Scantron errors responsible for grade mix-up and more

BY CHAD MONTGOMERY
Guest Columnist

If you took Civil Procedure last semester and thought you scored better than the grade you received, you just might be right—that is, if Professor Lind was your instructor. A scantron error may be to blame. Even if your grade is not affected by the error your class rank may nevertheless change.

Near the end of February, Datagraphic contacted the school to inform the administration that two scholastic customers had uncovered multiple grading errors in their tests, which were run through the same scanning device and processed on the same day as the Civil Procedure exam in question. Initially, the school’s review uncovered no substantial errors. However, after an unusually high amount of student grade challenges the administration hand checked the entire section. The result is nearly half of the Civil Procedure exams contained grading snafus.

According to David Knarp, the print shop manager, errors resulted from an improper manual restart of the scanning machine. He explained that when a large volume of documents are processed at once it is common for pencil graphite to rub off from tests and build-up on the scanning lens. “An obscured lens results in inaccurate scans.”

Workers formerly dodged the dilemma by breaking down large orders into several smaller jobs and cleaning the scan lens between each mini-run. The process was time consuming and hard to manage because variables like humidity and pencil manufacturer tend to affect graphite stickiness. To avoid this problem, engineers designed a feature that automatically shuts down the machine when too much graphite resin is detected on the scanning lens.

Three years ago the print shop acquired a new machine with the auto-stop function. “Once stopped, the device will not restart until the scanning lens is cleaned or an override function is engaged.” However, Knarp suspects that the auto-stop function was not working properly on the day in question and graphite built up without being detected.

“In the other instances, the error ratio was about five in eleven.”

Yesterday the administration confirmed that forty-six new grades will be issued to adjust for the scanning errors. The new grades will be better for some while worse for others. Adjusted grades mean current class rankings will also have to be reformulated. Nearly all students will be affected by the class rank reordering. In addition, the class rank...

Registrar announces bi-annual

BY RYAN ABRESCH
Super Duper Serious Reporter

Amidst all the hubbub of the “Throw a Pie at a Professor Day” sponsored by Phi Delta Pi, registrar Debbie Gleason took the opportunity to remind students of the upcoming “Throw Bullshit At A Professor Week,” in her daily press conference. “I would like to encourage students to start saving up their bullshit because they are going to need plenty of it from May 4th to the 12th,” said Gleason. She also added “Those who are in desperate need of bullshit are urged to quit wasting what little bullshit they have by raising their hand in class, and to watch mindless drivel such as “Laguna Beach” or “The View” in lieu of doing actual homework. This should provide these students with an ample amount of bullshit to fling at their professors come May.”

“Throw Bullshit At A Professor Week,” or “Bullshit Week” is not an event that is localized to Valpo Law. Rather, it is a tradition that has been practiced bi-annually by students at all of the nation’s undergraduate, graduate, and professional schools for hundreds of years. The phrase is actually somewhat of a misnomer in that no bullshit is literally thrown at the professors. Instead students smear it across the pages of their bluebooks with number 2 pencils that have been specially designed for this storied occasion. The bullshit-stained bluebooks are then turned over to professors who must fight the stench and the urge to puke while examining these booklets in something popularly known as “the grading process.” “Man, I hate Bullshit Week,” said law professor Derrick Carter, “your clothes stink for like a month and your wife won’t come within a five foot radius of you, but I guess that’s why I make the big bucks.” Opinions similar to Professor Carter’s have been heard amongst faculties for...
NEWS

Law School announces new lecture series

BY MARK WORTHLEY
Guest News Writer

The Valparaiso University School of Law is announcing a new annual lecture series in honor of the former junior Senator from Wisconsin, Joseph R. McCarthy. "VUSL has a strong desire to give underrepresented minorities a voice at this law school, and this lecture series will go a long way to healing the wounds felt by those students who fear communists," Dean Conison said.

Since 1957, when Joseph McCarthy left the Senate, the Communists have ruled the lecture circuit in the United States. Prominent Communist lecturers such as Ward Churchill (formerly of the University of Colorado) and Socialist Equality Party Secretary, David North have inched towards hegemony in the lecture circuit when compared to anti-communist lecturers.

"The Commies are generating a 'lecture gap,'" opined one current McCarthyite. "This means that we have to work even harder to expose the Communist lecturers because their views are becoming more mainstream and accepted."

The inaugural McCarthy Series Lecturer will be the revered author and talk-show guest, Ann Coulter. Overjoyed by the announcement, Coulter expressed her sentiments succinctly, as usual. "Finally, a little respect. VUSL will now not only be known as the law school that the Klan nearly bought, but also as the school that is tolerant of those who hate communism.

"As a student who fanatically supports unpopular political opinions, I cannot support this move," a student was quoted as saying when he heard of the news. "I think this is a step in the wrong direction."

The deans acknowledged the opinions of the students who did not support the new lecture series, but retorted, "They gave us a really sweet deal that we just couldn't turn down."

"I told them that I would donate four used-refrigerators and a latte machine to the lunch line," Trista McCarthy-Evans told the Forum last week. "They didn't ask for anything else," she added.

I asked Mrs. McCarthy-Evans why this lecture series and why now (just like that, without using verbs to add suspense to my questions), and she told me, "The Communist infiltration into the lecture series has reached a level that is almost unstoppable unless we act now. These lecturers are telling students that it's OK to read about Marx, Lenin and what-not. They are also telling students that it's all right to remember the Soviet Union fondly. These sort of things may seem absurd to you and me, but to the average impressionable 23-year-old grad student who doesn't know how to fear Communism, they think it's the opposite of absurd...uhm, you know [expletive deleted]. Oh, what's a word for the opposite of absurd?"

I said, "Do you mean normal?"

"Yeah, yeah, normal," she surmised.

This announcement was met with tepid enthusiasm which could have been misinterpreted as apathy. "I think the students will come out in droves for this one... actually I would stake my reputation on it," newly minted Dean of Lectures MC Hammer said. "And by come out in droves, I mean that five or six students will show up."

Mark Worthley is a 2L and may be reached at mark.worthley@valpo.edu.
VIEWPOINTS

Everything must go!!!!

BY RYAN ABRESCH
Staff Columnist

I'm not going to lie to you; registration was pretty damn sweet for me this year. Because I was arbitrarily placed at the end of the registration list last year, I was bumped to the front of the line this year. Sure, I almost got hosed because I was at home and had to use a phone modem to register, but in the end everything worked out. I was able to sign up for every class that I wanted. I am not bringing this subject up in order to rub it in peoples’ faces. That would be mean and boastful, two qualities I do not carry with me while sober. I actually have another reason for bringing up the topic of my kickass schedule.

Some might not know this about me, but I love money. I love to have it in my pocket, I love to roll around in it, but perhaps most of all I love to use money as a tool to measure myself against others (the latter is perhaps what made me decide to attend law school). Although I have money now, I could definitely use some more for such things as lighting my cigars and teasing the homeless. This brings me to why I began this article on the topic of my early class registration. Being an opportunist, I have intentionally signed up for 50 credits in order to sell them off to you, the student body, so I can get my mitts on some more of that sweet, sweet green.

Before anyone complains I should stress that I am merely providing a valuable service by selling a product that people want. I’m simply expanding the same logic used by scalpers, drug dealers and prostitutes into another venue. It’s an academic auction and everything must go! For instance, I bet a lot of you future 2L’s wanted to go to charity. I can tell you that my hard-earned dollarinis on any of you plebs. Also, all proceeds from this auction will NOT go to charity. I cannot stress this enough, people.

So, in conclusion, I would like to wish everybody luck and I look forward to seeing you all at the post-auction celebration on the 25th. Oh yeah, before I forget, please make sure that none of the professors read this article. I don’t want to get into any trouble.

Ryan is a 2L and may be reached at william.abresch@valpo.edu.

S.A.F.L.

Because we just don't wanna!

As children, we listened because we had no choice.
Now we have a CHOICE!

Students
Against
Forced Listening

We were all children once, but now we are adults. We no longer do things we don't wanna do.

Q: I am getting so confused with Con Law I, and the different levels of scrutiny. Can you help?
--Svetlana, 1L

B&B: NO! I got a really bad grade in Con Law I so you are asking the wrong person. But never fear, I have an even better solution for you than friendly advice. President Bush just resigned and handed over his Executive Duties to America’s sweetheart, Paris Hilton. President Hilton has decided that the entire Constitution should be overturned—THAT’S HOT! So don’t waste your time studying for the Con Law I final. Instead, pick up the latest copy of US Weekly, get yourself a non-fat latte (order it EXTRA hot for Paris) and relax! Your exam will cover Simpson v. Lachey rather than Marbury v. Madison.

Q: Do you ladies have any tips for interviewing?
--Johnny 3L

B&B: You know Johnny, all that stuff that people say about “wearing suits” or being polite are not necessarily true. If you are not a suit person wear your jeans and flip flops. Do you really want to be hired by someone that is going to force you to be something you are not? When you are asked ridiculous questions that you have no answer for, such as “tell us a time when you used your leadership skills to solve a problem?” Just be honest! Tell them that question is ridiculous, and that you refuse to answer based on it being a terrible question. Your honesty will undoubtedly be refreshing. Also, if you get to an interview where you are taken out to lunch eat up! It is on the firm’s dime! They will think you a fool if you don’t take advantage of a free meal. That would not be very smart now would it? Why would they not want the person that knows enough to get the steak and or lobster when lunch is on someone else? Feel free to have two cocktails also. Lastly, just get all the secrets out of the closet. Tell them about the DUs, restraining orders and any past drug use. Otherwise, they might find out later and think you were trying to hide something. Good Luck on your job search Johnny!

Christi Klein and Lora Nowzaradan are 3Ls and would not like to be reached, and don’t care about your questions.
It’s my turn...

BY ALTER EGO
Guest Columnist

Up until now, the only interaction we have had been conversations relayed to you through Joey Favata, my twin brother. He “affectionately” refers to me as his exact opposite identical twin brother, Alter Ego. I was fortunate enough to receive this opportunity by The Forum to respond to Joey’s written conversations that we have had in his columns.

Joey’s use of me in his columns is mere payback from when we were growing up. It all started when my sister and I convinced him that he was from the gypsies and was dropped off on our front step. After that, picking on Joey was like shooting fish in a barrel. Seriously, though, he was a bunny for Halloween for the first five years of his life (and followed that up with Mickey Mouse for the next 4). A bunny!

We teased Joey about everything. He kept alive the hope of Santa Clause’s existence until he was 13, wore a pocket protector until he was 15, and still carries a vinyl wallet. If it weren’t for a persistent maternal parental unit and a wooden spoon, he’d still be wearing Velcro shoes. After he bought his first dress shirt, he wondered why it itched his neck. It took him 10 hours to figure out that he should’ve taken the cardboard out of the collar.

Without much recourse to counter my jabs, Joey decided to fight back in his columns. I smiled at first, but I quickly became irritated with his mischaracterizations of our conversations. I tried to talk to him about it, but as you can see, he got pretty defensive and it went nowhere:

Me: “Joey, why do you have to change my words and make me look foolish?”
Joey: “I’m not changing your words, I’m merely making the conversation more entertaining.”
Me: “Why do you have to manipulate the conversation though?”
Joey: “Oh, so I’m a manipulator now, am I?”

In case you ever wondered why Joey writes about sports, it’s quite simple: he doesn’t have an athletic bone in his body. He can’t do them, so he writes about them.

While running track and field, Joey hyper extended his arm and fractured the radial head in his elbow. Most people are puzzled as to how he injured his upper body in a sport that predominately requires lower body use. How, you ask? He tripped over a hurdle!

But if you ask Joey about his athletic ability, he will tell you he was the best athlete to ever come out of our high school. He relies on the fact that he holds the school record in the decathlon to support him, which, technically, he is right.

What he won’t tell you, though, is that he has been the only person in our school’s history to compete in the decathlon, so he got the record by default. And when he did so, he got dead last! It wasn’t even close, too. He almost got lapped in the 400-meter dash (and that’s only one lap around).

While he was competing, I talked to an expert decathlete about the sport and had the following conversation.

Me: “What does it take to succeed in this event?”
Real Athlete: “You don’t have to be the most athletic person; you just have to be dedicated and committed.”
Me: “So my brother still has some hope?”
Real Athlete: “Him? No, he just sucks.”

Joey’s only comeback since high school has been that he went to the Senior Prom and I didn’t. I keep my mouth shut, but only because I don’t want to totally crush his spirits. When he arrived at his date’s house, her maternal parental unit said, “I’ve changed my mind, going alone might be a better option.”

“Or not going at all,” the paternal parental unit chimed in.

It took them a little while to leave for the dance, but only because Joey insisted that they went together. He brought an extra moped helmet just for her. She gave him a line about it ruining her hair, but Joey wasn’t buying it.

He was a little upset that the meal wasn’t a buffet, but that didn’t stop Joey from dawning a bib while he ate. He was extra careful to keep his powder-blue tuxedo intact for the award ceremony (he knew he was a lock for prom jester) and still managed to clean off his plate as well as hers.

“Are you going to eat that?” He asked.

“That’s fine, I’m considering anorexia at the moment,” she replied.

After the “magical” evening, he was all set to take his date to a romantic meal at Denny’s. But wouldn’t you know it, the moped wouldn’t fire up (how coincidental). His date quickly hailed a taxi and was never heard from again.

Joey looked up his date a couple of years later. He wanted to apologize for horrible night and tell her how much it traumatized him afterwards. He had a laundry list of negative effects it had on him: he didn’t go on another date for three years, he refuses to wear powder blue, and he sold his beloved moped.

When he met up with her, he was surprised to find that she brought a friend. “I’d like you to meet my GIRLfriend.” And Joey though he was traumatized by the night!

“Alter Ego,” is a 3L and can be reached at joe.favata@valpo.edu.