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Valparaiso University School of Law

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Told me that the letter tacked up on the
refused to believe that anyone was so
topped the passenger's side rolled down. A
He reached under the seat and pulled
nipples taught as I waited against the
brown bulletin board inviting anyone who
side of the law school for the Dean to
plans to teach several courses while
nerves, was the unanimous
with the Dean that appeared for a eyebrows. It hadn't been a joke after perience: drinking straight out of a two-car garage, two stories
Errant. Southport, Dog Wonder, B.A.,
degree in canine law from the K-9
Southport say that
President Professor
Philip Biedre Durgman Perhaps
reason is that Durgman has been appointed by Gilbert's to
the write the 1982 version of Gilbert's on
reason for this newspaper's name.
reason for this newspaper's name.
Professor
Recently appointed Dean Southport answers
Forum newspaper's questions at a press conference.

The Dean Search Committee an-
nounced last week that a new dean has
search a little nervous. Everyone had
told me that the letter tacked up on the
bulletin board inviting anyone who
couldn't get home for Thanksgiving out
to the Dean's was a joke, but I refused to believe that anyone was so
crude and cynical as to write such a lie about a law dean. Inviting poor us
poor souls who sacrificed being with their
families on holiday for the love of the law,
was such a wonderful gesture that
just had to be true. Besides, the
signature looked like his.

So I was overjoyed when the big brown 'Caddy' shiny clean as al-
ways, pulled into the lot and I could
make out the familiar pipe and
eyebrows. It hadn't been a joke after all, and I was the only one who
believed it. The pride in believing in
truth and the purity of men's souls
warmed my insides and all my doubts
disappeared. The Dean had arrived.
When the car stopped the window
of the passenger's side rolled down. A
happy-go-lucky voice beckoned me
into the front seat. "Come on in. You
must be cold out there. The Mrs. Dean
and I had hoped for a few more but
you'll do fine. Hope you're hungry
because we've got some kind of meal
planned. Here, have a good belt.''
He reached under the seat and pulled
out a bottle of Rattlesnix Gin. Not bad
stuff, at least more than I could afford
on my loans after tuition and xeroxing
charges. At the bottom lay about ten
olives. I looked at him with questions
in my eyes.

"Oh, the olives. It's a lot more
efficient if you just drop the olives in
the bottle. I like my "rattles" dry.
Get it? Rattles? One for the road and
all that? Dry pavement? Dry martyr?
Ha, ha. Ha. It's a hoot, isn't it?"
"Oh, ya, a hoot, ha, ha," I replied,
not believing what I was doing or seeing.
But, never one to look a gift
dean in the mouth, I took a couple of
his, passed it back, and wondered if
Millie would criticize me for putting
this on my resume under law ex-
xperience. I have always taught out
on my own. I just got what I thought
would be the best law dean ever to
walk into the country club."

"Well, what's your name, what's
your year, what's your father's income?" the Dean asked.

"Bert, 3rd; nothing, he's dead."
I replied.

"Too bad."

"Well, it happened a long..."

"This, oh. I dream you being third year and graduating very
soon without having had the chance to
be on Law Review."

"It's Bert. And I am on Law Review."

A howdood. One can never be too sure
around here. There seem to be a lot of people who look the same,
could be on Law Review but I don't think
they are. I try not to make a lot of people look at
everyone who looks like me be accepted."

"Well, some of my better friends..."

"Enough of shop talk, John. It's
Thanksgiving and, actually, I think it's
time we get out of here. I'd rather
know for a few hours. Here, have some beer."
I did, just as we pulled up into the
Dean's driveway. At the end of it was a

The cold wind blowing across the
tundra seared down behind the
protection of my best tie and made my
nipples taught as I waited against the
clock and shared with all of us his
unique experience.

by Bert Convy Jr.

Assistant Professor Bedrie Durgman
denied rumors today that she was going to
accept a high paying position
with a well-respected Wall Street
firm, and instead announced today that she will remain in her current
position with Valparaiso University
School of Law.

Durgman listed several factors that were instrumental in her decision to
remain on offer from the New York
firm of Ribinowitz-Ribinowitz and
Ribinowitz. One reason is that Durg-
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Charles A. Errant, Jr. was not always Dean of Valparaiso Law School, it only seems like he was. The Dean started out from semi-humble beginnings. You’ve heard of babies being born with silver spoons in their mouths; well Charles was born with a silver pipe in his (the “A” in his name, incidentally, doesn’t stand for “Anything”).

Dean Errant came to Valparaiso in 1977 from a twenty-year career in legal education. He spent the Korean War fighting Godless communism at Columbia College and upon its completion received his B.A. in 1954. He was admitted to Columbia Law School that year and remained there until 1977.

Nothing much has been known about the Dean, until now. The catalogue states that the Dean is a workaholic who was “tired of being a taste-tester for Seagram’s.” He’s said to have been a personal friend of Nelson Rockefeller. He is on the board of the Dukes of Hazard, likes the General Lee (not mention Daisy), and is “revived and exalted by Braluns.”

In 1977 he teamed up with assistant Dean John Far-Gone and the two have become known as the Johnny Carson-Ed McMahon of the law school circuit. In fact the Dean’s attendance at law school has been compared to that of Johnny Carson’s Johnny on the Spot. Here, at last, in an exclusive interview the Dean finally reveals himself, along with his views on everything from Melanie Chartoff to penny loafers.

Needless to say, I was a little worried about this interview because it was so difficult to get a man as busy as the Dean to sit down and talk. Most books have been written about the Dean and I knew I would have to wing it for the interview to succeed. Thus, it was with some apprehension that we began our first of four sessions in the Orly Bar at the Continental Plaza. Here, then, is the result of those talks as best as I can recollect.

FORUM: Let’s begin with an easy one. Errant, what’s the Dean and why are you here?

ERRANT: I am Charles A. Errant, Jr., the Dean. I am here because my salary is paid on time.

FORUM: Perhaps you could be more serious. Where were you before you came here?

ERRANT: I grew up in a small town in upstate New York, you probably haven’t heard of it. I don’t have fond memories of it. The other children my age didn’t like me much, I don’t blame them, that’s their right, but that’s the way it was. Consequently I spent all my time studying and playing the piano. Some have said I wasods I was so good at the piano, but as a child I was never the talk of the town. Nevertheless, I studied even better and got into the music conservatory.

FORUM: Have there been any experiences in your past that really influenced your life?

ERRANT: I’m not one to blow my own horn. My past is my past, just is. I live for the present, I’d rather forget about the past. If you are interested read Faculty Profiles where you can see two pages of past—a little less than Jack Hilker, but quite a bit more than Paul Cox who double-paced his past and used a big picture.

FORUM: Have you ever been described as verbose?

ERRANT: Not by myself.

FORUM: When I came here I noticed that the law school was advertised as a small, religious, national institution. Is it?

ERRANT: No. That’s an outdated view. The law school students come from the Illinois-Indiana-Michigan area. Religion is downplayed—in fact the library prizes itself on the fact that it does not have a copy of the Bible in its collection. In cards, it’s true. As for being a small school, line that is no longer tenable, and we plan to expand.

FORUM: How can you keep up this so-called ‘line’ with law students?

ERRANT: I don’t know—that’s John’s (Far-Gone) responsibility.

FORUM: Just what are your responsibilities and John Far-Gone’s responsibilities and how do they differ?

ERRANT: I’ll be honest with you: my responsibility is to change and upgrade this law school. This means antagonizing the students, faculty and alumni who are naturally adverse to change. John’s responsibility is to pacy by reassuring the people that we are better off now. Unfortunately, John has been infringing on my area lately.

FORUM: But it has been said that Far-Gone pacifies us by using double-talk and delaying tactics while making one joke after another on matters students bring to him in earnest. How does this lead to a progressive law school?

ERRANT: Far-Gone is one of the youngest Law School Assistant Deans in the country. I’m sure that in ten years he’ll work out just fine. As for now, you see through his game, so I don’t see what you’re so upset about.

FORUM: Let’s change the subject. Lately some students have been hearing rumors that Valparaiso Law School is going to be sold to Purdue. Seeing as how you preach that the school is in dire straits financially, is there any truth to this rumor?

ERRANT: No. None whatsoever. The school will not sell.

FORUM: Even though Valparaiso, through Dr. Schnabel has said that they intend to restrict the Law School’s monies because he sees the law school as dead weight around VU’s neck.

ERRANT: That’s right. We are not going to sell our school yet. Nothing tentative yet.

FORUM: Every Dean in the history of this fine law school has taken such an interest in it that he has taught a course here. Your specialty is Environmental Law. Why have you not been teaching in the classroom with the law students?

ERRANT: Would you want me for one of your professors? Valparaiso students have enough grief already. Besides Environmental Law is useful anytime, it’s passe now that Reagan has been elected. As you probably have heard, however, I do plan to go back into teaching in the near future—1983, I think, after I break in the new Dean.

FORUM: This is the question the entire law school is waiting for. Can you admit to the community that you overstepped your bounds, that your policies at times have been a mistake? Can you say that in your own words?

ERRANT: Yes. We made a few mistakes. The A.B.A. accreditation scare was especially difficult. Perhaps I let a few people down, but seeing as how I’m stepping down as Dean you won’t have Chuck Errant to kick around anymore.

FORUM: Any last thoughts to leave us with?

ERRANT: Only one. Throughout my term I have tried to make good lawyers out of poor law students. This has not been without success. My specialty is Environmental Law and my policies at times have been a mistake. I hope you will give my policies the benefit of the doubt.

FORUM: Thank-you for your time, Dean.

ERRANT: What did you say? Same to you, but double.

I have spent many a sleepless night pondering the future of our distinguished School of Law. I am compiling my memoirs into a 50-volume treatise entitled, "Re: State of the Law School, Future treatise is the result of my research and my experiences as Dean of Valparaiso Law School. I am now able to make legal education..." as I now have a very ample amount of data.

"Many have said that I am not accessible, that I have no time to care. But at the number of pictures of me in this issue of your very professional newspaper, I am so impressed, law school-wise, with your tire efforts that I am now going to show you a letter of appreciation. And I say to you, my friend, that I am not..."
DEAR 3d YEAR: I noticed that you have been placed on a page that is almost entirely parody and humor. When you are on that sort of page how can you write your normal funny column, if that is what it is. Perhaps you ought to be bold, tell them your secrets.

DEAR JUST: I will never admit to writing the letters myself.

DEAR 3d YEAR: Perhaps something on the line of what the National Lampoon does, have letters from celebrities who talk back and forth to themselves would be proper for this issue.

DEAR ME: I thought of that, don't steal my ideas. I got a better one. however. This will be my Abbey Road issue where I take all those half-jokes and one-liners I couldn't fit into an entire place and throw them out at random. This is art in the making, fellow students, so don't throw away this collector's issue.

DEAR '3d YEAR: Okay, I'll help you out. How about a Jack Hiler joke?

DEAR I: I can't take advice on how not to write examinations from a man who mispronounces a word poetically (says PEK-k-ray-tive), and wears African jackets. Also a comparison of Jon Hiler the candidate and Jack Hiler the teacher was possible.

DEAR 3d YEAR: How about the Chinese thing, the trials in China. I'm sure that you have a joke in there you couldn't use this year.

DEAR: How right you are.

New Flash

Errant Recalls Forum

In a surprise move, Charles A. Errant Jr., Dean of Valparaiso Law School, announced today the recall of all issues of The Forum, volume eleven.

Errant, disgusted with the increasing attacks on administrators by the paper, said The Forum would be replaced by a publication entitled The Dean. Noting that he did not wish to offend the students more than necessary, Errant promised to continue indefinitely funding the publication with Student Bar Association money. The staff and editors, however, are sure to be replaced by the Law Review staff. An informed source close to the situation, Professor Biysde Durgman will be retained as Editor-In-Chief of the new publication.

In a related story, The Forum’s answer to Woodward and Bernstein, John Doe (not his real name) promises to continue and improve his in-depth digging-up of scurrilous material about the school and publish any findings in an underground newspaper entitled Investigative Garbage Man.
Takes unavailability job with the housework and cooking. Security guard. SBA bullets hit the President Dead Bondage, and a brain that was removed was merely large double anchovy pizza and billed this but that's why he love to wear his who was going to govern the were in the hospital, they were unsure reported and he was released from the should make a full recovery.

When word of the shooting spread, students were shocked and devastated by the tragedy. Worrying that their leaders were in the hospital, they were unsure who were going to govern the. The oil business. An Arco station. He York?" The Dean and Mrs. Dean have looked at me quizically. ' 'John?'' The Dean has told me wonderful things about you, what a hard worker you are, what good grades you get, self-denial we need at law leadership, no doubt. I know of some abilities by mingling with their.

The Latest Book By The Latest Book By

The Dean and Mrs. Dean talk turkey

continued from previous page

"Muffin, Muffin, wonderful wife, what would I do without your sensibilities. Yes, of course you’d like me to be a just person, but you are the wife, the Mrs. Dean."

"Bert," I tried to correct.

"John Burt, Mmmn, interesting name," The Burts of Boston or of New York?"

"Cicer," I replied. "My uncle’s in the law school too. He is always hanging out with a bunch of Italians, more likely than not he is mafioso, I think the family has been that far east lately."

"The Dean has told me wonderful things about you, what a hard working student you are, what good grades you get, how much you love Valparaiso, just how nice it is that you have a hard time finding good sea food, do you have a girlfriend, or are they hiding it all? Oh, just where are you going to spend your summers? Maybe you can come visit us on the Vineyard. The Dean loves just to walk along the beach collecting flat stones near the edge of the breakwater."

Thirteen hops was his record last season. Couldn’t get him out on the course. He runs with a bunch of flat stones and the Superintendent was so grateful to the Dept. of Natural Resources for the virtual heaven. Don’t tell me I said anything, but I think the Dean loves just to walk along the beach collecting flat stones near the edge of the breakwater."

By this time I was pretty hungry and thinking about all the wonderful Thanksgiving turkeys he’s experienced by far be better than this. A cheeseburger and chips would be far better than this.