

The 2017 Van Gelderen Lecture

The fourth annual Van Gelderen Lecture by an outstanding graduate student will be given by Cheryl Jimenez Frei at a luncheon in the Alumni Hall of the Mosher Alumni Center on Sunday February 26 beginning at 12:30 p.m. Her first research trip to Argentina was funded by the Van Gelderen Re-Entry Student Fellowship in 2013. Sarah Cline, her PhD adviser, notes that Cheryl's work



"will contribute to the important and growing field of historical memory and national identity formation and contestation by examining a number of physical sites commemorating particular people and events." For example, the statue in the photo below honors Juana Azurduy de Padilla, an indigenous woman who fought for Argentina's independence and had been largely written out of official historical memory (see photo below). In 2013, the president ordered that it replace the nearly century-old statue of Christopher Columbus donated by the Italian community in 1910, the centennial of Argentina's independence from Spain. While many Argentines welcomed the president's unilateral decision, many others criticized it. A heated debate ensued over who had authority to decide in such a case. Cheryl's title is "Shaping and Contesting the Past: Memory, Identity, and Monuments in Buenos Aires."



Finally Getting the Key!

Nelson Lichtenstein is one of the leading historians of labor in the United States and has published sixteen books on his subject. He left the University of Virginia in 2001 to come to UCSB. He is the director of our Center for the Study of Work, Labor, and Democracy. On June 11, 2016, he returned to his alma mater for induction into Phi Beta Kappa. Here are the remarks he made there.

Better late than never. It's a great honor to become a member of the Dartmouth Phi Beta Kappa chapter even if it has taken 50 extra years to make it. Indeed, it would have been a travesty had I been inducted when I was an undergraduate because I just didn't have the grades. Among other things, I was terrible at languages, a debility compounded by the French department when some primitive computer there scheduled my language lab at 8 a.m. during the Winter Quarter. After hiking across a snowy green with hardly any breakfast, I just could not get my mind or mouth working on those verbs.

When I graduated from Dartmouth in 1966, the "Sixties" were just reaching Northern New England. As a member of the editorial board of *The Dartmouth*, I took part in many furious debates about the pros and cons of the U.S. war in Vietnam. The resultant editorials were therefore a mess, exceedingly painful to read should you stumble across a yellowing copy.

So naturally I took off for Berkeley, California, ostensibly to go to graduate school. I had other motives, which turned out to be just as important to the academic career I would eventually pursue. First off, I got a five-year deferment from the draft, a dubious entitlement given the mass round up of working-class kids, many Latinos and African-Americans,

In Memoriam: Alec Callow

*Alec Callow, who taught U.S. urban history at UCSB from 1965 until 1999, died in Santa Barbara on January 6. He wrote *The Tweed Ring* (Oxford University Press, 1966) and edited *American Urban History: An Interpretive Reader* (1st ed. 1970 and several subsequent editions). His classes on American urban history and the history of crime in America drew 200-300 students every time they were offered. Here follow two memorial essays, the first from his son Scott based on family remembrances and the second from one of his graduate students. As chair Sharon Farmer noted when she sent Scott's essay to us, "it captures Alec's rich humanity and wide range of experiences."*

Professor Alexander Bates Callow, Jr. died on Jan. 6 after a long fight against dementia and weakening health. His body gave out before his mind did. Luckily, he still knew the people around him, and his sense of humor never failed him. "My Dad became a history professor so he could get paid telling stories," his oldest son, Scott, would insist. Family members would unsuccessfully scold him for RETelling stories about his foibles as a seaman in WWII. A few stories he told at least 50 times and all of them began with, "did I tell you the story...?" He always repeated his stories regardless of the answer. From all accounts, he drove the first mate mad with his uncanny ability to accidentally embarrass the mate in front of the captain. In the autobiography Alec wrote for his four grandchildren, he said that "it was because of Uncle Ed and his adventures as a lifelong seaman that I became a merchant seaman for four years during World War II." Alec also had little choice in the matter. Since he was only 15 years old when he enlisted, he wasn't old enough to join the Army. His ship carried supplies and ammunition and had only two guns to defend itself, one in the bow and one in the stern. He described periods of crippling anticipation throughout the entire ship, a type of mental terrorism, waiting for kamikaze pilots to dive bomb the ships – every day, at the same time.

The war turned him from a self-described juvenile delinquent into a man. But he never completely outgrew his youthful, mischievous nature. The war also reinforced his sense of fairness, and he made a point of sitting his sons down for a lectures on racial equal-

ity. He was proud of the fact that, after his stint in the Korean War, he hitched-hiked the Alaskan highway soon after it was opened (with barely any money), and spent adventurous summers between college in Mexico (with barely any money). He used the GI bill to attend UCSB when the campus was located on the hill above the city of Santa Barbara. He met his wife Marie through the contacts between her brother and his father. Alec and Marie's first date occurred on a small sailing boat, since he thought that he had attained the skill of sailing through osmosis from his years on the large military ships. He flipped the boat and dumped Marie in the ocean. Luckily, Marie was athletic and swam well; she simply backstroked away from the sails, so Alec was free to dive into the depths of the Pacific to retrieve his wallet before it disappeared into the black. The story was very dramatic — every time it was told. Alec's wit and good nature prevailed over the accident, and they were married in 1953.



Alec earned his PhD. in American History at UC Berkeley. His thesis was published as *The Tweed Ring*, a story about blatant and extreme political corruption in NY City after the Civil War. He would often quip that it was "a wonderful gift idea for friend and family." His first teaching job was at Purdue University in West Lafayette, Indiana, and the remainder of his career was spent at UCSB. His specialties were American urban history and the history of organized crime in American cities. But his biggest professional passion was his students. He developed generations of loyal students. He inspired many professional historians and professors, including one of his son's friends, one of the first female FBI agents, and several police officers. After he retired in 1991, he accepted recalls to teach every fall until 1999 because "I like my job so much it is too hard to quit. It is not only fun, but I get paid to have fun." He treated people at home and throughout his travels with respect and kindness, regardless of class, race, and intellect. He carried a sincere interest in all kinds of people. One of his grandchildren said that "my grandpa was very funny. But he also cared a lot about our world and I think he's always inspired me in that way. Because he does it with witty humor and joy." The sparkle that Alec brought to life is encapsulated in his last words to his wife, Marie. She left the rehab hospital, expecting to see him the next day, she said "see you

Cont. on p. 6.

Alison Rose Jefferson: A Busy Public Historian

In December 2015, Alison Rose Jefferson completed her PhD dissertation (mentored by Randy Bergstrom) and has been very busy since then. She has a contract from the University of Nebraska Press to publish it (Leisure's Race, Power and Place: The Recreation and Remembrance of African Americans in the California Dream) after her revision is done. Currently residing in Los Angeles, she has contracted with the Galvin Preservation Consulting team to research and write the African American History Context Statement for the Survey LA (Los Angeles Historic Resources Survey), where her work will contribute to a groundbreaking document which will be used by professionals as well as the general public.

She is serving as an advisor/consultant for history-based public engagement projects related to aspects of her research interests. Additionally she has delivered several public lectures and professional conference and civic engagement workshop presentations. Here follows her report on her contribution to the magnificent new museum of African-American history that opened last fall to wide acclaim on the National Mall in Washington, D.C. Public interest has been so great that it is booked up until September, 2017.

On Saturday, September 17, I attended the collection donor preview and reception to celebrate the Smithsonian Institution National Museum of African American History and Culture before the formal opening day, Saturday, September 24. As a public historian and personally, I am very proud to be a part of this national project to engage new audiences in the exploration and preservation of African American history, culture and community throughout the nation and globally.

Working with curator and historian Spencer Crew, I contributed three photographs to the opening permanent exhibitions of the new museum, all in the twentieth-century galleries on Level C2/*Defending Freedom, Defining Freedom: The Era of Segregation, 1876–1968*. One photograph I contributed from the Cristyne Lawson Collection is in the Jim Crow Era/Community Building section. This photograph features Mary McReynolds, Lawson's grandmother, with a gentleman friend and burro in front of Colorado's balanced rock natural wonder (1906). Originally from the Austin, Texas area, McReynolds would become

the wife of Rev. James A. Stout and move to California in 1908. Her husband was the first minister of Phillips Chapel Christian Methodist Episcopal (CME) Church in Santa Monica, California and on the Pacific Slope. Today some descendants of the Stouts, including Cristyne Lawson (a former UCSB Associate Professor of Dance and later Dean of Dance at Cal Arts), continue to live in Santa Monica.



The other photographs I contributed are in the Great Migration/Migrating West section. In 1925 newlyweds Peter and Rosa Cobbs (my maternal grandparents) drove in their new Dodge from Montgomery, Alabama to Los Angeles in search of better opportunities. He had a thriving medical practice in Montgomery, but felt stifled. Mrs. Cobbs was a teacher in Birmingham. The couple sought to escape the discrimination they experienced in Alabama and wanted to provide better opportunities for themselves and their forthcoming three children. The family remained in Los Angeles and the West for the rest of their lives.

There is much to view and celebrate in this new state-of-the-art museum's architecture, exhibit designs and encyclopedic content. The stories illustrated in the objects I mention here are just a few of the wonderful untold stories visitors are finding in the NMAAHC exhibits!

LET US HEAR FROM YOU: Send letters to: Editor, *Historia*, Dept. of History, UCSB, Santa Barbara, CA 93106-9410 (or e-mail to: jsmcgee@history.ucsb.edu)

Cont. from p. 1.

who in northern California, were bused into the Oakland Induction Center every morning at 6 a.m. for the physicals that would start the process that a few months later would put them on a chartered airplane to Vietnam. I did not feel much guilt in avoiding their fate, but it did give me a better moral and mental framework in which to understand that academic catch phrases, some deployed by PBK, like the “pursuit of excellence in the liberal arts and sciences” or the “life of the mind” and “freedom of thought,” were not available to everyone.

While I had failed to find a political home at Dart-



mouth, there were plenty to choose from at Berkeley, and I soon found myself spending a lot of time writing leaflets rather than term papers and attending Marxist study circles rather than doing the seminar readings. Administrators, trustees, some professors, and many parents usually think that if you spend a lot of time doing the former than the latter will be neglected, but they are wrong. Politics, indeed any passionately held set of explanatory convictions, be they aesthetic, religious, athletic, or even entrepreneurial, animate the learning experience and give it the intellectual context and moral weight in which you can flourish in a fashion useful in your own life and that of others. Unless you have such a mental frame, a structured set of ideological understandings, you’ll miss a lot. You won’t know how to organize that flood of information in which you are drowned every day.

This came crashing home to me two decades ago when I gave a lecture here at Dartmouth to the History Department. Sitting in the back row was F. David Roberts, an historian of 19th-century Britain and one of my teachers as an undergraduate. When I took his courses I had no idea that he had been a pacifist in World War II and a socialist for many years there-

after, nor was I able to truly grasp his lectures, all of which had a subtle but unmistakably radical flavor that explained how democracy struggled to emerge out of a rigidly class-bound society. But I could not “place” him or his lectures, because I had not yet “placed” myself. However, during the Q and A following my talk, which was about the American labor-left, Roberts mentioned that he had voted for the socialist Norman Thomas during the 1948 presidential election.

Bingo! In a nanosecond his long-ago lectures and even some of the assigned readings flashed through my mind. Of course! He had been using the history of Britain, aristocratic and proletarian, to explicate his own deeply held beliefs about how modern America should be transformed and reformed. I had been a youthful idiot not to grasp the historical lessons he sought to advance, not because I was unintelligent, but because I had not armed myself with the larger worldview that would enable me to absorb the actual purpose of this scholarship. The point here is that real learning cannot be divorced from the political and social commitments, the moral worldview, held by teachers, students, and activists alike. Only those who truly try to change the world can grasp it.

Faculty News

Mhoze Chikowero was awarded the 2013-16 J.K.H. Nketia Book Award for a book that advances or critically engages with ethnomusicology as a discipline from the Society for Ethnomusicology. His book is *African Music, Power and Being in Colonial Zimbabwe* (Indiana University Press, 2015)

In November, a permanent exhibit at the Museum of the City of New York opened titled “New York at its Core.” Featuring four centuries’ worth of artifacts as well as selected New Yorkers, it includes an interactive presentation of the sensational story of the NYC prostitute Helen Jewett and places her among other touchstones of New York City history. **Pat Cohen** notes that “Jewett now takes her place along with Hamilton, Whitman and others, representing NYC in the early Republic.” The exhibit displays issues of gender, sexuality, and the remarkable innovations in print culture and the transit of news that were central to the case. It draws heavily on Cohen’s *The Murder of Helen Jewett* (Knopf, 1998).

Cont. on p. 5.

“Pride of Place” in England

Justin Bengry completed his UCSB PhD dissertation in 2010 under the direction of Erika Rappaport. He is now employed as a Research Fellow at Birkbeck College (University of London), and this is his report on his work in England’s “Pride of Place” project. Strawberry Hill, Horace Walpole’s mid-18th century “gothick” fantasy villa (pictured at right), is among the featured locations.

I’m honored to have been part of the Pride of Place project, an initiative to identify the locations and landscapes associated with England’s lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender and queer (LGBTQ) heritage. Our aim has been to uncover new locations associated with England’s LGBTQ past and to revisit existing heritage sites to consider their LGBTQ significance. Commissioned by Historic England (formerly English Heritage), the national body charged with preserving the historic environment of England, Pride of Place drew unprecedented attention to LGBTQ lives and experiences in England’s past and in its present.

Pride of Place is Historic England’s largest ever project to explore what it terms “underrepresented heritage” and its first to use crowd sourcing to map heritage locations. For the first time, then, Historic England is asking the public, including community and heritage groups, LGBTQ campaigning organizations, scholars, and the wider population interested in LGBTQ history, to reflect on what can constitute a site of “queer” heritage significance. It therefore engages directly with understandings of what can constitute valid and valuable community heritage locations.

This engagement with the public was so successful that crowd-sourced contributions directly influenced decisions on the statutory relisting of some locations. Until September 2016, only one location in England had been listed for its LGBTQ heritage significance: the Royal Vauxhall Tavern in London. And even the RVT had only been listed since 2015. As a result of Pride of Place, the unique Bristol grave of Egyptologist Amelia Edwards and her partner Ellen Braysher was newly listed at Grade II. The Grade II-listed homes of playwright Oscar Wilde, composer Benjamin Britten and his partner tenor Peter Pears, and lesbian diarist and landowner Anne Lister were all relisted to include their LGBTQ heritage significance. Lastly, the Burdett-Coutts memorial at St Pancras Gardens, London was upgraded to Grade II*. The memorial commemorates



graves lost when train lines cut through the graveyard including that of the Chevalier d’Eon, an 18th-century French diplomat and spy who lived part of his life as a man and part as a woman and is an important figure in trans histories.

Pride of Place also includes an online LGBTQ heritage exhibition hosted at the Historic England website, research and policy guides for the public and local authorities, a resource pack for teaching LGBTQ history and heritage and several self-guided LGBTQ heritage tours. The project was featured across national and local UK media outlets including the BBC News and BBC World Service, *The Guardian*, *The Times*, and international media including *The New York Times*, Reuters and many others.

Our primary goal was to demonstrate that LGBTQ histories and heritage are everywhere. Pride of Place shows that our LGBTQ heritage needs to be identified, recorded, and celebrated not as a minority history but as part of our national identity. For the exhibition itself, see: historicengland.org.uk/prideofplace.

Faculty News — cont. from p. 3.

John Lee’s exhibition, “Helmets of the First World War: Battle, Technology, and Culture,” opened in November and will be on display at the Davidson Library until June 30. It explores soldiers’ combat experiences on the Western Front in France and Belgium from 1914-1918. It includes photos and maps from UCSB Library’s Special Research Collections along with artifacts loaned by UCSB alumnus John Blankenship and the Pierre Claeysens Veterans Foundation. Undergraduate researcher Sydney Martin worked with Prof. Lee to prepare the exhibition. For more, see <http://guides.library.ucsb.edu/c.php?>

From p. 2.

later, alligator,” and he replied “see you in a while, crocodile.”

From Fred Viehe, professor of history at Youngstown State University:

Alexander B. Callow, Jr. fit the academic ideal of a *Doktorvater*. He not only was a superb scholar, but also an excellent teacher as well as a good friend. Alec was very demanding of his graduate students, but never harsh or cruel. He drove them as he drove me with an insistence that we strive for the finest.

I met Alec Callow in the fall of 1974 in his urban history seminar. When I couldn't think of a research subject, he mentioned that a mayor was recalled in Los Angeles in 1938. Being from Los Angeles and not knowing it had a history, I threw myself into my research and produced a 171-page first draft. In Alec's words, I had “produced a monster.” He then ordered me to revise it down to a more acceptable 20-30 page length. After I did so, this work became my first article: “The Recall of Mayor Frank L. Shaw.” The following term when I asked Alec to be my mentor, he immediately assigned me to lecture in his urban history class with the comment that “your research will get you an on-campus interview, but your teaching will get you the job.”

Better words were never spoken, especially in that difficult job market of the 1970s and '80s. Subsequently when I received an invitation to a job interview, he volunteered yet other words of wisdom: “Don't talk shop unless anyone asks. They just want to see if they can live with you for twenty years.” I followed that advice and was immediately hired by Youngstown State University. Throughout my career, I have passed Alec's “lessons” on to others, and they too have found them most beneficial.

Besides being an excellent mentor, Alec drew undergraduate and graduate students to himself in great numbers and took them under his wing. Perhaps it was his Irish personality that made him so gregarious, but outgoing he certainly was. Not long after he took me on as his graduate student, he invited me to go backpacking with him and his tree-trimming buddies. This became an annual event as we climbed the high Sierras and shed the remnants of civilization — and academia — for a week or two.

Others also were drawn to Alec, especially Tim and Michele Dunn who invited all to their potluck brunch seemingly on every weekend. In time, Tim expanded this ambiance into the little known Thursday-Bunch-for-Lunch, provided of course that we had that afternoon free to “walk on the wild side.” Still other students sought out Alec's advice on more pressing academic matters, and as far as I know, like me they always appreciated his wise and sagacious advice.

Alec Callow fit the ideal of a *Doktorvater*. For this, he was admired, adored, and loved. Along with his family members, we, his students, will miss him.

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