Tribute to Henry J. Hyde

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When Henry and I attended law school at Loyola during the years immediately following World War II, it was a different world—and a different school—than it is today. There was only one woman in the class, and many of the enrolled students had academic backgrounds that did not include a college degree. At that time, Loyola University of Chicago Law School was filled with ex-GIs who had served in World War II, and who would come to comprise the classes of 1948, 1949, and 1950. We were the “conquering heroes being welcomed home by a grateful nation,” and possibly because of that we were given opportunities that would have otherwise been denied to us. I don’t know if getting shot at matures you, but there was a sense among many of the ex-GI law students at Loyola at that time that if you ran hard enough, you would catch up to wherever you were supposed to be but for the war. After a difficult week of studying you would find many of the students taking a break across Rush Street at Patsy’s, the predecessor oasis to Flapjaws.

Back then, the law school was compressed together all on the 9th floor of Lewis Towers. Classes were fairly large, comprised of a mixture of different ages and academic backgrounds—we brought different amounts of “academic baggage” to the classroom. Henry and Howard Markey1 would always sit, side-by-side, near the windows in class; Markey in the first row, and Henry in the next row, right alongside him. It was very clear even in 1948 that they were both very bright guys—and very argumentative. Without exception, they would argue with each other over every issue that arose in the classroom. It didn’t matter what the topic was or what position the other took, the two
of them led the charge in class discussions and took no prisoners. Today, Henry and Howie could take Clinton and Obama down the aisle. What struck me the most during those discussions was their ability to express themselves so clearly and usually with a touch of humor, no matter what the legal question might be.

However, nothing at the time indicated that Markey would serve with such distinction on the bench, or that Henry would have such an illustrious career in the halls of Congress. After graduation in 1949, I rarely saw Henry (I moved to Pennsylvania), but saw his name in the papers from time to time and followed his career on TV, such as when he served on the Congressional committee that administered the Clinton impeachment proceedings. In our professional years, and thereafter, I have remained vividly impressed with my recollection of Henry’s classroom leadership and of his service to his constituents in Congress.