



PennState
Dickinson Law

DICKINSON LAW REVIEW
PUBLISHED SINCE 1897

Volume 63
Issue 2 *Dickinson Law Review* - Volume 63,
1958-1959

1-1-1959

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Recommended Citation

In Memoria, 63 DICK. L. REV. 183 (1959).

Available at: <https://ideas.dickinsonlaw.psu.edu/dlra/vol63/iss2/10>

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In Memoria

WALTER HARRISON HITCHLER, Dean Emeritus, died on February 5, 1959. Born in Plymouth, Pennsylvania, February 20, 1883, he was educated in the public schools there. Dr. Hitchler was graduated by the University of Virginia School of Law in 1905. Thereafter, until 1906, when he became a member of the faculty of the Dickinson School of Law, he was an Editor of the Michie Publishing Company. An army officer during World War I, Editor of Statutory Law of Pennsylvania from 1919 to 1922, Chairman of the Pennsylvania Liquor Control Board from 1939 to 1940, Chairman of the Alien Enemy Hearing Board in 1941, Dean of the Dickinson School of Law from 1930 to 1954, Dean Emeritus from 1954 to 1959, author of *The Law of Crimes* and of many Law Review Articles, Walter Hitchler lived a distinguished public life.

The statistics are recorded, but they do not reflect the whole man. It is only in the memories of those who knew him well that one may find the detail, the private life that completes the image. It is pleasant to search these memories, for they do not sing hallelujahs or sanctify. Those whose memories are long make no careful choice of words when they speak. There is no effort to set above and apart, for those who knew the man well remember that this was not to his taste. He detested pomposity as he detested barking dogs.

How do those who remember speak? They tell of a lawyer—good, competent, outstanding; a teacher—firm, demanding, exacting; a scholar—firm, demanding, exacting of himself no less than of his pupils. Mostly, they speak of a friend—quiet, reserved, not quick to admit his liking, but a staunch friend and often a benefactor.

There are many memories. A high school principal remembers that he might still be a fountain clerk but for the urging and financing of his further education by the Dean. There are three brothers, two lawyers and a surgeon, who might yet be three brothers, untitled, but for the generosity of one Walter Harrison Hitchler. One of them remembers well that he earned his tuition from the Dean—by a monthly emptying of a wastebasket. An outstanding professor of law at Dickinson also remembers. He cannot forget that a friend helped him to attain his legal education—a friend who contributed not only financially, but gave moral support as well.

Many of the beneficiaries do not remember, for they never knew. Their number is as great as those who did know. There is a secretary who remem-

bers that tuition money received for scholarship students often exceeded scholarship funds available. And there is the memory of dire times when only the personal funds of Walter Harrison Hitchler sustained a school thought to have died.

Many knew that they received much more than monetary assistance. Some were given a home—not a room and meals—but a home, a guiding influence, a friend who shared their problems.

This willingness to give was evidenced not alone by his aid to students. Many have witnessed the expenditure of time and effort in community projects. They recall that a busy man was never too busy to act as chairman of a local Red Cross drive, or to help establish U. S. O. facilities, or to be an active Rotarian.

The list of memories is not endless, for truly no list is. The list is long, longer than can be presented here, but it would not be truly reflective unless it also mentioned a well-known lawyer, a sometime teacher under the dean. As a student he shared the Dean's home, and he acknowledges that he profited much from the association. This man, as many, feels the personal loss of a friend who was more than a figurehead, more than a page of statistics. He does not describe an awe inspiring man or a man of the ages. His description? A simple human, more reserved than most, probably, more intelligent than most, certainly. A normal human with strong feelings for his family, with a devotion to friends which he could not always openly show. One who saw his own faults as well as the faults of others but could more readily overlook the latter.

Many others remember. They remember not just a stolid scholar; they remember an athlete, a formidable tennis opponent who coached as well as he played. Some remember too a lawyer who was interested in more than civil and criminal law—who traveled much to enforce the rules on a football field. Two fellow officials, close friends, a Catholic and a Jew, remember this Protestant well. They respected him not only for his public career; they respected and honored him as a friend.

Such is the portrait of Dean Hitchler. Not like a snapshot does it reveal the mood of a moment. Not like a painting is it the artist's conception. Like a man it is a composite. Not infinitesimally detailed, it reflects a way of life.