

### *Symposium on The Civil Rights of Public School Students*

## For Congo Jack, Gentle Globetrotter

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## FOR CONGO JACK, GENTLE GLOBETROTTER

Paul H. Brietzke\*

One of the many things that Jack Hiller and I shared in common was a love for Africa. Throughout his career he retained a deep and abiding interest in this continent. He loved its peoples, from whom our most ancient ancestors all take their origins. He loved their prehistory and their history, their art and their culture. And he remained a cultured despiser of those whose sole purpose for being in Africa was to steal its resources or to colonize its people.

In all these things, Jack was a pioneer going out ahead of the times. He was hard at work in this continent when I was still a stripling in law school. From 1966–1968, Jack was one of the first Americans teaching law in Africa—under the Ford Foundation's prestigious SAILER program. He taught at the University of Dar-es-Salaam, in Tanzania. He also mentored Kenyan law lecturers, wrote on a variety of topics, and consulted with their government on fleshing out its tax system.

Jack and I first met in 1972 in the Faculty Club at the University of Nairobi (Kenya), where Jack was a Fulbright Professor. I was teaching in Malawi and presenting a paper at a conference in Nairobi. Some conferees sought out a drink in the afternoon because a conference is thirst-provoking “work.” Jack stood out at the Faculty Club because he was sober and remained so; me too, of course. We talked law (what else?), went to his house for dinner and, two days later, went out to photograph animals: elephants are a lot larger if there are no bars between them and you.

You could take Jack out of Africa, but never take Africa out of Jack. When he returned to Valparaíso, Jack started in our law school one of the first law reviews to take Africa, Asia, and Latin America seriously, the *Journal of Third World Legal Studies*. Mary Persyn and I had a marvelous opportunity to work together with Jack in this fruitful endeavor. Many illustrious careers in the law—on the bench, in the bar, and in the academy—were launched in Africa, Asia, and Latin America because Jack sought out promising young lawyers and urged them to disseminate their thoughts in this journal. I am entitled to confess appropriate pride that our law school took the risk of publishing this journal decades before “globalization” became hip (and later, a dirty word for multinational corporate greed).

In 1978, I got a chance to reciprocate Jack's hospitality. Teaching in England, I ran into Jack on the street. (The whole world comes through London eventually). He came to our house for dinner and stayed for a

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couple of nights. Responding to my complaints about a poverty my wife and I thought rather genteel—£5200 per year; the academics' life—Jack suggested I come to Valparaiso. He thus gets the credit—some colleagues and students might call it the blame—for my coming here. We had all sorts of fun over the years, including working with one of Africa's most esteemed legal scholars, Professor Penny Andrews, who later graced me with her presence as a colleague at Valpo.

But how did he come to be known as "Congo Jack"? When I arrived in Valpo in 1978, I discovered that Jack's students had given him this moniker. Not bad, I thought. Law students who had apparently read Joseph Conrad's famous 1902 novel *Heart of Darkness*. The student nickname for Jack stemmed from his fondness for wearing safari jackets in those days. The two great advantages of this garb are more pockets than seem necessary and a mesh back for hot weather. (I wear them too, not around the Law School, but when I take pictures, filling the pockets with film and photo gizmos.)

Like Jack, I learned that Valparaiso improves with the opportunity to get away from time to time. In a kind of tag-team match, I succeeded Jack in his appointment as a Fulbright Professor at the Institute (now University) Teknologi MARA in Malaysia. Jack's involvement with this country dates back to 1955, when he both began his teaching career here at Valpo, and became a consultant to the Stamford College School of Law that opened in Petaling Jaya, Malaysia around 1960.

I could hardly recognize Jack in the legend that had grown up around him in the Malaysia of 1987. Over the years and especially when I was working in Indonesia, I kept running into bright, attractive women whom Jack had befriended in Malaysia. The most recent example of such chance encounters took place last March in Munich, where I met Barbara Wagner, a senior German lawyer who knew Jack from his Malaysia experience, and who is also a contributor to these tributes to Jack.

Jack will be missed, by me and (almost) everyone else. (Lawyers are trained to avoid unequivocal statements whenever possible). Jack Hiller enriched the lives of many by expanding their horizons. Encouraged by our memories of this gentle globetrotter, we can hope to do the same.