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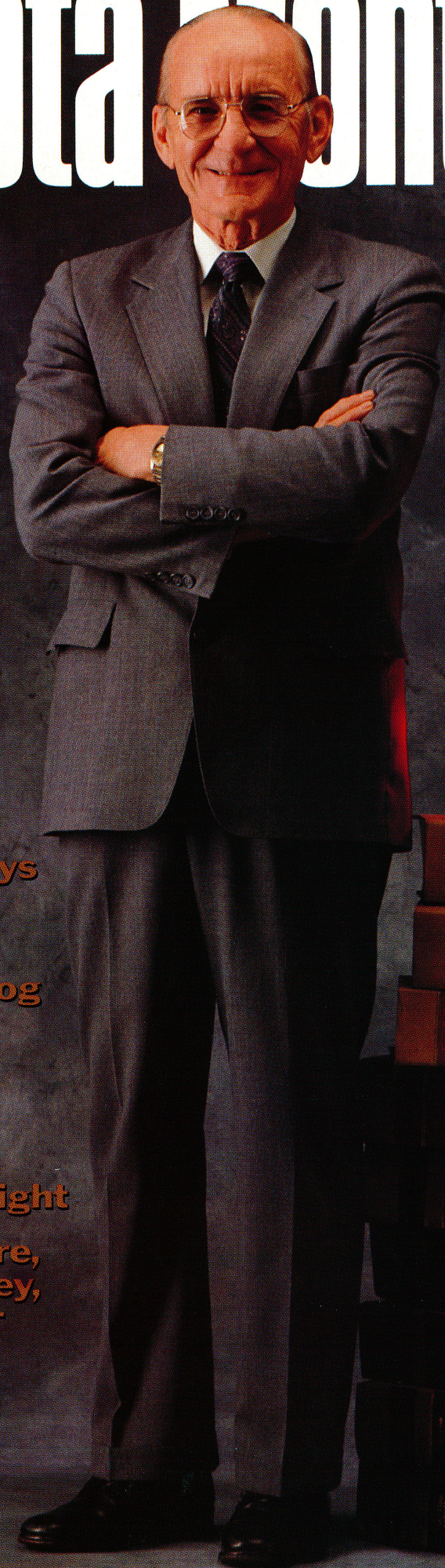
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## MILES TO GO

*Once a federal judge,  
now a personal-injury lawyer,  
always a controversial character:*

### MILES LORD

*is still feisty  
after all these years.*



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# HEAVEN CAN WAIT

*For ex-federal judge Miles Lord, there is still plenty to do—and, he frankly admits, plenty of money to be made—right here on earth.*

BY DAVID CARR

AT FIRST BLUSH, WATCHING MILES LORD PRACTICE LAW is akin to catching the great and terrible Oz with the curtain askew. He's still impressive, but he shrinks to life-size. As a federal judge, Lord was called upon to wrestle with some of the most significant legal challenges of the day. As a personal-injury attorney, Lord encounters challenges that are fundamentally different, both in scale and nature.

The caller on the phone has a small claim pending. "Probably won't amount to beans," Lord says, covering the receiver and rolling his eyes. He switches on the speaker phone.

The client is calling Lord's office because he lost his truck in an accident. "You've already told me that. What about your brother's car?" Miles fires back.

"It's got a flat tire," the claimant explains.

"Fix it."

"It's a special tire. A Jeep tire," the guy says, his voice rising to validate the seriousness of the problem.

"Call a Jeep dealer. Get a used tire."

"Oh... um, really? Think they have 'em?" A note of hopefulness creeps into the caller's voice.

"I'm sure of it. Stay in touch."

Click.

The former federal judge—live-wire slayer of corporate behemoths, political bedfellow of Minnesota giants whose names are spoken only in the most reverent of tones—is wrapping up another day of personal-injury law. His shift consists principally of hand-holding and advice-giving to any poor schlub who dials 333-LORD. When Miles Lord looks

PHOTOGRAPHED BY RICHARD PETERSON

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into the camera in his television ads and entreats viewers to "call me if you have a problem," some people take him very seriously. His law office is a point of entry for the meek, the disenfranchised, the crazy, and the just plain confused. "This [law practice] is entirely consistent with everything I've ever done," he says matter-of-factly.

Maybe so, but the proportions of his endeavors are, well, a little less epic these days. As a prosecutor, a politician, and a judge, Miles Lord made footprints that still mark the social landscape of the state and the nation. He can take credit for some distinctive work, a task that comes easily to this admitted master of self-aggrandizement. As Lord is more than willing to tell you, he is almost single-handedly responsible for keeping Lake Superior clean, the BWCA quiet, girls in sports, wolves in the wilderness, corporations accountable, and newspapers readable.

"I'm a colorful guy," he declares, arms spread wide.

Busy, too. Most of the calls to his office sound like outtakes from *Planes, Trains and Automobiles* or even more horrific Hollywood scripts. Car wrecks. Train accidents. Guys falling into vats of acid. The voices on the phone sound wounded and scared. "He never saw it coming and now he's gone," they'll say. Miles alternately pats their heads or their hands over the phone, assuring the friends or family members that while nothing can bring back their loved ones, he will give them something else. Justice. Fair compensation for losses incurred.

Miles maintains that his new occupation has dimensions of nobility, not just gore and gloom. "I'm on the healing end of it. I would get tired if I were somehow inflicting the pain or if I had to do the hands-on part, like in the emergency room. But by the time I get there, most of the [survivors] are on the mend. In a death

case, you'd be surprised how much comfort you can be to a family. Just to give them something to hang onto, some kind of certainty.

"You can give them something even more certain than what a preacher gives them. A preacher tells them that God is there, but they can't reach out and touch God. I give them something they can touch and feel."

Which presumably would be the color of money — so long as liability can be established. Miles admits no aversion to the potential economic rewards of life on the other side of the bench.

"While I was on the bench, I didn't resent the money the lawyers were making," he says, "but I couldn't help but observe it. I wanted to share in the booty."

Before he retired five years ago, Miles noticed some marked inequities in compensation. "The head lawyer would come in, followed by his assistants, and they'd be trailed by a young associate who was carrying all of their briefcases. That kid would be making more money than me," he says, spreading out the lines on his face to convey his amazement.

The judicial robe is gone now, the money is steadily improving, but his tenacious pursuit of the road less traveled continues in matters large and small. At 70, Miles Lord has taken to the private practice of law with emblematic gusto. Business is good, and his health was recently certified during a visit to the Mayo Clinic — with one small exception. An X ray clearly showed a small, ovoid piece of metal floating in his digestive system. After some discussion and investigation, the doctors concluded that the unidentified floating object was, in fact, a hearing-aid battery.

"See, here it is," he says, holding up an X ray for the cleaning ladies, Janet and Sue, at his house on Christmas Lake outside of Excelsior. "I don't know how it got in there. I must have mistaken it for a Tums in the dark one night when my stomach was acting up." Miles is obviously warming up, the consummate talebearer with a story that has everything: drama, suspense, a snappy resolution. Lord always enjoyed a reputation for innovation and resourcefulness on the bench, so it comes as no surprise that in the case of the errant battery, he took matters into his own wiry hands.

"I got it out," he says, looking for a reaction from the guy with the notebook. "You don't think it's true? I'll tell you how I did it, but don't put this in any story."

"How come?"  
"People will think I'm nuts!"  
"No deal," the guy with the notebook replies.

Miles hangs on the cusp for a minute, torn between propriety and the compulsion to entertain. It isn't a close call. He

turns back to Janet and Sue, both of whom are waiting expectantly with dust rags in their hands.

"I'll be right back," he says, darting out of the room and returning with a huge 10-pound magnet on the end of a rope.

Lord peels the hearing aid out of his ear and nimbly extricates the battery for the purpose of demonstration. It jumps to the magnet from at least a foot away.

"What I did, you see, I soaped up my belly real good so I was good and slick. I've seen enough anatomy in court to know where everything is, even if I don't know the names of it all.

"I worked it around," he explains, tracing the magnet across his abdomen in deliberate arcs, "up my ascending colon and then out." Janet and Sue are mesmerized; hands go up to the sides of their heads as smiles of admiration break across their faces. Neither doubts the great prevaricator for a second. The guy with the notebook doesn't know what to think.

Lord hugs himself with impish delight before heading out to put the magnet back in the garage. The porch at the front of the house is suffused with gentle autumn sun and the spell of a born storyteller.

THE HEARING-AID BIT IS VINTAGE Lord, a microcosm of his modus operandi as a man obsessed with solutions. Lord is impatient as a matter of course and more than willing to manipulate reality to match his own world view. As a judge and as a man, he was never hung up on precedent or pretension. Lord was a judicial outrider in a system rife with procedural hurdles and endless delays, a man possessed of an uncanny knack for getting from point A to point B with dizzying speed.

As a Federal District Court judge and eventually the chief judge, Lord was an avatar of jurisprudence, displaying little respect for amorphous concepts like judicial temperament, preferring to take names and kick butts and worry about the rest on appeal.

Minneapolis lawyer Vance Opperman appeared before Lord in federal court a number of times. "Probably the most significant thing about Miles as a judge was his ability to get to the conclusion of matters with breathtaking quickness. On occasion he jumped to the wrong conclusion,

but he was right 90 percent of the time. Kirby Puckett is a hero for hitting one out of three when he steps up to the plate. I think Miles had a pretty good batting average on the bench."

Lord, whom Hubert H. Humphrey called "the people's judge," was on the bench for 19 years. People who recall only the times he was overturned or censured lack perspective. Lord chewed through his caseload with ferocity and creativity and was overturned no more frequently than his peers on the circuit court. He kept the trains running on time.

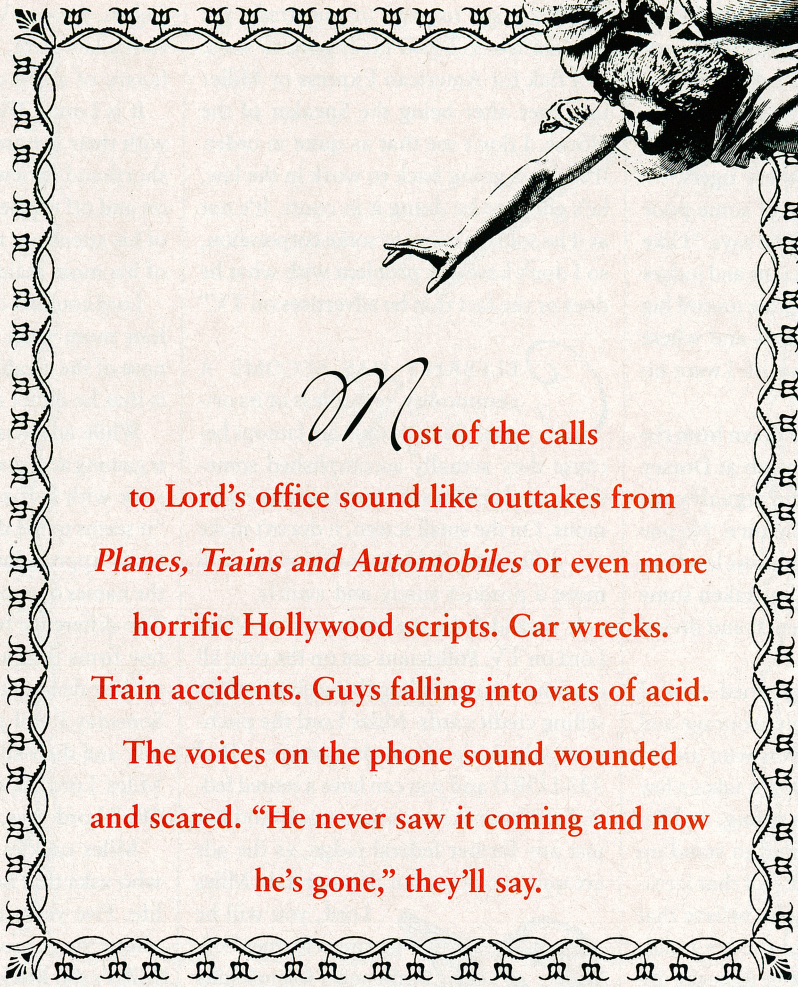
Those who tangled with Miles during his days on the bench found out that he never really retired the left hook that served him

so well in his Golden Glove days on the Iron Range. He responded to corporate mendacity by bankrupting companies, met challenges from his peers by going public, and answered disrespect in his courtroom with a hand signal to the marshals. This diminutive man, who once installed a sound system to play music for jurors while he huddled with lawyers, was nobody to mess with when he had a gavel within reach.

His treatment of evildoers in corporate America was unprecedented. "Why is it, when you hatch a plot in a barroom it's a crime, but when you plan it in a boardroom it is not?" he has said.

"Judge Lord was not anticorporate, but when he felt [corporations] had done something wrong, he was more than capable of showing them the full fury of the law," says his former law clerk Roberta Walburn, now an attorney with Robins, Kaplan, Miller & Ciresi.

Joe Walters, who defended Lord on a charge of judicial misconduct, says that attorneys have a term for a guy like Lord. "He is *sui generis*, meaning one-of-a-kind.



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It would be chaos if everybody on the bench conducted business the way he did, but it would be a tragedy if there wasn't one like him."

Mile's brand of judicial activism, dubbed "Lord's Justice" in a book on the famous A. H. Robins/Dalkon Shield case, isn't to everyone's taste. Richard Quinlivan is a civil-defense attorney in St. Cloud who has done a lot of work on behalf of insurance companies. He has some doubts about the character behind the character that is Miles Lord. "I think that his conduct on the bench was a disgrace to the bench. My impression was that among members of the bar, there was no love lost between him and the defendants in civil cases."

Quinlivan suggests that Miles's public profile was a significant roadblock for people in pursuit of justice. "I just think because of a lot of things he said, because he was so political, it compromised his ability to serve properly as a judge," Quinlivan says.

Those times when Lord felt constrained by the boundaries of his courtroom, he

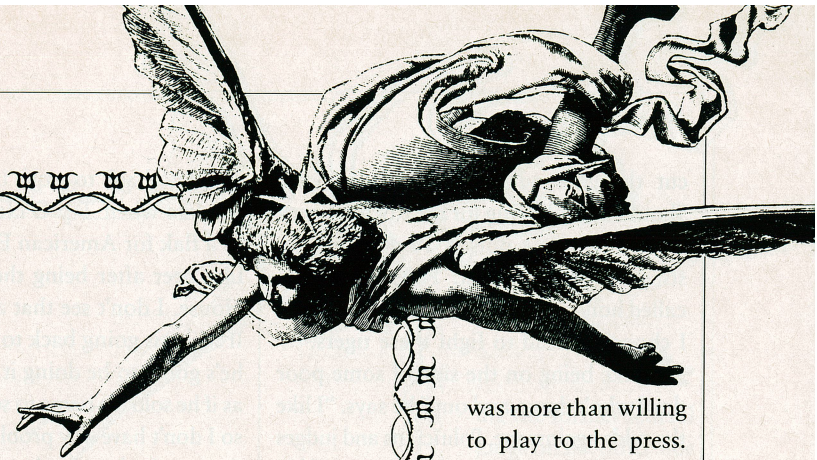
was more than willing to play to the press. "Miles was one of the best tipsters in town," recalls *Star Tribune* columnist Jim Klobuchar. "You'd get a call about something at an odd hour of the night from a caller who wouldn't identify himself, but you knew it was Miles."

Miles no longer depends on the fickle attentions of journalists to get his message out. A full-page ad in the Minneapolis Yellow Pages promises "strong and trustworthy legal representation" from "Miles W. Lord, attorney and legal consultant." His experience

as a state attorney general, U. S. Attorney, and federal judge is mentioned prominently, but the really big, bold type explains that he is "specializing in personal injury."

Most federal judges who retire take senior status and remain on the bench to help out with the caseload. Some join large, well-established law firms. Not one former federal judge from Minnesota in recent memory has opened up a practice in personal-injury law. There have been whispers that it is downright unseemly for Miles to be more or less in the posture of ambulance chasing.

Lord dismisses such talk with a wave of his hand as he guides his Oldsmobile west on Highway 7 toward his house on Christmas Lake. "What would they have me do? Should I go to work at Dow Chemical Company, defending their cases? I'd be perfectly respectable if I did that. Should I go to work at some big company like B & K [Construction] up north that's telling a lot of lies to state government about how wonderful they're going to be and then get the commitment of the money and





cut the guts out of their labor force? Should I be lobbying for the Koch refinery while they spew poison 10 miles downstream from their plant? Those are the so-called honorable jobs we're talking about. I choose instead to fight these tigers.

"I like being on the side of some poor devil who's down and out," he says. "I like the odds against me. Politicians and judges do have the tendency to migrate toward big firms where the big money is and where the big clients are taken care of. I want no part of that."

Walter Mondale stepped down from the vice presidency and into a job at Dorsey & Whitney, the biggest and arguably the most prestigious law firm in town. No one has inferred that his behavior was less than statesmanlike, but Miles has taken some hits for stepping off the bench and diving in among the alligators.

Lord takes a more enlightened view of his current enterprise. "I give courage and strength to the other lawyers who are involved in this noble endeavor. It takes a few of us to make a profession strong, and I'm one of them. I am not afraid to stand up for the rights of my people. All that [criticism] comes from those who believe that the people who own all of the big buildings downtown should not be imposed upon by the victims of their negligence. The whole battle here is between the haves and the have-nots."

Still, there are some cases that Lord no longer wants to take. "I have stopped advertising for drunk-driving cases, and I will no longer handle them," he says. "While we each are vulnerable before the law and should have representation, I think people should have the hell scared out of them when they get caught for drunk driving."

Lord's 19-year-old grandson, Wayne Faris, Jr., and a friend were killed last July on a Chisago County highway. According to Lord, the man who hit their car was so drunk that he believed he was on a freeway and crossed into the left lane—Wayne's lane. The head-on collision killed Faris "just as he was beginning to blossom," Lord says. "I just won't do those cases anymore."

Eugene McCarthy, former U.S. Senator and presidential candidate and a political contemporary of Miles Lord, thinks that his old friend is entitled to his new career. "At least if you're going back to work, you

could go back to work in your trade. It's not like when Tip O'Neill goes to work as a flak for American Express or Miller Lite beer after being the Speaker of the House. I don't see that as quite in order. If Miles is going back to work in the law, he's going to be doing it in court. It's not as if he sold his name to some corporation, so I don't have any problem with what he does or the fact that he advertises on TV."

**C**ELEBRITY HAS BECOME A commodity, regardless of its origins. Some people are famous because they actually accomplished something, and others are famous for being famous. On the small screen, it doesn't make any difference. A high-profile name will move a product surely and swiftly.

It shouldn't be surprising to see Miles Lord on TV. Politicians are on the tube all the time—some selling themselves, others selling credit cards. Miles Lord the pitchman sells Miles Lord the attorney. Dial 333-LORD and you can have a retired federal judge working on your case. And not just any former federal judge, as the ads are quick to point out. If you retain Miles

Lord, you will be getting a former U.S. Attorney, a former state attorney general, and a former giant of Minnesota politics.

Whenever people talk about the golden era of Minnesota politics, they mention

Lord in the same breath as Eugene McCarthy and Hubert Humphrey. As legend has it, the three DFLers strode forcefully onto the national political landscape, taking over the Democratic party and almost the country. If his buddy Gene McCarthy had supported his other buddy Hubert more vigorously, or if Humphrey had come out earlier against the Vietnam War, Lord might have ended up on the Supreme Court.

But while Humphrey lies quiet at Lakewood Cemetery in Minneapolis and McCarthy has retreated to the mountains of Virginia, Miles Lord can be seen making his daily rounds in the Minneapolis skyways and holding forth in his office on the ninth floor of the Midwest Plaza East office tower, where he rents space from the

Sieben, Grose, Von Holtum, McCoy & Carey law firm, which is also the beneficiary of a ton of referrals from Lord.

It is Lord's TV commercials, however, with their sonorous piano backdrop and shorthand review of his illustrious career on and off the bench, that get Miles most of his attention, much to the bemusement of his more staid colleagues on the bar.

Lord couldn't care less. Nothing pleases him more than tweaking the collective nose of the establishment. His only regret is that he didn't start advertising sooner.

While advertising in the legal business is gaining acceptance, most of the big firms stick with soft-sell, institutional pitches. "It seems to me that it's thought to be perfectly appropriate to advertise if you use the names of people who are already dead. The difference between me and the large law firms that are advertising the names of their dead uncles is that I am still alive. Someday I will probably join their number, and then all of the advertising by the Miles Lord Law Firm will be perfectly OK," Lord says, cackling.

Miles cackles a lot. He tells anybody who asks that he's having the time of his life. Five years into his "retirement," his phone rings more than 100 times a day. Miles's son Mick Lord is there to help handle the calls. Mick, a former deputy state auditor, "isn't a lawyer, but he has a terrific bedside manner," Lord says.

Most folks find Miles through the Yellow Pages. "I don't have to advertise that I'm good. For me to advertise that I'm good is like Santa Claus advertising that he's generous. I have to advertise so people know I'm available."

Lord is more than available. He's hot to trot. The phone calls come in sustained flurries, with Mick and Miles joined on occasion by his other son, Jim Lord, a former state treasurer and a personal-injury lawyer with a firm of his own.

Lord will talk to anybody for free on the phone—as his ads are quick to mention—but if someone wants a personal audience, it's going to cost \$300 an hour. "Maybe I'm not worth it, but I do it so my waiting room isn't clogged with all sorts of people," he explains.

People tend to see Lord as a point of entry to the complex, unfriendly world of legal mumbo jumbo. Some of them bring him less-than-choice cases to work on.

"Miles, it's that *Fatal Attraction* lady. She's in the building," Mick says, covering the receiver even though the woman is on hold.

"Put her through."

"Yes, this is Miles Lord." He shifts in his chair uncomfortably.

"Look, I've already referred your case to several good lawyers...."

"No you may not come up here. No, I can't represent you. You're too erratic. You haven't listened to any of the lawyers I've sent you to."

"I don't care if they're too young," he says, winking. "I can't help you and I don't want you coming up here. Good-bye now."

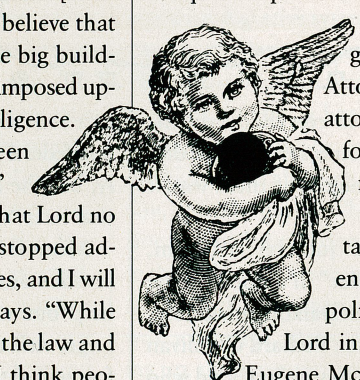
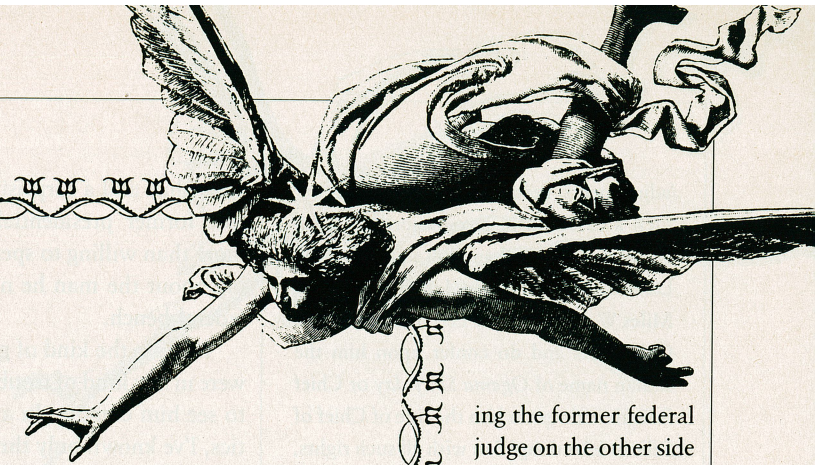
He and Mick have a big laugh. "She calls here every few days and says she's looking for Miles," Mick says.

Much of the day is spent making referrals on cases large and small. "The rear-end accident is the bread and butter of the business," says Miles. "It's what keeps the doors open." For the most part, Lord serves as a legal broker, taking incoming cases and referring them out to another firm for a third of the fee, which is usually a third of the award. One third of one third has been adding up into the six figures in the past year. "I'm doing pretty good finally," he says with satisfaction.

Mick screens many of the calls, and he never knows what to expect, from the people on the phone or his father. "The calls run the entire gamut, everything from a broken belt on a washing machine to several-million-dollar personal-injury cases. We handle them all."

Disaffection with other lawyers generates at least one quarter of the calls, according to Miles. "Part of the problem is that I have become the lawyer of last resort. People call and say, 'Miles, you're my last chance.' Whenever they say that, I know that they've already had six or seven law-

**Most of Lord's clients find him through the Yellow Pages. "I don't have to advertise that I'm good," he says. "For me to advertise that I'm good is like Santa Claus advertising that he's generous. I have to advertise so people know I'm available." But Lord is more than available. He's hot to trot.**



ing the former federal judge on the other side of the wall spices up his workdays. "It's never dull. I hear some of his calls, and they are unbelievable."

Not all of the inquiries represent law business per se. Lord is owner and master of Pelican Island in the middle of Leech Lake; one day a man from the Leech Lake Indian Reservation phones to offer his services as a guide during deer-hunting season.

Miles isn't interested in talking hunting with the young man. "I hear that you've been screwing up in school," he

scolds. "I hear they might kick your butt out of there if you don't shape up."

The young man concedes that he's drinking again, and Lord nods paternally as he listens. "I want to hear good reports the next time I'm up or you're going to be hearing from me. Shape up."

Lord and the Chippewa Indians have had a good-natured "war" over some disputed property on what Miles thinks of as his island. "The Indians have a technical claim to all of that land up there, so we like to tease each other. They want me to deed it back to them, and I want them to give up their claim on part of the island and leave." Rather than do battle with a guy who has bankrupted companies and reduced \$200-an-hour attorneys to tears, the Chippewas reached an accommodation, which is laid out on a plaque that hangs on the wall of Lord's office:

"The Leech Lake band of Chippewas are legendary for their ferocity and have never been known to admit defeat. However, we recognize that there are times when certain



'adjustments' need to be made. This being such a case and in recognition of his indisputable title as champion squatter of the Leech Lake Reservation, I do hereby adopt Miles W. Lord into the Leech Lake band of Chippewas and do confer upon him the Indian name of *Ogema Shay-day* or Chief Pelican and vest in him the title of Chief of Pelican Island together with all such rights, privileges, duties and responsibilities as are appurtenant to this high office."

Although the compromise stops short of a full-fledged surrender, it isn't the first time Lord has come out on top in an Indian skirmish. Former Senator McCarthy and others recall the time the federal judge attended a "hunt" in Georgia at the game farm of the Bell family, who founded General Mills. The exercise was a little patrician for Lord's tastes. Guests bounced along in horse-drawn buggies, shooting at quail flushed by attendants. Lord grew weary of "shooting fish in a barrel," as he put it, so he feigned an injury by falling off a horse. While the others rode out for the afternoon hunt, Miles got busy. With remarkable attention to detail, Lord darkened his skin and donned a black wig and Native clothing. He shadowed the hunters and then burst out in front of them, firing a gun in the air and shouting about the white men despoiling Indian land. The hunters, confronted by what appeared to be a fierce Seminole Indian, "withdrew and literally put the wagons in a circle," Miles recalls, hiccups of laughter filling the air.

A few weeks later Lord and some of his cronies had a powwow at the Minneapolis Club that included passing around a picture of the ersatz Seminole. A photographer of some repute happened by the table and was asked for a professional opinion.

"What lines! What character! I'd love to photograph that warrior," the photographer said.

McCarthy suggests that the photographer's comments aren't all that far off the mark. "Miles is the kind of guy you'd like to have in charge of the wagon train when you were going through Indian country. He might not be able to read the stars for direction, but he'd get you through."

McCarthy is relaxing in his Minneapolis hotel room before a speech. He has a reputation for haughtiness with the press, but he opens the door wearing a zippered

sweatshirt and a surprisingly open smile. The former presidential hopeful seems more than willing to spend an hour talking about the man he nominated to the federal bench.

"Miles is the kind of guy . . . that if you were in any kind of trouble, you'd be glad to see him coming. In a lifetime of politics, I've known only three or four guys I could say that about.

"I think people fail to realize what an innovator Miles really was," McCarthy says. "Our constitution never anticipated a time when most of the business in this country would be conducted by corporations. More than any judge in this country, Miles came to grips with holding corporations accountable. He has had a lasting impact.

"Because he was overturned in some fairly high-profile cases, people forget how much he actually got done. Even in cases where he was overturned, like Reserve Mining, he eventually prevailed."

**L**ORD'S "JUST FOLKS" DE-meanor and his penchant for high jinks tend to obscure the huge path he cut in his 19 years on the bench. Among other Goliaths, Lord took on Reserve Mining (asbestos pollution of Lake Superior), A. H. Robins (defective Dalkon Shield), and the federal government (withholding food stamps). Some of the companies that Lord deemed unresponsive ended up on their heels and eventually in bankruptcy court.

"That's what they deserved," Lord says. "If I had stayed on the case, I would have taken their buildings apart brick by brick and handed them out to the victims. They wouldn't walk away as the [A. H.] Robins people are walking away, with six to eight hundred million dollars. The Robins people would have had to find jobs if I had stayed on as the bankruptcy judge. They would have had to get honest jobs"—he pauses here for effect—"like digging through slag piles."

The rhetoric was no less strident back on the bench. After reading thousands of pages of transcripts, Lord told attorneys for A. H. Robins that "you don't have to argue that I'm biased. . . . I am." It was that refusal to accept the definition of a judge as an impartial eunuch that landed him in front of a disciplinary panel of the Eighth

Circuit. Before he would allow the Dalkon Shield case to be settled, he demanded that Robins officials come to his courtroom for a little talk. Once he got them there, he entreated them to "please, in the name of humanity, lift your eyes above the bottom line." He concluded the speech by telling company officials that he loved them.

Lord didn't help matters by granting an interview to *60 Minutes* that ran two weeks before the disciplinary hearing. He explained to Mike Wallace that justice "may be blind, but it's not dumb."

Lord was offended that the Eighth Circuit Court of Appeals would even consider disciplining him at the behest of what he saw as a corporate menace. He had made noises about retirement, which Wallace asked about.

"If I can leave the bench without appearing to leave under a cloud," Miles replied. "If this Court of Appeals makes it appear that I have in some way transgressed, I will sit here until I'm senile and they will have to send a committee to invite me off to the funny farm."

The disciplinary hearing was a media circus of grand proportions and featured former U. S. Attorney General Griffin Bell tearing into Lord. Not to be outdone, Lord retained another former U. S. Attorney General, Ramsey Clark, in addition to local counsel Joe Walters. Although Lord was eventually vindicated, Walters says that the ordeal wore him down.

"I think he became frustrated to some degree and felt like he was all alone, attacked as he was during the Dalkon process. He got fed up with being the target, although I don't think anything ever frightened him."

Walters isn't sure that Lord's decision to resign has served him well. "There is a loss of a platform there. I think he would have had more impact if he had stayed on."

Lord doesn't entirely disagree. "There is the loss of the platform, yes. When you speak, it doesn't carry the same authority, but it is more than compensated for by the other things.

"I didn't want to spend any more of my time with my butt glued to a piece of leather eight hours a day, five days a week. I used to be envious of lawyers who had



to go over to St. Paul on business because I was so confined in that damned courtroom.

"Then there is the intellectual freedom. How would you like to sit there for 19 years and every word you said was taken down and examined under a microscope? No matter what you can say about the power of the federal judgeship, you have to be very circumspect in what you say."

Now that he is no longer salted away up on the fourth floor of the federal courthouse, Miles is literally at large—tearing around the state, putting thousands of miles on his car each month. "I do my best thinking in the car," he says. Maybe that's why sons Mick and Jim have such trouble keeping Miles in the vicinity of his desk.

Last February Lord was contacted by relatives of a woman from Fargo whose medical treatment was suspended after her company was acquired and changed insurers. Marrow was withdrawn from the woman for treatment, and the new insurance company, claiming the treatment was experimental, refused to pay for it. The woman was caught in limbo. Lord tore up to Fargo in February of last year, let state insurance commissioners know what was going on, and promptly called a press conference to go public with her plight. In 12 days her treatment was resumed.

Lord probably isn't done making headlines. He has a suit pending against Koch Refining Company south of the Twin Cities for its alleged injuring of people downwind with discharges from the plant, and he is involved in tobacco liability litigation that could break new ground. But even when newspapers aren't bandying his name about, Miles doesn't qualify as shy.

With more relish than any politician you could name, Lord takes to the skyways,

**One of his frequent strolls through the Minneapolis skyways, Lord spots an older man clutching his chest. "Are you in pain?" Lord asks. "Don't try and walk. I'll call 911." He reappears in less than a minute, talking as he approaches. "Just sit your butt right down here on the floor. Don't worry about how it looks, they're going to be here any minute."**

stretching his legs and giving his ego a little workout in the process. He seems to know every fourth person, and the rest gaze his way with dim looks of recollection. "Where are you working out of now?" asks one.

"Oh, right out here in the halls," he explains, gesturing the length of the skyway. "This is where I solicit business."

Miles spots an older man clutching his chest while his wife looks up and down the skyway. A man of action, Lord strides up to the man and says, "Are you in pain? Don't try and walk. I'll call 911." He reappears in less than a minute, talking as he approaches. "Just sit your butt right down here on the floor." The guy looks around sheepishly. "C'mon," Lord says, placing his hand on the man's shoulder. "Don't worry about how it looks, they're going to be here any minute."

He turns to the man's spouse. "He'll be fine. Don't worry about a thing." Just as quickly as he came, Lord is gone.

He makes a stop at the clutch of senior citizens at the Midwesterner's Club to pil-

after you die and some dead guy you don't even know will reach out and put his arm around you." The woman shrieks with a mixture of horror and amusement, and Miles moves on to his next victim. "I like spending time with these folks," he says.

So why doesn't he retire for real and get all the cookies, coffee, and chitchat he wants?

"I've seen too many people retire and die, promptly die. Or I've seen judges who've retired, sold their houses, and moved to Arizona. They come back and park in front of their [former] house and cry. They want to be back in their house, and they want to be back on the bench.

"The way things are, I don't have to sit around and worry about, 'What is this lump I feel here?' Someday I'll be sitting around a nursing home, and there'll be plenty of time for that."

A man in a suit walks by in the skyway wearing a neck brace.

"See, there goes a client," says Miles. "I've got things to do. He's probably got a lawyer and a chiropractor." ■

