

Only hours before his death he had completed the final draft of *Guarding the Ivory Tower: Repression and Rebellion in Higher Education*. Written with Matthew Lippman and Phil's widow, Oneida Meranto, this book was published in September 1985 by Lucha Press as a memorial to Phil and the large community of friends who loved him. (Copies are available from Luck Publications, P.O. Box 12671, Denver, CO 80211; \$10, postpaid.)

Born of Italian-American working-class parents in Niagara, N.Y., Phil received his Ph.D. from the Maxwell Graduate School, Syracuse University, 1966. He taught at Southern Illinois University, Edwardsville; University of Illinois, Urbana; the University of Washington; and most recently the University of Colorado, Denver.

Along with being a scholar and teacher, Phil Meranto was also an activist who fought selflessly for minority rights, peace, democracy, and socialism. He won the trust and love of persons of varied racial and national backgrounds, from all walks of life, because of his courageous devotion to social justice. Some years ago, he resigned a tenured university position rather than remain in a department that he saw as increasingly irrelevant to student and community needs.

Most recently Phil was active in solidarity activity with people struggling for peace and justice in Central America. He and his wife twice went on work-brigade visits to Nicaragua to help pick coffee and cotton crops. Phil made many friends in Nicaragua, not only because of his hard work and principled internationalist politics, but also because he was an extremely effective people-to-people ambassador. An avid handball player, he introduced the sport into Nicaragua and organized the first handball tournament in that country.

Memorial services for Phil were held in four different cities across the country. The grief so many of us have experienced is but a measure of the love we felt for him and the immense loss we have sustained. But even in death Phil is helping others. His wife and friends have estab-

lished a memorial fund in his name, the proceeds of which are going to the Condega Clinic in Nicaragua. Lives will be saved as a fitting memorial to a very dear and beautiful human being. (Contributions can be made to: Philip Meranto Memorial Fund, 3158 Ames Street, Denver, CO 80214.)

Dennis Judd  
University of Missouri, St. Louis

Michael Parenti  
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### **Arlene L. Pauls**

Arleen L. (Russell) Pauls died from cancer September 28, 1985, at George Washington University Hospital. At the time of her death she was employed with the Office of International Management Control at the U.S. Department of Labor. Prior to then, she worked as a management analyst for the Food and Drug Administration from July 1966 until March 1969 and from August 1972 until she joined the Labor Department in October 1980. Our son Christopher was born November 22, 1968 on Arleen's 30th birthday. The 3½ years she did not work were spent getting him through the formative years, completing her Ph.D. dissertation (Political Existentialism), and surviving our separation and divorce, which occurred in 1971-72.

Born in Colorado Springs, Colorado, in 1938, Arleen grew up in Donora, Pennsylvania, a small mill town south of Pittsburgh, which is famous for the first recorded smog and Stan Musial, as well as for her. She obtained her B.A., M.A., and Ph.D., all in political science, from the University of Pittsburgh, where we met as fellow graduate students in the fall of 1962.

To say that Arleen was bright and intellectually curious is something of an understatement. She was insatiably interested in the world around her. It was probably her marriage to me and our migration from Baltimore, where she was a social worker for a year, to Washington, D.C. that interfered with her becoming a professor of political science—

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something I believe she always hoped for because she loved to teach.

Arleen remained very interested in the Soviet Union, which she visited as a student, and in American government, which she contributed to through her employment. There is no doubt in my mind that she drove every bureaucrat she ran across bonkers because she did not suffer rigidity or idiocy silently but spoke out against them whenever encountered. This was greatly to her credit, although not always to her benefit.

She was outspoken in her efforts to advance equal employment opportunity for women and minorities; was active within FDA and Labor on behalf of programs to advance these; and was a member of the National Organization for Women.

She despised social injustice and participated in those movements in her time to advance social progress. A life-long Democrat, she lamented the retreat in this country from civil rights and social justice, which seems so rampant nowadays. She recognized intellectual baloney when she heard it and did not hesitate to take exception to it when it was served up.

She became extremely interested in environmental issues, particularly the preservation of animal life. She belonged to numerous wildlife protection and preservation organizations, went whale watching, and cared for the birds and animals around her home in Silver Spring, Maryland. A cat lover all her life, she also took to dogs about a decade ago, partly influenced by Chris, and had two: Tramp,

whom she lost earlier this year, and Angel, who was devoted to her and to whom she was devoted.

An avid reader, Arleen loved to share what she learned and so was a provocative and challenging conversationalist. People always came away from talking with her with a sense that they had experienced learning even if they may not have been fully aware of how much at the time. She pushed herself and others to understand life and the world: what was happening around us and what it meant. To have her as a friend was to be enmeshed in constant learning; and it was grand.

She regretted that she never published and so do I. I am confident that her written word would have made as significant a contribution as did her presence. However, it was not to be and so we are left with the legacy of having shared in a life that was marked by much adversity—converted into purposeful living and mental and emotional growth—enormous courage, and, I believe, ultimate triumph.

She would want me to extend thanks to the many fine teachers of political science we shared at Pitt and I say them here. To our fellow grad students—now scattered across the country—be aware that we spent many hours re-enjoying good times we all spent together at Pitt. She and I remained friends. Chris is now 17 and lives with me and Angel at 3010 So. Columbus St., A-1, Arlington, VA 22206. We would love to hear from you.

Frederick H. Pauls  
Congressional Research Service