

Bucketing for Mobile Phones

A recent cute moment at the Supreme Court (thanks to John Neill, Ward Keller, for sharing it). Coram: Kearney J.

Mobile phone of David Curtin, visiting Melbourne QC rings, or rather jingles - a recognisable classical music refrain is heard.

His Honour: Strictly verboten.

Mr Curtin: That's not typical of the Victorian Bar, Your Honour.

His Honour: No, no.

Mr Curtin: I don't know how it happened. Someone must've turned it on after I turned it off.

His Honour: Please continue.

Mr Curtin: I do apologise.

Mr Levy (*Len Levy, visiting Sydney SC, for the plaintiff*):

I ask, Your Honour, that it be confiscated and put in a bucket of water.

Mr Curtin: There are more severe penalties at the barristers' dining room, Your Honour.

His Honour: I'm sure there are!

Poor Planning Indeed!

We are reliably informed that this is a genuine accident report, printed in the newsletter of the British equivalent of the Workers' Compensation Board.

Dear Sir,

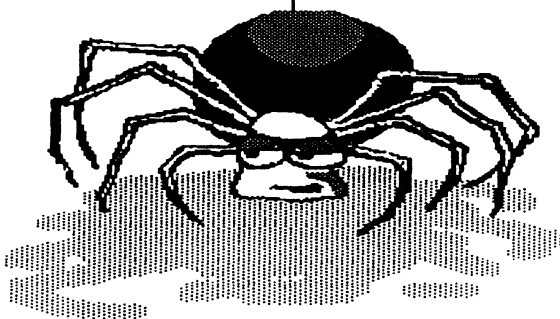
I am writing in response to your request for additional information in Block #3 of the accident report form.

I put "poor planning" as the cause of my accident. You asked for a fuller explanation and I trust the following details will be sufficient.

I am a bricklayer by trade. On the day of the accident, I was working alone on the roof of new six-storey building. When I completed my work, I found I had some bricks left over, which, when weighed later were found to be slightly in excess of 500lbs. Rather than carry the bricks down by hand, I decided to lower them in a barrel by using a pulley which was attached to the side of the building at the 6th floor.

Securing the rope at ground level, I went up to the roof, swung the barrel out

THE SPIDER'S WEB



and loaded the bricks into it. Then I went down and untied the rope, holding onto it tightly to ensure a slow descent of the bricks. You will note in Block #11 of the accident report that my weight is 135lbs.

Due to my surprise at being jerked off the ground so suddenly, I lost my presence of mind and forgot to let go of the rope. Needless to say, I proceeded at a rapid rate up the side of the building. In the vicinity of the third floor, I met the barrel which was now proceeding downward at an equally impressive speed. This explains the fractured skull, minor abrasions and the broken collarbone, as listed in Section 3 of the accident report form.

Slowed only slightly, I continued my rapid ascent, not stopping until the fingers of my right hand were two knuckles deep into the pulley. Fortunately, by this time I had regained my presence of mind and was able to hold tightly on to the rope, in spite of the excruciating pain I was now beginning to experience. At approximately the same time, however, the barrel of bricks hit the ground and the bottom fell out of the barrel. Now devoid of the weight of the bricks that barrel weighed approximately 50lbs. I refer you again to my weight.

As you might imagine, I began a rapid descent down the side of the building. In the vicinity of the third floor, I met the barrel coming up. This accounts for the two fractured ankles, broken tooth and severe lacerations of my legs and lower body. Here my luck began to change slightly.

The encounter with the barrel seemed to slow me enough to lessen my injuries when I fell into the pile of bricks and fortunately only three vertebrae were cracked.

I am sorry to report, however, as I lay there on the bricks, in pain, unable to move, I again lost my composure and presence of mind, let go of the rope and lay there watching the empty barrel begin its journey back onto me. This explains the two broken legs.

Gay Rights Up In the Air?

This little ripper was unearthed by the Law Society of WA's Drover's Dog and appears in their journal Brief (October 1997):

This is supposed to be a true story, but even if it isn't, what the hell. It involves an employee of the airline USAir who happened to have the surname Gay. As an employee he was entitled to free flights with the airline. He recently hopped on a USAir flight using a free ticket. However, when he got to his seat he found it already occupied by a paying passenger. Choosing to avoid any fuss, he simply sat in a vacant seat nearby.

Just before the plane was due to leave, another USAir flight at the same airport developed technical problems, and some of the passengers from that flight were moved onto Mr Gay's flight instead.

USAir's policy in such situations is that employees with free tickets (like Mr Gay) are 'bumped'; that is, they are asked to leave the plane and take the next flight.

Accordingly, USAir officials, armed with a list of free ticket-holders and their seat numbers, boarded the plane to request that those free ticket holders leave. Remember that Mr Gay is not seated in the right place.

Hence, an official marched up to the paying passenger sitting in Mr Gay's seat and asked him, "Are you Gay?" The startled man nodded shyly and stated that he was in fact gay. The official replied: "Then you have to get off the plane."

The real Mr Gay, seeing what was happening, stood up and said: "You've got the wrong man. I'm Gay," whereupon another passenger sitting behind both men stood up and yelled angrily, "I'm gay, too. You can't kick us all off!" Confusion reigned as even more passengers stood up and yelled that USAir had no right to remove gays from their flights.