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HENRY P. BRANDIS, JR.

KENNETH S. BROWN

Standing here and having the opportunity to say a few words about a great man is one of the true honors I have received. I wish at this time more than ever that I had been given Henry Brandis' gift for the poetic. He would call it mere doggerel, but it had the touch of his brilliant and fertile mind that we loved and cherished. I will never forget the verse that Henry wrote for the dinner marking my retirement as dean. Indeed, I have it framed in my office. Who else could rhyme "Kenneth" with "menath"?

Henry Brandis was a dear friend. Despite some attempt by Henry at a facade of gruffness, the warmth and affection for those who were his friends was never far from the surface. When he first became seriously ill, he didn't want to see any of us. It was not because he didn't love us or didn't know that we loved him, but rather because his emotions ran too high and would be too apparent. A few of us braved his strict orders not to visit and were deeply touched by his feelings.

I cannot let this moment go by without reference to Henry and the faculty poker games. Unfortunately, the frequency of the games has decreased in recent years as some of us have been distracted by other things. But Henry was always ready for the games. He simply loved them. I might add parenthetically that a police raid on the games would have yielded at one point—two former UNC chancellors, three present or former law school deans, and a number of senior professors. The newspapers would have had a field day. I will best remember Henry turning off his hearing aid and concentrating totally on the cards. As in all things, Henry's poker playing ability was brilliant. I can honestly say that in this one respect only I am a poorer man for having known him.

Henry Brandis' accomplishments in a fifteen-year deanship at the UNC Law School will never be equalled. He literally put the school on the national scene. He began the Law Foundation and the Law Alumni Association, thus planting the seeds for the now significant private support that the school receives. He presided over what many of us believe were the golden years of law teaching at the school.

He was straightforward and direct in his style and bold in his visions for the school. I remember hearing of one incident and reading about it before I ever had any formal contact with the University of North Carolina or with Henry Brandis. In 1962, Julius Chambers was elected as editor-in-chief of the North Carolina Law Review. He was the first black person to hold such a position at a major, predominantly white, law school in the nation. Henry, as dean of the school, was asked by a national magazine to comment on Julius' election. His response was simply, "He deserved it."

Henry Brandis' scholarship was superb, reflecting perhaps as brilliant a

mind as I have ever encountered. His publication—*Brandis on North Carolina Evidence*—is indeed the bible of trial lawyers of the state. The book, as all Henry's work, is filled with insights and depths of analysis beyond that of any comparable work anywhere. He reported the law, but was not afraid to be critical of the courts. His reference to one opinion of the North Carolina Supreme Court more than twenty years ago is perhaps illustrative. He called the holding "a monumental legal asininity impossible to explain to any layman not congenitally gullible."

I will have the distinct honor and terrifying challenge of trying to continue Henry's publications. I will try my best to keep up its quality. My job will be made significantly easier by the foundation of precise writing that Henry laid.

But Henry's use of his mind and incredible aptitude for legal analysis was not limited to his own publications. I knew him mostly during his long retirement period. During that time, he was always willing to be a thorough, critical and often demanding editor of the work of others. He was always ready to lend his talents to help young and not-so-young faculty members. His ideas for improvement of publications were not just good, they were virtually always right on target—sometimes painfully so. The only problem was that, in order to get any benefit whatsoever from Henry's comments, he would have to translate them for you. I know alumni who received his notes or letters about the law school will share my memory on this point. No one, and I emphasize no one, could read Henry's handwriting. You would receive a marked-up manuscript—with markings that you knew were absolutely necessary to the improvement of your work—but until he explained them to you, they might as well have been written in Sanskrit. But he would patiently explain them to you and the value of his thoughts would not be lost.

I will miss Henry terribly. He was my mentor as dean, my role model as a teacher and scholar, and my friend. The university, state, and nation have lost one of its finest intellects and greatest wits. One should use the adjective "great" sparingly. Henry Brandis was truly a "great" man.