To The Bag

Our First Valentine

To the Bag:
I just received my Almanac and Reader. I love it. I love you, too (in a proper way, not in THAT way). Consider this an early Valentine.

Allison Hayward

Case Closed

To the Bag:

My Muse once sang of suff’ring,
Fearing I’d be denied a toy.
Now rest, Dear Muse, from weeping.
My heart’s a’leap with joy.

I’ve told my Muse the reason
For this overwhelming change.
The reason is Scalia’s
Delivery’s been arranged.

Where bobbleheads were once obtained
From a regular mailman
The Mandarins at Greenbag
Became totalitarian.

No longer simple U.S. Mail.
No longer just Fed Ex.
Their now – valuable bobbleheads
Command far more respect.

But how to get delivery
For one who’s not at GMU?
Must my minuscule collection
Bid Antonin adieu?

From afar within the great Midwest
I sent my furtive plaint.
Was there any way to get relief
From prior bobblehead restraint?
To The Bag

My anguish drove me to attempt,
An odic, plaintive plea
And lo and behold, and bless my soul
Greenbag answered me.

I’m not privy to the reason
Greenbag gives Justices away,
But they heard my doggereled request
And relieved my great dismay.

My call did not fall upon deaf ears,
The powers that be relented,
Minneapolis is now a locale,
To which Scalia has been sent – ed.

It proudly sits upon my shelf;
Its little head, it nods,
And I write my poem of gratitude,
To the beneficent Greenbag gods.

James M. Rosenbaum
United States District Court
for the District of Minnesota

Where To Now, Mr. Peabody?

To the Bag:

I just read The Great Disappearing Act, 9 GREEN
Bag 2d 3 (2005), and I realized that you must not
It will take you to any web site as it appeared on any
date (beginning at some time in the distant past, at
least by Internet standards). So as long as you know
the date it was last visited by the author – part of the
Bluebook requirement for web citations, incidental-
ly – you can see what he or she saw. It’s loads of fun!

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