

Pine, the Jefferson Award, the Order of the Golden Fleece, the North Carolina ACLU Frank Porter Graham and Finlator Awards, and the Robert Seymour Award from People of Faith Against the Death Penalty.

He loved teaching and taught at Georgetown, Wake Forest, Duke, American University, the University of Oregon, and the University of Arkansas law schools. Until January 2010, he taught a constitutional law course for Duke's Osher Lifelong Learning Institute.

He is survived by his wife Eleanor Kinaird and his three children of his late wife of 55 years, Jean Ann Rutledge Pollitt: Daniel R. Pollitt, wife Linda Weisel, and son Daniel L. Pollitt; Phoebe Ann Pollitt, husband Bruce Ball, and sons Douglas Paletta and Andrew Paletta; and Susan H. Pollitt, husband Bill Rowe, and sons William Pollitt Rowe and Henry Rowe Pollitt.

Susan Pollitt

I never expected when I moved to North Carolina to come to know a friend, a mentor, a lodestar, a hero—who was of somewhat more advanced age, a law professor, in theory retired, from whom I'd hang on every word, ask of every lesson, drink deeply of every story, and learn so much of living life—as a lawyer, as an activist, as engaged academic, as constitutionalist, as a friend, as a Tar Heel, as a man, as a believer in hope.

He could, on the surface, seem a contradiction. The Marine so powerfully committed to peace—not chicken-hawk, but battle-tested dove. The man of ideas and surpassing intellect, wholly committed to action. The most formidable of adversaries—relentless, bold, stunningly courageous—but the most gentlemanly of opponents. The raised voice was not his hallmark. It was, instead, the twinkling eye.

Pollitt was a constitutional historian who would deploy every turn of a five hundred year history in the protection of civil right in order to carve a better future. The legal philosopher who could out-lawyer anyone. The only one of us who could write gracefully enough to be published in *Esquire* or *Harper's*. The most distinguished of the Carolina law school's scholars, who cared not a whit for distinction. No one ever accomplished more and spoke of it less.

No one was ever more elite in attainment and more democratic in tempera-

ment, kindly to all he encountered. The law school staff loved Dan, but maybe not as much as he loved them. And nobody ever knew so much more than his students could possibly comprehend but still believed so entirely in their promise.

This was not contradiction, but transcendence. For as great as was his intellect, his passion, his commitment, his learning, his determination, they all took second seat to his heart. We mourn his unbounded heart.

It is near impossible to talk about Dan's career in an encompassing way—too much, it is too varied, too crucial. And for me, an amateur student of the civil rights era, it is too marvelous, too multifaceted. Every time I would become obsessed with some new aspect, I would eventually talk to Dan about it. He would usually say, "Oh, yeah, I remember that." And, of course, he would have played some untrumpeted role. A few years ago, I became focused on Fannie Lou Hamer of Ruleville, Mississippi, who was famously "sick and tired of being sick and tired." After I had read two biographies and everything I could find about her, I mentioned her to Dan. He said, "Oh, yeah, I represented her when she tried to unseat the Mississippi delegation in Atlantic City."

My favorite mental picture of him—one that I keep in my head—is of Dan sitting on the sidewalk a half century ago with a couple of black teenage students, picketing segregation at the Varsity Theatre on Franklin Street. He demonstrated constant, fearless, egoless commitment to the words we speak in the life we lead, even if others disagreed or hated it, or even if he was alone. If he thought it was right, it didn't matter if it was popular. Maybe it would become popular eventually. But if it was wrong, even if it was popular, it wasn't ever going to become right.

My favorite story about Dan comes from the decision that led him to move to Carolina—refusing to sign a loyalty oath in Arkansas. Dan was an immensely accomplished professor, so Carolina wasn't the only place that quickly offered him a job. The University of Pennsylvania recruited him hard. As they were working to woo him, Dean Fordham mentioned, "There's one other thing. We have a loyalty oath here too." Dan said, "What? You know what I've just been through, and that's why I'm leaving Arkansas." Fordham said, "Yeah, but that was Arkansas, this is Penn."

Dean Fordham obviously didn't know who he was dealing with. There was no one

less likely to be moved by prestige and more likely to be driven by principle than Dan Pollitt.

Gene Nichol

*University of North Carolina
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PAUL LIONEL PURYEAR, SR.

The Right Reverend Dr. Paul Lionel Puryear, Sr., Professor Emeritus at the University of Virginia, passed away on Thursday, April 22, 2010, in Charlottesville, Virginia, at the age of 80. Born in Belleville, New Jersey, as the second son of the Reverend Thomas Langston Puryear, Sr., and the Reverend Pauline Sims Puryear, he attended public schools in Newark, New Jersey. He transferred as a high school freshman to the renowned Palmer Memorial Residential School in Sedalia, North Carolina. He became an ordained A.M.E. minister at the age of 18.

Paul graduated first in his class with a Bachelor of Arts in sociology and political science from Talladega College in Talladega, Alabama. While at Talladega, he served as student body president, served in the concert choir, and served as chapter president of Alpha Phi Alpha fraternity. In 1953, he entered the University of Chicago as a Danforth Foundation Fellow, where he earned a Master's of Arts in political science in 1956 and a Ph.D. in political science and a doctorate in divinity in 1960.

Paul began his career as an assistant professor of political science at Norfolk State University in Norfolk, Virginia, where he received tenure. In 1961, he became chairman of the political science department at Tuskegee University in Tuskegee, Alabama. He continued his career at Fisk University, where he served as chairman of the social services division beginning in 1966. In 1970, he became the first African American administrator at Florida State University in Tallahassee, Florida, where he served as provost of the social sciences and law school. During his tenure at Florida State, he did a one-year sabbatical at the Russell Sage Foundation in New York City. In 1976, he became the vice chancellor of the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, where he later served as a professor of African American studies. In 1982, he came to the University of Virginia as the Dean of African American Affairs, later serving as a professor of political science and government, before

retiring in December 2003 from the Weldon Cooper Center for Public Service.

Throughout his career, Paul was a tireless fighter for civil and human rights, helping lead the integration of the beaches in Virginia Beach, Virginia, and serving as a leader in the voting rights movement in Tuskegee, Alabama. In 1970, he and his family single-handedly integrated the Killlearn Estates neighborhood of Tallahassee. Paul was a long-term member of the APSA; published widely in the areas of political science, civil rights, and minority health; and was a passionate and dynamic presence in the classroom, where he taught African American studies, political science, and government.

He is survived by his wife, Leah Wilson Puryear of Charlottesville; two sons, Paul Lionel (and Brenda) Puryear, Jr., of Fairfield, Connecticut, and Eugene Wilson Puryear of Charlottesville, VA; one daughter, Paula Puryear (and Eric) Martin of Los Angeles, California; one stepdaughter, Alysha Corbin of Lorton, Virginia; two nephews, Thomas Puryear and David Puryear; and three grandchildren. He leaves behind a host of other family members and friends.

Paula Puryear Martin

When I arrived at the University of Virginia, Paul was a colleague in the department of political science, but also a colleague of my husband, Paul Jacobson, in the Weldon Cooper Center for Public Service. He was so kind and gracious to the both of us, which was especially touching given his prominence in political science and the race and politics field. Many people will remember him for his service as Dean of African American Affairs at UVA and before that as vice chancellor of the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, positions that he pioneered and in which he contributed immensely to both institutions. I will also remember him for his scholarship. In 1982, he and his co-authors Michael B. Preston and Leneal J. Henderson, Jr., published a groundbreaking book, *The New Black Politics: The Search for Political Power*. This book contributed immensely to our knowledge of the emerging field of black politics, now more widely referred to as race and politics.

The book had four basic themes: (1) black politics is still the “politics of uncertainty,” (2) political organization and resources are key variables for successful black political outcomes, (3) black politi-

cal behavior does not necessarily represent a monolithic quality, and (4) more work is needed in order to develop a more robust theoretical approach to black politics. Paul was one of the scholars that contributed to the foundational work in the field of black politics/race and politics, and he was prescient in his vision of what was needed for the successful incorporation of blacks into the American political system. His second tenet—political organization and resources are key for successful black political outcomes—is exactly what we saw in the 2008 presidential campaign, when President Barack Obama was able to do exactly what Paul said needed to be done.

The discipline of political science has lost a scholarly giant, a gracious individual, and a very good friend.

Paula D. McClain
Duke University

I met Paul and Leah Puryear in 1985. I moved here from Atlanta, Georgia, and became the community relations coordinator for the Charlottesville Public Schools. The late Armstead Robinson told me that Paul was a brilliant, intriguing man who was married to an equally brilliant, warm, and loving wife. Little did I know at the time the crucial role that Leah and Paul Puryear would play in the cataclysmic change awaiting me in Charlottesville. As our friendship evolved, they were indispensable sources of information and advice about how to work with the community in addressing changes and developments in the Charlottesville School District. It was not long before I felt as if I had known them for a lifetime. Leah, Paul, and Alysha, along with Mary and James Reese, were my instant “family.” The birth of Eugene, who was what my grandmother used to call “a big, fine baby,” gave us all a sense of renewal and hope.

Paul loved politics—especially the study of black politics. I was a “political news junkie” of sorts but never considered making a career of my “hobby.” Paul whetted my appetite for the study of politics during the many conversations we had about the on-going struggle of blacks for socioeconomic and political equality. When I decided to enter the graduate program in public administration at the University of Virginia, Paul and Leah cheered me on. After I completed my Ph.D. at Emory and began my academic career at the University of Washington, Paul was always avail-

able as an intellectual and professional sounding board.

Professor McClain references Paul’s tremendous contributions to the field of political science. However, I don’t know if many of you realize that Paul Puryear is also referenced in what is still required reading for all political scientists, the seminal work *Black Power*, by Kwame Ture and Charles Hamilton. Paul served as an adviser, formal and informal, to many Ph.D. students during his career, and those of us who were fortunate enough to be in that circle are all the better for it. As Ron Walters, professor of government and political science at the University of Maryland, said,

Paul was a somewhat older generation of scholars when I came into the discipline who became a long distance mentor. I greatly appreciated this because I was not “washed in the tradition” of someone who had earned a Ph.D. in political science. Still, he discussed with me issues of methodology and other things in the discipline, and I reciprocated with thoughts about what was on the front burner of activism in the black community. We were always respectful and friendly to one another and I always enjoyed his company. I am sorry that he is not with us, but cherish his having been in my life.

Paul did not suffer fools gladly—nor was he a fan of mollycoddling. He was authentic and one-of-a-kind. I’ll bet when Paul arrived at the Pearly Gates, St. Peter said, “Well, Paul, you got to see a black man elected president. Aren’t you pleased?” Paul would say, “Brother, sit down and let me explain to you the nature of systemic and institutional racism in the United States.”

Andrea Simpson
University of Richmond

RUSSELL M. ROSS

Russell M. Ross died suddenly in Iowa City, Iowa, on April 27, 2010, at the age of 88. He was active until his final days. Following his retirement in 1991, he continued to teach students throughout the state in the University of Iowa’s distance learning program. He taught in it until the day before he died.

Professor Ross was born on June 2, 1921, in Washington, Iowa, 35 miles from Iowa City. After graduation from high school, he entered the University of Iowa, from which he received a B.S. degree in 1942.