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“KISS MY FOOT,” SAID THE KING

by Megan Brown

For the past forty-five years, the Lewis & Clark history department has presented world-renowned speakers for the annual Throckmorton Lecture and this year is certainly no exception as the college welcomes Professor Richard M Eaton. A leading historian on pre-colonial India, Professor Eaton's lecture is entitled: “‘Kiss my Foot,’ said the Kings: Diplomacy, Firearms, and India's Military Revolution, 1520.”

Professor Eaton explains that in his teaching and research, he tries “to weave back and forth between the very concrete and the very general, between the past and the present, and between the past and deeper past,” which he will try to show through his lecture. His central, concrete focus will be on the little-known Battle of Raichur, a town located in the middle of the Indian peninsula. Occurring in the summer of 1520, this battle saw a number of firsts in Indian history, yet it is virtually unknown. It saw the appearance of the cannon, the earliest known use of matchlock firearms in India, and the earliest use of European mercenaries. This battle also had world-wide implications in the expanding use of gunpowder.

The lecture will “identify the Battle of Raichur as a major milestone in the world-wide military revolution in the 16th century,” and how it “forces a major re-evaluation of Hindu-Muslim relation in pre-colonial India.”

Professor Eaton has published several texts and won many distinguished awards. He has written nine books, including his most recent, *Slavery and South Asian History*, made over thirty contributions of chapters to books, and has had nearly twenty articles published in scholarly journals, not to mention quite a few book reviews. His book *The Rise of Islam and the Bengal Frontier, 1204-1760*, has won several awards. He also wrote the “intellectual content” of the third show of “1492: Clash of Visions,” a four-part television show commemorating the quincentennial of Christopher Columbus and the voyages of discoveries of the 15th and 16th centuries. Along with his current professorship at the University of Arizona, Professor Eaton has sat on numerous national and international committees and advisory boards, including, the South Asian Council (1995-1998), and Coomaraswamy Book Prize Committee. He is also a current member of the advisory board for the *Medieval History Journal*, and a consulting editor for the *Encyclopaedia Iranica*.

The history department greatly looks forward to Professor Eaton's arrival, as he looks forward to visiting Lewis & Clark College for the first time.

REMINDER TO HISTORY MAJORS— MARK YOUR CALENDARS

The Throckmorton lecture will be held on Monday March 17, 2008, at 3:30 in the Council Chambers.

INTRODUCTION TO HERE: THE HISTORY OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

By Kyle Besecker

The move to Portland, Oregon proved to be a change for several people who attend Lewis & Clark. Having lived in Southern California for my entire life, I knew little to nothing about neither the city nor the area surrounding it. Being a history major, I thought this was unacceptable. The Lewis & Clark History department offers a class which helped to alleviate my dilemma: the History of the Pacific Northwest, which has been taught by Stephen Beckham for thirty-eight years.

Covering a range of topics from Native American cultures and European exploration of the late eighteenth century to the environmental movements of the later twentieth century, the class offers students a chance to explore Portland and the surrounding region. In order to allow the students to find their own interests in the area, everyone in the class is expected to turn in a ten to twelve paper about a person who was influential in the Pacific Northwest. Through my own discovery, I learned fascinating tidbits about Portland's history. For example, Reed College, located in South East Portland, was primarily financed by the wife of a main investor of what was considered to be Oregon's first monopoly.

Another interesting part of the class is that students can actually travel to locations discussed in class. Battle Rock – where 300 Americans fought off thousands of Indians armed with only a canon and a sword – is located just off Interstate 101, only a five hour drive from campus.

A major goal for the class is to “get students interested where they go to school.” The readings in the class introduce a variety of perspectives from people who lived in the region. *Many Faces*, edited by Professor Beckham, contains a series of interviews and pieces of autobiographies from several different inhabitants and allows people who lived in the past to tell their perspective of how they lived.

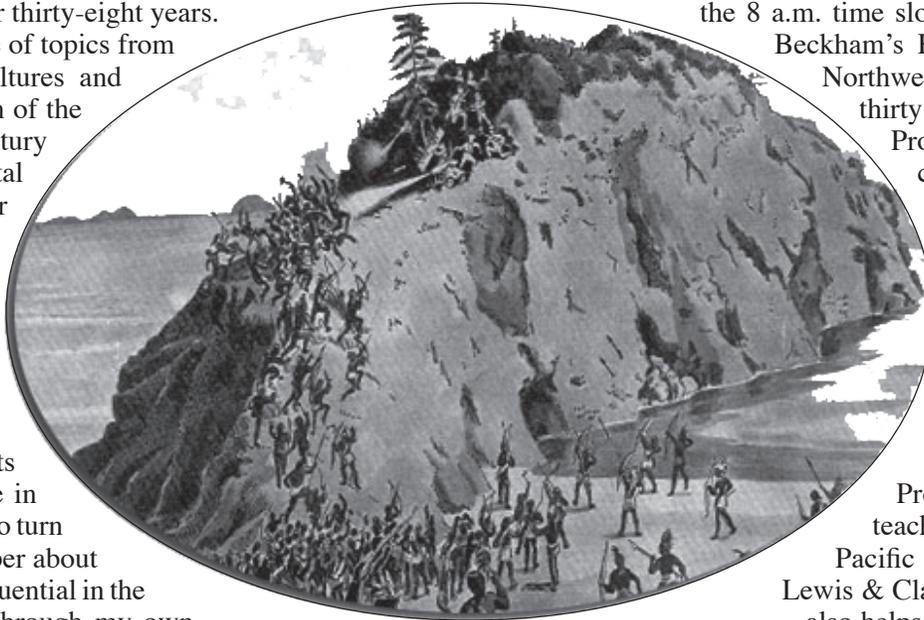
The typical student dreads taking a class at the 8 a.m. time slot, but year after year, Beckham's History of the Pacific Northwest typically receives thirty or more students.

Professor Beckham claims people take the class because they are either “desperate for a class or they really want to take the class,” but he believes that people tend to fall into the later grouping.

Not only does Professor Beckham teach the History of the Pacific Northwest to the Lewis & Clark community, but he also helps perpetuate the history to people who visit the Oregon Historical Society. Last year, he organized the *Oregon my Oregon* exhibit at the OHS, and

is now helping to organize another three thousand square feet of exhibits for the Sesquicentennial, or the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary, of Oregon becoming a state.

In short, the History of the Pacific Northwest offers students a fantastic chance to familiarize themselves in the rich region which they are experiencing first hand at school.



Above: A depiction of the battle at Battle Rock in Port Orford in 1851. Battle Rock is located just off Interstate 101, five hours from campus

LC'S HISTORY CLUB

History Club is a new group starting this year.

- *Meets Monday nights*
- *Open to people interested in getting involved and enjoying historical activities such as watching movies, attending events in Portland, and hearing guest presentations.*



LES CATACOMBES: THE PARIS UNDER-GROUND

By Jaime Hamilton

Taking a stroll in Paris' 14th arrondissement – a fancy Parisian word for neighborhood – one cannot help but take in the scenery: cars packed, lining every spare inch of sidewalk, narrow streets home to the best and cheapest restaurants in the city. A city hall sitting in the middle of Place d'Italie which floods with protesters every March when Parisians go on strike. Having lived there for a few months I do maintain that this area bordering Metro line 6 has the stinkiest cheese shop in Paris as well as the best croissant, and the best sushi restaurant. Despite my bias, the fourteenth does not boast much in terms of glamour, fashion, or typical Parisian culture, but it does have one claim to fame: the catacombs.

These tunnels began as Gallo-Roman quarry tunnels around 60 B.C.E.; the Romans built an arena, baths, and a temple from high quality limestone. In the 18th century, as Paris began to expand its city limits, the weight of its dead began to overwhelm its inhabitants. In some cases the ground level in these church yards had risen 10 to 20 feet just from the sheer volume of the human remains in them. After about a century of suffering diseases from the contamination caused by mass open graves and improper burials the government took action by removing these old “inhabitants” and relocating them to 350 old limestone quarries below the city. Beginning in April 1876 and continuing until 1788, the bones were transported, always at night and according to a ceremony made up of priests who created a special procession just for this on-going occasion. The skeletons of these estimated 6 million long dead souls are neatly stacked up against the walls with some tied together to make crucifixes and such for the delight of the not-so-squeamish traveler.

A peculiar place ever since their creation, the catacombs, a mere 200 feet below the cloudy streets of Paris, have been a place of wondrous curiosity. A year before the enterprise was finished, the man who would become Charles X went underground with a procession of ladies from the Court and allegedly held dances in these underground dwellings. Although this might have proved difficult when one considers how narrow the passages are. Even Napoleon III went below ground with his son to visit the dead.

The site I know best is a stone's throw away from my old apartment, off the Denfert-Rocherot stop on line 6. The foreboding signs in the merky depths alone are worth visiting this less than glamorous spot: “Enter at Your Own Risk.” Interestingly enough, though the place breathes death, there has only been one confirmed death in its eerie depths the past 250 years. If you are not too crazy about going under-ground, then hop on line 6 and in 15 minutes you'll arrive at the Eiffel Tower, enjoying the sights from above ground.

A TOAST TO HISTORY: A NARRATION OF MY EXPERIENCE WITH HISTORY

By Maia Penchansky

It is not a rare occasion for me to profess my love of history. Any one of my friends can vouch for my almost annoyingly adamant love of an academic field and blind devotion to the process of research, analysis and interpretation. Thus, I find it appropriate for me not to write an article on a professor who has impacted me greatly – there are far too many – or on the topic of the most interesting research paper I've written thus far, but rather to write an ode to and reflection of my experiences with the field of history itself.

A Toast to History:

As a kid, my favorite vacations involved historical monuments and my favorite day camps led me to the homes of historical figures. In the summer, I would play in the woods wishing I were a pioneer, a Native American, or an immigrant from the 1860s. I made a game of “subsistence living” before I even knew what it meant. I have known the date of the Salem witch trials and of the Civil War for as long as I can remember. As I got older, I begged my parents to take me to Pearl Harbor, the James J. Hill House, Fort Snelling, and every neighborhood labeled the “Historic District” just to breathe in the atmosphere.

Yet, it never dawned on me that I was a history nerd. I floated by in high school with alternate aspirations - a criminologist, a journalist, an archaeologist. My first semester of my Freshman year at Lewis & Clark, I enrolled in Holocaust Comparative Perspectives, just for fun (the kind of fun only History junkies can understand). Halfway through the semester, I was hooked. I have never had such a clear revelation in all my life. By the end of the semester I was considering a History major and by the end of the year, I was proudly proclaiming my major status.

At this point in my education, I can't see my future heading in any other direction. I know that there is little money to be had in the field of history, but that doesn't phase me one bit. The thrill of the research is enough for me to throw away any aspirations of making any money in life. After reflecting on my entire life as an undiscovered history nerd, I cannot fathom how the concept of history *as a career* never crossed my mind until now.

History to me is all consuming — the most important field because it covers everything and matters so much for the future development of the world. Without the study of history, we would be left in the dark. We would inevitably make mistakes over and over again (though I do believe that we need better historians in the White House). We would be blind to the formation of the various cultures of the world and the impact they have had. History is a crucial element of *all* fields of knowledge, and I am proud to be part of it.

INNOVATOR AND MENTOR: REMEMBERING DAVID SAVAGE

By Allie Kerr

David Savage, emeritus professor of history and former dean of Lewis & Clark College passed away this winter. Professor Savage was a scholar of British and South Asian history, and served as associate dean of the faculty at Lewis and Clark from 1973 to 1984.

In a recent letter to the college community President Hochstettler called Savage a “champion of international education.” During his tenure at Lewis & Clark, David and his wife Carolyn led three study abroad trips to India and welcomed many international students and scholars into their home. As a leader of the India program, Savage expanded the area the trip visited to include cities in northern India, and introduced education in basic Hindi to the trip’s curriculum.



As an administrator, Savage led the reinvention of the college’s core course for first year students, replacing a general education course in western civilization with Society and Culture, a course in cultural comparison that served as the forerunner of Exploration and Discovery.

Savage was also an active member of the Curriculum Committee for the College of Arts and Sciences, where he was both an organizer and an innovator. Among many contributions to the curriculum, he worked to make course requirements more conducive to alternative paths of study, including the admission of athletic credit for club sports, and the inclusion of a broader spectrum of courses to fulfill the arts requirement. He also supported the creation

of an accelerated Spanish course, and was active on the committee that designed classrooms for Howard Hall.

As a professor of history, Savage designed a holistic curriculum of courses on the British Empire and India that moved students beyond the borders of the British Isles, to look at the history and influences of the British Empire abroad. Savage’s approach to the history of Britain was preserved by the history department in the position now occupied by Professor David Campion.

David and Carolyn Savage also hosted student gatherings in their home. These included a breakfast for alumni of the India program, and Senior Career Counseling sessions. After Professor Savage retired, he continued to be active in the college community, and continued to work on the Editorial board for *Open Spaces*, a quarterly magazine on the intellectual and cultural life of the Pacific Northwest.

Professor Savage provided Lewis & Clark College with a rich and lasting legacy of intellectual curiosity and cultural understanding. In recognition of this contribution to the academic community of the College, Dean Julio de Paula recently announced the creation of the David Savage Award, an annual honor reserved for faculty



Top: The late David Savage, emeritus professor of history and former dean of Lewis & Clark College. Bottom: Savage (second from the left) with a group of History department professors

“whose vision and sustained service have advanced the intellectual welfare of the Lewis & Clark community.”

ESCARGOT FROM THE FREEZER: MUSINGS FROM STRASBOURG, FRANCE

By Mik Fuller

I was naive when I got off the train and placed my feet for the first time on Alsatian soil, ready, or so I thought, for my year abroad in Strasbourg. Alsace, as we know from history, has changed hands more than a hot potato. It started as simply a Germanic principality until Louis XIV annexed it in 1674. Then, following the Franco-Prussian War, it was taken by the new German state until the end of World War I. Following the rise of Hitler it was retaken by Nazi Germany in 1940 until the end of the war in 1944 when it was returned to France. Thanks to this history most guidebooks point out that Alsace is a perfect combination of French and German cultures, and that was exactly what I thought.

My head was spinning as I navigated the side streets from the *Gare SNCF* to my residence in the historic *Petite France* neighborhood. I passed traditional French Cafés, Turkish Döner stands, a German Bar, and countless restaurants advertising *Choucroute Alsacienne* and *Tarte Flambée*. When I arrived at my house, a crowd of tourist greeted and swallowed me up in strange languages, none of which I comprehended. Above in a neighbor's house, an elderly woman yelled something to a man across the way in what sounded like a scramble of heavily accented French and German, what I would come to recognize as Alsatian.

I was petrified. *Shouldn't the people here be speaking French?* I thought to myself. All over the place, things were different than from what I had expected. Beer was the drink of choice, not wine. Escargots could be purchased in the freezer section at the store, yet not a soul bought or ate them. Every time I got on the tram I heard German, Italian, Turkish, Arabic, French and Alsatian. Was I really in France? The answer came after I finally called Strasbourg "home." I was not actually in France nor in Alsace, I was in the capital of Europe, Strasbourg.

Since the end of World War II, the

true impact of switching between France and Germany since 1674 has shown strongly. Strasbourg is the center for the diplomatic future of peace in Europe seen in the Council of Europe and the European Union Parliament. The constant back and forth allowed Alsace to develop an independent culture rather than one that is entirely German or French. Their food is heavy and a complete opposite from the delicate French cuisine found in nearly all other regions, and yet it is sophisticated and well crafted like the finest food in Paris. Alsatian, the language encompasses perfectly the duality of the two cultures in that those who speak it can flow between the two languages without skipping a beat.

This duality was the perfect stage for the coming together of the French and German governments in peace in an effort to throw away age-old differences and to build a new Europe. A Europe that is a beacon of hope in a world of war.



Above: A photo of scenic Strasbourg, France. Below: The European Union Parliament — a center for the “diplomatic future of peace in Europe” — located in Strasbourg.



A MINIATURE ROME IN THE RHINELAND

By Jeffrey A. Hayes

Few Americans have heard of Trier, a city of 100,000 on the Mosel River in southwestern Germany. Yet it is quite different than any other in that region. A visitor reaching the northern end of Simeonstraße will see a large, old structure that looks out of place in Germany and has the decidedly un-Germanic name of *Porta Nigra*. Heading south on Weimarer-Allee, visitors will happen upon red brick ruins that look suspiciously like those on Palatine Hill (the one in Rome, not the one we students attend classes on), and will stand befuddled, wondering if they have somehow walked from Germany to Italy. This is not the case, though, for Trier is the only German city that has such an abundance of structures surviving from the Roman period, including not only the aforementioned *Porta Nigra* (Black Gate, allegedly the “best-preserved of all Roman city gates worldwide”) and *Kaiserthermen* (Imperial Baths), but also two other baths (the Barbara and Forum Baths),

the building now called Konstantin Basilika, and even an amphitheater.

With the presence of these structures, it should come as no surprise that Trier was a Roman city. Originally called *Augusta Treveri*, then shortened to *Treveri*, Trier’s population numbered between sixty thousand and eighty thousand by the fourth century A.D., and served under the Emperor Constantine as “an early center for the spread of Christianity north of the Alps.” So prominent was the city, it was also known as *Roma Secunda*, or “Second Rome.”

After the fall of the Roman Empire, Trier saw its share of hardships. The Vikings sacked it in 882; Franz von Sickingen laid siege to it in 1528; the city suffered frequent attack and occupation during the Thirty Years’ War, and further destruction during both World Wars. Fortunately, Trier restored most of its damaged buildings, and one sees few, if any, of the many scars history brought upon this city.

Trier has more to offer historically-minded visitors than relics from Roman times. It was also the city from which none other than Karl Marx was born, whose house, now a museum dedicated to him, stands on Brückenstraße. In keeping with Trier’s significance in early European Christianity, the alleged remains of the Apostle Matthias (the apostle that succeeded the infamous Judas) are interned in St. Matthiaskirche. There are many other churches in Trier, including a cathedral, the Liebfraukirche adjacent to the cathedral, the lovely baroque St. Paulin, and the Konstantin Basilika, a building from Roman times with an enormous interior. Many old buildings, ranging from medieval-style half-timbered ones to more recent, yet still distinctively pre-war, others, stand everywhere.

Trier is also a good destination for the nature-oriented; one can hike in the hills west of the Mosel, made of a distinctively red earth, and can even visit a small outdoor zoo (*Wildgehege*)

that includes deer, goats and wild pigs. One final bonus is that, despite what its population figure might indicate, the city center is rather small, so one can navigate it entirely on foot, following the wider boulevards near the Main Square (*Hauptmarkt*, or literally “Main Market”) or the smaller, twisting streets.



Left: *Porta Nigra* (Black Gate) located in Trier, Germany. *Porto Nigra* is one of the best preserved Roman city gates left standing.

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Footnotes is a newsletter published by a staff of students involved in teh Lewis & Clark History Department. It is published annually and distributed to current History majors, minors, and alumni.

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LET US KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!

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