operations. Between us we balanced and integrated public and private law aspects of trade, direct foreign investments, and financial transactions.

Others in this symposium will write, I am sure, of Professor Leech's musical talents, fine taste in paintings, and service on the School's key committees. I have benefitted from these, both as a fellow faculty member and as a short-time administrator. Perhaps others will mention also his leadership of the Committee on Space. But lest among the recitals of his auras this seemingly pedestrian contribution be overlooked, I shall mention it for what it has been, more vital than one might think and requiring a rare balance of finesse and iron will!

I do not know why Noyes never emitted those not always very subtle emanations of decanibility. He could have been a dean almost anywhere he might have wanted to be, I should think. He would not have been put off, certainly, by the only-known (to me) witticism of a very much dean at another place: "Old deans never die; they just lose their faculties!" Dean or not, Noyes E. Leech has his faculties, in every sense of the term. And this is truly good!

NOYES LEECH: RECTITUDE AND FREE-WHEELING

LOUIS B. SCHWARTZ†

Those were the Golden Days! The Young Turks of the Penn faculty, recently recruited from post-New-Deal, post-World-War-II Washington, confronted the first wave of hard-eyed, skeptical, purposeful veterans. The new faculty team—Byse, Haskins, Honnold, Leary, and Schwartz—saw ourselves as having had the sophisticating experiences of battle or bureaucracy. Not for us the old myths and formulas, the deadly rigidities of antiquated procedure, or exclusive reliance on the pseudoscientific Harvard case method in teaching law. Our jurisprudence was "realism": we knew the political nature of adjudication, especially the new adjudication of administrative agencies. We knew that law was as much a matter of delegated discretion as of hard rules interpreted according to grammar or logic or "rules of construction." We were determined to avoid the errors of those who had taught us, even though that "defective" education had produced paragons of learning and civic virtue like ourselves.

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As for the new students, they were ready to admire, respectful (Oh, so respectful, by comparison with their successors of the sixties and seventies!), but they had minds of their own. And their respect was tempered by the fact that they were not all that much younger than their new teachers. The narrow age gap encouraged *friendship* between tutors and pupils, replacing hierarchy. They too had had sophisticated experiences.

Noyes Leech was one of a handful of law students who emerged as intellectual leaders of their generation. They were giants: Arlin Adams, John Ballard, Ray Bradley, Aaron Fine, Bob Landis, Mike von Moschzisker, Frenchy Poul, Alf Putnam, Henry Sawyer, Bernie Wolfman and John Zeller—the list is long even without the names of those whose stature emerged later. Noyes’ stature was early apparent to anyone who read his law review comment on the Communist Control Act.¹ I was astonished by its insight, maturity, and courage. How incapable of matching it I would have been in my student days. Later I would be struck by his wisdom, integrity, and eloquence even when he wrote on topics far less stimulating than control of political dissidence, for example, in his masterly article on sale of a controlling interest in a corporation.²

Rectitude must be a key idea in any memoir of Noyes Leech. He held himself to a strict standard, sometimes painful to us other more compromising mortals. Working with him on faculty committees after he joined us as a colleague following a brief term in private practice, one had to be sure of one’s intellectual and moral ground. He could be icy in disapproval! Not for him disingenuous deference to students or colleagues pushing silly, faddish proposals.

I associate Noyes’ rectitude with his religiosity. That was an exotic feature of his personality in an era dominated by unstructured, deist-agnostic, non-conformist attitudes. Unobtrusively, Noyes went faithfully to church, served as vestryman, and sang in the choir. It occurs to me that his switch from practice to teaching must have reflected a distaste for the ethical compromises involved in client-serving, or perhaps he should be regarded in that period of practice as an acolyte preparing to take the vows of priesthood in academe.

How am I to reconcile that stern sketch with the warmth and unconventionality that were equally significant in his character? Where was “rectitude” when he was performing with brilliant abandon as trombonist in a hilarious never-to-be-forgotten brass quintet in the