

PORTRAITS

Photography by John Snyder

GARY HILL

LEGAL LIBRARIAN EXTRAORDINAIRE

*I*n the spring of 1984, Gary was just finishing one of the most difficult and yet growing periods of his life as a faculty member at the University of Texas, Tarlton Law Library. With both a JD and a master of law librarianship to his credit, Gary had accepted the position three years earlier. He was attracted to the job at Texas by the opportunity to learn from one of the most prominent figures in the law library profession, Mr. Roy Mersky. “Mr. Mersky told me if I would give him three years he’d get me a job in either Utah or Alabama, where he knew I wanted to be. So, I went to Texas.”

Though enthusiastic about working with someone as knowledgeable and influential as Roy Mersky, he had no idea how demanding it would be. Gary explains that frequently he would just get started on a project when Mr. Mersky would assign him two or three more. “It was extremely difficult,” relates Gary. “Often it was a day-to-day survival, and I didn’t appreciate what he was trying to do—until I left.” Gary tells of the dread he often felt while at Texas when he would find a note from Mr. Mersky in his mailbox stating simply “See me, R.M.M.” Looking back Gary now muses, “If I have any worthwhile work ethic in me, he’s to blame. I learned I could do more than I ever expected, and since leaving Texas I’ve learned to truly love and appreciate the man.”

At the end of the three-year period, Gary had earned his right of passage and, just as Mr. Mersky promised, had employment offers in both Utah (at BYU) and Alabama (at the University of Alabama). With two job offers on the table, the decision of which job to take was now up to his wife, Rebecca. “All of Rebecca’s family was in Alabama,” explains Gary, “and, because I knew I would be in an office all day, the decision was up to her.” Having family in Alabama was not Rebecca’s only attraction to that part of the country. Alabama was also the place where she had grown up and where she and Gary had first met.

It was in 1973 that Gary, originally from Riverton, Utah, was a first-year law student at Cumberland Law School in Birmingham. Though busy with school and work, Gary always made time for the Church and was then serving as the Young Adult leader in the Birmingham area. He and Rebecca were introduced one Sunday evening at a Young Adult function. The couple began dating in 1974 and a little over a year later were married. Gary and Rebecca continued to live in Alabama until he finished law school in 1976.

With so many ties and memories in Alabama, Rebecca could have easily chosen to make her home there. Nevertheless, having a strong belief in the Church and desiring a wholesome environment for raising their family, Rebecca encouraged Gary to accept the BYU job.

Gary Hill began his legacy at the BYU Law Library in April 1984. Since then, he has held several positions, including circulation librarian and reference librarian. He currently holds the position of associate law librarian, “second in command,” so to speak, and is in charge of the daily operations of the law library.

Despite the tremendous administrative load Gary carries, he refuses to give up his scheduled time on the reference desk. "I really enjoy helping people find answers to their questions. In my mind, that is the best part of the job." He is a firm believer that "if you give a person a fish he will feed himself for a day, but if you teach a person to fish he can feed himself for a lifetime." "My greatest joy in this job," says Gary, "is when I realize that people are learning."

Nearly everyone associated with the J. Reuben Clark Law School who has been helped or influenced by Gary Hill received that direction at the reference desk, a place

the library staff to follow. He is a great example of what a truly service-oriented reference librarian should be.

Many law students who have long since graduated and moved on to promising careers in the legal profession have had a hard time leaving Gary behind. Year after year telephone calls from all over the country continue to come in with pleas for Gary's expertise and personalized research assistance. Faculty members, university presidents, and General Authorities alike are all repeat customers of this knowledgeable man who seems to know the law library as well as he knows the five-minute route from his house to the Law School.



where he seems to have been a permanent fixture for the past ten and a half years. Members of the reference staff insist that one encounter with Gary and a patron is spoiled for good. After that, patrons simply refuse to believe their problem can't be solved unless they hear it from Gary. It isn't at all unusual for patrons to bypass the reference desk completely (on those rare occasions when he is not there) and go straight to his office. Gary's vast knowledge of the library and its holdings, coupled with his ability to deal with people, makes him a hard act for other members of

Gary Hill feels reference-desk work is "the best part of the job."

Gary's coworkers explain that his dedication to the law library goes well beyond what would be required of him in a normal work week. According to them, he often comes in evenings and on Saturdays just to see how things are going. And it usually takes a direct order from Dean Lundberg to get him to go home when he's sick.

Gary Hill has done much over the years to help BYU law students prepare for practice in the real world. In 1988, for example, he began meeting unofficially with a small group of students weekly to help improve their legal research skills. No credit was awarded to the students for work done that year. The next year, however, Advanced Legal Research was added to the Law School's course schedule as an official class, with Gary Hill as instructor. He has been teaching Advanced Legal Research at BYU now for five years, and the more recent graduates are better equipped to do legal research because of it.

When questioned about the future, Gary expressed concern over the phenomenal growth of legal information and the many new formats now available. "The volume of legal materials, including books, is going to continue to grow," he says. "Our challenge will be in our ability to adapt." Adapting, according to Gary, includes not only deciding formats of legal information to purchase, but making time for mastering and teaching them. "My main concern is having a staff that is already taxed to the limit *and* an abundance of new technology to become familiar with and make accessible."

Gary feels "the staff is the heart of the law library. They are what make it live. I certainly hope we can find more human resources to help with the influx of new material resources. But our staff will continue to do whatever we can to give first-rate service to the patron." And, no doubt, Gary Hill will untiringly and enthusiastically lead the way.

—Kory D. Staheli

CONSTANCE K. LUNDBERG

ACCIDENTAL CAREER

From the time I was eleven, I wanted to be a professor of English and folklore," Constance K. Lundberg, seated in her dangerously cluttered office, reveals. "That's when I heard Alfred Deller sing for the first time." For Constance, Deller and other folk singers like him exemplified simplicity, clarity, purity of music, not the commercial kind of folk singing popular through the 60s. "The songs they sang survived for generations because they addressed the most immediate needs of human beings." Constance's fascination with folklore continued into her undergraduate days at the University of Arizona where she met and studied with Byrd Granger, a deceptively diminutive woman who trained fighter pilots during the Second World War when women pilots were not allowed to fly war missions. On one of her training runs Granger landed in the Appalachians and discovered a whole town, not yet

infected by radio or television, that spoke Elizabethan English. This was the beginning of Granger's fascination with language and folklore, and she was the furthering and intensifying of Constance's.

As folklore continued to be Constance's passion, it also became her livelihood. In the evenings and weekends she sang and played her guitar in shabby bars, coffee houses, and pizza parlors. "I wasn't very good," she admits, "but it took me a while to discover it." Though she doesn't view herself as a great vocalist, she still sings with groups in church and, not long ago, in a van loaded with captive family members, she sang nonstop for three hours without once repeating a single song.

When she was finishing her undergraduate degree, Constance applied and was accepted for graduate study at UCLA in folklore. Unfortunately the Vietnam war was escalating at the time and the government withdrew funding grants for many humanities programs, including Constance's at UCLA. She halfheartedly entered a master's program in English at Arizona State University and took a job in the humanities section of the university library. She liked working in the library (despite her supervisor, whose attitude was that it was too bad anyone was ever allowed to touch the books), but English just wasn't right. By then she was already taking an active interest in environmental and civil rights issues and eagerly airing her views. If folklore was out of the question, where did these other leanings place her? Law school seemed a valid choice. She was accepted to the University of Utah, one of only five women students there.

Estate planning and pro bono work were her choices for a profession once she graduated but, though she sent out 200 applications, she was not offered a job. She was unprepared for so much rejection. Her father had been a social worker and had raised the family in an academic environment where women were often the professionals. "But in law, women were not being hired in those days," she explains for those who didn't live through the 70s. However, a partner at the Salt Lake firm of Parsons Behle & Latimer, one of the places she'd applied, took up her cause. The other partners put aside their prejudices when they realized Constance had strengths in environmental law that they lacked. "Environmental law had not yet emerged as a field of study, but people were beginning to look for expertise in the area." She had found a place against terrible odds, and she intended to stay.

Then her career took a turn she had not anticipated. The Council on Environmental Quality under the Office of the President contacted her about working in Washington. "Working for the Feds was the last thing I was considering." She agreed to go for a year, however, taking a leave from Parsons Behle & Latimer. Constance loved Washington, where she could indulge her love of music and the arts any day of the week. She extended for a second year after which she returned to Salt Lake a better environmental lawyer and happy to be back.

"About that time I ran into Reese at the BYU Law Library where I was doing research." Constance and Dean Hansen were old friends from law school. He asked if she had ever considered teaching. Of course that had been her goal in the folklore days. Since then she had taught part-time for both the University of Utah and Utah State. BYU needed someone to teach environmental and natural resources law full-time. It wasn't an easy decision, but Constance had read a study showing that the attorneys happiest with their jobs are not the members of megafirms

without its stressful times, of course. As dean she has dealt with everything from honor code infringements to anemic book budgets and done so competently.

In fact she seems to gravitate toward daunting challenges. Before becoming dean she was part of a project that was to become one of her "greatest accomplishments as a lawyer and environmentalist"—the purchase and reopening of Geneva Steel. Joe Cannon, Robert Grow, and several others, none of whom had ever produced steel before, with a 100 percent leveraged buyout man-



Constance K. Lundberg and her husband, Boyd Erickson, enjoy a moment with their son Philip after his school concert.

but public service lawyers and professors of law. "I have found that to be true," she says after 12 years of full-time teaching. As one of the first female faculty members, she has served unofficially as mentor of several hundred women students and has seen their numbers grow from 20 to 35 percent of the Law School student body. Her life as a professor, particularly after she became associate dean in charge of admissions and the library in 1989, has not been

aged to purchase the derelict, sprawling buildings blotching the shore of Utah Lake. The plant, once the mainstay of the economy in Utah Valley, had been winding down for years and had officially closed its doors the year before. Within two months of the purchase, the plant had turned a profit. Now considered one of the most ecologically sound operations in the United States, it competes successfully worldwide.

During the start-up year of the plant, Constance took a leave from the Law School. She returned to become associate dean. No sooner was she settled into the deanship, however, than a new challenge presented itself. The

director of the law library wanted to move into full-time teaching and research. As Dean Hansen and Constance discussed possible candidates for the position, Constance admits thinking, "Let me do it." Apparently Reese was thinking the same because he finally said, "I don't want to offend you, but would you like to be the law librarian?" Ever since working in the library at Arizona State University, she had enjoyed library work and, of course, libraries had always been a place where she spent a great deal of her time. Not without trepidation, she stepped into yet another role. Materials prices were increasing as much as 10 times the annual increase in library budget. A new building was on the horizon. She was joining a professional library faculty, all of whom had master's degrees in library information science and half of whom held law degrees. She had never designed a library. She didn't have a library degree, a requirement nationwide. Would the staff accept her? Could she build a building?

During her first two years as law librarian, Constance completed her library science degree. She designed aspects of an ideal library to fulfill requirements in several classes. Many details of those early designs have been integrated into the finished architectural remodeling plans, which she regards as "a physical manifestation" of her values, embodying as it does "the power to enhance education." She finished her master of library information science just as lights were going out in the BYU library program.

One area in which she needed no additional training or degrees was fund raising. She was already working with Dean Hansen to raise funds and had raised funds for Geneva. Now she is now doing it for the library. Since Constance became librarian, the university administration has awarded additional funds for the law library totaling well over half a million dollars. Constance has also helped bring in library funding from local businesses and grants. Yet she considers neither the building plan nor the improved funding to be the best thing she has done for the library. "The library faculty and staff have greater respect for themselves and more willingness to stretch. They have become a more proactive part of the community, teaching classes, researching, and writing. That's what makes me most happy about my years in the library."

And what does she consider to be her greatest accomplishment in life? Environmentalist? Fed? Librarian? None of these. Erstwhile folklorist? Not even that. "My greatest accomplishment," she chokes, grabbing Kleenex in anticipation, "is Philip." She hastens to add, "Really all of the top four or five are family related." Philip was not a serendipitous accident like so much of her career. "Philip was a miracle. He shouldn't have been." At 33 Constance had despaired of marriage, of ever finding anyone she could live with or who could live with her, of having the sort of close family she had grown up in. Yet her life was happy and full of activity and commitment.

The last thing she had time for was to be sick. But the pain in her abdomen forced her into the doctor's office. An ultrasound revealed what looked very much like ovarian cancer, a large mass that almost obscured the uterus. The doctor ordered her into surgery. She resisted; she didn't have time. Friends united to force her to do what she was told. She insisted that if cancer was not found, the surgeon clean up the diseased area and leave the uterus. That was her last command before she went under the anesthetic. Constance did not have cancer, but the doctor wasn't happy with what he saw. In any other case he wouldn't have hesitated to do a hysterectomy, but he honored his patient's wishes. Part of the uterus was diseased, and he removed that portion and an ovary. He hadn't the least hope that Constance would ever have children.

Some time later she married widower and long-time colleague and friend Boyd Erickson—"saint, facilitator, patriarch," Constance's greatest fan. Constance wholeheartedly accepted his children as her own. The marriage, which Constance calls "the smartest thing" she ever did, was not universally applauded by Boyd's five children at first. Characteristically Constance was undaunted. "We decided never to divide or subtract in our love of family—only to add and multiply." As the blending of the family began to feel good, she and Boyd talked about how wonderful it would be to have a child to even further bind the family together. To everyone's amazement, Philip came. When Constance ran into her surgeon when Philip was two-years-old, he still insisted that it was impossible.

Impossible or not, "Philip is a marvel. He has been from the moment he was born." Constance waxes eloquent over her child: "I loved to bring him into the Law School when he was an infant. He opened up to everyone." Like Constance, he loves music. "I first noticed his fixation with music when he was three months old. Haydn was his favorite." She adds, "At nine months he could perfectly replicate a pitch."

Now nine years old, Philip passionately plays the piano and the cello and composes his own music, for, he says, "My head is always full of notes."

"He's outstripped me on the piano," confesses Constance, "though I am allowed to accompany him when he plays the cello." But does he like folk songs? Yes, even those.

Environmentalist, fed, professor, dean, librarian, wife, mother. "I don't know how people can plan their lives," she marvels. "I agree with Peter Drucker, who said something like 'If you figure out *who* you are, the *what* will work itself out.'" The *what* is embodied in the disparate decor of her office—a collage of her interests and many commitments. An ecological doorbell—crushed Coke cans in a plastic grocery bag—jangles on the doorknob. Books, both literature and law, vie with classic videos, an aerial photograph of Geneva, and other memorabilia on the shelves; two architectural drawings of the library addition rest against a file cabinet; an antique oak rolltop desk and massive antique oak chairs dwarf a modern

computer table and the computer's ever-blinking screen. Framed pictures of Boyd, Philip, and environmentalist hero William O. Douglas top the file cabinets and desk. Everywhere projects in progress jostle for space. All part of Constance K. Lundberg, closet folklorist.

—Lovisa Lyman

HEINZ PETER MUELLER

CLOSING THE CIRCLE

Heinze Peter Mueller, Law School information systems and business manager, pecks at the keyboard. A full-color map of Chicago appears on the screen. He moves the cursor to a spot in the middle of the city. A blowup of that section, including all street names, replaces the larger area map. He clicks on a menu and a list of important places to see in that sector fills one corner. He selects a museum and a soothing female voice briefly describes its important holdings. "I picked this up at COMDEX," Peter explains. "Right now I'm trying to decide if we should put it on the system." Next he shows how the CD-ROM database can provide and print maps of the route between any two cities in the United States. "Law students might find it useful when they're going out to interview or thinking of places to apply."

This incident is a microcosm of the attributes that characterize Peter best: fearlessness in the face of change, fascination with automation, endless creativity, concern for applications and solutions rather than problems—in short, innovation *par excellence*. All these traits date back to a very early time in his life.

It was fall in Weimar, East Germany, known as the home of the German language when Goethe and Schiller and like-minded artists gathered there to write, philosophize, experiment, and lead the world of literature in the late 18th century. But in 1950 Weimar was no longer the host of new thought and advancement but a sullen, frightening city. Peter was six then, his sister Monika barely two, and their parents were secretly planning to escape to the West. Peter's father had fought in World War II and finished the war as a prisoner in Louisiana and Missouri, but he was no longer willing to support the regime he had risked his life for. If they could reach West Berlin, essentially an island in East Germany, they hoped to be transferred to a West German refugee camp. Others were doing it successfully and the Muellers felt it was worth the risk. One night, the children said goodbye to their grandparents for the last time and boarded a train for Berlin with their mother. As an ex-soldier, their father knew he would not be allowed to make a trip to Berlin, so he hid in the wheel well under one of the train cars for

the four-hour trip. Once in East Berlin, the family reunited, stealthily climbed down into the sewer pipes and walked to the western section of the city.

They spent the next year in a refugee camp in West Berlin awaiting their chance to go to West Germany. Accommodations were cement bunkers left over from the war. The bunkers, mounted on rollers, were ideal for withstanding bomb blasts but inhospitable as housing. The family claimed a small section of one building and hung a blanket for privacy. It was in this camp that the Muellers first heard about the Mormon Church from the missionaries. Peter, his sister, and his mother were Catholic; his father Protestant. Later they would be reminded of the new church.

Their turn finally came to leave for West Germany, but they could not travel together. The limited space on the airplane was allotted to adult refugees because ground travel was too perilous. The Mueller children, Peter (then seven) and his sister (three), had to travel alone by train. They were frightened but glad their parents weren't with them when the train was stopped and searched. They witnessed several refugees who were pulled out of the cars and shot to death.

When the children arrived at their new camp in Worms, famed for Martin Luther, their parents weren't there. No one seemed to know where they were. The Red Cross and the Catholic relief organizations were alerted and began to search the various towns and cities where refugees were situated, but for the next four months the two children had to fend for themselves. It was there that Peter's career as an innovator began. Every day he had to find food for himself and his sister. He had to find shelter and warmth when all they had were the worn-out clothes on their backs. And neither had identification papers. Other refugees helped. At times Peter sneaked food from kitchens. When he discovered that Frenchmen stationed in Worms liked snails, he and his sister began to search out the slimy creatures and load them in a bucket to sell. He collected scraps of brass shrapnel to sell as well. He also earned pocket change by helping set up shelves in the local bookstore/library—his first library job. Survival was day to day.

Finally the family was reunited, and soon afterward the Mormon missionaries found them again. In November 1952 Peter and his parents were baptized just before they were relocated to a small town called Frankenthal.

In Frankenthal Peter began school. Until then he had had no formal education, but because he could count to 100, he was placed in fourth grade. After parts of two years in an elementary school classroom that accommodated several grades at once, he went to high school. There he discovered he had a hard time learning languages. He failed final examinations in both English and French, which disqualified him for university attendance, so in 1960 he went to technical college to be trained as a professional glassblower. Then began a string of unique jobs:

- designing and repairing laboratory equipment
- fashioning artificial limbs
- fabricating audio tapes
- laying carpet and installing tile (unique because he was blown out of a third-story window onto the lawn below when gas fumes from the glue exploded)
- growing mushrooms in the cellar of an old sugar factory.

job, and no place to live. At that precise moment, a former missionary from Heidelberg walked past and recognized them. When he discovered their plight, he took them home to spend the night. The next day Peter took a driving test and got a job driving a truck. Soon they were established in an apartment, and a letter came addressed to Peter. He took it to a neighbor who spoke English and German. She read the letter and announced, “I’m so



All before he was 19.

At 19 he was drafted into the German army. His father managed to get him deferred, and in May 1963, the family sold all of their belongings and, with the sponsorship of a former German missionary, emigrated to the United States by ship. None of them could speak English. In New York officials boarded the ship and asked Peter to sign a stack of papers. Peter didn’t hesitate. He could see the welcoming figure of the Statue of Liberty, the towering Empire State Building, and lines of shining cars, and could feel something he identified as freedom. He wanted to get off the boat.

From New York the family rode Continental Trailways bus to Salt Lake City. They exited the bus depot, then located across from Temple Square, with no money, no

Peter Mueller has a fascination for the latest technologies.

proud of you. You volunteered for three years’ active duty in the military.” The papers he had signed on the boat had been induction papers, and he was already late for basic training. The next day the MPs arrived and escorted him to Fort Ord, California. He still didn’t speak English and had to refer to a dictionary every time he received an order. The military trained him in demolition until his superiors realized he was an alien. He was then sent to Orleans, France, and from 1964 to 1967 he was a sergeant in charge of the motor pool. Somehow the German boy had learned to speak English and French well enough for the military.

One evening the Orleans LDS group leader and his wife invited Peter to dinner. They also invited Marjorie Farnsworth, the base librarian, a Mormon girl from Pima, Arizona. After dinner the group leader's wife feigned anger that her husband had forgotten the dessert and sent Peter and Marjorie to the PX to get some ice cream. On the way they had a chance to get acquainted. They brought back vanilla ice cream and, strangely enough, the hostess served chocolate. The matchmaking ploy worked, however. Peter and Marjorie were married in the Mesa Temple a year later and then returned to France to continue Peter's tour of duty. Their first daughter was born the following year, three months premature and weighing a mere two pounds. For only \$116 the military took excellent care of the little one and she survived—one of many blessings Peter credits to the military. (In ensuing years, the Muellers added five more children.)

In 1967 Peter was discharged and the couple went to live in Pima, Arizona. Peter got a job at a lingerie company, in charge of roses, straps, and cups. It was then that he began to consider further education. In the military he had had some training at the University of Maryland but still did not have his high school certificate. He passed the GED and was admitted to BYU in fall 1967. Just three years later he graduated with a BA in German literature. In one more year he finished the two-year master of library science program and began work as a cataloger at the Lee Library in charge of Russian and German titles.

During this time he also joined the Utah National Guard on a dare. His background qualified him for counterintelligence and military intelligence since he spoke all dialects of German. He has continued in that capacity and is now a chief warrant officer.

No sooner was he settled at the Lee Library than rumors began to fly about a law school. Peter discovered that it was more than a rumor when, in 1971, President Wilkinson and Bruce Hafen asked him to work on preliminary planning for the law library. To discover how a law library functioned, Peter was sent to the Tarlton Law Library in Austin, Texas, to be trained by Roy Mersky, one of the most prominent law librarians in the country. (Years later Roy Mersky and representatives from other major law schools would come to BYU to learn from Peter how to automate a law library.)

In 1972, still an employee of the Lee Library, Peter began ordering books for the law library to be housed in St. Francis School. Crews worked day and night to order, unload, and process materials. Books came in by the semitrailer load. Observes Peter, "The remodeling of the law library for the next couple of years will be inconvenient, but nothing compared with those days at St. Francis. Offices were in confessionals. Students were tense and apprehensive. They weren't sure the school was going to make it." While the new building was being built, staff and student body beat a path across the street

to Stan's Drive-In for food and Diet Coke and hoped for the best.

Before long Peter was transferred permanently from the Lee Library and for the next four years worked cataloging law books. But his varied skills found him ever more involved with the details of the new library's facilities and administration. In 1976, to prepare for further management positions, which in major law libraries requires a law degree in addition to a library degree, he was invited to attend law school on a trial basis. He continued to attend, largely part-time, until he graduated in 1983. Since then he has had several titles in the library administration: assistant law librarian, associate law librarian for technical services, associate law librarian in charge of operations, and deputy law librarian (he jokingly wore a badge during that period). In 1990 he withdrew from the library to become information systems and business manager, a position that includes overseeing everything from computer hardware, technology, and support staff to operational budgets. He also stays on the cutting edge of new technology and software, like the mapping CD-ROM he's reviewing now.

Truth to tell, one reason that particular database fascinates him so is that he loves to travel. He frequently attends automation, law school, and law library meetings all over the United States, bringing back information for all areas of the Law School. He also travels internationally with the National Guard, which includes trips to Japan, Korea, France, Belgium, Germany, and Italy. (Travel to West Germany and Italy corresponded with two of his children's missions there. A third child served a mission to the Ukraine.)

But few of his trips have been as impressive as the one he took last year when he returned to Berlin for the first time since the wall came down. Military officials picked him up at the old airport in what was West Berlin and drove him to the site of the refugee camp where he and his parents had stayed in cement bunkers, now long gone. Later he drove into what had been East Germany. He yearned to find relatives there but had to satisfy himself with seeing the countryside because his parents had talked very little about the family they left behind. It was too painful for them to remember.

A few months ago, however, when Peter's mother passed away (his father had died three years earlier), Peter and his sister discovered a tape their mother had made. On it she spoke about her 13 brothers and sisters, giving names and details her children had never heard. Peter is already planning his next trip—too bad there is not yet a CD to do it for him—when he will return again to the area where he was born. This time he hopes to find living relatives and the information needed to do vicarious work for those who have died. The Freiberg Temple, located close to his childhood home, will be the ideal place to complete the circle.

—*Lovisa Lyman*