When George Dession died in 1955, at the age of forty-nine, his friend and colleague Richard C. Donnelly wrote of him: "The criminal law has lost one of its ablest scholars."

Eleven years have passed. And now, at the age of fifty-one, Dick Donnelly is dead. Once again, prematurely, the American law of crime and punishment has lost one of its most perceptive and dedicated architects.

Dick brought to bear, in the classroom and in his writings, intelligence and imagination of a high order. And he joined to that intelligence a thoughtful understanding of, and a warm compassion for, the alienated, the troubled, the dispossessed—those to whom the law most often shows its hardest face. But Dick's was a true sensitivity—never sentimental, and never swallowing up his common sense. Painstaking analysis and an unremitting fidelity to the law's highest purposes were kept in gentle equipoise; and they served Dick well.

Dick looked for the good in every person he dealt with and every community of which he was a part. Thereby, somehow, he seemed to enlarge the ration of good in individuals and in institutions. The integrity of Dick's life was matched only by the courage with which, through months of pain, he faced his life's end. Our friend is at peace at last, on a sunny hillside near his home.