History Department Newsletter

Greetings from Alastair Bellany
Chair, Department of History

The turning of the season offers a good time to look back over the past few months in the life of the History Department. Some of the news has been sad. At the very end of the summer, we lost our beloved colleague Jan Lewis, a pioneering historian of women in the Early Republic. Jan was for many years a mainstay of the Early American and Women’s and Gender History PhD programs in New Brunswick, and perhaps the most important figure connecting the New Brunswick and Newark departments. I first got to know Jan properly when I served as the vice-chair for graduate education between 2003-6, and I quickly came to appreciate her sage counsel—meetings with Jan were always informative and always fun. Her influence on generations of our PhD students was immense, and we are very grateful to Danielle McGuire, one of those students, who has kindly allowed us to publish the beautiful eulogy she gave at Jan’s memorial service. We lost a second long-time friend of the department early in the new year. Marc Mappen received his PhD from Rutgers in 1976, writing his thesis under the direction of Philip Greven, and held administrative positions on both the Newark and New Brunswick campuses. Between 2000 and 2010, Marc served as the Executive Director of the New Jersey Historical Commission, and, after his retirement, taught for us for several years as a Part Time Lecturer.

We’ve also had some very good news to celebrate, including some high-profile recognitions of our faculty’s research achievements. James Delbourgo won the Leo Gershoy Award from the American Historical Association for his Collecting the World: Hans Sloane and the Origins of the British Museum, while Camilla Townsend received the AHA’s Albert J. Beveridge Award for her Annals of Native America: How the Nahuas of Colonial Mexico Kept Their History Alive. Erica Dunbar’s Never Caught: The Washingtons’ Relentless Pursuit of Their Runaway Slave, Ona Judge received the 2018 Frederick Douglass Book Prize from the Gilder Lehrman Center. Perhaps even more remarkably,

Erica has worked with the children’s book author Kathleen Van Cleve to adapt Never Caught into a book for young readers, a process she discusses later in this newsletter.

The department has also welcomed many distinguished lecturers to campus over the past few months, including our recent PhD Stephanie Jones-Rogers (now at Berkeley) who talked about her much-discussed new book, They Were Her Property: White Women as Slave Owners in the American South, to the Interpreting American History Series. Perhaps the highlight of the fall semester’s programming was a visit from the Regius Professor of History at Oxford, Lyndal Roper, who delivered a magnificent “Bonnie Smith Distinguished Lecture in European History” on “Martin Luther and the Hermaphrodite Pope”. The fall semester also saw the inaugural public lecture, sponsored by the Department and the Rutgers Oral History Archives, by the winner of the John W. Chambers Oral History Graduate Student Fellowship. Pamela Walker’s talk, “Down in the Delta: Oral Histories from a Hallowed Home”, presented a gripping account of her interviews with African American women in Mississippi as part of her project on rural political activism in the civil rights era—Pam discusses the project and her research later in this newsletter.

As always, we’re eager to hear news from our friends and alumni, and we look forward to publishing your updates in the summer edition of the newsletter.
Left: Camilla Townsend receives the American Historical Association (AHA) Albert J. Beveridge award from AHA president Mary Beth Norton.

Right: Erica A. Dunbar (second from right) with the co-winner of the Frederick Douglass Book Prize, Tiya Miles (second from left), and finalists Sharla Fett (left) and Daina Ramey Berry (right).

Recent Faculty Books

- **Vagrants and Vagabonds**: Poverty and Mobility in the Early American Republic, by Kristin O’Brassill-Jenkins
- **Alan Brinkley**: A Life in History
- **Countless Blessings**: A History of Childbirth and Reproduction in the Sahel, edited by David Greenberg, Moshe Temkin, and Mason B. Williams
Including Children In Our Reading Public: Adapting Never Caught for Young Readers

By Erica A. Dunbar

For most historians, the completion of a manuscript generates a variety of feelings. Of course, there is great joy and a sense of accomplishment when the final draft of a manuscript, many years in the making, finally receives the nod of approval from an editor. Copyedits and clearances for images typically trigger a sense of finality and promise that a labor of love will finally find its way between covers. Opportunity typically latches itself to our published books in the form of promotion and tenure, or recognition as a top scholar or leader in the field. These possibilities incentivize academics to continue doing the work to which we have dedicated our lives and careers.

When I completed the final manuscript for Never Caught: The Washingtons’ Relentless Pursuit of Their Runaway Slave, Ona Judge, I certainly felt relief, but I was consumed with other feelings, more specifically, sadness and concern that I needed to do more. For those of us who work on biography, we spend years and sometimes decades studying the lives of individuals who become fixtures in our world. When I submitted the final manuscript I almost immediately felt a sense of loss. I said goodbye to Ona Judge. I spent the better part of nine years tracing her footsteps, uncovering her life, imagining her feelings, and hoping to share her story with a reading public that would become as fascinated with her as had I. It was time to let her go and no one had prepared me for the momentary emptiness that would creep its way through my soul.

I wrestled with my feelings of grief, feelings that were soon overshadowed by my own commitment to writing accessible history. When I began to write Never Caught I made a decision to write history in a way that would be respected by my academic peers but read and appreciated by a larger public. It wasn’t until I submitted the final draft of the manuscript that I began to think more about the “larger public” and about who could and should learn about the founding of the nation through the eyes of the enslaved. And then, it hit me. I was immediately convinced that Ona Judge’s story needed to be read by adults and children. If historians truly want to change the narrative of American history, we must start with younger readers.

And to be honest, this new quest allowed me to hang on to Ona Judge for just a little longer.

It was a challenge to recollect when I first began to study U.S. history as a child and to be honest, I couldn’t remember anything before my senior year in high school. I called a few educator friends and asked when do teachers begin to introduce students to U.S. history through a social studies curriculum? I discovered that most children begin to learn about the founding of the nation in or around fifth grade and so THIS became my port of entry. I decided to write a middle grade reader for children aged nine to thirteen years old. I would write for young readers and I would also write for teachers and librarians. I would write something that would be a tool for educators so that every time a teacher constructed a lesson plan about George Washington and the Founders, they would have an opportunity to teach about Ona Judge and the institution of slavery.

There was only one small problem— I didn’t know how to write for kids! I turned to a dear friend, Kathleen Van Cleve, who had written for young audiences and asked if she would like to co-write the adapted version of Never Caught and she happily agreed. We worked as a team, a very different writing experience that was difficult and sometimes cumbersome, but the outcome was something that made me proud.

I receive lots of mail from readers who have been touched by Never Caught. But the mail that means the most to me is the letter from an eleven-year-old student who thanks me for introducing him to Ona Judge. Or the ten-year-old who has decided that she will write her next book report on this courageous woman about whom she knew nothing. Feelings of gratitude instantly replaced my feelings of sadness. I now know with certainty that Ona will never be forgotten.
JAN LEWIS: In Memoriam

By Danielle McGuire

I first met Jan in 2001. I was a first-year graduate student at Rutgers—New Brunswick majoring in American History.

She and Ann Fabian led the 19th Century Problems and Directed Readings course. We called it the “Jan and Ann” class. It was a delight to walk into class each evening as they chatted, laughed and prepped for class. They had a joyful energy together that was infectious. I looked forward to that class each week, not least because before we started class or during the breaks, we could always count on Jan’s witty and humorous comments about current events, politics or pop culture. She was way cooler than we were. And she had this gorgeous new Prada bag that made many of us swoon. Now that was the model of success.

Jan’s humor and accessibility made it a little easier to not be completely intimidated by her brilliance. But I was awe-struck and wildly insecure. For one thing, I had never actually taken a U.S. History course. I knew almost nothing about 19th century America and here I was in class with superstar historians and students who seemed to know everything about everything. I was afraid Jan would find out I was an imposter and I was terrified to turn in my first papers.

I was thinking back to those papers and remembered that Jan was always exceptionally encouraging in her comments; I dug through some old boxes in the basement and found all my old papers from her classes and wow—not only was Jan encouraging, she was engaging—she asked questions, proposed ways to revise or rethink my arguments, and always pushed me to think harder. She was teaching and coaching me in her written remarks—something I’m not sure I appreciated or noticed then. She made it sound so easy to make major revisions. In my very first paper, which wasn’t that good, she was very generous. She said,

“You have all the elements here. All you have to do (easy for me to say!) is organize your paper more effectively and write it more carefully, exercising more control over your material.” It was a nice way of saying I had potential, but I needed to try a lot harder.

She seemed to have more faith in me than I had in myself. On my last paper that semester, she wrote, “I like your intelligent summary and reading of David Blight better than David Blight! Your essay might have been a bit more self-promoting; that is, you might have drawn attention to the way you revise, amplify and depart from Blight—it’s smart, but too modest.”

The next year, I was thrilled to have Jan again for my PDR II course—America in the 18th Century. But I was equally terrified of the subject matter. It was my first-ever course on the Revolutionary Era and I knew I couldn’t hide my lack of knowledge from Jan.

On my first paper of the semester—about Rhys Isaac’s The Transformation of Virginia—she offered smart edits and ideas for revisions, and wrote such a cheerful, encouraging note that displayed her interest in me and her expectations: “what a long way you’ve come!” she said. “This is a clear, intelligent, self-confident paper...now rewrite the history of the period from this perspective!”

Her enthusiasm gave me confidence and made me want to please her; I worked harder to hone my argument and analysis, stepping out of my insecure shell and into her instruction and mentorship. On my third paper on Charles Royster’s A Revolutionary People At War, she wrote, “your writing is professional in the best sense: this could be a review in the NYTBR, in fact, it would be better than 9/10 of the reviews in the NYTBR.”

I laughed reading this again because I can hear Jan’s good-natured derision of this high-brow journal and also because I don’t think I really knew then what is so clear now—Jan was nurturing me, pushing me to be better, demanding that I let go of my insecurity and trust my instincts. She saw my potential as a professional historian before I believed I even had any.

And she had no problem letting me know when I failed to meet her expectations. On the next paper she wrote, “Great beginning, bland conclusion. Not your most inspired paper, but one can’t be inspired every day.”

Her last written comments of the semester were effervescent and big-hearted; she said, “What a pleasure it has been to
witness your intellectual development. You have certainly mastered the field. I hope you’re enjoying a sense of accomplishment.”

Jan’s comments on all my papers—all the time she spent assessing my work and encouraging me to do better—show more than anything that “ink is love.” Jan loved her work as a historian and a professor. And she loved her students. She seemed to delight in my development and continued to inspire me and open doors for me long after I stopped being her student.

In this sense Jan fundamentally changed my life. Besides teaching me how to be a better historian, she facilitated my teaching career by introducing me to her husband Barry Bienstock.

She knew I loved the civil rights movement and that Bob Moses, the Mississippi Freedom fighter, was a personal hero. I knew that Moses was from New York and taught at the Horace Mann School before he ventured down to Mississippi in the early 1960s to do voter registration work. But that’s literally all I knew about Horace Mann. I had no idea it was this spectacular private school. I didn’t even know private schools existed.

Jan introduced me to Barry at a history conference and told me he was head of the History department at Horace Mann. My eyes grew wide—the same school as Bob Moses, I asked? Yes, he said—and more. We talked and talked and not long afterwards, I had a full-time job teaching 10th grade history at Horace Mann. My experience there opened up new vistas and possibilities for me, none of which would’ve been possible without Jan’s introduction and recommendation and her faith in me.

If Jan taught me how to be a professional historian, Barry taught me how to be an excellent teacher. At Horace Mann, I learned that it is way more difficult teaching American history to 15 teenagers gathered around an oval harkness table than it is to hold forth in front of 150 students in a university lecture hall. At Horace Mann, you had to bring your A+ game. And Barry taught me how to do that. My luck in working with Barry, who, like Jan is also a master teacher and remarkable historian, completely transformed my approach to history and made me a much stronger teacher. His unyielding support for me, especially during some weird moments at Horace Mann, echoed Jan’s.

Together they protected and empowered me, taught me how to be a good historian and how to be a better writer and teacher. They also introduced me to very dark chocolate, some very good wine, the New York Symphony Orchestra, and a steady supply of stories and gossip.

After I left Horace Mann, Jan continued to promote and encourage me and my work. She recommended me for jobs, she raved about my book to her colleagues and invited me to speak about it at Rutgers in 2010 and again last spring.

I was so grateful to see her in April at the Rutgers Newark Women and Gender Studies symposium. The theme was #MeToo and Jan’s blunt and honest talk about what she encountered, endured, and overcame as the only female professor in the history department blew me away. If I thought she was amazing before, this talk made me see how remarkable she really was. The most amazing thing is that she was not bitter or resentful of all the obstacles she faced as a woman in a department (and profession) full of men, though she certainly had every right to be.

Instead she was joyful, good-humored, expansive, and loaded with amity. She was tough, but tenderhearted and worked to create opportunities for those of us who came up behind her. She used her position as a senior scholar and then as the Dean to open doors that were previously closed or rarely opened for marginalized students. She worked to dispel my insecurity as a first-generation, working-class woman in grad school and helped me build confidence as a historian and writer—something I’m certain she did for scores of other students and colleagues as well.

I did not know how sick Jan was or how deep her pain was as she battled cancer. That she kept going—as always—through it all, is a testament to her courage, strength, and bold resistance.

I am forever grateful to Jan for her support, her encouragement, her edits, her wit and her humor; for introducing me to Barry, whom I adore, and for all that she stood for and always will: perseverance in the face of difficulty, building and sustaining a beloved community, love of family, reading, writing and telling good stories, and of course, endless good cheer. I am a better person and my life is richer because of Jan.

In Maya Angelou’s poem, “When Great Trees Fall,” she says in the last stanza:

“And when great souls die,
after a period peace blooms,
slowly and always
irregularly. Spaces fill
with a kind of
soothing electric vibration.

Our senses, restored, never
to be the same, whisper to us.
She existed. She existed.
We can be. Be and be
better. For she existed.”
What do you know about the Box Project? Oral histories from the Mississippi Delta
(Adapted from the December 1, 2018 Chambers Lecture)
Pamela Walker, PhD Candidate

I decided to use funds from the Chambers Oral History Fellowship to locate rural black women who participated in the Mississippi Box Project, the transregional antipoverty organization founded by a white Vermont pacifist at the heart of my dissertation. While I have hundreds of their letters from the organization’s archive, I thought it would be useful to conduct interviews to further unpack black Mississippian’s relationships with their northern white allies and get a greater sense of their daily lives, family histories, and hopes during the movement.

I set out to find these elusive women by placing ads in the classified and community announcement sections of four local Mississippi Delta papers. This was a shot in the dark, quite honestly. First, I was banking on blind hope that people still read the local print paper. If the kitchen tables of these women looked anything like my own grandmother’s, a box project participant herself, then these papers would be sitting right next to and underneath coupons, recipe scratch paper, and church programs. I also had to deal with the reality of the second great migration, which resulted in the mass exodus of about 400,000 Mississippians, drying up most of the small Delta towns. These women would still have to reside in the Delta more than forty to fifty years after their involvement with the Box Project, and they had to see the ad in the paper. Most importantly, they would have to call me. Therefore, my contact with these treasured women rested not only in them seeing the ad but a willingness to tell their story to a stranger. Truthfully, I had not fully considered this last condition, which called for an active response from potential interviewees. Ultimately, it was up to these Delta women to call me. And to my misplaced surprise, fourteen women did. In this way, they were proclaiming that their stories be heard.

They had plenty to say. Jodie James (95) shared stories of internal migration and life on a Delta Plantation where she and her husband raised fourteen children together. Box Project employee and civil rights activist, Alzaiter Clark (75) made clear that none of her work in the Delta would have been possible without her mother, who stepped in to provide childcare and financial assistance after her husband disappeared to Chicago. And charismatic Minnie Dean (85) illuminated experiences of black teachers who taught black and white children during mandatory and voluntary integration in the Mississippi Delta.

To be sure, it was difficult to cut more than eight hours of rich audio down to about ten-minutes worth of soundbites for the one-hour lecture. The fullness of their stories would have to wait for the dissertation. However, I let prominent themes in their stories guide the lecture, particularly the ways in which their recollections disrupted traditional understandings of civil rights, southern and agricultural history. I also offered my early insights on how their stories shift and augment historiography on rural black life. Mostly, though, I centered rural black women’s experiences and expertise, as their response to my random ad in their local paper was a request that they be taken seriously - as authorities on the topic of life in Mississippi. Their response to my advertisement was a quiet, yet active, claim that their narratives offered a correction to what we thought we knew. And more than anything, their response was a request that they not be forgotten, that they be added to the record.
RESEARCH and the GRADUATE STUDENT

JULIA BUCK

I spent October 2018 crisscrossing the Paris metropolitan region to research a chapter on the memory of World War II resistance movements in French bureaucracy with the support of the Neal Ira Rosenthal History Travel Award. My goal was to track the comings and goings of Marseille's former resisters and liberators through the Kafkaesque administrative labyrinth that French governments constructed to legitimize and coopt their struggle after the war. My starting points were the Service historique de la Défense in Vincennes and the National Archives in Périgueux where I located troves of applications for the carte du combattant volontaire de la Résistance. The CVR card entitled successful applicants to state recognition and a regular military veteran’s pension. I was fascinated by the problems, and irony, of criteria for and proof of membership in an underground movement or irregular military formation for the postwar state. I was particularly fascinated to find out how state control of the terms of criteria and proof mediated and mobilized what was perhaps the most important, foundational postwar national myth—the patriotic French Resistance—in a place long reputed to not-quite-national: Marseille.

CVR bureaucracy has not received much scholarly attention, but was a major preoccupation of postwar governments. Nearly every year, usually multiple times a year, from 1944 through the 1990s lawmakers debated and modified the definition or process of verifying WWII resistance, while debates over the rights of veterans from former colonies continue to this day. In the archives, I located the applications of five brothers from the Corsican mob family whose postwar exploits in Marseille formed the basis of the 1971 movie The French Connection. I found out that one Marseillaise resister's organization was not among those recognized by administrators, so although she received multiple national honors for her service in the resistance, they instead awarded her a CVR card for being shot by Germans. Thus the basis for official recognition was suffering an injury in her case; not her brave participation in an armed battle with a gun she stole from a Nazi officer, or her years of struggle against occupation and collaboration. A third file documented the two decade itinerary of a career soldier from Labé, Guinea, whose campaigns had been taking him through Marseille since the early 1930s and who joined the Forces françaises libres in 1942, serving until his demobilization in 1947. The circumstances of each applicant were unique but (stereotypical) Marseillaise, and did not fit the patriotic, white, masculine mold the different iterations of the CVR card upheld. The documents I reviewed offered insights into how ordinary people framed their illegal wartime work to the state, the local application of national laws governing memory, and how administrators drew a line between crime and resistance. This all fed into a larger process that historian Minayo Nasiali identified of disciplining unruly cities and containing potential threats to postwar law and order.

Outside the archives, I benefited tremendously from my time in Paris. I stayed with a documentary filmmaker who discussed her work in Algiers and Marseille since the 1970s over breakfast. A fellow historian of gender and sexuality from Spain joined me, and our post-archives writing sessions at the library of the Centre Pompidou—open until 10 pm—helped focus my thoughts. I was able to attend an engaging panel on space and memory delivered by Henry Rousso, Esther Shalev-Gerz, and Pierre Nora at the Shoah Museum, which helped me think through the analytical approach to the chapter. Spending an afternoon in a cafe with a former Chilean political prisoner under Pinochet who remains deeply involved in various exile communities in France, a free all-night performance of Erik Satie for Nuit Blanche at the philharmonic, another afternoon in a cafe with a fellow historian of gender and resistance memory who I recognized from Twitter but met in the archives, crossing paths with a conceptual artist friend who was developing some new work about memory and narrative of her grandmother's struggle as a Croatian partisan in WWII, showing another documentary filmmaker friend how to access the archives for the first time so she could research far-right pro-colonial organizations during the Algerian War all made for a condensed, stimulating month. The Rosenthal Award made possible not only the vital archival work, but also gave me time to participate in these transnational, multidisciplinary intellectual communities whose help has been immeasurable.
KAISHA ESTY

With the support of the Neal Ira Rosenthal History Travel Award, I conducted research at the National Archives in Washington D.C. The purpose of my visit was to locate Union court-martial documents to complete Chapter Two of my dissertation, titled, “A Crusade Against the Despoiler of Virtue: Black Women, Sexual Purity, and the Gendered Politics of the Negro Problem.” I searched for court-martial cases involving African American women who brought charges against Union soldiers, black and white, for sex-related offenses. The collection of files that I located ranged from young girls, such as eleven-year-old America Virginia Pierman who sought justice after she was raped by Thomas Mitchell of the 1st New York Engineers in Fort Harrison, Virginia, to Ann Booze, an elderly woman who was sexually assaulted in Port Hudson, Louisiana in 1865 by Lieutenant Charles Wenz and another soldier.

These files revealed multiple crucial insights. First, they demonstrated the impact of the Lieber Commission’s recommendations for a policy that was passed in 1863. This code outlined the rules of conduct for Union soldiers at war. It enforced indictments for sexual misconduct against women regardless of race. Thus, for the first time in US history, black women could seek sexual justice from the State. As the files showed, a considerable number of black women sought sexual justice. Given that many sexual assault cases, black or white, historically remain unreported, the presence of these court-martial documents debunk the myth that the Civil War was a “Gentleman’s War.” The second crucial insight gathered from these files relates to the indiscriminate and pervasive manner of sexual violence against black women and girls in Union encampments. Young girls, elderly women, disabled women, pregnant women and married women testified in court. The testimonies of laundresses, domestics, refugee and contraband women revealed the notion that white (and black) Union soldiers interacted with black women in Union encampments with the assumption that sexual labor was part of their employment or labor. The charges brought by these women also revealed the extent to which disparaging racial and sexual ideas about black womanhood were not contained to the plantation South, but were in fact shared by white Northern soldiers as well.

My visit to the National Archives enabled me to complete the second chapter of my dissertation. Due to the powerfulness of the women’s testimonies, I decided to use this chapter as a writing sample in my job applications. Now that I have secured a tenure-track position at Wesleyan University, I am doubly pleased by the support that I received from the Neal Ira Rosenthal Fund.
PAUL Sampson

Everyone loves a good travel story – missed trains, wrong turns and ratty hostels transform into exciting adventures as one encounters surprising people and amazing sites. The best histories are made the same way. By hunting down primary sources over long distances and across national boundaries, the joys of exploration are combined with the thrill of detective work, and the dual unpredictability of travel and archival finds make for histories that are both rich and surprising. While my dissertation is still very much a work in progress, the support of the Neil Ira Rosenthal travel grant and a History Department fellowship has already made my research – and my life – much more interesting than I thought possible when I enrolled at Rutgers.

After defending my dissertation proposal in May, I returned home to Oregon to store my possessions and prepare for a year of research in Britain. My summer goals were to revise and publish an article and do some preliminary research before relocating to London. Since arriving in London in September, I have built on these foundations by attending seminars and lectures at University College London, Cambridge University, and the Institute for Historical Research while conducting research at nearly a dozen different archives.

My article, “The Cosmos in a Cabinet: Performance, Politics, and Mechanical Philosophy in Henry Bridges’ ‘Microcosm’” examined the career of an 18th-century automaton theater that purported to show audiences the entire Newtonian universe (tweeting birds, flute-playing gods, and busy tradesmen included) for 2 shillings. After a 15-hour drive from Oregon, I arrived at the verdant gates of the Huntington Library in San Marino, California. My goal was to look into the papers of James Brydges, the Duke of Chandos. A noted patron of natural philosophy, the Duke had been cited as one of the machine’s chief benefactors. After a day of poring through records, I was convinced that Chandos had never given a cent for the Microcosm. While slightly disappointing, this absence of documentation illustrated that the Microcosm’s creator, Henry Bridges, had dropped Chandos’ name as part of his elaborate advertising campaign – an effort which included fake letters to newspapers and an elegiac poem written to himself: “BRIDGES! Those sounds must ravish ev’ry ear/ Which Handel’s self did not disdain to hear.”

By the end of the summer, the article had been accepted for publication. I thus turned my attention to preparing for research in the United Kingdom. After arriving in my shoe-box-sized dormitory at the Catholic Chaplaincy in London, I immediately set to work making regular commutes on the “tube” to the National Archives and the National Maritime Museum. Crammed in with the other rush-hour commuters, I felt myself becoming a part of the modern city’s life. My daily escapes to the green spaces of Kew and Greenwich were like a journey into the past, as I got to walk along the same paths where natural philosophers conducted experiments on how to measure and preserve the fresh, clean country air that was so notably absent in smoky London.

My research has taken me to nearly a dozen archives in England, and I plan to continue exploring as long as I am able. While my dissertation is not yet written, inhabiting the place that I am writing about has greatly enriched my ability to understand British history and culture. I am sincerely grateful for the travel support of the Neil Ira Rosenthal grant, and I look forward to making my dissertation into the best travel story that it can be.
Recent Graduate Student Publications


Melissa Reynolds, “‘Here is a Good Boke to Lerne’: Practical Books, the Coming of the Press, and the Search for Knowledge, ca. 1400-1560” Journal of British Studies 58 (April 2019).


Jessica Ciales, “‘My Obligation to the Doctor for his Paternal Care’: Eleazar Wheelock and the Female School of Moor’s Indian Charity School, 1761-1769.” Social Sciences and Missions, vol. 30, issue 3-4, fall 2017, p. 279-297.


Rutgers Living History Society Annual Meeting to be Held on April 26, 2019

The Rutgers Living History Society (RLHS) will award Rutgers Board of Governors Distinguished Professor of History and Professor of Women's and Gender Studies Deborah Gray White the 2019 Stephen E. Ambrose Oral History Award. The Ambrose Award will be presented at the RLHS Annual Meeting on Friday, April 26, 2019, at 9 am. The event will be held in the Rutgers Student Center Multi-Purpose Room on the College Avenue Campus.

Dr. White earned her Ph.D. at the University of Illinois at Chicago. In her thirty-five years at Rutgers, Dr. White has pioneered and championed the study of African American history and women’s history in academia. Her landmark work *Ar’n’t I A Woman? Female Slaves in the Plantation South* (1985) utilizes oral histories from the Work Projects Administration (WPA) Slave Narrative Collection, among other first-person accounts, to depict the experiences of African American women who lived under slavery. Dr. White is also the author of *Let My People Go: African-Americans, 1804-1860* (1996); *Too Heavy A Load: Black Women in Defense of Themselves, 1894-1994* (1999); *Telling Histories: Black Women Historians in the Ivory Tower*, ed. (2000); and *Lost in the USA: American Identity from the Promise Keepers to the Million Mom March* (2017). She co-directed "The Black Atlantic: Race, Nation and Gender" project at the Rutgers Center for Historical Analysis (1997-99), served as a research professor at the Rutgers Institute for Research on Women (1999-2000), and chaired the History Department (2000-2003). Since 2015, Dr. White has chaired the Scarlet and Black Project, which is a historical exploration of the experiences of African Americans and Native Americans at Rutgers University.

Donald A. Ritchie, Historian *Emeritus* of the U.S. Senate, will receive the first Rutgers Oral History Archives Legacy Award at the 2019 RLHS Annual Meeting. Created to commemorate ROHA’s 25th Anniversary, the Rutgers Oral History Archives Legacy Award honors a figure who has made a great contribution to the field of oral history and to the intellectual life of oral history practice at Rutgers University.

Dr. Ritchie, a U.S. Marine Corps veteran, earned a Ph.D. in history from the University of Maryland. In his career in the U.S. Senate Historical Office, he conducted an oral history program and prepared for publication such previously unreleased documents as the closed-door hearings of Senator Joseph McCarthy. He has served as President of the Oral History Association and on the Council of the American Historical Association. His books include *Doing Oral History, The Oxford Handbook of Oral History, The U.S. Congress: A Very Short Introduction, Reporting from Washington: The History of the Washington Press Corps,* and *Electing FDR: The New Deal Campaign of 1932,* as well as several high school social studies textbooks.

Admission to the RLHS ceremony and brunch will be $25 per person. Look for your invitation and an RSVP card this March in the mail. Please contact kathryn.rizzi@rutgers.edu for more information.
Support the History Department!

Rutgers School of Arts and Sciences has an exciting opportunity to fund graduate programs in the humanities and to build an endowment that will support those programs in perpetuity. The prestigious Andrew W. Mellon Foundation will give the School of Arts and Sciences $2 million for an endowment if we raise $3 million in graduate support by June 30, 2019. If you’d like your gift to help us meet the Mellon Challenge, please click here http://www.support.rutgers.edu/history. If you have any questions, please contact Allison Sachs Klein, in the School of Arts & Sciences-New Brunswick Development Office, at aklein@sas.rutgers.edu and 848-932-6455.

Thank you!

Enclosed is my generous gift of $________ toward:

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