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### A Tribute to Bob Lloyd

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#### Recommended Citation

Blaze, Douglas A., "A Tribute to Bob Lloyd" (2011). *Scholarly Works*. 546.

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Citations:

Bluebook 21st ed.  
Doug Blaze 78 TENN. L. REV. 637 (2011).

ALWD 7th ed.  
Doug Blaze, , 78 Tenn. L. Rev. 637 (2011).

APA 7th ed.  
Blaze, D. (2011). Tennessee Law Review, 78(2), 637-650.

Chicago 17th ed.  
Doug Blaze, "," Tennessee Law Review 78, no. 2 (Winter 2011): 637-650

AGLC 4th ed.  
Doug Blaze, " (2011) 78(2) Tennessee Law Review 637

OSCOLA 4th ed.  
Doug Blaze, " (2011) 78 Tenn L Rev 637

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# A TRIBUTE TO BOB LLOYD

## SEMPER FIDELIS

DOUG BLAZE\*

One memory in particular captures the essence of Bob Lloyd for me, both in terms of Bob's personality and his considerable contributions to the College of Law.

The 1994 Allen Novak Auction, held annually to raise money to assist destitute law students, was my first. In those days, the late April auction included all kinds of games and events on the front lawn of the law school. That year the festivities included a dunk tank prominently located on the corner of 15<sup>th</sup> Street and Cumberland Avenue. The student organizers had managed to convince Professor Lloyd to serve as the ceremonial "dunkee"—though now that I think of it, I doubt it took much convincing. At high noon, right on schedule, Bob came slowly waddling up the sidewalk along Cumberland, wearing flippers, a wet suit, a snorkel and mask, and carrying a loaded spear gun.

The students loved it. The line of students (and faculty) waiting their turn to take a shot at dunking Bob stretched up the block almost to the Carousel. At a dollar a throw, the amount of money raised that year set a new record. That image—Bob decked out in diving gear and carrying a spear gun, all done to entertain and help the students—personifies what I think is best about Bob and the law school.

For Professor Lloyd, the students always come first, just as they did when he put on his wet suit on that cold April afternoon. Because first and foremost, Bob is a teacher. He has always been completely committed to our primary mission—training future lawyers to the best of our ability. That doesn't mean that scholarship isn't important to Bob. It is. He is a very productive and influential scholar. But for Bob, scholarship is important because helps makes us better teachers and because it promotes improvement in the law we teach.

What has really set Professor Lloyd apart is his commitment to and demand for excellence. Whatever Bob does—including serving as a celebrity "dunkee"—he does to the very best of his considerable ability. I think it may be due to his Marine training, but, whatever the reason, Bob has always demanded a lot from his students and even more from himself. As a result, the students respond. Their respect for Professor Lloyd and their desire to do well in his classes are almost unmatched.

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\* Dean and Art Stolnitz and Elvin E. Overton Distinguished Professor of Law, University of Tennessee College of Law. J.D. Georgetown University Law Center, B.S. Dickinson College.

While students come first for Bob, his colleagues are not far behind. I had the good fortune to connect with Bob early in my tenure at Tennessee. Not long after I got settled in Knoxville, we met for a beer at the Old College Inn. It wasn't just a courtesy. Bob was sincerely interested in my thoughts about legal education, my new job as Director of Clinical Programs, and me as a person. He even paid for the beer. His friendship has been an important part of my satisfaction and success at Tennessee.

In fact, some of our early discussions helped lay the groundwork for Bob's work in creating our business transactions curriculum and establishing the Center for Entrepreneurial Law. As the founding director, Bob helped design Representing Enterprises, the signature course for the curriculum, to serve as the capstone experience for participating students. That course, fairly radical at the time, is now becoming more commonplace at law schools around the country.

As usual, Bob did what he did because it was good for the institution, just as traipsing across the front lawn of the law school in flippers and a mask made the Novak auction better and more successful. Whatever Bob does, he does fully and with commitment and passion. And, perhaps most important, he does it all with a keen—albeit quite dry—sense of humor. Who else would have what appears to be a motivational posture posted by his office door touting the value of “Procrastination”?

So cheers to Bob and Deanna on his retirement. But Professor Bob Lloyd will be very sorely missed. His commitment, and even his sense of humor, made the law school a much, much better place. And Novak auctions will never be the same.

## THREE CHEERS FOR BOB LLOYD

BRANNON P. DENNING\*

Bob Lloyd once told me that he ended up teaching rather by accident. He had decided to step off the law firm merry-go-round and become, as he put it, “as close to a ski bum as a man with a wife and family could be.” One of his mentors suggested that he consider becoming a law professor instead. If Bob’s success as an academic is any measure, then he undoubtedly would have set a new high—or is it a low?—for what it took to be a successful ski bum.

Certainly *my* life would have been quite different had Bob Lloyd not become a professor. He was almost single-handedly responsible for my deciding not to quit law school during the second semester of my first year. Coming off a mediocre first semester, I found myself in Bob’s Contracts II class. Early in that second semester, Bob mentioned Grant Gilmore’s *Ages of American Law*<sup>1</sup> in class, describing it as a humorous *tour d’horizon* of American law. Wandering in the stacks later, I found the book, read it, and mentioned to Bob that I had done so after one of our next classes. I remember quoting Gilmore’s description of Christopher Columbus Langdell, the great Dean of the Harvard Law School, inventor of the casebook, and pioneer of the Socratic method. Langdell, Gilmore wrote, “seems to have been an essentially stupid man who, early in his life, hit on one great idea to which, thereafter, he clung with all the tenacity of genius.”<sup>2</sup> Given my previous semester’s experience with Langdell’s system, I said I thought this was very funny. Bob agreed and seemed delighted that I had troubled to look up the book.

Soon thereafter, he asked me to be his research assistant. I was thrilled—not only with the money, but also at the chance to see what it was, exactly, that law professors *did* when they weren’t teaching. Cite-checking Bob’s articles, tracking down sources, and writing memos that provided him with footnote fodder was exciting. Reading successive drafts of his work, moreover, gave me an inkling of what it might be like to be a professor. That in turn inspired me to buckle down and work hard to overcome my first semester grades. Bob’s praise and encouragement, moreover, gave me some confidence that I *could* do so, if I was willing to work. Thus Bob became one of my very important mentors.

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\* Professor of Law, Cumberland School of Law; J.D. University of Tennessee College of Law, 1995. Thanks to Ben Barton, Doug Blaze, Alli Denning, Anya East, Micki Fox, Joan Heminway, Glenn Reynolds, and Brooks Smith for comments on earlier drafts.

1. GRANT GILMORE, *THE AGES OF AMERICAN LAW* (1977).

2. *Id.* at 42.

During my second year, Bob constantly inquired about my job prospects and counseled me not to get discouraged. When those prospects began to improve in the fall of my third year, Bob made unsolicited calls to firms on my behalf. These carried weight. One of the partners at the firm I ultimately joined mentioned more than once how valuable Bob's recommendation was when they were deciding whether to extend me an offer.

If one is truly lucky, a mentor can become a lifelong friend. And I am most grateful for Bob's friendship over the years. He introduced me to the hilarious crime fiction of Carl Hiaasen and to John D. MacDonald's Travis McGee novels. Over lunch, we have talked about books, economics, business, and engineering—I was and am amazed that someone could know so much about so many different things. He has shared with me his experiences flying helicopters in Vietnam, practicing law at a large firm in Los Angeles, even what it is like to take up figure skating or to master statistics later in one's life. He is always interesting, lively, irreverent, and wonderful company, whether we're having a beer or he is teaching me how to wakeboard.

Finally, I would be remiss without offering an appreciation of Bob's extraordinary skill in the classroom. Problem-based pedagogy and computer-aided learning were not *au courant* in the early 1990s, but we scarcely read a case in Commercial Law. The problems in Bob's casebook forced us to read the U.C.C. closely and taught us never, ever to forget to check the definitions section of Article 9. His CALI exercise on fixtures, moreover, helped me learn that material better than a mountain of hornbooks or student aids ever could have.

Bob's passion for teaching was such that not even physical injury could keep him out of the classroom. My Contracts II class returned from Spring Break in 1993 to find Bob with his arm in a rather serious-looking sling. He had apparently dislocated his shoulder while skiing. As I recall, we were discussing damages and Bob seemed to have considerable difficulty doing three-place addition. After a couple of failed attempts, Bob sheepishly dismissed class and said we would pick it up next class. It turned out that he had taken something to . . . um . . . take the edge off the pain in his shoulder right before class. Apparently the prescription was stronger than he anticipated—strong enough, in any event, to make teaching damages as hazardous as driving or operating heavy machinery!

While Bob's retirement is a real loss for the law school, I can't help but be pleased for him. He has certainly earned the right to go, in the words of my favorite literary detective's family motto, "as [his]

whimsy takes [him].”<sup>3</sup> Wherever that is, I can’t wait to hear about it over a pint at Sunspot.

Thanks for everything, Bob.

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3. From the coat of arms of Lord Peter Wimsey, created by Dorothy Sayers. See DOROTHY L. SAYERS, *WHOSE BODY?* (1922) (introducing Lord Peter).





## PILOT LLOYD

THOMAS C. GALLIGAN, JR.\*

What is an eighteen-letter word or expression for Bob Lloyd? From the perspective of a law school dean getting along with<sup>1</sup> faculty members can be a little bit like doing crossword puzzles. When you do most crossword puzzles, the key is figuring out the theme. Sometimes the theme involves a quotation or rhyme that plays itself out over a series of clues. Sometimes it is “cuter,” like familiar expressions turned around. For instance, in one puzzle I did recently the clue was something like: what professional track stars get. And the answer was: money for the runs. Of course the answer turns the expression runs for the money around. Other clues and answers did the same sort of thing with other expressions. And, those are only a couple examples of puzzle themes—crossword puzzle editors are extremely creative people.

So, how is a dean getting along with faculty like doing crossword puzzles? You have to find the theme—finding the theme or personality or character trait can be the key to a good relationship. Some colleagues are like the late, great film star, Greta Garbo; they want to be left alone. That’s their theme. Others want to tell you everything—they store information and keep you informed: what are they working on; how their classes are going; what progress are their committees making; their kids need braces! Others are advice givers; they like you to sit with them in their offices—sometimes they come to your office but advice givers usually prefer their own turf—and tell you what they think of the curriculum, of their junior colleagues, of their senior colleagues, of their colleagues’ scholarship, and of the overall direction of the deanship. That’s their theme. Others want you to know what the mood of the faculty is; they are sometimes, dare I say it, more concerned with letting you know what their colleagues think rather than what they think. Some are just plain nervous, nervous whenever you come to see them, nervous that you did not like their last article (never!), nervous about the finances of the institution (always!), and nervous that you are about to ask them to serve on a committee. That’s their theme. Of course, as a law school dean, I loved them all! And, out of necessity, I have drawn

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\* Thomas C. Galligan, Jr. is President and Professor of Humanities at Colby-Sawyer College in New London, New Hampshire. From 1998–2006 he was the dean of the University of Tennessee College of Law, where he also held an Elvin E. Overton Distinguished Professorship. From 1986–1998 he taught at LSU’s Paul M. Hebert Law Center where he held the Dale E. Bennett Distinguished Professorship. In addition to writing about good friends, he writes and speaks about torts and admiralty.

1. The less gregarious might say “dealing with” instead of “getting along with” but that is not my view.

caricatures, none of which are based on real persons; any resemblance is merely accidental!

But, getting back to my theme, what was Bob Lloyd's theme? Bob and I met in the spring of 1998 when I was interviewing for the deanship of the University of Tennessee College of Law. As I recall, we met in his office, where he hosted a small group of faculty for a conversation about the law school and me. That was part of how we interviewed at Tennessee, in small groups scheduled in faculty offices. It was all very welcoming and very friendly. I recall Bob had a picture of a helicopter on his wall, and I learned later that he had flown helicopters in the Viet Nam War. So maybe one theme might be "veteran," but it would only get part of it. I am sure Bob is very proud of his service but he does not proclaim it or extensively discuss it, at least not with me.

Of course Bob taught contracts and commercial law (among other things) and I had taught UCC Sales at LSU more than ten times, so we had commercial law in common. And certainly "commercial law" would be one of Bob's themes, at least from my perspective as a former commercial law teacher. But there is so much more. On the commercial/business law front, Bob was one of the inspirations for the creation of the Clayton Center for Entrepreneurial Law and served as its director. So "groundbreaking" is another theme for Bob. But my friend Dick Wirtz, who was the dean when the center was created and when Bob directed it, would be better on that score than me.

From my perspective, I would say another theme for Bob is "creative." Not only was he in on the creation of the Clayton Center for Entrepreneurial Law, but, during my time as dean, Bob designed and taught an on-line commercial law course, which he offered during two consecutive summers. It was one of the first truly on-line courses offered at an ABA law school and Bob taught it and taught it very well. So I definitely put "creative" on the theme list.

I learned early that Bob was a truly committed and successful teacher. His classes were always popular and full, and he worked constantly to make them engaging and interesting. He is devoted to teaching his students to actually practice law, and he understands how the theoretical and practical interrelate. Bob is committed to the problem method and has written and co-written leading "case" books that employ it. I would therefore also put "teacher extraordinaire" on the theme list.

Yet another aspect to Bob's teaching that is distinctive is his firm belief that law students are entering an intensely competitive practice environment in which only a small percentage of those who enter the private practice of law with law firms will ultimately become partners in those firms. As I said, Bob is determined that students understand the world of practice that they are entering—not only the law but the economic reality. He has written and spoken on the subject. So we can justifiably call Bob "realistic."

But while "realistic" about the world of practice being a tougher place than the world of law school, Bob is always willing to talk to students about

their class work or career aspirations. He is a valued advisor to those who seek him out, and his counsel is wise and directed. So he is “realistic,” “kind,” “available,” and “wise.”

Bob is not only dedicated to his teaching, his students, and his scholarship—having authored many articles in addition to the “case” books I referred to above—he is also dedicated to his family. His wife Deanna is intelligent, fun, and loaded with personality. Susan and I thoroughly enjoyed our time with her, especially at the informal UT law play reading group “productions.” Bob is also extremely proud of his daughter, Christine. She was most kind to my wife and to my son, Patrick, when she was a student at Macalester College and he was a high school senior deciding where he would go to college. She met them on campus, shared her experience, and made them feel at home both with her and at Macalester. So we have to put “family man” on the Bob Lloyd theme list.

What else? Well, I was doing my daily<sup>2</sup> crossword the other day and the clue was: characteristic of duct tape. The answer came to me as I got a couple of the letters—it was “many uses.” Indeed duct tape does have many uses and my time with Bob Lloyd truly taught me that fact. As I said, Bob flew helicopters in Viet Nam, and, a few years before I arrived at Tennessee, he took up flying again, this time planes, not helicopters. In pursuit of his flying hobby, Bob owned a partial interest in a plane, and late in August one year he asked me if I was interested in an airplane ride on Labor Day morning. I jumped at the chance, and so I met Bob very early on the appropriate Monday on the airfield by the Tennessee River on Airline Highway. I felt like I was in an old movie! The airfield is basically that—a field—grass, with planes and hangars lining the sides. As I said, I met Bob and he proceeded to introduce me to his plane, a two-seat World War II-era propeller job.

“Do you always fly so early in the morning?” I asked.

“In the summer I do because of the heat and humidity,” he answered.

“Because it’s cooler in the morning?” I asked, clearly showing my ignorance.

“Yes, but it isn’t because of comfort—it’s because of air pressure and fuel burn. It’s easier to fly in the morning and we’ll use less fuel. We wouldn’t want to run out of fuel,” he said with a grin.

He did the checks you have to do before flying: he walked around the plane, looked at the wheels, and checked the fuel level. Checking the fuel level involved looking at a straightened coat hanger with a little bit of red tape on the end that protruded up and out from the fuel tank. When I asked how it worked Bob showed me how the hanger or wire was embedded in (or poked through) a cork, which floated in the fuel. Thus, when the hanger

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2. Actually I probably average two per day, and on the harder ones (as the week progresses and the puzzles get more difficult), I will use the internet, even though my friend George Kuney believes that is cheating. But the point is learning, not just getting the puzzle right.

protruded out and the tape was visible at the top, the fuel was full or at least there was fuel; as the cork sank, the fuel burned. And when the wire hanger was not visible and the red tape was touching the plane's body, the tank was empty. On that Labor Day as we prepared to fly, the tank was full.

We then climbed into the cockpit—me in the front and Bob in the back. As I forced myself into my seat, I was immediately impressed (other words also come to mind) by the massive amounts of visible duct tape—hence the recent crossword puzzle reminder—which was apparent at all sorts of places where one part of the plane met another.

“Wow,” I said, trying to sound nonplussed, “there’s a lot of duct tape here.”

“There is,” said Bob, sounding as loquacious as John Wayne in “The Searchers.”

“Looks good,” I smiled.

“It does the job; after all it is an old plane,” said Bob, returning my smile. Then he showed me how to put on the headset that we would use to communicate with one another and he told me how to use it. Next, he started up the motor, and, headsets or not, I could not hear a thing over the high-pitched scream of the engine.

We moved onto the green runway and taxied to the end. Bob turned the plane and we began to race down the grass tarmac—although I am not sure it is a tarmac if it is grass.<sup>3</sup> We picked up speed; I had never bounced quite so much in an airplane. It felt more like being in a small boat on rough seas. The slope of the runway seemed to be slightly uphill, so we were speeding along a rising slope; I crossed my fingers. Given the space in the cabin, my fingers were really all I could cross. Vroom, vroom, vroom, boom, boom, boom. And then we were up and off the ground. We were climbing as we crossed the Tennessee River.<sup>4</sup> Then, as I recall, we turned to the left.

Bob’s voice came through the headset; I knew it was him because there were only the two of us and there was no AM/FM or XM radio in the plane. I strained to understand what he was saying.

“What?” I finally had to ask.

“We have to turn before we get to the Knoxville Airport,” Bob replied.

“Ahhhh, makes sense,” I said. The crossword solver in me even thought of the desirability of upping the “turn” to a “veer” if the occasion presented itself.

Then we headed to the West and slowly banked right and headed north, enjoying the beautiful views and flying along ridge tops. Bob told me where we were and what we were seeing. I chimed in periodically, usually to ask, “What’s this?” and “What’s that?” I am not sure how far north we were, but after a half-hour or so we began to make our way south again. We

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3. Good question for someone who does crosswords.

4. I think we crossed the Tennessee River; I may be wrong. Sorry if I get the facts wrong, Bob, but crossing the river sounded good and I know we had to avoid the Knoxville Airport.

may have crossed the river and then crossed back again. I assume we avoided the Island Home takeoff and landing routes as we had avoided Knoxville Airport. At least we did not have to “veer.” We were lazily heading towards UT, the law school, and Neyland Stadium.

And, then, suddenly, we veered and I mean *veered* to our left and made a beeline for Airline Highway. I wondered what I had said. Had I somehow offended my friend and host?

“What’s going on?” I asked.

I assume Bob did not hear me over the screeching engine so I did not repeat my question. I was sure I had done something wrong. The plane moved towards the airfield and we descended. We descended further with nary a jolt. We were just above the green grass and then touched—or bounced—down. Actually, for such a small plane and such a pastoral runway, the landing was quite smooth. We taxied back to the place where Bob kept his plane and as I pulled off the headset and worked on releasing the straps that had held me in place, Bob literally leapt out of the cockpit.

He stepped on the wing, jumped to the ground and ran to the front part of the plane. He reached up for the spot where the wire hanger and red tape had been so apparent earlier. For the first time, I noticed that the hanger was nowhere to be seen. Bob pulled on its tip, and out came the wire and the cork, which was now near the top of the wire, not at the bottom where it had been before.

“I knew it,” said Bob. “I knew we had fuel; I figured the wire had just slipped down the cork.”

“You mean . . .” I stammered as I almost fell out of the cockpit and off the wing.

“Did you see it?” He asked.

“No,” I said, “the cork...”

“The wire and red tape just dropped all of a sudden; it went from sticking right up there to falling down. But it just slipped, see?” He again showed me where the cork was in relation to the red tape.

“I do,” I said.

He laughed; I was happy to have been so oblivious.

So, add “cautious daredevil” to the themes. I will admit my car seat felt very comfortable and secure as I sat down in it to head home for the rest of the Labor Day holiday. Bob later replaced the duct-tape plane with another one—a newer model—in which I was also fortunate to get to fly.

I am most grateful Bob got me home that first day we flew together—grateful he was cautious and got me back to the crossword business. But I am grateful to Bob for many other reasons, and they do not relate to flying. I am grateful to him for being a dedicated and wonderful teacher—in my eight years at UT, I never had to think twice about the quality of his students’ educational experiences; I knew they were wonderful. Not only that, but Bob taught large sections and was willing to teach at unpopular

times on unpopular teaching days.<sup>5</sup> I am grateful that he always and regularly produced and published high quality, well-researched, well-written, and important scholarship.

And, I do not believe Bob ever refused me when I asked him to do something.<sup>6</sup> For instance, Bob agreed to and very ably chaired the search committee that led to George Kuney's appointment as Director of the Clayton Entrepreneurial Law Center. Bob willingly served on tenure and promotion committees. And, he volunteered—yes, volunteered—to chair the admissions committee. That is, he willingly served on and led heavy workload, time-consuming committees while never missing a step in the classroom and continually producing fine research.

So, what is that eighteen-letter word or expression for Bob Lloyd? "Dedicated colleague."

Thank you, Bob.

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5. I think he even taught on Friday!

6. A trait he shared, by the way, with the late, great Jerry Phillips.

# WHAT ABOUT BOB?<sup>1</sup>

JOAN MACLEOD HEMINWAY<sup>2</sup>

I am darn near sure that Bob Lloyd is not the kind of guy who would claim to value law review tributes. No doubt, if Bob knew that I was sitting here and writing a tribute to him, he would scoff at my heartfelt (albeit somewhat feeble) attempt to honor him as he retires. He might, in fact, tell me that I am wasting my time in writing this. I suppose I shouldn't care whether he thinks less of me for writing this; but I actually *do* care.<sup>3</sup>

Bob was a faithful supporter of mine as I transitioned from private practice to law teaching. He eventually served on my tenure committee and chaired my promotion committee. He read a draft of my first law review article, commenting, as I recall, that it read "like a prospectus" (which was *not* intended as a compliment, despite the 15 years I spent drafting securities offering documents). Through these and other experiences, I have come to respect (if not always agree with) his judgment. He's someone I do not want to disappoint.

Bob is almost always irreverent, sometimes even cheeky. Students and colleagues alike might be tempted to find his semi-confrontational style intimidating. (Indeed, I understand that he has asked unprepared students to leave his classroom). But he would not want to foster that view. I am confident that, instead, he would want others to interpret his impertinence as motivational, as encouragement to others to challenge assumptions and change. To the extent that he comes across as tough, it's toughness with a purpose. He believes in the College of Law as well as his students and colleagues; he wants us all to succeed.

In some of his recent work, he has begun to share this tough love with those outside the College of Law family. In *Why Every Law Student Should Be a Gunner*<sup>4</sup> and *Hard Law Firms and Soft Law Schools*,<sup>5</sup> Bob takes aim at the aspirations that law students have for themselves and the objectives that law school administrators and faculty set for their institutions and their students. But unlike others who are critical of legal education, he hasn't given up on it; rather, he's trying to improve it.

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1. Although I am aware of the movie by the same name, see <http://www.imdb.com/title/tt0103241/>, I do not mean to make an allusion to it here. The title, however, seems apt.

2. College of Law Distinguished Professor of Law, The University of Tennessee College of Law; J.D., New York University School of Law; A.B., Brown University.

3. About now, Bob is sure to be thinking—but never would actually say—that I should "get a life." At least I was drinking a beer when I started writing this, Bob . . . .

4. Robert M. Lloyd, *Why Every Law Student Should Be a Gunner*, 40 ARIZ. ST. L.J. 1343 (2008).

5. Robert M. Lloyd, *Hard Law Firms and Soft Law Schools*, 83 N.C.L. REV. 667 (2005).



Other recent works are a testament to his desire to use his experience and intelligence to improve the substance and practice of law. In these pieces, he combines an elder-statesman-like wisdom in certain areas of the law with a broad and deep knowledge and understanding of business transactions and the people who make deals. I use some of these articles in my teaching and am citing to one in a current scholarly project. My favorites in this genre include *Discounting Lost Profits in Business Litigation: What Every Lawyer and Judge Needs to Know*,<sup>6</sup> *Proving Lost Profits After Daubert: Five Questions Every Court Should Ask Before Admitting Expert Testimony*,<sup>7</sup> and *Pennzoil v. Texaco, Twenty Years After: Lessons For Business Lawyers*.<sup>8</sup> I truly hope that Bob continues to write about important issues at the intersection of law and law practice. I find his work of this kind easy to read, credible, and useful.

I know Bob would want me to mention briefly (in passing) a few of his sartorial choices that I have admired over the past ten-plus years (since no one else likely will raise this point, especially in a serious law review tribute). After all, we don't just talk about *law* in the faculty wing! Bob has his own unique fashion sense; I might describe his personal style as post-military preppy. He is one of few adult males that I have seen in or around Knoxville (another being, as I recall, our colleague Ben Barton) wearing Nantucket Reds,<sup>TM</sup><sup>9</sup> plain-front or pleated cotton canvas trousers in an unusual, faded/muted red. The days he wears his Reds to the office bring me back to the Northeast mentally and emotionally. And Bob already knows this, but he really should wear pink oxford cloth shirts more often. They are great with his coloring and (as we all have agreed on the third floor) do not compromise his manliness in the slightest.

In case you can't tell, I will miss Bob's counsel, intensity, support, encouragement, intelligence, and (yes) personal style. But, as with all good people who have worked long and hard hours for the folks and institutions they love, Bob must be set free to enjoy and impact others. He leaves us with a better place by his presence and his many, many contributions. And for all the demurrals that may issue from Bob in response to the collegial reflections published in this volume, I somehow believe that he will appreciate in his heart the homages we all have written to and of him. As well he should.

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6. Robert M. Lloyd, *Discounting Lost Profits in Business Litigation: What Every Lawyer and Judge Needs to Know*, 9 TRANSACTIONS: TENN. J. BUS. L. 9 (2007)

7. Robert M. Lloyd, *Proving Lost Profits After Daubert: Five Questions Every Court Should Ask Before Admitting Expert Testimony*, 41 U. RICH. L. REV. 379 (2007).

8. Robert M. Lloyd, *Pennzoil v. Texaco, Twenty Years After: Lessons For Business Lawyers*, 6 TRANSACTIONS: TENN. J. BUS. L. 321 (2005).

9. See <http://nantucketreds.com/mens/pants/reds.html>.