Margaret Young George, scholar and teacher of History for forty years, died peacefully in her sleep at home on Sunday, November 8th, 2009 at age 83. My wife for nearly fifty years, mother of four daughters, with four granddaughters and four grandsons, she was one of the most talented and multifaceted people I have been privileged to know. Her writing and teaching were a delight. I first met her when she began graduate work in history at the University of Pittsburgh (her three daughters still the center of her life in the suburb where she cared for them and her husband). But her graduate studies and socialistic political interests were remarkable. Her M.A. thesis was so brilliant that I sent it off to the British journal *Past & Present* where it was immediately accepted for publication. It was easy to see she would make a likely candidate for the newly created Woodrow Wilson Fellowship. She held that honor for two years, then proceeded to write her doctoral dissertation under the politically notorious Dr. Robert Colodny. Meg’s dissertation was accepted for publication in London (with a “Forward” by Oxford’s famous and conservative doyen of All Soul’s College, A.L. Rouse), and *The Hollow Men* (published in the U.S. as *The Warped Vision*) appeared in 1965. A second, even more brilliant study of Mary Wollstonecraft, *One Woman’s Situation*, would follow in 1970, to general acclaim. Her last publication brought her back to the seventeenth century in a study of *Women in the First Capitalist Society* (1988). These books were supplemented by teaching and articles on the “female image” in 17th century English society.

The energy and quality of Meg’s scholarship was matched by the daring and difficulties of succumbing to my romantic overtures which led her to agree to marriage in 1961. We left a messy social situation in Pittsburgh for jobs at the newly revived Northern Illinois University at DeKalb, Illinois, where we would settle for the rest of our academic lives. We loved Chicago, where our daughter Jessica was born and where Meg taught, first at the University of Illinois at Chicago, until threats to her life by right-wing jerks led me to argue for the safety of DeKalb. Reluctant at first, Meg agreed and would spend the rest of her academic years teaching modern European history and a ground-breaking course in Marxist thought of the 19th century.

Meg was a treasure, and her death an inspiration in its courage. As we reflected on our lives these last few months, we found ourselves enriched by the memories of our children, friends, colleagues and students, political activities and work.

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