

Throughout his life Charlie Sawyer witnessed dramatic changes in the fields he was most devoted to: education, art museums, and American art. In all three he was not only a pioneer but a stabilizing force, preparing subsequent generations for leadership roles in these fields. His colleagues always regarded him as one of the most consistent, thoughtful and kind individuals. The ultimate New England gentleman, he was forever modest about his many accomplishments. Yet, he rightly took his greatest personal pride in having trained numerous individuals for museum careers. Thanks to his generous and caring nature, his wonderful spirit lives on through the work of these countless individuals who were so fortunate to have had him as a mentor.

James A. Welu

KATHRYN CONWAY PREYER

Kathryn 'Kitty' Preyer died on April 19, 2005, at her home in Lexington, Massachusetts, after a courageous battle with cancer. She was eighty years old. She fought valiantly to the end but, characteristically, spent most of her waning energy worrying about those she loved. She is survived by her family: her husband of thirty-nine years, Robert Otto 'Bob' Preyer, professor emeritus at Brandeis University; her brother Henry I. Conway, Jr., and her sister, Mary Patricia Conway, both of Baltimore, Maryland, where Kitty was born. She had three stepdaughters, one niece, two nephews, four grandchildren, one great-grandchild, four grandnieces and four grandnephews. She is deeply mourned by all those who had the great good fortune to have known her.

In 1996 Kitty was asked by the American Antiquarian Society to write an obituary for the great American historian Merle Curti, her mentor at the University of Wisconsin where she received her Ph.D. in history in 1959. She noted then how 'difficult' it was to

write the obituary, how full of 'melancholy consequences.' And so it is with Kitty's obituary. It is of course easy to remember her—impossible not to—but difficult to sum up her rich and productive life because, as many of her friends recall, she never talked about herself. Instead we somehow generally ended up talking about ourselves—our recent article, our work in progress, our ideas and problems. We all came to Kitty for advice and she gave it freely—and honestly. One beneficiary of her generosity was Professor Stephen Presser, who recalled: 'She was (as others have noticed) unflinchingly critical, and yet it was done with such affection and encouragement, that one still felt OK afterwards.'

Affection, generosity, and encouragement counted heavily for the respect we all gave her, but no more so than her deep knowledge of history and of human nature (which for her seemed to boil down to the same thing). How she came to the field she never said. Her teachers at Goucher College in Towson, Maryland, no doubt had something to do with it. But clearly it was the Wisconsin graduate experience—her teacher, Merle Curti, and her dissertation advisor, Merrill Jensen, among other distinguished scholars, and above all, perhaps, her fellow graduate students (to whom she paid tribute in the Curti memorial)—that inspired her life's work. Wisconsin's history department in the years following World War II was one of the best in the nation and the searing experience of the war gave special meaning to the famed 'Wisconsin Idea' that held that ideas counted in life and that intellectuals were obliged to make things better for others.

Kitty's fellow graduate students were bright, idealistic, and impatient to get on with their lives which the war had put on hold. One young, shy graduate student from a farm in upstate New York recounted the passionate search for relevant truth that seemed to drive this generation. He remembered that Kitty was close friends with those earnest young idealists—those who dared to complain to Professor Curti that they wanted a seminar on the 1920s rather than the one he was teaching (he generously consented to teach both). She held her own with the best and bright-

est, and was, as a fellow Curti student observed, the very avatar of the modern woman.

In fact Kitty was one of the few women Ph.D. students of that generation—and also one of the few to pursue a career in the new field of legal history, which James Willard Hurst was just then pioneering at the Wisconsin Law School. She had to, and did, prove herself over and over against some considerable odds. Any of us who recall Kitty's willingness to speak her mind frankly at the various professional meetings—her wit, passion, and forthrightness, her combativeness, and intellectual toughness—cannot but think that she got her basic training at Wisconsin. If Merle Curti was, as Kitty noted, the last of that generation of inspiring teachers, then Kitty and her compatriots in his seminars represented the new generation.

Among the first beneficiaries of her passionate commitment to teaching and scholarship were her students at Rockville College (briefly), and at Wellesley College, where she taught from 1955 until her retirement in 1990. Her specialty was United States legal history in the post-Revolutionary period, but she taught a wide range of courses in American history and in all of them she mixed exacting scholarship with intellectual exuberance. One student, who encountered the newly minted professor during her first year, remembered her (already) 'as the best teacher at Wellesley'—an institution known for its fine teaching. She never let up, either, as her colleagues at Wellesley—and generations of grateful students—attest. Merle Curti would have been proud.

Kitty was a model professional as well as a gifted teacher. She believed in the efficacy of institutions and gave generously of her time to many over the course of her career. It was to Wellesley of course that she devoted most of her attention. She was chair of the history department from 1971 to 1973 and served dutifully on countless committees which are an essential part of life in a small college—all this while fighting senseless bureaucracy and 'professionalism' for its own sake.

She seems never to have forgotten that institutions are there for individuals and not the other way around. On this point Pauline Maier—then a young ABD from Harvard—recalls interviewing with Kitty about the temporary position she had just been offered at Wellesley. She was startled to hear Kitty advise her frankly to turn down the job with its heavy teaching load and finish her dissertation instead—which she did. ‘Boy, there’s a recruiter with a difference,’ Maier remembered thinking. The budding scholar went on to become a distinguished American historian—and a lifelong friend of Kitty’s. Being Kitty’s friend always seemed the shortest way to discover the truth about things, whatever they might be. She helped everyone, but reserved special concern for young folks just getting started. Christine Desan, now a professor at Harvard Law School, said it just right: ‘She was a wonderful teacher, a great scholar, and a beloved mentor.’ Although she never studied formally with Kitty, Desan thinks of herself as ‘an intellectual foster child.’ As do many of the rest of us.

Kitty had a rich professional life beyond Wellesley, although her numerous institutional connections were almost always connected to history. She was a longtime member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, was the first woman named to its governing council and, as its vice president from 1980 to 1995, was the first woman to preside over one of its general meetings. She contributed generously to the Organization of American Historians for many years and as an active member of the advisory board of the Documentary History of the Supreme Court of the United States, was a member whose advice was often sought and always generously given.

One of her favorite organizations was the American Antiquarian Society in Worcester. Like other scholars of the early republic she drew heavily on the magnificent collections of AAS, and as she said in a letter to its president in 1988, knew well ‘the significance of its endeavors.’ She was a regular attendant, and sometime participant, in its seminar series. Her love and deep knowledge of old and rare books attracted her especially to the Society’s

History of the Book project. Books were her passion and her hobby. She was an avid supporter of Wellesley's library, was a dedicated and knowledgeable collector of antique books herself, and was an active member of the Grolier Society; she numbered fellow collectors among her oldest and dearest friends. To these institutions and many others of an intellectual and humanitarian nature she was a generous benefactor.

She is probably most widely remembered professionally for her long and fruitful association with the American Society of Legal History. She was a regular participant for more than three decades in the annual meetings, served effectively on various committees, and was elected an honorary fellow of the society in recognition of her service and support.

Legal history was her forte. Her Wisconsin doctoral dissertation on the Judiciary Act of 1801 morphed naturally into a life-long study of the common law culture of the early republic, which took her back to eighteenth-century English and colonial history and forward into nineteenth-century legal and political culture. She never wrote the great book that she could have written and which we all hoped she would write—probably because of her heavy teaching and administrative duties at an undergraduate college, and for sure because she spent so much time and energy helping her friends write their books and articles. Because her knowledge was as deep as her generosity, we all, beginners and veterans alike, turned to her for critical insights and advice. What she did find time to write was first-rate—'acknowledged classics in the field,' as Harry Scheiber, president of the American Society for Legal History (ASLH), put it. In 1981 she received a research fellowship from the National Endowment for the Humanities and in 1984 the ASLH awarded the Surrency Prize for her article, 'Penal Measures in the American Colonies.' Anyone who has read this essay or others on the eighteenth-century jury in America, on the Judiciary Act of 1801, or the appointment of John Marshall to the Supreme Court, can readily understand why her scholarship was so uniformly admired.

And who can forget her presence at the ASLH annual meetings where she joined in and often stimulated the intellectual discourse, not to mention the good-natured hilarity. 'Presence' she had. She could not help but look a bit aristocratic, but in fact as one friend recalled, 'she was self-effacing in a way that was a relief in crowds of self-trumpeting academics.' She distrusted faddism in the profession, hated pretension and demagoguery, and detested bloviating politicians (and professors). She had a passion for rationality and social justice—which meant she was frequently at odds with modern American political culture. It was easy and fun to get her going on that subject, on her latest trip to Italy with Bob, or on the glories of Venice—we did not have to entice her. Mostly we all joined in on some current issue in legal history, some promising new line of inquiry, or some old wisdom, perhaps. How Kitty managed to find time for all those lunches, coffees, breakfasts, and dinners with old friends and new acquaintances still remains a mystery. As her friend Chris Tomlins recalled, 'she graced us by her presence.' For many of us she represented all that is good and true about the profession. She was a scholar's scholar, a teacher of teachers. What we will do without her is hard to imagine.

R. Kent Newmyer

ALVIN M. JOSEPHY, JR.

Alvin M. Josephy, Jr., award-winning journalist, World War II Marine Corps combat correspondent, magazine and book editor, and preeminent historian of the American West and American Indians, died on October 16, 2005, at his home in Greenwich, Connecticut. He was ninety years of age.

Josephy was born in Woodmere, Long Island, on May 18, 1915, and raised in New York City. He was educated at Horace Mann School, where he began his journalism career on the school

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