

AN ODE TO THE LAW CLASS OF 1965
ON THE OCCASION OF ITS 40TH ANNIVERSARY

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In those days - those days of yester-year,
The fifties had fizzled - and the sixties were here.

No more slow dancing - that was so naïve
And Saddle Oxfords - now hard to conceive.

Rather, the hills came alive, with music and fun,
Protests, and demonstrations - for everyone.

Injustice denounced, unfairness feared,
And pretty soon - the Beatles appeared!

Around the nation, as though on command,
Everyone sang: "I wanna hold your hand!"

The times were exciting: A new cause each hour,
Berkeley, Jane Fonda, and flower power.

But not all young people enjoyed this glory,
In some places, it was a far different story.

In Georgia, for example, a place renowned,
Much of which, Sherman burned down.

There, some parents remained pretty tough,
With a rebellious child, they could get right rough.

One kid told his dad, "My life's in a rut,"
Asked the father, "Shall I kick your butt?"

"Pick a profession," said the dad - "there are two,
Medicine or law - which is it for you?"

Having chosen the law, the kid looked around,
What law should he study? So many abound!

In those days - the word went out,
And the word was clear - there was no doubt:

“If it is law, one seeks to master,
The law of gravity, or that of disaster.”

“There is but one temple - one fount of knowledge,
Located on a hill—there in a college.”

“It is to the Classic City, one must find his way,
Where the co-eds roam, and the Bulldogs play.”

So - to Athens town, they all did come,
From all over Georgia - and then some.

They came on buses, they came on trains,
They walked, they ran, across the plains.

A few had cars, some shabby, some neat,
They were the lucky - the truly elite.

Upon arrival, suitcases in hand,
“Show us the law!” they did demand.

They first made a stop - devouring in glee,
A yellow steak through the garden - at the big red “V.”

Then past the Arch, and down by Old College,
Thirsting, yearning - for legal knowledge.

There was something special, about this class,
Like King Richard Petty - they were fast!

They arrived at the law school - Dean Hosch was inspired,
So - he and Miss Epps, promptly retired.

Big Lindsey Cowen now blew into town,
Not too tall, and a little round,

Said Cowen, of his brand new venue:
“I’m going to make it look, just like Virginia!”

But the students retorted: “We do not see,
Why, like Virginia, we ought to be!”

“It is Georgia law to which we aspire,
That is the knowledge which we desire!”

“The majority, the minority, and the Georgia rule,
Then, we’ll hoist a few - tall and cool.”

And so, on they toiled, this special class,
Said the Faculty: “They’ll never last.”

“They cannot distinguish, a Crime from a Tort!”
“It’s not like Virginia!” Cowen did snort.

Sometimes, it appeared, they tried to perplex,
They seemed to think - they invented sex!

Now and then even, a hint of disgrace,
Something, something, about Effie’s Place.

But they all worked on, through much aggravation,
And the day finally came - for their graduation.

The vote was close - the faculty torn asunder,
From this class they feared - error and blunder.

Were they to be allowed, for the bar exam to sit?
The faculty debated - they were angry and split.

“Perhaps they mean well, but are slightly repressed,”
D. Meade carried the day, when he said “Why, Yes!”

And now, since those days, some 40 years ago,
When, about their competence, no one could know,

This special class - these guys from UGA,
Each has triumphed - in his own special way.

They’ve represented clients, high profile and low,
They’ve pulled a few rabbits, from the old chapeau,

Corporate, litigation, criminal and tax,
When they had no law - they stretched the facts.

Tycoons, advisors - Legislators of great power,
Each duly recognized - as the man of the hour.

Some became judges - a caste all alone,
Swaddled in robes - and asleep on a throne.

Through it all - their many dreams fulfilled,
A credit to that school - still perched on a hill.

What class was this? - you bid me reveal.
Whose cause we now honor - with such appeal?

Well, they're not from Virginia - that's safe to suggest
Rather - from Georgia - the South's very best!

What class was it, this legend alive?
Nineteen Hundred and Sixty-Five!