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NEWSLETTER

The Perils of Predatory Journals by Carol Sicherman

Just when the corona virus created a need for distraction, I received an email from the *Journal of Political Science and International Relations*. My recently published article “impressed us a lot,” wrote the unnamed editor, who invited me to contribute an article and “join us as an Editorial Board Member/ a Reviewer.”

I discerned three red flags. First, my bio indicated no expertise in the fields covered by the journal. Second, the journal promised to publish in 50-70 days, a speed unheard of in scholarly journals. Third, the journal exacts an “Article Processing Charge” of \$770. In 50 years of publishing over 40 articles, I have never been charged a fee. It was a predatory journal and, like many of its ilk, boasts that it is “open access”—free to all. I wanted to know more.

I consulted an enormous online list of predatory journals and publishers, issued in 2008 and subsequently updated. [1] The updated list includes the Science Publishing Group, the sponsor of the journal and close to 500 others. [2] Neither the journal nor the publisher is in a list of open-access non-predators. [3] Nor are they in Scopus, which claims to be “the largest abstract and citation database of peer-reviewed literature” and includes 655 open-access journals; of these, only 134 (20%) charge fees, justified on the grounds that open access costs money. [4]

The journal lists hundreds of proposals for “special issues” in 2020, primarily from the areas of the world represented most among the 57 members of its editorial board and seventeen “peer reviewers.” The journal lists professional affiliations in 34 countries: 20 in Eastern Europe (including Russia and Ukraine); 14 in Asia (including Central Asia); 9 each in Latin America and Western Europe (including the UK); 7 in North America; 5 each in the Middle East and Turkey; and 2 each in Africa and Australia. This diversity might be inspiring if those listed were truly involved with the journal.

I set out to find and contact the board members and peer reviewers. Most of their institutions had websites, although many lacked email addresses for their faculty. Kapil Khare at Government College, Bichua (India), for example, is a guest lecturer without an email address. Lawrence Okolo Abuto’s affiliation was Federal University Gashua in Nigeria, a university founded in 2013 whose website did not list any staff; further search revealed that he received his MA in 2012 and PhD in 2015, both from Xiamen University in China. (I found his Yahoo address; he didn’t answer.) Juan Morales didn’t teach at the University of Zulia in Venezuela. The Gmail box of a professor in Kashmir was full. Most of those listed were younger than the general professoriate, a significant number still in graduate school. Among the outliers were two professors retired from military careers—a Turkish colonel and a Hungarian general, both of whom had taught in their countries’ military colleges.

Nearly all whom I reached were startled to learn the nature of the journal and took action immediately to dissociate themselves (most likely the journal paid no attention). A professor at an American college replied: “Ouch. Thanks for the heads-up.” Three others wrote similarly at great shocked length; the American grateful to the journal begged me to remain silent; another American said he wasn’t an academic and was contacting “the FBI about the very real possibility of cyber crime and/or identity theft.”

– *continued on back page*

PRESIDENT’S MESSAGE

Greetings from your still-cloistered president!

I hope you are all staying well as the pandemic drags on, and that you are not letting it get you down too much. Ideally, for some, it’s even provided more opportunity to work on your history research and writing. It’s certainly given most of us some new experiences in adapting to today’s technologies, including video conferencing, ebooks, audiobooks, and online shopping.

Since George Floyd’s murder, some brave Institute members have gone out protesting, while others have found ways to contribute to antiracist organizations and to learn more about this country’s history of racism. If you haven’t seen Ava Duvernay’s film “13th,” outlining the 150-year evolution from emancipation to mass incarceration, I recommend it.

Thank you to Oliver Pollak for bravely presenting our first online Monthly Program when he spoke on May 17 about pandemics and plagues. More Zoom “meetings” are scheduled—see calendar below for our summer programs. Two of these will focus on Black history in the Bay Area.

As always, the continuation of the Institute requires that current members invite additional people to join. Our online meetings provide an opportunity to invite people to easily check out one of our Monthly Programs. We plan to open up the August program, with a guest speaker, to a wider audience, and one of us will give a short pitch for membership. You can also invite people you know or happen to come across in your internet explorations who you think would be suitable Institute members.

– *Ann Harlow*

Summer Calendar (all via Zoom)

July 26, 2 p.m. Bert Gordon: “Exploring the Links between Tourism and War.”

August 16, 2 p.m. Guest speaker Elizabeth Pepin Silva: “Harlem of the West: The Fillmore Jazz Era and Redevelopment in San Francisco.” (This is a public event. Ms. Silva is a documentary filmmaker, photographer, writer, and former day manager of the historic Fillmore Auditorium.)

September 20, 2 p.m. Marilyn Geary: “Black History in Marin County— From the Spaniards to the Great Migration.”

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MONTHLY PROGRAM

“Bio-Bibliography—Readings and Film about World War I that Moved Me”

On a Saturday afternoon, 15 February, over a dozen members and a guest gathered at Ann Harlow’s for the Monthly Presentation by **Oliver Pollak**, professor emeritus of history at the University of Nebraska, Omaha, and a lawyer. He recounted many threads relating to World War I that he has encountered in his life. If you were looking for a comprehensive study of the echoes and influences of that war which have appeared over the last 100 years, this wasn’t it. But the talk was a charming meditation on the personal and cultural remnants of World War I, drawn from what Oliver described as his “watching brief.”

His family experience of war goes back to his grandparents’ generation who served on both sides of the Great War. His German Jewish grandfather, a military surgeon, received a shrapnel wound and was discharged as a disabled veteran. He barely spoke of the war or of his incarceration in 1943-1945 in Terezin concentration camp.* Oliver’s English great aunt Elsie Borgzinner, served as a British nurse in both World Wars. Her brother Erik anglicized his name to Bonner.

Various writers who have written of the Great War have been meaningful to Oliver. Willa Cather, for example, an almost native of Nebraska, wrote the Pulitzer Prize novel, *One of Ours*, based on the life of her cousin, who died in Cantigny, France, later to be reburied, with great ceremony, in Nebraska. In the book *Memorial Fictions, Willa Cather and the First World War*, Steven Trout (2002) offers a literary and historical analysis of Cather’s Great War novels. Doris Lessing wrote in her autobiography that her father had been gassed, and “It wasn’t necessary to have been in the war to have been done in by it.”

[* Terezin, located in Czechoslovakia, is also known as Theresienstadt.]

Other books holding Oliver’s attention include Robert Graves’ *Good-Bye to All That* (1929), Erich Maria Remarque’s *All’s Quiet on the Western Front* (1929), John Maynard Keynes’ *Economic Consequences of the Peace*, a 1920 bestseller, and *Testament of Youth* (1933) by Vera Brittain. It was Barbara Tuchman’s *The Guns of August*, her 1962 history of the opening of the war, that helped steer him to become a historian. As a professional historian he is no longer so enamored. (The book won a Pulitzer Prize in 1963. *Ed.*) Oliver himself contributed a publication of the period: while teaching at the University of Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe), in 1972, he wrote a teacher’s guide, “Woodrow Wilson and the World War.”

Oliver noted that in 1998 and again in 2015, the Institute presented a program of films about World War I in cooperation with the San Francisco Public Library. The first series included “Barbed Wire,” “Westfront 1918,” and “The Dawn Patrol”; the second series featured “All’s Quiet on the Western Front,” “Lawrence of Arabia,” “Regeneration,” “La Grande Illusion,” and “Paths of Glory.” A favorite film of Oliver’s, “Black and White in Color,” is set in Africa in which German and French colonists learned of the war late, conduct some battles, and then, when they learned that the war had ended, went back to their previous interactions and habits, mistresses and all.

More recent Great War films reveal continuing interest in the war: “They Shall Not Grow Old” (2018) incorporates silent film footage, which has been colorized, and in one instance the actual words restored after the old film clip swas lip read; “1917” (2019) Oliver feels, took liberties with fabulist episodes.

The cover of Oliver’s “postcard book,” *Welcome to Omaha* (2018), depicts the War Victory March in Omaha in April 1918, celebrating the first anniversary of America’s entry into the war.

Other reminders of World War I come up even in more recent contexts. For example, within 72 hours of his talk, Frederick Koch (Oliver called him “the good Koch brother”) died. We learn in his *New York Times* obituary that one of his hobbies was collecting manor houses and that among his properties was the one that once belonged to the Archduke Ferdinand, whose assassination set off the war.

– *Pamela Peirce*

Play Readers

We have not been able to meet since “shelter in place” because it is not possible to have our monthly readings via Zoom. However, we will be sharing ideas about history plays and historical periods that we’re interested in for future readings.

– *Joanne Lafler*

Writers Group

We continue to “zoom” along and have found our long-distance “meetings” to be both fun and fruitful. In April we discussed a chapter from Pam Peirce’s developing biography of Katherine Gibson. We reviewed some material she had already presented about Katherine’s family and early years, but had now significantly improved. The group felt that she had succeeded in gathering a great quantity of information, but that she still had many gaps in her knowledge that forced her to speculate too often. Everyone encouraged her to go forward and some suggested that as she progressed, she would either uncover new materials or see how she might restructure the earlier chapters to avoid unnecessary speculation.

At our May gathering Dan Kohanski presented a chapter of his “Secular History of Religion” which dealt with accounts about the figure of Jesus. Everyone agreed that this was an extremely well-written piece, clear and forceful. But there was some concern about the audience for the larger work. Who is this book designed

to reach? Dan said it was aimed at “the nones,” people who have no defined religious faith. But he agreed with others that his approach may be too scholarly and, perhaps, a case of preaching to the choir. Dan stated that he was in the process of re-working the book to better define the audience and to render it more “popular” without “dumbing it down.”

Our June meeting was devoted to a consideration of a chapter of Katya Miller’s “biography” of Lady Freedom, the statue that graces the top of the Capitol dome in Washington, DC. This section focused on the life and work of the statue’s creator, the American sculptor Thomas Crawford. Crawford designed the work, but tragically did not live to see it cast in bronze and achieve its place on the Capitol. We all felt that the chapter was both interesting and quite strong while noting a number of stylistic glitches, easy to correct. We look forward to further installments.

– *Rob Robbins*

Welcome to New Member Stephen Barton

Stephen has a PhD in city and regional planning from UC Berkeley and serves on the board of the Bay Area Community Land Trust. Prior to retirement from the City of Berkeley he served as director of the Housing Department and deputy director of the Rent Stabilization Program. He is the author of numerous articles and book chapters on housing policy and the history of housing-related social movements. He is currently working on a biography of Berkeley Mayor J. Stitt Wilson (1868 - 1942), a lifelong advocate for socialism as applied Christianity.

Rob Robbins pointed out the laudatory reviews of **Karen Offen’s** latest volumes on the Woman Question in France that have appeared in the *Journal of Modern History* (Vol. 92, No. 1, March 2020) and in the *American Historical Review* (Vol. 125, No.2, April 2020).

Since the beginning of the shelter-in-place mandate in March, **Tim Welsh** has kept busy with updates to his website sfinfilm.com, detailing life in San Francisco during the shutdown as compared to earlier or “vintage” years. Some of the categories include Market Street, Fisherman’s Wharf, collective endeavors.

Jody Offer is excited to announce that her Pullman porters play (“Compared to What”) is contracted for an August 2021 run at the Masquers Theatre in Point Richmond. “Now all I have to do is *not* get Covid before opening night!” Jody also reports that she is in contact with Lorie Barnum, the executive director emerita of the Susan B. Anthony House and Museum in Rochester, New York. “She has now read “Just Vote,” my latest play, and is quite enthusiastic. We spoke for two hours recently: we both acted semi-drunk from the enjoyment of talking over her work and my play. Her encouragement at this isolating time has been priceless, and we are planning more of same.”

On June 13th a Zoom version of a previously planned reading of her “Scenes from the Life of Julia Morgan,” with the Berkeley AAUW took place. Jody notes: “They were excellent readers,” especially the man who read Bernard Maybeck, who even looked the part.” I would have hired him on the spot if I had been casting. Everything was well-organized and went smoothly, and people appeared to be having as much fun as I was.

On Jody’s poetry front: she continues her series of poems about “Drumpf and his cohort.” “I guarantee that they will be historic some day.” See: (<https://ninaserrano.com/literary-dialogs-with-nina-serrano-featuring-judith-s-offer/>).

It’s Mini-Grant Time!

The board of directors of the Institute is again pleased to offer the membership the chance to apply for mini-grants to support research and the

publication of their scholarly projects. The deadline is September 15, 2020. Information about the grants and application forms can be found on our website. Applications can be sent to the Institute’s mailing address, 1399 Queens Road, Berkeley, CA 94708, or emailed to the mini-grant chair, Richard Robbins (rrobbins@unm.edu).

An apology to **Rose Marie Cleese** from the editor who left off her name from her fine article in the winter newsletter, “Historical Treasures of Sacramento Revealed.”

From the Newsletter Archive: “Controversy at Fort Point”

(Vol. IV, No. 1, Spring 1983, pp. 4-5)

“If you have visited the Fort Point National Historical Monument, situated beneath the San Francisco end of the Golden Gate Bridge, you may have seen park employees wearing Union Army uniforms and demonstrating a Civil War cannon drill. That is, if you visited Fort Point before last summer. Since then, the employees have worn only their Park Service uniforms. The Reason? Director of the National Park Service, Russell E. Dickenson, decided that it was inappropriate for women—especially an Asian woman—to wear Civil War uniforms.

“On December 3, 1983, the San Francisco Civil War Round Table, of which Institute member Bill Strobridge is a member, wrote to Dickenson, pointing out that his decision was historically unjustified. Some 400 women were in uniform during the Civil War, as were several dozen Chinese Americans. (One of the women, Pauline Cushman, is buried at the San Francisco Presidio.) A reply was received from Dickenson on January 17, 1983, stating that the Park Service would review its policy on the use of Civil War uniforms, and that ‘when a draft of the new policy is ready, we will be sure to send you a copy for comments and suggestions prior to its adoption.’

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“It is heartening to think that a clear statement of historical facts may influence public policy. We will report further on this issue when we hear from the Civil War Round Table. In the meantime, you are invited to visit Fort Point, learn more about San Francisco’s Civil War history, and see the exhibition in the museum.”

Postscript: Fort Point

(Vol. V, No. 1, January - February 1984, p. 6)

“... Bill is pleased to report that a ‘clarification’ of Park Service guidelines has resulted in new instructions, which permit all employees at Fort Point to give tours again in the blue, Union uniforms of the period. He notes: ‘Calm, researched, historically accurate letters from the San Francisco Civil War Round Table, the Fort Point & Army Museum Association, and the Chinese Historical Society of America paid off.’”

Pandemic Times – Now and Mostly Then

When I sent out my quarterly announcement for newsletter reports, articles, and member news for the summer issue, I also encouraged “stories in the general area of “living during a historic moment” or historically interesting times: either currently or some other time during your lives.” I also mentioned parenthetically that “the 1918-1919 pandemic seems not to inhabit space in our collective memories.” This latter comment generated a great deal of interest and three articles. – *Ed.*

Joanne Lafler wrote: “Given the great number of books that have been written, and are still being written, that involve the 1918-19 flu epidemic, it’s clear that the 1918-pandemic is still alive in memories. I also wonder why so few people are aware that 80,000 people died of flu last winter in the U.S. The CDC notes that this was the highest death toll in 40 years.” She also noted that in her research about the

pandemic’s effect in Oakland and San Francisco she had discovered a most valuable source. [1]

Ernie Hook wrote: “You asked an interesting question. Another is why apparently it did not have the same economic effect as today’s pandemic on unemployment, etc. Presumably in part there was much less isolation, mandatory closed businesses, or schools. Secondly it was right after the disasters of World War I, which certainly were on people’s minds. I never heard my parents, age 16 and 8 at the time, nor my grandparents ever talk about it. But both sides of my family were fortunate enough to have no fatalities in the family. They certainly talked a great deal about the Great Depression.”

Ernie also commented on a conference sponsored by the British Academy, “Plagues, Pandemics, and Crises, in which historians and other academics participated. “One interesting point [made] was the puzzling lack of fiction about the influenza pandemic of 1918-19 and the fact that it was only some years later in the 1930s that novels by Thomas Wolff and Katherine Anne Porter appeared. I did a google search and turned up an article in the *Smithsonian*: ‘Why Did So Few Novels Tackle the 1918 Pandemic?’ It turns out a novel by Willa Cather in 1922 was the first to address it. Why not Continental writers? Perhaps they were more gripped by the legacy of the Great War.”

Oliver Pollak circulated a short article “Willa Cather: A Pandemic, a Novel and a Pulitzer Prize” by Jennifer Overkamp, who quotes from a letter (October 2, 1919) of Cather’s: “I’ve been in bed with Influenza for two weeks and it has ended in a stubborn bronchitis which refuses to quit me and keeps hovering on the edge of pneumonia. . . . I am simply unable to make any plans at present—I’ve had to call off ever so many engagements on account of this stupid illness.” [2]

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Another suggestion from the British Academy conference mentioned by Ernie was that current historians should start keeping diaries of their lives during this pandemic for use by future historians. “Perhaps,” Ernie wrote, “something the Institute should encourage its members to do, and create a local archive.”

Leslie Friedman recommended *Plague Journal* (2020) by American poet Randall Nicholas. He “draws deep parallels between the current and future effects of the pandemic and his own physical being. The poems are individually dense with meaning and powerful as a collection.”

[1]<https://www.influenzaarchive.org/cities/city-sanfrancisco.html>

[2]cather.unl.edu/writings/letters/let0474

Some members recalled family stories.

Margaret Simmons: “What I remember being told is that the winter of 1918-1919 was really cold in Minnesota. Soldiers coming back from the war to Fort Snelling (I think) brought the flu with them and a lot of them died. There were so many that the bodies were kept in an ice house until the Spring when they could be buried. My Dad, Ashbel Matthias Koller, was 17 in 1918, living in New York Mills, and as far as I know was inducted into the reserves. Since he had a horse and wagon he picked up the bodies.”

Peter Mellini: “My mentor at Stanford, historian “Uncle Wayne” Vucinich and his brother and sister were orphaned by the 1918 flu pandemic.” Not only his immigrant Serbian parents died, but also an infant brother. The remaining children, age 5 and under, were taken from their home in Butte, Montana to the family village in the mountains of Eastern Herzegovina, where they were raised by extended family. (*Ed.*)

<https://news.stanford.edu/pr/2005/pr-obitwayne-042705.html>

Even a century after this pandemic and much research over the years, its source is not precisely known. It appeared “nearly simultaneously” in March-April 1918 in North America, Europe, and Asia, though the same author notes that the “first wave” or “spring wave” of the 1918 pandemic seemingly arose in the United States in March 1918. [1] (A recent assessment of possible pre-pandemic outbreaks in rural Kansas, New York City and other US locations, as well as at Etaples in northern France make for fascinating reading.) [2] A second wave, September-November 1918, followed the first and was responsible for the high number of deaths: an estimated 40 to 50 million worldwide with 675,000 recorded in the United States. Especially notable was the high mortality among young people age 20-40 years which accounted for nearly half of the influenza-related deaths.

In many locations a third wave emerged in early 1919 or the second wave persisted into the next year. Flare-ups occurred until late 1920. [3] In San Francisco, where the first case was recorded on September 23, illness and death persisted into winter and spring 1919. By the end of the pandemic nearly 45,000 had been sickened and 3,000 lost their lives, making for one of the highest death rates in the nation at 673 per 100,000. (Oakland’s death rate was 506 per 100,000 and Los Angeles at 494 deaths per 100,000 people was lower than many other American cities.) Berkeley not only experienced a surge of cases in early 1919, but also in 1920. – *Ed.*

[1] “The Origin and Virulence of the 1918 “Spanish” Influenza Virus,” Jeffery K. Taubenberger [<https://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pmc/articles/PMC2720273/>]

[2] “The Origins of the Great Pandemic,” Michael Worobey, Jim Cox, Douglas Gill in *Evolution, Medicine, and Public Health*, Volume 2019, Issue 1, 2019, 18–25; [<https://doi.org/10.1093/emph/eoz001>]

[3]<https://ourworldindata.org/spanish-flu-largest-influenza-pandemic-in-history>

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Three members wrote short pieces about the effect of the 1918 pandemic on their families. Two are presented below; Jim Gasperini's will be featured in the fall newsletter.

Bonnie Portnoy: As some of you are aware, I have been researching and writing about the life of artist Tilden Daken (1876-1935), the grandfather I never knew. My plans to pitch his biography to publishers this spring are now on hold. But I thought you might like to read about my family in San Francisco during the 1918 pandemic, a story that brings comic relief.

Like the rest of the world, 1918 was a stressful year for the Daken family (Tilden and May, my grandparents, and Edith and Sydney, my mother and aunt). The Great War was in full throttle. In August 1918, the U.S. Congress expanded the draft age to include ages 18 to 45. Tilden, then age 42, registered. That November, the war ended, sparing thousands of new recruits, young and old. In October 1918, after fifteen unhappy years, my grandparents divorced. The three major San Francisco newspapers reported sordid details about their court battles: the love letters May found in Tilden's coat pocket and her accusation of his love affair with Sophie Tucker.

In September, the influenza virus had reached San Francisco. In October, Mayor James Rolph met with members of the San Francisco Board of Health, the Red Cross, the Army and Navy, the U.S. Public Health Service, and the owners of public gathering places such as movie theaters and dance halls. In response to the sheer fright expressed by citizens, businesses and schools closed and reopened every other week.

May and the girls lived in the thick of it, near the Mission District, where the worst breakouts in the city occurred. Edith, then eleven years old, would long remember the on-again-off-again school sessions and the hot and uncomfortable mask she and all citizens were forced to wear. Endorsement of the mask

mandate, initially deemed a symbol of wartime patriotism, waxed and waned for months depending on the number of reported outbreaks. When the supply of gauze masks ran low, the Red Cross urged women to craft masks from linen, giving May's seamstress business a boost. When citizens protested the mask mandate, claiming their civil rights had been affected, police were given the authority to issue fines for disturbing the peace. When a photo surfaced of Mayor Rolfe discarding his mask, his own police chief fined him \$50. By the spring of 1919, the pandemic had begun to subside. But in the end the more than 3,000 deaths would equal the number of casualties as occurred in the 1906 earthquake and fire.

Tilden would later speak of the pandemic in an interview with the *San Francisco Call and Post* (May 26, 1922). He credited his survival to his mode of living, healthy eating habits, core exercise routine, and a slightly exaggerated account of his family longevity.

“There's no such thing in the world as old age! . . . My mother is 84, and I call her a kid. And there's no reason in the world why she shouldn't live to be 120 or more. My father died at 97; but grandfather lived to 131 years and my grandmother died at the age of 121 from injuries she had received from a fall when riding horseback the previous year. It's all a matter of right living. If you would live long—*be* your appetite and—relax like a cat.’ . . .

“The well-known artist, who stands 6 feet and is the picture of robust health, follows a simple regimen. An orange or some other trifle of fruit forms his midday meal, and he eschews all heavy meals, tea and coffee. ‘And if you miss a meal occasionally, don't let it worry you, you've probably added another day to your life. But permit one more admonition—avoid medicine as you would poison. We are always in need of good surgeons, but shun doctors if you want to keep physically fit. Why, I lived in a house here

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during the flu epidemic where sixteen out of seventeen persons ill with the disease died. The doctor wanted to give me a preventative shot, but I refused; I felt that my mode of living was proof against the infection.’ In addition to his diet don’ts, Dakin twice daily runs through fourteen exercises, and while he said that the majority of people emphasize the arm and leg exercises, he stressed the ‘stretching and trunk’ exercises. And thus, the painter never loses a day at his easel because of ill health.” (“Live Long? Then Censor Appetite Says Artist”)

From **Pamela Peirce**: You asked about the influenza of 1918-1919, and why it doesn’t inhabit space in our collective memory. It certainly inhabits space in our family’s memory, because my father’s parents and all seven of the children were extremely ill in an isolated Indiana farm house with no indoor plumbing or electricity. It is through good fortune that they lost only one child, Mabel Lucinda Peirce, who had just turned four the previous week. She died on December 6, 1918. For days, no one was well enough to bury her. Finally, my Uncle Bob recovered enough to do it. I think she must have been reburied, because she is now in a country cemetery, with an identifying stone, but I believe Bob buried her near the house that winter. Even when my father was in his 90s, he mourned Mabel, saying “She was everyone’s favorite.” As was common of those whose lives were taken by the “Spanish” flu, Mabel’s death certificate listed “lobar pneumonia” as the proximate cause, with influenza as a contributing factor.

On the other hand, I have no idea whether my mother or those around her were affected, and my efforts to even learn where she was at the time has revealed that she was officially missing in spring 1919. My mother, Lynton Wicks Peirce, was an orphan of about the same age as Mabel Peirce. She didn’t remember much about her early years and never saw the orphanage

records I located in 2014. They report that on July 31, 1918, Lynton (who was called Mary Elizabeth Jones in the orphanage) began her second foster placement, with Mrs. N. C. Piper, in Indianapolis, Indiana. By May 30, 1919, when a social worker visited Mrs. Piper’s address, they learned she had moved and had deposited the child with someone else. The social worker went to Mrs. Piper’s mother and demanded she produce my mother. Someone found her and returned her to the social worker the following day. A note in the records reads, “Mrs. Piper is immoral,” but did not record where Mrs. Piper had dumped the little girl, or when. It was a period of many orphans and lax accounting for their situations.

Indianapolis seems to have had one of the better mortality records from the flu pandemic. While San Francisco lost 673 per 100,000, Indianapolis lost 290 per 100,000, due to good coordination of shutdowns and mask requirements. Indianapolis enforced restrictions during October 1918, ended them, and then, due to a surge in infections in mid- November, issued a mask ordinance, re-closed schools, and discouraged public gatherings for a couple more weeks.

Endnotes from “Predatory Journals” (on reverse side of page)

- [1] <https://beallist.net/>
- [2] https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Science_Publishing_Group; Beall, https://www.4open-sciences.org/articles/fopen/full_html/2018/01/fopen180001s/fopen180001s.html
- [3] www.doaj.org
- [4] <https://www.elsevier.com/solutions/scopus/how-scopus-works/content/content-policy-and-selection>
- [5] <https://www.sciencemag.org/careers/2019/05/how-i-became-easy-prey-predatory-publisher>
- [6] “Predatory Journals Recruit Fake Editor,” *Nature*, 27 March 2017
- [7] <http://globalwarmingracket.blogspot.com/2014/04/blinded-by-scientific-gobbledygook.html>

Distressed replies came from a Nigerian doctoral student in South Africa, a Brazilian graduate student, two Turkish professors, an Indian graduate student, and a Cuban professor disgusted by “very dirty” predation. Both an Iranian professor and the Hungarian general asked: “What do you think I should do?” Only one of my respondents was actively involved with a journal, and he knowingly embraced fraud.

A “flabbergasted” Ethiopian professor at an American university was baffled that anyone would “pay that much money,” since it “makes the work less than credible. . . . I cannot reason why one would do that.” There are, however, reasons. The hegemony of Western journals leads to a proliferation of journal titles with a patina of respectability. The *Journal of Political Science and International Relations* sound good and even has a statement of ethical principles. Decent journals have postal addresses, but this journal gives a fake New York address with a nonfunctioning phone number, and no indication that it is actually in Pakistan (according to Beall in the article cited in note 2). Finally, some people knowingly engage with predators. The aforementioned American, for example, desperate to maintain the illusion of publication, suggested checking a “much worse” journal in which he had also published.

Another reason for vulnerability is ignorance of academic conventions. I once helped an African friend who had unique information but wasn’t fully conversant with journal conventions; her article eventually appeared in a leading American journal. Likewise, someone unfamiliar with months-long standard peer review may not realize that the promise of publication in 50-70 days implies no review at all. In fact, none of the “peer reviewers” who answered my query had ever reviewed an article for the journal. The disguise can hoodwink well-intentioned scholars. One scientist, having had an article accepted, quickly realized the journal was fake but was unable to stop publication, nor could his colleague listed among the editors persuade the journal to remove his name. [5] He didn’t name the journal, which was obviously on the same model as the one I’m discussing.

Protests against predatory journals, which reportedly now number 12,000, have been raging ever since Beall published his first list and take different forms. In an elaborate sting four Polish social scientists impersonated “Dr. Fraud” (the meaning of Szust, the fake Polish name given) and wrote to 350 journals, both predatory and legitimate, asking to join their editorial board and was warmly welcomed by the fakers. [6] A Canadian scientist produced a deliberately nonsensical paper replete with plagiarism and sent it to 18 journals, of which 8 immediately offered publication [7]. Kscien, based in Kurdistan, describes itself as “an organization established to promote research culture in the developing countries [India, Iran, Iraq, and Malaysia] and stands against predatory publishing.” India has been actively trying to reduce fraud.

How can those concerned with academic integrity defend against predators? University librarians around the world regularly address the problem, as does Wendy Laura Belcher’s *Writing Your Journal Article in Twelve Weeks*, which is used by dozens of institutions in Africa. For readers of the present essay, rejecting predation is a moral imperative succinctly expressed by a Malaysian professor who responded to my email: “Just as national and global politics in our time have become debased, so has scholarship. . . . We still have to uphold the values of truth, industry and integrity in scholarship (for these are the values we would like to pass on to our students), although it can be an uphill battle against others in our community who prefer to cut corners to gain immediate recognition and pecuniary advantage.” [Endnotes are on p. 9.]

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