

CHARLES S. HYNEMAN

MAY 5, 1900 - JANUARY 20, 1985

Charles Hyneman was born on May 5, 1900, in Gibson County, Indiana, near-as he was fond of saying-"where Goose Creek runs into the Patoka River." His love for Indiana, for the rural way of life, and the qualities of individualism and self-reliance remained consistent throughout his lifetime.

Indiana University awarded him the B.A. (1923) and M.A. (1925). He completed the Ph.D. in Political Science at the University of Illinois (1929).

Charles Hyneman held teaching appointments at Syracuse University (1929-30) and the University of Illinois (1930-37). He served as departmental chairman at both Louisiana State University (1937-42) and Northwestern University (1947-56). In 1956 he returned to his alma mater where he taught until his formal retirement in 1971. In 1961 he was elevated to the rank of Distinguished Professor.

His talents as a teacher were matched by his contributions to political science. His authored, edited and co-edited works include *The First American Neutrality* (1935); *Bureaucracy in a Democracy* (1950); *The Study of Politics* (1959); *The Supreme Court on Trial* (1963); *A Second Federalist* (1967); *Popular Government in America* (1968); *Voting in Indiana* (1979); and *American Political Writing During the Founding Era* (1983).

Professor Hyneman was the only member of the Indiana University department to have served as President of the American Political Science Association (1961-62). Other honors included scholarly appointments at the Woodrow Wilson Center (1973-75) and the American Enterprise Institute (1971-). He received honorary doctorates from Ohio Northern University (1960), Wabash College (1971), and Indiana University (1980).

During the Second World War he distinguished himself in service with the Bureau of the Budget, the War Department and the Federal Communications Commission.

Charles is survived by his wife, Frances Tournier Hyneman; a son, Richard; daughters Ruth Anne McDaniel and Elizabeth Neck; 11 grandchildren; three great-grandchildren; and a sister.

Remarks of J. Gus Liebenow

One always regrets the departure of a good friend. We are, however, gathered here today not to mourn but to celebrate the life and works of a man who made a profound difference in the lives of so many of us in this room and beyond. We rejoice not merely in a life that was relatively long; more importantly, it was a good and full life.

Charles Hyneman seldom related to those around him in a single role. He was very much a man of many dimensions. I am not alone in having found him to be-sequentially and sometimes simultaneously-a former teacher, a lifelong teacher, a professional colleague, the father or grandfather we never had, a fellow gardener and basketball enthusiast, and, above all, a generous and reliable friend.

A person of Charles Hyneman's stature passes through one's life but rarely. Few individuals manage to combine the qualities of intellect, integrity, and humanity to such an extraordinary degree, and yet managed to impart his gifts to others in such a disarmingly "homespun" fashion. After having relied on Charles for close to 35 years, it will be difficult for Beverly and me to avoid speaking of Charles in the present tense, as we have caught ourselves doing so many times in the past few days.

Sidney Hook, in his provocative book *The Hero in History*, made a distinction between the eventful man and the event-making man. He differentiated between one who was significant because he or she just happened to be at the right place at the right time, and the individual, on the other hand, who by thought and deed made things occur that substantially altered the course of events for those about him. Charles Hyneman was too much of an iconoclast and a democrat with a small "d" to have accepted the title of "hero," and yet he had the ability to do the small thing as well as commit the great act that made a significant difference in the lives, careers, and the perspectives on issues and events assumed by those around him.

In an age when we attempt to peg persons ideologically, Charles Hyneman defied neat categorization. Charles often could see great problems and issues arising on the national agenda long before others of his generation thought there was anything amiss in race relations, the increase in federal power, or the role of women in society. In that sense, Charles Hyneman was a liberal. Yet because he had long since thought through many of the complications and

pitfalls of those issues by the time they had reached the level of national awareness, Charles was able to counsel caution about the destruction of other values in the pursuit of single-minded reform. And in that sense, Charles Hyneman was a conservative.

It is often difficult for many of us to remain true to the values and commitments that characterized our lives in the formative years. Poor health, disappointment in a friend or colleague, or some major professional adversity can make some people less enthusiastic about life and their careers. This was not the case with Charles Hyneman, as I have observed not only over the last few decades but very acutely during the events of last week as he knew he was dying. Charles remained constant to his ideals till the very end.

One of those distinguishing traits that characterized Hyneman during his entire lifetime was his genuine concern for others. It is impossible to estimate the number of students who got their first academic jobs because Charles casually picked up the phone and put through a persuasive call to a friend. Nor can one estimate the number of colleagues who got an important grant for research because Charles wrote the letter that made a critical difference in the thinking of the foundation committee. And finally, it is difficult to estimate the number of doctoral candidates who found themselves rescued during a disastrous performance in their Ph.D. orals or in the thesis defense by Charles interjecting an amusing anecdote or shifting the line of inquiry to more familiar ground.

Charles never limited his efforts to that band of faithful who fondly referred to him as "the Chief," "the Sage of Goosecreek," "Uncle Charles," or some other term of affection. His scope of concern went far beyond his students, friends, and family. But it was the latter, and particularly Frances, who remained central to his concerns until the very last moments. He knew it was Frances' love and attention that kept him alive despite his sometimes fragile health. He used to grumble about her scolding him on his diet, for not wearing a hat when working in the sun, or his not pacing himself. He always ended up, however, taking her advice despite his protestations. His grouching never fooled anyone about the marvelous love they had for each other over the decades. I've always been struck by the fact that men who are strongly independent-minded and courageous in the moral sense invariably have wives who match them in those qualities and provide them with both an anchor and a rudder.

A further distinguishing trait that remained a constant with

Charles was his unquenchable passion for scholarship and his unending pursuit of the truth. Many of his students and colleagues will debate what they considered to be Charles's most significant contribution to the literature of political science. Charles Gilbert, Evron Kirkpatrick, Larry Herson, and Kenneth Janda will undoubtedly have their own nominations. Freddy Diamant and I agreed yesterday that our candidate would be *Bureaucracy in a Democracy*, which added so much by way of seminal thought to the fields of both public administration and democratic theory. Curiously, the list of publications-some of which appear in the program-would have satisfied most scholars if they had lived two lifetimes! Yet Charles was not content to rest on his laurels when he reached that arbitrary age of university retirement some 13 years ago. He was over writing at his office in the SPEA building every day he was in town-announcing his arrival with his familiar whistling as he strolled down the corridor, followed by his inevitable fumbling with the key in the door. He never did like keys.

This continuing passion for scholarship was evident in one of the last conversations I had with Charles in intensive care a few hours before his death. I relayed a message to him that Howard Penniman had called from Washington. Before I could say Howard had called to inquire about Charles's condition, Hyneman interrupted with, "Oh, he must called about the footnotes for the manuscript I sent him. What did he think of the book?" When I called Howard the next day with the sad news, Howard commented that he felt it to be one of the finest writings Charles had ever done and that *The Founding: A Prelude to a More Perfect Union* will be published posthumously. I have long secretly suspected that Charles purposely kept one or two of his writing projects short of completion so that his academic agenda was always open.

To some, the distinguishing trait they will remember was Charles's enthusiastic love of natural beauty. For many new faculty couples at I.U. in the 1960s and 1970s, their introduction to the wonders of rural Indiana in full fall foliage came by virtue of accompanying Charles on what we fondly called "Hyneman's Happy Hoosier Holiday" tour of southern Indiana. Each fall Charles forged a new trail, sometimes going by way of Loogootee, Oolitic, French Lick, Cold Friday, English, or those other romantically-named Hoosier towns, but invariably meandering over to the Leavenworth Overlook, pausing to get a view from the high bluffs of that fantastic bend in the Ohio River.

Charles, however, was not just an observer of natural beauty; he also created it. Several generations of graduate students had their best college seminars or had done their best thinking in their dissertation while happily pressed into service in Charles's garden. Each year, it seemed, those peripatetic daffodils or coral bells had to be moved to a new location and the plants had to be propped up that provided those huge tomatoes which Charles so generously shared around the community each summer and fall. Charles's role model, he once admitted, was the French philosopher Montesquieu, who did his best thinking in his apple orchard. That became our role model as well.

Then there were the little things. Many of his students will recall the special greetings and terms of endearment he devised for many of us. Depending upon something he sensed and we didn't, we invariably became "Bishop," "General," "Senator," or "Doctor"-the last usually reserved for one who was nervously studying for his prelims. Others will remember (and probably have long imitated) his pacing around the classroom, his intonation, and other peculiar quirks. I remember at Northwestern the distress of a pretty young undergraduate from the Philippines who complained that "Dr. Hyneman is always eating the stems of his glasses in seminar, and now most of you guys are doing it, too!"

It was his Hoosier humor, however, that will be remembered in lighter moments. We all have our special recollections on that score. I recall a birthday celebration in a local restaurant where the service and the food turned out to be particularly bad. As each of us in turn started sending back to the kitchen the burnt steak or the undercooked chicken, I noticed Charles quietly forging ahead with his cold roast beef. When I suggested that he, too, should send his dinner back to the kitchen, he replied: "No. I think not. I make a policy never to send food back; but then I don't send Hyneman back here either."

Above all, however, we will remember Charles as the gifted and dedicated teacher. He was never a teacher in the didactic sense; indeed, he disliked pomposity in others in the profession. Consequently, his approach to teaching was often disarming and occasionally misunderstood until students gradually came to the full appreciation of his unorthodox style and his frequently irreverent examples to illustrate a point. I remember several freshmen in the course on American Political Ideas I assisted him in at Northwestern coming to me about mid-quarter confessing that they had initially been con-

fused if not angered by the course. It was a remarkable transformation when they realized that Charles was one of the first teachers who ever seriously challenged them to think. He was their first teacher to welcome opinions contrary to his own and who accepted nothing as "self-evident." The extended commentaries on their essays, moreover, for the first time taxed them to present their ideas in a rational, dispassionate, and coherent fashion.

Charles's full impact as a teacher is enormous when one considered that the list of former students includes a late U.S. Vice President, several senators, Pulitzer prize winners, nationally-recognized newsmen and women, and faculty members at most of the major public and private universities in this country. The list of self-proclaimed students-those who "audited Hyneman for life"-is equally impressive, with Austin Ranney, Charles Hagan, and Jeanne Kirkpatrick coming quickly to mind.

For me, one of the most enduring memories of Charles as a gifted teacher came in 1961, when he was riding circuit as President of the American Political Science Association. The occasion was the spring meeting of the Midwest Political Science Association at Notre Dame. Charles is one of the few persons I've encountered who could literally conduct an informal, intimate seminar in a barny auditorium with 400 or more of his professional colleagues. It was a Socratic dialogue in the original sense of the term. No question or questioner (many of whom he addressed by name) was unworthy of his fullest attention and insight. That is just one of the many vivid recollections that guarantees that Charles Hyneman will remain very much in the present tense.

Remarks by Byrum Carter

There is a moment in Plato's *Apology* in which Socrates explains what his mission in life is to the jurors who are trying him. He says, "I am a sort of gadfly given to the state by God and the state is a great and noble steed who is tardy in his motions owing to his very size and required to be stirred into life. I am that gadfly which God has attached to the state and all day long and in all places am always fastening upon you arousing and persuading and reproaching you." Charles Hyneman was our gadfly. I will not claim that God sent him; that's Father Higgins's domain, not mine. But he did fasten himself upon us. He did arouse us. He did persuade us. And implicit-

ly he reproached us as we recognized how much harder he pushed his own mind than we were inclined to push ours.

Charles Hyneman loved to talk. He loved to talk about almost anything. If you say, "Did Charles Hyneman like gossip," the answer is "Yes, Charles Hyneman liked gossip. Actually, all of us like gossip, and he was honest enough to admit it. But he loved to talk mostly because talking for Hyneman involved thinking. Talking was thinking aloud. It involved exploring, extending, discovering new ideas and new implications. In the process of oral discussion he found out things about what he himself believed that he did not know before. And in the process of that he developed arguments that he had not expected to develop. At the same time, Hyneman did not like monologues. He liked dialogue and interchange. He didn't like lecturing. He didn't like lecturing to classes and stubbornly refused to lecture if at all possible. Instead he provoked; he questioned; he made up complex quandaries involving competing values and sometimes strange circumstances and situations. He wanted to make his students justify the positions they had taken, see what the reasons were which had led them to take those positions and to consider whether or not it would not be appropriate to give them up and to seek for something else. But he treated the faculty in the same way. It was not merely the students in the classroom but other faculty with whom he talked whom he always pressed-pressed to justify; pressed you to explain; pressed you to consider whether it might not be the case that the position which you had was wrong.

Being asked to attend a session of his graduate seminar on scope and method in the early years when he came here meant being subjected to interrogation and disputation. It did not matter if you were a sociologist like Shel Stryker, no credit was given for any previous knowledge or any previously acquired status. You knew if you went to that seminar that it was going to be an afternoon of tough intellectual exchange. But you also knew that you were honored because he didn't invite people to go to the seminar unless he expected them to be able to contribute to it.

But you can see other things of this sort. I have one classic experience that I have never forgotten of watching Charles Hyneman lead a discussion group composed of 30 professors, of which I was one, 30 practicing journalists, and 30 practicing politicians-90 of us in one room, in a meeting held at Madison, Wisconsin. We were to meet from 1:30 to 3:30. I have the image of Hyneman stalking up and down the aisles of a room much like this, though smaller, mov-

ing into the rows in order to more directly get at certain people that he wanted to make sure participated, because he didn't let people hide. The way you got out of participating in the discussion that afternoon was to leave the room. This meeting was scheduled from 1:30 to 3:30-it ended at 6:00. It would not have ended at 6:00 except that we all realized that if we did not leave then, there would be no cocktails before dinner. And matters of the spirit, Father Higgins will be glad to know, prevailed over matters of the mind.

Now, in all of this Charles's interest extended far beyond the boundaries of political science. All his life he sought out other places to go-philosophers, sociologists, lawyers, practicing journalists, practicing people in the political sphere. He had a particular kind of respect for the people who were engaged in the daily work of politics and in the daily work of journalism, just as he found wisdom in the ongoing life of the people who were like those among whom he had grown up in Gibson County. He always used to tell us that life was complex enough in Gibson County that we did not need to look at other more exotic areas. Almost every kind of thing could occur in Gibson County-every kind of political thing and every kind of social thing. I began to think of Gibson County as being like Peyton Place. There was always with Charles a greater trust in rural people, I think, than in urban people. And I think this remained true for him throughout his life. The last years of his life, which he spent working with Don Lutz in the collection of documentary sources on American ideas in the period from 1760 to 1805, which has led to a monumental two-volume collection of such documents, in a sense reinforced that conviction about the virtues of an earlier way of life. Now, that characteristic, I think, made it difficult for him to accept some features of modern life.

Many of his students are speaking to you. I am the only one here, other than Father Higgins, and I believe President Ryan, who never took a course with him. But we were all his students in a different kind of way. But I'd like to stress one other thing about his relationship with his students before I end my remarks. Charles Hyneman made an enormous impact on his students. His hand and mind were imprinted on his graduate students. But he produced men and women of independent character rather than disciples. He did not think that the way you judge the people you had produced was that they go out and do the same kind of thing you had done or accept the same kind of values which you had. In the last real conversation I had with Charles, which occurred shortly before he went to Loui-

siana in the late fall, we got to talking about a book written by a former student of his. This was Robert Goodin, who was an undergraduate here and then went on to graduate work elsewhere and now teaches at the University of Essex in Great Britain. Bob Goodin had dedicated his last book to Charles Hyneman, whom he said was the start of it all for him. And Hyneman was telling me about the view he had of the high quality of this book—the quality of the analysis, the effectiveness of the criticism which Goodin had carried out in the book, the manner in which he had taken apart a certain kind of line of argument and how impressed he had been by this. I was impressed too. I was impressed by another facet of it, having read the Goodin book. Part of the argument being taken apart was one produced by Charles Hyneman and what Goodin was doing was to critique a position taken by his mentor. And what Hyneman was saying was how impressed he was with the capacity of this critic of his to show that in a certain fundamental way he had been wrong. That, I think, characterized the way he approached his relationships with others. That kind of sense of what the life of the mind is about.

One last incident at that luncheon and I shall conclude my remarks. Some of you may remember that Franklin Roosevelt once visited Justice Holmes and discovered that Justice Holmes was reading Plato's *Republic*, and he asked Justice Holmes, who was then 92, "Why are you reading *the Republic*," and Holmes said, "To improve my mind." When Charles and I got into a discussion of what we were reading at this lunch, I rather timidly mentioned that I was reading certain novels, modern novels, and even suggested he might find one of some interest. And I asked him what he was reading. He was reading Montaigne's essays and Cervantes. He said when you got to be his age you were finally able to appreciate them.

ERIC VOEGELIN

JANUARY 3, 1901 - JANUARY 19, 1985

Philosopher, author, and political scientist Eric Voegelin died at his home in Stanford, California, on January 19, 1985, of congestive