

have sometimes viewed all this accomplishment as an excessive inventory and an overstocked warehouse. But he knew, George knew, that those rows and rows of books and journals were no simple accomplishment. He knew it happened because he and Sara had the wisdom and the commitment to keep their eyes on the essential goals and not to be diverted by the lures of profit during upswings or the dangers of bankruptcy during downswings. George and Sara had opportunities to sell Sage at a huge profit but that was not important to them, and a sale never occurred.

So all of us in the social sciences, and I mean all the social sciences, are indebted to George for his perseverance, for his vision, and for his readiness to be innovative. All of social science is a huge community, and I ought not to pretend to speak for it, but I am rather confident that if any or all of it could be present today, it would share in my expressions of appreciation for the extraordinary ways in which George facilitated our work.

Let me close on a symbolic note. I am not prone to mysticism but I feel a connection between an event at our house that occurred roughly at the same time as George's passing. A fungus invaded a hedge that divides our driveway from our neighbors. And so my neighbor replaced the hedge with a huge high wall made of cinderblock and painted white. It runs some fifty or more yards up our driveway and is nine feet high on our side. The neighbor's house sits on a higher piece of land so that on his side the first four feet consists of soil and he sees only five feet of wall. Last week at eye level on our side what seemed like a small weed that had pushed its way through a crack in the cinderblock bloomed into a cluster of six lovely purple pansies. So there in the midst of this vast expanse of blank white, hardly visible from the top of the driveway, there is this cluster of purple pansies, fanning out as if proud that it made its way through the wall. All week every time we go up and down the driveway, we pause and take in this rather remarkable sight in which one life, colorful and determined, stands out amidst all the bland sameness.

That is the way I think of George. And that is the way I will always think of George. He was a man who stood out—colorful, proud and determined. We shall miss him greatly.

Sage Publications

Marbury B. Ogle

Marbury Bladen Ogle, Jr. died July 24, 1990. Born April 19, 1910, in Burlington, Vermont, Dean Ogle received bachelor's, master's, and Ph.D. degrees from Ohio State University. He remained there as an instructor of political science until 1937 and then taught at Western Reserve until 1942. From 1943-44, Dean Ogle was senior organizational analyst in the special war policy unit with the Department of Justice; he then joined the analysis branch of the Office of Strategic Services in Washington.

In 1945, Dean Ogle came to Purdue as an associate professor of political science. He was promoted to full professor in 1951, and served as head of the department of history, government and philosophy from 1953-63. As a teacher, he brought enthusiasm and concern for his students to his political ideology and political theory classes. As an administrator, he encouraged faculty to be innovative in their teaching and research. He was a gentle individual with great concern for others.

While Dean Ogle was always proud to be called a teacher, his administrative leadership as dean of the Purdue University's School of Humanities, Social Science, and Education was critical to the School's success. Dean Ogle was associate dean of the School of Science, Education and Humanities from 1960-63. In 1963 when the School of Humanities, Social Science, and Education was established, he became dean and remained in that position until 1973.

Dean Ogle's years as dean saw the creation and establishment of a liberal arts program at Purdue University. It was his vision and effort that led the successful transition of Purdue University from a school with a clear orientation toward agriculture and technology into a multi-faceted university. This was not easy since sentiments to start doctoral programs

in the liberal arts and to create a fully functional liberal arts program were not always well received by all of Purdue's faculty. Dean Ogle's argument, which reflected that of many liberal arts faculty members, was that a great university cannot exist without comparable allocation of resources to all areas.

Dean Ogle believed in a liberal arts education in a classical sense: expanding the university to include social science, humanities, and liberal arts was the essence of a well-rounded education for every single individual. Dean Ogle's vision of what a university of Purdue's caliber should provide its students is the crux of his legacy for the School of Liberal Arts today.

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Paul Seabury

Paul Seabury, one of the most challenging scholars of recent American foreign policy, died on October 17, 1990, of renal failure. He came to the University of California at Berkeley in 1953, the same year he completed his dissertation at Columbia University. A native New Yorker whose roots went back to colonial America (in fact the pre-revolutionary Seaburys fought for the forces of George III during the American rebellion), Seabury slowly became a Californian with a New York background.

Seabury was an intellectual Tory. Suspicious of polemics disguised as scholarship, he believed that there was more of Western civilization worth preserving than changing. Edmund Burke appealed to him more than John Locke, English political philosophers more than French. Born to a Euro-centric, North Atlantic world, he concentrated his research within its bounds. Within this arena Seabury focused on the issues of war and peace; he found little of interest in the revival of the study of international political economy or the new theories of global complex interdependence. Appalled by the New Left diplomatic

historians of the 1960s, he considered their work ideologically driven and mean spirited.

In fact, Seabury was never at home in the America of the 1960s. If he referred to the decade at all, he called it the time of troubles. His wife, Mappie, along with sons John and David, tried to introduce him to the less negative side of that turbulent time, including its music, which they loved. He remained unimpressed. Mappie became the musical bridge, playing her flute in a local ensemble, while the boys played in a rock band and the professor-father played the church organ.

What did impress Seabury, focusing his attention for 37 years of his professorship, was the exercise of power in international politics. Early in his career he won the Bancroft Prize for his book, *Power, Freedom, and Diplomacy* (1969). A dozen books followed that prize winner. He wrote other books alone, but he also loved the companionship of other creative spirits and remained one of Berkeley's most sought-after collaborators. His co-authors came from various universities and disciplines. With Berkeley's own Aaron Wildavsky came *The Great Detente Disaster: OPEC and the Decline of American Foreign Policy* (1975); with Walter McDougall of the University of Pennsylvania, *The Grenada Papers* (1984); and with the Hoover Institution's Angelo Codevilla, *War: Ends and Means* (1989), which went into a second edition this summer. All his collaborations reinforced friendships. Wildavsky states it best when he says: "For being so stern, Paul Seabury was the most whimsical man I knew."

How whimsical? He introduced Berkeley to croquet, sponsoring matches to which he invited faculty and university visitors. When he saw how deplorable the knowledge of the game was in the trans-Mississippi West, he authored a book on "The Rules of Croquet." At Christmas he wanted to go caroling, but the Bay

Area hills had never been alive with the sound of music nor were they easy to climb and descend on foot. Undaunted, he and other faculty rented a flatbed, loaded Seabury's pump organ on it, and rolled through the hills singing at the top of their professorial lungs, Seabury at the organ. Later, as the potholes in the hilly roads grew larger, Seabury rented an airplane to fly a banner above the town, the message on the flapping banner protesting Berkeley's road conditions. When the occasion presented itself, he dueled verbally with local journalists over California issues. San Francisco's leading columnist and raconteur, Herb Caen, kept up a running commentary with Seabury over Caen's campaign for public facilities. And Caen was one of many in the fourth estate who, having heard of Seabury's death, paid tribute to him in their newspapers. Seabury was famous for his collection of caps, sporting a Chinese People's Liberation army cap one day followed by headgear styled on Sherlock Holmes the next. Seabury noted that his post-1964 students usually wore a form of protest costume to campus; therefore he joined them via his international caps.

Power did not awe him, nor did the powerful. At home at Berkeley or Harvard, Berlin's Free University or London's Royal Institute of International Affairs, all of which hosted him as a visiting professor, he also could be seen near the banks of the Rhine and the Potomac. His dissertation was on the German Foreign Office, the Wilhelmstrasse, and when it moved from Berlin to Bonn, so did Seabury's research. He served his country in several positions: from 1964 to 1971 he was an advisor to the State Department on European-American Affairs, and from 1982 to 1985 he was a member of the President's Foreign Intelligence Board. Since he studied war as a major and recurring form of human behavior, he was proud when he was selected to be the first Jennings Randolph

Fellow at the congressionally funded U.S. Institute of Peace.

As a critic of the powerful, it was not only secular authority that felt the bite of Seabury's analysis, but also religious leadership, especially that of his own Episcopal church. In a *Harper's* cover piece, "Trendier Than Thou," Seabury reminded his audience that, while the early Episcopal Church had refused to follow the radicalizing trends of seventeenth-century English nonconformists and others, he believed that its late twentieth-century bishops had reversed this conserving force, losing themselves and the fellowship in a popularity contest. Like so much that Seabury wrote, it was a powerful critique from one who treasured much of the past, pomp and circumstance included. Abuse of secular authority also caused Seabury to charge into the fray; from 1971 to his death he was a member of the Executive Committee of Freedom House, an organization that reported on political rights and civil liberties around the globe. Although a Tory, Seabury believed in an old Whig warning about the corrupting force of power, especially absolute power. In order to sound the alarm about abusive use of power, Seabury often issued his personal warnings by way of guest editorials in *The New York Times* or *The Wall Street Journal*, addressing his efforts between what he thought were likely liberal and conservative audiences.

Seabury's was a principled life led with vigor. His career was marked by civility, something he offered friend and foe. As a citizen and colleague he will be missed. Saying goodbye in the hospital a few days before his death, Ernst Haas and I expected his recovery and return to teaching, so strong was Paul's handshake. Now we know we said farewell. He leaves us who knew him enriched from the knowing.

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