Symposium on The Civil Rights of Public School Students

For Jack, Mentor and Friend

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Jeremy Telman*

It was my greatest honor in my six years in this law school to have been named the Jack Hiller Distinguished Professor of Law in 2008-2009. I knew and admired Jack Hiller, so it brought me special pleasure to be honored with an award that bears his name.

My friendship with Jack reminded me of why I aspired to become an academic in the first place. Jack and I came together in this place by chance. We met as adults, having had lifetimes of personal experiences in which the other did not figure. But we met in the spirit of openness, curiosity, joint enterprise and intellectual challenge that universities, at their best, uniquely create. As an emeritus professor who had devoted his professional life to a certain vision of the Valparaiso University School of Law, Jack had every reason to regard me with suspicion, if not hostility. When I first came across Jack, hunched over his manual typewriter in a windowless office in the library, he certainly struck me as an odd bird. But Jack never showed me anything but esteem, respect and solicitude. He encouraged me, brought me articles and books to read that he thought might help me in my research, and shared with me his intelligence, his wit and his experience.

When I was a graduate student at Cornell, I was befriended by an emeritus professor, Frederick Marcham, who had taught at that same institution for nearly seventy years. He had done it all. He was a fully-engaged scholar. He had chaired the history department on two occasions. He performed service for the university and was the first chairman of the Ivy League athletic eligibility committee. In addition, for thirty-two years, he had served as the Mayor of Cayuga Heights, the town that bordered on the university.

When I knew Professor Marcham, he was working on a history of Cornell. He told me that the most important change he had experienced during his seventy years there was that the department had transformed from one in which what mattered most was the esteem in which one was held by one’s colleagues in the department into one in which what mattered most was the esteem in which one was held by professors who taught at other universities. He viewed this development as a sad one—one that diminished the place’s sense of collegiality and common purpose.

Jack Hiller embodied for me the persistence of that older ethos to which Professor Marcham had been devoted. Jack was an engaged scholar whose most recent publication appeared in a prominent*

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international law journal just months before his death. But the main audiences that Jack was interested in reaching assemble regularly in Wesemann Hall. Jack was a committed member of this community, so much so that when we are engaged in the study of law in Valparaiso, Jack’s ideas and influence are with us as though encoded in our DNA.

While Jack’s body was in decline by the time I met him, his mind remained agile. I visited him regularly after he no longer had the energy to visit me and his other colleagues in the Law School. He was always very eager for news of what was going on in the Law School, but he wasn’t looking for gossip. He wanted to know about our intellectual lives, about outside lectures and visitors, about what was going on in our classrooms, about the kinds of students we were attracting and about how our students were doing on the job market.

Jack made a point of being supportive of younger faculty. He would ask me about my scholarship and I never came across a subject to write on that would not benefit from Jack’s advice. Last Fall, I shared with Jack my concern about placing an article I had recently written. We talked about it for a while and moved on to other subjects. A few days later, Jack called me in my office. I think it was the only time he ever called me except to return calls I’d placed to him. He had thought of a journal I might submit my article to and he wanted to share that recommendation with me. I followed his advice.