The Disgrace of the DuPage County Bar Association

DCBA GRIEF

Thousands of cases thrown out via DWH...Dismissed for Want of Hellum!

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TRANS FAT & GMO'S!

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In the dark recesses of a bar in Winfield, a cabal of lawyers from the DCBA Brief’s editorial board huddle around drinks and nachos. In between gulps and crunches, they mutter, they scribble on napkins, and they argue about what’s funny and what’s just plain dumb. They are working on the back/upside-down half of the April issue, a.k.a. The Grief. Most often their argument turns on whether or not a particular topic crosses that treacherous border known only as . . . The Line.

On one side of the Line we have eye-rolling puns and sanitized frivolity, safe for nuns and children (think Ziggy with a lobotomy). On the other side of the Line, when we get too far beyond the pale, we encounter comedic concepts shunned by decent humanity: ideas that would outrage Louis C.K.; personal insults fit for a Comedy Central Roast; and foul phrases that would make George Carlin’s list of Seven Dirty Words look like a haiku written by Mister Rogers.

Obviously, Rule #1 in putting together the Grief is this: Don’t Cross the Line. The problem with enforcing this rule is that no one can pinpoint the Line’s precise location. It’s not on Google Maps, and Rand McNally hung up on me. To be safe, we tried to define the Line by coming up with some sub-rules:

1. No scatological humor (we flushed all those jokes down the toilet);
2. No questioning of attorney fashion choices;
3. No politics (there go all Terry Benshoof’s Lyndon LaRouche jokes);
4. No religion (there goes that “Zen and the Art of Objecting to Standard Interrogatories” article);
5. No mockery of the judiciary (there goes half the magazine); and
6. No mockery of past, present or future DCBA Presidents (there goes the other half).

After reviewing the contents of this year’s Grief, you’ll conclude that these rules are as ironclad as the local 10-page limit for motions. Well, we tried our best.

My big concern is all the lame lampoons, lewd limericks, and lathered lambastings that fell on the cutting-room floor. Rumor has it that some devious soul swept them up and stitched them together into some dreadful tome of sanity-blasting insultery and obnoxiosity. Even now it sits waiting in the DuPage Courthouse library, on a dusty bottom shelf near the IICLE binders, tucked in between Perfecting Mechanics Liens and the Illinois Necronomicon, waiting for someone to discover it, to read the words, and . . . well, the resulting cataclysm is just too horrible to imagine.

The Grief would not be possible without the help of John Pcolinski, Terry Benshoof, Brian Dougherty, Raleigh Kalbfleisch, Sean McCumber, Timothy Klein, Azam Nizammudin, Jonathan Crannell, Christine McTigue, and the rest of the editorial board for their submissions, ideas, and hard work in putting this schlock-bomb together. And if you don’t laugh, you can still get that 2016 Ziggy wall calendar for half-off on Amazon! □
President’s Message

“Howing for Growth”: A Theme to Measure up to

By Jay “Stimpy” Laraia

How we doing?

I am sure none of you knew this but I work for my Dad (rather than my wife, Ted). It is probably also not generally known that I have been shaving since the age of four; but I digress. On my way to becoming DCBA President, I grew up (in a manner of speaking) hearing stories about and from the legendary lawyers of DuPage County including the towering legal mind of Joseph Laraia. Those guys had it all. They were allowed to drink at lunch and then go back to finish their trials. There was still the death penalty to contend with and fist fights at bar functions were considered socially acceptable. They worked hard and they played hard and they did it all with a sort of panache and eloquence to be envied. I mean, we’re talking about guys who called their wives “babe” and their assistants “girls” – a sort of DuPage County Rat Pack if you will.

At my installation, I told all of those assembled that during my term as President I would be striving to provide more benefits and programming, increasing member involvement, emphasize training and resources for new lawyers and transitioning attorneys (i.e. the guys who are “clearly playing the back nine” as it were). Along the way, I have had the support and active direct involvement of my Dad (looking back, I think it was a mistake to have the dual swearing in after the main ceremony but I really just wanted the photo op to emphasize who the “big man” around the office was going to be) in prioritizing my efforts. So it should come as no surprise that my proudest and most significant accomplishment as President of the DCBA to date has been the creation of the Committee Overseeing DuPage Geriatric and Elderly legal Representatives.

We have preliminarily set eligibility for the CODGER to include any lawyer who has reached the age of 55 (or roughly 80% of our members). We will hold monthly meetings of CODGER at Emmett’s Fix-It Shop commencing promptly at 4:30 in all months when the sun is still shining at 4:30 and will focus on keeping those Selectric typewriters and other state of the art office equipment in good shape. We are also exploring health and wellbeing issues for the members of CODGER including commissioning a study of the side effects of exposure to carbon paper when mixed with alcohol and using blue ink to relieve joint pain in one’s writing hand. It is my hope that the CODGER will keep these members active and contributing to DCBA for many years to come (because God knows the new kids are too busy with their Twizzler and Facetime pages to join up and the only growing area of association revenue is the number of Sustaining Members who have nothing else to spend their Social Security checks on). ☐
Editor’s Note- A glaring omission from last year’s Grief has been brought to our attention, for which we belatedly apologize. We failed to print a spoof president’s message from former DCBA President Lynn Cavallo. The document went missing, but now, deep from the vaults of the DCBA Grief archives (which consists of 2 manila folders, a binder clip, and a Dukes of Hazzard Trapper-Keeper) we have found something even better! For those who are nostalgic for the days of yesteryear, before the manic grin of Flat Jay began infesting our collective consciousness, we give you a transcript of Lynn Cavallo’s remarks at the Mega Meeting during her tenure as president, which has been compared in eloquence to the oratory of Sister Mary Elephant of the Our Lady of 115th Street (Google it . . . .or ask John Pcolinski). Enjoy!

“People. . .People!. . .PEOPLE!! SHADDUP!! Thank you.”

“Thank you all, friends, family, work family, colleagues, vendors here hawking your services, business travelers looking to hook up with available lawyers or homeless people in off the streets just trying to grab a free lunch. About now, you probably know I am definitely not speechless. [Pause here for laughter] We are glad to have you here for another Mega Meeting. This year our theme is FOCUS ON THE NEGATIVE.”

“Thank you Judge Creswell for delivering the State of the Courthouse Address today. I look forward to working with all of the ‘Active Members of the DuPage County Bar Association’ who you and the rest of the circuit judges have been installing as associate judges over the past several weeks and months.” [Make sure to do the air quotes here]

“So another Mega Meeting has come around and I feel a bit like Buzz Light Year – somewhat out in space. [Rush the punch line here] I am sure you will agree that our organization has gone ‘to infinity and beyond’ for all of you today . . . [Again with the air quotes] So now it is time for me to show you a movie about our changing legal universe. Take a look:” [Whereupon a video of homeless and destitute young lawyers with Sarah McLachlan singing in the background was played].

Editor’s note: Lots of people watched videos on their iPads and computers throughout most of the Mega Meeting, just not the one Lynn was showing.

[Pause here to wipe a tear from your eye] “So what can we learn from this? Recent studies and unscientific surveys taken in the ARC (where newbie attorneys can be seen scarfing down donuts and bagels on Thursdays like locusts) all agree that there is a crisis with large debt and low employment among students coming out of law school who are not also related to sitting judges. 

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DCBA Grief welcome members’ feedback.
Please don’t send any Letters to the Editor at any time, for any reason.

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DCBA Grief does not accept Letters to the Editor.

This is where the publication information we are required by law to include is usually found. Why reprint it? No one reads it. We only keep it in to take up space because we are short of material. And seriously, don’t send any letters to the editor about this issue. She won’t read them.

Former President's Message
(Continued from page 4)

former County Board members and/or current employees of the State’s Attorney’s office (where the unemployment rate is zero percent). One might think that a part of the solution would be for me and other similarly experienced attorneys to quit our government jobs so that kids can rise up through the ranks but that is not what I am going to suggest. I am also not going to suggest letting the laws of supply and demand regulate the number of lawyers practicing in the State of Illinois. Rather we have put together a comprehensive plan to have pizza parties at law schools and putting ‘How To’ [I just love those air quotes] manuals on the DCBA website so that pro se litigants can so thoroughly foul up their legal matters on their own as to essentially guaranty future work for younger lawyers. Grant it that the pro se litigants won’t be able to pay for that future legal work but we are using the Illinois General Assembly’s budgeting model as our own. Let’s just kick the can down the road and hope it all sorts itself out.”

Ow my back!
WHAT? I CAN'T HEAR YOU
Damn! Where did I leave my keys again?
I crack myself up
These geezers need to get out of the way
Yes, it is the robe I find attractive
I’m not as stiff as you think
Maureen O’Hara is my hero
Sure, I’d love to help you find your keys
The nice thing about getting old is you can say anything
I love the early bird specials at Denny’s
Of course a reverse mortgage makes sense
Codgers Liaison

Can I get that item two for one?”
Appropriations for Entitled
Baby Boomers Liaison
Someone's in the Kitchen with Laraia
A Pastafarian Cookbook

Savor Jay's How we doing? meatballs. "The secret's in the horse-head broth!"

Delight in Jay's Leave the Gun, Take the Cannolis recipe.

And many more tantalizing old world, inappropriately stereotyping recipes!

He'll make you an entree you can't refuse!
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To prepare for the coming apocalypse, and to ease the burdens on the courthouse, DuPage County has contracted with Australian director George “Mad Max” Miller to build us our very own Thunderdome next to the county fairgrounds, which will be ground zero for the new Arbitration Program for cases worth between $10,000 and $50,000. According to Chief Judge Creswell, “This was a long time coming. Let’s see what these pencil-pushing law-jockeys are really made of.”

In case you slept through the 1980's, the Thunderdome is a cross-hatched, dome-shaped metal structure with room for two combatants, bouncing around on bungee cords, who battle to the death while performing high-flying antics. Originally, award winning actor/director/maniac Mel Gibson was scheduled to conduct mock arb-battles against all comers (CLE certification pending); however, he had to cancel due to a tight filming schedule for Get the Gringo 2: Electric Boogaloo. Fortunately, the 18th Circuit’s own Honorable Robert G. Gibson (no relation) has graciously offered to teach the class in his stead. Even now, Judge Gibson is in training under the eagle eye of our own perennial Mister Collar Counties bodybuilding contender, the Honorable Robert A. Miller, who has prescribed bench pressing bankers boxes full of chancery files (Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 5 reps x 5 sets), as well as a daily dose of the Richard Simmons classic Sweatin’ to the Oldies for cardio.

Under the new Arb-Warrior rules, there is no talking, arguing, or procedural maneuvering. The goal of the new rules is to harken back to those medieval days of yore, when justice meant trial by combat. Here’s how it works: The opposing attorneys climb in, strap in to their bungee harnesses, and do three rounds of freestyle hand-to-hand battle with the familiar weapons of their trade, including redwell folders (worst paper-cuts ever), three-ring binders (unwieldy but deadly in the right hands), and staplers (a Swingline strike to the jugular trumps a hearsay objection any day). The lawyers’ clients are to assist as “second chair” which means that in the second round they can jump into the arena and take a whack at the opposing attorney with a folding chair. If after three rounds, neither lawyer has been beaten into submission, scores are given by the arbitrators based on form, originality, and volume of bloodshed (measured in arb-buckets). The losing attorney can, if still breathing, reject the arbitrators’ award, at which point, the case is decreed “Beyond Thunderdome.”

It has been confirmed that DCBA members will be allowed to place bets on the combats, with a 10 percent cut going to DuPage Legal Aid. The Illinois Attorney General’s Office just opined that betting on arbitration results is legal (eat your hearts out Draft Kings!) relying on an arcane federal regulation governing gambling in Guam. Ground-breaking on Wheaton’s Thunderdome is scheduled for the fall of 2016.
Miranda:
A Helpful Suggestion for Law Day 2016

By Clarence Over-by Darrow

We are all familiar (some more intimately than others) with the traditional Miranda warnings given by police officers to alleged lawbreakers before hauling them off to the hoosegow:

You have the right to remain silent.
Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law.
You have the right to an attorney.
If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be provided to you.

As we all know, these new rights for criminal defendants were born in 1943 when Brazilian singer-dancer Carmen Miranda was arrested for violation of a little known California law making “the wearing of fruit on or about one’s head” a Class A misdemeanor. Local authorities interrogated Ms. Miranda for seven hours straight, demanding that she explain once and for all the differences between the Samba, the Cha-cha and the Merengue.1 The case went all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court, and because then Chief Justice Harlan F. Stone was such a huge fan of Ms. Miranda’s work in the star-studded musical, Weekend in Havana, he immediately proclaimed a series of warnings that the police must declare at the time of arrest to avoid “scenarios where sultry South American songstresses are being bullied and badgered by belligerent boys in blue” (fictional citation omitted). For better or worse, the Miranda warnings have been with us ever since.

Fast forward to 2016 and the DCBA shake-up and creation of new sections for everything under the sun. Thankfully, there is a new Section to Prevent Offensive or Inappropriate Legal Terminology (SPOILT). We here at SPOILT are making a new push to (a) soften the terminology to avoid offending hyper-sensitive offenders,2 and (b) promote better relations between the police and the community. Some people have called this effort nothing more than spineless kowtowing to political correctness and half-baked social engineering. The people who say these things are meanies and should keep their opinions to themselves.

To achieve these goals SPOILT is making two proposals. First, we must stop using the term Miranda warnings. “Warning” sounds so threatening and confrontational! We propose replacing the term with Miranda suggestions. The idea is that when an officer begins an arrest by saying, “Hey, here are some helpful suggestions,” we are setting a more positive tone for that very first interaction the miscreant has with the criminal justice system. Remember, first impressions are most important, and if that long arm of the law is seen as a kinder, gentler arm, then we may very well end up with fewer choke-holds and more group hugs.

Secondly, we propose adding additional warnings suggestions to the traditional ones described above, including the following:

If you don’t have anything nice to say, tell it to your attorney.
If you can’t afford an attorney, here’s my cousin’s business card - he’s the best.
When in the back of the squad car, dig through the seats for loose change - free bail money!
Refrain from saying, “Don’t taze me, bro!” It just makes us want to taze you more.
The wadded-up gum obscuring the lens of my body camera is there for your protection.

We expect that, if enacted, SPOILT’s paradigm of police-criminal relations will usher in a new era of social harmony not seen since Sheriff Andy Taylor of Mayberry led an amiable Otis the Drunk to his perpetually unlocked cell. Namaste!

1. The Samba is a 2/4 rhythm, 3 step Brazilian dance where the body remains straight and one knee at a time is bent. The Cha-cha is a more complex, polyrhythmic dance of Cuban origin. I don’t know what the #$%^ the Merengue is . . . I thought it was that white fluff on top of lemon pie.

2. SPOILT finds offending offenders offensive.
The Fluff Amendment to Rule 23

By Mark Fuddruckerburg

The disposition of cases in the Appellate Court is governed by Illinois Supreme Court Rule 23. Many practitioners continue to grumble about the fact that the rule bars them from citing certain “unpublished” opinions despite the fact that they readily appear in electronic databases, and that such opinions are treated as if they have no precedential value. Others complain the Appellate Court takes too long in rendering their decisions, that their opinions are long-winded, confusing, or inconsistent.

Now a new change to the rule has been proposed by the Facebook Lawyer User Friendly Foundation (FLUFF) that they hope will put many of these grievances to rest. If their push is successful, they hope the rule will go into effect in 2017. The new rule will require an Appellate Court panel to publish their opinion if:

A. The opinion establishes a new rule of law;
B. The opinion explains an existing rule of law;
C. The fact pattern involves a Kardashian; or
D. The opinion is “meme-worthy.”

If none of these applies, the Appellate Court will simply post a comment on its Facebook page, providing the caption of the case followed by either a thumbs-up “LIKE” (which indicates that the trial court’s decision has been affirmed), or a frowny-face emoticon (which indicates that the trial court’s decision has been reversed.) For those who care to know the basis for the Appellate Court’s decision, one will need to go to the court’s Twitter account, where the facts and decision will be summarized in 140 characters or less.

When asked for comment about the reasons behind the rule FLUFF’S committee chair was quoted as follows: “In this age of social media, attorneys don’t have the attention span to read multi-page decisions, and judges, quite frankly, don’t have the attention span to write them. Our new rule change simply brings our Appellate Court in alignment with the culture. Now if you’ll excuse me, I have to Instagram a picture of my salad to the Health and Wellness Committee.”

If you support the FLUFF and their proposed amendment to Rule 23, please like them on Facebook, follow them on Twitter, subscribe to their YouTube Channel, and tell everyone you know, “I’m a FLUFF-er! Wouldn’t you like to be a FLUFF-er too?”
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The 41st edition of the Judges’ Nite 40th Show, Narcolepsy the Musical, may very well have been the greatest show ever put on under the direction of Nick Nelson and Brent Christensen... but it’s difficult to tell, since most of the audience, and half of the Judges’ Nite Band fell asleep during the presentation. Producer Christina Morrison noted that the event still was a monetary success, as the production staff simply moved through the snoozing audience emptying wallets and purses.

DCBA Presidency and Board of Directors
The DCBA election season is in full swing as we go to press. The addition of a Senior Lawyers Division added a new dimension to the election process, with petitions and ballots now having to be set up in large type, and voting having to be completed by 4 p.m. each day, so as not to interfere with the Denny’s specials.

Rumors continue to swirl that Donald Trump plans to run for the presidency of the DCBA if he’s not successful in grabbing the Republican nomination for the United States top spot. Watch this space, as he plans to announce a Yuge endorsement from a group of past DCBA presidents.

As many of our members are aware, President-elect Ted Donner has long-time ties to Second City and the show business world. The Donner presidency will begin in grand fashion, with a gala Installation event this coming June. To make sure that everything goes off flawlessly, Steve Harvey has been selected to announce the winner of the DCBA Lawyer of the Year Award.

With the changing of the guard, DCBA is looking to become more dynamic and is retiring Flat Jay in favor of the Ted-ator Drone – a piece of flying hardware that will hover for extended periods, high above DCBA events, noting matters that need his attention, then targeting and swooping in, ever so deliberately. It can be called upon from its hangar on the DCBA rooftop by shining the Ted signal into the night, or speed-dialing the Ted-Phone.

In the Courts
The concern over security measures in the field courts continues. The Wheaton Field Court has been moved into newly remodeled Court Room 1003 in the main courthouse. Additional measures are already in place in Addison and Glendale Heights. Strong security measures will soon be ready in Downers Grove, as the firing mechanisms in the 105mm Howitzers in front of the American Legion Post have been re-installed.

People, Places
InGrief continues to scoop the media outlets for those news items about our membership.

InGrief has just learned that Judge Jim Konetski has landed a spot in the cast of the Duck Dynasty Show.

Tony Abear announces the opening of a downtown Chicago office. The new satellite office, serving the firm’s city clientele, will be located next to the Garrett’s Popcorn store on Randolph Street. The convenient new location will be able to dispense all the services Tony’s law practice currently provides.

Now that the Super Lawyers 2016 list has been published, InGrief felt the need to give due publicity to the other end of the spectrum, by presenting the Pretty Much Not So Great Lawyers 2016 list. Unfortunately, the Ethics Committee informed InGrief that current interpretations of the Professional Responsibility Rules prohibit publishing the names of those disbarred, suspended, or otherwise incompetent attorneys. Maybe next year.
Video Game Review -
Call of Jury Duty: Black Robe Ops

By Byron Heartydough, Jr.

A new genre of video games, known as the “First Person Snoozer” is taking shape around the country, and the DuPage County Courthouse has recently been used as the setting for one such game. The new game entitled “Call of Jury Duty: Black Robe Ops” is set to launch in mid-2016 and is touted by its publisher, Smactivision, as the first “Tactical Courthouse Espionage” adventure. Through the courtesy of Smactivision’s marketing department, I was given a first-hand preview of the game before it hits the shelves.

In the game, you play the character “Soft Lizard” who is part of a secret government organization called “Abogados Sin Pagar Los Clientes” (Lawyers without Paying Clients). Your overall objective, using a combination of stealth and CQC (close quarters combat for the uninitiated), is to infiltrate the Judicial Center, under the guise of jury duty, stay awake through voir dire, cause your character to be disqualified as a potential juror, and escape the courthouse before the coffee in the ARC runs out or Judge McKillip finishes the 9:00 court call, so time is of the essence!

The beginning of the game requires you to get through court security as quickly as possible, and you have some options. You can tranquilize an attorney in the parking garage to get a courthouse I.D. (be mindful of the ones that have concealed carry licenses, as a shoot-out may ensue – more on that later), pick-pocket an attorney (not useful, as I only found loose change and lotto tickets), or be part of the unwashed masses going through the metal detectors (be careful, as the coffee may be gone before you get through).

At any point in the game, if you cause too much of a ruckus, the “bad guys” go on high alert and you need to hide for a while. Your nemesis is a private security force called “In My Crosshairs Security” which has taken over and is comprised of ex-Chicago Police officers who were terminated for being too zealous in the use of ammunition while on duty, so there are about a thousand of these guys in the courthouse. I found hiding in the fourth floor courtrooms to be a bad idea for this part of the game since those rooms seem to be “target practice” for the security force.

If your character is injured you can replenish your health by stealing food from judges’ chambers or digging through the garbage after a CLE in the ARC. If you like cold pizza crust, stick with the latter. The second floor judges did have some good eats (e.g. sushi, chicken cordon bleu, lobster rolls, filet mignon... you get the picture), but watch out for flying gavels!

I don’t want to ruin all of the fun to be had sitting in the jury room and answering questions during voir dire. I will save that for your own experience. During that part of the game, a firefight with “In My Crosshairs Security” was surely welcome.

This reviewer gives Call of Jury Duty: Black Robe Ops five points for originality, three points for playability. Unfortunately, in terms of learning about courtroom procedures or the jury selection process, I must give it zero points...or to say it another way, the game is pointless.□
Judicial Profile of Elihu Smails

By Sean Penn

While Judge William Ferguson has taken a short leave of absence for the Judicial Education Conference this year, Judge Elihu Smails from Bushwood graciously accepted the call from Chief Judge Kathryn Creswell to keep the courthouse running smoothly and perhaps lighten Judge Ferguson’s docket. Judge Smails expressed his extreme pleasure at participating in a judicial profile of his illustrious career.

In sitting down for an interview in the golf shrine known as Ferguson’s chambers, Judge Smails brought out some Fresca and wove a tale of his storied experiences on the bench. Smails began as a lawyer in a large commercial real estate firm, where he amassed a large fortune buying unused federal land, repurposing it, and selling it back to the Bureau of Land Management for a tidy sum. When asked what led him to the bench, Smails commented, “I was talking with an old family friend, Ken Moy, and he told me the judiciary was the way to go.” He continued, “Ken has always had a good head on his shoulders, so I poured money into my campaign, and was easily elected by the people.” He has served in the civil division and criminal division of his state’s judiciary.

Smails talked at great length about his one legal nemesis, a local boorish construction magnate named Al Czervik. “Czervik was an awful man who mocked our fine country club and stirred up a nest of gophers.” Smails said, “but he met his match. I told him if he didn’t shut down his construction, I’ll slap an injunction on him so fast it’ll make his head spin.” Smails chuckled as he claimed his victory over Czervik. A review of judicial review board records from his state indicates that Smails received a reprimand for golfing and gambling during working hours.

Smails had a reputation in the criminal division as well, a reputation for which he is quite proud. Often referred to as the Reaper, Smails smirked, “I’ve sentenced boys younger than you to the gas chamber. Didn’t want to do it, but felt I owed it to them.” He honestly feels that criminals are best deterred with strict sentences and strong application of sentencing guidelines. However, he reveals his softer side, when discussing the future of criminal justice, as he added, “I always ask the guilty – The most important decision you can make right now is what do you stand for? Goodness . . . or badness?” Noting that these questions have not affected his conviction rate or his Reaper nickname, he simply changed the subject back to lawyers.

Smails has little sympathy for the state of law student debt these days. When asked some pressing questions from Justice Jorgensen’s Committee on Crushing Law School Debt and What No One Can Do About It, Smails sternly stated, “Well, the world needs ditch diggers, too!” While he does not seem to have much regard for newer lawyers and their future, when asked about his advice to current attorneys, Smails commented, “It’s easy to grin when your ship comes in and you’ve got the stock market beat. But the man worthwhile is the man who can smile when his shorts are too tight in the seat.” As if to allay the confusion, Smails added, “I’m no slouch myself.” Chief Judge Creswell, who just joined the interview, responded “Don’t sell yourself short Judge, you’re a tremendous slouch.” And with that, another successful judicial profile made its way to the finest legal publication ever, the DuPage County Bar Association Brief.
DCBA Seeks Section Suckers Leaders!

After introducing the concept of sections last year, DCBA leadership realized that some reworking was needed. It was decided that certain sections were too broad and needed to be divided up into subsections, sub-sub-sections, mini-sections, and micro-sections. To give you an example of what we’re talking about, here’s an outline showing how the Family Law and Criminal Law Sections have been subdivided:

**Family Law Section**
A. Divorce Subsection
   1. Uncontested Sub-sub-section
   2. Contested Sub-sub-section
   3. Fight over Styx vinyl and Rockford Files VHS Collections Sub-sub-section

B. Parentage Subsection
   1. Paternity stipulated Sub-sub-section
   2. Paternity contested Sub-sub-section
   3. Call Maury Povich Sub-sub-section

**Criminal Law Section**
A. Innocent Clients Subsection
   1. Pure as the Driven Snow Sub-sub-section
   2. Wrong Place at the Wrong Time Sub-sub-section
   3. Probably Guilty of Something Else Anyway Sub-sub-section

B. Guilty Clients Subsection
   1. Kept Mouth Shut Sub-sub-section
   2. Spilled the Beans and Up S#!% Creek Sub-sub-section
   3. Bill Cosby Subsection

If you’re interested in becoming a section leader in these or any other sections, or if you have ideas for further nano-sections, please contact Leslie Monahan.

Texting Cheat Sheet – Courtesy of DCBA Senior Lawyers Division

LOL: Little Old Lady
BTW: Bring the Walker.
WTF: What’s Today’s Fish?
IMHO: Is My Hearing-aid On?
OMG: Ouch, My Goiter!
NSFW: No Solid Food, Waiter!
TGIF-EBS: Thank Goodness it’s Four o’clock -Early Bird Special!
JK: Just Kvetching
TTYL: Talk To You Louder
MILF: Meal I’d Like to Forget
FYI: For Your Indigestion
LMAA: Leave My Antacids Alone!
FWB: Friend With Betablockers
MGD: My Grandson’s a Doctor
LWO: Lawrence Welk’s On
Go Fund Me Campaign
Started for New Law Firm Sign

By Edward R. Merlot

If you’re driving on that Street of Dreams we call Roosevelt Road, heading west from Interstate 355, you’ll encounter some strange things: a dwarf-themed restaurant, a Fresh Market grocery store ominously close to the Wheaton Animal Hospital, and strangest of all, a brown and gold sign for a law firm that says:

“Beck, Houlihan and [BIG DARK METAL RECTANGLE]”

It is as if a giant iron-working government official strolled by and redacted the sign. Many a motorist has been driven to distraction wondering what hides under the metal rectangle. Traffic routinely snarls to a standstill as people point and scratch their heads, while horns honk, and lawyers end up late for court. Freedom of Information Act requests have gone unanswered. Superman can’t see through the mysterious metal plate due to its high lead-kryptonite content.

One of the Grief’s more intrepid reporters even attempted to pry back a corner of the metal plate to get a look at the word beneath it, but the brief glimpse he got blasted away his sanity and sent him screaming for the hills.

Now a Go Fund Me campaign has been initiated by one Scilliam Wott who seeks to raise enough funds to either buy them a new sign, or come up with a new phrase to add to the existing sign. Right now the top contenders for the new name or phrase are as follows:

Beck, Houlihan & Beyond;
Beck, Houlihan & A Bag of Chips;
Beck, Houlihan & A Partridge in a Pear Tree; and
Beck, Houlihan & The Horse You Rode In On.

Mr. Wott could not be reached for comment, but if you support his efforts, go to his website, godihatethatfrigginsign.net.

Important Announcement:
We Ain’t Drunk. We Just Drinkin’

It has come to the Editorial Board’s attention that complaints have been made about our selection of photographs from bar events that are published in the Brief. The gravamen of the grievance is that we use too many pics of attorneys clutching alcoholic beverages, and that the public might get the impression that the legal community gets blitzed out of its collective gourd at the drop of a free drink ticket.

Unfortunately, searching for drink-free photos from a bar function is like looking for beef in a Taco Bell taco. Thankfully, we’ve come up with a simple, effective solution - doctor the photos and remove the drinks. Just what the doctor ordered! We’re still fine tuning the process, but check out the next page (Page 17) to see our preliminary efforts at building a more tee-totaling reputation for the bar. Meet us for happy hour at Cooper’s Corner in Winfield on any Thursday and let us know what you think!
‘Sobering’ Images from the DuPage Bar.
Last year, the Association of Supreme Chief Judges of America instituted a Judicial Exchange Program, where judges from all around the country go to other counties to serve as judges, and maybe even learn a few new tricks to bring back to their home courts. Chief Judge Kathryn Creswell has packed her bags and left for Mega City One, and in exchange, Judge Dredd has arrived in DuPage County to bring his unique style of justice to the Felony Division of the Eighteenth Judicial Circuit.

Pinning Dredd down for an interview was quite impossible, as he wandered the halls of 505 N. County Farm Road looking for ways to improve judicial efficiency. Finding that Dredd had cornered Judges John Demling, Paul Fullerton, and Dorothy French-Johnson-Proctor-Gamble-Mallen, his words were stern and foreboding, “The Judge’s standard-issue helmet and body armor. Yours, when you graduate. Lawgiver-2 standard-issue sidearm, with 20 interchangeable rounds and voice-activated round system. Yours, if you graduate.” The three DuPage judges were wracked with confusion, as this was supposed to be an executive committee meeting. Dredd, glowering at French-Smith-Wesson-Mallen, sternly stated, “A rookie Judge on assessment is likely to be involved in armed combat. One in five don’t survive the first day. You may be required to carry out on-the-spot executions of convicted felons.” Fullerton’s eyes glazed over as Demling began searching for the laser-activated pitching wedge, so Dredd agreed to sit down for 10 minutes for an interview. Watching French-Vlasic-Mallen leave in tears, Dredd mused, “Emotions . . . there ought to be a law against them.”

The years of street justice have clearly taken their toll on Dredd. When asked about his current concerns about the state of the judicial system, he noted, “America is an irradiated wasteland. Within it lies a city. Outside the boundary walls, a desert. A cursed earth. Inside the walls, a cursed city, stretching from Boston to Washington D.C. An unbroken concrete landscape.” With a glint in his eye, he added, “Only one thing fighting for order in the chaos: the men and women of the Hall of Justice. Juries. Executioners. Judges.” Dredd, in typical street judge fashion, always seems ready for action, helmet on his right, lawgiver on his left. Turning to what made him want to be a judge, he mused, “end of the day, when you’re alone in the dark, the only thing that matters is this – the Law.” He had slammed down the Book of Law from Mega City One, which in actuality is quite a bit smaller than the Illinois Compiled Statutes. Dredd also became chatty about his biggest case as a judge, as he stated, “The legendary Angel family. Cursed Earth pirates, murderers, scavengers, and of course scumbags!” The Angel family was a group of cannibals that murdered Dredd’s mentor while out in the Cursed Earth. Dredd tried and executed the Angels as he escaped from their torture chamber.

As noted before, the years in Mega City One and the Angel family have worn on Dredd, but not so harshly that he could not give advice to younger attorneys. First, he stated, “Let him take the law he serves so well to those who have it not.” Then he added, “The law doesn’t make mistakes.” That statement resonated throughout the fourth floor of the Henry J. Hyde Judicial Office Facility. Judges began to listen. Judge Bakalis entered the meeting room with a few other circuit judges, intent on offering Dredd the position of Chief Judge. Dredd sneered, “I’m a Street Judge. And I’m very late for work.” And with that, he set off for the Cursed Earth, conveniently starting in Villa Park, to head back to Mega City One.
Storage Wars: Wheaton

Ever since *Happy Days* gave birth to *Joanie Loves Chachi*, spinoff TV shows have become as American as apple pie and fortune cookies. *Housewives of Lombard* is in post-production, and as we speak, casting has begun on *CSI: Winfield*. And now, the Grief’s Hollywood connections have paid off with a tip about a new program that should be of interest to our readers. *Storage Wars* has come to Wheaton!

For those of you unfamiliar with the A&E Network’s hit show *Storage Wars*, it’s about a collection of sweaty California weirdos who do battle over abandoned storage lockers. The auction begins, the bidding goes fast and furious, and then the winners rummage through mountains of hoarded junk in the hopes of finding a lost Picasso, a Gutenberg Bible, or a fat stack of drug-dealer’s cash. The producers recently came to Wheaton and took some test footage. In doing so, they did an inventory of the abandoned lockers outside the courthouse, and here’s a sample of what they found:

- Locker 9: A flip-phone and a bag of Funyuns;
- Locker 17: Farfalle and a pair of flip-flops;
- Locker 24: Box-cutter, razor blades, and Issue #7 of *Box Cutter Fancy*;
- Locker 666: A shrunken head;
- Locker 667: A shrunken hat.

The original show has gotten some criticism for being scripted and fake – specifically, it has been alleged that the lockers have been “salted” with interesting or expensive items to make the show more exciting. Well, we in the DuPage bar are no slouches when it comes to generating excitement, so, in order to get the show approved, it has been suggested that members of the bar and judiciary start salting these lockers with whatever weird, one-of-a-kind stuff, they have lying around their chambers or their homes. So far, the following items have been donated:

- A vintage polyester sweater vest, rumored to have been worn by John Travolta’s personal assistant during the filming of *Saturday Night Fever*;

- An autographed photo of Svengoolie, signed “Dear Mr. Glimco, one more call and I’m getting that Order of Protection”;

- A collection of funny postcards from former Judge Patrick Leston from every continent but Antarctica;

- A funny postcard from the Honorable Terence M. Sheen from Antarctica.

At present, the producers of the show are looking for an auctioneer, and the Honorable Timothy McJoynt is on the short-list, having gotten top score on the decipherable words-per-second testing. Unfortunately, during the audition, he kept switching away from auctioneering spiel to go into his divorce prove-up script: “I’ve-got-thirty-do-I-hear-thirty-five-thirtyfive-I-find-that-irreconcilable-differences-exist-that-have-led-to-an-irretrievable -” . . . “CUT!”.

We will keep you updated on further developments. ☐
Need a new building for your burgeoning law practice? No job is too big for Czervik & Spackler Construction & Landscaping. We build it “any way you want it, just the way you need it,” and we guarantee gopher-free lawns. If you contract with us in the next 30 days, You get a complimentary golf hat, and your choice of a free bowl of soup or a Baby Ruth candy bar.

Grappling with how to move big wads of unmarked cash? Stop by the Hastert Hush-Hush Currency Exchange. We are a young, flexible operation, and we deal in small transactions ($9,999.99 or less) and small customers! No questions asked. The blacker the mail, the higher the fee. Right next door to Denny’s Greco-Roman Wrestling School - Turning singlets into couple(s) since 1974.

In need of inexpensive legal contract work? Call Pro Hac Sandwiche to get connected with lawyers willing to work for food! Give a lawyer a pre-packaged sandwich, and he will eat for a day. Make a lawyer a sandwich, and he will sue you for food poisoning.

Cheap Office Space Available
Beautiful 2-story home converted to offices. Low rents due to baseless rumor that property was built over ancient Indian burial ground. Fully furnished . . . the rooms practically re-arrange themselves! No showings after sundown or on the Summer Solstice. And no, that's not the wailing of tortured souls you hear- it's just the wind. Basement already leased - keep cellar door locked!!!

Editorial Board Needs Fresh Meat
The DCBA Brief’s Editorial Board is now accepting applications for the 2016-17 publication year. Qualifications include: Writing Experience (having prepared a legible order on the third floor will suffice); Editing Experience (having ripped up the B.S. order prepared by your weaselly opposing counsel will suffice); Culinary Experience (current members tired of eating cold pizza); People Skills (yes, we’re people!). Responsibilities include Time Commitment (at least make it to your first meeting - the rest are optional); Editing Commitment (just close your eyes and hit “forward” so it gets to the layout folks on time); Writing Commitment (a beef jerky recipe, your list of favorite Chuck Norris movies, quotes from Caddyshack, whatever!). If you are still interested, please contact Tony Abear at this-poppcornsellsitself@gmail.com.

Underwater Taxi Service
Tired of driving all the way to DuPage Court’s parking garage or making that Bataan death march from the County Fairgrounds? Did you know that the Courthouse Lagoon connects to the court’s basement sump-pit? Well now, an offshoot of Uber, known as Unter (ask Jim Reichardt for the German-English translation), is offering U-505 submarine rides that will shave minutes off your commute and offer you a splendid spectacle of that world beneath the waves. Marvel at the second largest cigarette-butt reef in North America. Is that Hoffa down there? Your guess is as good as ours. Get the Unter App on your phone now!