

THE OYEZ

THE ONLY INTENTIONALLY FUNNY THING ABOUT LAW SCHOOL
VOL.46 ISSUE1



Bridge Over Troubled Waters

- Exclusive Interview with the new Associate Dean

Also:
Law Profs Gone Wild!
OCI Tips... better late than never!
Free Oyez Dating Service!
and tons of sub-par fillers!

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Loya made the mistake of putting
'Editor of The Oyez' on his resume.

LEARN FROM HIM



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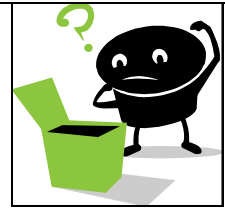
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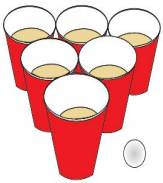
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“Stop being a dinosaur and get a job.”
Happy now, dad?
I hope he doesn't find out its volunteer....



NEW: Free Oyez Matchmaking Service!

*Satisfaction NOT guaranteed

t h e o y e z

Complete Definition:

The Oyez is a magazine by law students for law students in the finest tradition of satire and critique. As the only intentionally funny thing about law school, *The Oyez* isn't afraid to show just how ridiculous the law and the school experience can be. We aim to please, and are pleased to take aim. Also available online and in technicolour at www.uwindsor.ca/theoyez.

Complete how-to manual:

The Oyez welcomes all student submissions, though it reserves the right not to print anything banal, offensive, un-funny or below our entirely subjective B curve. Drop any work, tips, hints, news, gossip or otherwise interesting tidbits at theoyez@uwindsor.ca sometime before any one of our four issues in September, November, January, and March.

Incomplete editorial staff:

Jessica Freedman – Joe Bowcock – *Your Name Here*

Restricted list of donors:

Jessica Freedman – Joe Bowcock – Stefanie Pereira – Nick Cake
Frank Santaguida – Eric Costaris – Mike O'Brien – Jimmy Gammon – Meredith Harper
JD Tie Guy – CJ & Sue – Paul Macchione – Ken McNair
Anonymous Persons – etc.

From the Pen of the Editor

Hello and Welcome to THE OYEZ!



I can remember the first time I read an OYEZ. It was a Tuesday. I was supposed to be in Access to Justice, but had opted to sit in the pit and watch upper year boys pass through instead. I saw an issue sitting there and picked it up. You know, to pretend to read while I creeped. Then a magical thing happened. This magazine was actually amusing, and not in a “giggle at the dirty words in a Criminal Case” amusing, but funny on purpose! It was then that I knew that I had found my calling, the one thing I could volunteer for and put on my resume that I would *not* have to lie about in interviews.

That is why I worked my way up from lowly contributor to Editor-in-Chief. Three years of half-assed effort and alienating my peers through mockery have finally paid off! I am a prime example that if you want to put off growing up, it is entirely possible if you put your mind to it! Peter Pan has nothing on my disgust towards mature grown-ups. NOTHING! If only I had figured out earlier that this position is actually a responsibility... like what grown-ups have. Woof-barf. Ah well, the effort might have increased, but so has the mockery! Enjoy it... who knows how long I have before Joe leads the masses in a revolution against me.

And so, my little Wendy's and Lost Boys, I bid you adieu... til issue numba two!

Jessica Freedman
Editor-in_Cheif, The Oyez

e | d | i | t | o | r | i | a

Something tells me I'm in to something good



Welcome back Windsorlawians! I guess I am your co-editor this year. Strange what things you can get yourself roped in after a fishbowl or two. During orientation week Freedman cornered me and beat me into submission until I agreed to take the job. She can be VERY persuasive when she wants to be.



At first I said “no way, Freedbags” but she persisted: “The Oyez needs you. Heck, I need you. I'm a mess without you. I missed you so darn much over the summer. I missed being with you. I missed being near you. I missed your surl. I missed your scent. I missed your musk.”

The bottom line is I'll be been spending a lot of time with Freedman. Perhaps more than I want to. Being Jessica's dimmer switch is not going to be easy. Waters doesn't think I can do it. We will see. Loya and Wes Mantooth certainly left the Oyez in questionable hands.

And to think there are three more editions of this high-quality publication to come. Enjoy....

I'll see you around or I'll see you on another time.

WANTED: One. One Co-Editor.

MUST:

- Be in Law I or II
- Have a sense of humour
- Be able to make snacks.

If this is you.... Then stop being so lazy and start writing articles for the Oyez. It's ridiculous-fun and it looks GREAT on a resume! *ahem Bay Street ahem*

Also, could you bring me some trap treats? If I eat one more sub I might have to just quit law school and get hired as a sandwich artist.

Thanks!



FLASHBACK!

A combination of beloved childhood cartoon theme songs and chirping fellow law students? Count us in!

Pith!
Substance!
Jurisdiction!
Powers!
Rotman!



GO CONSTITUTIONAL LAW!

With your powers combined I am Action Jackson!

**Action Jackson, she's our hero,
Gonna take constitutional misunderstanding down to zero,
She's our ss.91 and 92 powers magnified,
And she's fighting on the class' side**

**Action Jackson, she's our hero,
Gonna take constitutional misunderstanding down to zero,
Gonna help her put us under,
Bad guys who like to loot and plunder**

Q: What's wrong with lawyer jokes?

A: Lawyers don't think they are funny, and nobody else thinks they are jokes.

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INTERSECTION FIXED, MOAT REMAINS

This summer, the intersection at University and Sunset Avenue was ripped up and mysterious construction activities took place. It was then re-paved and the sidewalks surrounding it were re-done, creating an aesthetically pleasing and completely level passage to the University. Perhaps Maintenance Lady, whose real name is actually Maintenance Lady, is at it again. Clearly, last year's suspension for fixing the front door of the law school has not deterred her and she continues to defy authority by making improvements to the law school's surroundings without approval.

Luckily for all, Maintenance Lady left the moat, which forms after even the smallest amount of rain falls. An anonymous source suggested that this oversight was



A fair maiden awaits her knight in hip waders to rescue her

actually on purpose, implemented by the Administration staff to prevent vagrants and undergrads from gaining access to the Law building unless they were brave of heart and noble of spirit. Law 3, Phil "choco milk" Dias suggested

that the moat was "left to impede access to the law school walls, making it difficult for medieval siege weapons, including siege towers and battering rams, to attack the Ron Ianni Law Fortress."

However, Dean Elman has promised that access to the law building will not be affected. The old, rotting 2x4 will surely return as a drawbridge gapping the University Avenue entrance with the outside world.

LADIES OF THE GO TV APPEARANCE CANCELLED

After 30 years of the same office furniture, the hideousness of the G.O. finally caught the attention of interior design show, Design on a Dime. With the ink still fresh on the cheque given to the ladies of the GO by an Alumnus, the GO Staff, newly appointed Ass. Dean Waters and outgoing Ass. Dean Mary Gold spent a whole Saturday hitting Ikea. Hard. The producers of the show wanted to go Harvard Law Mahogany with leather-bound books, but the GO-dwellers saw a different vision. Despite this rift, the only real challenge came when it was time to fit all of those desks into Neil Gold's Jag and Ass. Dean Waters' bicycle basket to deliver them to the school.

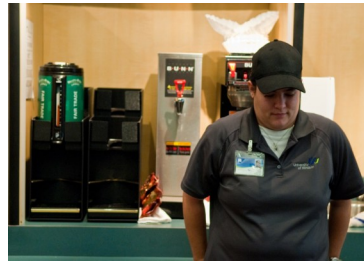
The final result has impressed the returning law students. Law 2, Max Munoz, states "Everything is Ikea in there. So clean. So modern. So in tune with the rest of the furniture

Cathy Milec, a firm believer in Feng Shui, was given creative licence to arrange the new furniture in any combination which would align the positive energies circulating the

school. When asked by the Oyez to describe her methods, Cathy said "Harness in the good energy, block out the bad. Harness. Energy. Block. Bad. It's like a carousel. You put the quarter in, you get on the horse, it goes up and down, and around. Circular, Circle. Feel it. Go with the flow." Despite such a rousing success, the episode was cancelled due to foul language.

RIP: SCOTT FROM THE GAVEL

Those returning to Windsor Law this fall noticed something was off. Law 3 Will Hockin noticed it on the first day, "it was colder, emptier, in the building, but the absence was most noticeable in the lower pit, concentrated around those big pop fridges." After hearing several statements along the same lines, the Oyez investigated.



"A part of me left with him". The part that cares what coffee tastes like.

This absence is due to everyone's favourite Gavel employee, Scott, retiring from the coffee business. "This news should have been circulated via email" ranted Sue Szasz, "Mary Mitchell sends out 40 a day, and she could have added this one. With one of those red exclamation points so we new the urgency of the matter." Others are placing the blame on Law 3

(Continued on next page)

Shokeen Singh, who as a regular in the pit, would have noticed his absence first and should have spread the news.

The Oyez will be honouring Scott by retiring his blue, unwashed, golf shirt and hanging it from the rafters above the gavel.

SUBWAY LADIES' HAPPINESS AT ALL TIME HIGH, EFFICIENCY STILL LOW

In a world where so few things are constant, law students have always been able to count on one thing: no matter how good your day might be, the Subway Ladies will always bring you down. They are bitter, on-edge, and emotionally low.

Well, the unthinkable has happened: it seems that the Subway Ladies' are actually happy this year. They're back! An emotional high has swept through the staff like JDP through a bar full of first year girls.



I asked for extra pickles... And I GOT them!

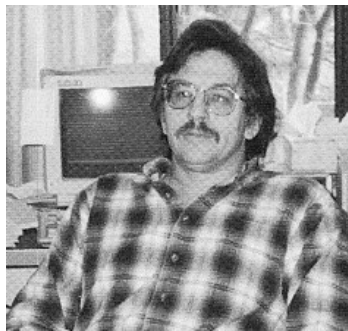
Sources claim that there could be several reasons for this new-found happiness. Perhaps it is being generated by a combination of the new automatic change dispensers removing the need to do any sort of math. Perhaps it stems from a renewed appreciation of students for the services provided by Sandwich Artists. Or perhaps the Subway ladies are finally coming to the realization that creating an oblong sandwich should be like creating a masterpiece of art. They are true masters. After all, generating the

delicate equilibrium of topping distribution is akin to unlocking all the many marvels of the cosmos.

Unfortunately, while happiness is at an all-time high, efficiency has reached an all-time low. We are talking CAW Tim Hortons low.

ETHERINGTON DELAYS PERSONAL EMPLOYMENT. PERMANENTLY

Citing traffic delays, Professor Brian Etherington has decided he can no longer make it to work on time and has unilaterally moved his 10am Personal Employment class to 10:15am, to the dismay of almost everyone.



Moustache grooming usually takes 20 minutes.

"HEY! I just want to learn" says Jimmy Gammon, Law 3. "Up in Pickle Lake, everyone is on time. I don't understand it. If it were me I would hop on my snowmobile or jump in my float plane and get there on time. Those 15 minutes might be the difference between a D- and a C- for me."

Professor Larry Wilson, who incidentally makes it to all of his classes on time, has already filed a complaint with Dean Elman and has threatened to once again take up a one man picket. He will be outside room 2100 from 10am-15am every Monday and Wednesday morning until Professor Etherington either leaves his house earlier or finds another way to navigate the traffic.

"Ass. Dean Waters rides his tricycle and he can make it on time, after all," said Wilson.

However, it should be noted that the extra 15 minutes will have the added advantage of making it easier (or even possible?) for Tyler Casselman, Law 3, to make it to class, unless, of course, it is nice enough outside to play golf, it is his turn to play a game on NHL 2010, or the NHL network is showing a replay of the 2009 Pittsburgh Penguins Game 7 Stanley Cup victory.

GERRARD PLACED ON WAIVERS, RETURNED TO MINORS

Windsor Law's Dennis Gerrard, famed inventor of the "weekly articling and summer position emails" has been released by law school administration. Returning to the big leagues of Windsor Law's Career Services Office is Anna Maria DeCia-Gualtieri.

The move was expected as Windsor Law had been operating over the Career Services Office salary cap for the past six weeks.

Anna will have to fight hard to keep her spot on the top of the depth chart.



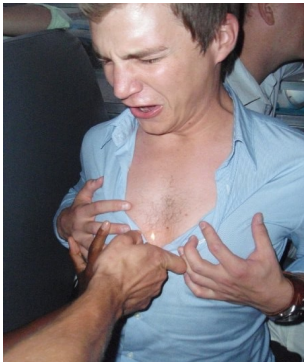
Back on top! She's the cock of the walk, baby.

Dennis leaves Windsor Law with second most emails sent last year (behind only mitchd@uwindsor.ca)

and most boston cream donuts eaten during the course of a summer. He is also the only Career Services Staff to ever take his flip-flop off and try to hit a second year with it who was interrupting his “quiet time” by bugging him about OCI interviews.

JEFF LA PORTE, LAW III, TO MAKE UFC DEBUT

Former UWSA president and current Windsor Law heartthrob, Jeff “Babyface” LaPorte, has agreed to enter the octagon this week at UFC 104 against street fighting internet sensation Kimbo Slice. This caps off an amazing month for LaPorte, who has recently been named to Canada’s Top 40 Bachelors under 4 feet tall list



Waxing his chest hurts more than the fists of fury.

LaPorte, who holds 4 black belts in Brazilian Ju Jitsu, Muay Thai kickboxing, Judo, and Ecuadoran slaphands, has been maintaining a low profile while training with the world renowned Norm Saxon Academy.

“His progress has far exceeded our expectations,” said Laporte’s trainer John-Andrew Pankiw Petty, adding that he was amazed LaPorte was able to rebound so quickly from an earlier upset against Killer Willard, the boxing kangaroo. “We feel this defeat has only fueled his desire to become the preminent fighter in the UFC’s 78 pound weight division.

LaPorte, a native of Windsor’s notoriously rough East Side, has managed to escape a life of crack-slinging and waiting tables at Moxies and has positioned himself to become a world class fighter. This will be LaPorte’s first North American contest, having previously been associated with the underground Korean bus-fighting circuit.

MARY MITCHELL DEVELOPS 7TH METHOD TO COMMUNICATE WITH STUDENTS

After being inundated with complaints regarding a lack of communication between students and administration, Mary Mitchell has developed an alternative mode of delivering important information to students. Now, along with email, tv announcements, CLEW updates, weekly newsletters, bulletin board notices and a constantly refreshing twitter page, Mary Mitchell has started producing smoke signals and deploying messenger pigeons in an attempt to keep students informed of the latest articling positions opening up in Northeast Saskatchewan or Phd opportunities available in reptile law from East San Deigo State University.

“In this day and age, it is imperative that the administration be able to keep in touch with the students,” said Mary, “If the internet were to go down for an afternoon we would need an effective method to broadcast the latest sign up information for the Greek Law Students Society. Without this failsafe option there would be chaos.”

Students should expect these methods of communication to be available starting in November.

KALAJDZIC, PRO MO, BOGART INVOLVED IN CASINO SCAM

An unnamed but credible source, “Gari,” has informed the Oyez that the infamous trio was spotted hustling a high roller blackjack table at Caesars Windsor. “They both had wigs and fake moustaches but I’m as sure as doubling down on 11 that it was Professor Kalajdzic and ProMo” remarked Gari. Professor Bogart, undisguised, was also spotted standing behind the pair yelling “winner winner chicken dinner!”



Somehow we don't see “Bogart’s Three” hitting theatres anytime soon.

Although it seemed as if ProMo (operating under the alias of “Cooper”) and Kalajdzic (operating under the alias of Ann Svmerton) had put aside their previous academic differences, a dispute arose when the two began winning excessive amounts of money. Casino security accused the team of counting cards and attempted to kick them out. Kalajdzic then began lecturing the guards on problem gambling and the casino’s duty of care. Bogart then accessed justice and grabbed the pot and took off.



Dear Chris



need advice? why not ask the associate dean?

Dear Mary,

I am nervous to be taking over your position. Any advice to help my transition to this position of authority?

Regards,
Chris Waters

Chris,

First, it is Mrs. Gold to you. I lost the dean title, not my dignity. Second, you have to make sure you let the students and faculty know that you are now above them socially and financially. I find driving something with 4 wheels, as opposed to your 2 wheeler, most effective. Otherwise, it is all in the attitude – get one.

Good Luck, chump.

Mary Gold-en Delights

Waters,

I am stuck teaching torts.
It makes me bitter.
I'd start bringing your bike into your office while you are at work.

Pro Mo

Emir,

Don't hate the playa, hate the game. Or, if that doesn't suit - don't hate, appreciate. But seriously, buddy. If you are feeling stressed, come on into my office for some hot cocoa, granola and a discussion. Don't make me enrol you in mandatory Yoga classes.

Calm Waters

DEAR PROFESSOR WATERS

I'VE NEVER DONE THIS BEFORE, I JUST REALLY WANTED TO WRITE TO LET YOU KNOW THAT YOU ARE SO CUTE. WHAT ARE THE RULES REGARDING STUDENT-DEAN COFFEE DATES?

WATERS FAN CLUB PRESIDENT,
LOCAL 420

Jessica,

All of Chris's correspondence goes through me.

Back up off my man.

Anneke Smit

Chris,

Not sure if you were aware, but I used to be President of the UWSA. I have a lot of connections on campus. You need anything, you talk to my people. I'll hook it up.

J. La Porte, Law III

Hey Waters,

I've noticed a lack of material here at Windsor Law, regarding a certain ornithological matter. A headline regarding mass awareness of a certain avian variety. It was my understanding that everyone had heard

Lone Wolf, Law III

Yo Waters,

I just got hitched. How do you balance your legal career, being a rock god and having a wife?

Sean Heeley, Lead Vocalist, the Heels

Waters,

I just want to apologize in advance for my co-editor. Her crush on you seems to have skewed her perception of acceptable behavior. Its only going to get worse.

Joe Bow

Godfather,

You can act like a man *slap* What's the matter with you?! *Giggle* Gosh I love that movie! Thank you for the offer! I'll keep you in mind if Pro Mo bungs up my bike.

'Don' Waters

Troy,

Everybody's heard that the bird is the word!

B-b-b-bird, bird, bird, b-bird's the word

A-well-a bird, bird, bird, the bird is the word

Troy don't you know, about the word?

TROY, Everybody knows that the bird is the word!

B-b-b-bird, bird, bird, b-bird's the word

Well, Waters gonna tell you about the bird!

Chris Griffin

Mr. Heeley,

First let me say that I am a big fan. When you rip on Freebird, I go back to my youth. Literally. I was like 6 when it came out. We should jam together sometime. But I digress! Balancing home and work can be difficult, but I find its way easier to *not* work with your wife. It makes it harder to play hooky from work and home. Learn this lesson from me, son.

Whammy Bar Waters

Joe,

Thanks for having my back. I'll pay you 20 bucks an issue to edit out her attempts to woo me.

Not-a-piece-of-meat Waters

Got a problem?

Think Associate Dean Waters can help?

Email us at theoyez@uwindsor.ca and we'll make up his answer!

Presidential Address

The Oyez asked SLS President Arun Krishnamurti to write a letter addressing his people. He declined, citing “business” as an excuse. So we took to the pit and asked his ‘people’ to rate, on a 10-point scale, his performance thus far — Much like a real political poll, only more accurate.

Law 3:

Joe Bowcock – I don’t recognize him as my President, he was acclaimed. Automatic 0.

Law 2:

Dan Lester – I am too pretty to worry about politics. As long as his pecs don’t exceed mine, I’m okay with him. I give him a 3 (I can only count to 5).

Law 1:

Jarrett Johnston – I don’t know what he does, but he certainly decorates the lower pit real nice. I give him a 6.

JD 3:

Johanna Murdock – Well, considering I’m only in Canada for class 1.5 hours a week, and one time I saw him spooning the Ocheje doll through the SLS window... I’d give him an 8.

Faculty:

Professor McNevin – I like his Form 14 A. He is very civil in his procedures. I give him a 10... dollar bill.

FIRST QUARTER RATING: 5.4 *(Not ideal, even for a newbie president)*

You Ask... Arun Answers

Female Law 1:

“So is he single or not. I like a man in power. Omar confused us real bad in orientation week. What are my chances?”

Arun :

A man as good looking and who yields as much power as I do does not stay on the market for long. However, my friend Omar, who also happens to be a big deal in the greater UWSA political realm, is still on the market. I have no idea what he does, because I’m still not entirely sure what I’m supposed to be doing. But I’m sure he is very busy, with important papers and meetings and speech-making. I myself am too busy to help hook you up, because I’m undoing everything that former president Mo Hashim changed during his ‘change everything campaign.’

Hope that answers your question. Until next time, I’ll be hiding in the SLS office.



barbs & jabs

The Typewriter of the Oyez

Final Year is a Time to Re-Engage

A response to the Windsor Law Matters piece, 'Third Year is a Time to Re-engage'

There is a nasty virus out there. Each year, it strikes law schools across North America. It seems to attack only those Dean's in their final year. The virus, known as **Dean Dis-engagement**, is well documented. It doesn't seem to matter whether one already has another Dean position lined up or not. The threat of early retirement does not appear to provide an antidote.

Dean Dis-engagement is evident in the results obtained from the study [singular] conducted by the Oyez editorial staff. It is science. This survey generally shows that the first years of a Dean's reign are more demanding than their final year. Final year deans do not work as hard as their colleagues. Nor do they discuss issues that will impact the school when they are done. They are frequently absent from work, and when they do attend, they clean the machines out of Diet Coke.

Apparently, a Dean's final year is being effectively used to ease the transition from office to golf course. In the Oyez's view, a Dean approaching the end of his term should be able to say that their final year experiences as Dean of Faculty of Law enabled him or her to schmooze without awkwardness with any law student, buy Ann Dawson appropriate holiday trinkets, ease the transition when downgrading Associate Deans, bringing back Scott to the Gavel, and perfecting the art of teaching constitutional law to sleepy first years at 8:30 am. In other words, the final year should not be a "write off". The more time and effort expended on these activities, the more likely it is that the dean will acquire the knowledge and skills necessary to be successful in future Dean-ing endeavours (or other associate dean positions).



It's not dis-engagement, it's re-learning basic life skills. Like how to play "Go Fish."

All law students expend a lot of energy on fine tuning their level of interaction with the Dean. Conversations with Deans in their final year have either been forgone or left to a stunted "hey, how're you doin'." But if you are in your final year now, and are feeling the effects of Dean Dis-engagement, what can you do? You can show up to every student event with Professor Mohammed, start writing articles for the Oyez, or take a tip from President Obama and schedule bi-weekly, mandatory attendance "State of the Law School" speeches. Take this opportunity to enhance your interpersonal, leadership and golfing skills. Develop your "semi-retired" self. In first year of Dean-shiping, LEXpectations was developed and the seven principles committed to:

ENGAGE in law school events; EMBODY access to justice; LEAD the associate dean to the Mercedes dealership ; BUILD treble number 2; SERVE burgers at the orientation bbq; PRACTICE your golf swing; LIVE the Diet Coke side of life.

Recommit to these principles, and if you do, your last year of Deanship will be of re-engagement, not dis-engagement.

d i v e r s i o n s

for dull days and duller classes

TORTS FOR DUMMIES

Cooper v. Hobart, [2001] 3 S.C.R. 537

ANN SMERTON



Don't Test me!

COOPER



That wasn't reasonably foreseeable but it is in proximity to Hobart's foot

HOBART



Gee... Policy!



THIS IS MY ELEVATOR. It takes me way up high. People who are not lawyers stand next to me in the elevator. They are alright, but I would not want my daughter to marry one of them.

There's no
"i" in Blakes.

Sign on with the winning
team at joinblakes.com.



Blakes

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Blake, Cassels & Graydon LLP

The Oyez Caption Contest

Everyone knows how these things work. Check out the picture below and think of the funniest caption that goes with it. Email your best entry to theoyez@uwindsor.ca. We'll print the funniest one next issue!

Sample Caption:

Professor Mohammed and Associate Dean Waters put on their brave faces, despite the crushing disappointment of losing the opening slot at Danny's to Nick Cake.



Wisdom from a JD-LLB

These mystical students really do exist. And they also have advice. Will wonders never cease!

If you are reading this right now, odds are you're procrastinating. To reward you for your realistic outlook on academics, I offer you two tips that you probably already knew, but will read anyway to justify procrastination. (Note: these tips are tailored to first year minions, but can also apply to upper year masters of the universe).



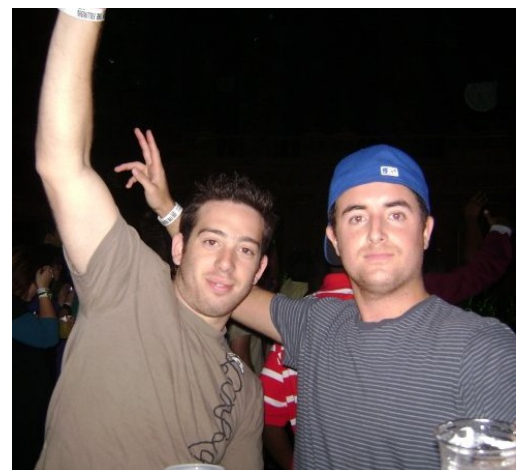
Its sucking my will to live!

#1: PANIC! Panic like you've never panicked before! And when you're finished, panic some more! Let your peers scare you over the fact that they have one extra sentence in their memo. Then, scare your peers right back by asking them if they've done readings that don't even exist! Or better yet, call them up at 3am and tell them that the page limit for your big memo was just reduced to half of what it was, and watch them panic as they adjust margins and font sizes just to make sure everything fits. If you've had more than 1 hour of sleep a night, YOU ARE DOING IT WRONG! Spread gossip. Backstab your friends. Hide library books.

For those of you who haven't realized yet, I'm trying reverse psychology here. Why? Because, when I was in first year, upper years told me all the time NOT to panic, and guess what happened? I panicked! A lot. And you know where that got me? Nowhere, except at Shoppers Drug Mart buying hair dye to cover the suddenly white head of hair I acquired. You know it's gotten bad when your own father calls you 'gramps'. I lost sleep. I lost my sanity. There was a point in first year where I was convinced that the LSAT was back to get me. So please, do the exact opposite of everything in the previous paragraph. We don't want to end up like UofT Law now do we?

Of course, there is the risk that some will read only the previous paragraph and go out and cause mass panic. I suppose this is where the fine print kicks in: "the author of this article assumes no liability for the actions of the readers of this article". Boo-ya.

#2: (Disclaimer: this is outside the scope of my little reverse psychology experiment). First years! Be sure to interact with and befriend as many of your peers as you can. There's no telling which one of them will be a judge one day. It could be anyone, even that guy dancing like an idiot on stage at The Room after having spent more money on booze than the gross domestic product of most third world nations. Even he could be a judge! Wouldn't it be nice to have him on your side? After all, as the old saying goes: 'A good lawyer knows the law. A great lawyer knows the judge'. Law school is a lot like the Titanic. The ship is going down, and you're all on it. Now you can either team up and survive on one of the life boats, or end up like Leo at the bottom of the Pacific Ocean. Take your pick.



Trading the knife in the back for a pat on the back... makes a world of difference!

Law school has the potential to be the best time of your life. For most of you, it will also be the last time you go to school (OMG over two decades of school, this better be worth it!). So make the most of it and enjoy every moment because in law school, time flows at a much faster rate than the outside world! It won't be long until you're spewing lawyer jokes to your friends back home and getting blank stares. It won't be long until you look 80, despite having celebrated your 23rd birthday the year before. It won't be long until you're a third year, writing an article for the Oyez to procrastinate against doing readings and still emailing it at the very last minute.

Until next time Winsor Law Hermits:

- S.T.H.



Thank you for being a friend... travel down the road and back again!

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LAWYERS

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Nancy Choi: Reviewing a revised subscription agreement, having pictures put up on office walls, dreaming of having a latte soon. Friday 11:08 am



David Goldstein: Just getting back from lunch with a client, and discovering that while doing work for clients pays the bills, eating with clients is a lot more relaxing. Thursday 3:08 pm



Luke Woolford: Revising the compensation terms of a product endorsement agreement and thinking I should have been a famous person instead of a non-famous lawyer. Wednesday 3:16 pm



Chris Bartlett: Preparing a mediation brief in a messy dispute over a family business. Doubtful that any resolution will save Thanksgiving dinner. Wednesday 2:57 pm



Tilly Gray: Just finished catching Jenny Reed up on file work she missed while in Spain last week and hearing all about her trip. Jealous. Tuesday 9:51 am



David Goldstein: Summarizing leases for due diligence on a corporate acquisition, and eagerly awaiting the more clever responses of my colleagues. Tuesday 9:52 am



Ambie Edgar-Chana: Revising a tax opinion while listening to my favourite music online. Monday 11:17 am

CHRISTOPHER WATERS

A Legend in the Making

This past spring, Windsor Law said a tearful goodbye to former Associate Dean Mary Gold, and gave a collective “Hot damn, who is this fine piece of scholar?!” to newly appointed Chris Waters. This Editor fought long, hard, and dirty to win the opportunity to interview the incoming Associate Dean. On a September afternoon my dream came true: I sat in his office, shared granola and filtered Detroit river water, and pounded him with the hard questions. Turns out there is more to him than his good looks. Who knew?

J. Freed: Associate Dean Professor Christopher Water. That is a mouthful! Can I call you something shorter?

Waters: Doctor Waters will be just fine.

J. Freed: You’re a DOCTOR? DAMN SON! You just keep getting better! Also, I noticed when creeping your U Windsor Faculty page that your middle initials are P.M. I assume that stands for Paul Martin, and that you are the illegitimate son of the former Prime Minister. On a scale of 1 to 10, how awkward was it when Paul Martin was here last year?



sigh Tell me more about anything, please.

Waters: Loya leaves and this is what we are left with? Fabricated facts and ridiculous lies? Whatever happened to journalistic integrity?

J. Freed: It left with Mary Gold’s Benz. Speaking of which, how do you address the rumours that you are a downgrade from the amazing M. Gold because you ride a bike to work instead of a Jag?

Waters: I ride a bike because I care about the environment. Also, because the wife [Professor Smit] always calls dibs on the minivan. By the time I get my hair tamed and my blazer on she’s gunnin’ it down the street and I’m left with my bicycle. Not that I mind, I have one badass 12 speed mountain bike with 27” x 1.75” tires for ultimate speed and dexterity when I’m off-roading. I am looking into one of those chopper-style bicycles, too. Imagine the street cred the law school could gain from having one of those parked out front?

J. Freed: Imagine the wind-tousled locks you would sport with a hog like that? Look out, ladies! Now, you say you ride a bike out of concern for the environment. Does this mean you are going to get rid of the minivan and get a tandem bike so you and Smit can share a ride to work?

Waters: No.

J. Freed: What if the graduating class were to purchase said bike and donate it to you?

Waters: No. My journey to and from work is a time for contemplation and relaxation. And checkin' out the bitties running along the river. But that stays in this office.

J. Freed: Sure thing! I myself have had the privilege of seeing you stroll into lecture with freshly wind-swept locks and sporting some suave biking gear. What can we expect to see you sporting this season?

Waters: When I was back-to-school shopping, I really wanted to dress to impress with some Ed Hardy. However, after going to his store I realized it was for a completely different type of hog. I'm really into Lou Garneau for protective gear, and you just cannot go wrong with a Mountain Equipment Coop windbreaker. I also just bought a new Gortex shell. To the naked eye, it is just a regular spring coat. However, I have the utmost faith in its ability to repel whatever Windsor weather throws my way. I'm waiting for MEC to come out with a satchel-briefcase combination that will match the paint on my bike. Essentially, I know that the world is watching me as Associate Dean, so I dress to match the school's reputation.



I'm ready for my bike lesson! Oh. Am I interrupting something?

J. Freed: I bet the coat brings out the brown in your eyes. *sigh* Can you describe your feelings when you found out that you were going to be taking over the reins from Mary Gold?

Waters: Hysterical fear. Then nervousness. Then absolute delight!

J. Freed: Thanks for taking the time to share your granola and life story with me, Waters. I think we all know the man behind the blazer a little better now.

Waters: Aren't you going to ask me about changes I plan on implementing? Or how I am enjoying the position so far? And what life story? All we talked about was bicycles and equipment interspersed with you hitting on me.

I could really get into this sport. Or at the bare minimum pretend to.

J. Freed: I only ask what the people want to know, Waters.

**Next issue we ask Waters about his hair products!
Don't Miss it!**

SOCIAL ORIENTATION: Where Dreams Come True

Dear Oyez,

I write to you today to inform you of the 2009 social orientation events.

It all started with the Deans BBQ on the first day. After picking up my bag of useless free shit from SLS, I was greeted by a sea of upper years wearing blue social T-shirts. I was impressed by how many upper years wanted to attend the event, but then I found out they got a free meal and of course the T-shirt out of it. Those crafty 2nd and 3rd years never pass up free crap, or so I have been told. I asked where the Dean was and no one really seemed to know. Not even that cute guy in the navy blazer with the gold buttons and matching name tag knew where the Dean was. People tell me he's the new associate dean and that the boat-esque blazer came with the position. I also met Professor Mohammed. He likes to party, I could tell. His snake shoes and crisp white attire gave it away. Overall the BBQ was good. I went to the Dominion house, but I was the only first year there. Where they all go after events... nobody knows.



Dancing with the Stars, here they come!

The Amazing Race was next on itinerary and it was more like an amazing walk. Oh did we walk.... A lot of walking... walking then that girl gets nailed with a water balloon in the face... then more walking... then that Jason Brown guy ran up to me and asked me to take off his pants. I obliged him. I regretted it and then the walking became more of a running... which then became a 'forget this amazing race' and we went to Jack Rabbits. My feet were killing me and the only cure was beer.

Trivia/Karaoke night was awesome mostly because Karaoke never happened. Actually some upper year girls who weren't very good at trivia sang one song on karaoke and they weren't very good at that either. I think they broke the machine. Luckily, the speakers were saved and a night of bad singing turned into a night of awesome dancing. I tried to dance with that Kyle Cleaver, but Will Hockin got jealous. After that Kyle never left his side. The lights came on just after 3am and owners of whatever that bar was named had to peel the boys from the dance floor and off each other.



Wine Tasting was by far the best event. Not many people showed up so there was lots of space, wine, and food to go around. Best part was most of the people who did show up weren't first years. The second years are sooooo cool.

Some of my friends went to the baseball game. I didn't. I don't like it when Toronto sports team suck. I therefore, never go to any game in which Toronto is playing. This was no different as the Blue Jay's lost again.

Wearing out the welcome mat.. Windsor law styles.

Sports Day happened... That's what I heard... I didn't go because I was preparing for that unofficial social orientation kegger at Max's house. I wonder if I can put Beer Pong on my applications for OCI's next year. Note to self: ask Danielle DeBartolo.

Finally, the Pub Crawl! As if we hadn't had enough drinking for the first two weeks of school. I walked to the Pub and crawled home. I went to the Irish Pub because I heard there would be free food. This meant we would get 4 baskets of fried potato chips. Pizza Pizza became pub crawl stop 2.5. The Irish Pub did have live Irish Music and I even heard two upper year girls who write for the Oyez tag teamed the accordion player. He did have quick fingers and melodic Irish howl. As the night went on, the wave of blue kept growing and culminated at The Room. Dean Martini's is still waiting for us to show up...



These ladies did not crawl... they sashayed

Looking back, Boat Cruise was the biggest and most notable success. A lot of alcohol was sold, but most of it end up splashed all over the dance floor. The upper deck became a slippery dancing wonderland that posed only a slight obstacle for the short dress-high heeled ladies of Windsor Law. Sue Szasz by far had the most graceful fall of the evening. Close behind was latin lover Juan Lopez, who wiped out while trying to pick up another fallen comrade. Luckily for the ladies of Windsor Law, the boat cruise is never complete without some good ol' fashioned male nudity. Only one shirt was hurt in the sweaty and sexy Cake-Fish wrestling match. I requested a song from the DJ, but he told me that he would absolutely not play any songs referring to being on a boat. I was upset, but then some upper years dressed like sailors bought me some drinks and we forgot all about it.



This is your captain. Feel free to de-board if you're uncomfortable.

Social Orientation was fun. I could not wait for the big finale at Carbolic. Ms. Carlill didn't get what she was promised with the Carbolic Smoke Ball, so why should we have? Anyway, I heard there was a dance floor and a DJ at the ball, they were just in one of the rooms no one was allowed in. First years Rachelle and Jasmin found it, but they had just enjoyed the whiskey tasting and forgot to tell anyone about it. Oh, and for those of you who were wondering, it was Colonel Mustard with the whiskey bottle in the conservatory.

I had **THE** best time getting to know my fellow law students, but I'm afraid that these will be the last events I will attend at Windsor Law as my parents are transferring me to UofT where they left all the fun behind them in undergrad.

Windsor, I'll miss you.

Sincerely yours, _____

[name has been removed to ensure student is not harmed by any high fives or thumbs up in the hallways at school]



Like the Justice League, only no super powers and way less cool.

Real Heros of Law School: "SuperDave" Morlog

Today we salute you, Dave Morlog, the guy who takes intramural sports too seriously.

You play 5 different intramural sports and hold such intramural sports records as most "almost dunks" in basketball, most 360 degree spikes in volleyball, most underarmour worn during a game of flag football, most topless pictures taken with trophies, most facewashes in a game of hockey, and most fights during inner tube water polo.

Whoever said that winning isn't everything clearly has not heard you tell your buddies of your past intramural sports glory. You know that winning is everything! If a teammate doesn't want to win, well then he might as well not be playing at all.



*The cup was more excited to meet
THE Morlog.*



Victory tastes sweeter when your topless

You may have been the guy who didn't quite make the NHL, NFL, NBA, or professional mud wrestling, but look at you now....you are the best. You can slam that softball further than any girl in right field can catch and you can score more flag football touchdowns than any of those undergrads could dream of scoring themselves.

You would rather be in the gym instead of studying.

Every year, you scout the law school for 1st years, weeding out the weak, the frail, the small, in an attempt to create a super team that will win at all costs. You can spot your fellow alpha coeds because they are the guys who cut the sleeves off of their shirts and wear their hats backward, and the girls who share your love for a good

protein shake with extra whey.

You already know it, but the rest of the world should see just how much you dominate intramural sports. Because after all, there might not be an "I" in team, but there is one in win.

Here's to you," SuperDave" Morlog. The Oyez salutes you!



A positive attitude won't win you intramural titles.

ONE WIN AWAY

The great Vince Lombardi when speaking of victory once said, “Winning isn’t everything, it is the only thing.” No two people take this motto to heart more than Windsor Law’s own Donna Marie Eansor and Francine Herlehey.

Their sport... Beer Pong.

Their goal... the World Series of Beer Pong, taking place at the Flamingo Hotel and Casino in Las Vegas Nevada January 1st to the 5th.

It has been a long, unorthodox journey for DME and Herlehey, the sole members of the “Designated Drinkers”, but they are only one win away from a berth in the big show. Eansor, the team’s sharpshooter has only been playing for 2 years. She discovered the game while on vacation. Intending on playing in the 5am penny slots tournament Eansor turned to beer pong when she arrived late and found the tournament full. “It was fate,” Eansor told reporters in a recent TMZ interview, “I used to play basketball in elementary school, and there are a lot of similarities, I thought why not give it a try”. Fifteen dollars and two pitchers of PBR later and she was hooked. Eansor returned home and knew she had to share her new found love with her fearless leader.



We want YOU,...to run to the beer store for refills.



Herlehey was skeptical at first. “I had never done anything like this before” she told this reporter, “but me and Donna go way back so I figured I’d toss a few balls and give it a try”. Herlehey took to the obscure sport like a fish to water. The ladies knew they had found something to hold on to. Building their own table, and practicing 3 hours a day in Herlehey’s office, they quickly mastered the game. “Dean Elman is OK with it, but that is probably because we stick strictly to O’Douls during school hours” states Herlehey.

Alcohol Free is okay by me!

Numerous trips across the boarder for cheap dirty 30’s have enabled the Designated Drinkers to keep the cost down. The ladies rose to underground fame becoming a You Tube sensation, attending numerous Frat parties and law school pre-drinks, always walking away victorious. A year ago they were approach by WSBP officials and were placed in a qualifying tournament. Various matches have taken them all across the world, but they find themselves back on home turf in their final battle. The only team that stands in their way at this point is surprisingly Windsor Law’s own “Brew Balls”. The team, made up of Eric “Juice Box” Costaris and Tyler Casselman-Cleaver, has been playing together since undergrad and will be difficult opponents for the ladies.

The final match goes down November 15th in the Faculty Lounge at 5pm. Tickets for the event can be purchased in the G.O. The event



Turns out high school physics IS useful.

Upper Year Tips for OCI's

"No matter what Jennifer Barnes tells you, you shouldn't wear gigantic head pieces to your interviews"
--Andrew Black

"Form a real emotional connection. Tell them your hopes and dreams. Get them out there on Front Street"
--Justin Dela Pena

"Just Lie. That's what I did."
-Jeeter Bug

"Name Drop. I just asked: do you know my daddy?"
--Will Hockin



The suits say 'hire me', but their faces say 'I don't work weekends.. Or Fridays or Mon-

"They like good looking, but they don't like it if you're oozing sex from all of your pores. So thats one more obstacle for people like me."
--Cecila Bastedo



"Don't say you're from Malton, just say Mississauga. Actually just say the Greater Toronto Area."
--Romesh Hettiarachchi

"Invite the recruiters to your pool party. Networking is how I did it."
--Varoujan Arman

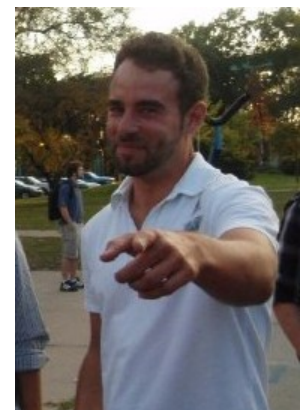
"What the F^%K are OCI's?"
--Gord Akilie

"If you listed 'dance' as one of your interests, prepare a choreographed dance to show them. I can help you."
--Sue Szasz

"Wear a cast. They feel bad for you if you're injured. Cry if you can. Tell them you hurt your arm saving little kitty's from a burning building and that the cats were left with nothing so you started a 'rescue the kitty's of Park and University' fund to help find them all a home. 11 of the 13 you saved have now been adopted. 1 you liked and kept for yourself. One died in a subsequent fire caused by Nick Cake who took off his shirt and threw it into an open flame at your last house party. Actually don't mention Nick Cake, that won't be of any help to you."

--Kyle Cleaver

"Man boobs. Works every time."
---Nick Cake



What the?! I thought we covered this last year. Don't make me explain Kyle v. JA again.

“You have to do OCI’s? That effing sucks...”

--Matt Badrov

“The bigger your head the better. Add feathers”

--Jennifer Barnes

“Don’t let them know your drunk. Mouthwash is good, that’s how I got past that cop that one time.”

“--Jessica Freedman



Here’s a tip: Don’t tell firms they are dirt.
They don’t like it.

Real Heros of Law School: OCI Candidate Gloater

Today we salute you, OCI candidate gloats. You sit in the Lower Pit every day fielding bid acceptances, sipping your overpriced, watered-down Gavel coffee, with your laptop open to your Symplicity interview page... hoping some other poor Law 2 will ask you about your many callbacks.

You enjoy hanging out outside the Career Services Office in a suit, sucking up to Anna DeCia-Gualtieri holding your leather interview folder in hand just so you can fake your interest in the job search of anyone who walks by. “How many interviews do you have?” you will ask slyly.

Ignoring your access to justice roots, you did not even apply to the public interest employers, believing them to be below you.

You create a rumour that Bay St. is loving hot pink these days and go so far as to accompany your peers to Great Lakes Crossing where they select a variety of shirts, ties and socks in this very shade in preparation of OCIs.

You approach Third Years you barely know, suddenly becoming their best friend, and fake an interest in their summers, just in case they know someone who knows someone else who might consider hiring a fine young student like yourself. You lie to your third year mock interviewer; reducing the number of OCIs you have from 16 to 1 in hopes that they may mention your name to their firm out of pity.

You are constantly searching for interview advice, asking whether you should get the lobster or the steak during your OCI dinner, how shiny to make your shoes, or whether your tie matches your ego.

You print out several copies of your OCI interview schedule, ‘accidentally’ leaving them out around the lower pit and in the bathrooms.

You schedule multiple back to back mock interview slots under false names to ensure that your classmates have no chance of improving their interview skills.

You plan to show up early to the Caboto Club on OCI day, just so you can be closer to the action and smell the fear of your colleagues. This is your time to shine.

So here’s to you OCI Candidate Gloater! The Oyez salutes you!



**The closest 98% of you will
ever be to Bay Street.**

The Origins of ProMo

Ever wonder how exactly Professor Mohammed was hired? The Oyez was able to ‘borrow’ some surveillance footage from the Casino buffet (what? you thought legal scholars interviewed in offices? Psshaw). What follows is a transcript of the event.

The Scene Begins

Pro Mo: ... and I want the corner office.

The Dean: That can be arranged.

Pro Mo: And I want to be able to put a TV in there! I will also be needing sufficient wall space for my Man. U. Jersey. You must understand, Bruce, that I will be spending a *lot* of time in my office.

The Dean: You will be spending time in your office?

Pro Mo: I have a fancy turn-screen-lap-top -thingy that I will need to do work on. It is important that I must be provided with a large space to think profound legal thoughts and to write direct rebuttal essays for intellectual sport.

The Dean: Alright Emir, welcome to the Faculty of Law at the University of Windsor.

Pro Mo: The University of *where?*... this isn't Osgoode? There must be some mistake... I... um... Mississauga.. um...

Awkward Silence

The Dean: SO! Two LL.M's and a Ph.D on the way eh?

Pro Mo: Yes

The Dean: And you're... where are you from again? Jamaica? Any Way! I think you're really gonna like Windsor, Emir. The city even has garbage pick-up on the off chance, and periodically the cabs are up and running! Isn't that splendid?

Pro Mo: Ya ya ya... but *will* I have a secretary?

The Dean: Of course!! Why didn't you mention that sooner? Let me introduce you to Annette, she will be your secretary.
Annette Pratt: It is a pleasure to meet you.

Pro Mo: And your desk will be *right* next to my office?
Annette Pratt: Yes.

Pro Mo: Grand! I like my help to be as close as possible, less effort for me. That reminds me! I *will* be needing research assistants, Bruce, lots of them. That can be managed, can't it?

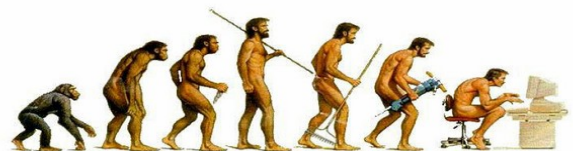
The Dean: Research assistants?

Pro Mo: YES! In throngs!

The Dean: For research?

Pro Mo: That, and to inform me of where the parties are at.

The Dean: Deal. Welcome to Windsor. Party on, Garth.



Evolution really let us down.



MSN Chat Session of the Month

Mary Gold - CONVERSATION

File Edit Actions Tools Help

msn

Invite Send Files Video Voice Activities Games

To: Big Daddy <dean_elman@uwindsor.ca>

Mary Gold is adjusting to her "cozy" new office

Mary Gold says:
Bruce! It has been too long since we've conversed! How is your last year going?

Big Daddy Says:
Hello Mary. It's a pleasure to hear from you! But I'll be honest. My last year is not going great.

Mary Gold Says:
Well, I used to give advice in the Oyez, hit me with your problem let's see if we can fix it.



Big Daddy Says:
Ever since Waters came in, the GO ladies have stopped helping me... I have to staple my own papers, sharpen my own pencils, and just yesterday Cathy made me turn on my computer. I had to call Norm! He sent some undergrad part-time librarian helper. AN UNDERGRAD MARY!

Mary Gold Says:
Can you really fault them, Bruce? Waters is a tall drink of water... fresh meat in that office. It has been a while since there was a switch up in there.

Big Daddy Says:
So? I'm still in the game, they can't keep ignoring me.

Mary Gold Says:
I'd love to stay and support, but Neil's screaming... something about not being able to get his straw out of the wrapper for his juice box. Good Luck!

Big Daddy Says:
Yeah, I have to go figure out how to use the photocopier anyways. Take Care, Mary!



Send
Search

A ☺ Voice Clip ☺ Winks Backgrounds 📁

TAKE IT FROM ME...

I'VE BEEN AROUND SUNSET BLOCK

By: A Dis-Engaged Third Year

Below are a set of guidelines for surviving Windsor that you won't find in any survival guide or anywhere for that matter. Here at the Oyez, however, we have your wellbeing close at heart, and believe that any Windsor law student should be forced to know what we have learned.

1) Windsor Smell. Most people will tell you that Windsor does not have a smell, well tell them they need to lay off the cigarettes because it's destroying their senses. Windsor has a smell, sometimes it's boiled hops, other times it's some sort of odd petrochemical smell, and often it's both. Perhaps a combination of burnt toast and smelly socks? Really, the best solution is to plug your nose, cover your mouth, and RUN. Don't Breathe, just run from your house to the school and don't look back.



Windsor stink rays, captured using special film.

2) Those odd popping noises you keep hearing. At first glance, this being one of Canada's motor cities, you would assume it would be some sort of motorized vehicle backfiring. Well people, we're in a recession and the more likely story is that what you heard was a gunshot, probably from across the river. Advice? Duck and cover.

3) The Barges on the Detroit River. That stupid boat will float around all year long, and will insist on blaring its stupid foghorn at 4:30AM when you have all your windows open on the most humid days of the year. It's a menace to society. Advice? Close your windows (also helps to keep out the smell).

4) The Helicopters & Jet Aircraft. We live on a border people, and in this age of heightened security we need to protect our borders, even if the jet aircraft breaking the sound barrier kill a few chickens. Follow the window advice.

5) The Casino Spotlight. Forever beckoning you for an evening of debauchery, money grabbing, and gluttony. Alternatively, enjoy the casino for an afternoon of delight at their Essex County-famous buffet. Advice? Don't fight it, but don't go to the Casino with more than \$20, many have wasted away in front of the glittering lights of the penny slots.

6) The Law School Plague. You'll quickly learn that once one person gets sick in the law school, odds are you will too. It's likely that our close quarters and enclosed environment is to blame; however, it is the opinion of this author that it is more likely due to the amount of law-cest. Advice? Wash hands thoroughly, keep it in your pants.

7) Papa Cheney's. A regular law school haunt for its cheap drinks. You can often find law students enjoying birthday parties and/or casual drinks. Problems arise however with the bitchy and often Nean-

8) The Man with the Feather Hat. A Downtown Staple, learn to love him. Willing to trade 3 cigarettes for one picture.

9) Christine Jackson. A Law School Staple, learn to love her. Willing to trade 3 dates for one set of canned notes.

10) Diet Coke. You may have noticed a dearth of diet coke within the law school. The reason? The Dean, or as we like to call him, Mr. Belding. He definitely enjoys his diet coke, some would say too much, we say nay. If you have a hankering for some diet coke, I'm sure he'd be willing to share. If he doesn't share we'll just call him No-Heart.



Windsor Law students, with their social justice, are just like Care Bears. And they both disgust me..

11) The G.O. Ladies. The G.O. Assistants are a crucial part of this school, many would call them the backbone, the very structure upon this school is built. They wield their enormous powers of room bookings, mail and class notes with reckless abandon. Get in there early, stop by for a friendly chat. Remember, getting to know the ladies over a box of chocolates wouldn't hurt either. If they are on your side, then law school becomes infinitely easier.

12) The Cabs & Lack of Public Transportation. One thing you'll learn quickly is that you can't really do anything quickly in this city. This is a motor city, we don't like 'buses' here. Just try to take the bus to the mall, we dare you. When you arrive at the Mall next week after being harassed by the various Windsor vagrants you'll understand what we mean. The cabs are slightly better, they usually show up within an hour of you calling them. Advice? If you need to get to the train station, you should have left yesterday.



13) Annette Demers. The all powerful Library Guru is an incredible asset. She will not only help you with your research, but she will also use her amazing 'Jedi mind-tricks' to steer you in the right direction. Advice? Speak to her early on and build a good rapport, it will pay off in spades later.

14) Windsor Winters. When we first got here, everyone went on and on about how the winter here is sooo mild and there's hardly any snow and blah blah blah bull%&*\$\$. Well, let us tell you, we had the coldest two winters with the HIGHEST SNOWFALL RECORD IN 25 YEARS. Couple that with the smell and you have yourself a winner. Advice? Just keep running.

These guidelines are just that: a guide to help you navigate the city of Windsor in all its awesomeness. Ignore them at your own peril.



PlentyOf Matt Fish

Free Oyez Dating

Fishy: hurrrrayyyy!!!

City

Windsor, Ontario

Sign

Fish 

Height

5' 10" (178 cm)

Age

23 year old Man

Relationship

Need one

Smoker?

No

Ethnicity

Caucasian

Body Type

Average at best

Religion

Chemistry

Not too important, really



Hello my ladies...this is your lucky day!!!

You have the opportunity of a lifetime – I am the ultimate catch, like a big Grouper, an absolute keeper. The cougars are always chasing my tail, probably because I resemble a hot young Bryan Adams...and I let them have it...but what you may not know is that I'm open to jaguars and cubs too!

I'm looking for the real deal relationship like Ryan Gosling and the cute chick had in the Notebook... not like Stiffler's mom and Sh*tbreak in American Pie...although she was one hot milf... or Jerry Maguire and Renee Zellweger. Help me help you....

Like most Pisces, I enjoy a good cuddle and a sensitive chat about rugby, grey sweatpants and/or soap. And obviously if you want to be with me, you can't be a crazy jealous bittie because seriously ladies, my invaluable smile is what gets me 3rd year canned notes, OCI resume templates and sweet winks from Eansor.

I don't want someone who's just gonna poke me on facebook or send me late night texts...I'm looking to change my relationship status here ladies. Being from Brampton, some might say I am open to all cultures, Fishy doesn't discriminate...despite having been rejected by that that smoke show Aarani...sniffle.

In terms of my level of availability, aside from being a key contributor to planning orientation week and saving lives at CLA, my time is occupied with workouts on my Ab Ripper X – as evidenced by my photo– and reading poetry, my favorite author being Dr. Seuss.

If you're looking for a real hot commodity and a guy that is willing to let you do his laundry, which consists of 8 pairs of grey sweat pants, I'm RIGHT here ladies – here kitty kitty!!

— **(Gold)Fish**

Looking for love?

Fish wants to help.

**Email us at:
theoyez@uwindor.ca**

Status From Last Night

Remember when you got home from Rock Bottom that first night and decided to update your Facebook status? We did. And sadly none of you learned and continued to do it after every evening's excursion. Here are the Best of the Best:

Jessica Lynn ...

Dear dignity. I'm sorry I bst you again last night. I promise i'll come bok for you at the Boom Room Room. on Thursday

Jarret Johnston: I used my uber tool for the first time last night with an upper to get cannones—now that's what I call access to justice

Daniel: If i wake up one more time on my porch im gonna start considering myself homeless—but hey if I do it for 10 more years ill be a squatter

Nicoletta: Last night, my friend changed all my contacts in my phone. I have been texted by Dean Elman, Professor Eansor, and Mary Mitchell. I have no idea who they are, and it doesn't upset me at all.

Jeff Dortsman: I would have been "that girl" at Carbolic last night if it wasn't for the girl who ripped the antique wooden door off the bathroom stall.

Laura Weingarden: I took him home after Boat Cruise and he stole my McGill Guide. You can only loose it once... maybe I can get a used beat up one from an upper year, but it wont be as fresh and crisp as my original first year copy.

Giulio: My 4 year old son asked me in the car the other day "Dad what would happen if you ran over a ninja?" How the hell do I respond to that?

Gord: I told 30 girls at the bar last night that I loved them, I thought it'd be an effective invitation to treat, but there was no consideration

Sarah: Is that a criminal code in your pocket or are you just happy to see me

Matt Fish: Dear Diary, becoming social orientation leader... JACKPOT... 75 female first years—don't mind if I do...

Basia: Dear Dean Elman, becoming social orientation leader...FML... Matt Fish IS just a pretty face

SeaJay: I don't understand the purpose of the line, "I don't need to drink to have fun." Great, no one does. But why start a fire with flint and sticks when they've invented the lighter?

Sue Szasz: Whenever someone says "I'm not book smart, but I'm street smart", all I hear is "I'm not real smart, but I'm imaginary smart".

Justin Dela Pena: When I meet a new girl, I'm terrified of mentioning something she hasn't already told me but that I have learned from some light internet stalking. Not that I've done it.

Law Professors Gone Wild!

Summer Break 2009

This past July or August (details are fuzzy), a summer jaunt of spring break proportions took place. After telling their wives that they were going to a “conference,” Professors Kianieff, Rotman and ProMo travelled to Florida with Dean Elman to take in a little sunshine, relaxation, and male bonding time.

They shopped... they dished... they sat on the beach reading each other’s textbooks. Dean Elman, recalling their shopping experiences, said “Rotty picked up the cutest racerback tank. It really showcased his frame.”

From shopping malls to beaches, the Profs made their presence known. Professor Special K was spotted on the beach wearing water wings while attempting to complete several secured transactions, of the legal assortment. He was heard shouting “Good afternoon, and welcome to my Beach.” ProMo, on the other hand, spent the day yelling “Beeeach Please” at all who passed by.

Later that afternoon, while strolling the beach together, the Profs stumbled upon a wet T-Shirt competition. Fighting over who got to enter, Dean Elman took his leadership role to heart and suggested a game of “guess which case the Dean is thinking of.” “Dolphin Delivery!!!!” screamed out Special K before the others could utter a sound. And therefore it was.

“Here...wear this” shouted ProMo, as he tossed Special K his favourite Women and the Law, Larry Wilson approved, union made, fair trade, T-Shirt that he bought for \$2 from Varoujan during the SLS T-Shirt sale. Special K shook it like a Polaroid Picture as he was doused with water from a five high-powered super soakers and the others were overheard yelling “now let me see those hips swing!!!” The young ladies did not stand a chance. For his efforts, Special K took home the Grand Prize... a gift certificate to American Eagle.



Special K’s guns had nothing on this one.

Emotionally high from the Wet T-Shirt victory, the foursome popped their Women and the Law golf shirt collars and headed down to the club district for a night on the town. Dean Elman tried to order a Diet Coke on the rocks, only to be told the bar was fresh out. Appalled, he turned to complain to Rotty, only to see a group of men in matching attire shot gunning cans of the sweet nectar.

Approaching the young men to lecture them on the importance of sharing, he unknowingly challenged America's Best Dance Crew champs, the JabbaWockeez, to a dance off.

Elman fired up the crowd, swiveling his hips, busting out a Macarena, circa '96. JabbaWockeez responded with Soulja Boy "Crank That."

ProMo, sporting rock and republic jeans, wore out the soles of his alligator pumps performing Beyonce's "Single Ladies". JabbaWockeez were impressed with his moves and responded by getting low...low...low...low...Flo Rida low.



No words are needed.

Hot Body Rotty, sporting his new tank and a pair of cowboy boots, slowed it down with the line dance to "Achy Breaky Heart." JabbaWockeez, struggling to keep up, hit the Profs with the "Cha Cha Slide." They slid to the left, they slid to the right. They reversed, reversed. They criss-crossed and took it back now yo...they failed.

When Special K busted out his signature Oktoberfest "Chicken Dance," the JabbaWockeez admitted defeat. To show no hard feelings, the Professors gave them each a copy of Julie McFarlane's book, "The New Lawyer" and the alumni issue of the Oyez. The Profs shouted "Weeeeeeeeeeee're Baaaaaaack!", high-fived and then headed for shawarma.

The next morning they woke up with matching "Access to Justice" tattoos, got on the plane, and never spoke about the trip again.

Go ahead...try asking them about it.

Men Want to be Him and Ladies Want to be ON Him. Who is Sohn Julman and Why Does he Tweet?



SohnJulman

Hey there! **SohnJulman** is using Twitter.

I think I'm gonna buy a horse. Dammit I can play polo- I'm good at all sports. In fact, I'm pretty sure I measure up to a horse in every way

Just had a Tom Collins and am excited that inevitably all of Western Ontario will be drinking Sohn Julmans. Pour me a Prince they'll say.

I've got two words for ya ... DIAMOND MINES

Lets go serve food to the homeless?...c'mon! It's the right thing to do plus do ya know how good that sounds to those social justice chicks?

The Dos Equis Most Interesting Man in the World commercials are based on a "How I Spent My Summer Vacation" assignment I wrote when I was 7

I hate you Dave Morlog if you weren't here I'd totally be the best athlete Windsor Law has ever seen. Back to two a days -- watch ur back.

I know how Hasselhoff feels. Just like him there are many sick children out there whose last wish is to meet me.

Sweigman still wearing ripped sweatpants & tshirts to class, despite repeated motivational speeches; better order new Polo catalogue

man tip: if you can't get through a game of poker without spilling your scotch, get a bigger sailboat! - it'll be more stable in the water

Man tip 2: By the age of 30 real men own a gun, clay poker chips, a humidior and a set of barbells.

Sure I drink coffee, water, and O.J. at breakfast. It shows women that I care about my health and keep awake to accomplish important tasks.

Fellas lets be serious for a minute. Why do women approach me without looking in a mirror first? I mean look at me. Common. Really!?!

**AT LEAST A FORTNIGHT'S WORTH OF
BATHROOM READING.
NEXT ISSUE ISNT FOR ANOTHER MONTH.
MANAGE YOUR TOILET TIME WISELY!**

The Oyez intends to investigate and expose this real life Van Wilder or Prince of Chatham (which we understand to be his alias)... Stay Tuned! Until then, Follow Sohn on Twitter! <<http://twitter.com/SohnJulman>>