

~~ILLUSTRATIONS~~  
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# LAW MEDIA



*Law Association*  
*University of Hong Kong*

JUNE 1977

## WHAT'S ON CORNER

Since the examination is over, it is time for us to have some fun and relax a little. The Law Association has as usual organized a launch picnic on the 25th June; but this year we have a night launch for a change. There will be a lucky draw, group singing and dancing; or to be less dogmatic, you can simply do whatever you like.

\* \* \*

Those who are entitled to the Sports Awards and Service Awards for the year 1976-77 have already been chosen by the Executive Committee. (For further details, see next page) The awards would be given out on the 25th June, as part of the program for the night launch-picnic.

For those who are not in the awards list, but who have done some contributive work for the department, should also deserve a vote of thanks.

\* \* \*

Another of those special occasions which we cannot afford to miss is the Annual Ball. This year the Ball will take place in the Hilton Hotel on the 23rd July. The price for the tickets are reasonably fixed at \$80 per couple for students, \$90 per couple for articled clerks and for others, the price is \$140 per couple.

Most of you must be well-familiar with the program of entertainment which we need not mention here. Just take note of the date and be sure to bring your partner along!

Note: this is a combined issue for April and June.

## EDITORIAL – TIME GOES ON

The underclassmen watch each class graduate, anxiously awaiting their own time of departure.

The wait seems like a million years, and time seems to be at a stand-still. However, you suddenly find yourself a member of THE SENIOR CLASS. Now you say you're ready to graduate and you just want to "get out of this place," and "Why can't this school year just END?"

At last time DOES move more quickly, and you appear happy as you sing "One hundred more days 'til graduation!"

Finally the days DO begin to get shorter and shorter, and you begin to take a look at everything around you: You notice your friends and how very close you've become; you realize that you may just miss that faculty member who gave you a "C" instead of a "B"; you even learn to smile at your enemy, and realize he's not so bad after all.

All this, and more, enters your mind, and this is the time when you wonder – Why did those happy times fly by so quickly? And now time will not standstill. Life goes on!

## **AWARDS '77**

To highlight the academic year, the Executive Committee decided to give awards for those who have actively participated in the activities of the Dept.. Some new items of awards would be given this year to mark the devotion and contribution of some of our fellow students.

The Executive Committee resolved that the following sports awards would be given out. The candidates were nominated by our sports captain Mr. Edward Fung, upon prior consultations with the various team captains.

Players of the year:	Mr. Kumar Ramanathan	Mr. Kenneth Yeung
	Mr. Gary Mak	Mr. Eddie Mui
	Mr. John Liu	Mr. Michael Hui

The most promising players:	Mr. Andrew Leung	Miss Winnie Siu
	Mr. Remus Wong	Miss Oringa Vathanasin
	Mr. Kenneth Tsang	

Special Sportsmanship Award:	Mr. Billy Kong
	Mr. Li Nin Hong

Sportsman of the year: Mr. John Liu

The Executive Committee was of the opinion that there was no suitable candidate for the Sportswoman of the year Award, therefore this award would not be given out this year.

Apart from sports awards, Service Awards would also be given. The candidates for this award are as follows:

Mr. Albert da Rosa  
Miss Joanna Yeung  
Mr. Billy Kong  
Mr. Roy Yu

## THE TAKING OF A LIFE

“We therefore commit his body to the ground;  
earth to earth, ashes to ashes,  
dust to dust...”

Where two met in lust, in love — a union of bodies, a communion of souls, I was created — a miracle of life, evolving from that minute speck, invisible to the naked eye. Yet now I find myself floating in timeless space, never having attained the status of “human being”, for you decided to save yourself and chose to forsake me.

Who are you to say, in the justification of your monstrous act, that I was never human, only a growth, a “thing”, capable of nothing else but breathing and growing, devoid of soul, of thought, of rights? Even though it might have been wiser to have been unborn than to be thrown into a world of sorrow and pain, of selfishness and greed, yet I savoured life only for a fleeting moment, never given the chance of tasting the fullness of living, the pleasure of harbouring ambitions, hopes and desires, and the joy and satisfaction of seeing them fulfilled.

You, feeling you had far too much at stake, chose to mount those dark stairs and in a matter of minutes, I was butchered and mutilated, torn from the warm moist security of your womb. You killed me, allowing me, your flesh and blood, to be mangled and mauled; and I, deprived of that final decisive right to choose, died.

## HAVE A BEER ON THE ROCKS

Angie Goh.

Once upon a time there was a college named Annhurst which had a newspaper called "The Heather". Now this college, like any other institution (so to speak) had certain regulations that were not (or should not have been) disobeyed. They were as follows:

- I. Love your teachers.
- II. Love your fellow students.
- III. Honour your class reps.
- IV. Sign out your books from the library; just don't take them.
- V. Don't park in the wrong places.
- VI. Thou shalt not forge thy neighbours new time on their sign out card.
- VII. Thou shouldn't scream after ten p.m.
- VIII. Do not cut too many classes.
- IX. Do thy homework.
- X. Do not indulge in alcoholic beverages.

Now it just so happens that one day they changed rule X. Instead it read: If you're going to do it anyway — do it in your rooms.

But ... one day very mysteriously a gift from the heavens appeared at the fountain. You all know the Lord works in strange ways. The old sound of the trumpets wasn't working, so the Great Architect revised his plan to get his message across — Indeed, it seems obvious to me. The reason the beer can appear at the fountain is because He wants us to be able to drink on the grounds as well — Whv else??

## THE YOUNG MAN AND THE SEA

Li Kai-chung, Leo

“Growth Is The Only Evidence Of Life”

J.H. Newman

It was four o'clock in the morning on a harmonious spring day. Everything seemed to peaceful and tranquil at the sea-shore.

“The Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!  
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!  
Without a mark, without a bound,  
It runneth the earth's wide regions 'round;  
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;  
Or like a cradled creature lies.”

How mighty and yet gentle the sea is! It had always been my habit to watch the tide-rise in the early morning when everything was still asleep. This made the sea more remarkably amiable and lovely. In fact, it used to wash away all my sorrows and pains.

But . . . despite its usual calmness, the sea appeared a stranger to me this morning. The sea-gulls, which used to be so friendly, squeaked like hungry mice; the waves rushing ashore seemed to be trying to devour me. Alas, when those violent and malicious waves dashed against the rocks, it seemed that my heart was being slashed by a razor blade. Perhaps they had already known of my father's recent death. Poor soul! He was drowned when his junk was battered to pieces in a storm. I had been busily preparing my father's burial. I was surprised that the sea and the gulls had turned traitors so quickly. Alas, where was mercy?

Strange as it might have been, I was born on my father's junk and from that very moment onwards, it had been my father's wish to encourage me to study navigation. Indeed, it had always been my ambition to conquer or rather to befriend the sea. How glorious it was to be a good sea-captain in a blue navy uniform! To hear the whales whistling, to watch the dolphins dancing, to observe the porpoises rolling and to instruct my deck-hands how to handle the sail . . . these were some of the enjoyment. I had always been dreaming of. But, it seemed that my father's death inflicted such a depression on me that my navigational zeal was dampened. Maybe the sea had devoured all my dreams.

Being discouraged, I looked at the faraway mountains behind which the morning sun was inching up. Another bright day was dawning and the glorious sun rays danced on and brightened the whole sea surface. My hopes were rekindled and my heart pulsated with ecstasy. True, everything was rejoicing with me. The sea-gulls were now humming harmonious melodies and the waves were caressing the rocks just like flying fingers over piano-keys. Joy to the World! I had no more reason to let this beautiful day slip away. What had slipped away were my sorrows and pains. They had been blown away by the warm morning breeze. I began to love the blue sea more and more. I must fly back to her billowy breast. My sea-fever was burning inside me again. A voice was telling me that I could accomplish nothing by frowning upon my father's death. Instead, I must struggle to fulfil my father's and therefore my own ambition to conquer the sea. The old ships were gone and new ships must replace them. I must go down to the sea again and all I asked was a tall ship.

“With the blue above, and the blue below,  
And silence wheresoe'er I go;  
If a storm should come and awake the deep,  
What matter? I shall ride and feast.”

# Master of Rolls talks of strawberries and cream

by Lawrence Lee and Alfred Lam

The visit of Lord Denning on April 15, 1977 was a great occasion for the students and staff of the Department of Law and for the University. Lord Denning, is not merely one of the most distinguished judges of this century but also one of the greatest of all judicial innovators. He has always been a champion of the cause of the justice as his recent challenging of the executive in the United Kingdom has illustrated.

After a warm welcoming speech by Professor Willoughby, the day started with Lord Denning presiding over a mock Board of Review hearing of a tax appeal. This was the climax of the Law Department's Advocacy Training Course for the PCLL students. The venue was the Senate Room and Lord Denning was assisted by Mr Justice T L Yang and Mrs Mabel Lui (a solicitor and former student) who together made up the Board.

Miss Lilian Mak and Mr Michael Hui, appearing for the taxpayer, argued that certain expenses were deductible in assessing their client's liability to tax under the Inland Revenue Ordinance. Miss Alexa Cheung and Mr Au Fun Kuen representing the Commissioner of Inland Revenue argued strenuously that the expenses were not deductible. The hearing concluded with a lucid and succinct judgment delivered by the Lord Denning, in favour of the taxpayer, with which Mr Justice Yang and Mrs Lui concurred. Lord Denning commented that he is often invited to preside over moots and he thought that the case had been exceedingly well argued. The pre-lunch session closed with a presentation to our distinguished visitor of a pair of Chinese chops on behalf of the students and staff of the Department of Law. During the buffet luncheon Lord Denning met the students who had participated in the

Board of Review hearing together with members of the teaching staff, the Dean of the Faculty and other distinguished guests. At 3.00 pm Lord Denning addressed the staff and students of the Department. He began by referring to the confusion that arose when he was appointed Master of the Rolls. It appears that his son, a chemistry lecturer at Oxford University, was under the impression that his father had gone into the bakery business.

Amidst a stream of humorous anecdotes, Lord Denning stressed the importance of clarity of presentation in advocacy, the duty of the advocate to the courts and the need for the advocate to have a good command of language. As an illustration of the need for clarity of expression he told the story of a judge who went into a restaurant and ordered strawberries and cream. In due course the strawberries arrived mixed with cream and the judge complained to the waitress: 'Madam, this is not strawberries *and* cream, this is strawberries *with* cream.' The waitress replied: 'I don't understand surely they are the same thing.' The judge then asked: 'Madam, don't you know the difference between a woman *and* child and a woman *with* child!' After a speech of thanks by Mr B Downey, Senior Lecturer in Law, Lord Denning ended the session by referring, amid laughter, to a letter written to the Times Newspaper by a law student in London requesting that Lord Denning refrain from changing any more law before the forthcoming law examinations.

The day closed with a reception for all the law students at which our distinguished guest had an opportunity to speak informally to many students. ■

## LAW WITHOUT GRAVITY

### LEGAL MIS-PRINTS

(1)

What a delightful conclusion —

“This Petition is *now* prosecuted in collusion . . . ”

(2)

“When the Decree is made *Obsolete*” it said,

Meaning — perhaps — when the Petitioner has re-wed.

(3)

“*Disillusion* of Marriage” — not strictly the right name  
But perhaps it comes down to much the same.

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### LEGAL AID

Many lawyers are quite content

With eighty-five *per cent*.

Because with Legal Aid

You do at least get paid.

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### LEGAL MAXIMS

(1)

Free Legal Advice

Isn't always worth the price.

(2)

The Festive Season

Isn't a Special Reason.

(3)

You don't have to be in debt

To appear in the *London Gazette*.

## 寄……不出的信

妳失落了——妳不要說妳不知道。

但願：妳不會長久失落，不會因失落而倒下去。

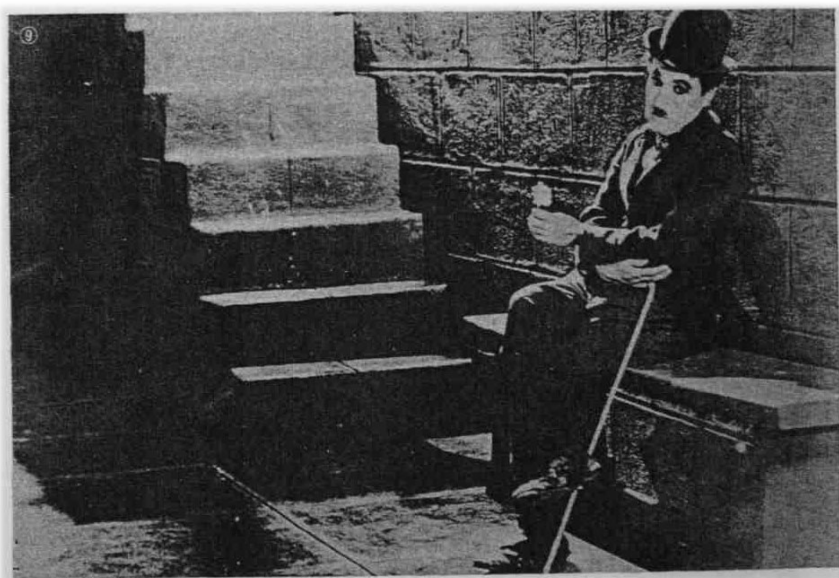
但願：妳只是在緘默中冷眼觀看人間，細品感情的苦澀。

我知道妳哭過，妳傷心的哭過！妳驚奇於人面的虛偽，因為妳一向誠懇。妳一直相信，相信別人面對面的嘴面，直到妳發現那背後的另一張面孔，於是妳的失望，好傷心，好痛苦……好

想昨日，在人生舞台上我是演員妳是觀眾。我流淚妳笑，我笑妳却流淚！

今日，我在舞台下看妳，我笑不出，我流不出淚來。我不知道到底誰又不是可憐人！

我沒有嘆息，只寄予迷惘的祝福。



# 競技

一月的黃昏吹著攝氏十度的風，體育館內稀薄的燈光凝作一片黃霧，掛在屋頂。地面的排球賽顯得更蕭條。

理學院對法律系，八比〇。

場內二十多人都在等候這緩慢的比賽終結，窗外那點灰藍已不見了，愈夜愈冷。

快了，已經八比〇。啊！對方觸網。

「最後機會！」我本能的喝出來，但隨即也不禁暗暗失笑，已經八比〇了。

球開出，飄落左方，不對，應該右一點，唉，終於失在左方界外，雖然我的身子已向右彎成把弓。

場邊的人一定又在說：「不要緊，Hard Luck」但另一些人只會把坐的姿勢變一下，無可奈何似的。

（九比〇）

額角幾顆汗珠給吹乾了，觀眾更不耐煩，但也一定仍有人說：「鎮定一點，不要緊。」

（十比〇）

一切都很靜，場邊的人可能想著下星期的物業法測驗，場內的人也會盤算著家裏一桌熱飯。今夜真冷。

（十一比〇）

輸了，對方習慣跑過來握手。只好應對一下。 （十二比〇）

收拾好亂作一團的球衣，翻出賽程表將結果記下。 （十三比〇）

起初準備用藍筆寫勝的結果，紅筆寫負的。 （十四比〇）

但這早忘了，紀錄只像撕日曆似的，一頁，一頁。 （十五比〇）

又一頁。「負，三對〇」

「可以搭你的順風車嗎？」

「沒問題。」

「希望今晚可以趕起契約法那篇東西。」

「別忙，還有三四天。」

「我要返宿舍吃飯，先走一步。」

「明天見。」

外面草地還有人摸黑練習。彷彿又聽見：

「R-I-C-C-I, RICCI」

薄扶林道只剩下幾盞鬼眼似的車燈。

照不破黑的疑惑。