

THE OYEZ

THE ONLY INTENTIONALLY SEXY THING ABOUT LAW SCHOOL

VOL. 45 ISSUE 3



OCHEJE POST-SPOON:

**SNUGGLE, CUDDLE, WUZZLE
& FUDDLE DUDDLE**



“The *diversity* of projects and the wide spectrum of subject matter covered in the files I worked on during my time as a student was unparalleled.”

Melanie Baird

First-Year Associate — 2008

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If the Oyez is better than sex, and sex is better than everything, then nothing is better than the Oyez, and this statement is ambiguously faulty.



Bonus: Romantic content severely depleted

*because it's hard to talk about romance without being unnecessarily graphic and vulgar about sex.

t h e o y e z

Is that your Oyez or are you happy to see me?

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.

How do I impregnate the Oyez with my seed?

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.

An MMF threeway of Editors

Mark Loya – Weston Pollard – Jessica Freedman

Writers spawned from one hot night of passion

Mark Loya – Weston Pollard – Jessica Freedman – Joe Bowcock – Sean Kumar
Mohamed Hashim – Mahan Keramati – Debra Newell – Pro-Mo – Paul Martin
Cark Flisfeder – Etc.

Dishonourable and shameful mention: Harman Toor for letting everyone down.

The main difference between Lavalife and Hookers ...is that Hookers come with some sort of guarantee

From the Pen of the Editor



A "hearty" hello! (Cheesy, I know. What more do you expect from a romantic issue?) What a tumultuous year 2008 was for the romantically inclined! Truly a roller-coaster ride of the cardio-vascular variety. But, much as the turning of the seasons, fate has dragged us to yet another Valentines Day, where all singles envy the couples and all boyfriends envy the dead. After all, this dating business ain't always easy!

The hardest part for sure is the initial attraction. For this humble Oyez editor, reliance on classic good looks is never an option. I have accepted my fate, that I kind of look like an unwashed male version of TV's Blossom. Couple my subsequent limited kitsch market value with my constant release of pheromones in class and we've got ourselves some grounds for potential copulation. But that's not what Valentines Day is all about, is it? Indeed, bigger than pink novelty chatchkas also.

Nay, young lovers, Valentines Day is all about riding the emotional B-curve. We cannot be outdone by our peers on Valentines Day, lest our partners get jealous and cranky. The trick: if no one does anything, we all get a passing grade. Unfortunately, much like real life, there's always one keener who spoils it all.

Mark Loya
Editor-in-Chief, *The Oyez*

Nothing Says Love Like a Toblerone



February is always an uncomfortable month for me. It's balls ass cold outside, football is over so I have no idea what to do with my Sunday's, and the novelty of a new semester is long gone, but it's not time to start trying in school yet. Reading week is on the horizon, so that's good. But that's three weeks of boredom away, so that's not good.

Making February even more uncomfortable is Valentines Day, right smack-dab in the middle of the month. Not only is Valentine's Day a yearly pain in the ass, it's a triple threat this year—ruining not only a good Saturday night, but also a potentially awesome long weekend (that's a five day weekend for this guy!) Now don't get me wrong, I don't despise Valentines for all the usual reasons. I won't be sitting at home by myself, playing with my pet cat and eating ice cream, and I don't want to tear down the capitalist card companies that created the holiday. I dislike the day because of the pressure it places on me as a boyfriend. All eyes are on you, your gift, what you write in the card, where you go for dinner, everything. Valentines day brings the pressure and uncomfortableness that I feel when people sing Happy Birthday—trapped, because everyone is staring; pissed, because its all for show and nobody really enjoys singing it to you; and a little nervous, because you then have to 'perform' and blow out those candles, or else be teased of having multiple girlfriends.

On top of all this, I'm all gifted out. I used up my creativity at Christmas. That was less that 2 months ago. Give a guy a break! I wish I could just get her a Toblerone bar and call it a day.

Well, good luck kids. Hope this "Love" issue of the Oyez makes you as uncomfortable when reading as it did while we wrote it.

Weston Pollard, Co-Editor

I can't be your Valentine for medical reasons... "really?"

... Yeah, you make me sick!



I don't understand what everyone has against Valentines Day. I mean sure, it is a Hallmark holiday created mainly to generate revenue for business during the post-Christmas lull, but I don't see that as a bad thing. Especially in our craptastic economic times. And I guess if you're bitter at being recently single or perpetually single or just single in general then MAYBE I can accept your derision for the holiday.

But seriously Kids. It's a holiday that celebrates stuffing your face with chocolates and candies, handing out kick-ass little kid valentines and wearing the colours pink, white and red. And I look DAMN good in Pink. So instead of letting the day get you down, turn it into something that lifts you up! Buy discount chocolate on the day of and eat it all, send flowers to yourself in class, give valentines to all your friends and feel good knowing you made their day! Or you can search me out on February 14th... I'll be epitomizing Toby Keith's "Get Drunk and Be Somebody" at an undisclosed location.

Ball's in your court, Windsor Law.

Jessica "why wont Waters date me" Freedman

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n e w s

PAUL MURPHY SEES SHADOW, 6 MORE WEEKS OF SNOW

According to folklore, if a head librarian guy sees his shadow on Groundhog Day — Feb. 2, he'll go back to his tiny burrow, predicting six more weeks of winter. Also, no new volumes of books will be ordered for the following school year. If he doesn't, there will be an early spring, and all books in the library will be updated by one year, bringing the average date of publication to 1984.

Like you couldn't look outside and tell yourself, but the February librarian weather prognosticator has weighed in and is predicting six more weeks of winter, as well as confirming that outdated law journals still may have some relevance.



There will be no cottage weekend this February. Only snow and old micro fiche.

This morning we've heard from Windsor Law's Paul Murphy, who couldn't help but notice his shadow, emerging from his pen at 7 a.m. to the sound of bagpipes and a town crier and hopes the super head librarian guy would be a harbinger for warmer days. It was not to be. The ceremony took place at the former upper pit now known as Gobbler's Knob, renamed in honour

of Dean Elman's contributions to various bake sales.

"He saw his shadow and went back in," said Francine Herlehy, a spokesperson with the University Administration. "It's six more weeks of winter, and there will be no new books for the children."

Murphy's prediction was read by Sophia Karantonis, vice president of the school's Inner Circle, from a scroll that said: "The bright sky above me shows my shadow before me, and six more weeks of winter it will be, but order in from better libraries can we."

Windsor Law authorities say Murphy is always correct about the duration of winter, but according to the Canadian National Climate Prediction Center, Murphy and other librarians get it right about 39% of the time.

VIRGINIA SELECTS MOMOTIUK AS PROTÉGÉ FROM POOL OF UNQUALIFIED CANDIDATES

Following a long selection campaign consisting of interviews, investigations, feats of strength, testicular fortitude, and procrastination, Windsor Law Icon Virginia Obierski has announced that Alumni Services Director Karen Momotiuk will be her new protégé.

"I'm not going to be here forever, you know," said Virginia, despite being here forever. "Someday I'll retire, and I needed to make sure that someone would be left behind to carry on my legacy of frustration

and perpetual wheel-spinning. I have full confidence that Karen Momotiuk will be that person."

The Oyez has learned that Momotiuk had impressed Virginia right from the beginning of the selection process.



"I'd really love to pose for a picture, but unfortunately I won't."

"She was wonderful, a real chip off the old block," Virginia said. "When I asked her to meet with me she shuddered, said she was busy, threw her hands up in the air, and made a noise much like an angry asthmatic elephant. I knew she had potential right from that moment."

"I'm so very lucky to have Virginia as my mentor," said Momotiuk at an unscheduled spontaneous forced interview in the lower pit. "Before when I was trying to dodge student requests, I was struggling with making excuses and communicating my displeasure with facial expressions. Virginia has taught me that the key to avoiding work is to list all the things you are supposed to be doing while looking like you are about to cry. Then say you'll get back to them and never do. Works like a charm."

While students are saddened by the

(Continued on next page)

notion that the Virginia era may one day be drawing to a close, probably around the same time our Sun explodes, they remain cautiously optimistic that Momotiuk will be able to continue halting progress and making even the simplest task impossibly frustrating in future.

EVERYONE IS A CO-CHAIR OF WOMEN AND THE LAW, EXCEPT MEN

Surprising women everywhere, Windsor Law's most popular committee, Women & The Law, announced that they were appointing all women enrolled in law as committee co-chairs. Also, the committee announced that men would be excluded from serving as co-chairs, except for Omar Raza who accidentally volunteered by walking in on the meeting.



"I learned my lesson," said Omar. "That lesson is to knock first."

"This is a big step for women everywhere," said Mahan Keramati, one of 314 co-chairs. "We're like a posse, only we're all Sheriffs. Above all, fairness prevails! Let no woman be left behind!"

Unfortunately, since the vote to make all women co-chairs, Women & The Law has encountered numerous difficulties in trying to schedule a meeting. It is reported that the meetings cannot take place unless every single co-chair is in attendance, on the basis of fairness.

"We either move together or not at

all!" said Natalie De Haney-Something, a newly added co-chair. "I'd rather not be productive in any way shape or form than learn that one of my sistren's voices was forgotten!"

In contrast, the newly formed Men & The Law committee has conducted several meetings with supposedly great success. Men & The Law Supreme Papa Bear Colin Chant stated:

"It's the way things should run. We have a biased hierarchy, we act without thinking, and we take no responsibility for our actions or conduct whatsoever. Women & The Law should be more grateful... they wouldn't exist if it wasn't for us being so lousy."

LEAP CREATES BLOG, RACISTS OFFENDED

Failing to learn from precedent, a newly formed student organization has up and created a blog. The blog, created for the highly anticipated Law Enforcement Accountability Project (LEAP), was intended to generate an active discourse on a variety of serious issues facing the City of Windsor, including human rights and police accountability. Unfortunately, much like all blogs, a lack of foresight and control over content has led to the blog offending a number of racists in the community.

"We the racists oppose the LEAP blog and its content!" said a racist, who wished to remain anonymously angry. "This blog is full of highly offensive anti-racist sentiment, resulting in a complete disregard for the feelings of prejudiced folk everywhere."

The racists have also called for the discipline of all parties associated with the LEAP blog, and that the blog be shut down or replaced with

something significantly more hateful.



"I can't believe people don't like me," sighs racist.

"We need some sort of standards to be put in place, you know, something to direct and control demeanour, maybe like, maybe in the form of a policy or a guideline or something, to ensure that these anti-racist blogs don't get posted in the first place," said the racist. "After all, think about how it looks to the rest of the academic world to see racists, a significant portion of our population, treated in such an unfair yet warranted manner."

When asked about how they felt about the ostracism of racists from the LEAP blog, LEAP spokespeople issued the following formal statement: "I guess you can't have your blog and blog it too. I should have known the blog was bound to offend somebody. Oh those wacky racists. What crazy mischief will they get up to next?"

JOHN MORALA INVOLVED IN CONFLICT OF INTEREST

Last Thursday, Law III student John Morala appeared before for a tribunal hearing to address accusations that he was abusing his public office by operating under a

conflict of interest. Documentation uncovered during an investigation exposed Morala, a member of the Asian Law Students Organization (ALSO), of having also been an active participant as a member of the South Asian Law Students Association (SALSA). Participating in both organizations has been prohibited ever since SALSA seceded from ALSO following a referendum in 1995.

The tribunal found Morala guilty of Fraudulent Cavorting and has prohibited him from participating in a number of upcoming events including Chinese New Year, the ALSO Golf Tournament, and the SALSA Salsa with Salsa eating Salsa night. Morala has also had his membership suspended from both committees, reducing the length of his professional resume by three fluffy double spaced lines.



After all, Pobody's Nerfect.

Morala held back tears at a press conference following the hearing.

“This is a very difficult day for me and my family, and for people who technically qualify to be in both ALSO and SALSA everywhere,” Morala stated. “I know that what I did was wrong, and I can accept that. I just have to try to get on with my life, and maybe join a new committee like BLSA or the JSA or something... I... I’m sorry, I’m just really choked up at the moment...”

The JSA has already announced that they would consider welcoming

Morala with open arms so long as he agrees to grow a beard and refrain from driving on Saturdays. Unfortunately, because Morala can’t grow facial hair, it is unlikely that he will ever be able to meet these mandatory minimum requirements.

MEDIATION CLINIC CHEATS ON CLA WITH L.A.W.

This upcoming Valentines Day will not be all smiles and giggles for the poor Community Legal Aid clinic, who recently discovered that long-term partner Mediation Clinic has been taking referrals from the Legal Assistance Windsor clinic. The Mediation Clinic, long suspected to be associating with numerous agencies including L.A.W., admitted to cheating on CLA. The romp apparently began a short while after Mediation Clinic’s relocation downtown, following a domestic argument with CLA on the proper treatment of clients. L.A.W. has expressed no sympathy to CLA and has willingly accepted its title as a homewrecker.

“What a dirty hussy,” said CLA Director guy Brian Rodenhurst in disgust. “I should have known that Mediation Clinic wasn’t committed, and wasn’t serious about our relationship. I just wished that they would have been up front and told me, instead of sneaking around taking referrals from other clinics. Now, what am I going to tell the children? And by children, I mean our law student volunteers. They grow up so fast, those little ragamuffins.”

The Mediation Clinic expressed no remorse and offered no apologies to CLA.

“Nah, nah, it’s like, we’re a strong independent law clinic, you hear what I’m sayin’? You hear what I’m sayin’?” an animated Mediation Clinic Director lady Gemma Smyth yelled. “CLA gotta shut they mouth

and recognize, I love L.A.W. now. I wanna get referrals and work with L.A.W., not CLA. I do what I want! I do what I want! I love L.A.W., CLA you just nasty. I’m gonna kick ya to the curb!”



Mediation Clinic is all smiles despite breaking CLA’s heart.

Mediation Clinic has stated though that there are no plans to move in with L.A.W., as Mediation Clinic is a free-spirited clinic that wants to see other organizations. CLA has always struggled with severe self-esteem issues, and so it is unlikely that they will be able to respond to a confidence check with a number over 50%.

“I try to look in the mirror and say that my clinic is beautiful,” Rodenhurst said. “But it’s hard. It’s really... really... hard... *sniff*. We may never work with another clinic again.”

ANNA DECIA-GUALTIERI HAS BABY, PROBABLY

The Oyez is pleased to announce that Anna DeCia-Gualtieri has probably had a baby by now, given the usual time span of the human birthing process.

The baby has most likely been given a name, probably something appropriate based on its gender. The baby also probably weighs something and cries a lot when it is hungry. All the best to the D-G family!



Dear Mary



need advice? why not ask the associate dean?

Dear Mary,

How was your long and arduous courtship with Neil?

Sue Szasz, Law II

Dear Szzaaszsz, (sp??? Wtf.)

Like the universe, it began with a bang and fizzled to a whimper. A relationship doesn't just materialize over night, it requires a lot of effort and tears, all of them Neil's.

I sometimes miss those days, when we were young and Neil was naïve, and the only thing stopping us was my iron will.

Dean Mary Gold

Dear Dean Mary,

How are ya?

Where did you and Neil go for your first date?

Juliette, Law III

Hi Juliette,

Our first date was the best thing ever. Neil kept trying to get me to go for dinner, or to a movie, or some other horrible commoner activity. In the end, I asked him for the cash value of the date and had a wonderful evening alone. Truly, the best first date we could have ever had.

Mary Genuine Draft

HARK ONTO YE, DEAR MARY!

CAN I USE YOUR PRE-NUP WITH NEIL AS A TEMPLATE FOR MY IMPENDING NUPTIALS?

TYLER C., LAW II

Dear Tyler,

It wouldn't apply. Chances are, you're not worth as much as I am, nor will your meagre pittance be worthy of encumbering a lawyer's time. Be a good man and accept your fate: in the end, you will always lose.

Maria D'Oro

Dear Mary,

What do you and Neil do to keep the “spark” in your relationship?

Gerry G., Law I

Dear Gary,

Our relationship has too much “spice” as it is. You see, Neil suffers from a case of what I call “wandering hands”. I catch him regularly trying to fondle my carefully calculated head coif. He suffers dearly for his insolence.

General Maryssimo.

Dear Mary,

What are you getting Neil for Valentines Day?

Lori, Law III

Dear Mary,

What would you do if you ever caught Neil cheating on you with the bank teller at your local TD branch (now open late)?

Yours,

Nine-to-five.

Dear Miss 95,

That would never happen. Neil would have to find his way out of the house unescorted first. I don't pay all that money for a Filipino nanny for nothing.

Dean “Manila” Gold.

Hi Lori,

For Valentines Day I am making Neil accompany me while I do my errands including the hairdresser, a Pampered Chef party, and watching British Comedies on PBS. His gift is spending time with me, by force if necessary.

Dean “Cupid” Gold.

Dear Gemma,

Neil and I have this little game I like to play. It begins with me ordering him to do something naughty that he clearly would never want to do, at which point he starts pleading and begging for my mercy. I don't ever yield, since as you know not all negotiations need necessarily result in compromise or resolution.

Or in the alternative, ropes and chains.

Dean “S and” M. Gold.

Dear Mary,

I am trying to create a challenging mediation roleplay for my ADR class and I am having a creative block. Do you have any suggestions?

Gemma Smyth

Got a problem?

Think Associate Dean Gold can help?

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barbs & jabs

A conversation between me and the objects that I often stub my toe on presented in dub by second rate American actors.

By: Dirk.

Dirk: You tick me off! I overflow with contempt.
Table Leg: Hwah? You dare question my honor? I will punish you.
Dirk: Your shame is your greatest punishment. Flee or you will fall.
Table Leg: Hahaha. Your Tiger-Eating-Fish style does not frighten me.
Dirk: Hwah? (rapid zoom in of my face.) I curse your impudence.
Table Leg: Your peril is certain. Destiny laughs at your lineage.
Dirk: Enough talk! Ha! I will avenge my toe! About you!
Table Leg: Hai, ya!
Dirk: Hoo, ha! Ya!
Table Leg: Your flurry is uncontrolled. Crane-Dancing-With-Butterfly! HAI-YA!
Dirk: Hwah? Those are the secrets of my village. You soil our ancestry with your poor abilities.
Table Leg: I mock your village. Your sister will bear my children before nightfall.
Dirk: No! Leave here, now!
Table Leg: Only you will leave, after the lesson that I will teach you soon.
Dirk: I must prevail. Mother nature weeps for you. (Dirk begins attacking Table Leg).
Table Leg: Hwah? (rapid zoom in on table leg). Where did you learn that technique?
Dirk: From my master who lives by the river. You know my technique, ha? Prepare for the afterlife, fiend!
Table Leg: Heavy Misplaced Box! Come to my assistance!
Heavy Misplaced Box: He is the one for whom you wish I disturb the heavens?
Table Leg: Quick, attack!
Heavy Misplaced Box: HAIYA!
Dirk: (grasping toe on other foot in pain) Heavy Misplaced Box! Your treachery runs as deep as the roots of a tree. I will make you repent before night fall.
Heavy Misplaced Box: Haha! It will surprise you to uncover the truth behind your village's pain.
Dirk:...agh.... agh.... no!... it was never table leg! It was you who betrayed me!
Heavy Misplaced Box: And now you know the truth. Table Leg's power is minimal in nature.
Table Leg: I have been deceived and feel much shame.
Heavy Misplaced Box: You are both unworthy of this area. Leave my vicinity!
Dirk: ...agh...agh...agh...agh....
Table Leg: Your deception was indeed intricate. My powers are mightier than you think.
Dirk: ...agh...agh...agh...agh...
Unfinished Screw: Who dares claim victory?
All: UNFINISHED SCREW!
Unfinished Screw: Indeed, it is I. I have risen from the pit to which I was confined all these years. Your successes were part of my design. Hahaha! You have all been deceived!
Heavy Misplaced Box: Explain how! My honour demands knowledge.
Table Leg: I feel more shame.
Dirk: ...agh...agh... at last, the true villain reveals himself!
Unfinished Screw: Hahahahaha! While you and Table Leg destroyed his toe, holes were torn by me into the fabric of his sole. Hahahahaha!
Dirk: You fiend! My extremities tingle with resolution... agh... you will fall before Lion-Washing-Bufferalo!
Table Leg: The forbidden sacred style? How can it be so?
Unfinished Screw: The sole of your ancestry has torn. My razor edge will curb your enthusiasm.

A flurry of action covers the battlefield as the combatants melee. Finally, the dust settles.

Unfinished Screw: But how? I am defeated?
Dirk: I turned your head with the tool of wisdom.
Table Leg: I am full of much chagrin and shame! My body is broken.
Dirk: I hit you with Heavy Misplaced Box.
Heavy Misplaced Box: I am the Dragon of Rage! I have been dented and moved slightly to the left!
Dirk: So that none other shall fall before your wickedness, you are exiled.
Table Leg: A bounty of shame for us all. My confidence is shattered and faith in compatriots soiled.
Mysterious Stranger: BWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!
Dirk: Who laughs?
Table Leg: Who laughs?
Heavy Misplaced Box: Who laughs?
Unfinished Screw: Who laughs?

Mysterious Stranger: Hahahahahahaha! I guffaw at your minor felicitations and remorse. Fear me, for I am Poorly Illuminated Staircase! Your village is conquered!

Dirk: NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!



d i v e r s i o n s

for dull days and duller classes

For Riddlers and Riddlerettes only...

Like riddles? Sink your brain into these. Don't like riddles? Er... then don't sink your brain into these.



**If this doesn't divert you,
nothing will. GO VIRG GO!**

A man was to be sentenced, and the judge told him, "You may make a statement. If it is true, I'll sentence you to four years in prison. If it is false, I'll sentence you to six years in prison." After the man made his statement, the judge decided to let him go free. What did the man say?

You have a barrel of oil, and you need to measure out just one gallon. How do you do this if you only have a three-gallon container and a five-gallon container?

If your sock drawer has 6 black socks, 4 brown socks, 8 white socks, and 2 tan socks, how many socks would you have to pull out in the dark to be sure you had a matching pair?

Mom and Dad have four daughters, and each daughter has one brother. How many people are in the family?

If I say "Everything I tell you is a lie," am I telling you the truth or a lie?

Which of the following statements are true?

1. At least one of these ten statements is false.
2. At least two of these ten statements are false.
3. At least three of these ten statements are false.
4. At least four of these ten statements are false.
5. At least five of these ten statements are false.
6. At least six of these ten statements are false.
7. At least seven of these ten statements are false.
8. At least eight of these ten statements are false.
9. At least nine of these ten statements are false.
10. At least ten of these ten statements are false.

ANSWERS:
He said, "You'll sentence me to six years in prison." If it was true, then the judge would have to make it false by sentencing him to four years. If it was false, then he would have to give him six years, which would make it true. Rather than contradict his own word, the judge set the man free.
Fill the 3-gallon container with oil and pour it into the 5-gallon container. Then fill the 3-gallon container again and use it to fill the 5-gallon container the rest of the way. One gallon will be left in the 3-gallon container.
Five. There are only four colors, so five socks guarantee that two will be the same color.
Seven. The four daughters have only one brother, making five children, plus mom and dad.
A lie. It can't be the truth without contradicting itself (and therefore being a lie), but some of my statements can be lies, and this is one of those statements.
You're on your own on this one.



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Sachin Aggarwal
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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:

If a face is worth 1,000 words, then Paul Martin could go on for a while about why he hates Geoff Marr.



The Art of Facebook Creeping



Facebook Creeping. It's not only an amazing procrastination tool, it is also an excellent way to scope out the 'talent' that is available in your friends' networks. While only 80% of students admit to doing it, the other 20% are just lying. As a professional Facebook creeper, I have compiled a list of tips to help both old and new creepers alike to improve the effectiveness of their creeping.

1) You don't need the impending loneliness of being single on Valentine's Day as an excuse to enjoy a good Facebook creep.

2) Creeping can be done any time. Most popular times include lecture, small group, while studying in the library, and while cramming for exams.

3) The post-bar Facebook creep may seem like a good idea at 3 in the morning, as you drunkenly mash your keyboard trying to type that cute guy's name in to add him, but it is not. Save the post-bar creep for people already in your friendship circle. It is easier to ruin existing friendships and then repair them than it is to figure out why the cute guy didn't positively respond to your request of "Met yhou at Voodoo...you a hot boy lets ghet it onr. You like this.ka I know".

4) To really up your game, add the Facebook application to your Blackberry/iPhone and increase the amount of time you spend creeping profiles.

5) Don't prematurely judge a person based on the profile picture. Look at the past profile pictures, photo albums and pictures tagged by others in order to effectively pigeon-hole someone.

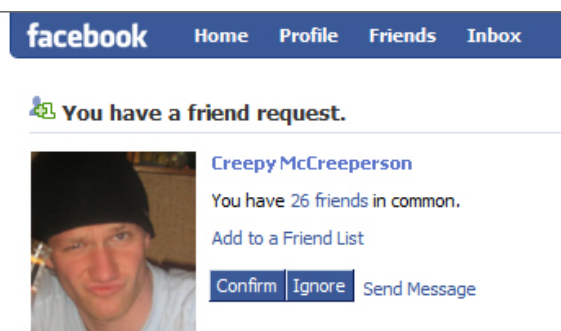
6) Don't automatically hit "ignore" when a stranger requests a friendship add. Glance through their profile to determine if they are creep-worthy, or at least may have hot friends that are creep-worthy.

7) NEVER focus on one creep-target. Play the field, sample from all walks of Facebook group-life. Tying yourself down to one creep target is the equivalent of eating baloney and mustard sandwiches for the *rest of your life*.

8) Keep Facebook chat open at all times and wait for the opportunity to pounce on your current creep-target.

9) When viewing pictures, open them in new windows so you can create a "Creep Slide Show" for your creeping pleasure.

10) And MOST IMPORTANT – realize that other people are creeping **your** profile, so make it worth the creep – hilarious pictures, quotes and a large friend network to pick and choose from will make your profile the most popular among friends and strangers alike!





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HUG OCHEJE DAY II: MORE HUGS, MORE LOVE

CONGRATULATIONS WINDSOR LAW ON YET ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL HUG OCHEJE DAY!

You came out in droves and grabbed our snuggable property professor and gave him some good 'ol fashioned PG-13 rated lovin'. Kudos to the faculty as well who got into the swing and provided numerous gentle caresses to support the event.

The Oyez and Women & The Law is pleased to report that the event raised over \$225 for the Well-come Shelter! And, unlike all other Oyez events, the Oyez did not skim funds and abuse the charity. Big victory for all!



Fojel and Ocheje chillaxing.



Ocheje gets daring with Scott the Gavel Guy.



The career services staff breaks from their purportedly busy schedule to swing a grope or two.



Megan and Paul get to know each other.



Paul and Paul meet wild wild West.



Ocheje with his heart of Gold!



Brian imposes on Paul the CLA love.



Ocheje also does group affection too.



Paul and the luck of the Irish.



Ed shows that a hug can be both warm and awkward

To see all the photos from Hug Ocheje day, check out:

<http://www.flickr.com/photos/26495224@N00/sets/72157612536874639/show/with/3197791353/>

THE EMOTIONAL TOUCH

with Justin Dela Pena

Special Valentines Day Edition

Are you emotionally low? Does Valentine's Day have you feeling lost, lonely and longing for love? Are you angry, depressed or frustrated that you are unable to find that special someone? It is important that you recognize these feelings are normal and that you are not alone. Identifying your emotional "scene" is an important and positive step in helping you move forward with your love life.



Keeping with spirit of the New Year and the upcoming day of love, this edition of the EMOTIONAL TOUCH with JDP includes shared feelings, advice and heart-to-hearts helping you reconnect with your physical, emotional and spiritual needs. So put away the Haagen-Dazs and cancel your dinner date with your friends, this year promises to be your best one yet!!!

"Feel the Moment" - JDP

Dear JDP,

My partner seems rather distant over the past couple weeks. I'm not sure what to think of the situation. Should I be concerned?

- Orville

Orville,

Your situation isn't great. Some would say....you're dealing! But before we jump to conclusions here, ask yourself, "are you getting fizzled?" A Fizzle is a complex relationship manoeuvre. Here's how to find out:

- 1. Are you getting late or no responses to your textys? Are these messages followed by a broken phone excuse or sporadic, overly enthusiastic messages that ignore your questions?**
- 2. Does your significant other go MIA for long periods of time leaving you to question "your scene"?**
- 3. Are you presently in a love/hate relationship? Love/Hate = some days you love, but most days are filled with fear, rage and hate?**

If any of the following are happening, you ARE in fact getting fizzled. I suggest you get out of your relationship immediately! Believe me, nothing will make you feel lower than a fizzle.

Good Luck,

-JDP

Dear JDP,

I hurt. I'm lonely, unloved and Valentine's Day only makes things worse. Any advice to make me feel higher?

-Hurting Unit Law II

Law II,

YEP! Not gonna lie...You're hurting right now! A person's "queue" is their source of physical, emotional and spiritual strength. You are definitely in need of developing a queue. But before you even think about taking steps to move forward in life, I suggest you take up yoga immediately! Chakra alignment, spandex and sexually inappropriate rubdowns are keys to peak physical, emotional and spiritual awareness. Don't believe me? Ask Matt Fish! It is only when you have a handle of these three senses will you be able to fire successfully.

Once you do have your life figured out, don't be afraid to get your mug out there and make some magic happen. I suggest you call El Duce for a bottle of almond sherry and a solo-bomb to Voodoo. That should get the ball rolling in no time!

Your Welcome,
-JDP

Dear JDP,

I'm in a long term and long distance relationship and I'm not sure what to get my girlfriend for Valentine's day. I really want this gift to be special, any advice?

- Dan Lester (Law I)

Dreamboat,

No big deal! A perfect gift is only a few heartfelt thoughts away. While a trip to Tiffany's may impress your sweetie, nothing cuts deeper into the heart and soul than a gift that shows you know what your girl really wants.

Here are a couple tips that may help you with your mission:

1. Don't get happy- If you're a plug and have no idea what your woman wants, now is not the time to be creative. Stick to the basics - flowers, cards and candy. If however, you feel that you have the capacity to use your brain, consider tips #2 through 4.
2. Be up to date on women's fashion – Do you go designer or keep things simple? Should you shop at Devonshire or Somerset? Do you know the difference between a purse and a wristlet? A heel and a wedge? A hoop and a drop? Figure it out and make something happen!
3. Be Daring! Trouble getting reservations at Windsor's finest establishments? Show your woman that a half-year at law school has made you cultured! A romantic night at Flying Tiger, Eat in Thailand, or Pho Xic Lo may be a good change of pace.
4. Most importantly, contemplate your world and think hard about things that your girlfriend has said she's wanted throughout the year. Still not sure? Have a Heart-to-Heart. Only when you communicate and share your feelings with your belle will you be able to whittle the perfect gift.

Don't boot it,
-JDP

If You Wanna Be My Lover, You Gotta Get With My Friends

“The Law Students’ Guide to Firing”

1. Drink excessively and grab the nearest guy and find an inappropriate place to make out. Examples include: alleys, public couches and utility closets.

2. Take his shirt off at the bar, and yours, and proceed to slow dance skin to skin.

3. Corner your new guy’s friends and grill them about his “ex”.

4. Only wear track suits, so when you finally wear pants with buttons people think you’re hotter than you really are.

5. Call yourself a lady by only wearing pearls while rapid firing Tyler Casselman.

6. Puke on Ajeet.

7. Find a guy at Shwarma Palace and force him to hold your shwarma while you nibble on it seductively.

8. Talk about your “almost” “could have been” boyfriend, constantly.

9. Call dibs on every single guy, and every guy that may become single... DIBS DIBS DIBS DIBS.

10. Introduce yourself as a 28 year old Bay Street lawyer, and don’t reveal the truth until 2 weeks into the relationship.

11. Add your new guy’s mom to Facebook.

12. At dinner, skip the bread and just eat the butter, with your hands.

13. Always make your New Year’s Resolution “to fall in love” and always tell new guys on the first date.

14. When at dinner, discuss your favourite law topics. Examples include: conditional discharge, the saucy intruder and the heirs (pronounced hairs) of his body.

15. When bringing a guy home from the bar make the cab stop at 7-Eleven so you can pick up razors.



The ‘Kill Count’ these 3 ladies have is unprecedented

Red-Haired Proctor Guy: Who are you?



Scenario: You turn the page over for your final contracts exam and have no idea where to start. The more you read, the less you understand. You realize that you have no idea what a contract is. Even worse, Francesco's copyrighted "all-encompassing" CAN notes don't seem to have the answer you're looking for. Your worst nightmare is slowly coming true. Failure is imminent, your dreams of being a power lawyer are quickly slipping away. What do you do?

This is a job for "[name]", Windsor Law's #1 proctor. With just one quick glance, "[name]" has the power to not only calm your nerves, he can make that A+ answer suddenly appear on your page.

Ever wonder who this guy is and where he came from? Does he proctor law school exams for a living? A professional proctor? Every exam season he is here - his demeanour cool as a cucumber, his hair red as fire. He is punctual, he is organized, and for some strange reason, he always seems to be in your room during exams.

"He's my Red Rock" says Law III student Amanda McLachlan while blushing and twirling her hair, "I always try to write in his room; whenever I get nervous I just look up at him and feel better."



For better or for worse, we can always count on "[don't know what you want to call him]" to be there for us. So next time you feel nervous, anxious or just want to share a smile during your exams, make sure to take a peep at "[name]" and show him some love. After all, he is an unsung hero of Windsor Law.

The Oyez apologizes for leaving such an important fixture of Windsor law out of our last issue. Red-Haired Proctor, We Salute You!

UNFORTUNATELY WE HAVE ALSO FORGOTTEN TO INCLUDE PROFESSOR WILLIAM WILLIS, WHICH IS A SHAME SINCE WE'VE DISCOVERED HIS GENETIC MAKE-UP.



Geoff Snow, Law III

+



Will Ferrell, Actor

=



Professor William Willis

Telefrançais, Telefrançais...

By: SK

Bonjour, Allo, Salut! So I've been enjoying my new found fame since I was published in the Oyez (they bleeped out all the swears, save for one. Stupid editors) when I was browsing Facebook and what did I see? A Telefrançais group. Needless to say I joined it right away.

I know I'm famous (or infamous) for posting nostalgic items, but this is something that can't be passed up. I don't know about the rest of you, but I remember watching this show when I was a kid learning French in elementary school. The episodes were like 10 minutes long, but began with a 1 minute recap over the previous episode. The beauty of it is, that each episode was intertwined into one giant story arc. Another key thing is that the main characters will say something in French, then immediately, the screen turns blue and you see the phrase written on the screen, with the main character repeating the phrase with the exact same tone and pacing.

Example:

Ce n'est pas possible!

Oui, c'est possible.

BLUE SCREEN!!!!

Oui, c'est possible.



Now, I've mentioned the main characters, but I'll say this. The main characters are two kids, a boy and a girl. I have no idea what they're names are but given the names of the other characters I'm surprised it's not "garçon" and "fille." The other main character, is a talking pineapple, whose name is...Ananas. That's right, French for pineapple. There are other characters like Pilote, who's a pilot, and Le Chef, who's a chef. Not exactly at the height of creativity I know.

There's also these really, really creepy characters known as Les Squelettes (one guess as to what they are) who dress in a top hat with and dance and sing songs. It's really creepy because you can tell they're marionettes but still...They are famous for their Halloween song "C'est L'alloween" so...yeah.

Anyways, if you see Loya's MSN name, know that he stole it from me, without credit I might add you bastard. I'm the real Telefrançais fan, hell, the theme song is now my ringtone.

Now, just to creep you out, I've attached the creepiest picture of Ananas.

And to satisfy you some more: <http://telefrançais.ytmnd.com/> The theme song in all its glory.

No matter how hard I try, there just ain't no fooling the super head librarian man guy

By: A Timid Law I

At a time when that awful LRW assignment was coming to a head, the university decided to offer those dang mandatory CARL courses. As I'm sure you could all relate, after a long series of library hours, group conflicts, unnecessary work and research, the last thing anyone needed was to sit in a stuffy room and learn about search engine protocol. I, unlike some of my fellow brethren, am not at peak functioning capacity between the hours of 6pm and 8pm. During those hours I commonly enjoy eating dinner, a pastime that I have not been afforded with great frequency in law school.

I'm sure you'll find it to be no surprise should I tell you that I wasn't in a cooperative mood when I arrived at the library. I just wanted to sit down, play on MSN, and hope that nobody asked me any questions until it was all over. There was only one obstacle that I had to overcome: the super head librarian man guy. This was a man who has seen wave after wave of unenthused students.... a man who is a full time librarian... and a man who seemingly came out of it happy and self fulfilled. This was not a man who would be fooled easily. But I was determined to try.

We were instructed to turn on our computers and log on using our uWin passwords. I fidgeted my mouse and mashed the keyboard, ending on a thunderous crescendo of enter keys and thumbs up to my neighbors. My monitor was as off as ever. My expression didn't give anything away.

"Turn on your computer and log in." Super head librarian man guy pointed at me, a smirk on his face. How did he know?

We were then instructed to search for some legislation. Again, I typed in some random words and received false information. Bringing up the first hit, I sat back and relaxed my eyes.

"That's not the one we're looking for." Super head librarian man guy pointed at me, never leaving his perch in the front of the class. What the hell? How could he know?

We were then instructed to search for some cases. I tried and failed miserably and then finally gave up. I leaned over and looked at my neighbors screen and stole his answer.

"You have to find your answer on your own." Super head librarian man guy pointed at me, shaking his fist but still smiling. This is totally unfair. I was using my peripherals. I was sly, sly, sly I tell you. And still he knew.

In the end, I was a broken broken man. I tried my best tactics. I tried my best scams. But, in the end, super head librarian man guy knew of my lies, my deceit. He knew it. And he sat there smiling.

The Moral of the Story: No matter where you go, no matter what you do, somewhere the super head librarian head man super guy librarian man is watching. And he's smirking.

Cark writing from the Nishnawbe Aski



THUNDER BAY – Hello Windsorites! As some of you know I am spending my final semester of law school doing an internship with the Nishnawbe Aski Nation (NAN) in Thunder Bay. NAN is a political organization that represents 49 fly-in communities in the most remote parts of Ontario. The Deans were a little apprehensive about letting me do an internship in the north since the last Windsor law student to do a northern internship, Paul Parker, was eaten by a polar bear while clubbing baby seals. Parker couldn't get enough of that fresh succulent seal meat but it is no match for the boiled moose tongue delicacy that I will be enjoying when I head to Muskrat Dam First Nation in a few weeks.

The first thing to know about Thunder Bay is that it is cold. Like, really cold. Like, you know when you tell people that you are going to Thunder Bay and they're like "Wow! Isn't it really cold there?" Like, that's how cold it is! I bought a new parka for this trip. I wear it on the bus and it is big enough to take up two seats. The locals look at me and then smile politely.

The only instruction that I received from my supervisor before heading to the "Superior by nature" city was "Try not to look like an asshole from Toronto." With this in mind, I started my first day at NAN. When I arrived, I tried to explain to the receptionist who I am and what I was doing there. Instead she interrupted me and said "just sign in and include your badge number." SUCCESS!!! I don't look like an asshole from Toronto. I look like an asshole cop!

During my time here I will be visiting communities such as Mishkeegogamang, Pikangikum and Kitchenuhmaykoosib Inninuwug. My first trip however, will be to Kashechewan. These are all real places by the way not some made up names like "Toledo". I have no idea how to pronounce any of them so it is very humbling that everyone here can pronounce "Flisfeder" without issue.

All in all, the best part about doing an internship in my last semester of law school is the chance to start making some CLMs four months before any of my peers! Enjoy Auto Insurance class, suckers! I'm heading to the Finn-tastic Sauna.





MSN Chat Session of the Month

PROFESSOR RILEY - CONVERSATION

File Edit Actions Tools Help

Invite Send Files Video Voice Activities Games

To: Mr. Beeper <therobot@lostinspace.ca>

Riley is computing, compiling, and comptrolling

Riley says:
Greetings Mr. Beeper.

Mr. Beeper says:
Allo.

Riley says:
Would you like me to input a joke?

Mr. Beeper says:
Affirmative.

Riley says:
Loading... 0%.... 25%...50%...100%... Joke ready.

Mr. Beeper says:
Humour unit initialized.

Riley says:
Query: What is a robot's favorite cereal? Answer: Rob-O's.



Mr. Beeper says:
Factoid: Robo-O's are made with the tears of human children.

Riley says:
Laughter unit engaged. Ha ha ha. Damage reported. Switching to backup laughter.

Mr. Beeper says:
Danger! Danger, Will Robinson!

Riley is offline

Send
Search



Why My Relationship with Justice Phillips Ended in Heartbreak

I have always been sceptical about blind online course registration, but a good friend of mine recommended it and so I thought I'd give it a shot. I scoured through the list of classes, checking out pictures, statistics and interests, until I came across one that didn't look so bad: Family Law. It seemed like we shared the same values and ethics, and that it could potentially work out.

I still remember our first class like it was yesterday. I was shy and naïve, and there was Justice Doug Phillips at the front of the class, confident and self-assured. I like that in a Professor. He didn't start with the usual greetings and pleasantries, but rather skipped right to third base and began teaching without even so much as an introduction and hello. I'm a bit prudish by nature, and so usually this approach would not sit well with me. And yet, there was something about Phillips that just captured my heart and so I decided to give him a second date.

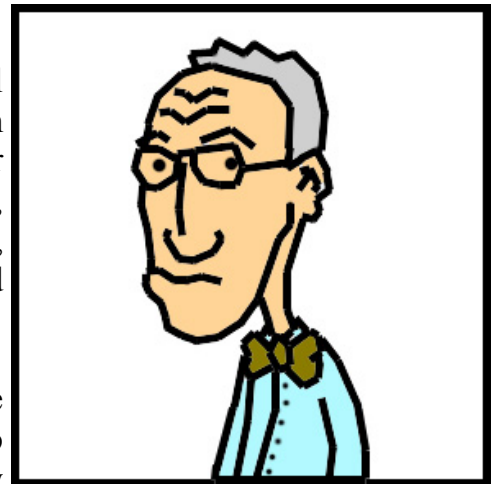
Our second date was just as special as our first. He ranted and aggressively lectured, and I found myself fully engaged in his material. This wasn't just any old class. This was something special. I decided that, if with anyone, I could build a strong relationship enscenced in the principles of Family Law.

We had a few hiccups in our relationship at the beginning, when an unplanned strike forced us to go 3 weeks without seeing each other. I was pleased though, after that arduous period, to see that Phillips was just as happy to see me as I was to see him when we finally reunited. Again, he did not offer any apologies or pleasantries, but merely submerged us right back into the material, and added a third weekly date. I like that kind of poise in a man.

It wasn't until October that Phillips decided to take our relationship to the next step by beginning to drop hints about a possible encounter in December, when his knowledge and my knowledge could be one. This proposition intrigued me... he was demanding a high level of commitment. While we hadn't known each other for that long, I found that my heart yearned for that day when his knowledge and my knowledge could form a strong everlasting union. Blushing, I said yes. I would write the closed book exam.

The next month flew by as we both made preparations. I was so excited. I picked out a nice white sweat suit to wear on our special day. I arranged to have my study beard trimmed and my hair combed, and my body well showered and groomed contrary to my normal habits. I told all my friends about it. It was shaping up to be the happiest day of my life. And Phillips seemed just as excited about it too.

And then it happened. What was supposed to be our special day will forever be remembered as the most painful day in my law school life. I'll never forget that cold December afternoon when I sat down to write the exam. I was nervous, but I wasn't the only one. The preparations had been tedious, and I was looking forward to getting through the day and beginning our life together afterwards.



Only it wasn't how I expected. The questions were impossible. The exam was impossible. There was no enjoyment, no emotion except sorrow. I was deeply wounded. How could someone who I had come to love and respect so much treat me with such unabashed cruelty? How could someone, who vowed and dedicated so much time into our relationship, treat me with such unconscionably reckless disregard? Why did Justice Phillips force me that day to realize the follies of my naivety, and break my poor highly prepared heart? That exam was the worst consummation of knowledge of my life.

I knew, once it was over, that Phillips and I were not going to work out, but I couldn't help myself. I wanted it to work. I wanted everything to be okay in the end. I decided to stick to it and stay with him, until I realized that I had forgotten the very fundamental principles of Family Law.

He had the power. He had the power to end our relationship. While the course and the exam had conformed to all the formal validity requirements, we were missing one key element of essential validity! We had never really consummated our relationship! And there was no s.31 curing section either, since it was an essential validity issue!

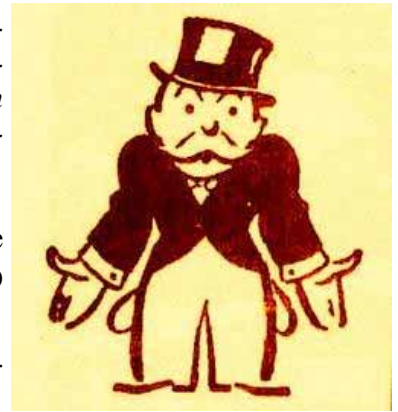
But surely, you must be wondering, he wrote the exam and I inserted my knowledge into it. That's consummation, isn't it? NO!!! As he clearly stated during one of his more prophetic lectures, SODOMY IS NOT CONSUMMATION! I couldn't believe it, his impossible and brutally penetrating exam was not what I thought it was. Four months Phillips and I had been together, and now he could just declare our entire relationship a nullity. And there was nothing I could do about it.

I've since been trying to pick up the pieces of my broken heart. I enrolled in Civil Liberties with Professor Jacobs in the hopes of making myself feel better, only to drop it soon after. I'm just not emotionally ready for the kind of commitment that human rights demands. I'd like to say that things have been turning around, and that I have bought into the old adage that 'there are many courses in the curriculum'. Unfortunately, this Valentines Day, I will find myself cold and alone, with nothing but a b-curved mark and a fistful of broken dreams to console me.

Don't cry for me. I'm already dead inside.

A WINDSOR LAW BAILOUT?

Tough times have struck Windsor and the Windsor Law community, with the recession reaching deep into everyone's pockets. Being the responsible citizen that Windsor Law is, it's great to see so many students and faculty doing their part to pitch in and make a few cutbacks. Here are some of the changes that you may have noticed around the law school:



- We are no longer Windsor Law School in the Ron Ianni Building. We are now the Scotties Bathroom Tissue Faculty of Law in the TD Banknorth Building
- The washroom's are operating on a BYOTP system. For those who forget their TP, SLS will sell you some for .25 a square.
- In order to avoid copyright usage fees, Women and the Law have scrapped their production of Vagina Monologues and will now be adapting the lesser known, cheaper "Talking Labias"
- ALSO, BLSAC, and SALSA have merged into one group to save operational costs. The new group will be called BLSAC-ALSO-SALSA's.
- Geoff Marr is limiting his VooDoo nights to 3x per week.
- Prof. Tanovich is giving free copies of his new book "Justice Isn't Blind, It's Visually Challenged" to all students in his evidence class.
- Prof. Mohamed has stopped purchasing the gator skin shoes, instead opting for the less pricey endangered white rhino-skinned loafers.
- Nick Cake cut himself in half in an effort to save energy.
- In order to save trees, Prof. Weir is not answering any more emails.
- In order to cut labour costs, the Gavel will now operate on a "take an apple, leave \$7.50" honour system.
- Matt Fish will save cash by mooching booze, food, and even XL dress shirts.
- Dean Elman has switched to PC Brand Cola. The move is expected to save the school nearly \$20K through 2009.
- Windsor Law band the 'Heels' are making cutbacks as well, cutting awkward bass player Mark Loya from the group. Colin will now play both mom and dad guitars.
- "The Treble" will be sold off for scrap, if possible. Even junk yards don't want it.
- Dean Gold will not be upgrading her Jag to the '09 model, saying she will do her part and blend in with the commoners in her gold-plated '08 model.
- Mow "Sizzler" Chwaluk will only slick his hair on Thursdays and Saturdays.
- In an effort to save bullets, JDP will only go firing on weekends.
- Matt Badrov will not go to Vegas, and not blow his OSAP. All he needs is a time-machine.
- The WRLSI has decided to save cash on ink by not publishing this year.
- Headnotes conceded that their efforts yielded no value to the school whatsoever.
- The JD students will pay four times normal tuition rather than the usual three. They will subsequently, of course, receive no benefit.



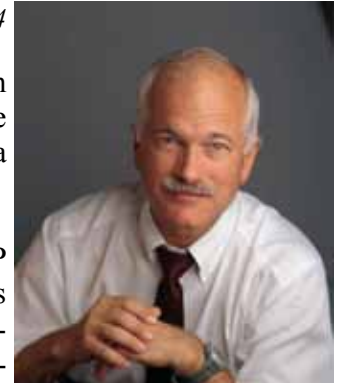
Thriftiness is more than a fad. For some it is a way of life.

A TRIBUTE TO LARRY WILSON

By: LWFan1234

If you've spent more than a few days in this law school, you'll have heard this man fight the good fight by ranting and raving to anyone who's willing to listen. Sure he may have his detractors, but no one can deny the passion he exudes while executing a cutting tirade. This man is...

Many of you might have said Jack Layton and while that description does fit the NDP leader, it's not who I am speaking about. Instead I'm speaking about Windsor Law's own Jack Layton-esque figure: Larry Wilson. His zeal for all things mustache transcended political ideology and even gender itself. Indeed even the fairer sex appreciates and respects the power of the mustache that Mr. Wilson stands for.



Pictured: NOT Larry Wilson

However, imagine my surprise when I saw him last term before the Labour exam. The professor still had his charismatic appeal however something was missing. Or rather, I should say that something was added. At first I didn't notice what was different until I saw that the mustache was now part of something far greater. Something far more malevolent...the goatee.



Pictured: NOT Larry Wilson

Now, let's not create a panic here, the fact that a goatee was present means that the mustache was still preserved. However the eye will no longer be drawn to this *objet d'art* that Larry once had. As I said, the professor still had some glory and honour to his name because of his stature, but it wasn't the same.

Here's my issue with the goatee: it's a lazy beard. Either that or it's a pretentious beard. It's either too lazy to grow on the cheeks or it's too good to have facial hair on the cheeks. Either way there's something suspicious about a goatee. It doesn't have the same pizzazz as a rugged mustache. This is why I'm pleased to see Professor Menezes this term.

I suppose I shouldn't be too upset with the goatee; it could be worse. Our favorite Prairie boy could have shaved it all off. If that was the case it would have been (and will be if it happens) the greatest tragedy to affect all mustachioed (and non-mustachioed) individuals in the course of history. Think of the history that this mustache has witnessed and hopefully you mustache nay-sayers will finally start to show some respect to your facial hair elder.

I hope to see more professors follow LW's lead. It started with Professor Menezes but there are a number of professors who would ooze machismo if they grew this staple of masculinity. Tano...I'm looking at you. My heart has been broken by Wilson's mustache but I'm hoping another one of you profs will be willing to step up. Valentine's Day is approaching and there's still time for you aspiring prof's to fill the void that Wilson has left behind. Menezes is attempting to fill this void but there's still a major mustache power vacuum and it's time for more profs to fill this void and win the hearts of Windsor Law. (Note that I'm not excluding Professor Weir...he's in a league of his own).



With great moustache comes great responsibility.

BASED ON A TRUE STORY:

THE TOP TEN QUESTIONS THAT THE EDITORS OF THE OYEZ SHOULD NEVER ASK WOMEN AND THE LAW

Number 10: Can you sew this button on for me?

Number 9: Which laundry detergent works better on pizza stains – Tide or Cheer? Actually, would you mind just taking care of this stain for me?

Number 8: How can I get rid of the stink in my fridge?

Number 7: Which do you enjoy more: cleaning or cooking?

Number 6: Can you show me how to fold a fitted sheet please? I said please!

Number 5: There are 8 of you and you're all 'co-chairs'? Can I be a co-chair? And can Wes be a co-chair? And can the Ocheje doll be a co-chair?

Number 4: Does Women and the Law also sew the Windsor Law clothing that they sell?

Number 3: But, if the women don't bake, how will the people eat?

Number 2: I don't understand. You don't like to bake?

And the Number 1 Question the Editor of the Oyez should NEVER ask Women and the Law:

CAN WOMEN AND THE LAW HOLD A BAKE SALE ON HUG OCHEJE DAY?



FACTUALLY ADVISOR PRO MO'S RESPONSES TO THE TOP 10 QUESTIONS THAT THE EDITORS OF THE OYEZ SHOULD NEVER ASK WOMEN & THE LAW

Number 10: Yeah, I forgot you only have ONE shirt.. It's red, white stripes, zip-up. We all know it.

Number 9: You have a problem with stains? On your clothing? Shocker...

Number 8: Plug it in. Remove dead rat.

Number 7: Actually, I enjoy lining my bird cage with the newest issue of the Oyez...

Number 6: You don't have a bed, so why do you care?

Number 5: We are just trying to keep count with the number of Oyez Editors, how many do you have now? 10? 20? Must be difficult putting together a 10-page magazine every two months and have other people submit the articles.

Number 4: You wanna know which woman sews the clothes? Huh? You really wanna know...

Number 3: Can't the SLS just buy people lunch? Oh wait... you're not SLS President, are you? (Harsh)

Number 2: Yes, you don't understand.

Number 1: Great idea! Just like Pubbin' with the Profs... let's see, besides Pro Mo (who lives at the bar), who else showed up?

(EDITOR'S NOTE: I'm still unclear whether you prefer to be called Lawyeresses or Lawyerettes?)

APPEAL FOR APPEALS

The Appeal's Committee is making an appeal today to all concerned law students to file their fall grade appeals. With the hefty price tag of \$20 per appeal, the Appeals Committee is on an all-out marketing blitz to try and convince students that an appeal is worth the money. University President Wildeman stated that the Appeal Drive is an important fundraiser for the cash strapped University, typically raising over \$500 000 in funds. With tough economic times reaching into students pockets, the Appeals Committee is looking to make grade appeals more appealing- including new measures aimed at actually making a limited number of appeals successful!



Big Jeeters: Your appeal is in his hands.

Appeal Committee Chair Ajeet Grover announced that new for Fall '08 Appeals is a lottery format sweepstakes in which one student will ultimately have their Appeal actually read and possibly have their grade changed. While Jeeter could not comment on whether the grade could be adjusted down as well, he was optimistic that the new "actual reading of an appeal" would jump-start sagging Appeal sales, and as an added bonus, several lucky students may actually receive responses as to why their appeal was rejected (subject to funding approval).

Professors in the Faculty of Law are doing there part to help the fundraiser get off on the right foot as well, refusing to include marking guides, inaccurate adding, and making hand-writing - if fortunate enough to have had your exam written in- impossible to read. Adding to this year's repertoire is the seldom seen "refusal to provide exam for viewing" and the confusing "scantron sheet but not the questions" whereby students are required to have remembered all 50 multiple choice questions and answer options a month and a half later. Law Professor Spokesman Prof. Tawfik heralded the effort of her law faculty colleagues, stating "desperate times call for creative solutions, and I feel the overall lack of effort in marking this Fall's exams will prove to be a huge help to the revenue raising efforts of the university."



The Appeal's Committee is appealing for all appeals to filed by the February deadline.

F-f-f-f-f-f-f-f-f-f-f-fressssssssssshhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

EXTRA. EXTRA. SEE ALL ABOUT IT!

Round of applause for the genius that convinced the school to install more TVs in our building. In an age where even the Amish likely have the internet, Windsor stepped up to the plate and hit a good old fashion can of corn.

These 37 inch glorified bulletin boards are a constant reminder that common sense leaves the mind when entering the walls of law school. One can only imagine the list of **rejected** ideas that got tossed aside before they settled on the LCDs.

1. Another Treble For The Lower Pit?
2. Diet Coke Cup Holders in Every Room for the Dean?
3. Another A2J Prof?



Because having more TV's than Osgoode increases our Macleans rankings.

I know what you're thinking: this will help the school communicate better with the students. Besides, it's not as if we spent THAT much money right? I mean top of the line Sony screens are pennies compared to the money it would have cost to set up an elaborate tin can and string system. I guess kudos is in order then. But wait, why stop at more TVs?!

If the school wants to purchase useless technology, we should "technologfy" everything! Course Handouts should be available to students via telegraph, Lecture microphones should be replaced with large funnels and course readings should be strictly microfiche! [Note: In order to keep up with the times, the next issue of the Oyez will be on stone tablet!]

So a special thanks to the TVs. At last, we now have something to plug in to all the extra plugs around our school!

As a personal service to the student body, the Oyez has registered a complaint in hopes of blocking the useless installation. We expect our carrier pigeon to return some time next month with an official statement.

YUP YUP! AND THERE SHE IS! Well, The Oyez wants you to know that we love you and hope you will be our Valentine. We're clean and come from a good family and have recently passed an STD check. Think about it and let us know by next issue, out soon!

VOTE FOR WHO YOU WOULD LIKE TO SEE ON THE COVER OF THE NEXT ISSUE OF THE OYEZ AT THEOYEZ@UWINDSOR.CA

ALSO, JOIN THE OYEZ FACEBOOK GROUP!