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Students of the University of Georgia School of Law

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GEORGIA

Advocate



ADVANCE SHEET

Monday, February 23, 1970

University of Georgia School of Law

Vol. 1, No. 6

CAPTAIN O-WOW STRIKES AGAIN!

What can I say? It has been viciously rumored that this reporter was not in condition to give an accurate account of that fateful night. These people are wrong, for I have managed to piece together several highlights of the evening, in fact details of such a scintillating nature, to construct a drama as tremendous and inspiring as "Gone With the Wind."

First, the "El Destructo" Award goes to "Big" Joe Felker. It seems "El Destructo" lost his glasses during the night and being slightly under the weather, he went to the wrong apartment. Naturally, his key would not fit, but "Big" Joe was not to be denied. He dove through the kitchen window and landed on a cooler and various kitchen utensils and sent these assorted objects sailing about the apartment. Regaining his feet, he realized he was in the wrong apartment. As he, clad in a tuxedo, streaked past the terrified occupants, he said the spooks were trying to get him. He entered his apartment, better known as "The Pig Pen" of Calloway, where with an amazing display of strength he crushed a coffee table and knocked a hole in the back door before retiring for the night.

On the brighter side, it was rumored that a very conservative first year man, Roy "The Boy" Barnes, took his pants off in order to show his date his Valentine underwear. Ken "Dumpee" Pickard has earned the coveted "What Have I Done With My Car" Award at this year's Barristers' Ball. It seems "Dumpee" was going

down Broad Street when the hood on his car flew up. Being both drunk and blind, he jumped the median where his car became impaled. Being a good Barrister, he thumbed home leaving his car to be towed away by the authorities.

Tom Jones won the dubious "Sober as a Judge" Citation for blanking out at 10:30. "The Act Like a Law Student" Memorial Award goes to "Tub" Timmons who tried to impress his date and still managed to pass out. The "Boogaloo" Medal goes once again to Bobby Benham who conducted the Funky Soul Train for the evening. Our "Stab Your Buddy in the Back" Medal is awarded to "Meadowlark" Ginsberg who took advantage of a somewhat incapacitated Incredible Hulk by commanding him to low crawl in his tuxedo. "Buzzy" Bowen receives the "Drop Your Trow" Trophy for a tremendous disrobing act in the parking lot. The Temperance Medal was earned by Lee "The Flea" for refusing to drink because he is in training for basketball. Finally, "The Invincible Faculty" Citation was divided between Col. Murray and Mr. Corry who both showed that they could hang in there with the best of them.

The last award is the Old Barrister's Bonnet given to those unknown students who distinguish themselves in the line of duty. A Bonnet goes to that Eagle who passed out in the flower garden at the University Village and woke up with footprints all over him. Another Bonnet goes to that Barrister who was lying half in and half out of his car after the Ball.

Editor's Note

Again, as ever when there is a good deal of dissent among the student body concerning an administrative or faculty action, there has been much foot stamping and hair rending and many epithets whispered throughout the law school. Unfortunately, this is as loud as the dissent normally gets. But we must suppose that the problem at hand is of little consequence, else there would be more interest taken in resolving it. Oops - the forbidden word slipped out! The problem... it is called curriculum planning - or should we say "conflict".

As the third-year student enters his final phase, having planned his course of study since one year earlier when the administration circulated planning questionnaires in order to facilitate the scheduling on third-year courses, he finds himself forced to choose among several courses in which he has no interest (Oops!) because the ones which he has planned to take for the last year are in conflict. Moreover, the choices left to him span the academic day, clustered around sunrise and sunset. One must assume that there is some deep wisdom in the planning of these course conflicts; after all, this is the last chance for these students to take the courses which will prepare them to go into the type of practice they desire, and there has been only the one opportunity since the students are shackled with required courses and no opportunity to take electives for two full years. There is only one opportunity for 83 people to take these courses and this is it. With 16 class conflicts and 11 course conflicts among third-year courses, however, there seemed little hope of satisfaction.

But not all students sat back and accepted this. There were a handful who undertook to resolve the schedule - unfortunately, in their favor. They resolved the conflicts which affected their personal schedules. But this is not their fault. With little or no interest shown by the rest of the students, they had no way to know of the import of other conflicts. So now we were left with only 9 class conflicts and 5 course conflicts. Hardly an equitable arrangement.

When one complains he must either present an alternative or sink into silent desperation with the others. Let us choose the former and suggest that the answer lies in a practice similar to that used in the overall third-year curriculum planning. Circulate a questionnaire early in winter quarter in order for third-year students to establish what course load they have planned to take. Sincerely try to resolve the course schedule around this study. Then have pre-registration. There will be a few disappointments - very few! It seems to be a little late for us; but if someone take an interest (ouch!), it will not happen again.

GEORGIA

Advocate

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LOCAL STUDENT CORNERS YEAR'S BIGGEST BARGAIN

The other day on Baxter Street I spotted a '67 black Thunderbird with a small sign on the sidewalk which read "For Sale -- \$75." Sensing a real bargain, I quickly approached the University Traffic and Security officer who appeared to be the owner of this delightful Ford product. Stammering with the excitement of the first one in line for a tremendous bargain, I exclaimed, "Only \$75, that's it! No hidden charges, that's all I'll ever have to pay?" To which the officer, now grinning like a chimpanzee, drawled in reply, "Yep, that's right, \$75 and it's all yours, buddy." Knowing that something was amiss or else I was on Candid Camera, I asked, "There's something wrong with the car isn't there? It doesn't have an engine right? I knew it, nobody sells such a valuable piece of property for so paltry a sum." He replied, after spitting heartily at the sidewalk but hitting my shoe instead, "Nah, boy, this here car runs just fine. But, you're right, all I is asking is \$75." Realizing now that not only was the officer crazy but also stupid, I proceeded to snatch up the windfall, "OK, I'll take it; here's the money, can I drive it away now?" He replied, "Nah, I'll drive it off for you." I stuttered, "But it's my car now, I'll drive! I paid you the \$75 for the car, it's mine!" Grinning insanely, my foolhardy friend said, "Nah, boy, the \$75 was for the parking space, not the car." Off he drove with my money stuffed in his undershirt pocket, but, alas, I now had a parking space, and not only was it in the city limits, but actually on the UGA campus. Now that really was a windfall of the first magnitude! Besides, everyone knows that Fords stink, and, also, a Phi Mu has already offered me \$100 for the space. Of course, I'm not selling -- real estate is the best investment one can make around here.

ROTC POOP SHEET

Because of the great number of phone calls and letters concerning the article on ROTC Summer Camp we would like to list several persons who are available to give advice. If you have any further questions please contact "Salt Tablet" Spell; "On Your Own Time" Vaught; "By the Numbers" Wilgus; "Put On Your Punchos" Tye; "Fall in the Mess Line" Holliday.

There are several good outlines coming out on Summer Camp. "How I Smuggled My Weight Lifting Equipment into Summer Camp" by Bubba "Muscle Man Cagle"; "How to Win Money with Dice", by Bob "Snake Eyes" Persons; "Avoiding Heat Stroke" by John "Lily" White; "I was Pots and Pans Man for a Day" by Steve "K.P." Wilson; "Officers Clubs I Have Known", by Jud "On the Rocks" Simmons. A must for every cadet is the book Chiggers and Poison Ivy - My Constant Companions by Boone "Scatch" Smith.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4

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The Coach Redeye Show

The Legal Eagles continue to roll as they socked it to the Kappa Psi Panzys 66-47. Because of this stunning performance the Eagles are certainly in contention for another basketball championship.

The game opened with the Eagles running their famous flash offense, composed of that lightening trio, "Booman," "Babyface" and Jimmie "Poo," who scored two quick baskets while "The Stilt" was still tying his shoes. The Law School photographer probably had a good effect on the team's performance, although "Booman" Booth in his showboat routine missed two snow-birds while trying to smile at the camera. On the other hand, two real clowns, "Snake" Holliday and Lee "The Flea," demonstrated their B-ball skills for the camera. "The Snake" moved out from under the boards, directly in front of the camera to shoot his speciality, a

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forty foot Whooping Crane double reverse set shot; meanwhile, Lee "The Flea," who was outstanding on defense, laid out an opponent for the photographer with a beautiful flying bodyblock.

Under the boards it was "The Stilt," who was high scorer with 20 points as he gave several love taps to the opponents. Assisting "The Stilt" was "Bozo" Richardson, who, also, had an excellent night; "Bozo" used some of his famous gorilla tactics in chewing up the opponents (i.e. biting the arms). Also, "Stretch" Morris was tremendous on getting the ball out for those fast breaks. However, no one could hear what he said due to his mumbling.

As the Eagles pulled away in the second half, they began to display some rare skills. "Boom-A-Rang" Willis who had an excellent first half came back the second half to hit several double spinout jump shots. "Babyface" Wotton made a fifteen foot underhand scoop shot. It is rumored that "Babyface" could not have been wearing a jock to achieve this shot. If this is not enough, the old field general, Jimmie "Poo" Humes, ran five fast breaks without resting, an achievement only surpassed by Hillery's conquest of Everest.

Finally, it must be noted that without the excellent coaching of "Meadowlark" Ginsberg such a victory could not have been possible. "Meadowlark," for example, called a timeout in a tense moment to let tempers cool. It seems a technical foul was called when either "Babyface" or Jimmie "Poo" offered a directional finger to a zebra (i.e. a feferee). Well, keep up the good work, men, and let's hang in there for the championship.

ROTC POOP SHEET CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3

There are rumors that "Spare Time" Bushnell and "Sky King" Elder will soon presume their afternoon jogs in the grave yard. If anyone would like to become a member of their Ocone Health Spa contact "Baby Brooks" Thurmond who intends to keep everyone in step.

----Chunkie Pannell