Inside **MUD HALL**: Faculty Recollections

The following are excerpts from memories from a sampling of faculty who taught during the Mudd Hall years. View full faculty submissions, along with alumni memories and photos, online at law.wustl.edu/MuddHall.

**SUSAN FRELICH APPLETON**  
**Lemma Barkeloo & Phoebe Couzins Professor of Law**  
True, life in Mudd posed challenges, especially classrooms that were not at all teaching- or learning-friendly and a west-facing office that became oppressively hot in the summer. Still, I associate Mudd with the warm and generous support of senior colleagues, exemplified by Frank Miller’s regular lunch invitations and his endless patience with questions about teaching and final exams, and also with the enthusiastic welcome from students, beginning with the recruiting efforts of the Women’s Law Caucus when I visited the law school as a faculty candidate and attended one of the weekly Friday afternoon parties in “The Pit.” These students convinced me to accept the offer to become an assistant professor because I couldn’t wait to have them in my classes!

I also remember the first time that senior colleagues were visiting my class to observe my teaching as part of the evaluation for a subsequent tenure decision. *Family Law* met in room 303, a cavernous, tiered classroom that held the 120 students enrolled in the course. Nervous about performing for my colleagues, I had not slept the night before. To my initial dismay, as I entered the room, I saw a large pile of notes at the podium—notes that usually indicated the failure to prepare for class—and I knew that unprepared students would not only make the class difficult to teach, but would also signal to my colleagues that I was not the demanding professor they hoped to see. Imagine how surprised and buoyed I felt when I opened the notes, and each one said in effect, “I am super-well prepared today so please call on me.” Although I had not told the class about the visit, somehow the students found out and used the information in a thoughtful and caring way.

**DAVID M. BECKER**  
**Associate Dean for External Relations and Joseph H. Zumbalen Professor Emeritus of the Law of Property**  
The dedication of Mudd Hall was a terrific event on an exquisite day, and retired Chief Justice Earl Warren more than met our hopes and expectations.
One of the blessings of the move from January to Mudd was air conditioning. January had no A/C in the classrooms, library, or halls, and offices had window units that often functioned ineffectively.

Mudd was selected on the basis of an architectural competition and subsequently won several awards. But Warren Lehman, a faculty member and assistant dean (who soon left for Wisconsin), became disgusted with how the architects never listened in the lengthy discussions with faculty and deans about how law school classes are conducted, etc. Subsequently, Warren wrote a good article, published in the *Journal of Legal Education*, titled “Talking to Architects.”

NEIL N. BERNSTEIN  
*Professor of Law Emeritus*

While Mudd Hall was being built, there were no safety barriers of any kind (it was a different world), and my family and I would come to the building site regularly so the kids could climb around on the open areas. As the building was nearing completion, my wife said to me, “This will be a very lovely building when they put on the wood panels.” I had to tell her that there would be no wood panels, and we would get it as it stood, concrete walls and all. That was our first indication that it would be a different kind of building!

When we moved in, I had an office on the ground floor. It was a nice office, except that the rug on the floor was wet. I was assured by the builders that this was a temporary glitch and it would be cleared up quickly. Days and weeks went by, and the builders tried various cures, but nothing worked. After a couple of months, I brought in a pair of galoshes and wore them whenever I was in the office. It looked odd to others, but it worked. Finally, after about a year, I gave up and moved to a different place.

JOHN N. DROBAK  
*George Alexander Madill Professor of Real Property & Equity Jurisprudence and Professor of Economics*

There are too many memories from my 20 years in Mudd Hall to share, but here are a few that jump to mind:

• The gatherings in The Pit, including a few dogs here and there, remnants of the ’60s.
• SBA parties, including the wonderful year-end barbecue in the spring and the parties with live bands.

One time I wandered down to The Pit before one of the parties began and heard that great organ riff from “96 Tears.” It turned out that the keyboard player had played with *?* and the Mysterians at one time.

• The time the SBA president was the hit of the Talent Show when she recited an ordinary poem in a sultry voice, followed by the SBA banquet at which David Becker attempted to recite the rule in Shelley’s case in a similar manner.
• The amazing collection of university speakers who came by The Pit for discussions with the students, including Ralph Nader when he was in his prime as a consumer advocate.

DANIEL L. KEATING  
*Tyrrell Williams Professor of Law*

Mudd Hall had a rough-around-the-edges quality to it that sometimes could be a strength. When my kids were younger, for example, I never gave it a second thought to bring them over on a Saturday morning to jump from the ledges of The Pit onto the ragged cushioned seats that served as furniture there. The pillow diving would often be followed by rousing games of hide-and-seek. Even though my kids were at an age where their energy levels bordered on reckless, I never needed to fear that they would cause damage to a building where the interior walls were all concrete and...
the carpets were already damaged beyond recognition by perpetual ceiling leakage.

One of my favorite Mudd Hall memories is from the very early 1990s. A fun-loving editor of the Law Review would periodically transform one of the library book carts into a human-propelled go-cart for the young daughter of Teri Dent, a staff member who continues to provide administrative support to the law journals to this day. I remember hearing the delighted squeals of this young girl as she zipped past my faculty office. It was a very unpretentious time in a building whose lack of pretension was one of its most charming, if limited, features.

STEPHEN H. LEGOMSKY
John S. Lehmann University Professor
My most nostalgic memories were those of the people. Frank Miller, the gruff and demanding teacher with a heart of gold that he occasionally couldn’t hide. He made sure all of us who had young children would bring them to his office for candy. (He never did find out that I often helped myself to his chocolates too.) Frank would devote hours to mentoring young faculty on teaching and poring over drafts of their articles to offer insightful advice. David Becker and Dale Swihart were master teachers as well. I remember Dale’s red trousers, which he wore every opening day of the baseball season. I also remember that every afternoon, I think at 4:00, Dale, Frank, Jules Gerard, and Gary Boren—four old friends—would gather in Dale’s office for their ritual tea. My understanding is that they would tell the same stories to each other every day, but they had reached an age where no one noticed.

At the time I started (1981), ours was an almost all-male faculty. The only women on our faculty were Kathy Brickey, Susan Appleton, and Karen Tokarz. (Kelly Weisberg was preparing to leave.) During Dan Ellis’s deanship, the number of women grew from 3 to 13, out of, I think, about 35. For a while, those of us who were not yet tenured formed a “non-tenure committee.” It included John Drobak, Ron Levin, Bob Thompson, Karen Tokarz, and myself. We would go to a sleazy pizza and beer place on Millbrook and vote on which tenured colleagues we should take tenure away from.

DANIEL R. MANDELKER
Howard A. Stamper Professor of Law
Mudd Hall was an unfortunate example of concrete campus architecture, now discredited, that was popular in the 1960s. I remember I came back to my office from
class one day and found standing there a classmate from my first-grade class, a famous architect who had come to lecture on campus, and who told me the building was brutal, ugly, and impossible to change.

But the interior design was different. It was the work of my good friend the late Roger Montgomery, then a professor at the School of Architecture, who was one of the architects for the building. To get ideas for his design he spent hours in my office in January Hall, where the law school was located before Mudd, and where faculty offices were at the edge of the library. Roger saw how important this location was in providing access to students who wanted to meet with faculty, and carried this concept into his design for Mudd. I remember that students would be at my door 10 minutes after I came to my Mudd office, though I never found out how they knew I was there.

KAREN L. TOKARZ
Charles Nagel Professor of Public Interest Law & Public Service and Director, Negotiation & Dispute Resolution Program

On the whole, Mudd Hall was an architectural night-mare—but, the foyer, fondly referred to as “The Pit,” was an architectural home run! Lined by floor-to-ceiling windows along the entire east wall, The Pit was always light and airy. It was the crossroads of the school. One could not go through a day without crossing The Pit at least once. One had to pass through The Pit on the way in and out of the building, and to and from the classrooms, the library, and the faculty and staff offices.

Students, faculty, and staff all shared this common space. Town hall gatherings were frequent in The Pit—

for community conversations with speakers such as Justice William Brennan, Jr., for gatherings with presenters in the Public Interest Law & Policy Speakers Series, for awards ceremonies, and for annual events such as the senior skit and the Women’s Law Caucus Auction. When the law school moved from Mudd Hall to Anheuser-Busch Hall, the new student commons was designed to replicate the warmth and energy of The Pit.

PETER J. WIEDENBECK
Joseph H. Zumbalen Professor of Law

As a faculty member in the 1990s, I became familiar with the distinct charms of Mudd Hall. The faculty offices were fine; students and staff were the ones who suffered. In a notable architectural achievement, the building was (in my view) as nonfunctional inside as it was stark and forbidding from without. The narrow, steep lecture halls were a particular abomination. Students in the back rows could barely hear as they sat under buzzing fluorescent lights, wondering when the makeshift plastic rain canopies just above their heads would fail.

Mudd had one feature that I miss, however. I have trouble standing still in class. Eventually, I discovered that there was an unusual acoustic “sweet spot” in the large classrooms that responded to the frequency of my voice. If in my wandering I found myself about one-third of the way up the stairs on the side aisle, and I saw student attention flagging, I had only to say something in a strong voice and the whole lecture hall would resonate as if I had shouted. It would startle the bejeezus out of the somnolent denizens of the back benches.