

DISSENT

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University of Oregon Law School

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Phi Delta Phi Gives Awards

Phi Delta Phi held its Spring Banquet and Initiation Saturday, April 15 at the Newman Center. The initiation of new members and banquet were followed by awards to the Outstanding Graduating Member and the Faculty Member of the Year.

Judge James Hargreaves introduced and expanded upon the attributes of Amy Houchen, who was presented the Outstanding Graduate Award. Orlando Hollis, professor emeritus and former dean of the law school, introduced a very surprised George Dawson as the recipient of the faculty award. (A conspiracy between Susan Youngstrom and Sally Dawson had assured George's presence at the banquet).

A rousing dissertation by Fred Merrill upon the progress of the Oregon Council on Court Procedures survived a rowdy crowd and was followed by rounds of toasting and dancing 'til the wee hours of the morning. Needless to say, fun was had by all 96 who attended.

Klapstein Exonerated

I must apologize for the reference in the last issue of the Dissent to Janet Klapstein "leaking" information from the D.A.'s office. It was solely the product of literary license, i.e., pen running without mind engaged.

Mike Stone

High Risk Position Opens

Three new fixtures have recently arrived at the law school. In an attempt to prove that you don't have to have a 3d floor office to set down roots and grow bristly, the SBA has approved the purchase of 3 new plants. The new acquisitions (Latin names furnished upon request) are: dracena (corn plant), ficus (fiddle leaf), and the common but hardy rubber plant. However hardy these plants may be, they still require periodic refueling. Since I'm going to be out of Eugene till fall, the law plants need a summer tender. Watering the plants is no big chore, but it does require consistency. Anyone willing to take over the job through summer please contact Jim Buck, locker 12.

MISCELLANEOUS

JANET ENGLISH-YOUNG and NAN WALLER did extremely well in this year's Client Counselling Competition. Working as a team, they won the law school competition, the regional competition in Boise (I think) and travelled to New York City for the national finals. There they were beaten in the first round by the team that eventually won the championship. Congrats!!

TOM THEITFORD won the first year Moot Court Competition with able argument and preparation. Runner-up was LINDA WILSON.

PAT SHARLEY, MIKE AXLINE AND RALPH BRADLEY were recently elected to serve as next year's executive officers of the Land, Air Water Society. All are known for their dedication to environmentalism in general and to the L.A.W. Society in particular.

Dear Ma and Pa:

How are things at the ranch? Seems like a long time. . . Well, here it is, almost the end of my first year at law school--gee it's been fun! Everybody seems so nice, and so inter-estin. . . but kinda strange, too. I mean, everyone's so smart, and most of the time they're walkin' around with looks on their faces like their heads are gonna explode if they get any smarter. . . they ain't like the kids at old Marsh Valley High School, that's for sure.

They do let us drink beer in the lounge every once in awhile. . . kinda nice. . . some of the Professors even come down for a beer. . . talk to us just like we were real people. . . course, they don't really think that, but its nice of them to pretend. . . I guess they got problems same as anybody else, but Christ Almighty you wouldn't think so the way they treat you in class. . . they'll ask you a question and then bulldog you down before you can holler whoa! There's some kids that always seem to know the answers, but they usually got their eyes buggin' out from readin' so much and when you try to talk to em in the hall they stare right through you like a hot knife goin' through butter.

There's also some genuine radical students here. . . some of them even got real long hair and they're always eatin' bean sprout sandwiches. . . real cosmopolitan. . . they're usually bein' watched by guys in trenchcoats, and I saw some guy from the power company putting something in the locker of this one who says nuclear power is gonna kill us all. . . by the way, have you noticed any of the cattle glowin' in the dark lately?

I don't know which of my classes I like the most. . . the teachers are real amusing when they're not given you the third degree. Like this lady that teaches my property class. . . whenever she thinks we're startin' to understand her, she starts using big words like incorporeal hereditaments

. . . I asked one of those smart kids what that meant and he said it was a species of andromonous bacteria that reacts positively to oral stimulation. . . I don't know what that has to do with property, but I guess this teacher knows what she's talkin' about. . . everybody says she's real smart.

Then there's my criminal law teacher. . . I think he used to be a preacher, cause he's always jumpin' around and poundin' the pulpit and exhortin' us that Miranda was not a Fifth Amend-ment case. . . he's a real card. He claims that morality is mixed up somehow with the law, but I think someone just told him that once and it sounded good so he decided to use it.

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Dear Justice Cardozo:

I'm worried. I'm a first year law student and have begun to notice some changes in my personality. The first peculiar thing happened toward the end of last semester. I came into Merrill's Civil Procedure class as I had done all term but this time it was different. The entire lecture seemed organized. I brushed it off as a fluke and forgot about it until several other strange things occurred.

One day in Frohnmayer's LAP I stayed awake. It wasn't because I had slept the night before--no--the lecture almost seemed interesting. You can imagine how upset I was. Then it happened again, in Vetri's Torts: one day I lost control of myself and volunteered in class although, of course, Vetri said my answer was clearly wrong.

Now it's happening this semester. Lately in Property I've begun laughing at Professor Radin's jokes, I'm challenging Titus' views on Law and Morality, and yes, although it's difficult for me even to admit it to myself, I haven't missed a Perspectives Lecture in two months.

Justice Cardozo, there are other strange behavioral changes which I cannot explain. When I'm in the lounge I make snide remarks about sorority/fraternity members. I've taken over one of the study rooms in the library and installed my own personal set of Am. Jur. and Amer. Digest. I've taken to stealing advance sheets of the U.S. Supreme Ct. Reports. I've begun wearing a three piece suit to class and carrying a briefcase. I've begun smoking a pipe.

I could go on, J.C., but you get the idea. Justice Cardozo, do I have a case of the Red Hots, and if so what can I do?

- Worried

Dear Worried:

The symptoms are unmistakable--the Red Hots--and your admissions that you've attended Perspectives Lectures indicates a terminal case. According to C.J.S., the Red Hots, sometimes known as "Harvard Flu" was discovered in the early 1900's, In Re Brandeis. Various strains of the disease crop up at different stages of a law school career. "The Law Review Grippe" seems to affect second year students as well as the less debilitating "Moot Court Mouth." Students who survive to the third year tend to build up immunities. However, those unfortunates who are permanently affected walk around with glazed eyes, occasionally bumping into walls.

Ironically, the cure for the dis-

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Cardozo

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ease is similar to its cause: hang around other law students. Your colleagues hate to see you excell. They will ridicule you and ostracize you until you slip back to their level of mediocrity. Also, you might try interspersing your casebook readings with some strong doses of weakminded pap, such as can be found in People magazine, almost any T.V. show or the very rag which you now scan.

Dear Justice Cardozo:

What's a nice guy like Chapin Clark doing in a place like this?

- Incredulous

Dear Incredulous:

Since details of Chapin Clark's past are difficult to obtain we are forced to rely on rumor, hearsay and conjecture. As a boy, Chapin thrived on challenges. He traipsed across the Kansas countryside being trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean and reverent.

While escorting an elderly lady across the street at the tender age of 16, Chapin thought "As soon as we reach the sidewalk I'll earn my final merit badge and qualify as an Eagle Scout."

Where could Chapin go from there? Surely there must be a niche in society where he could exercise his evenhanded intelligence, his solacing wit. Chapin bided his time, and then, while a professor at U. of O., he cast a careful glance at the deanship. The turbulent early 70's were his time to keep a low profile, but as society rocked itself back to sleep, Chapin's moment arrived.

The marriage between Chapin and the law school is so complete that it is impossible to tell if Chapin is nice because of the law school, or if the law school is nice because of Chapin.

We prefer to avoid this metaphysical question and merely say that Chapin is a consummate gardener who tends to the faculty, staff and students as he would tend to his cauliflower, broccoli and peas. Each plant must grow on its own--Chapin just weeds the rows and lovingly supplies the fertilizer.

If his scoutmaster could see him now, he would agree with my verdict: Chapin deserves an extra merit badge.

Note: In a last minute communique scribbled on the back of a slip opinion, Justice Cordozo sent the following message:

"Although some of you, dear readers, may not think of me as the paragon of civil libertarians, I hope you will credit the sincerity of this call to pens in the name of freedom: Write your Congressman, tell you friends, neighbors, relatives and pets to write their Congressmen, and all of you, each and every one, remonstrate against the passage of H.R. 6869, the son of the infamous S.I.

"Don't delay. To be barred by laches here might mean the ignition of a terrible engine of repression into whose carburetor will be sucked our most precious liberties."

Final Note: The wit and wisdom of Justice Cardozo has appeared in the Dissent due to the efforts of his law clerk in absentia, 1st year student, Gary Marcus (with some help from friends like Jerry Meier and Dan O'Neill). Many thanks, Gary; may next year's Dissent be likewise graced with the words of the redoubtable Justice.

Let'r

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Last semester I had this guy who taught Legislative and Administrative Processes. . .he had long hair and a beard just like the radicals, cept he was teachin! He was real hard to understand cause his sentences were always five minutes long and besides he's got a southern accent so heavy you could stone a mule with it. . .sometimes people in class would break down and cry when he asked them a question. . . I think he eats bean sprouts too.

Finally there's the Dean. He seems like a real nice guy, but I don't think he really does anything. . .he's just there to be jovial whenever the students get uptight. . .mostly he just walks around with his eyes glued to the floor. Maybe he's lookin for pennies.

Well, guess that's about it for now. It's getting close to finals and everybody's more nervous than a long tailed cat in a room full of rockin chairs. I'll see you at the ranch when I get out. Say hi to grandma and sis and old Fritz down by the crick, I hope his thumb gets better.

Your son,
Mike
(Mike Axline)