering these applicants for JAG positions, as "we're glutted with young lawyers," but proclaimed that any M-W student will be giv-

careful consideration for an infantry position in the New Army.

## SBA Dinner

Continued from p. 1

pond on the sixteenth green and retrieved for himself a Titlist No. 4 golf ball which had Okerskie had been trying to get with a rake for over an hour. Whyte surfaced from the pond with the golf ball held tightly between his teeth and refused to give it to Okerskie, shouting loudly, "Possession is nine-tenths of the law, you turkey!" Okerskie reportedly shouted an insult and added that he would get even at the SBA Awards Banquet, where he was to receive the SBA Outsider Award for running over Dean T. J. Sullivan with a bus. Sources close to Okerskie said that he had chosen rolls as the weapons to be used in the duel because of the reputation that the Krotchy Brothers have for turning out a bullet-like roll weighing as much as a small cannonball.



Marshall-Wythe has, as everyone knows, contributed mightily to this nation's heritage. A recently discovered portrait depicts two William and Mary law grads who served their nation well in time of dire need. When a latrine was needed, M-W found its niche.



Jr.

The incident never materialized as Dean James P. Whyte was unable to attend. Whyte is being held by kidnappers and his whereabouts are unknown.

At one point in the evening an altercation almost erupted when Frank Mungsberg, well-known SBA personality, objected to his only receiving seven certificates rather than the eight he had been promised. Mungsberg felt that he was entitled to a certificate recognizing him for the time he had answered the phone for Jim Murray, but Bailes refused to consider his request, loudly shouting, "Don't make me use these rolls, Frank!" As Bailes picked up a roll (using two hands) and began gesturing in Mungsberg's direction, she was restrained by friends seated around her.

Okerskie, who had slept through the evening, awoke and thought that Whyte was making a surprise roll attack and began lobbing yeast-filled projectiles in the direction of the malaise. No one was struck by Okerskie's rolls, although several chairs were broken and a portion of one wall was cracked from the impact.

Upon leaving the banquet, one person who had attended was heard to state, "I'm ticked-off! The only reason I came was to see the Dean get rolled."

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## Hanes Briefs

Tickets for the first annual Nettie Bailes Marshmallow and Weenie Roast are now available in the Animus office. Evan Adair, who thought up the idea, proclaims that Nettie is so lovable and so hospitable that she wouldn't mind 250 drunken savages roasting weenies and whatever else they could come up with in her back yard at 245 Tyler Brooks Drive. Nettie will provide the booze, Adair says, but those attending must bring their own weenie. Bob Scott will provide the marshmallows.

Reports that participation on this fall's SBA Orientation will be limited to those who voted for Bob Goldman appear to be unfounded. Goldman assured the Animus that the unkind rumors were quite off track. The Animus is now pleased to announce that membership on the Orientation committee will not be limited to those who voted for Goldman. If you voted for Geffen or Sizemore, you don't get an application, but there's no discrimination or petty politics going on in this law school.

SBA Den Mother Nettie Bailes has announced the first "SBA Bake-Off." All students are eligible with the only rules being that each recipe must consist of 25 percent booze. Judges for the event will be Nettie Bailes, Ellen Pirog, Sandy Spooner, and Professors Bolling R. Powell and Tom Collins.

The Animus proudly announces that its Ace Editor Evan (I'm such a Stud) Adair and his trick knee have captured this year's award for "editorial excellence in the face of debilitating agony." A close runner-up was Bryan Rosenberger and his kidney stones. Charlie Burr, the third-place finisher, would have won the damned award were it not for the fact that "excellence" is a four-letter word to him.



## Animus Ombudsman

Hi, fans. Back again to give you the real scoop on a current problem confronting all of us here at Marshall-Wythe. This week's problem is brought to us by seven faculty members, Colonel Walck, Mr. Brown, Mr. Schaefer, Mr. Scott, Mr. Madison, Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Llewellyn, and Miss Lang. The problem, my friends, is the overwhelming abundance of turkeys in this law school.

Mr. Brown, just before loping onto the field for Sunday's grudge match with the Animus, screamed about Ben Franklin Pshaw's never-ending visits to his office. Brown complained that Pshaw is still asking ludicrous questions about *Groves v. John Wunder*.

According to Brown, Pshaw wouldn't "keep his damned mouth shut last year . . . . Everytime I tried to move into a new chapter, this guy would ask how the chapter related to John Wunder. Golly, gee! The only other person who gives a lick about John Wunder is Tim Sullivan, and that's just because some class gave him a stupid ashtray with John Wunder all over it. He figured that if Levi Jerrell has a gavel, he's going to keep his ashtray."

Both Colonel Walck and Mr. Scott complained of third-year student Bob Short's "incessantly blatant efforts at intellectualism." Scott noted that Short was trying to get him (Scott) to explain UCC 3-402 for five straight classes after he (Scott) had declared the section to be sufficiently explained.

Walck criticized Short's five visits to his office in one day during the fall semester. According to the Colonel, Short couldn't figure out what Kermit Dunahoo meant when he told his class that "you could get

pregnant from sodomy." Short didn't know what sodomy is, says the Colonel, and "somehow figured that I was the one to ask."

Miss Lang complained that Pshaw and other turkeys in her first semester Con Law class asked so many "absolutely incredible" questions that "I was constantly carrying in eight books per class to explain *Marbury v. Madison*." Miss Lang noted that *Marbury* is, as Dr. Swindler would attest, difficult, but "one year of *Marbury* is enough."

Mr. Madison, when asked about his reported encounters with turkeys, had no comment. "I'll just take care of those guys in Modern Land Finance next year."

Mr. Schaefer undoubtedly has the biggest core of turkeys in one class. He told this reporter that "you can't even comprehend what it's like to have Pshaw, Loony, Sickta, Clarkbar, and some kid named Callear in one class together." Schaefer said, "Pshaw thinks he knows it all. Sickta is on some whispering kick. Loony thinks he has to keep up with Pshaw. Clarkbar should work construction. And Callear keeps going to sleep."

Remembering that the Animus Ombudsman provides answers as well as questions, we have arrived at a solution to the turkey problem. First, move Loony to the Student Aid Office, where he'll feel at home. Give Clarkbar his very own hard hat and get him a job in Suffolk. Sit Sickta down with Wayne Lee for elocution sessions. Declare open season on Pshaw in mid-November, and give Callear some Midol.

# Geriatric Faculty Withers Under Animus Onslaught

The Animus Curiae, living up to all its promises, crucified the faculty softball team in a matchup of the two powers Sunday. The largest crowd ever to see an Animus-faculty game cheered the heavy favorites on to a convincing 83-5 win.

The three fans in attendance, Cliff "Don't Touch Me" Weckstein, Charlie "Go Get It For Me" Burr, and Bob "Cruise to Nowhere" Quadros, were assigned the crucial task of umpiring the game fairly. The Animus squad complimented the umpires for their exceptionally good calls. Editor George Campbell stating, "It is unthinkable to think that these outstanding young men were anything other than ubiquitous." Meanwhile, towering faculty firstbaseman Smiling Bobby "I'm Just a Marshmallow" Scott screamed, "We wuz robbed." Animus players laughed off this petty grievance.

The match with the faculty became a certainty when the faculty "bombers" knocked up a surprisingly pathetic Laura Vu team on April 28. Unlike the Laura Vu squad, which tried every trick in the bluebook to win, the compassionate Animus players allowed the faculty virtually carte blanche in filling its miserable lineup with ringers.

In the first contest, the Laura Vu sluggers jumped off to an early lead, the score being 12-1 after two innings. Faculty pitcher Tiny Tim Sullivan complained of stiffness in his arm, but anyone with a brain knew that the faculty's problem was essentially lackataleat. Faculty sluggers finally found the range, however, and came up with a narrow 17-15 win in



BLIND JUSTICE ?

eight innings. Most observers credited the win to sloppy Laura Vu play, but Laura Vu manager, Gary "I don't want to play" Roth, attributed their demise to alleged partiality on the part of the umpires. Can you imagine that?

Faculty jocks met their maker on Sunday, however, as the Animus studs absolutely cleaned up. Fielding a team which included an infield of Dave Holmes, John Fletcher, George Campbell, and Evan Adair, a battery of Buster O'Brien, Greg Welsh, and Zach Shapiro, and an outfield corps of Al Karch, Jim Murray, Gary Peet, Bill "I can play anywhere" Miller, Dan Stolper, Burt Saunders, Ray Villarosa, and Henry Aaron, the geriatric faculty never had a chance.

In addition to an assortment of youthful ringers, the anemic faculty squad featured such never-weres as Elmer Schaefer (he's an athlete?), Bobby Scott, Mike "You Didn't Give Me Time

to Get In Shape" Madison, Happy Dickie Williamson, Tiny Tim Sullivan, John "I Taught Frank DeMarco All He Knows" Donaldson, Tom Collins Collins, Ronnie Brown, Count (1..2..3..) Emeric Fischer, Scotchman Dick Walck, Don Llewellyn, Wally Williams, and Bobbie Crump. The faculty threatened Animi studs with expulsion if they didn't quit after the first inning, when the score was a respectable 19-2, but the keg was still full, and the slaughter proceeded.

The faculty threatened to make the score close in the third inning. With the bases loaded and two out, the Animi made a keg run (Greg Welsh made a pottie run), and the faculty argued over who was to hit the grand slam home run. The rally died when Tom Collins, who batted only because Dickie Williamson was on the sidelines rolling a joint with Evan Adair, struck out on three un pitched balls.

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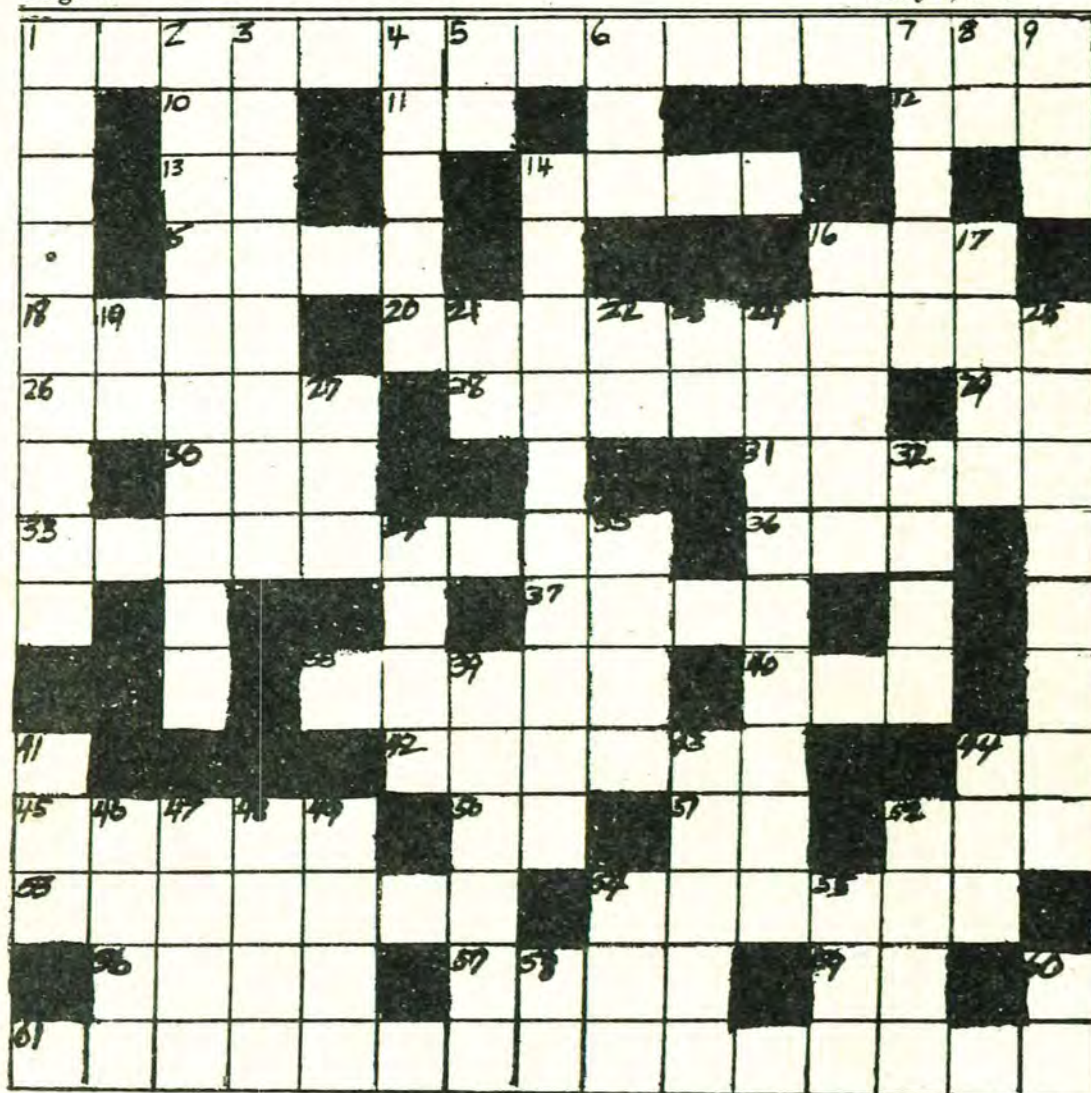
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## Puzzle Time

## The Gripes of Roth



By Gary Roth

## ACROSS

## DOWN

1. Marshall-Wythe's cafeteria pro tem
10. It's not italicized in footnotes according to the Harvard Citator
11. Int. Law Soc. Pres.
12. At today's prices, even he couldn't be a bargain, collectively or otherwise
13. What you can become a master of if you stay here for four years (abbrev.)
14. If M-W was one, we might have money (abbrev.)
15. If you took the Virginia bar and didn't pass you won't be on this
16. Something you should occasionally study
18. What Dean Whyte is at a loss for
20. What Dr. Swindler couldn't use to grade exams if he lived in a ranch house (Pl.)
26. If this hadn't been invented yet, Mrs. Palsgraf wouldn't be so famous
28. What it took to have female law students
29. Partial monogram for our Washington commuter
30. Three grades M-W professors would never give
31. What Moses the law student would do at ten minutes to the hour
33. William and Mary's Pat Nixon
36. Word of —
37. The end you have to be on to avoid being marked absent in Secured Transactions
38. (Abbrev.) Copyrights musical many holds It.
40. Doug Rendleman is not one
42. A brief experience for credit (abbrev.)
44. What you add to a question to get a dean
45. If she taught Commercial Law here, Bob Scott wouldn't have a chance
50. Nearest exciting city to Williamsburg (abbrev.)
51. What Federal Income Tax is likely to run (abbrev.)
52. What both lawyers and teatotalers pass
53. The only professor who, by choice, takes longer to write exams than to grade them
54. Many times there's no accounting for his lectures
56. Shelley's case has one
57. Sometime dean (var.)
59. Two-fifths of defendant Carr's opponent
61. First latter-day Williamsburg colonist
1. When 1 across is busiest
2. Bob Copeland's look-alike
3. Arthur Phelps is doing it
4. One of Tim Sullivan's many loves (Pl.)
5. Freud would have used this footnote often
6. Court Justice Supreme (init.)
7. Belonging to Lang
8. Half of 14 across
9. What every third-year student is looking forward to
14. The custodial staff barely arrives before him
16. What Dean Whyte goes into in the fall
17. It has hundreds of your dollars
19. The two letters that repeat themselves in the name of a paper-chasing institution
21. One-third of M-W's fixtures
22. See 10 across
23. Necessity for 26 across (abbrev.)
24. What Bob Scott needs to lecture
25. A youthful bud at M-W who will gradually get wiser
27. Neither goes with it
32. Too many litigants in a case name bring it into use (abbrev.)
34. 28 Across belonged to him
35. What is likely not to have a desk attached in Washington Hall
39. A requirement of M-W intrastate commerce
41. Expertise of 44 down
43. Product likely to be touched by Lightning
44. He believes one good twitch deserves another (abbrev.)
46. Favorite dance of 54 across
47. Panacea for Walt Williams
48. Libel Night characterization
49. Pocket stuffing for 14 down
52. If you have one, you have no parking problem
54. Cert. d—ed.
55. U.S. President (init.)
57. State whose justices are usually in concord with each other (abbrev.)
60. What you get for all your effort

# Nixon Speaks to CW Board Heads

President Richard M. Nixon visited Williamsburg last Friday as part of his new counteroffensive in the never-ending Watergate furor. President Nixon chose to speak in Williamsburg because, according to Press Secretary Ron Ziggler, "Williamsburg is a representative sampling of the American public." Other stops on the current "stay away from Washington" tour include Birmingham, Alabama; Jackson, Mississippi; Westchester County, New York; and the National John Burch Society Convention in Paluka, Iowa.

In his speech before the Board of Directors of the Colonial Williamsburg Foundation, Nixon discussed current issues, such as National Prayer and Fasting Day, Treasury Secretary Simon's decision to have his dog Checkers put to sleep, and Julie Eisenhower's affliction with the congenital Dread Mahoccas disease. Needless to say, the President did not mention Watergate, or the Ellsberg break-in, or the income tax controversy, or the misuse of federal agencies, or the lying to the media, or any of that other garbage contrived by the media.

Two questioners, however, did ask the President about two aspects of the current scandal which the President obviously did not enjoy. Dan Rather, posing as a stodgy Board member, asked Nixon "Why the hell don't you resign?" Nixon responded directly to the question by saying: "I'm glad you asked that. Now, it isn't that I hate the media. I don't. One can't hate one he doesn't respect."

A second questioner, Marshall-Wythe's tax wizard, John Donaldson, asked Nixon why "he had the temerity to select Frank DeMarco as his tax consultant when he (Donaldson) was just as qualified." Nixon again directly answered the query, saying: "Frank DeMarco is one of the finest and ablest public servants it has been my honor to work with."

The next questioner, Marshall-Wythe's own Kermit Dunahoo, interrupted the barrage of hostile questioning by asking the President if he (the President) would run over to Baskin-Robbins and get him (Dunahoo) a banana cheesecake, Daiquiri ice, Jamoca almond fudge triple header ice cream cone.

When Nixon declined Dunahoo's request, the professor upped the ante, offering to buy him (the President) his very own triple header. Dunahoo explained the request by saying, "Irma Lang won't let me ride over there on her horsie — otherwise I'd go get it myself. Nixon thereupon assigned Dunahoo to a seat in the back of the bus."

After concluding his prepared remarks, Nixon departed from the game plan to "level with his audience, this group being a representative sampling of the silent majority."

Nixon challenged the House Judiciary Committee to a "fight to the depth" if it (the Committee) did not deem his "more

than adequate grant of illuminating transcripts more than sufficient for its investigation." Nixon asserted that no reasonable man "would even suspect that the transcripts were less than absolutely accurate. The American people recognize, even if the Congress seemingly cannot, that the White House — home of the President of the United States, for Chrissakes — would never attempt to obstruct the natural course of our long-cherished judicial system."

Nixon maintained in his Williamsburg address that his former Fuhrer, H.R. Handiman, told the truth before the Senate Watergate Committee when he testified that "the President said 'IT WOULD BE WRONG' to pay silence money. Nixon poo-pooed the 'sheer coincidence' that \$75,000 was paid to E. Howard Funt less than 12 hours after the President supposedly said 'IT WOULD BE WRONG.'"

Nixon's assertion also contradicted the transcript record which was turned over to the House Committee and to the public last week. The transcript reveals that Nixon never said "it would be wrong" to pay hush money. The transcript has Nixon saying "IT WOULD BE WRONG" in quite another instance. When discussing the problem of a coverup with his crack counsel John Bean, the two discussed the possibility of granting Funt executive clemency "after the '74 elections — that's for sure (Nixon)." Dean said that such action might further implicate the President, and Nixon then said "It's wrong, that's for sure."

Nixon explained that his story was not inconsistent with the transcript record. "I've said all along that the tapes would mean different things to different people. I know what I meant. And I know that the media, and I don't mean to criticize these b.....s, but a few of these sons of b.....s will distort anything to f... me."

Draping a handy American flag around his torso and breaking into a toothy grin as he flashed his double whammy, Nixon added to his audience's enlightenment by pointing out that his statement last summer that the tapes would not clear up the Watergate matter is now "inoperative." Nixon explained this by saying that "my trusty sidekick Tonto Ziggler told me some time ago that we can operate or inoperate any d..n thing we want to. I now declare that the President has decided, after checking his handy pocket Konstitution, that the transcripts are even better than the tapes, and that the transcripts prove that I am not a crooked Dick."

To the wild applause of the representative audience, Nixon then closed his praiseworthy performance by whirling around and emerging as a dead look-alike of — you guessed it — Abraham Lincoln. Nixon closed by saying, "As another President of this country, who too was constantly persecuted by envious peasants, said once upon a time, 'You can fool all of the people all of the time if you make up the ground rules.'"