

when special studies were undertaken by official bodies. He was research director for the Illinois "Little Hoover" Commission of 1949-50 to study state government. This Commission was chaired by Walter V. Schaefer, now a respected retired Supreme Court Justice. Jack was to be named chairman of a later commission with a similar function (1965).

His ability was recognized on a national basis as exemplified by his service as President of the National Legislative Conference, and as Vice President of the Council of State Governments. One of his staff on the 1949 Commission to Study State Government was Dan Walker, who in 1973 persuaded Jack to serve as Chairman of the Illinois Board of Ethics.

Jack Isakoff as a practitioner of state government operated at the highest professional levels, and when he decided to change scenery, the same could be said of his academic performance. His courses in judicial administration (he had a law degree as well as a Ph.D.), state government, and public administration were well attended, and his students recognized that a scholar of great erudition and skill was in charge. His value to the Political Science Department of SIU-C was tremendous, and he had the universal respect of his colleagues.

The legislative memorial referred to above recognized his "wit" as well as his "tremendous capacity for work." He retained this wit until practically the end of his life; he liked to entertain, to travel, to do new and exciting things. He was a true friend who is widely missed, as his widow Shirley and daughter Barbara have learned from numerous expressions received from officials, colleagues, and friends at the time of his death.

One close colleague wrote: "Jack was just about the finest person I ever knew and I am bereft without him. He was so wise, so competent, so knowledgeable, so damned honest. . . . Nobody, but nobody, had a greater influence for good on Illinois Government in the last forty years than Jack Isakoff." A secretary wrote that Jack once told her that he was a character, and "there's no reason why you can't be one too." She added that this "character" was dearly loved and respected by those who knew him. A former director of the Illinois Department of Personnel admitted that his "encouragement and participation" contributed to the development of a state program that was internationally recognized. Another secretary said that she "learned so much working for him. He was a veritable encyclopedia, but he was also very kind." One wrote that he was "a fine colleague and close friend. We had many talks together in the department, and I was always struck by his good humor and keen mind." Another colleague observed that "while we were contemporaries from the standpoint of age, I learned a lot from working with him."

This could also be said by the writer of these words, who worked for Jack 40 years ago, and who was his chairman at SIU-C much later. I respected him for his many outstanding achievements; he was easily the best editor I

have ever known. Over the past four decades I have known many remarkable persons; none of these have rated higher in my estimation. Truly a giant has fallen.

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Southern Illinois University at
Carbondale

Wolfgang Herbert Kraus

To converse with Wolfgang Kraus on some serious issue of thought or art was to discover a man of broad European culture and an articulate, modern citizen of the republic of letters. He was an enlightened interpreter and guardian of the tradition of Western civility and liberal scholarship. He came to political science by the route of jurisprudence and public law, earning the J.D. from the University of Frankfurt in 1929. Two years later he took an S.J.D. from Harvard Law School. Returning to Germany to teach at Frankfurt in 1932, he left after only a year in opposition to the Nazi regime. This time he came to the United States as an immigrant and in 1939 became an American citizen. In the years after the war he visited the Federal Republic several times as lecturer and to do research, now as a full participant in American civic and cultural, as well as professional, life.

Prior to his appointment at George Washington University in 1947, Wolf taught political science at Harvard, Wellesley, Smith and the University of Michigan. During World War II he assisted in training individuals for military government and in 1945-46 he served with the United States Strategic Bombing Survey, being a principal contributor to the Survey's studies of the political and psychological impact of strategic bombing on Germany and Japan. At George Washington he was chairman of the department of political science from 1965 to 1970 and, somewhat earlier, chairman of the executive committee of the recently formed Faculty Senate. Political theory and comparative government were Wolf's favorite fields, and his knowledge in both areas, as both colleagues and students soon learned, was penetrating and encyclopedic. He was masterful in unfolding a subject in all its facets. His lectures were intellectual adventures. Demanding the best of his students, he could seem formidable and even a shade frightening to many who had not come up against such a teacher. But those especially among his graduate students who mustered the courage to undergo initiation into scholarship at his hands learned the requisites of responsible criticism and disciplined judgment. That he drew especially good students is seen by the large number of doctoral dissertations which he directed.

At the same time, this demanding, decorous teacher was a most gracious host, who, with his wife, Astrid, made their home a frequent place of good conversation and good food to both students and colleagues. With so much of his time given to his students, within the framework of a heavy teaching load and the multifarious demands of departmental and faculty-

wide business, only a modest portion of Wolf's scholarship went into published work. Nonetheless, his scholarly reputation was national and the profundity of his scholarship and the keenness of his mind were widely appreciated within the Washington area intellectual community, in which he was a prominent participant in various roundtables, colloquia, etc.

One more reference to Wolf's qualities. He found it easy to make friends, but more significant were the sincerity and sense of loyalty and willingness to extend himself which endowed him with a remarkable capacity for sustaining friendships among persons of his own age, junior colleagues and many of his students.

Wolfgang Herbert Kraus died in April, 1977. He had retired from George Washington at the age of 67, still possessed of the wide range of intellectual interests which had been his hallmark and intending to carry on his reading and writing. But even before his retirement there were signs of the developing illness which was to result in years of pain and frustration. He bore several extraordinary surgical operations and their debilitating aftermaths with great physical tenacity and courage, sustained by what can only be called heroic moral support and physical assistance by especially his wife but also his children. Throughout these last sad years he retained his intellectual elan so that even very close to the end it was still a pleasure to converse with him on matters of scholarly and university import and concerning society at large. Indeed, his mind continued to reach to all kinds of questions, including recent research on the brain, a subject directly pertinent to his own illness. In his last days he carried on a lively and reflective conversation with a friend on the question of whether the physiological processes of the brain sufficiently and completely account for the amazing powers and reach of the mind.

Carl Linden
Benjamin Nimer
George Washington University

David Spitz

David Spitz died quietly in his sleep on March 23, 1979, at the age of 62. He had been a member of the faculty at the City University of New York since 1970, following 22 years of service at the Ohio State University. The following remarks were delivered by Andrew Hacker at a Memorial Service held at the CUNY Graduate Center on March 30, 1979.

EDITOR

For David Spitz, life was a seminar. He was one of those rare and fortunate human beings who found a metier truly suited to his character. To speak of his "work" would be a misnomer. Teaching and scholarship, talking and reacting, thinking and guiding—these activities were not what David Spitz "did." They were what he **was** as a man.

And, let me add, he enjoyed himself immensely. The very sight of David warming to a topic

will always remain one of my fondest memories. A look would suffuse his face. You could *see* his mind working, as he prepared to discourse on some subject dear to his heart.

So David was always a teacher, always a scholar. Not in the technical sense of footnotes and sources and methodologies. Indeed, "research" is not a word I would want to associate with him. Scholarship is much more apt. For it connotes the mind itself, with a minimum of outside apparatus. So when I say David was a mind, I mean that in the broadest of senses. He was a man of feeling, of spirit, of passion and compassion. David was an intellectual *mensch*.

And if I speak of his intellectual development, I would err were I to do so by listing his bibliography. That might do for lesser men. But not for David. His was an intellect with a human history. Minds grow with and out of their times—even if against them. David was of a generation just prior to my own. An "in between" generation, that has yet to be chronicled, and perhaps never will.

The Jews of the "World of Our Fathers" were beginning to make their way. It could be called a saga of Brooklyn and the Bronx. Few became wealthy by any modern measure. But they did well enough to move to larger, airier apartments on Jerome Avenue or Ocean Parkway. And it was for the children of these immigrants that New York began to open its arms. First the high schools of the city. And then—that Parnassus on Convent Avenue—the College of the City of New York.

David was a boy from the Bronx. And some teacher in a now-forgotten grammar school urged David to apply to Townsend Harris High School. That was the first step to a larger world. It meant a 14-year-old's taking the subway down to Manhattan for his high school education. Those so selected would not drive taxi-cabs or cut cloth in the garment trades. Boys from Townsend Harris went straight to City College. They would be the first real generation of Jewish professionals.

In fact, few became professors. That was to happen with later generations, like my own, where the path was much easier. A more likely culmination would be teaching social studies at an inner-city high school. But David, as we know, caught the eye and attention of Morris Raphael Cohen. And it was Cohen who saw that this boy from the Bronx should be a professor of political theory. Cohen became David Spitz's mentor in the classical, Socratic sense. A Jewish, indeed Talmudic, temperament mingled with a nascent American liberalism. It was a disciplined quest for freedom: the commingling of philosophical principles with the press of public life. I am sure that David had always been a liberal. It was, after all, the implicit ideology of the Bronx. But with Cohen and City College, he became committed to liberalism as an explicit philosophy—to be pondered, amplified, augmented.

From City College, David moved on to graduate study at Columbia, where he apprenticed himself to Robert MacIver. From Cohen to Ma-