

teacher. She worked closely with her students, going over their examinations or papers with a fine-tooth comb, writing pages and pages of comments and spending hours and hours of her time with them. At the peak of her career she was an important model for many government majors, partly because they knew that, while demanding, she was also supportive and fair. And while she could be very serious, she also had a rich, wry sense of humor.

As one of her former students wrote recently:

My most favorite memory of Cecelia Kenyon is the lecture she gave on Thomas Jefferson in which she admitted to stealing two bricks from Monticello on one of her pilgrimages there. This admission she made with a conspiratorial grin and defiant toss of her head in front of over fifty Saturday morning Smith students. Before that moment I felt mostly awe in her presence. After that moment my awe was tempered by the warmth of her admission. The steel trap mind was wedded to a very human heart. Cecelia Kenyon has been, and remains, my most important memory of four years at Smith. Her influence on my life has reached far beyond the information she imparted.

Cele was also a wonderful colleague. She gave freely of her time to the college, fostering that faculty self-governance which has become its hallmark, and she was elected to many key committees by the faculty. She loved Smith and, therefore, insisted that the college live up to her very high standards of fairness and justice. Thus, although not confrontational by nature, and, indeed, rather shy, she said what she believed and stuck by it. For this reason Cele was sometimes regarded with trepidation and annoyance, if also respect, by her colleagues and those college presidents who served while Cele was here. She was the sometimes lovable and sometimes not so lovable bane of their existences.

Cele was, to use an old-fashioned word which she liked, a lady. She was invariably courteous to her opponents and soft spoken, interlacing her arguments with wryly humorous remarks, which during the height of her powers, often produced peals of laughter even from those

with whom she disagreed. Of course, we all knew that the velvet glove covered an iron fist.

Cele was also an old-fashioned liberal Democrat. She hated both Richard Nixon and Ronald Reagan with a passion, not only because of their conservative social policies, but also because both of them, she believed, had violated the rule of law and its constitutional underpinnings. On the other hand, she was not particularly sympathetic to radical critics of the American system and she was not a feminist. Although very sensitive to discrimination against women of the kind she had experienced at Harvard, she was quite angered by attempts to write off political theories because they had been constructed by men. Thomas Hobbes was another one of her heroes and, insofar as she had made his thought hers, his gender was, she believed, unimportant, and he could be suitably revised to provide support for equality of opportunity for men and women. It was equality of opportunity that Cele sought. She was strongly opposed to quotas or even "goals."

Finally, she was passionately committed to freedom of expression and academic freedom. She would, indeed, have echoed the words of Jefferson: "Here we are not afraid to follow truth wherever it may lead, nor to tolerate any error so long as reason is left free to combat it." Many ascribe to that view when asked, but relatively few people in this world, a saving remnant, are willing to put themselves on the line defending unpopular speech when push comes to shove. Cele was a member of that saving remnant. May her spirit long be with us.

Stanley Rothman
Smith College

Horace B. Jacobini

H. B. (Jack) Jacobini died at the age of 68 on August 19, 1990, after waging a valiant battle against cancer. He came to Southern Illinois University at Carbondale in 1957 after teaching at The Citadel, the University of Alabama (Huntsville Center), East Central State College (Oklahoma), and at the University of

Michigan on assignment at the University of the Philippines. His primary teaching interests and specialties included international law, administrative law, jurisprudence, and the government and politics of Southeast Asia. He served on over eighty master and Ph.D. committees, directing more than his share of theses and dissertations. He traveled widely, giving lectures and conducting research throughout the world.

Jack was the author of numerous professional articles published in the United States and abroad. He penned eight books. Completed just before his death, his tome, *International Administrative Law*, is scheduled for publication by Oceana in 1990. His best known works are two editions of the widely adopted book, *International Law: A Text (1962/1968)*.

His father was an Italian immigrant who taught romance languages at Fort Hayes Kansas State College, an institution where Jack received his A.B. and M.S. degrees. It is perhaps this background that helps to explain Jack's interest in and intense study of modern languages. His bedtime reading often included studying one exotic language or another so that he might better understand an obscure manuscript or converse with experts in their native tongue.

Jack was a modest man who disdained those who made too much of their academic pedigree. He was the first recipient of the Ph.D. degree in political science at the University of Kansas (1951) and a man who marched to his own intellectual drummer. He believed that scholars should pursue their own research agendas, without respect to existing paradigms or discipline orthodoxy.

A thoroughly humane individual, Jack always had time for his students, colleagues, and friends. His kindness to students was well-known but it was not until his death that many of us learned that he aided political refugees from foreign lands, providing food and shelter to the less fortunate.

Living the life of a gentleman-scholar, Jack and his wife Billie occupied a fine home and ranch/farm not too many miles from the Carbondale campus. In this idyllic setting, they nurtured four successful

progeny. In his spare time Jack raised fine cattle and enjoyed walking his acres while he contemplated current or future research projects. Jack and Billie were well-known for their outstanding annual parties which included guests from all generations and missions in and out of the University. Junior faculty members especially viewed this social event as among the most important during each academic year, but for the more senior faculty the real draw was a chance to get together in an atmosphere of understated grace and elegance.

We will long remember Jack Jacobini as a fine teacher, a self-starting and self-sustaining scholar, and a warm colleague. Memorials may be made to the Horace B. Jacobini Memorial Scholarship Fund through the Southern Illinois University Foundation, Carbondale, Illinois.

Albert P. Melone
*Southern Illinois University
at Carbondale*

George D. McCune

It is with regret that all at Sage Publications mark the passing on May 19, 1990, of George David McCune—publisher, colleague, and friend.

George McCune's career spanned four decades of publishing. Beginning in 1952 at Macmillan, Inc., he served initially as a college division traveler (field representative). In his 13 years with Macmillan, he served subsequently as Assistant Director of the College Division, Vice President and Director of Sales, Director of The Free Press, and founding President of Macmillan's Junior College Publishing Division, Glencoe Press (in Beverly Hills). In 1966, he joined a fledgling publishing company, Sage Publications, Inc., founded in New York in 1965 by Sara Miller, his future wife. Together the McCunes built Sage (relocated in southern California) into an international professional publishing enterprise with affiliates in London and New Delhi.

In September 1989, in order to pursue further visions, Mr. McCune passed the presidency of Sage Publications to his son and colleague, David F. McCune. At the time of his death, George McCune

was actively engaged in planning activities and programs for the McCune Foundation, incorporated in March 1990 to benefit higher education. He is succeeded as President of the McCune Foundation by his wife, Sara Miller McCune (Publisher and Chairman of Sage Publications, Inc.).

George McCune's vision, integrity, perseverance, and capabilities are evident in every facet of his many publishing accomplishments. It is more difficult to pay tribute to his personal qualities: breadth of intellect, unflagging loyalty to family and friends, and a keen ability to ask the most thought-provoking questions. The name *Sage* combines the names of Sara and George. In that way he will always be a part of Sage Publications. But his legacy is more than that—as we continue to grow, his memory inspires us all.

In memoriam donations can be made to the McCune Foundation, 2455 Keller Road, Newbury Park, CA 91320, or other organizations benefiting higher education.

Comments by James Rosenau, University of Southern California

My name is Jim Rosenau. I first met George as a budding social scientist who had written a manuscript. Sage published that manuscript and subsequently I became his good friend. In remembering a friend, the mind goes naturally to warm moments and relives what he did or said, his humor and his humanity that make the special incidents memorable and worthy of cherishing. I could recount many—and yet all too few—such moments with George. But somehow at this moment, it is not the anecdotes that seem most salient to me—rather, every time I've thought of him as a person and a friend since last week, I find myself in touch with values in which I deeply believe. It matters in this life that one is able to be thoroughly genuine and avoid pomposity—to know one's limits and not exaggerate them, to be aware of one's skills and strive to use them, to be firm about one's values and yet not be pretentious or aggressive, to be committed to one's work and yet see its problems, to believe in one's

country and yet know that it is far from perfect, to be skeptical about people and their capacity for change and at the same time to value human endeavor and the dignity of everyone, to be restless in the face of mediocrity and yet respectful of effort, to have vision and to always keep the big picture in mind and yet to grasp that movement toward the big picture occurs only through doing one's homework and attending to detail, to question whether research can yield vital answers and yet to believe in its potential, to recognize that books are pervaded with contradictions and absurdities and yet to believe that a world without books would be a noxious and insufficient world, to be at war with the world's evils and yet to be at peace with one's self. All of these qualities called forth memories of George. He was a man whose healthy skepticism was tempered by his liberalism, whose doubts about social science were offset by an extraordinary contribution to social science, whose unflinching convictions about problems and their solutions were tempered by an unyielding readiness to listen, whose understanding that a successful business had to make a profit was offset by a deep appreciation that profits have to be on the behalf of worthwhile enterprise, whose strong sense of right and wrong was tempered by a tolerance for diversity, whose concern about today's unique dilemmas was tempered by the historian's appreciation of pattern.

For years I have said that Sara and George have made a contribution to American social science—indeed to global social science—that is matched by very few others. I shudder to think of where we would be in the social sciences today without the innumerable journals and even more innumerable books that carry the Sage imprint and that shed light on the complexity of human affairs. I shudder to think about it because the social science community would be so much poorer, so deprived without the welter of ideas, concepts, findings and methodological clarifications that Sage books and journals have provided us. It did not happen easily or naturally. It took imagination, dedication, and sacrifice. But it did happen.

The businessman in George may

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