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Advocate Advance Sheet, Apr. 21, 1970 (Vol. 1, No. 11)

Students of the University of Georgia School of Law

Repository Citation

Students of the University of Georgia School of Law, "Advocate Advance Sheet, Apr. 21, 1970 (Vol. 1, No. 11)" (1970). *Other Law School Publications*. 313.

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GEORGIA

Advocate



ADVANCE SHEET

Tuesday, April 21, 1970

University of Georgia School of Law

Vol. 1, No. 11

HOLMES IS COMING

When this reporter came back to these hallowed halls for the last time, rumors were darting among groups of concerned students as to the new addition to our faculty. He is none other than Sherlock Holmes, the immortal master detective. But why, I asked, should Sherlock Holmes be appointed to our faculty?? As a concerned member of the student body and a typical conscientious cub reporter for The Sheet I decided to interview Mr. Holmes personally and get yet another scoop for my beloved paper.

Mr. Holmes had not found a house suitable to his taste; so, he was staying at the Athens Motel. I knocked on the door that foggy night and, after several minutes wait, the door cracked open. I could make out the figure of Mr. Holmes' fearless companion, Dr. Watson. I began, "Dr. Watson I presume. I am a mild mannered reporter for the Daily Advance Sheet seeking an interview with your famous employer." He invited me in and there, sitting in a reclining chair with pipe in hand, was the great Sherlock Holmes. At first I was overcome with awe, but gradually I regained my composure and proceeded: Mr. Holmes, I am with the Advance Sheet and would like to ask you a few questions concerning your recent appointment." He puffed on his pipe and began, "Well the main reason why I was invited to your school is to seek out those who decide to

make a mockery of the Honor Code. Yes, I am referring to certain individuals who would rather steal than pay. I believe the facts will indicate that most of the thefts are probably the work of members of your own student body. The 'borrowing' of outlines and hornbooks without the owners knowledge, never to be returned, is an example. The rise in lost umbrellas and rain coats by people I will label as 5 finger discount artists is another example. I believe, Mr. Hulk, and my experience bears me out on this, that an Honor Code is only as good as the people who make it up. You have excellent officials to enforce it, but without active participation by the student body it is to no avail. Those who see the Honor Code as a force to be used to their own advantage are like growing cancer cells. They can infest your whole student body and destroy it. I can only point out the trouble.

If there is to be any real progress there has to be active participation among the whole student body. Just because a person puts a lock on his locker is not the solution. There should be no locks if the Honor Code was followed. Since this is not the case you and your fellow students must stamp out this theft. You must get to the roots of the evil, the guilty individuals themselves as well as those apathetic students who turn the other cheek when a violation occurs. When this is accomplished, there will be no need for locks."

BEHOLD THE FUTURE - WITH A SMILE

When men are pure, laws are
useless; when men are corrupt, laws
are broken.

-- B. Disraeli

The net of law is spread
so wide,
No sinner from its sweep
may hide;
Its meshes are so fine
and strong,
They take in every child
of wrong.
O wondrous web of mystery!
Big fish alone escape from
thee!

Law is a bottomless pit. And
for three years students like Tom
Jones have been desperately try-
ing to climb out - isn't that right,
Hulk???

LAWYER: A man who induces two
other men to strip for a fight - -
and then runs off with their clothes.

WHOOPY-DO

(this poem was anonymously)
(submitted by some coura-)
(geous law student. - ed.)

Whoopy-do, a rousing cheer,
For Law School, a runny
tear,
For three long years,
I've had no cares,
I just want to get out
of here.

The first year, good
clean fun,
Every afternoon, out in
the sun,
No study, no sweat,
Everything was set,
Just wish those books
didn't weigh a ton.

Law School, Law School,
a jealous lass,
100 will fail, two will
pass,
If I get out of here,

I'll buy you a beer,
And bend over backwards
and kiss my ___.

Going here has given me
a hunch,
That Law School is a
bowl of punch,
Grandeur of pretend,
No substance within,
And all the profs are
IN to lunch.

But through it all,
I can say,
It's been a lot of
fun and play,
Three years of books,
Three years of hooks,
Now prepared to prac-
tice law, hey, hey!

So if to Law School
you're hell-bent,
I speak highly of the
years there I've spent,
Now that I am through,
Best of luck to you,
From the nice sanitarium
where I was sent.

- A Hopeful Whoopy-doer

A judge is a law student who
marks his own examination papers.

-- H.L. Mencken

They say love makes the world
go round - - ah, but in a downward
spiral!!

They say law is the cement of
civilization - - ah, but it is full
of cracks -- not to mention how such
law students as those on the Advocate
staff are "cracking" under the
strain of it all!!!

GEORGIA

Advocate

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Published by the students of the University of Georgia School of
Law at William Murray Publishers, Athens, Georgia 30601

The Unfortunate Bird

As I pondered weak and weary over many a book of forgotten law. ..I often wonder what for?? This existance of continually worming through books intermeshed with dashes here, there, and everywhere in search of the ultimate legal reality leaves me much amiss -- especially when the first rays of dawn signal the renewal of another hectic, pressure-packed cycle. The refreshing air of Spring adds a special flavor to the world as this unrefreshed owl inches forth into the daylight, towards his vintage machine of '54. With a sputtering start I'm off - leaving the chickens behind as I jolt along towards the Classic City, home of the University of Georgia Law School with its PhD vultures.

Rambling into Athens I soon encounter the first pitfalls of the new day as my Classic '54 struggles in, around, and over the many chuck holes of the Classic City with its "Advancing" signs. The waves of traffic push onward through narrowing streets ...yes, there I sit behind the wheel listening to my rumbling stomach while being hemmed in on all sides in the Lumpkin Street valley.

At last I reach my parking zone only to discover the effects of the population explosion - the overpopulation of pollutant automobiles. Time now becomes a crucial factor! Minutes left before class begins! What am I to do?? I rejoin the traffic waves in a desperate quest to find a little cove in which to store my '54 until late tonight.

Finally, I park the machine out in the boondocks. Gathering up my burden, a conglomerate bundle of legal books, this law pilgrim stumbles on to class. Storming through the doors of the law school I soon realize that I am not the only one gaspingly groping for Professor Weirdo's class. Behold! There is none other than the Hulk! He must

have let it all hang out this past weekend; judging from his appearance, he hasn't got it all back in yet! Well, anyway, I creep through the class door, hoping to slip into my awaiting seat without being spotted by "ole sharp eyes" himself - Dr. Weirdo. Ah, but alas, the fates would have it otherwise! Peering over his specs, Prof. Weirdo quickly decides to make a spectacle of this poor, unfortunate late-bird! He exclaims, "Ah, my young man, delighted to see you bright and chipper this morning! I'm sure you are most eager to demonstrate the sparkle of your legal knowledge concerning the intricacies involved in a certain case we have been absorbed in for the past fifteen minutes of class!" Caught with this broadside, I sat floundering amidst this minor tidal wave, managing only to gasp out: "Well, sir, to be imperfectly, er, perfectly honest, I am not fully familiar with this particular case." And so this battered hulk (like the Hulk himself) sinks to the bottom of the sea - signaling the start of another day in the ever expanding ocean of law.

Perspicacious Spectator

SBA Elections

President - Ed Hallman.
 V-Pres. - Luke Curtis.
 Secretary - Run-off between Mike Casper and Robert Wedge.
 Treasurer - Doug Haynie
 Pres. of 3rd Yr. - Dick Freeman.
 V-Pres. - Parnell Odom.
 Pres. of 2nd Yr. - Run-off between Roy Barnes and Bob Freeman.
 V-Pres. - Run-off between Pete Hoffman and Don Wetherington.

Phi Delta Phi Elections

The Phi Delta Phi Law fraternity has selected officers for next year. They are: Doug Haynie, Magister; Ed Hallman, Secretary; Dick Freeman, Treasurer; Luke Curtis, Historian; Don Wetherington, Rush Chairman; Parnell Odum, Social Chairman.

The Coach Redeye Show

Me and my big mouth. Here I was, praising the Eagles for such an outstanding performance last week, and what do they do this week? They lose 9-5 to the Alpha Psi Turkeys, the worst team in the league. I was embarrassed to show my face about the law school. With my head and shoulders bent, I trudged to Coach Dung Haynie's locker for an interview. Needless to say, Coach Dung was chapped with the Eagles' performance. He was blowing his whistle, racing about the locker room shouting orders. I finally tackled him and popped a beer to settle his nerves. He took several large gulps, belched and proceeded with the nightmare.

According to Coach Dung, the failure of the Eagles to have its annual spring training in beautiful Watkensville this year was a definite factor in the loss. Along with this was the definite "don't give a damn" attitude which generally pervades the law school during spring quarter. Coach Dung noted that the spectators had increased from 1 to 2, but the noticeable lack of females was a morale factor. Coach Dung is consi-

HORNBOOK

THE LAW SCHOOL ANNUAL

ORDERS WILL BE TAKEN

APRIL 19 - 24

YOU MUST ORDER

NOW!

dering asking the assistance of the Skulking Squad to aid in enticing females to come to the games by soliciting interested coeds during the carnival "line up" of class change.

Coach Dung hopes, with the Skulking Squads assistance, some females, particularly the shapely variety, will frequent the rest of the games.

As for the individual performance, Coach Dung was amazed at the number of left footed players. The speed and agility was only surpassed by Harriet the Hippo. Old Baldy, Bill Smith, is credited with the loss and springs his season record to 1 and 1. The Eagles jumped to a 5-0 lead and Old Baldy was doing fine. Robot McLarty said he would relieve if Old Baldy became tired. In the bottom of the 4th the Turkeys blasted for 9 big runs and the Robot said forget it! Newcomer Luke "yo yo" Curtis held down the first Sacker's position in fine style; however, Coach Dung suggested that yo yo not smile at the opponents because he looked like the grill on his 1933 Ozmobile. The coveted "Bungled Bunt" award goes to John "The Kid" Dickerson who tried to steal from second on a pop fly, but forgot to tag up. The Friendly Ghost and Little Lappy Jones redeemed themselves from last week. In fact Little Lappy was chosen by Coach Dung as M.V.P. Little Lappy Jones played an outstanding game even with multiple injuries to his left leg, resulting from a leap into home and later stopping a line drive with the same leg. The "Dirty Dog" award goes to the Greensboro Mauler or Mugger for fouling the umpire.

Finally, I would like to apologize to Coach Dung for the misspelling of his name last week. It seems the coach is making a scrapbook and was very upset over the obvious error. A thousand apologies to Coach Dung Haynie and remember until next week - - Hang in There sports fans.