

CLARENCE MORRIS

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I do not see how anyone can share any kind of professional experience with Clarence Morris without saying to himself "This is the kind of chap it is a joy to be with." Unobtrusively revealed are the serious touch without solemnity, the light touch without frivolity, the complete absence of pretense or guile, the wide ranging mind—in short, the delightful combination of scholar and humanist who sees, senses and transmits with grace and understanding.

Speaking personally, one of my chief regrets, in a fairly lengthy academic life, is that I have had so few chances to be associated with him. Yet the chances I have had—working together on several committees, sharing the platform on a number of occasions, a wonderful evening in his delightful home with his charming wife Bill—these occasions, and a more than casual acquaintance with many of his writings, still linger vividly in my memory, long after many others have faded.

There is an old saying, "Flattery is a deadly poison," to which a witty fellow is supposed to have added, "But fortunately it works very slowly." With Clarence Morris, one may be sure, it would not work at all. Merited praise is, of course, a bit different. Yet, how to praise without reciting what all of us already know: that he is admired, respected and liked not only for what he has done but for what he is—an influential scholar, a genial comrade, and a warm friend.

Scotching the adjectives, I would like to end this little tribute where I began. He is the kind of chap it is simply a joy to be with—a sentiment, I am sure, shared by all who know him.

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