

During the 1967-68 law review term, I had the privilege of serving as the Administrative/ Book Review Editor. I shared an office with one of the Article Editors on the 3rd floor down the back hallway that ended at a locked iron gate that led into the law library. One advantage of being the Administrative Editor was that I had a master key that opened the law review administrative office on the first floor and the iron gate to the library. Access to the library led to two interesting discoveries. From the 3rd floor, we could take the elevator to the basement of the library which was off-limits to students. The reason was obvious once you exited the elevator. The faculty had a ping pong table and a billiard table in the basement. Once discovered, we law review officers entertained ourselves for several months with ping pong tournaments and games of billiards, not pool. This was a great diversion from the constant publishing duties and administrative hassles dealing with faculty deadlines and rules of conduct expected of law review editors. But as often happened at the law school, good times were usually short lived, but not often by the events that ended our basement entertainment. After some months of secret fun, in which certain faculty actually joined in, the Editor-in-Chief and I were summoned to Professor Roy Mersky's office and told that we needed to stop our forays into the library basement. He said the stoppage was to protect our reputations because the Dean did not want members of the law review to be suspected of any criminal activity. At the time the library was being attacked quite often by someone that the staff referred to as "the mad pornographer." This perp would secretly place open copies of Playboy and other soft-core magazines around the library on the tables and in the shelves, and even on some of the staff desks. Mersky was afraid if we continued our secret trips to the library, we would have to be investigated to see if one of us was the "mad pornographer." He did not take away our keys, but he insisted that we only use them for late night cite-checking and research. Thus, ended our fun in the basement of law school library. To our knowledge, none of our editors were ever outed as the "mad pornographer." Shortly after this revelation, Joe Armstrong, the editor of the law school newspaper, broke the story of the "mad pornographer" with pictures of the type material left in the library on the front page. The identity of the perp was never discovered to my knowledge.

Robert Coleman, Class of 1968