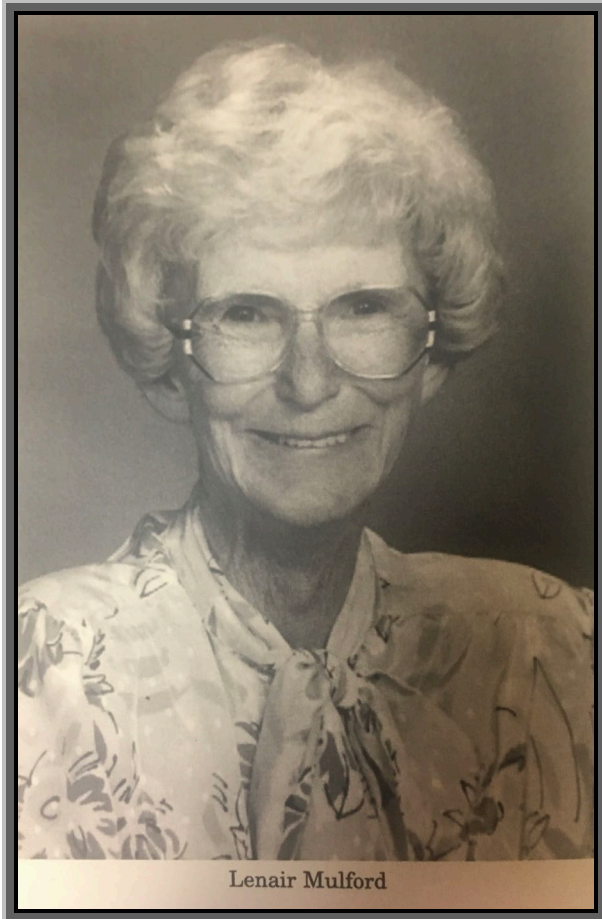


## LENAIR MULFORD: TRIBUTE

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### LENAIR MULFORD: KEYBOARD DIVA

We will greatly miss Lenair Mulford as a friend and co-worker when she retires at the end of September, 1997. Her absence will be most acutely felt by those of us who have come to rely on her prodigious talent as a word processor and editor.

I will certainly be one of the many people affected by her departure. Lenair has the distinction of being the only person on earth, besides me, to have read every word of the four books that I have written over the last 15 years.

In fact, she has read them not once, but multiple times, as her fingers deftly keyed into her machine successive drafts, redrafts, revisions, amendments, and updates. To be honest, I doubt that Lenair lingered to bask in my efforts at legal luminescence, because she moved too fast. With astounding speed, she transcribed my laboriously amateurish typing, deciphered the scrawl that used to drive my elementary school teachers to distraction, and imposed order on a chaos of untidy, cramped inserts, scribbled every-which-way in margins and between the typed lines. She claimed, with demonstrated justification, that she had no trouble making sense of my horrific, handwritten editing. I wonder if there were times when she suspected that I had diabolically devised challenges to test the limits of that skill.

I wish that I had kept a tally of the number of pages that she has produced for me over the years, but even without an accurate record, I can confidently say that their volume would be sufficient to wallpaper the face of a good-sized canyon. (Note the effort made here to choose a metaphor in keeping with the environmental theme of this journal. Of course, I do not take a position on whether it would be a good or bad thing to wallpaper a canyon with my work.)

Lenair's speed and efficiency is legendary at our law school. When I gave work to her, telling her that it was not urgent and she could get to it when convenient, she would return it completed within days. In times crisis, with deadlines looming, she could turn around a piece of writing in breathless hours. I came to depend absolutely on her conscientious timeliness.

Most remarkable, however, was her unfailing ability to maintain a cheerful graciousness, no matter what demands were placed upon her. Although, like many others at the law school, I will miss Lenair's superb work, my fondest memories of her will be of her friendly,

obliging, and unflappable good humor. Lenair has certainly earned her retirement. She leaves us with well-deserved pride in her contribution to our work, and--in many ways more importantly--to our precious culture of collegiality and goodwill.

*Brian Blum, Professor of Law, Northwestern School of Law of Lewis & Clark College.*

### **LENAIR MULFORD: THE SCHOLAR'S MIDWIFE**

For nearly two decades, virtually all the scholarship appearing in *Environmental Law* did so courtesy of the magic fingers of Lenair Mulford. Our extraordinary word processor. The same is true about most of the scholarship produced by this law school's faculty. Lenair was more than a mere transcriber of legible prose and attempts at profundity, however. She was an astute editor who knew when you needed a new paragraph or were missing a footnote, and where it should go. And she never asked for co-author status, though we all knew we owed her that more than once. Just an occasional raft trip on the Deschutes.

I was a particular beneficiary of Lenair's wizardry. Through fifty issues of the *Anadromous Fish Law Memo*, which she helped design as well as transcribe, she was my constant co-conspirator. We fielded countless calls from people all around the country interested not in salmon law but in her format and layout. Her legacy appears in many publications that survived the demise of the *Fish Memo*, including a few on this campus. But Lenair's skills were not merely technical: she also knew enough about salmon law to tell me when a contributed article needed more work and enough about people to spot a quality student research assistant.

To suggest that we will miss Lenair in her well-deserved retirement inadequately reflects the depth of our loss. *Environmental Law* will continue to provide its readers with well-informed analyses of the latest laws and policies, and faculty and student scholarship will proceed. But without the alacrity, acuity, and accuracy that Lenair brought with her every day, it won't be nearly as much fun.

*Michael C. Blumm, Professor of Law, Northwestern School of Law of Lewis & Clark College: Co-Director, Northwest Water Law and Policy Project.*

### **LENAIR MULFORD: ONE OF A KIND**

For many years I have had the privilege of an office located across the hall from Lenair Mulford, a faculty secretary with a reputation of legendary proportions. The prevailing myth in the Faculty Lounge is that you could give Lenair a completely marked up 400-page book-length manuscript at 8:30 a.m. and find it on your chair, revised to perfection, later that day. The myth was true. No typist was as speedy or as accurate as Lenair.

Lenair loved to work. She would be a bit edgy when my productivity dipped or when she occasionally had spare time. Lenair seemed happiest when she was hitting her keyboard with those measured, rapid strokes. Some like to take breaks or have a moment to catch their breath. NOT Lenair. She would be happiest when given a lengthy rush job. She enjoyed the challenge.

One of my favorite images of Lenair was seeing her scowling with silent rage when the electricity went off during an ice storm—she could not work and was not a bit happy about it. While the ice storm caused other employees and students to have the look of prisoners on

reprieve, Lenair seemed unable to deal with the inability to hit the keys.

I profited greatly due to Lenair's work. I would see her banging the keys and say hello when arriving at work. This vision always uplifted me and spurred on my own efforts to make Lenair happy by giving her material. An idle Lenair was unhappy; an overworked Lenair was both normal and the picture of contentedness.

Not surprisingly, Lenair's attitudes and proximity had a profound effect upon me. I felt guilty when I would go days without giving Lenair work. Lenair's creation of this guilt was positive. I ended up giving her pages that were in part the product of that guilt.

To say that Lenair is irreplaceable is an understatement. These are the times in which it is a sin to like work; workaholics are condemned for their narrow-mindedness. Lenair helped me and many other faculty members by projecting a very valuable image of enjoying working on manuscripts. She greatly aided our collective productivity and helped to hone our writing craft. She will be missed sorely.

Thanks, Lenair, for everything.

*Edward J. Brunnet, Henery J. Casey Professor of Law, Northwestern School of Law of Lewis & Clark College*

## **LENAIR MULFORD: OUR DEAR FRIEND**

Lenair Mulford has retired. This is bad news for our law school, not least of all for *Environmental Law*. This journal owes a great debt of gratitude to Lenair for her many years of errorless manuscript production. Her mastery of uniform legal citation has brought trepidation to editors who are supposed to know, and relief to those of us who learned early on that we did not

need to know if Lenair was preparing our manuscripts.

But Lenair did far more than support this journal. She produced documents for virtually everyone in our law school and she did so with mind-boggling speed and accuracy. The pages she has produced would stretch from here to just about anywhere you can imagine, and you would be had pressed to find a single mistake along the way. It is often said of departing colleagues that they will be hard to replace, that their shoes will be hard to fill. In Lenair's case there is no point in trying. She is one of a kind.

For many years I occupied an office across the hall from Lenair's. Her hands were always on the keyboard as she slightly slouched in her chair. She seemed always to be working, but was quick with a smile and some friendly words. Occasionally I would catch her having a bite to eat, but you wouldn't know it from looking at her. Her office was decorated with pictures of her family and postcards from those of us who understood the importance of being Lenair's friend. She produced massive tomes on fish law and earthquake law and even chicken law without questioning the sanity of the authors—or at least not outwardly. And she did all in mostly good humor despite constantly changing technology and an occasional grumpy client.

In a recent e-mail exchange a member of our faculty described Lenair's computer as "old and cranky." Lenair was quick to point out that there was nothing wrong with her computer and, if there was anything that was old and cranky, it was her. Old? Well, old enough to retire if is what has to happen. Cranky? Perhaps a little, now and then, but nothing compared to those of us who must now make do without her.

It is entirely appropriate that this issue of *Environmental Law* is dedicated to Lenair Mulford. It is a small token of appreciation and respect we all have for this remarkable woman.

Lenair would no doubt prefer to stay behind the scenes where she has labored on behalf of our law school for these many years. But just this once we won't listen to her advice so that we might publically acknowledge our love, respect, and a debt owed.

*James L. Huffman, Dean and Professor of Law,  
Northwestern School of Law of Lewis & Clark  
College*

### **ADDITIONAL MEMORIES**

If you have not seen them, there are some testimonials to Lenair in a past issue of Environmental Law. I think I had something in that and you are free to make use of whatever you like. My most vivid memory of Lenair is her sitting straight-backed, arms outstretched on the keyboard, typing at a furious pace and frowning a bit at most passers-by. Her error rate was almost non-existent and her speed was phenomenal. She typed a 1000 page, single page manuscript for me in what seemed a matter of a few days. I don't think I found a single error in the many times I used the document in my class. Lenair would also, occasionally, have a small bit to eat on her desk, although I don't think I ever saw her actually take a bite. Truth be told, I think she finally starved to death.

You should contact Mike B about her as well. I know he took her river rafting a few times. Presumably he had to tie her down so she wouldn't blow away in the wind.

Jim

*Email August 13, 2009*

*James L. Huffman, Erskine Wood Sr. Professor of Law, Lewis & Clark Law School*



Caricature by Ron Lansing