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Advice on Finals
How Not to Succeed in Law School

Inside This Edition

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The following section of this law review article is being published with the kind permission of Professor James D. Gordon, III, professor of law at Brigham Young University Law School. Additional sections about exams and exam procedures give only one exam, the supposed to be an intellectual test for the students. Anyone can learn under subsequent, law school does none of this. Anyone can learn under subsequent, law school does none of this.

The professors never write any comments on the exams. That might permit you to do better next time, which would upset the class ranking.

Another reason that law professors give only one exam is that, basically, they are lazier than three-year-olds. They teach half as many hours as other professors, are paid twice as much, and get promoted three times as fast.

Then, they whine like three-year-olds. For example, Ame Deep-kicked Bunnies And Pretty Duckin. See? You will never forget the elements of negligence again. You can use this technique to remember everything you learn in law school. Using this method, one student was able to reduce his entire civil procedure outline to one word, and finally, to one letter. Then he forgot the letter.

Next, get some of the professors' old exams from the library and try to answer them. As you read them, note that you don't have the elements of a negligence case. Do you? You can't even tell what the subject matter of the class was. Put the exams away. This year's test will probably be easier.

Then the two-week exam period begins in earnest, and the typical student begins to feel like a nine-lined cat run over by an eighteen-wheeler. To take their minds off the crush of exams, students engage in a variety of activities.

Trying to concentrate while panicking:

Having diarrhea while panicking:

Panicking while panicking:

I strongly recommend that you type your exams instead of writing them. There are several advantages to typing. For instance, you can bring a "memory typewriter," and when the exam begins you can push a button and your typewriter will reproduce your entire outline. This is very handy. You might find it a little difficult to concentrate in the typewriter.

The sound of the typewriter is not the only reason you're having trouble concentrating. You have not slept or eaten for two days. Also, you have not changed your clothes or bathed for a week, and things are beginning to get a little bit icky. You are wearing a hat to hide the fact that your hair looks like the La Brea tar pits.

Try to hum a tune (to yourself, preferably) while you are doing the exam. If there is a power failure or a typewriter failure, you might want to bring a "memory typewriter," which will allow you to type your exams instead of writing them. There are several advantages to typing. For instance, you can bring a "memory typewriter."
EDITORIAL

And So It Goes . . .

by Angeline Chen

It's the holidays, or so they tell me. For the last three years, the winter holiday season has somehow come and gone without the opportunity to savor the anticipatory period that, for me, used to make the holidays so uniquely wonderful. There hasn't been much snow the past three years, either, so far as I can remember. Or maybe for a little longer. When I was growing up (no short jokes here, please!) I remember almost every December being snow-covered and picturesque and cold. It can't have been just a coincidence that all this seemed to change once I entered law school, could it?

For the last three years, the time period spanning from around December 6th or 7th through December 20th or 21st has been rather a blur — a gray, sleep-deprived (more than usual, frantic, exhausting, and honestly downright yucky time period at that. And then, suddenly, a wild rush of shopping (sustained by gallons of Mountain Dew and coffee), whirlwind wrapping, all-too-quick warm happy moments with the rest of my (now extended) family, and then PLUNK. Back to school. The grind begins again. The cycle revolves one more time. It's ever before you even had a chance to blink. And we're doing this voluntarily.

So, first years, you've survived. We know you would. Question is, did you enjoy it? Are you still glad you're here, or do you regret the decision you (your parents/your spouse/your significant other/your friends) made to come to law school, in particular Villanova Law School? (Were you ever glad to be here?) Second years are at the halfway mark. Believe me, we all sympathize. Third years? Well, we can see the light at the end of the tunnel, but it doesn't make us any less antsy to break the tape. Time will be soon enough to leave the ever-sheltering halls of Garey High. (Yee-haw! Alas, we hardly know ye. Or rather, we know ye all too well!)

And thus we usher in the New Year. Who knows what 1993 will hold for any of us. (The normal law student will hope for the usual: good grades (perhaps Law Review), graduation, survival. A job.) The past three years have been ones of tremendous change in every sphere of our lives, which makes it a little tough to imagine what to expect next that hasn't been done already. The world has changed, our society has changed, and even our small wee corner of the world has shifted around and had to dance the two-step a little bit. We are the generation of resolution and best intentions, may face the New Year with transition and adjustment. We sometimes that is enough to make us forget that there's always so much more. Nevertheless, we are here during the Food Drive. The food we collected will be sent to Philabundance where they will be able to feed the Homeless in area shelters for Thanksgiving. The money went to ACTS, a shelter that houses homeless women and their children, where they will be able to participate in the Holiday traditions of Thanksgiving. Thank you for all your hard work and donations.
TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE THE FINALS

'Twas the night before finals
and all through the school
all the students were cramming
learning black-letter rule.

The study rooms were all filled
with those wracked with despair
Well, hey, who ever promised
that law school was fair?

While some fell asleep,
Gilbert's held by their side,
Others downed their tenth cup,
put their heads down and cried.

The outline all bleary,
the minutes still pass,
Sheer panic of failing
("Why'd I ever take this class?")

At last it's the day,
and it's 9:30 a.m.,
what wouldn't you give
for an hour's REM.

The pens are laid out
in rows nice and straight.
So what made you think
you would need more than eight?

Your outline's committed
to memory's sight
but your damn random number --
can't remember it right.

Pick a new one at random,
write it down as you start.
You pray it belongs
to somebody smart.

You open your Coke
(the room's starting to spin)
And then someone says it:
"Get ready. Begin."

You fill up one blue book
and start on the next.
No one had reckoned
you could write your own text!

An hour is gone,
and your hand's getting numb
You aren't quite sure
which finger's your thumb.

Three hours have passed
and you've come out in one piece
(More or less, I suppose)
You crawl out on your knees.

No rest for the weary,
No peace for the damned
It's time to get ready
for the next final exam.

And then the last blue book
Is closed on your fear:
Happy Holidays to all,
See you next year!

— A.G.C. (with some help from past editors)

Best of Luck on Your Final Exams!
EVENTS
"For my parents to send me far, far away from this school. To fund a ski trip to Lake Tahoe, California."
— Lisa Bandelli (2L)

"For Tom Dougherty to change his conservative Republican ways and become a liberal Democrat. Tom, leave the dark side of the force."
— John Forkin (2L)

"I hope the GAP starts selling Levi's."
— Catherine Barth (2L)

"To get my picture in The Docket."
— Dave Aiken (2L)

"Just one more Levin class. Just one more!"
— Scott Donnini (3L)

"Eight consecutive hours of sleep. But I'd settle for four. And can I have a pony, too?"
— Angie Chen (3L)
Christmas through the eyes of a young child is a magical experience. I really don’t know how I learned about Santa Claus, but it always seemed to be a forerunner of Christmas. On December 23rd, there’d be scads of presents under a tree the whole family helped to decorate. What was even better was that Santa not only delivered presents to our house, he also invited our parents to come with him. On Christmas Eve, this, of course, meant that Santa would be our first delivery to their house so that my sisters and I wouldn’t miss a present. On Christmas day, we would open presents at our house and then go to our grandparents’ house, so that the gifts Santa left under THEIR tree could be opened by my cousins, my sisters and, of course, me. It seemed that wherever one of our family members put up a tree, we kids would make out like bandits. Of course there was a catch. Since Santa was an alleged god-like creature with powers of omniscience, we would have to behave — all year round, in fact. However, I was fairly sure that transforming ourselves into little darlings the week prior to Thanksgiving (i.e. Black Friday) until the moment we’d go to bed on December 24th, I knew, this doesn’t explain why Santa decided to deliver to my maternal grandparents’ house, but such is life.

The Christmas spirit was fine with my sisters and me. We’d initially been guilty of sickening sweetness the day after Christmas. This meant no fighting, no whining, no questions, just bathe Mom with the dishes and bathing plot whose aim was to drive American parents insane by brainwashing their children into behaving themselves year-round! No knew, but one thing was certain — someone was messing with our young and impressionable minds while all we could do was panic.

As our return to school in September, the school was buzzing with conflicting rumors. Corporate advertisers initiated the whole thing to encourage early Christmas spending. Retail outlets could see black BEFORE Black Friday. Santa was contemplating farming out toy production

After an inevitably sleepless night, Pat and I continued our investigation at school. It wasn’t looking good for Old Saint Nick. The older kids said that there were a bunch of gullible imbeciles for believing in something as preposterous as Santa Claus. Who in their right mind would spend all their time counting down their produc
tion so little brats could be happy when there was absolutely nothing in it for him beside fuzzy feeling you’re supposed to give? So you have parents, intent on proving their love for their children, ended up in fist-fights over those ridiculous-looking Cabbage Patch Dolls, suggested retail price $150.00, but YOU can have it for $150. The anticipation was gone. Our parents wouldn’t feel compelled to spend as much money on us now that their “toys for good behavior” scam had finally been uncovered. Now that we’re older, there’s not even the pretense of surprise. They’d told Santa over our heads in order to riddle them into behaving themselves for extended periods of time?

Our worst nightmares had been confirmed when Pat and I confronted my mother with the ultimate question. The look on her face said it all — “Oh no, they’ve finally developed enough brain cells to realize that parents everywhere have been lying to their children for centuries! How can we parents ever hope to scare them into behaving themselves for extended periods of time?” After years of therapy, I realized that our parents had their own conspiracy. They’d told Santa over our heads in order to riddle us with guilt every time we broke one of their rules. To them, Santa was just a tool to achieve parental domination over their children. Oh, a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive. (That last sentence isn’t mine.)

Professors just love humorous subterfuges like this, and will probably give you several points of extra credit. After the exam, do not review or “post-mortem” — the exam with other students. This is very depressing — especially if you can’t even agree whether it was a toss in or a contracts exam. On the other hand, if some persistent bore absolutely insists on reviewing the exam with you, just look him straight in the eye and be sure to point out several issues that he missed on the exam. This will cost him several days’ sleep and, probably, thirty pounds.
Why Ask Why?

by Michael Tarringer

Who is with G-d follow me!

The story of Hanukkah is not in the Torah (5 Books of Moses), Prophets, or Psalms. It falls near Christmas. The story, as told by Jewish Law Society, is as follows:

The Story of Hanukkah

Hanukkah is a minor Jewish holiday celebrated every year. The story of Hanukkah is written in a separate group of books called the Apocrypha.

The groups of books called the Apocrypha contain stories of how the Jews were saved from their enemies.

Madrichim

There are many madrichim (stories not necessarily true) associated with Hanukkah.

One story is about a woman who really won the war. The woman whose name has been obscured over time but we can call her Hannah, was determined to help her people win the battle against the Assyrians. She gathered all the Jewish women and together they made two baskets full of cheese (pancakes). Hannah took the laces to the camp of the Assyrians. Because she is a woman the Assyrian guards did not see Hannah as a threat and let her into the camp. Hannah used her beauty to charm her way into the Generals tent where she set out the food and fled into the hills. The other Assyrians became so confused they finally defeated them. Many believe it was a miracle.

When the fighting was finally over, the Jews came down from the hills and began to put their country back together. The Holy Temple had been destroyed, but the Menorah (candelabra with seven branches one for each day of the work) still stood outside. However, only oil that was specially mixed and sealed was allowed in the menorah which must be kept lit at all times. The only bottle of oil all the Jews could find was so small that it would only last three days. Fortunately, the process to make the oil took eight days. The second miracle of Hanukkah is that the oil lasted for eight days and on each day, the lights were lit. It was the refusal of the Jews to become assimilated or pass on their religious convictions that such a miracle could happen. The miracle is that the oil lasted for eight days and on each day, the lights were lit.

Midrashim

There are many madrichim (stories not necessarily true) associated with Hanukkah.

What Bill Clinton Will Mean to America

by Sal Pascino

It is nearly time for the inauguration of America’s 42nd President, Bill Clinton. The United States has for the time being been broken away from the worthless, deceptive, regressive, paranoid, sophistry of trickle-down economics and domestic concerns will be put over those of foreign policy. While Clinton won the election with a huge majority of the electorate, the poor have spoken more loudly. In the national election, the victory was a mere three percent. While America is confident enough for change, it is not confident about President Bill Clinton. His policies bring back many painful memories of the failed Carter Administration. Many are forceful that Clinton’s policies could bring us back to the snobbery of the oil that plagued us during that time. Will President Bill Clinton really be, as promised, a new kind of Democracy?

It was former Democratic senator Paul Tsongas who once said that President Clinton as “pander—bear,” referring to the new President’s tendency to try to be all things to all people. He lacks the charisma of either Vice-President Al Gore or Senator D’Amato, but Clinton has his own charm. Clinton is known for his great feats of bravery in the military and there is similar sympathy within the Democratic Party concerning events such as Vietnam.

Many military leaders do not trust President Clinton due to his youth and complete lack of foreign policy experience. It is a matter of fact that they say, world leaders neither trust nor like Clinton and will do nothing to stop making his foreign policies fair. Many generally agree with Clinton’s decision not to be under his command; shaking the military establishment. Clinton has shown that he is a man of action. His military involvement in the civil war in Yugoslavia has been compared with the Vietnam War. He has been compared with the 

Overheard

"Statutes, like Irish waiters, all look alike."

- Classroom

"I had a guy once."

- Library

"I prefer to put it in one hand and then just break it."

- Courtyard

"Can't you control yourself and keep it down?"

- Computer room

"It just won't go in!"

- Lounge