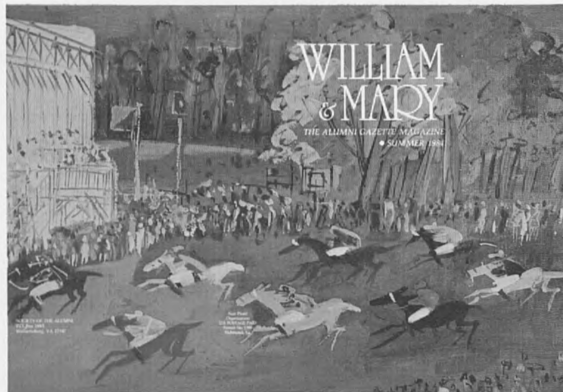
THE ALUMNI GAZETTE MAGAZINE
• SUMMER 1984



ON THE COVER

The cover illustration is an oil painting, *Horse Race* (18½ x 21 3/4 inches), by French artist Jean Dufy (1888-1964).

After being exhibited in "William and Mary Collects," one of the inaugural exhibitions at the Joseph and Margaret Muscarelle Museum of Art, the painting was donated to the museum by Mrs. Rose A. Guy of Williamsburg in honor of President Thomas A. Graves, Jr.

Photo by Thomas L. Williams.

WILLIAM & MARY

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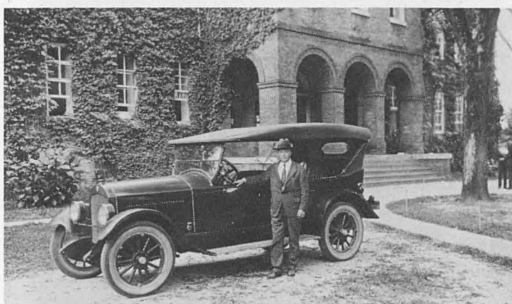

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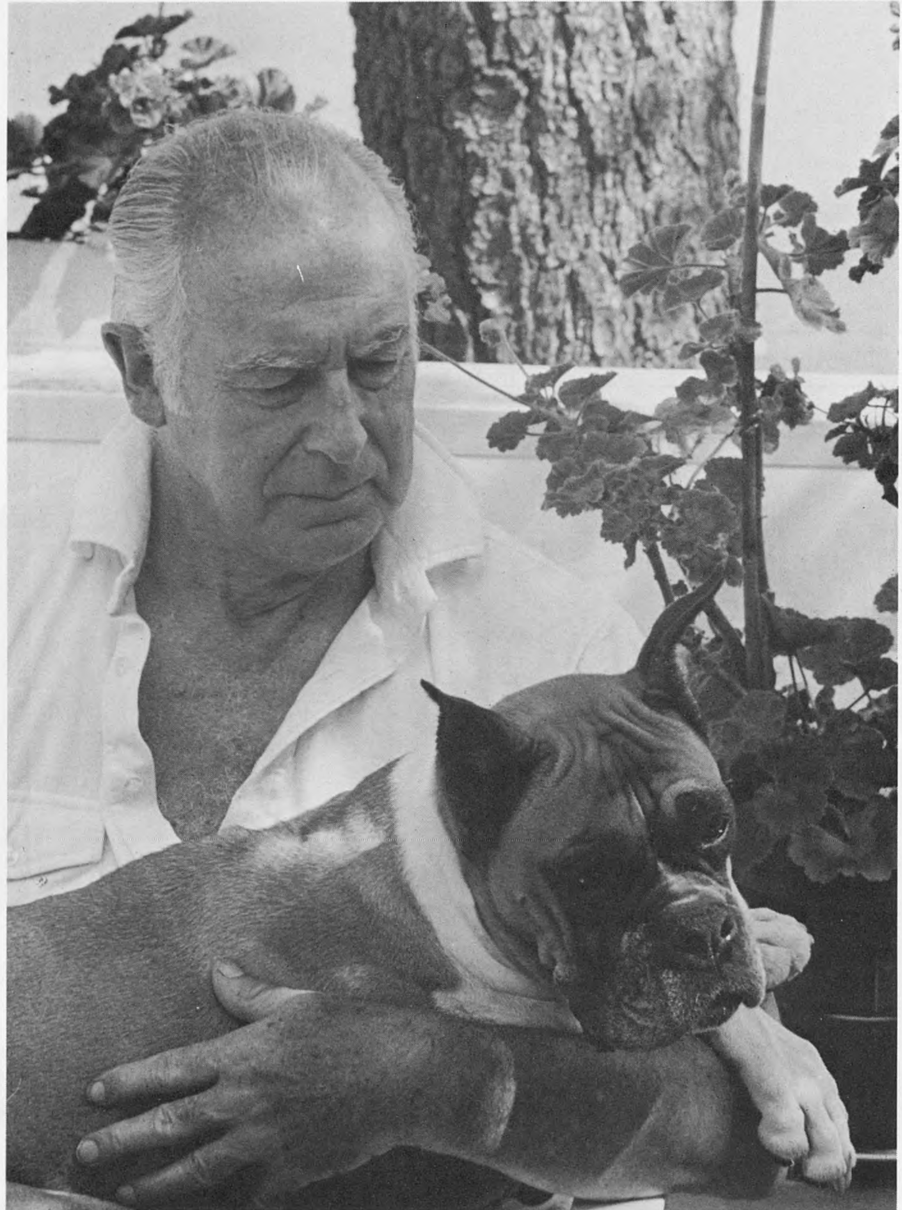
AN EDITOR LOOKS BACK

A DISTINGUISHED EDITOR RECALLS MEMORIES OF FAMOUS FRIENDS HE HAS MADE DURING A HALF CENTURY IN THE LITERARY ARENA.

BY CASKIE STINNETT '32.



I was sitting in the living room of a house on a tiny island off the coast of Maine last year when I heard on the evening radio news that William Golding, the English writer, had been awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. I went to the kitchen, got the ice, and made a gin and tonic which I brought back to the living room. For the next half hour, I let my mind drift back to the early 1960's when I had spent an odd but wonderful weekend with Golding in Roanoke, Virginia, a weekend in which we both drank too much, talked too much, and laughed too much. I sat there for some time listening to these distant voices — a flighty and talkative Englishman, an amused and puzzled American. Golding, flushed with the success of *Lord of the Flies*, had come to America to spend a year as writer-in-residence at Hollins College and I, as editor of *Holiday* magazine, had gone to Roanoke to talk with him about an article he had

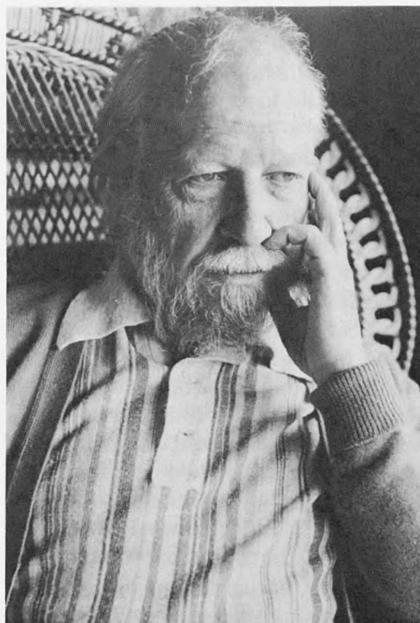
Caskie Stinnett '32 is a former Editor-in-Chief of Holiday magazine, a former Editor-in-Chief of Travel & Leisure magazine, and a former member of the Board of Editors of Realites. His articles have appeared in Reader's Digest, The Saturday Evening Post, McCall's and many other leading magazines, and for four years he penned an essay for each issue of The Atlantic Monthly. His books include Will Not Run February 22nd, a humorous study of commuting; Back to Abnormal, a collection of essays on modern life; Out of the Red, a novel about a Caribbean insurrection; Grand and Private Pleasures, a travel memoir, and he is a co-author of This Great Land, an illustrated volume on the United States. This fall will see the publication of One Man's Island, a collection of essays he has written over the past decade about his life on a small island off the coast of Maine, a place where he has lived and worked since he left the magazine world of New York for what he calls the "freedom of writing myself." A close friend of John D. Weaver, also a member of the class of 1932, the two worked together on the William and Mary Literary Magazine, and over the intervening years have assisted each other in the birth pains of the books they have written.

been assigned to write. For some odd reason I still recalled, after nearly twenty-five years, the subject of his article. It was to be called "Thinking as a Hobby," and although I don't think Golding — at the time, anyway — was given to high-minded treatises of this kind, he had convinced me that his intolerant contempt and incautious mockery where almost any pretentious subject was concerned would make good reading.

Golding was the second Nobel laureate I had come to know and like. Earlier I had met John Steinbeck, whose *Travels With Charley* had appeared first as a series of articles in *Holiday*. One snowy day while drinking beer with Steinbeck in the study of his home on East Seventy-Second Street in New York, I gathered enough courage to ask him about the characters he had invented in *Cannery Row*. Writers don't like to be asked where their characters come from. Some were made up, Steinbeck said, but some were taken from the streets of Monterey, a group of characters who were united by a common dislike of work and a common fondness for a four-month-old whiskey which they called Old Tennis Shoes. "My friend Ed Ricketts was Doc in the book," Steinbeck said. "Once in Monterey the boys had a birthday party for me. It was a wild and raucous thing that went on for three days and three nights. Each man had five gallons of beer to drink.It was the second night, or maybe the third, that Ed Ricketts took a big swig of beer and lay back on the bed and went to sleep. He slept about twenty minutes, then sat up and took another big jolt of beer. He wiped his mouth with satisfaction and announced to us, "There's nothing like that first taste of beer'."

Editors see writers as they do not see themselves, but I did worse than this. I not only listened to them, I made notes. During the twenty-five years that I edited national magazines in New York — in all cases magazines that were largely written by the finest writers in the United States and Great Britain — I made notes of conversations with almost all of the writers with whom I dealt. Among them were John Dos Passos, Lillian Hellman, Lawrence Durrell, V.S. Pritchett, Anthony Burgess, Robert Graves, Katherine Anne Porter, Alan Paton, Rachel Carson, C.P. Snow, Bruce Catton, Truman Capote, James Thurber, S. J. Perelman, Marc Connelly, Alan Moorehead, Robert Penn Warren, and William Carlos Williams. Some of them, notably Lillian Hellman, became very close friends of mine and two of them — Marc Connelly, the Pulitzer Prize-winning author of America's greatest folk drama, *Green Pastures*, and S.J. Perelman both visited me many times on the Maine island.

The writer possessed of the greatest personal magnetism was surely Robert Graves, the British author, poet, and classicist. A towering, white-thatched man with a ruddy face and an air of authority, Graves told me instantly upon introduction that he would speak with candor on any subject I cared to introduce. He did. On my first meeting with him in New York, where he was visiting his daughter while waiting for winter to end on the Mediterranean island of Majorca where he lived, he rambled on about writing. "Ideally there are all sorts of jobs one can take and be a poet at the same time," he said, "and I have tried them all and they all have disadvantages. Now, like the man who breeds dogs because he likes cats, I write prose. I find great difficulty in settling down to write poetry; a poem has got to *occur*. I've also learned that poetry is apt to occur in the intervals between prose jobs — a sort of secretion which manifests itself between jobs."



Jerry Bauer

"GOLDING, FLUSHED WITH THE SUCCESS OF *LORD OF THE FLIES*, HAD COME TO AMERICA TO SPEND A YEAR AS WRITER-IN-RESIDENCE AT HOLLINS COLLEGE, AND I, AS EDITOR OF *HOLIDAY* MAGAZINE, HAD COME TO ROANOKE TO TALK WITH HIM ABOUT AN ARTICLE HE HAD BEEN ASSIGNED TO WRITE."

Erich Auerbach Collection, FRPS

"ONE SNOWY DAY WHILE DRINKING BEER WITH STEINBECK IN THE STUDY OF HIS HOME ON EAST SEVENTY-SECOND STREET IN NEW YORK, I GATHERED ENOUGH COURAGE TO ASK HIM ABOUT THE CHARACTERS HE HAD INVENTED IN *CANNERY ROW*."

I have perhaps known V.S. Pritchett, whom many consider to be the greatest living critical essayist, longer than any of the other famous writers with whom I dealt while I was editor of *Holiday* and later editor of *Travel & Leisure*. A few years ago, when Pritchett was knighted by a grateful monarch for his contribution to contemporary English literature, I wrote him a note congratulating him on the new addition to his name. With characteristic modesty he replied: "I am afraid its meaning has been exaggerated. Today, my butcher called me 'Mister Pritchard' as usual."

I recall clearly my first meeting with Pritchett. It was in the late 1950's and

he was giving a series of six lectures at Princeton University, and I had called on him at his rooms where he was recovering from a foot injury. After hobbling to the door to receive me, he went back to an armchair and propped his leg on a pile of books. Near at hand was a bottle of Irish whiskey, from which he poured first into my glass and then his, a ritual that was repeated throughout the afternoon. He had just completed for *Holiday* a lengthy article on Spain, the first of perhaps twenty-five pieces that he eventually wrote for *Holiday* and for *Travel & Leisure*.

I only had one meeting with Rachel Carson, the author of *Silent Spring* and *The Sea Around Us*, but it will remain in my memory always. I had called on her at her home in Silver Spring, Maryland, a suburb of Washington, where she had just returned from a summer in Maine. A pleasant, blue-eyed, soft-spoken lady with a grave manner, she told me of the continuing study of shore life which she was conducting there, a study so engrossing that she was finding less and less time to write. "I am beginning to find my own life controlled by the tides," she said. "I scoop up small samples of tidal water and take it to my house to examine under a microscope. But I always take the samples back and return them to the sea." When I said that the balance of nature could hardly be upset by a spoonful of sea water, she smiled. "Then you will think I am crazy at what I am going to tell you now," she went on. "If the microscopic life in that sample of seawater is going to survive, it must be returned to the sea at the same tide level at which it was taken. That means that I often have to set an alarm clock, and get up and dress to bring that spoonful of water — as you call it — back to the sea by the light of a flashlight."

Dr. William Carlos Williams was a physician in a small New Jersey town, whose hobby of writing poetry eventually brought him to the forefront of American poets. I spent an afternoon with him in the cozy living room of his home in Rutherford, N.J., close to the Paterson that he made famous in verse. When I asked him if it were true that coming back from seeing patients he would often pull his car over to the side of the road and park while he wrote a poem on the back of a prescription pad, he looked embarrassed. "I may have done that once or twice," he confessed, "but I'm afraid it has been exaggerated in the telling."

Harry Kurnitz, the playwright who wrote *Once More With Feeling*, *Reclining Figure*, and an unknown number of screenplays, was one of the most genuinely amusing writers I ever met. At lunch at our first meeting, he told me in quick succession that the best Italian food was found not in Italy but in Paris, that he hoped never to lay eyes on Hollywood again, and that he loathed actors. "Never forget," he said, "it was an actor who shot Lincoln." A tall, bespectacled man, slightly stooped, Kurnitz characteristically talked as though he were putting together a scenario. "I live in Klosters in Switzerland," he said. "It's a ski place but frankly I'm afraid of skiing. Last winter one of the skiers told me to get on the back of his skis and ride up to the top of the slope with him. When we got there I said, 'How in hell am I going to get down from here?' He was gone in a cloud of snow. I made them take me down in the accident sled. What's the difference between an accident before it happens and one after it happens? Movie writing is in a class by itself. I was reading the script of a Biblical movie the other day and one character said to another, 'Leave go my hand.' That's not Biblical talk, as I remember the Bible."

C. P. Snow was the most difficult writer to converse with that I can remember. A chilly, heavy-set, vigorous man, we met at a hotel on lower Fifth Avenue in New York, where Sir Charles and his wife were having tea and I was having a double Scotch. Lady Snow, who writes under the name of Pamela Hansford Johnson, was even colder and more unapproachable than her husband. I saw at a glance why she was spoken of in London as "The Abominable Snow." "This is my fourth visit to the United States," Sir Charles said, peering at me intently through his glasses. "I am lecturing at various universities here on the current state of the novel. It takes me about a year to write a novel; some of my novels — I'm now at work on my ninth — have taken longer. I have never written a short story in my life. The article I have just written for you was written between novels, in fact just before I started on the novel that I'm still working to complete." Lady Snow, as well as I remember, only asked me to please pass the sugar.

Alan Paton, the South African author of *Cry, the Beloved Country* and *Too Late the Phalarope*, was, like C. P. Snow, stiff and grave, but his eyes had great depth and warmth. He told me that most of his writing had been done outside of South Africa, a circumstance that he, himself, found difficult to explain. "I started *Cry, the Beloved Country* in Norway," he said, "and finished it in California. I had a cabin in the redwood forests there. The forests were beautiful but they were difficult to walk in because of the debris from the trees lying about. My cabin was on the banks of the Eel River. Actually, it may be only a fantasy, an emotional sort of thing, that makes me think that I can write better here than I can at home. Perhaps it is a

"OGDEN NASH, CERTAINLY AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS WRITER OF LIGHT VERSE, WAS A STUDIOUS-LOOKING MAN WHO, AT FIRST GLANCE, APPEARED TO POSSESS NO SENSE OF HUMOR WHATEVER. HE TOLD ME THAT HIS BEST-KNOWN POEM WAS 'CANDY IS DANDY BUT LIKKER IS QUICKER'. 'I LIKE ANY POEM THAT I CAN READ TWO YEARS LATER WITHOUT THROWING UP', HE SAID."

kind of superstitious feeling that this is the only way I can do it. A man who has a catastrophe on every birthday soon begins to dread the next one." Paton said that he had had no part in the creation of *Lost in the Stars*, the Maxwell Anderson-Kurt Weill dramatization of *Cry, the Beloved Country*. "It is like a man who sells his house," he said. "He has no right to come back and tell the new owner how to live in it."

Ogden Nash, certainly America's most famous writer of light verse, was a studious-looking man who, at first glance, appeared to possess no sense of humor whatever. He told me that his best-known poem was "Candy is dandy but likker is quicker." "I like any poem that I can read two years later without throwing up," he said. "That 'Candy is dandy' poem has been attributed to Dorothy Parker and I don't know who else. Actually, it popped into my head in 1921. I lecture a lot and quite often people come up to me after the talk and tell me how much they like my poem about 'I've never seen a purple cow'. That's not mine at all. It was written by Gelett Burgess many years before I was born. I'm afraid the public mind is badly confused."

"ALAN PATON, THE SOUTH AFRICAN AUTHOR OF *CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY*, WAS. . .STIFF AND GRAVE, BUT HIS EYES HAD GREAT DEPTH AND WARMTH. HE TOLD ME THAT MOST OF HIS WRITING HAD BEEN DONE OUTSIDE OF SOUTH AFRICA, A CIRCUMSTANCE THAT HE, HIMSELF, FOUND DIFFICULT TO EXPLAIN."

Ronald Searle, the celebrated British caricaturist, worked frequently for *Holiday* and we met often. Once we met for lunch in New York as he was on his way back to London from his first trip to Hollywood. He was exuberant. "I loved the Hollywood dream," he said. "My wife watered the artificial plants every day, right up to the last week when she was told by a houseboy that they were not real. One night at Don the Beachcomber's, she took a wet towel thinking it was a bun. She had a hell of a time getting rid of it subtly. That's quite a place out there. I'll never forget the way the Beverly Hills Hotel gives you a rose with breakfast. No water. Just a rose in a dry vase. And the way they look at you when you tell people in Los Angeles you don't have a car. As though you don't have legs."

Robert Penn Warren, who has trouble keeping up with the Pulitzer Prizes he has won, is a tall, red-haired man with blue eyes that seem to be wrinkled in a permanent squint. "I write every day," he told me one day when I had called on him at his home in Connecticut. "Usually I go to my study around nine o'clock in the morning and keep at it until two or later. Then I have a late lunch. I want to write and when I'm interested in a job I'm doing, I like to get at it. Of course writing is a painful process. Every writer has learned that. But I believe most writers feel unhappy if they don't write."

James Thurber was blind when I got to know him, but after our first meeting we would get together in the Algonquin Hotel bar quite often in the late afternoon for a drink. He was vacationing in Lakeville, Connecticut, when we first met, a tall, spare man with a shock of gray hair and a close-cropped mustache. At the time he was working against a deadline to finish a book about Harold Ross, the founding editor of *The New Yorker*. "I started this thing a few years ago," he told me, "and did a fast draft of about twenty thousand words. I knew Ross and worked with him at *The New Yorker* for twenty-five years, and this increased the difficulty of the piece because I have so many memories of him. The major problem of writing about Ross is, as Wolcott Gibbs once said, 'If you get him right, nobody will believe him.' He was the most remarkable man I have ever known." I asked Thurber if he would do any drawings for the book, and he shook his head. "I haven't drawn for five years," he said, "because I can now see nothing but light. The last drawing I did for publication was a self-portrait for a *Time* cover in 1951. I started to go blind in 1940, and the drawing gradually became harder and harder. Someone in England sent me some dead black paper and a yellow luminous crayon that glowed, and for a while I drew that way. Then I had to give it up entirely." I inquired if the loss of his sight had cut seriously into the quality of his writing, and he shook his head. "I've written fourteen books since I went blind," he said. "Sometimes I think I can get more done this way. One day I went to lunch with Ross and he said, 'I can never sit down at a table without reading the label on this goddam Worcestershire bottle'. I said, 'The trouble with you, Harold, is that you're not blind'."

I have a gracious note from Anais Nin telling me that an article I had written on Bali pleased her, a letter from Han Suyin, author of *Love is a Many Splendored Thing*, expressing gratitude for my patience in extending the deadline for an article she was writing to be called *South of the Clouds*, a report from Romain Gary, the French novelist, with the reassuring news that "I have kept out of trouble, except for one fist fight," and a note from Katherine Anne Porter telling me that I had "done a fine job of making my article into a straight coherent account of two incidents totally unrelated." Alas, I had to confess to Miss Porter that it was not me, but a member of the staff who had edited her article on the house at the Spanish Steps in Rome where John Keats had died. I prize two other communications which rest in my files. One is a letter from J.B. Priestley, gently suggesting that he would like a raise in pay ("I suspect that I could do with a bit of help towards living expenses out here") and the other is a cablegram from Candice Bergen, the actress, whom I had sent to Kenya and Ethiopia. "Have spent night in Masai witch doctor's boma drinking goat's milk, chewing bark, and singing. You may have more in-depth piece than you bargained for. Ethiopia tomorrow. Thank you. Candy."

But of all the great writers that I met,the one with whom I grew closest in friendship was Marc Connelly, the playwright. Marc was well along in years when we met and his best work was behind him — the six plays he had written in collaboration with George F. Kaufman, the comedy he had written with Edna Ferber, and the celebrated folk-drama *Green Pastures*. Like others who knew him well, I was soon drawn into the orbit of his life; we traveled together in Europe and Asia, I lived in his apartment on Central Park West one summer when he was in Denmark working on his memoirs, and he visited me many times on my island in Maine. Traveling with Marc was often an adventure since he could not resist turning the slightest occurrence into a drama. Once in Portugal, when I was traveling with a group of travel journalists and I had brought Marc along as a companion, the entire group was invited to dinner by the mayor of a small city outside of Lisbon. The mayor asked each of his guests to stand up and identify themselves with their publication. When Marc's turn came, I expected him to remain seated since he represented no publication and, in fact, didn't even belong in the group. But Connelly was not to be skipped over. Rising slowly but impressively from his seat, he solemnly declared: "I am Marc Connelly, the editor-in-chief of *Popular Wading* magazine, the publication of shallow water sports." Once started with his mythical magazine, Marc hurried along. "I have competition, of course, from *True Wading,*" he intoned, frowning slightly, "but the adventurous wader, the one with real sporting blood in his veins, the one who will plunge recklessly into water" — Marc paused for dramatic effect — "into water *up to his knees*, will be content only with *Popular Wading.*"

Once in Hong Kong, Marc and I took a Red Chinese hydrofoil to Macau, against the instructions of a U.S. representative who had informed us sternly that Americans in those pre-thaw days could not ride in the Chinese vessel. The trip, which took several hours, was uneventful enough. Marc had wandered off below deck, when a stout Englishman approached me. Batting his eyes furiously, he asked if I were traveling with the "stout, elderly gentleman." I said that I was, and inquired if there was any trouble. He looked cautiously over his shoulder. "The old gentleman approached me at the railing a short time ago, and said something quite extraordinary." I asked what he had said. "He said," the

"...TRAVELING WITH MARC WAS OFTEN AN ADVENTURE SINCE HE COULD NOT RESIST TURNING THE SLIGHTEST OCCURENCE INTO A DRAMA."

The author performs a Greek dance with his good friend, the late Marc Connelly, on the sundeck of Mr. Stinnett's summer home on Hamloaf Island in Maine.

Englishman paused and looked around again, "we are taking over the ship at six o'clock. *Pass it on!* Do you suppose he was serious?" I went looking for Marc and found him lecturing a group of Chinese children on the glories of New York City. They were gazing at him with rapture although it was obvious they understood not a word that was said.

A few years ago, Marc was feeling depressed and I took him on a trip to Key West, hoping the sun and the sea would cheer him up. He was ninety then, and while not up to his usual mischief he was excellent company and his remarkable wit was still sharp. A few months after our return, I was awakened very late one night by the telephone, and it was a friend in New York telling me that Marc had embarked on his last journey, this time alone. She had just heard on the radio that the famous playwright had succumbed to congestive heart failure. I went back to bed with a heavy heart. He was a kind, gentle and talented man, and I was to miss him greatly.

THE BRAFFERTON EXPERIMENT

The Life and Times of a Catawba Indian Named John Nettles Illustrate the Failures and Successes of William and Mary's Grand Educational Experiment with America's Native Sons

BY JAMES H. MERRELL

A little more than two centuries ago a young man named John Nettles arrived in Williamsburg to begin his studies at the College of William and Mary. He had come a long ways — home was in the Carolina piedmont near Charlotte — and several of his relatives accompanied him to ensure his safe arrival. While John moved into his room in the Brafferton Building, his relations spent a day or two seeing the sights of the colonial capital. At last classes were about to begin and the family said its good-byes, leaving John to face the fears and frustrations, the excitement and exhilaration, of being on his own for the first time.

In its general outlines the story is familiar to any student who has ever attended William and Mary. But John Nettles was not just any student; he was a Catawba Indian. He was not entering college to prepare for a life as a minister, planter, merchant, doctor, or lawyer; he was there as part of a program designed to enroll a few native Americans, convert them to Christianity, teach them the ways of the white man, and then send them back to, as one observer put it, "improve their tribe." Though the Brafferton (erected in 1723 as the Indian School) still stands as a visible reminder, though every year thousands cheer for the "Tribe" and eat in the "Wigwam," William and Mary's American Indian alumni are all but forgotten. Tracing the career of this one Indian graduate cannot recapture the days when anywhere from a handful to a score of native boys lived and studied on campus. But John Nettles does offer a rare glimpse of the College's grand educational experiment and permits us to measure that experiment's results.

When he stepped across the threshold of the Brafferton that day in the late 1760s, John became one more in a long line of Indian scholars stretching back to the founding of the College. The charter granted by King William and Queen Mary in 1693 stipulated that the school spread "the Christian faith. . .amongst the Western Indians, to the glory of Almighty God." To accomplish this end, college authorities hatched the plan to bring native boys to Williamsburg, funding the enterprise with money put aside for "pious and charitable uses" by the eminent English naturalist and philosopher, Robert Boyle. The stage was set for a great intercultural contest to be played in Williamsburg, a contest pitting "civilization" and Christianity against what colonists considered savage culture and pagan religion.

Erected in 1723, the Brafferton is a visible reminder of William and Mary's efforts to spread the Christian faith "amongst the Western Indians to the glory of Almighty God."

James H. Merrell received his Ph.D. from Johns Hopkins University. A Fellow at the Institute of Early American History and Culture and Assistant Professor of History at the College of William and Mary since 1982, he is currently writing a book on the Catawba Indians. In the fall he will move to Poughkeepsie, New York, to take a position at Vassar College.

By all accounts the Indians won hands down. The native American students "have for the most part returned to their home, . . .where they follow their own savage customs and heathenish rites," one William and Mary professor admitted in 1724. William Byrd II agreed. "[A]fter they returned home, instead of civilizing and converting the rest, they have immediately relapsed into infidelity and barbarism themselves." If anything, Byrd concluded sadly, the youths left the school even worse off than they came. "[A]s they unhappily forget all the good they learn and remember the ill, they are apt to be more vicious and disorderly than the rest of their countrymen." Thomas Jefferson, who witnessed firsthand the progress of the Indian boys during his years as a student, tactfully suggested that some other method of conversion be tried. Year after year, the power of native ways proved stronger than the doses of European culture dispensed at the Brafferton.

There seemed little reason to expect that John Nettles would be any different. His people had long ignored suggestions that they give up their traditional habits. In 1699 two traders dispatched to the Catawba Nation as college recruiters came back emptyhanded. Two decades later an indignant Virginian reported that Catawba chiefs being urged to "relinquish their barbarity. . .asked leave to be excused from becoming as we are; for they thought it hard, that we should desire them to change their manners and customs, since they did not desire us to turn Indians." But the College kept trying, and eventually the Catawbas relented. In September 1768 a clergyman visiting them remarked happily that "they. . .are desirous to have their children trained up in

"The stage was set for a great intercultural contest to be played in Williamsburg, a contest pitting 'civilization' and Christianity against what colonists considered savage culture and pagan religion."

English schools." It was around this time that John Nettles left the Nation for Williamsburg.

Adjustment to college life is never easy, but John must have suffered more than most, for he entered not only a new school but a new world. Trappings of European culture were not wholly absent from the native village he had left behind: a few Catawbas went by English names, many more wore cloth shirts and carried muskets, and virtually all had developed a debilitating fondness for alcohol, that bane of Indian existence. Nonetheless, Nettles grew up among a people firmly attached to aboriginal ways. Catawbas speaking their ancient tongue and worshipping their own deities still lived in houses built of saplings and tree bark, cultivated adjacent cornfields, hunted in the nearby woods, and fought their Shawnee and Iroquois enemies. The contrast with Virginia's political and intellectual center could hardly have been greater.

Whatever difficulties Nettles encountered in the process of learning about beds and books, the Christian God and the colonial governor, he, like most students at the College before and since, managed somehow to survive the shock. He even lived up to his advance billing as "the most promising boy in the Nation," completing his course of study in "reading, writing, and vulgar arithmetic" with high honors. At last, it seemed, the tutors had gotten through to one of their Indian proteges.

Their delight with this most recent graduate was short-lived. While waiting for a ride home in 1771 or 1772, Nettles slipped off to a local tavern, sampled its wares a bit too freely, and was found, hours later, lying in the street. Such behavior was not exactly unheard of among students then (or now, for that matter). During the 1770s young men were hauled before the college authorities for a variety of offenses, including not only drinking but smashing windows and defacing school property, not only frequenting taverns but beating up college servants and breaking down a faculty member's bedroom door. One particularly unruly gang faced charges of "contemptuous conduct. . .towards the President & Professors themselves." John's night on the town seems less serious when set alongside other youthful excesses of the day.

"Catawbas speaking their ancient tongue still lived in houses built of saplings and tree bark, worshipped their own deities, cultivated adjacent cornfields, hunted in nearby woods, and fought their Shawnee and Iroquois enemies."

His superiors did not see matters that way, and again we must keep in mind that John Nettles was not just any student. He carried the future of his people on his young shoulders, and passing out in the gutter seemed, to say the least, to place that future in jeopardy. The professors and trustees, deeply shaken, had him taken to a house and sobered up (a process that took a day or more). Then they called him to account, "explaining in the most feeling terms," according to one who heard the story, "the object in educating him."

Nettles was contrite but realistic. "He listened to them, with apparent mortification, and a readiness to acknowledge his fault," so the story continues. "But when they were done speaking, he called their attention to the window, and pointed to a hog walking in the street [a common sight in those days], and said, 'Take that hog and wash him clean, and as the weather is warm it might be very agreeable; but let him go, and he will lie down and wallow in the first mud-hole he comes to, for he is still a hog,' thus intimating that an Indian will be an Indian still." Young John seemed destined to follow in the footsteps of his predecessors. What could his listeners say? They sent him home and hoped for the best.

At first glance John seems to have slipped easily back into the Catawba routine. He married an Indian woman, served the patriot cause during the American Revolution as a warrior in the Catawba Indian Company, and eventually became one of the Nation's headmen. Those who later met "the educated Indian" confirmed his teachers' worst fears. "Dissipated," remarked one tersely. "From the time I became acquainted with him," a white neighbor recalled, "he appeared to have lost his education almost entirely." "A perfect Indian in his appearance and habits," concluded a visitor in 1786.

Appearances were misleading, however; a closer look reveals that Nettles did not sink without a trace into the pool of Indian culture. Repeatedly identified as the "one who had been educated at William and Mary College," he never forgot how to read, write, and speak English. He also owned a Bible, testimony not only to literacy but perhaps also to a continuing devotion to the Christian faith. Some of the tastes Nettles acquired in school remained with him to the end of his days. Catawba men still wore leggings and breech-cloths; John preferred pants. He even loved the dances he had learned at Williamsburg social functions. One planter remembered him as "the finest dancer [I] ever saw perform" — high praise indeed from a society that took great pride in its prowess on the dance floor.

"While waiting for a ride home in 1771 or 1772, Nettles slipped off to a local tavern, sampled its wares a bit too freely, and was found, hours later, lying in the street."

Thus John Nettles was a most unusual Indian. But his very uniqueness reveals that, however much his years at William and Mary shaped his own beliefs and behavior, he — and his sponsors — had failed in the larger purpose of converting Catawbas to white ways. He alone wore pants. He alone owned, read, and believed in the Bible. His signature on a page stuck out like a sore thumb amidst the crude marks made by the rest of the men. Long after Nettles passed away, Catawbas remained deaf to the message he had brought from Williamsburg. "[G]reat efforts have been made. . .to civilize, Christianize and educate them," wrote their dejected agent in 1843, "but it was all to no effect. . .[T]hey remain almost as Savage now as they were 50 years ago." Another observer was so disgusted and baffled he could scarcely contain himself. "These wretched Indians," he exclaimed, "though they live in the midst of an industrious people, and in an improved state of society, will be Indians still." "Indians still" — an ironic echo of Nettles's own words to college trustees decades before, and proof of the Catawbas' enduring attachment to the ways of their ancestors.

These frustrated reformers were too quick to dismiss John Nettles as a failure and condemn the Catawba Nation because it did not abandon its ancient habits. Whatever white society thought of the experiment, Catawbas considered it a great success. Their goals were fundamentally different from those inscribed in the College Charter. Odd as it may seem, they did not accept William and Mary's offer in order to become like the white people; rather, they sent John Nettles to college in order to remain Indians. During the 1750s and 1760s colonial farmers had flooded the Carolina interior and threatened to exterminate or uproot the natives. Catawbas wanted desperately to keep these unpleasant neighbors at arm's length, but how? The Nation could no longer threaten or fight colonists; there were too many of them. The only hope of surviving as an island in a sea of suspicious strangers was to play the white man's game, and the only way to do that was to learn the white man's rules.

John Nettles came back from William and Mary with the rulebook in his head. He knew whom to approach about a problem, what to say, how to behave. He could write letters to important officials on behalf of the Nation to complain about a settler encroaching on tribal land, and he could read the reply. Most important of all, Nettles was a Catawba by birth and upbringing, someone the Indians could trust as they could not trust any white person. Catawbas now asked the governor of South Carolina to give them a written copy of his speeches to them so that "the Interpreter (John Nettles) Might Read it to them and Explain it when the[y] were by them Selves."

Catawbas thought that John had learned a lot of useless things while he was away, and they apparently made fun of his strange religion, his odd taste in clothes, his bizarre dance steps. But they also respected his skills and used him as a tool to help preserve the Nation. In January 1773, within a year of his return from school, Catawba leaders put him to work as an interpreter and messenger at an important meeting with South Carolina authorities in Charleston, a role John would continue to fulfill until his death forty years later. At the same time, he served informally as the Indians' link to the white world, a combination of good will ambassador and public relations director. Had an important white visitor arrived unannounced? Have John Nettles show him around the village for a day. Was an amateur linguist and historian interested in the Nation? Send John Nettles to supply him with a Catawba vocabulary and a story or two about famous chiefs. Did the local militia want a Catawba veteran to participate in its muster? Tell John Nettles to put on his old uniform, mount his horse, and strike a noble pose as he reviewed the troops. By teaching one Catawba so well, William and Mary made it easier, not harder, for the rest to cling to their traditional way of life. They did not have to learn to read, to decipher the strange ways of the intruders; John Nettles would do all that for them.

Nowhere was John's importance to his people more evident than in a petition the Nation sent to the South Carolina capital in December 1801, a document Nettles himself signed. "We. . .[are] desirous to have two or three of our young boys taught to read & right [sic]," the headmen said, "that the[y] might be of assistance to our Nation." The Catawbas' stubborn attachment to their own culture remained. They wanted no religious conversions, no fancy costumes, no silly dances, just basic skills that would help them make sense of and cope with white society. Moreover, they wanted only two or three boys exposed to a tutor's lessons, enough to ensure that Nettles (now close to fifty) would have a successor, but not enough to weaken the grip of traditional Catawba teachers.

Nettles did not send the petition to his alma mater because that door was now closed. In 1793 Robert Boyle's fund had been diverted to the West Indies, where it would be used to instruct Afro-American slaves; the Indian School was a victim of the Revolution's hard feelings and a century of disappointments. But even as it sent the last native American student home and put the Brafferton to other uses, William and Mary might have taken some small comfort in its achievement. It had not managed to turn the Indians into devout Christians or model citizens. Its "educated Indian" did, however, help Catawbas survive, helped them adapt gradually to the white world while maintaining connections with their aboriginal roots, so that even today Catawbas are distinctively "Indians still." Not exactly what the founders intended, but nothing to be ashamed of, either.

VIETNAM: TRIAL

Lew Puller left William and Mary in 1967 for the Marine Corps and the Vietnam War. What
heroism and healing. BY LEWIS B. PULLER, JR. '67, '76 J.D.

BY FIRE

follows is his personal story of hell,

In the autumn of 1967 with the lengthening shadow of the Vietnam War spreading a chill across America, I moved on from William and Mary and the halcyon academic regimen of my youth to an education of a different sort. Graduation had triggered the revocation of my student deferment, and a newly acquired draft-eligible classification from the Selective Service System placed me squarely in the ranks of those young men whose legacy was to be the most potentially shattering experience yet encountered by the male members of the post-World War II baby boom. Confronted by an all but inevitable conscription due to the escalating manpower requirements of the Armed Forces and with slim prospects for graduate school, I decided against waiting to be drafted and volunteered for the Marine Corps as had my father and an uncle in earlier, less unpopular wars.

Lewis B. Puller, Jr., was born in Camp Lejeune, North Carolina and lived on various military installations prior to his father's retirement from the Marine Corps. At that time the family returned to Tidewater Virginia where Mr. Puller attended local schools. Upon graduation from the College of William and Mary he joined the Marine Corps through its Officer Candidate Program and was subsequently commissioned as a Second Lieutenant. Lieutenant Puller served as a combat platoon leader in Vietnam until wounds caused his evacuation and subsequent retirement. For that service he was awarded the Silver Star, two Purple Hearts, the Navy Commendation Medal and the Vietnamese Cross of Gallantry. Mr. Puller then attended law school at William and Mary, and after becoming a member of the Virginia Bar, worked in a number of legal capacities in Washington, D.C. Six years ago Mr. Puller was the Democratic candidate for the United States House of Representatives in Virginia's First Congressional District. He is currently an attorney in the Office of the General Counsel at the Department of Defense. Mr. Puller and his wife, Toddy, live in Alexandria, Virginia, with their two children, Lewis and Margaret.

William and Mary in the closing months prior to my departure was still the sleepy southern campus whose quaintness had attracted me four years earlier. When my companions and I were not cramming for exams, keg parties on fraternity row and pick-up bridge games in the student lounge filled our idle time, while our minds were more absorbed with the fledgling fantasies of the uninitiated than with global politics or foreign affairs. The carnage taking place in Southeast Asia had remained a distant and non-intrusive reality for all but the most perceptive of us, insulated as we were by youth and an inexperience born of our middle class backgrounds, and the campus unrest which was beginning to roil its way east from Stanford and Berkeley had yet to register in Williamsburg. Indeed, as I awaited my reporting date for Officer Candidate School at Quantico, Virginia, that fall, the only encounter of a quasi-military nature under serious discussion in the Campus Center seemed to be a stunning fourth quarter upset of the Naval Academy in football.

"The carnage taking place in Southeast Asia had remained a distant and non-intrusive reality for all but the most perceptive of us, insulated as we were by youth and an inexperience born of our middle class backgrounds. . ."

There were, however, signs of a more ominous nature. The networks had begun reporting the rising casualty tolls on the nightly news and a previously unrecognized stridency seemed to color the political dialogue

Lewis Puller went from a "sleepy southern campus" in 1967 to the "most exhilarating and the most terrifying" experience of his life in Vietnam.

coming out of Washington. Fellow students who had planned on careers in accounting or business administration occasionally spoke of teaching for a few years after graduation, and at "Common Glory" cast parties over the summer I had met several young men who were on their way north to Canada and a sanctuary of sorts. A few others, from military families for the most part, shared my view that the war in Vietnam was but another manifestation of the domino theory and were boyishly anxious to do their part to stem the tide of communist aggression. One in particular, the president of a neighboring fraternity, whose dreams of manhood I had been privileged to share in frequent late night bull sessions, had preceded me into the Marine Corps and been killed within months of his arrival in Vietnam the previous June. His death saddened my heart and brought home intimations of mortality with which most young men are blessedly unfamiliar. It also served notice as to the nature of the perilous journey to which I was now committed.

The curriculum offered by the Marine Corps after my enlistment contrasted starkly with anything I had faced in my salad days at William and Mary. Fourteen-hour work days uninterrupted by the luxury of week-end breaks became the norm, and while we groused at the frantic pace, we understood its necessity and marveled at the developing capacity of our minds and bodies to absorb the punishment meted out by the combat veterans who were our instructors. Looking back, I can see now that we were gaining a pride and professionalism more closely akin to a calling than an occupation, and that many of us looked forward to our inevitable baptisms by fire. What we did not see or saw only dimly was that the hectic schedule was largely dictated by the staggering attrition among the young lieutenants already in Vietnam whom we were being groomed to replace.

I returned to William and Mary only twice in the interval between my com-

"One attending doctor wrote me years later that he had never treated more severe traumatic injuries and that he wondered if he was doing the right thing by allowing me to live."

missioning in the Marine Corps and my departure for Vietnam, accompanied each time by the Mary Washington alumna who was on the first occasion my fiancee and on the second my bride. Whirlwind courtships between young Marine officers in training at Quantico and Mary Washington women in nearby Fredericksburg were commonplace in the late '60s, giving rise to a situation whereby Mary Washington probably had the dubious distinction of counting among its graduates the greatest number of young widows per capita of any women's college in the country. Because time was so precious and the future so uncertain, I looked forward to our first William and Mary homecoming together as a brief return to an untroubled past in which we could relive a time of bygone freedom. Unfortunately, a few short hours on fraternity row provided ample if unexpected evidence of the widening gulf between the boy I had left behind only six months earlier and the man I was becoming. The experience, which left me isolated from my former classmates and alone in my awkwardness, also convinced me of how desperately I needed this woman at my side.

We passed through Williamsburg once more at the end of the summer of 1968 for the wedding of a fraternity brother in Hampton. I was on extended

leave with orders for Vietnam, and found it impossible to reconcile the tranquillity of Colonial Williamsburg and the festivities of the wedding ceremonies with the maelstrom for which I was bound. Twenty thousand Americans had by now given their lives in pursuit of a foreign policy for which Middle America was rapidly losing its stomach and there was no end in sight. I was 22 years old, my wife was carrying a child I knew I might not live to see, and in two weeks I would be leading Marines in combat who were barely old enough to be freshmen at William and Mary.

Following our return from Tidewater and one last sleepless night at her parents' home outside of Washington, my wife and I exchanged strained good-byes at Dulles International Airport amid the businessmen and summer vacationers. Inexorably I was being drawn closer to the most hazardous rendezvous of my short life, and the only sign of a mobilization effort in this civilian terminal was an increased number of servicemen carrying duffel bags. Despite my wife's maternity dress I had never seen her look smaller or more forlorn as on this most painful parting of our lives. The next three or four days consisted of a series of airplane hops deeper into Southeast Asia and ended with my disembarkation from a plane in Vietnam. At this end of the line there were no businessmen or summer vacationers, and I will never forget the haunted looks in the eyes of the rail-thin men who were waiting to go home on the plane which had just delivered me.

The following months were the most challenging, the most exhilarating and the most terrifying of my life as I and a platoon of surly teenagers dependent on no one except each other and our own animal instincts became by turn hunters or the hunted, in a deadly game unbounded by the political or moral overtones which had always accompanied any stateside contemplation of the war. Technically the Marine Corps had trained us well, and we functioned as a highly efficient killing machine, but there was no amount of preparation which could have inured us to the emotional toll of our own losses. On almost every patrol, and we patrolled daily, there was contact which resulted in death or disfigurement to my Marines or to the enemy, and while I became increasingly confident in my own reactions, I loathed the circumstances which had made me responsible for the lives of so many men.

In the early morning hours of October 11, 1968, while a slumbering America dreamed of a just completed World Series game between the Tigers and the Cardinals, my men and I geared up for a cordon-and-search operation in a Viet Cong-held village from which we had been taking increasing amounts of hostile fire. We were ferried to our positions by helicopter at first light as a blocking force for a company of Korean soldiers whose mission was to drive the Viet Cong into our fields of fire. The approaching helicopters had, however, cost us the element of surprise which was the key to the mission, and as I disembarked I found myself alone and blocking the escape route of a squad of enemy soldiers. After an initial exchange of gunfire and a frozen moment in time which I recall as vividly as if it had happened yesterday, the soldiers retreated into the village to probe for another avenue of escape, and I, grateful that they had not forced the issue, hurried to complete the cordon and seal their fate.

With increased confidence I quickened my pace and breathed more easily that the quarry was playing into our hands when suddenly a thunderous boom rent the air and the acrid smell of cordite filled my nostrils. When I landed I could see through a haze of pain that my right thumb and little finger were gone as well as most of my left hand, and I knew instinctively that I had finished serving my time in the hell of Vietnam. Somehow, as I drifted in and out of consciousness I felt elated at the prospect of going home, back to my wife and unborn child, and I could not understand why my radio operator kept screaming, "Pray, Lieutenant, for God's sake pray." I did not realize that the boobytrapped howitzer round which had so strangely altered my hands had also vaporized my legs, and set me forever apart from the rest of humanity.

The initial period of hospitalization following my wounding was a nightmare of insults measured more readily by the intervals between morphine shots than by the conventional methods of marking time. Days and nights became indistinguishable through the network of tubes which sustained me, and I have even now only vague memories of the narcotic netherworld to which fate or an uncaring God seemed to have consigned me. One attending

Since returning from Vietnam, the author, shown at the White House with President Carter, earned his J.D. degree from the Marshall-Wythe School of Law, worked in a number of legal capacities in Washington, D.C., and ran for Congress as a Democrat from Virginia's First District. He is now an attorney in the Office of General Counsel at the Department of Defense.

doctor wrote me years later that he had never treated more severe traumatic injuries and that he wondered at the time if he was doing the right thing by allowing me to live. He wrote further that my survival had seemed to him a miracle of dubious value which severely tested the moral imperative of his Hippocratic oath. Nevertheless, I did survive and following another brush with death during which stress ulcers almost finished the job the Viet Cong had begun, I was evacuated to the Philadelphia Naval Hospital and reunited with my family.

My first lucid memory of that joyless encounter was of my father, weeping quietly at the foot of my bed as I began the long struggle back from helplessness. I had seen him cry only once in my life, shortly before I left for Vietnam when he had taken me aside and tried to explain the necessity of honor in battle. Unable to continue, he had broken down at the thought of losing his only son, and while my recollection of that now distant parting is bittersweet it is also cherished. My wife stood near my side as she has throughout our marriage, a grim determination masking the anguish and uncertainty which now clouded both our lives. It had been a harsh departure and was a harsher return.

In the months that followed we were buoyed by minor accomplishments as we adjusted to a world of new limitations and new challenges. With independence as a primary goal, I learned to feed and clothe myself when an exasperated hospital staff correctly refused to provide further assistance, and a series of painful operations restored much of the function to my mangled hands. I also found that a wheelchair, at least within the confines of the hospital, provided an acceptable mode of locomotion, but we both realized that the real struggle and the real adjustment lay ahead. I had seen at least two fraternity brothers overcome with emotion on first visiting me, and while I was deeply moved by their concern, I shuddered at the thought of life outside the hospital and the endless questions which my condition would raise. Fortunately, the birth of our first child, a boy, eased my melancholy and redirected what could easily have become a dangerous withdrawal. It also emphasized the physical toll which my wounding had exacted from the child's mother, who had lost fifteen pounds during what had otherwise been a routine pregnancy.

By the summer of 1970 I had reached the maximum level of rehabilitation and a hospital stay which we had originally anticipated to take no more than six months had stretched out to almost two years. For most of that time, the three of us had shared a small apartment on the military base near the hospital and our routines and adjustments to each other, while odd by most peoples' standards, had become normal and comfortable for us. Our son learned to walk at about the same time that Neil Armstrong took his one giant step for mankind, and no father could have derived a greater vicarious pleasure from those first tottering steps than I who would never walk again, but who nevertheless was beginning to appreciate the soaring flights of which the human spirit is capable. My wife also became pregnant with our second child, and I began to have serious concerns about supporting a growing family.

"Somehow, as I drifted in and out of consciousness I felt elated at the prospect of going home. . .and I could not understand why my radio operator kept screaming, 'Pray, Lieutenant, for God's sake pray.' "

With my time of physical recuperation nearing its end, we could see clearly that our life in the hospital and on the adjoining military base had been a sheltered one, and while we were grateful for a grace period in which to decompress and attempt to give some meaning to the madness we had just survived, we saw the necessity of looking forward rather than backward. I occasionally brooded over the awesomely disparate effect which the war had on the small number of us who served when compared with the general population, and even today I am unable to discern any higher meaning in the wasted lives of the dozen young men whom I counted as friends who did not come home. One Marine in my platoon had saved my life early in my tour by simply doing what was expected of him in the line of duty. He subsequently died in my arms in a later engagement, and I wish that I could attribute some worth to his sacrifice which had significance beyond the immediate arena in which it was made.

I also experienced a mixed sense of guilt and relief at having survived an armageddon which had taken the lives of so many, and at having become an onlooker in an unfinished business when I had formerly played such an active role. Given such ambivalent feelings, I alternately cursed and cheered the antiwar movement, while maintaining a cool disdain toward its spokesmen whose own self-proclaimed sacrifices in my mind paled by comparison with those of my Marines. I recognized, however, that my bitterness was counterproductive, and with time and the nurturing love of a gentle woman forced myself to concentrate on the future.

There is limited demand in the job market for a legless former infantry lieutenant, and although my liberal arts background might have landed me a job as a teacher I felt as we approached the end of that summer that my life was going to be circumscribed enough without my taking refuge in an ivory tower. We were therefore elated and a little frightened when Jim Kelly, my old mentor from undergraduate school, called with the news that I had been accepted by the law school. It seemed in my mind that the circle had been completed and that we were going home to a second genesis and a deliverance from our time of trial.

After a three-year absence, I knew that William and Mary was going to be different, but I of course had no way of knowing how the changes I had under-

Shown with his family that provided so much support during his ordeal, Puller prays that "the world in which our children make their contributions after college will be a more gentle one than their parents faced."

gone were going to alter my perceptions of those differences. Physically, the college was nearly the same but for the expansion taking place on the new campus, and it was reassuring to experience anew the sights and smells which had accompanied my passage into early manhood. The law school, which was temporarily situated in what had been the old college library in my undergraduate days, was grossly inaccessible for my wheelchair, but fellow students responded to my plight, and once I learned to ask for help were readily available. In fact, one classmate, a former weight lifter of impressive stature, took it upon himself to serve as my legs, and we soon developed a symbiotic relationship which I shall always treasure.

There were also a half dozen or so friends from my college class who were returning to law school after completing military service obligations, and their friendship greatly eased my transition from the war to the classroom. For the most part, however, the classmates with whom we were to spend our law school years were unlike the fraternity brothers of my earlier stay. Brighter, more ambitious and more disciplined, this new breed was also more self-centered and reflective of the "me generation" attitude which pervaded the early '70s. Perhaps my approach toward many of them was colored by a resentment that they were able to progress from undergraduate school to law school without having undergone the intervening trial by fire that a few of us endured, but I nevertheless had trouble holding my tongue when some of them complained of minor hardships and petty inconveniences.

By any measure the law school experience was a rich and fulfilling one, which, in addition to providing me with the skills by which I earn my livelihood, produced many warm and lasting friendships. Despite criticism of some of my peers, the group was inordinately gifted and I am closer to many of its members than to undergraduate companions for whom I suspect my changed physical condition is a source of intense discomfort. The war in Vietnam exacted a terrible price from me and from my family, and I remain haunted by wartime experiences and memories which I shall carry to my grave. Fortunately and paradoxically, the war, in the process of almost killing me, also made me a man and enabled me to develop strengths I never knew I had. Without it I almost

". . .one classmate, a former weight lifter of impressive stature, took it upon himself to serve as my legs, and we soon developed a symbiotic relationship which I shall always cherish."

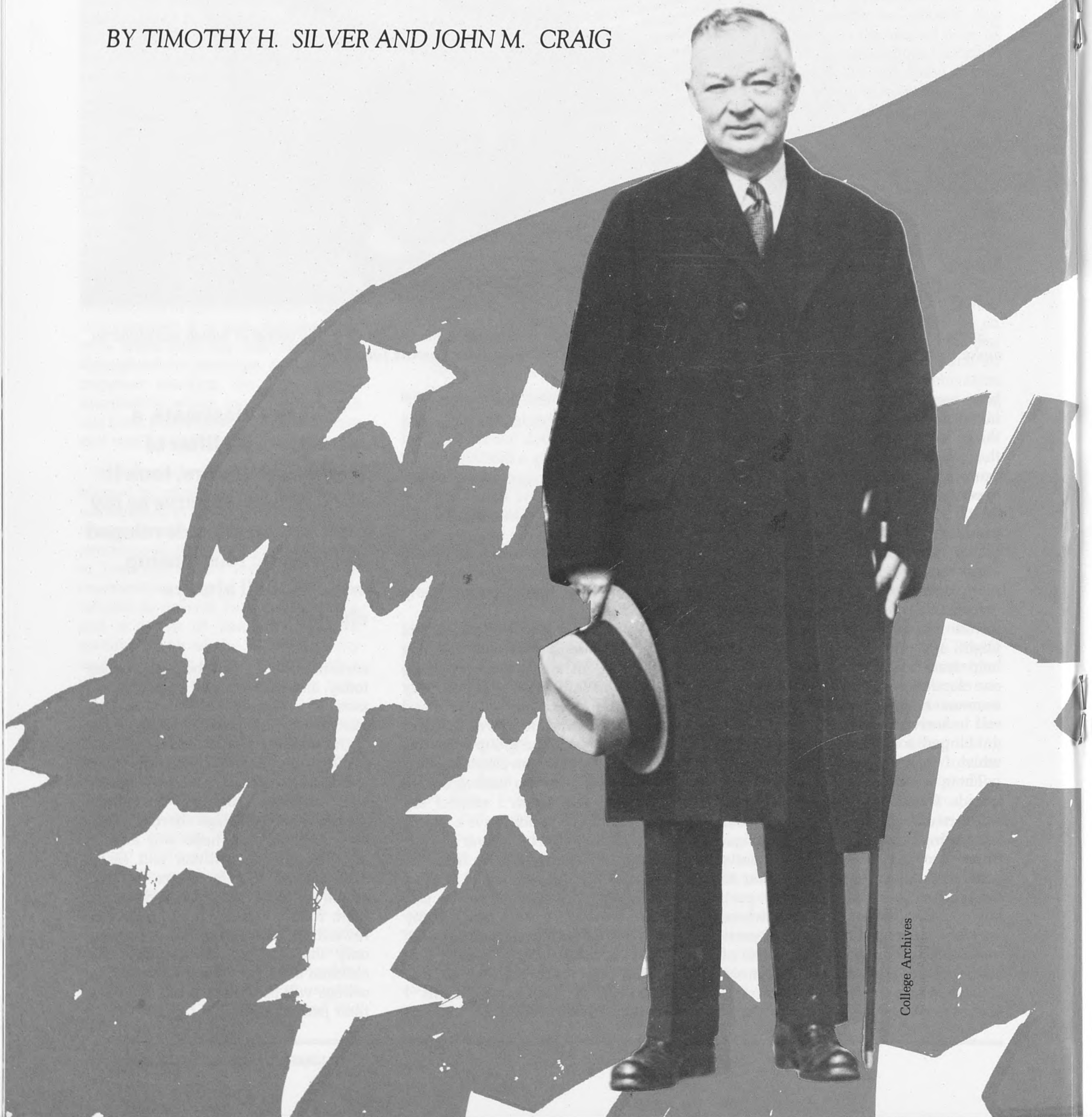
certainly would not be an attorney today, and I am grateful that even the most devastating tragedies can be sources of enrichment.

Our children are teenagers now, a healthy boy and girl, who are also attempting to reconcile my role in the Vietnam War. They will be making decisions about college shortly, which their mother and I hope will include consideration of William and Mary. That choice will be theirs, but we would count ourselves blessed to have them follow a path which proved so rewarding for me. Beyond that we pray only that the world in which our children make their contributions after college will be a more gentle one than their parents faced.

THE DAY THE KLAN CAME TO WILLIAM AND MARY

PRESIDENT J. A. C. CHANDLER FOUND HIMSELF IN A MOST EMBARRASSING DILEMMA WHEN THE KKK ASKED FOR PERMISSION TO PRESENT AN AMERICAN FLAG TO WILLIAM AND MARY.

BY TIMOTHY H. SILVER AND JOHN M. CRAIG



College Archives

Like so many other late September Sundays in Williamsburg, the day dawned bright and clear. On the William and Mary campus, the trees had just begun to take on their fall colors and the slight chill in the air signalled that autumn would soon make a reluctant appearance. From his room in the president's house, a worried J.A.C. Chandler scarcely took time to contemplate the idyllic scene. Good weather today could only compound his problems. Later that afternoon the President expected visitors and if the weather remained clear, they would gather outside to proclaim their allegiance to "one hundred per cent Americanism" and to present the college with a giant American flag and matching seventy-foot pole. Normally, Chandler welcomed the prospect of entertaining guests, especially if they came bearing gifts. But this Sunday in 1926 would be different, for Chandler would unwillingly play host to 5000 Knights of the Ku Klux Klan and their Imperial Wizard, Hiram Wesley Evans.

For more than a month, Chandler had been dreading the Klan's visit. When a Klan official from Richmond informed the President of their plan to present the college with a flag and pole, his first inclination was to deny the secret order the use of campus facilities. However, such action would have been inconsistent with his personal style. By 1926, Julian Alvin Carroll Chandler had become a respected member of both the State and national educational communities. After receiving his Masters degree from William and Mary at age nineteen, Chandler earned his Doctorate in Education at Johns Hopkins and went on to become an editor for the Silver-Burdette Company where he authored several United States history texts. Before his selection as President of William and Mary in 1919, Chandler also served as Superintendent of the Richmond County Schools and President of the National Education Association.

As college President, Chandler had allowed other ethnic and religious organizations to assemble at William and Mary and to sponsor campus activities. In 1924, the school had unveiled a tablet honoring Charles Bellini, a contemporary of Thomas Jefferson and the college's first professor of Romance Languages. In the course of the Bellini celebration, students attended a High Mass in the college chapel sponsored by the Knights of Columbus and the Gibbons Club, a Catholic students organization. Consequently, when the Klan asked for similar privileges, Chandler faced a thorny dilemma. He could refuse the patriotic gift and appear intolerant, perhaps even unAmerican; or he could accept and appear to be in sympathy with the Klan's thinly disguised racism and nativism. Noting that he stood firmly on the side of "religious toleration and moderation," Chandler refused to permit a ceremony in robes and masks, but he would not deny the Invisible Empire the right to assemble at William and Mary.

"CHANDLER ARGUED THAT HE HAD ALLOWED OTHER ORGANIZATIONS ON CAMPUS, AS LONG AS THEY WERE ORGANIZED UNDER VIRGINIA LAW. TO SAY 'NO' TO THE KLAN, HIS FIRST INCLINATION, WOULD HAVE SET HIMSELF UP AS GREATER THAN THE LAW."

In the weeks prior to the flag presentation, Chandler must have wondered if he had made the proper choice. During August and early September his decision prompted several newspapers to direct editorial barbs at the President and William and Mary. Referring to the Bellini celebration, a sarcastic editor in the *Virginian Pilot* (who would subsequently receive a Pulitzer Prize in 1929 for editorials against the Klan and mob violence) suggested that the Klan was coming to "the old citadel of liberal learning" because it had

> dedicated a tablet to a Catholic professor of furrin' [sic] languages and permitted within its very chapel the celebration of a mass. What was really indicated was a few discriminating night visitations to the college authorities responsible for this lapse, but after all, a college is a college and scarcely to be treated as one would treat a filling station. The purification is therefore to be accomplished by a flag-raising, which is much better suited to the academic atmosphere.

Even Chandler's friend, Douglas S. Freeman of the Richmond *News Leader*, wrote the President demanding an explanation.

As he waited for the Klan to arrive on September 26, and many Knights began streaming into town during the early morning, Chandler must have realized that his tolerant attitude had placed William and Mary in a compromising position. Yet the able orator was far from helpless. He would have a chance to speak during the ceremony and he had prepared his remarks with care. Now he could only wait for 2:00 in the afternoon when the festivities would begin and hope his words would have an impact on the press and other listeners.

Imperial Wizard Hiram Evans spent the night before the flag presentation in Richmond. As he drove by automobile the fifty odd miles to Williamsburg on Sunday morning, he undoubtedly found reason to smile at more than the weather. The day not only marked his birthday, but a large, friendly audience awaited his talk on the "new" Ku Klux Klan. A Dallas dentist of questionable medical background, Evans had won control of the revived Klan at the 1922 "Klonvocation." After witnessing a growth in membership and political influence at the outset of his tenure as Imperial Wizard, Evans had seen Klan prestige erode steadily after 1924. A series of well publicized scandals, internal bickering at the national and chapter level, and organized campaigns to proscribe Klan activities damaged the secret order. The scandals had proved most embarrassing for Evans, as the Imperial Wizard had often emphasized the organization's commitment to reestablish "traditional moral standards." In 1921, the New

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York *World* revealed that the Klan's professional publicists, Edward Young Clarke and Mrs. Elizabeth Tyler, had been arrested two years before (while drunk and at least partially nude) during a police raid on Tyler's roadhouse in Atlanta. In 1923, Clarke was arrested again for transporting whiskey and violating the White Slave Act. Evans quickly canceled Clarke's contract, but the organization that promised to stem America's "moral breakdown" now appeared less than upright.

Faced with mounting public hostility and ridicule, the Imperial Wizard set out to restore the Klan's reputation and mold it into a respected political interest group. He decreed that robes and masks be worn only to regular chapter meetings and announced that the order would banish lawbreakers. To take his case to the people, Evans organized a "legitimacy campaign" designed to portray the Klan as a patriotic society which endorsed "temperance, the flag, Protestantism, morality, and charity." High points of this campaign included a number of public spectacles, such as a re-enactment of Washington's crossing of the Delaware (complete with robes, masks, and an electrically-powered red cross), and two marches on Washington, D.C., during which the Knights laid a wreath at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, selected a Miss "One Hundred Percent American," and proclaimed their commitment to education with a small red schoolhouse mounted on a truck.

Nationwide, the legitimacy campaign had little impact as Klan membership continued to slide, but in the Old Dominion, Evans's strategy seemed to work. Virginia Klan chapters profited from increased racial tension generated by the rapid industrialization of several state cities, notably Norfolk, Newport News, Portsmouth, Lynchburg, Danville, Hopewell, and Roanoke. During the early 1920s, rural whites flocked to these centers seeking jobs in the burgeoning coal, seafood, textile, furniture, and tobacco industries. Crowded together with blacks in factories and slums, white Virginians found themselves face to face with black competitors for jobs. Yet Klan activity within the State cannot be attributed solely to racism. White residents of the Old Dominion could claim that only one percent of the State's population had been born abroad and most hoped to keep it that way. Using its organizational skills to exploit this xenophobia, "the Klan soon became second only to the Church as a source of social and ethnic expression." Klansmen marched down Richmond's Broad Street on several occasions and the Newport News Klan claimed to control the police chief, police court judge, the commonwealth attorney, and several members of the city council.

Klan vitality in Virginia played a key role in Evans's decision to take the legitimacy campaign to the Old Dominion. What better way to achieve a public hearing, the Imperial Wizard reasoned, than to present an American flag to the oldest Southern college? As he arrived in Williamsburg, the stage seemed set for Evans to fulfill his purpose. Ceremony organizers expected the second largest gathering in the former colonial capital in many years. Only President Calvin Coolidge had drawn a larger crowd four months earlier when he came to Williamsburg to help celebrate the 150th anniversary of the Virginia Resolutions. But just as the festivities were about to begin, Evans's luck took a turn for the worse. A mammoth traffic jam clogged the roads into town, delaying the arrival of the Norfolk Klan Chapter No. 3 brass band. A scheduled parade and the opening ceremonies had to be canceled "on account of the lack of music." After a forty minute delay, Virginia Grand Dragon J. L. Baskim introduced Evans and presented the Imperial Wizard with a fairy cross from Franklin County, Virginia, in honor of his birthday.

College Archives

HIRAM WESLEY EVANS
IMPERIAL WIZARD
KNIGHTS OF THE KU KLUX KLAN, INC.

As Evans strode to the podium, he looked out upon 5000 Knights and 3000 other spectators, including "practically all of William and Mary's thousand students." He began by telling his listeners that he felt "as if I am on consecrated ground when I stand here and behold this institution." Noting the value of American education, he observed that no college had served the nation better, since Thomas Jefferson, James Madison*, and James Monroe, among other national leaders, had received their early training here. Depicting the Klan as a "misunderstood and misrepresented" organization, he sounded the familiar themes of his legitimacy campaign. The Invisible Empire, he argued, wished to promote racial harmony, universal education, and the right to life, liberty, and happiness. The Klan, moreover, represented a force for peace and nonviolence. Since the secret order had organized nationally a few years before, "there [had] not been one third as many lynchings as there were prior to that time." Evans also urged his audience to avoid violence in their dealings with "the subservient race." Though they may not be "as capable as you are," he admonished his white brethren, "you should not deny them the opportunities to do what they are capable of performing."

The Imperial Wizard also commented favorably upon the South's treatment of the "racial problem." Employing a logic only a Klansman could truly appreciate, he suggested that "The South is not nearly so bad as the North in this Negro problem." Since race riots in Northern cities left more blacks dead than lynching, Evans noted that "They kill them by the hundreds up there, while the South only kills them one at a time." He closed his short address with a promise that the Klan would continue to offer its services to William and Mary in the future, a pledge Chandler and other members of the college community no doubt hoped would quickly be forgotten.

Evans sat down to a thunderous ovation, but if applauding Klansmen expected Chandler to lend further credibility to this charade, they would soon be disappointed. Unknown to the Imperial Wizard, the college president had devised a creative strategy to suit his dual purpose: demonstrate his own firm commitment to religious and political toleration while ruining Evans's attempt to use the college as a backdrop of respectability. A hostile

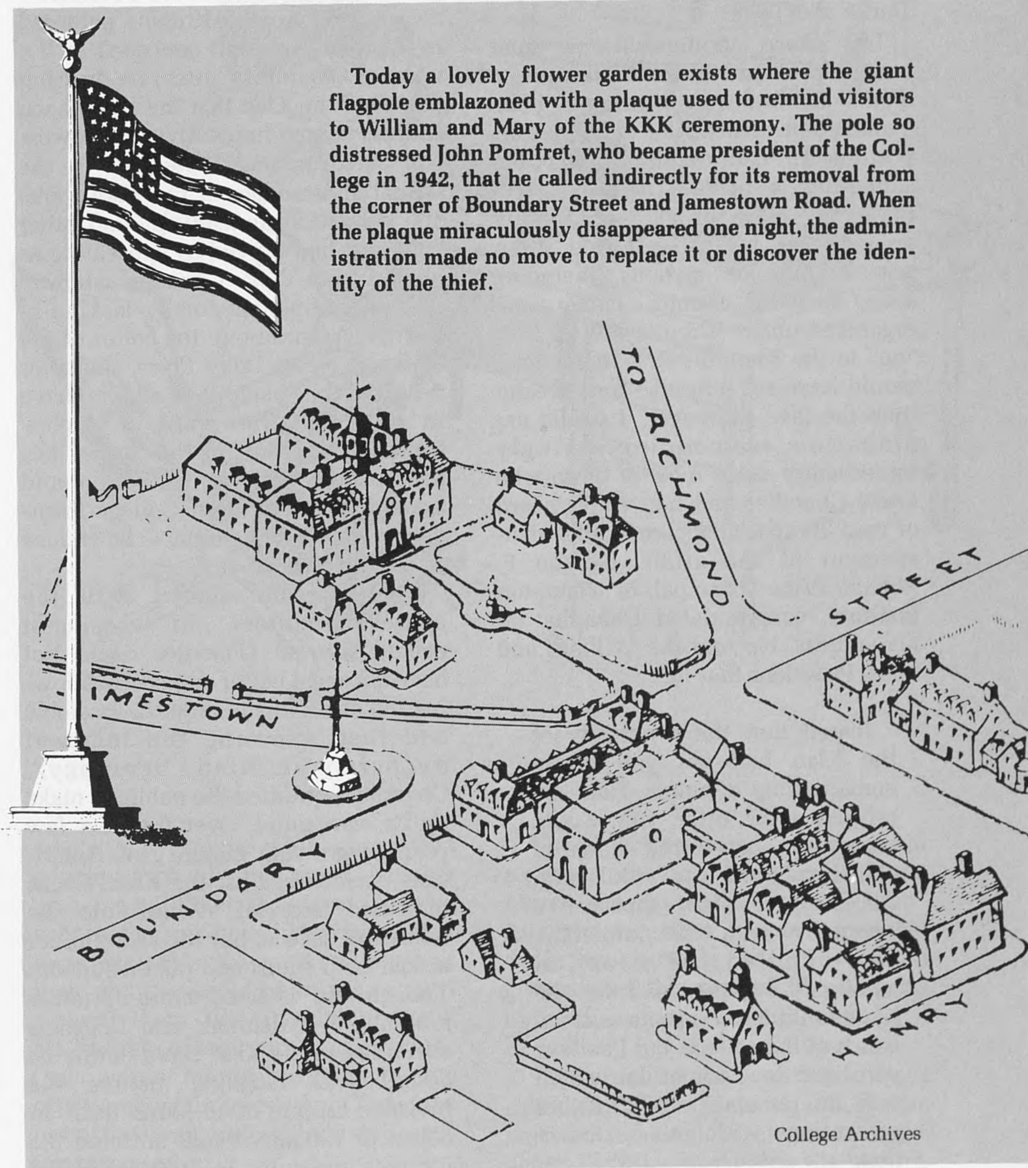
denunciation of Klan dogma would play into Evans's hands, providing the Klan leader an opportunity to picture his organization as a target of intolerance. A scathing rebuke aimed directly at a few thousand Klansmen, robed or otherwise, may also have proved dangerous. True to his personal style, Chandler instead delivered "the neatest, smoothest, and most gently subtle public performance of the season."

Chandler began by agreeing that the college, and Williamsburg in general, constituted a "very historic spot." George Washington received his commission as a surveyor, Thomas Jefferson studied law, and James Monroe learned his political ideology at the ancient institution. Each of these great men harbored a deep commitment to political and religious toleration. But even though Chandler had read in Klan circulars (in preparation for his speech) that the Invisible Empire supported the principles that Washington, Jefferson, and the other Founding Fathers set forth in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, he feared that "sometimes men declare one thing and practise another." Verbal or written assurances were not enough, and he implored his audience

> to permit every man to have his liberty and to proceed in his own way towards the pursuit of happiness provided, of course, that in the exercise of that liberty and the pursuit of happiness he does not violate the Constitution . . . So often when men do not agree with us we heap abuse upon their heads and interfere with their pursuit of happiness, though their living and thinking [be entirely legal]. When any American refuses to grant to others the same privileges that he enjoys he violates the spirit which actuated our ancestors in the formation of this government.

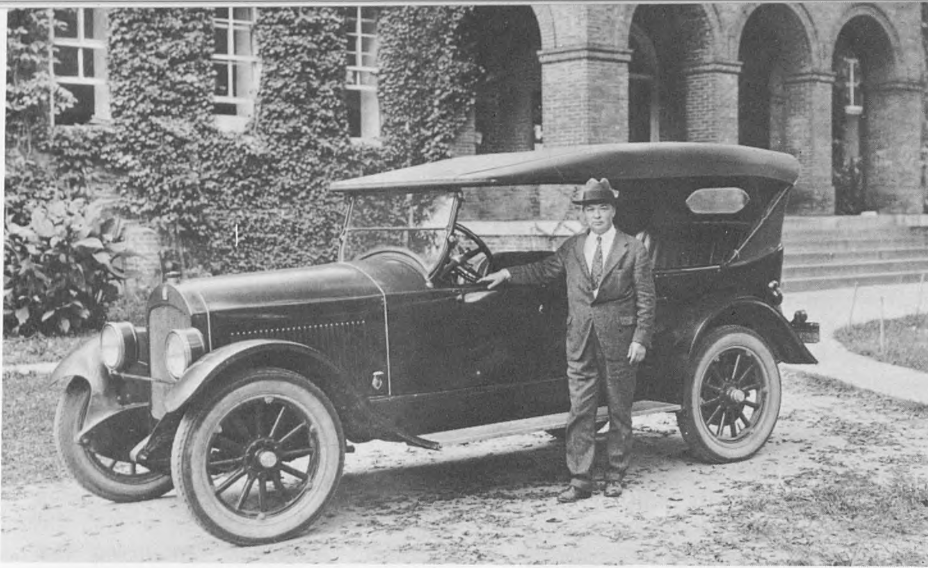
Chandler also pointed to a Klan declaration claiming it stood for "the enforcement of law by the regularly constituted authorities" and assumed this meant the Invisible Empire opposed lynch law. Good citizens, he suggested, deplore all violence and lawlessness and the American flag should stand as a symbol of this commitment to patience and toleration. Therefore, he accepted the Klan's gift "with pleasure" and hoped that all who viewed the new addition to William and Mary would experience a sense of pride in the true American "spirit of tolerance, of love and charity." The flag was immediately hoisted to the top of the new pole and the Klan band played the "Star Spangled Banner." While the crowd dispersed, the President returned to his house hoping that "the most embarrassing situation" he had ever experienced would soon be forgotten.

Yet the college had a new flag, towering seventy feet over the campus and some members of the press and the academic community initially paid more attention to the monument than to Chandler's speech. One former student saw an account of the flag presentation in his local newspaper and wondered "why a so thoroughly American institution should accept such a gift from an organization that is so un-American?." Jackson Davis, Virginia Field Agent for John D. Rockefeller's charity, the General Education Board, was "surprised and disappointed" and noted that "everyone who has spoken of the incident to me has mentioned it with sincere regret." He warned Chandler that his speech would soon be forgotten but that the college would be remembered as an institution that lent itself "as a backdrop of respectability" for Klan propaganda. Board of Visitors member John Stuart Bryan, traveling abroad at the time, was "distressed beyond words" and nearly submitted his resignation. However, the most piercing attack came from H.L. Mencken's Baltimore *Sun*. Without knowing the content of Chandler's speech, Mencken suggested that the President intended "to bring the institution to the attention of the sort of clientele the college regarded as desirable" and warned that a school favored by the Ku Klux Klan would be favored by no one else. In closing his caustic editorial, Mencken reminded his readers that neither William nor Mary could be described as "one hundred percent or even one percent



Today a lovely flower garden exists where the giant flagpole emblazoned with a plaque used to remind visitors to William and Mary of the KKK ceremony. The pole so distressed John Pomfret, who became president of the College in 1942, that he called indirectly for its removal from the corner of Boundary Street and Jamestown Road. When the plaque miraculously disappeared one night, the administration made no move to replace it or discover the identity of the thief.

College Archives



Colonial Williamsburg

The authors suggest that criticism associated with the Klan visit hurt Chandler, but he refused to respond with a public explanation. Instead he defended his position in confidential letters and met privately with some of his critics.

American" and suggested that the college be renamed "Edward and Elizabeth" in honor of the bawdy exploits of the Klan's former publicists, Clarke and Tyler.

The sharp condemnations must have hurt Chandler, but he refused to dignify his critics by offering a public explanation. Instead he defended his position in confidential letters and scheduled a private meeting with Bryan to explain his actions. Chandler argued that he had allowed other organizations on campus, including secret societies, as long as they were organized under Virginia law. To say "no" to the Klan, his first inclination, would have set himself up as greater than the law. Moreover, a public explanation seemed increasingly unnecessary, since most of those who knew Chandler and had either heard or read his speech applauded his management of the affair. George P. Phenix, Vice Principal of Hampton Institute, congratulated Chandler on his address. He told the William and Mary President that he

> feared that the generosity of the Klan had put you in an embarrassing dilemma. Had you refused their offer you would have been open to the charge of intolerance of the intolerant. Accepting it might appear like sympathy with the intolerant. You handled the situation admirably. I wishee [sic] that the Klan could have kept its unclean hands of the college, but I believe you have done something which will be remembered by future generations with great satisfaction.

A good deal of editorial comment, in Virginia and elsewhere, soon echoed Phenix's sentiments. The Norfolk *Virginian Pilot* criticized the President's decision before the Knights gathered in Williamsburg, but conceded in the wake of Chandler's "first rate dressing down" of the Klan that the acceptance address was an impressive and powerful performance. Listening to the "usual abracadabra of the Klan's fake 100 percent Americanism" and other "hokum" had proved as nauseating as always, but "Dr. Chandler showed himself a diplomat totally lacking in mercy." According to the editor of the Newport News *Daily Press*, Chandler deserved the "plaudits of all who have in them the true spirit of Americanism." A writer for the *Nation* also praised the President's action and asked "What Northern College President could — and would — be at once as bold and as subtle?"

Not everyone agreed with the approving editors, but subsequent events showed Chandler could not have chosen a better course. By allowing the chauvinistic order to assemble and then exposing the inherent hypocrisy in Klan "ideology," Chandler permitted the public to make up its own mind. Over the next few years, a growing majority of Americans decided against the Klan. Evans remained Imperial Wizard into the following decade, but the secret order lacked both funds and public support. Though the isolated cross-burnings, mutilations, lynchings, and floggings attributed to the Klan could hardly be described as laughing matters, the Invisible Empire often found itself an object of ridicule. Evans suffered the ultimate indignity in 1935 when his former Imperial Palace in Atlanta was sold — to the local diocese of the Catholic Church for a cathedral site.

Even as the Klan faded from prominence, the giant flagpole emblazoned with a plaque continued to remind visitors to William and Mary of the Knights' generosity and remained a source of embarrassment for nearly twenty years. It so distressed John Pomfret, who took over as College President in 1942, that he called indirectly for its removal. According to Jay Wilfred Lambert**, a member of the faculty under Pomfret, the President confronted his co-workers at a general staff meeting and asked them how the college came to possess such an unsightly landmark. Upon receiving "no adequate answer," Pomfret remarked that he did not favor vandalism but would have "no objection whatever" if the bronze plaque explaining the origin of the monument vanished forever. The next day the plaque disappeared and the administration made no move to replace it or discover the identity of the thief. The pole itself remained a campus fixture for another decade and a half until it was torn down and a flower garden planted in its place. Today only jonquils, marigolds, and chrysanthemums mark the spot.

When viewed in relation to current trends, perhaps the flagpole's disappearance should be lamented. More than once during recent years, the American Civil Liberties Union has reaffirmed Chandler's interpretation of the First Amendment right to peaceful assembly. Across the nation groups as diverse as the Communist Workers' Party and the American Nazi Party are allowed to present their views in public. Closer to home, William and Mary's *Student Handbook* guarantees students the "right to hold public meetings, to invite speakers of [their] own choosing," and to "engage in peaceful orderly demonstrations within reasonably and impartially applied rules designed by the President." A flagpole originally intended to serve as a memorial to nativism and racism might now stand as a tribute to the college's commitment to civil liberty, a commitment J.A.C. Chandler made on an Indian summer Sunday in 1926.

* Evans was mistaken, Madison attended Princeton.

** We are indebted to the Oral History in the College Archives by Jay Wilfred Lambert for this account.

IF A REPORTER CALLS, MAYBE YOU SHOULD HANG UP

A NIEMAN FELLOW SUGGESTS WAYS TO HANDLE THE NOSEY NEWSMAN WHO ASKS YOU IF YOU'VE STOPPED BEATING YOUR WIFE

By Bert Lindler '70

Hi! You already know me as well as many of the persons I call or visit everyday while working as a newspaper reporter.

Rarely does anyone decline to be interviewed. That's lucky for me. Otherwise, I would have to find a market for fiction or conduct my research in libraries. Instead, I'm able to learn about topics of current interest by talking directly to the persons involved.

Why are folks so willing to talk to me? I suspect most feel it's about time someone asked them what they thought. They want to share their experiences or opinions with others. And they're happy for the recognition that comes with having their name or picture in the paper.

But how happy will they be when the newspaper appears? They may find their name misspelled or their position misrepresented. Even when there is no mistake, they may find themselves in a public controversy they had not envisioned.

To take a somewhat whimsical example, consider the two young GIs I photographed napping on the grass outside the general's office on a military base near Frankfurt. I was working at the time for the European edition of the *Stars and Stripes*, a daily newspaper published by the military for U.S. servicemen abroad. The military information officer who was supposed to accompany me while I was on base failed to escort me back to my car. His mistake.

It was a beautiful spring day. The servicemen were sleeping amid wheelbarrows, shovels and other implements they were using to care for the general's rose bushes. I suggested my photographer snap a picture for a "weather shot," one of the staples of newspaper photography.

I then woke the men and told them I was from the *Stars and Stripes* and had

taken their picture while they were napping. Probably they should have set upon me with their picks and shoveled a hole for my body. However, they were excited and wanted to know if their picture would be in the paper. I assured them that it might be and asked their names and military units. One was a military policeman, the other a chaplain's assistant. They had been "detailed" to spend the day tending the roses.

The picture appeared on page 2 with a cutline reading: "Stragglers from the March — weather that is . . ." Unfortunately for most people connected with this picture, the military in general and this general in particular didn't have an overactive sense of humor.

The military information officer called that afternoon to explain that he had spent an hour at attention in the general's office discussing the picture.

The experience hadn't improved his mood or his chance of promotion. I wasn't overly sympathetic. His job was to make the general look good. Mine was to share material of interest to my readers.

I was more concerned about the stragglers from the march. I never learned of their suffering any retribution. I'm confident, however, that they were not nearly as excited about having their picture in the paper as they had thought they would be.

Generals have information officers to help them deal with the press. But GIs and other common folk may have no help at all during the one or two encounters they have with the press.

The interests of the press and those of any individual may be very different. The press exists to share information. When the information is fairly and accurately presented, pious arguments can be made that society benefits, regardless of the consequences to individuals. But if your honesty costs you your job, you won't be impressed by pious arguments.

Don't expect the reporter to look out for your interests. The Supreme Court doesn't expect police to look out for the interests of the subjects they interview. That's why police have to inform suspects of their rights to be represented by an attorney before asking the first question. The attorney is supposed to look out for the interests of the individual while the police are supposed to look out for the interests of society. There's less at stake in most newspaper interviews, but the interests of the individual and those of the reporter may be no less different than those of the suspect and the police.

Consider how unequal the individual and the reporter may be going into the interview. The reporter conducts interviews on a routine basis; the individual doesn't. The reporter knows why he's conducting the interview; the individual doesn't. The reporter may have learned a lot about the individual during his research; the individual may know nothing about the reporter.

"While the reporter may hold most of the high cards, you hold trump. If the interview isn't conducted on terms suitable to you, you can decline to comment. You will probably have to decline three or four times before the reporter gives up, but you can decline for longer than the reporter is willing to rephrase the question."

But take heart, individuals. While the reporter may hold most of the high cards, you hold trump. If the interview isn't conducted on terms suitable to you, you can decline to comment. You will probably have to decline three or four times before the reporter gives up, but you can decline for longer than the reporter is willing to rephrase the question.

So long as you have information the reporter wants, you're in a position to bargain. First, you need to know who you're bargaining with. Write down he reporter's name and publication. Make sure you have the spelling right. This lets the reporter know he or she is accountable to you, just as you are to him or her.

Ask the reporter why he or she is interested in talking to you. Are others being interviewed? What is the theme of the article? The answers you receive may not be complete, but should be truthful as far as they go. For instance, if the newspaper is doing a story on bid rigging involving state highway contracts, the reporter may say the newspaper is discussing highway maintenance projects with a number of contractors. Fair enough. Forewarned is forearmed.

If the interview is sensitive, you may suggest you are unable to speak at the moment, but will be able to return the call in an hour or so. You may want to find out more about the reporter. Some reporters are liberal, some conservative. Some are courteous, some brash. Some are fastidiously accurate, some less so. If the reporter's reputation is questionable, decline the interview.

If you choose to go ahead, you should know the ground rules. Unless you specify otherwise, once the reporter has identified himself or herself and the publication, anything you say may appear in print. You can be named as the source. The reporter may decide to use only a portion of your comments. They may appear in a context other than your own. These ground rules weren't designed to protect persons being interviewed. They were designed to allow reporters to gather information for tomorrow's newspaper.

The ground rules can be changed. Powerful public officials change them all the time. Let's say the Secretary of State is considering a proposal but wants to gauge its public acceptance before becoming publicly committed to it. He or she may be willing to discuss the idea only if identified simply as "a ranking official in the state department." If the proposal is well received, the secretary of state can hold a press conference shortly afterward to announce the proposal. If the proposal bombs, the secretary can announce that no such idea is under consideration at this time. Neat trick. Reporters hate it.

A Phi Beta Kappa graduate from the College of William and Mary Bert Lindler '70 received a master's degree in science writing from the University of Missouri. He worked in Germany as a reporter for the Stars and Stripes, the daily newspaper for American servicemen abroad, and in Missoula, Mont., as a technical writer for the U.S. Forest Service at the Northern Forest Fire Laboratory. For the past seven years he has worked as a reporter for the Great Falls Tribune in Great Falls, Mont. In 1979 he received second place in the Ernie Pyle human-interest reporting awards for stories about oldtimers living independent life-styles in Montana.

During the 1983-84 school year Lindler was at Harvard as one of 18 Nieman Fellows in journalism, a program in which participants are free to study whatever they want and participate in seminars with scholars, politicians, artists, writers and journalists.

You may wish to be interviewed only if your name is not used. If so, you must make sure the reporter understands the condition. Let the reporter know how you are willing to be identified. If the story concerns unethical activities by the company for which you work, you may wish to be identified only as "an employee who declined to be identified." If so, be careful that you don't tell the reporter something only you could know. The reporter's job isn't at stake. Yours might be.

Regardless of the agreement you reach, you may awake one morning to find your name in the newspaper. This is a risk you must weigh. The reporter may misunderstand the agreement, or publish your name in deliberate violation of the agreement. You won't know until it's too late. The best you can hope for is that the reporter will be fired for violating your confidence. There is no "Better Business Bureau for Journalists" to which you can turn. You will have to convince the reporter's editors that the reporter knowingly violated the agreement. That may not be easy to do.

Newspapers are reluctant to publish information from unnamed sources. Everytime they do, they're putting their credibility on the line, not their source's. Reporters will sometimes talk to sources who decline to be identified even though the information won't appear in the newspaper. The reporter may use the information when interviewing others who are willing to be identified.

Perhaps you are willing to be identified, but want some assurance your comments will be fairly and accurately presented. You may wish to review a copy of the story before it is published. Few newspapers allow their reporters to agree to such a condition. Sometimes sources want to retract their statements when they see them in print. Even if this weren't a problem, reporters would have a hard time writing stories on deadline if review copies had to be provided to each source.

Some reporters will agree to read the relevant portion of the story over the phone. I routinely do. Just as routinely I catch errors — most slight, some serious.

When I do make a mistake, it's often because of misplaced confidence in my own knowledge. Some years ago I was interviewing an official responsible for a program to improve grazing on federal lands in Montana. Two bulldozers dragging a chain between them would rip out sagebrush. Then crested wheatgrass would be planted. The problem was, I had cheatgrass on the brain. Cheatgrass has burrs which can end up in cattle's stomachs and cause problems. Ranchers know their cheatgrass from their wheatgrass, but I didn't. I quoted the official as saying the purpose of the program was to replace sagebrush with crested cheatgrass, a favored forage plant. He forgave me. The ranchers knew there had been a mistake. But they ribbed the official about cheatgrass for some time.

"Don't expect a reporter to look out for your interests. The Supreme Court doesn't expect police to look out for the interests of the subjects they interview. There's less at stake in most newspaper interviews, but the interests of the individual and those of the reporter may be no less different than those of the suspect and the police."

The official didn't ask for a correction. There was none. There are far fewer corrections in any newspaper than there are mistakes. Newspapers don't like to admit they're wrong. Even when they do, they sometimes make matters worse. Let's say the police reporter dropped a letter from the last name of a man suspected of beating his wife. A correction that read, "The Daily Bugle regrets reporting incorrectly that John Doe was arrested for beating his wife," would not be a big help. A more helpful correction would read: "The Daily Bugle erred in reporting the arrest of John Doen Tuesday. The reporter dropped the final "n" of Doen's last name. Doen is suspected of beating his wife."

You may feel a story needs to be corrected, even though the newspaper is unwilling to do so. The editor may listen more intently if your attorney calls. The attorney may even bargain on the wording and placement of the correction. But the newspaper doesn't have to make the correction. That's one of the prices of having a free press. Your only recourse is in the courts, where you will have to prove the newspaper's report was libelous. Failure to make a correction will weigh against the newspaper if the judge agrees you were libeled.

Taking a more positive point of view, there are ways in which you can increase the likelihood that your comments will appear in the newspaper and be reported fairly and accurately. If a reporter wishes to quote you, suggest you will call back in half an hour after preparing your thoughts. Your statements will be clearer and sharper if you do.

Reporters like short, sharp, juicy quotes. Several years ago I was covering a public hearing on the proposed "Great Bear" addition to the Bob Marshall Wilderness in Montana. The great bear was the grizzly, which lived in the proposed wilderness addition. Ranchers were among the opponents of the proposed wilderness addition. Evironmentalists were among the supporters. Environmentalists and ranchers had been battling earlier in the year over the use of poison to kill coyotes. One rancher summed up his views in a manner that brought all the opponents to their feet. "Dip the environmentalists in strychnine and feed 'em to the grizzly bears. Get rid of two pests at once," he said. No reporter could have overlooked that quote.

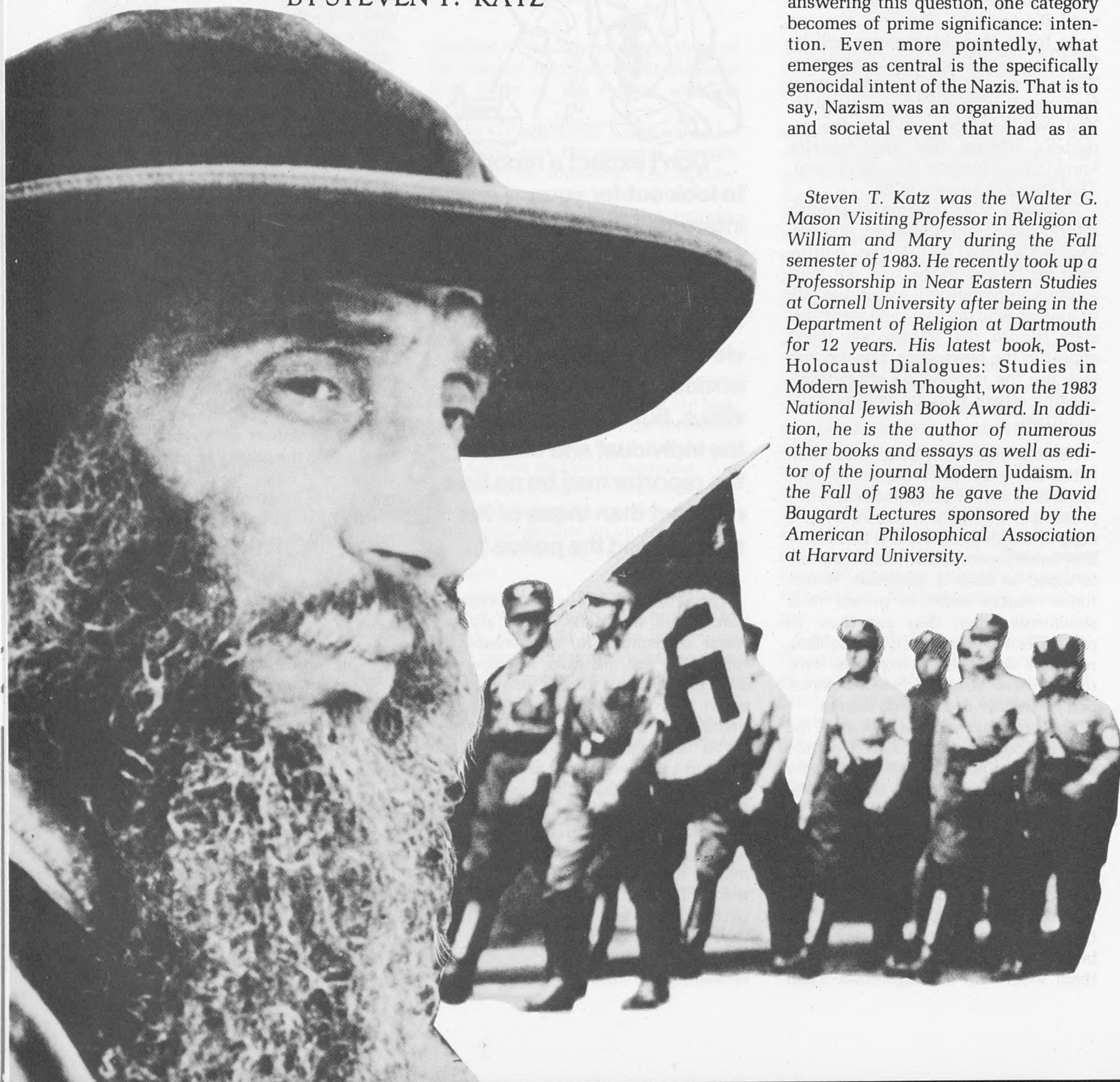
One final caution. You don't have to talk to reporters to be hurt by the press. Often in pitched controversies such as strikes, one side is more willing to speak to the press than another. The newspaper won't hold a story because one side refuses to comment. The outcome is one-sided coverage.

Some persons are reluctant to talk to reporters because they've been hurt in the past. The politicians and interest groups who use the press most effectively understand that a reporter who publishes a critical or inaccurate story today may well publish a more favorable story tomorrow. Anyone who deals with reporters regularly will suffer from unfavorable or flawed reporting. The professionals don't give up. They may quit talking to certain reporters, but they continue talking to others. That way they assure their side of the story is represented.

HISTORY AND THE HOLOCAUST

THE NAZI ONSLAUGHT WOULD HAVE BEEN UNTHINKABLE WITHOUT A LONG PREHISTORY OF SUCH TRAGEDIES

BY STEVEN T. KATZ



Killing Jews is not a new phenomenon in history. For more than two thousand years Jews have died because of and for their faith, either out of choice or someone else's necessity. Thus, the Nazi onslaught stands at the end of a long series of such tragedies and, indeed, would have been unthinkable without this prehistory. Yet, in order to begin to try and understand what happened specifically to the Jews of twentieth-century Europe, both in the context of modern and world history as well as in the context of Jewish history, we have to push beyond the recognition of an old pattern of Jew-hatred resulting in murder and ask whether there is anything different about the Nazi experience. In answering this question, one category becomes of prime significance: intention. Even more pointedly, what emerges as central is the specifically genocidal intent of the Nazis. That is to say, Nazism was an organized human and societal event that had as an

Steven T. Katz was the Walter G. Mason Visiting Professor in Religion at William and Mary during the Fall semester of 1983. He recently took up a Professorship in Near Eastern Studies at Cornell University after being in the Department of Religion at Dartmouth for 12 years. His latest book, Post-Holocaust Dialogues: Studies in Modern Jewish Thought, *won the 1983 National Jewish Book Award. In addition, he is the author of numerous other books and essays as well as editor of the journal* Modern Judaism. *In the Fall of 1983 he gave the David Baugardt Lectures sponsored by the American Philosophical Association at Harvard University.*

integral part of its behavior the total eradication of world Jewry. In so doing was Nazism "unique?" Indeed, does the very "uniqueness" of Nazism lie in its genocidal intent against the Jewish people?

In trying to frame a reply to this question one must distinguish two senses of genocide and hence two forms of the "argument from genocidal intent." The first form, (A), understands genocide as the intent to destroy the national, religious, or ethnic identity of a group. The second form, (B), understands genocide to be the intent to destroy physically all persons who identify with and are identified by a given national, religious, or ethnic identity. That is, not allowing for the dissociation of an "identity" and an individual's nature, and thus denying the possibilities of conversion, assimilation, etc.

I should like to begin our substantive review with a brief discussion of the Nazi persecution in light of the first (A) sense of genocide, i.e., relating to "identity," before moving on to analyze the second (B) sense of the term, which I take to be the more important and historically relevant. In the terms proposed by (A), Hitler's activity, which aimed at destroying Judaism, was clearly *not* unique. The world historical record is replete with examples of attempts to eliminate "identities" of various sorts, ranging from the resettlement policy of the Assyrians which created the Lost Tribes of Israel, to the resettlement and cultural mandates of Stalin. Again, the forced conversion of pagans under Islamic Law is a relevant counterexample, as was the Hellenizing campaign of Antiochus IV and the earlier Hellenizing activity of Alexander the Great.

Likewise, Jewish history provides previous instances of attempts to eliminate Judaism in ways that could be described as cultural genocide. In the first respect a fertile comparison is the behavior of the already mentioned Antiochus IV [King of Syria 175-164 B.C.E.]. Antiochus' aim was the elimination of Judaism as a cohesive spiritual reality for it was due to and through their religion that the Jewish people remained separate from their neighbors. Thus rooting out Judaism would pave the way for the adoption of a newly acquired, shared, Hellenistic identity, which in turn would facilitate the integration of Antiochus's Jewish subjects into his pagan empire. It thus becomes relevant to note the most crucial distinction between Antiochus and Hitler, namely, that Antiochus sought to overcome Judaism, not Jews, while Hitler, with his pseudo-scientific racist principles, sought to make the world *Judenrein* by the physical elimination of "racial" Jews, that is all concrete individual Jewish human beings. Thus, Antiochus's ultimate *intention* is unlike Hitler's.

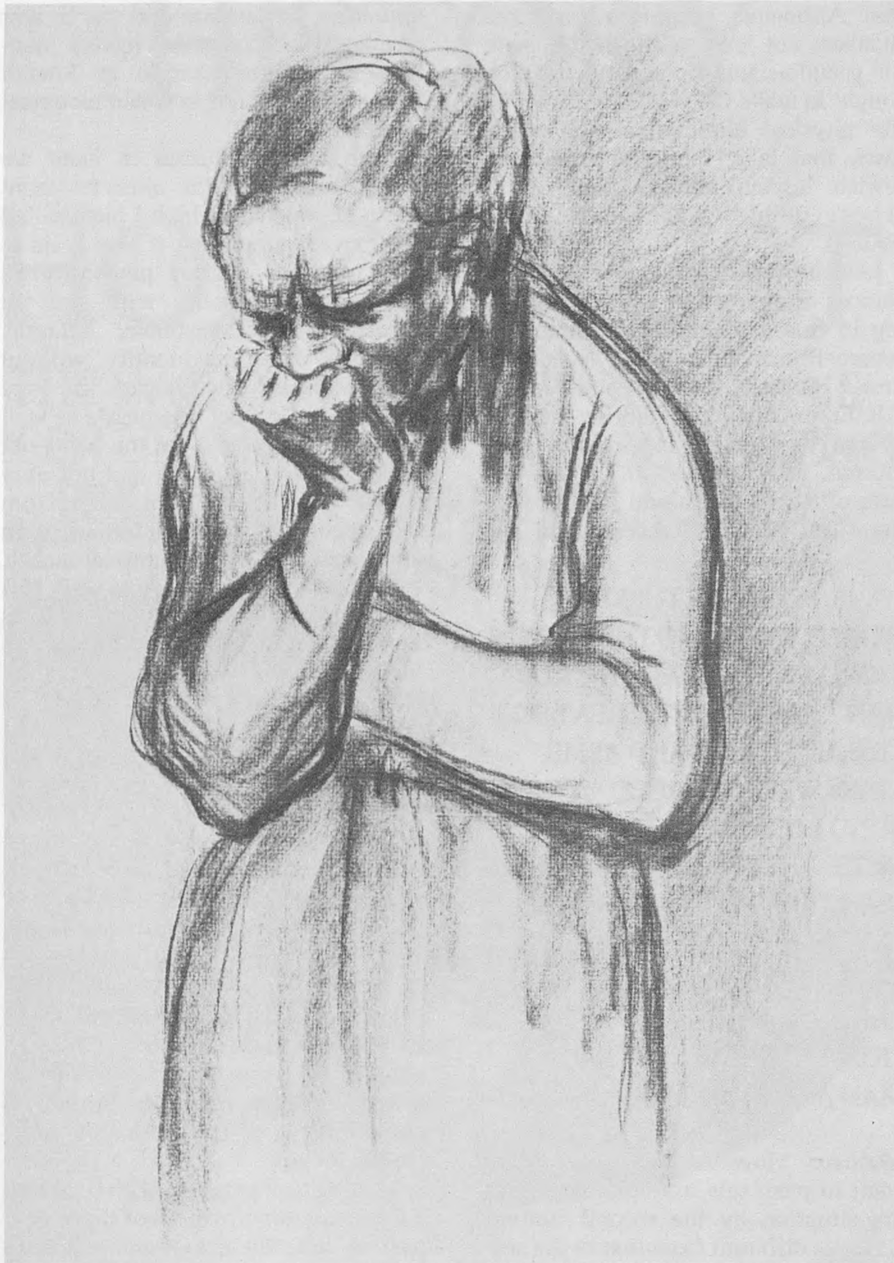
Jewish history provides other instances of oppression worth considering in this context; for example, the severe Roman anti-Jewish legislation under Hadrian in the second century C.E. Like Antiochus, Hadrian was not averse to physical oppression and murder, as witnessed in the martyrdom of Rabbi Akiva and the death of the "Ten Martyrs" recorded in the *Machzor*. However, one would not want to push this example too far, as the situation by the second century C.E. was different from that in the second century B.C.E. and Hadrian, while no philo-Semite, does not seem to have undertaken the sort of universal anti-Jewish measures throughout the Roman Empire, even against Judaism as an ideology, that could truly be called genocidal without contradiction. Additional occasions of interest that could be adduced are Czarist and Soviet policy in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, which again appear to be basically aimed at eliminating Jewish self-consciousness while retaining the future generations of Jewish genealogical productivity. The anti-Jewish policies of Christendom and their negative effects are also prime candidates in this context and will be discussed in some detail below.

"... BOTH THE TURKS IN WORLD WAR I AND THE NAZIS IN WORLD WAR II USED THE 'RUSSIAN THREAT' WITH GREAT SUCCESS; BOTH JEWS AND ARMENIANS WERE CHARGED WITH BEING RUSSIAN FIFTH-COLUMNISTS. THE CHARGE OF ARMENIAN TREASON AND REVOLUTION IN A TIME OF WAR IS IN FACT THE MAJOR ELEMENT IN THE TURKISH SELF-JUSTIFICATION. . .OF THEIR ANTI-ARMENIAN ACTIONS."

We need not pursue this review further, adding example upon example, for the relevant point at issue is already established beyond doubt; namely, that the Nazi program of genocide, if understood as a war against a self-conscious Jewish identity, is neither unique in Jewish historical terms nor in world historical ones.

With this conclusion in hand we now must turn to the more pertinent sense of genocide which I have called (B) above. I summarize it here again as the "intent to destroy physically all persons who identify with and are identified by a particular national, religious, or ethnic identity, without exception." Here we engage the Nazi program at its most cegenerate as well as at its most radical, for the Nazis not only preached genocide and not only sought to eliminate Judaism from history, but they also undertook, with all too convincing an empirical reality, to erase Jews from history as well. Has this practical Nazi program of destruction any parallels? As a student of both Jewish and world history one's initial reaction is to say "Yes, such precedents exist"; after all, Hitler was not the first cruel madman on history's stage nor the first truly major anti-Semite in the long experience of the Jewish people. But such an initial, almost instinctive, response has to be *very* carefully considered and reconsidered. In the process of such rethinking this initial "yes" begins to give way to doubt and then finally, as we shall argue in detail below, to denial. Let me now relate the reasons that led to this negative conclusion, first considering the relevant Jewish evidence and then turning to consider the more extensive non-Jewish record.

Finding true parallels with regard to genocidal intent from out of the Jewish past is not the easy task it would appear. The Antiochene and Hadrianic persecutions we have already cited above are worth consideration but, as already shown, are not parallel. Perhaps the actions of Haman count for something for he, after all, got as far as building gallows; but Purim indicates his failure: Haman killed not a single Jew. Again, the Pharoahs of old killed many Jews, but genocide was not their aim. Dead slaves were of no use in building pyramids and sphinxes, treasure-houses and self-aggrandizing monumental sculptures. The Roman destruction of 66-70 C.E., culminating in the destruction of the Second Temple, and the Babylonian conquest of 586 B.C.E., were political acts of conquest, not genocidal wars. The Babylonian policy of deportation and the subsequent growth of a Jewish community in Babylon is proof positive of this, while the Roman armies of 70 C.E. were led by Philo of Alexandria's now-



"Sorrowing Woman" by Käthe Kollwitz symbolizes the poor and downtrodden classes that suffered during the second quarter of the 20th century in Germany. This drawing was exhibited at the Muscarelle Museum of Art on Oct. 21, 1983, to Dec. 21, 1983, and is part of the Frederick and Lucy S. Herrman Collection.

pagan nephew, incontrovertibly evidence of Rome's lack of an over-all anti-Jewish genocidal policy. Again, the peace agreed with Rabbi Yohannan ben Zakkai and his colleagues is witness to Rome's desire to pacify, not destroy either Jews or Judaism — as long as it was on Rome's political terms. The same is true, of course, for the horrible events surrounding the Bar Kochva revolt in 132-135 C.E. Muslim policy, in its classical lineaments, forbade destruction of either Jews or Judaism — they were too valuable as tax payers — and thus, for example, the Almohade persecutions in twelfth-century Spain and North Africa must be seen as both local and temporary aberrations that do not fit the tightly drawn accounting of genocide here being employed. And, in addition, the Almohades allowed for conversion. Likewise, the expulsion from Spain in 1492 was surely terrible as the contemporary Jewish witnesses movingly testify, but allowing Jews to convert as evidenced by the large-scale "New Christian" ("Marrano") phenomenon on the one hand, and the final expulsion rather than murder of 1492, indicate anything but a genocidal scheme.

There are, of course, still further numerous cases of the large-scale oppression of Jewish communities, e.g., curing the Egyptian pogrom of 37-38 C.E., which Philo describes in such detail in his *Legatio and Gaius* and after which the emperor Claudius, in his rebuke to the Alexandrians, used the interesting phrase "a war against the Jews." There is also the mass annihilation of European Jewry during the Crusades, the massacres of the fourteenth century, the Chmielnitzi devastation of the seventeenth century, and the Polish and Russian pogroms of the last four centuries. Yet in none of these instances does the intention of the murderer(s) appear to be technically genocidal in character.

The various and all too common instances of Christian persecution, both in themselves and as the "background" to modern anti-Semitism, require a further comment. The transcendentalizing metaphysics of Nazi anti-Semitism has at least one major direct predecessor, namely, the "Christian theology of the Jew." From its formative period on, and especially in Paul, the Gospel of John and the Patristic writings, the Church has seen the Jew not only as evil but also as the manifestation of Evil, of evil incarnate, that is, using the phrase from the Gospel of John, as "spawn of the Devil," (8:44). Though the most extreme presentation of this theology is to be found in the diatribes of Marcion whose views were considered heretical because of his total separation of the so-called "Old" and "New" Testaments, his Gnostic representation of the Jew and Judaism instantiated already-existent trends that had become deeply rooted in Christian tradition and that in turn would become part and parcel of later Christian theology. With the "gentilization" of the Church by the second century, the Jewish and Christian communities split apart completely and whatever restraints had exercised Jewish Christians in the first Christian century now disappeared. "Them" and "Us," "We" and "They," became the ever hardening categories of the anti-Jewish Christian idiom. This rhetoric of "them" became allied to an ever more hostile diabolization of the Jews, which read into the historical tension between Church and Synagogue the metacosmic typological struggle of God and the Devil.

The consequences of this negative myth, however, work themselves out in two forms I shall label "short-term" programs and "long-term" programs. "Short-term" programs would be those that parallel the Nazi translation of

this ideology into immediate action; "long-term" programs would be those that envision the resolution of this cosmic encounter only at some future, usually messianic, time. Though there are examples of Christian behavior that present themselves for consideration as possible instances of "short-term" programs, for example, the Crusader massacre of Jews in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries in the name of the crusading spirit against infidels, there is nothing really similar in the history of Jewish-Christian (or Jewish-Muslim) relations that is collateral with the short-term behavior of the Nazis. In fact, in the final accounting there is actually an essential asymmetry in regard to the short-term morality, and intentionality, of Nazis and Christians, despite a considerable symmetry of metaphysical postulates vis a vis the Jew, exclusive of course of the racial principle. Official papal policy almost always and everywhere held that Jews were *not* to be murdered

Burning of Jews at Trent, 1475.
(From a German woodcut. 15th century.)

or physically abused (allowing here for a different sense of the meaning of "physical abuse" than is common today). The historical record (except, alas, for the Nazi period) indicates that when Jews were in physical danger the papacy usually, though not always with success, attempted to mitigate the imminent threat to Jewish life. Likewise, though the popes viewed Judaism as of no spiritual value, or rather and even worse, conceived of it as a positively evil regimen, the ideology, as well as the practical rule of the Church, stemming from the precedent set by Late Roman Law, was that Judaism was not to be forcibly suppressed *in toto*, even though the Church certainly possessed the means for so doing. The theological doctrine of the "mystery of Israel" here accompanied the negative stereotypical image, mitigating its more terrible — genocidal — short-term possibilities. Nor must we forget the most telling practical difference between Christian and Nazi anti-Semitism. The former, based on religious belief, always in theory and almost always in practice allowed for conversion and hence escape from one's "Jewishness" and one's Jewish fate; the latter, based on putatively immutable laws of race, allowed no such escape. Under Nazism there was no conversion out of Judaism — biology was destiny.

What has just been argued with regard to Christianity is also true, with suitable modifications, for Islam. The Muslim "theology of the Jew," stemming from Mohammed's respect for the "People of the Book," meant that short-term destruction of all Jews (and Christians and Parsees), i.e., genocide, was not in theory or in practice a goal of Muslim society.

The import of this rather long excursus on traditional Christian anti-Semitism is that one must come to recognize two distinctions. The first is between the "official" theology of Christendom vis a vis the Jews and Judaism on one hand, and the specific homicidal action of a particular Christian or Christian group, in a given historical incident, on the other — though of course the two are not totally separable. The second is between Nazism's official program of genocidal destruction of Jews and the Church's program which, while looking forward to a "Judaism-less" future, or more exactly to the conversion of the Jews, officially protested against the physical spoilation of Jewish life as well as of Judaism, despite the extremely pejorative evaluation of the latter. One can understand the temptation to attribute the intent of genocide of Christianity, but one also recognizes that it is based on reading history backwards from our perspective after Auschwitz.

In light of this preliminary discussion it begins to appear that the stronger form of the "argument from genocidal intention" is substantive evidence in favor of viewing the Nazi experience as at least "unique" *in the context of Jewish history*. However, the particularity of this conclusion must be underscored, for up until this point all we have attempted to investigate is the Jewish historical context without enquiring into possible parallels in world history. We must now pursue our enquiries into this wider domain, for there exists at least prima facie evidence that the Nazi experience is not without precedent there.

Before plunging, however, into the detailed analysis of the data provided by world history one admonishment with regard to the correct use of the notion of genocide is required as a prolegomena to all further considerations. Assyrian, Babylonian, Persian, Hellenistic, and Roman policy was cruel, but not every cruelty is genocide. Hun, Muslim, Mongol, Imperial Japanese, Chinese (e.g., Genghis Khan), and Conquistador policy was tyrannical, but not every tyranny is genocide. I do not consider the black slave trade genocidal, nor again do I consider the white man's policy against the Indians to have been genocidal (I will argue these cases below in detail). Both were inhuman, exploitative acts by one group against another, but not every exploitative act can go by the name of genocide. The forced emigration of one million Russians in the nineteenth century was a political oppression of murderous intent, but not all political oppression, not even all murderous intent, is genocide. The mass Russian emigration between 1917 and 1922 as a consequence of the German invasion, the Russian Revolution and the great famine, which affected up to fifteen million people, is horror untold — but not every national tragedy is genocide. This cautionary statement is not made in order to attempt to reduce the degree of suffering each of these calamitous events involved. Even less is it to claim for one's own collective rational catastrophe some pride of place, for there is no pride in any of this, only anguish and human misery, pain recorded and still more untold. Rather, it is introduced only in order to keep our substantive concern, genocidal intent, squarely in focus.

With this methodological preamble in place we can proceed to our concrete review of the matter. On the logical principle that one counterexample would suffice to present difficulties for a strong claim to uniqueness, I cite, first, for consideration the most telling counterexamples known to me. They are: the persecution of the Armenians in World War I by the Turks and the destruction of Indians of North and South America by the European colonizers and their heirs.

Let us begin with the latter case, that of the American Indians. On numeri-

cal and demographic grounds their tragedy at least parallels that of the Jews. In terms of absolute quantities the specifics of the case depend on what demographic base one begins with, but one conclusion is certain, and in this all the different demographic claims agree, many millions of Indians were killed. On the further statistical issue of proportion of population killed, i.e., "X percent out of a total population of Y," the argument is again complicated by the demographic base. Yet, all "models" suggest at least a forty percent death rate, which equals or surpasses the Jewish experience in World War II. Six million out of fifteen million Jews were killed, forty percent. Thus, *if numbers alone constitute uniqueness then the Jewish experience under Hitler was not unique.* Quantity and proportion, however, while highly relevant, are not sufficient by themselves to establish a judgment with regard to uniqueness *pro or contra.* Therefore, let us now go on to examine the issue of "intention" in the white man's murder of the Indian. That the European, and then his early American heir, was a racist (at least in the loose pre-nineteenth-century sense) who held the Indian to be a savage of the very worst sort cannot be doubted. The Puritans looked upon the Indian as a creation of the Devil put in their midst to try them, while Bishop Juan de Quevedo of Tierra Ferma (Venezuela) saw them as slaves by nature, in accordance with the natural rights theory of Aristotle that some individuals and some peoples are inferior by nature. These views of the Indians as an inferior people have persisted over time and have been used to justify all manner of evil. But exactly what was intended by such stigmatization? Three goals are constantly operative: (1) missionizing; (2) economic exploitation; and (3) territorial expansion and control.

Given these three motives, what conclusion is to be reached with regard to the destruction of Indian life? Though the suffering and devastation have been enormous, and the numerical destruction of the Indians as great as that of European Jewry, the Indian experience seems finally to be non-comparable to the case of the Jews in Nazi Europe. Though greed in various forms led to abuses of the most sordid kind (for example, passing on to Indians blankets infected with diseases the Indians were known to have no immunity to, resulting in hundreds of thousands of deaths), there does not appear to be any developed ideology of genocide systematically and continuously at work in the policy of white America. The logic of reservations itself argues against genocidal intent and suggests a program roughly, I stress the "roughly," comparable to the pre-modern European pattern of Jewish ghettoization.

The case of the destruction of the Armenian population of Turkey in 1915-1916 is an even more striking instance of an event possibly comparable to the Jewish fate under Nazism. First, it too came under and was made possible by wartime conditions, when death and murder take on a different social reality and the normally forbidden becomes permissible. The Nazi plans for the "Final Solution" came into being and were put into practice only after a full-scale war existed. Furthermore this military situation limited Jewish resettlement and emigration options and made the unspeakable a reality. Secondly, though the mathematics are not comparable in terms of absolute numerical value, they may be comparable in proportional terms. For, of an Armenian population of two and one-half million, between four hundred thousand and one million were killed. Thirdly, foreshadowing the policy of Jewish resettlement in Poland, there was a widespread population shift, especially of the Armenian populations of Cilicia and western Anatolia, into the deserts of Mesopotamia. Fourth, there are the cultural ingredients: the Armenians were Christian, the Turks Moslem, just as the Nazis were Christians and the Jews, Jews; the Armenians were a non-homogenous element in a society seeking homogenization (i.e., Turkification), and seeking it much more vigorously under the new Ottoman Pasha. This same factor of "unassimilability" was an active factor in creating the European situation of the Jew, especially in modern times, with the growing centralization of European nation states. While liberal Europeans would argue that Jews were assimilable, if at the price of their Judaism, Hitler would declare them fundamentally and forever unassimilable; hence the need for death camps as the only viable solution to the *Judenfrage.* Furthermore, the Armenians, like the Jews, were perhaps somewhat higher achievers in cultural and economic matters, though this issue is very complex, usually being mis-applied and misunderstood in attempts to account for anti-Semitism.

There is also the much-repeated charge of disloyalty in both cases, which has a special potency in a war situation. Interestingly, both the Turks in World War I and the Nazis in World War II used the "Russian threat" with great success; both Jews and Armenians were charged with being Russian fifth-columnists. This charge of Armenian treason and revolution in a time of war is in fact the major element in Turkish self-justification against critics of their anti-Armenian actions. Thus, with all these parallelisms in view, there exist grounds for thinking that the comparison between the two national tragedies is strong, perhaps being close to exact.

Yet one must be cautious in moving to this conclusion, for there are also important aspects of noncompatibility that must still be considered. One of these is intention — our present focus of concentration. And it is precisely here, and intending no diminution of the tragic quality or the enormous proportions of the Armenian massacres, that we must demur from fully comparing it to the Nazi destruction of European Jewry. The reason is both simple and complex: the motivation of the killers *was* different. It might seem on first perusal that the citation quoted above, with its talk of "total liquidation" and "total extermination of all non-Turkish elements," and the many other statements of similar tone and content to be found in the Turkish sources of the 1915-1916 period, would indicate a conclusion opposite to mine: that the intention of the Turks vis a vis the Armenians *is* parallel to the intention of the Nazis vis a vis the Jews. But this is not the case. The intentionality behind Turkish inhumanity was essentially nationalist in character. It was a most primitive jingoism that, due to the exigencies of war without and revolution and collapse of the Ottoman Empire from within, permitted the extension of nationalism to its "logical" yet inhuman limits, i.e., the attempted destruction of the Armenians. The anti-Armenian crusade was a political crusade. Of course, mixed in the brew were other elements of a passionate hate: a loathing of Christians, or rather, a dislike of all non-Muslims; xenophobia; greed and jealousy; fear and desie. But it was essentially nationalist politics that was at the heart of the campaign of the Young Turks.

As a consequence, the anti-Armenianism of the Turks takes on a different character than the anti-Semitism of the Nazis. For example, anti-Armenianism is not expressed in the language of metaphysical evil, i.e., a Manichean dualism of good vs. evil in

Taking the Jewish oath, Augsburg in 1509.

which the Turks are the manifestation of the Good and the Armenians the Devil Incarnate, as was the case of the Nazi theorizing about their struggle with the Jews. Again, the anti-Armenian crusade was not explicated and advanced in terms of pseudo-scientific racism that, in itself, was yet another kind of nonsensical metaphysics. Instead, the rationale almost universally cited by Turks as a justification of their behavior is political, e.g., the Armenians are revolutionaries, Russian spies, fifth-columnists against the Turkish people's revolution, and the like. This tack is already the determinative rationale of the pre-war Armenian massacres, such as that at Adana in April 1909, and it reappears in full and multifarious force in 1915-1916. In short, to the Turks, the Armenians were first and foremost a political threat.

The importance of recognizing this political configuration lies in the fact that it provides the proper and necessary frame of reference for analyzing and evaluating Turkish behavior. Within such a context Turkish actions, abhorrent and inexcusable as they were, can be recognized as having been motivated by an intense national interest which drove them to attempt what one might call territorial political extermination rather than universal genocide. That is to say, the Young Turks had no arguments against Armenians per se, or put appropriately, against "Armenianism," for example the Armenian population of Russia or the U.S. Rather it objected to Armenians on Turkish soil, seeing them as a vital source of the betrayal of Turkish destiny and integrity. Fanatical nationalism is the causal agent *par excellence* in this matter.

In the midst of this analytic review one last tragedy, that provides a crucial "test" of our entire thesis, must be explored. I refer to the treatment of the Gypsies under the Nazis, which is often cited in the literature as a direct, if not exact, duplicate of the Jewish reality under the same regime. However, though there are many parallelisms of time, place, and experience, the suggested analogy breaks down for reasons I would like to sketch briefly. An initial, though not overwhelming, difficulty with this comparison is the absolute demography, i.e., the number of Gypsies was a fraction of the Jewish population. More important still, however, is the fact that while it is certainly true that many Gypsies were cruelly mistreated by the Nazis and sent to their deaths in various ways, including the death camps, the overall Nazi policy toward the Gypsies was different in kind from that toward the Jews. That is to say, the evidence reveals no total, consistent, Nazi program of genocidal intent levelled at the Gypsy population. It is correct that from the first the Nazis classified Gypsies as non-Aryans and sought to associate them with Jews racially, culturally, and historically, but at the same time, the Nazi policy towards Gypsies was predicated not only on the overriding salient criteria of race, though this was a significant factor in the Gypsy debate, but also on the notion of "asocials." The 1937 *Law Against Crime* specifically linked Gypsies with beggars, tramps, prostitutes, et al. who show "antisocial behavior." On the other hand, the racial factor was operative, as the first specifically anti-Gypsy ordinance of late 1938 indicated: "Experience gained in the fight against the Gypsy menace and the knowledge derived from race-biological research have shown that the proper method of attacking the Gypsy problem seems to be to treat it as a matter of race." However, the translation of these two differing analyses and motivations into a practical policy resulted in a mixed situation. Many Gypsies were rounded up and sent off to die at Auschwitz and elsewhere from 1943 on. Yet, surprisingly, we also find Himmler personally intervening on behalf of the Sinto and Halleri Gypsy tribes, both of which, he argued, were to be classed as "German Gypsies" and thus spared, as opposed to "foreign Gypsies" who were to be deported. Other Gypsy groups were also exempted from deportation including "Rom Gypsies and part Gypsies still in the army or who have been released with decorations or wounded." All this does not mean that the Nazis did not ruthlessly destroy many Gypsies. They did. Rather, it indicates, however, that they did not destroy them "without exception" and with the same cold, unwavering, single-minded genocidal intent that was the essence of their anti-Jewish program. The Nazis did not ontologize the Gypsy into their metahistoric antithesis, nor did they make the elimination of all Gypsies from history a primal part of either their historic "moral" mission or their metaphysical "mythos," (which, of course, were ultimately one). Thus, for example, in the spring of 1943, while the *Einsatzgruppen* and SS were killing *all* Jews encountered in Eastern Europe, the German authorities ordered that hereafter Gypsies who were of a "non-migratory" status, who could prove a two-year period of residence in the locale in which they were identified, were to be exempt from the murderous activities of these same *Einsatzgruppen*.

The paradoxical features of Nazi policy are reflected in the grim statistics of this tale: of an estimated 936,000 Gypsies in Nazi occupied territory, 219,700 are estimated to have been killed, i.e., twenty-three and one-half percent, as compared to a nearly seventy percent death rate for Jews under Nazi control. Given the captiveness of both civilian populations, as well as the further lack of anything comparable among the Gypsies to a worldwide Jewish support system, which at least attempted, though clearly without much success, to aid their co-religionists in Nazi-occupied Europe, the statistics tell the tale. Had Hitler's maniacal imagination centered on the Gypsies as it did on the Jews their collective fate would have been far different. That Jews die at three times (and nearly four times in Eastern Europe) the rate of Gypsies is a consequence of the different intentionality that propelled the slaughter of these two peoples by their common murderer.

CONCLUSION

Much additional research has to be done to draw a complete phenomenological description of each of the historical episodes we have quite briefly reviewed, as well as many we have not had the space to comment upon. Yet, while recognizing this need for further analysis, I believe enough evidence has been marshalled to suggest that in and through the category of "intention" we can begin to perceive at least one seminal individuating characteristic of the Holocaust.

IVY LEAGUE ATHLETICS: EXPLORING THE LEGEND

IS THERE SOME POISON IVY MIXED AMONG THOSE VINES?

By John R. Thelin

In 1871 an undergraduate justified his college choice by explaining, "The degree of Harvard College is worth money to me in Chicago." He was candid and correct. His beliefs were reaffirmed a century later when a national marketing firm reported that alumni of Ivy League colleges were an "audience of achievers. . . with the money to buy the things it wants." All this — and more — was confirmed again in a 1984 ad which proclaimed, "Let your advertising benefit from all four characteristics of Ivy League Group Readers: Education, Affluence, Influence, and Loyalty."

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Fame and fortune mingle with football to kindle the Ivy League mystique. As Berton Braley wrote in the 1930s:

> It's general knowledge that many a college
> That's not very socially smart
> Has teams that can crush dear old Harvard to mush
> And takes Yale and Princeton apart.
> But gridiron heroes exclusively hail
> (in stories) from Harvard, or Princeton, or Yale!

Little wonder that the prestigious college remains central to the American ethos. With education, affluence, influence, and loyalty at stake, the persistent social fact is that Americans take "going to college" seriously. And, the distinctive symbols and saga of the Ivy League bring inordinate attention to a few campuses. For The College of William and Mary (sometimes known as "The Princeton of the South"), association with the Ivy League has come to the fore in the past year.

In September 1983 President Thomas A. Graves, Jr., announced that William and Mary was planning to join Bucknell, Colgate, Holy Cross, Lafayette, and Lehigh to form a new intercollegiate athletic conference — the "Colonial League." The intent was "to bring together a group of institutions of higher learning which enjoy comparable academic standards of admission and achievement, as well as historically long commitments to

intercollegiate athletics." One attractive feature was that the proposed Colonial League had the support of the prestigious Ivy League. As Howard Swearer, President of Brown University, told the press:

> The Presidents of the Ivy League welcome the prospective formation of the new league by colleges which share our philosophy of sports and our view of the role of athletics in higher education. . . We now look forward to close associations in our athletic relationships with these sister institutions and to scheduling with them the majority of our non-league football games.

William and Mary's association with Ivy League institutions in intercollegiate athletics already was working well. Over the past four years, for example, the varsity football schedule included games against Dartmouth, Brown, Harvard, and Yale — games which attracted large, enthusiastic crowds. Beyond football, the College's varsity schedules for men and women showed a generous sprinkling of games with Ivy League teams in such sports as lacrosse, field hockey, soccer, basketball, swimming, fencing, and wrestling. For William and Mary, the decision to be a charter member of the Colonial League was also a move to ratify and extend the existing formal and spiritual ties with the Ivy League.

Certainly this made sense in areas other than intercollegiate athletics. A few months before the Colonial League announcement, Aubrey and Sissy Mason, serving as co-chairpersons of the William and Mary Fund, had written an editorial in which they argued that the "College compares favorably with [the] Ivies — except in money":

> William and Mary has long been perceived as qualitatively comparable to the Ivy League schools. Those eight universities have solid academic programs, highly competitive admissions policies, respected faculties, and are steeped in the traditions of their generations of educational services.
>
> Because William and Mary's image and quality are consistent with those of the Ivies, the College is often assumed to be a private institution. Five of William and Mary's top ten competitors for 'accepted' students are Yale, Harvard, Cornell, Dartmouth, and Princeton. Medical and law schools compete for our graduates and their success rates are extraordinarily high. . . What clearly separates us from the private Ivies, however, is *private support.*

At first glance the Ivy connection appears to be "gilt by association" — a prestigious bond for William and Mary in which historic institutions known for academic excellence and propriety in intercollegiate athletics join to protect a distinctive image of higher education in the United States. Tempting as this association may be, even the most alluring compact warrants careful scrutiny. Before the College of William and Mary becomes entangled with Ivy's vines we ought check for liabilities. There is, after all, the danger of *poison* ivy. Another *caveat* is that this might be a scheme for revitalizing the beleaguered New England economy by exporting the Northeast's excess ivy south to Virginia.

Photo by John Foraste/Brown University

Zipping up the Brown Bruin, one of William and Mary's football opponents in recent seasons.

Nor is the Ivy League image without tarnishes. Let us consider, for example, the popular notion that the Ivy League is old and stands for tradition, high academic standards for athletes, and cooperation among historic institutions.

**Proposition: The Ivy League is Old:* Contrary to popular belief, the Ivy League is not especially old. The President's Council of Brown, Columbia, Cornell, Dartmouth, Harvard, Pennsylvania, Princeton, and Yale (officially known as The Ivy *Group*) was not formed until 1954. The Ivy athletic conference schedules were not in place for championship play until 1956. True, contests among some Ivy member institutions started more than a century ago — but such traditional rivalries hardly constituted a stable, historic league.

**Proposition: The Ivy League Stands for High Academic Standards for Varsity Athletes:* Although this claim is generally true today and in the past, it is not without some interesting (and surprising) loop holes. At the turn of the century the eight institutions never reached accord on student-athlete eligibility requirements; rather, each campus made ample use of "ringers" and "muckers" — period-piece jargon for recruited athletes with marginal academic records — whose enrollment promoted championship varsity squads. The interesting wrinkle was the variation on this accommodation ploy; i.e., each institution worked out its own particular strategy. In the 1890s at Harvard the law school provided a haven for the not-so-scholarly athletes who had failed to pass the College's entrance examination. Dartmouth relied on its medical school as the conduit for bringing a steady flow of fullbacks and tackles to Hanover, New Hampshire. The 1912 novel, *Stover at Yale* (written by a young Yale College alumnus) glides through over three-hundred pages about undergraduate life with only two references to academics — and these were students' grudging complaints that they had to "bone up" for a class recitation. Even at the prestigious East Coast colleges, undergraduates embraced the dictum, "Don't let your studies interfere with your education."

**Proposition: The Ivy League Stands for a Tradition of Cooperation Among Member Institutions:* This is true today, yet there are important historic exceptions which point out the relative youth and fragility of formal, collective arrangements. Between 1890 and 1940 there were a number of instances where Harvard, Yale, and Princeton refused to play against or cooperate with, e.g., Dartmouth, Pennsylvania, and Cornell. Even the "Big Three" alliance (also known as "H-Y-P") faced crises and dissolution. In 1926, for example, bad feelings between students at Harvard and Princeton were so strong that the presidents of the two historic institutions broke off formal relations with one another — a decision which meant that Harvard and Princeton did not play varsity sports against one another for *eight* seasons. The schism was a serious matter which on several occa-

sions gained front page coverage and feature editorials in the New York *Times*. Only years of patient mediation and diplomacy on the part of Yale officials succeeded in restoring Harvard and Princeton to speaking (and playing) terms in 1934. In the 1940s when the presidents of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton did sign a pact to cooperate in overseeing varsity sports, this gesture explicitly avoided alliance with any other colleges or universities.

The Roots and Vines of the Ivy Saga

Voltaire once observed that the Holy Roman Empire was neither Holy nor Roman. In a similar vein, the preceding vignettes caution us that the Ivy League is not all that various groups ascribe to it. Since these episodes and unexpected findings tend to disrupt the popular notions about the Ivy League, we need to set the historical record aright. What follows is an attempt to untangle the roots and vines which have been essential to the cultivation of the Ivy League saga. It is, in large measure, an assignment in etymology — tracking down the usage and development of the word "ivy" as an academic symbol.

The college hymns and commencement oratory of the 1890s often cited "ivy covered walls" as fixtures of the campus landscape. However, such allusions did not mature into any collective symbol of the historic colleges. To the contrary, in 1927 two Amherst College alumni wrote a book about the New England colleges and urged *against* ivy as an emblem. They argued that ivy really did not grow well on college walls and that, "We need a symbol of our own, *sui generi*, a product of New England soil — robust rather than clinging." Instead of *ivy*, they campaigned forcefully for the *elm* as an appropriate collegiate symbol:

> . . .*ulmus americana* — which flourishes in New England meadows and along the New England highways as nowhere else in all the world. Graceful in contour, tough in fiber, shading ancestral homes, forming Gothic avenues of green for college halls — what more appropriate emblem can be named! Around what other object gathered so many memories of New England college days!

Logic and enthusiasm were insufficient and this 1927 proposal faded without acceptance of "elm" as a symbol — and without any sustained attempt to create a collective "Elm League." Perhaps failure was fortuitous since the dread Dutch Elm Disease of the 1950s and 1960s virtually eliminated this tree from New England campuses — so much so that a present-day generation of college students finds puzzling the nostalgia for elms as a campus landmark held by alumni of the 1920s and 1930s.

In the meanwhile, during the 1930s "Ivy" worked into the collegiate lexicon *outside* the historic campuses. The two most fertile sources of "Ivy" symbolism for the American public were fashion advertisements and sports pages — sources which had neither endorsement from or formal affiliation with the colleges and universities. Fashion copy of the 1920s had long cited such specific campuses as Princeton, Yale, Dartmouth, or Harvard as the "firing line of style for back-to-college autumn wear." By the early 1930s this escalated to generic association with a distinctive "Ivy" style of dress. Consider the following excerpt from Macy's advertisement for "The Champion of the Ivy League":

> Our college traveler reports from every stage of his tour of the New England seats of learning that undergraduates are tally-hoeing like mad after *covert* — the hardy and handsome fabric so long identified with the hardy and smart English fox-hunting man. Now its popularity is spreading to the university club in the city.

Ironically, the biggest boost to "Ivy" as a collective symbol of the historic Eastern colleges began as a bit of mild derision — not unequivocal praise. One week-end in 1934 Caswell Adams, a sportswriter for the New York *Herald Tribune*, was assigned to cover the Columbia-Pennsylvania game at the Polo Grounds. Adams, a Fordham alumnus, complained to his editor, ". . . do I have to watch the ivy grow every Saturday afternoon? How about letting me see some football away from the ivy-covered halls of learning for a change?" Adams' fellow sportswriter, Stanley Woodward, picked up the conversation and coined the term "Ivy League" to cover "what was happening on the fields of the East's oldest colleges. . ."

Thus, "Ivy League" became a fixture in sports and popular culture without a precise definition or a formal entity. Reality almost caught up with popular images in December 1936 when the student editors for newspapers at seven Eastern colleges cooperated on an investigation of academic standards and athletic policies. The result was that each campus newspaper ran on the same day a joint editorial which urged the immediate creation of "an Ivy League in fact, not just the one in the minds of sportswriters." The students called for "enlightened cooperation" and concluded:

> We fail to see why the seven schools concerned should be satisfied to let it [the Ivy League] exist as a purely nebulous entity where there are so many practical benefits which would be possible under a definite organized association.

Presidents and athletic directors resisted this student campaign for reform and collective identity on the grounds that differences among the institutions were too great. The official reply was that the "time has not come when the seven suggested members feel ready to establish a definite and formal organization." The New York *Times* disagreed with the presidents and noted that attempts to form an Ivy League tended to "remain in the talking stage, perhaps forever."

Despite the immediate failure of the student editors' 1937 proposal, over the next decade presidents and athletic directors gradually adopted the students' suggestions. By 1945 the presidents of the eight institutions we now identify with the Ivy League entered into a pact intended to avoid football over-emphasis by setting mutual guidelines on athletic scholarships, post-season games, and player eligibility. This was a *partial* concession to the earlier student campaign because the eight institutions were under no obligation to play one another and there was no mention of the term, "Ivy League." The move toward creating a formal conference reached fruition between 1952 and 1956 — triggered in large part by the unfortunate revelation that some members of the alliance violated its letter and spirit.

In January 1952 the *Saturday Evening Post* editorialized that college football had fallen into disrepute and that "more than ever before it is being charged that intercollegiate football — that is, amateur football — can no longer be both good football and honestly amateur." Formalization of the Ivy league represented an attempt to correct that situation.

The University of Pennsylvania pursued a curious policy of football resurgence at the same time the presidents of the other seven institutions were advocating moderation and bal-

ance in varsity sports. Penn's administration announced in 1950 a "victory with honor" program which included a campaign to boost season ticket sales to 70,000 per game, a lucrative television contract, and games against such powerful teams as Notre Dame and Oklahoma. Games against the traditional Eastern colleges were treated as "fillers" and "warm-ups." The disparity between Penn's football program and those of the other seven colleges was so great that Brown cancelled its 1952 game with Penn and the seven presidents and athletic directors met to consider a group boycott. By 1953 the National Collegiate Athletic Association declared Penn "not in good standing" — followed by an investigation of the athletic department by University trustees, a firing of the football coach, and the resignation of the president. Penn's new president, Gaylord Harnwell, pushed for athletic reform. As one journalist wrote, "Dr. Harnwell. . .talks the same language as the other Ivy college presidents" and subscribes to the policy that "the athletic tail should not wag the university dog."

The ensuing 1954 Presidents' Agreement marked the first time that the eight institutions officially used the "Ivy" designation. The Ivy Group emphasized self-regulation and institutional autonomy. Shortly after formation of the Ivy Group, Brown's athletic director summed up the new conference as follows:

> What manner of men, then, are we? We are institutions bound by ties of faith, of confidence, of trust in one another — ties which have been strengthened by many hands over many years. We are institutions recognizing diversity among ourselves, yet with a common dedication to the purposes and principles of higher education.

Creation of the formal Ivy League marked an interesting split in the strands of popular imagery. On the one hand, sportswriters increasingly invoked the Ivy conference as a symbol of weak intercollegiate football — a convenient object of jokes. On the other hand, photojournalism in such publications as *Holiday, Coronet, Time, Newsweek,* and *Esquire* gave the Ivy League "good press" as *the* symbol of social and academic prestige in American higher education. This imagery was kindled in part by some terms of The Ivy Group which went beyond intercollegiate athletics. In an era of selective admissions and multiple applications, the presidents, deans of admissions, and directors of financial aid at the eight member institutions agreed to exchange certain categories of information and to set guidelines on fair practices and mutual calendars. In sum, all members of the group enjoyed the benefits of the collective Ivy League mystique.

Although Yale and Harvard have a long athletic relationship, the Ivy League was not formed until 1954.

Glorification of the Ivy League mystique reached excesses which led to a mild undergraduate revolt. In 1957, for example, student humor magazine editors at Cornell published *YVI* — a parody on the extravagant feature stories published a few months earlier in *Holiday* magazine's special "Salute to the Ivy League" issue. Academic officials and alumni pointed out the limits of collective identity; i.e., one's loyalty to Alma Mater always was stronger than affiliation with the Ivy League. The Ivy League mystique probably remains strongest among high school students (and their guidance counselors and parents) who are applying to colleges and seek to make some sense out of the labyrinth of selective admissions. Yet the popular image of Ivy League cohesion and fellowship tends to mask the equally strong spirit of Ivy League rivalry — competition within the group's ranks. As one president told *Newsweek* about the Ivy Group's annual meeting, "We have a splendid time, then we go home and try to steal away each other's prospective freshman class."

Ivy Implications

Not far below the surface of the Ivy League saga are serious issues about "going to college" as an important rite of passage in American life. The Ivy League symbolizes the "university college" — the proposition that the selective, academically rigorous undergraduate college can be maintained successfully as an essential part of the American university. This is distinct from the ideal of the small liberal arts college. And, contrary to the facile stereotypes spawned by sportswriters, the Ivy Group does not stand for total de-emphasis in intercollegiate sports. There is nothing "small time" about the excellence, resources, facilities, and energy which the Ivy League officials and undergraduates devote to varsity athletics. The key point is that sports are taken seriously as a balanced and integrated part of the *educational* mission. The aim is to encourage excellence as a true student-athlete — in contrast to the fragmented "two cultures" syndrome which separates students from athletes at many campuses today.

William and Mary's symbolic affiliation with the Ivy League is not so drastic as the identity crisis which faces the College's historic football rival, the University of Richmond. In March 1984 Richmond announced its plan to join the universities of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Maine, Vermont, Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Delaware in the "Yankee Conference." *Richmond* in the *Yankee* Conference? Now there is a sign that American higher education is a world turned upside down.

For the College of William and Mary to look north for its Colonial League membership and its Ivy League cooperation is, of course, a bold venture. This ought not mean that the College must forfeit its traditions and historic affiliations with Virginia or with the South. Rather, it signals and strengthens The College's national stature. An important reminder is that to endorse such ties is to give tacit consent to comparisons with the Ivy League institutions in numerous areas. Selective undergraduate admissions and balanced varsity athletics are, of course, essential benchmarks. Also important to acknowledge is that the Ivy League stands for a *university* ideal; thus, along with the perks of prestige come the institution's obligation to fuse the historic undergraduate college with a commitment to excellence in research, graduate programs, and the learned professions. This is an image and identity which calls for resources and mission far different than that of the small college. In sum, close association with the Ivy League *can be* right and proper for the College of William and Mary. The Ivy League is good company with which to travel — so long as one understands that it is travel on a fast track.

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