

Injustice:

Bystander

Someone who sees the injustice but doesn't speak out

Target

Someone who is the focus of mistreatment

Perpetrators/Oppressors

Someone who harms or oppresses others

Upstander / Ally

Someone who takes action on behalf of someone else

Catalyst for Change:

Resistance	Act of Courage/Rebellion	Outcome: What changed?
Fighter(s)		



Jean Heller

After receiving a tip from whistleblower Peter Buxtun, who worked as an interviewer for the Public Health Service, Associated Press asked me to investigate Buxtun's claims about an unethical medical study focused on African American men with syphilis. Although I wrote the story that eventually stopped the study, Peter Buxtun was the one who uncovered the story and investigated what he believed was an immoral study. On July 25, 1972, the *Washington Evening Star* newspaper ran my article on its front page: "Syphilis Patients Died Untreated." I wrote, "For 40 years, the U.S. Public Health Service has conducted a study in which human guinea pigs, not given proper treatment, have died of syphilis and its side effects... The study was conducted to determine from autopsies what the disease does to the human body." My article brought enough attention to the study that Congress finally got involved.

Herman Shaw

In 1932, I went to get some help for what the doctors told me was "bad blood." I worked as a farmer and in a mill in Macon County, Alabama. I was excited to get some free treatment and food from the Tuskegee doctors and nurses. They had flyers around town advertising a meeting at Salmon Chapel to tell us about the program, so I signed up. In the late 1940's, I heard about a shot that could help with my "bad blood," so I took a trip to Birmingham to get the shot. Nurse Rivers followed me there, and the folks at the clinic told me that I couldn't get the shot because I was a Macon County patient. I later discovered that I was on a list that the Public Health Service gave to all doctors in the area, telling them not to give any of us the penicillin shot that could have saved us from the suffering syphilis caused.

Robert Moton

I was Booker T. Washington's successor at Tuskegee. When the Public Health Service (PHS) approached me to have some of our faculty participate in a study of syphilis in African American males, I agreed, but only if "Tuskegee Institute got its full share of the credit" and Black professionals were involved. We also knew that Julius Rosenwald, a white philanthropist from Chicago, was helping fund this study. He became interested in helping African Americans in the South after talking with Booker T. Washington. Rosenwald was also supporting another research study on syphilis in Macon County.

Charles Pollard

I am a Macon County farmer, and I started in the Tuskegee Study in the early 1930s. I recall the day in 1932 when some men came by and told me I would receive a free physical examination if I came by the one-room school near my house. So I went on over and they told me I had bad blood... And that's what they've been telling me ever since. They come around from time to time and check me over and they say, "Charlie, you've got bad blood." After I found out about the real purpose of the study, I told reporters, "All I knew was that [the doctors and nurses] just kept saying I had the bad blood — they never mentioned syphilis to me, not even once." Being in this study violated my rights. I was at a stockyard in Montgomery, and a newspaper woman started talking to me about the study in Tuskegee. She asked me if I knew Nurse Rivers. That's how I discovered I was one of the men in the study. Once I found out how those doctors at Tuskegee used the African American men of Macon County in their study, I went to see Fred Gray. He was Rosa Parks' and Martin Luther King Jr.'s attorney. He took our case and sued the federal government for using us as guinea pigs without our consent.

Dr. Taliaferro Clark

In 1929, I was the chief of the Public Health Service (PHS) Venereal Disease Division. I was hired by the Rosenwald Fund to be an advisor for the Tuskegee Syphilis Study. I found that 36 percent of African Americans in Macon County, Alabama, had syphilis. My division determined that Black people are a “notoriously syphilis-soaked race,” and I realized that I had a perfect study group to determine how syphilis works in people. In 1932, the Tuskegee Syphilis Study officially began when I suggested that the PHS save money by not treating the men in the study, and just observe them and publish the data. (What my scientists did not note is that 61 percent of syphilis cases in Macon County were cases where the bacteria was passed from mother to child, and many of the men who tested positive for syphilis had a different subspecies of *T. pallidum* that is spread by conditions of poverty: malnutrition, shoeless, frequent injuries; this type causes yaws — a disease that causes no long-term cardiovascular or neuronal damage.) One of my advisors, Dr. Murrell, told me, “So the scourge sweeps among them. Those that are treated are only half cured, and the effort to assimilate into a complex civilization drives their diseased minds until the results are criminal records. Perhaps here, in conjunction with tuberculosis, will be the end of the Negro problem. Disease will accomplish what man cannot.”

Nurse Eunice Rivers

I was promoted from night nurse at the John A. Andrew Hospital to serve as a “scientific assistant” on the Tuskegee Syphilis Study. I looked in on the men, gave them medicine (aspirin, iron tonic, vitamins), drove them to town for doctor appointments and occasionally gave them a dollar or two. I was their friend. I ate dinner at their tables, I attended church services with them, I was at their funerals. I cried with their families. One of my main jobs was to track the men’s movements so that they would be available for an autopsy when the syphilis eventually killed them. African Americans didn’t trust autopsies in those days, so I told their survivors that the men would need an “operation” before being given a proper burial, a burial that is paid for by the study. I told the doctors not to tell the families about the autopsies or that would be the end of the autopsies. No one wants to see their family members disfigured. I also served as a bridge between the white doctors and the African American men. Too many doctors saw these men as subjects; I saw them as people. Although I never questioned the doctors about their study because it wasn’t my place to do that, I did make sure that they treated the men like men. As I said in my testimony, I didn’t see this as a racist study. We were giving health care to men who could not afford it or access it for many years. We took care of them.

Dr. Raymond Vonderlehr

I took over the Tuskegee Study of Untreated Syphilis in the Negro Male in 1933. I added a control group of about 200 men who do not have syphilis; when 12 of these men got syphilis, I simply moved them into the main study group. I was great at getting patients to participate in the study. When I wanted to do painful spinal taps to test for signs of neurosyphilis, I got the men to agree by telling them that the spinal taps were “special free treatments.” Even with my successes with the study, I had many concerns:

1. I was afraid the research subjects would find out about the purpose of the study. In a letter to Dr. Clark, I wrote, “It is my desire to keep the main purpose of the work from the Negroes in the county and to continue their interest in treatment.”
2. I was also very concerned about losing research subjects before they died. African Americans in the South were very concerned about what whites might do to their bodies after death, so I arranged for funding for “proper burials” for the men so that my study can do autopsies first.
3. When 30 men in my study found out about syphilis treatment, I was worried about the integrity of my study. In 1952, I wrote to a fellow doctor, “I hope that the availability of antibiotics has not interfered too much with this project.”

Dr. Eugene Dibble

I was head of the John Andrew Hospital at the Tuskegee Institute, one of the highest medical positions held by an African American in the 1930s. I wrote to Dr. Robert Moton, president of the Tuskegee Institute, to encourage Tuskegee’s full cooperation and involvement in the study, which would “offer very valuable training for our students as well as for the Interns.... Our own hospital and the Tuskegee Institute would get credit for this piece of research work.” I knew that the money coming in from white philanthropists, like Julius Rosenwald, depended on doing studies like this. I assisted with some aspects of the study, including the spinal taps, and I recommended Eunice Rivers as the project’s nurse.

Ruth Fields

I was a young widow. In 1954, I married a man 20 years older than me, and the two of us had three kids. He passed away in 1965, and by the time he died, he was blind and didn't make any sense when he talked. He went into the Tuskegee hospital for treatments for bad blood, and I was not sure what exactly he died of. Later, of course, I realized that he had syphilis. I was so angry when I discovered there was a cure for the disease discovered in 1947, so my husband could have been cured. When he died, a nice nurse came and told me that the doctors at Tuskegee needed his body for an operation, but then they would pay for a nice church burial. With three mouths to feed and no husband, I was glad the burial was covered.

Roy Douglas

I was a 23-year-old millworker when the draft for World War II started. I wanted to sign up to fight. My family served in previous wars, and I heard that in this war, they would let African Americans fight instead of just cooking and cleaning. When I showed up to my medical exam before shipping off to training, the army doctor told me that my name was on a list, and I had to leave. Two of the army medics hauled me off without any explanation. A couple months later, when I went to the hospital at Tuskegee for my treatments for "bad blood," another man said the same thing happened to him. The nurse told me that I was probably on that list for the bad blood. Of course, I later learned that the Tuskegee doctors sent a list of the men in their experiment to the army and told them not to draft us because by then penicillin was available and the army would have given me shots that would have cured my syphilis.

Ernest Hendon

I remember the day the bus arrived in 1932. I sharecropped on a small farm. Those were the days when the KKK burned crosses on the hills and when most of the money I earned farming went back to the store owner where I bought seed and groceries and the rest went to the owner of the farm. The doctors and nurses told us they would give us free medical examinations, burial insurance, free transport to and from the hospital in Tuskegee and — a rare treat — the chance to stop and shop in town. On the days we were examined, we all got a free hot meal. I signed up to take part. There weren't many doctors out our way, and we couldn't afford to go them. I didn't feel well, but I didn't know what was wrong with me. The doctors called it "bad blood." Some of the men were given the fierce and ineffective syphilis treatment of the time: injection with arsenic compounds and mercury ointment for the crusted ulcers on their skin. But I didn't get that treatment. They gave me "pink medicine," or aspirin, and some kind of brown-looking medicine, which was iron tonic. When a "last chance" for free treatment was offered, I turned up and was given a spinal tap: "They give me a test in the back and they draw something out of me. . . They said it would do you good." I was in bed for 10 days after that treatment. Of course none of this did me or any of us any good because they were just studying us, not treating us.

Peter Buxtun

I was a Public Health Service employee interviewing and researching venereal disease in San Francisco in the 1960s when I heard about the Tuskegee Syphilis Study from a colleague. I sent off for documents about the study because it didn't sound right. I read the materials and felt that the men were uneducated, unsophisticated, and ignorant of the effects of untreated syphilis. It bothered me the way they were using these men. I sent a letter to a top Public Health Service official expressing my concerns. For several more years, I pressed this case. I spoke to doctors, lawyers, and journalists. I wrote to Dr. William Brown twice asking if they had treated the African American men in the Tuskegee Study and warning them that this was the 1960s, a time when race riots were erupting around the country. I had a face-to-face meeting with Dr. Brown and Dr. Cutler about the study. Cutler was furious with me and defended the study. I was sure I would be fired. Instead I quit. Then, finally, in 1972, I was out with my pal Edith Lederer, who was a reporter for the Associated Press, and she showed the material to her boss, who made her give it to someone on the East Coast. Finally, Jean Heller's piece broke open the story, and they had to shut down their sick and unholy enterprise.

Fred Gray

“Of the victims, there was a man named Charlie Pollard, who was a farmer in a community known as Notasulga, a little north of Tuskegee. He came to my office a few days afterwards and told me that he was one of those men. He had a copy of the local newspaper and said that he thought the federal government had mistreated him. He wanted to know if I could help him, and I told him I thought I could. I had him bring the other men who he knew had been in the study with him. We got all the necessary information.”¹ Yes, I was (and still am) a lawyer. (Dr. King once called me “the brilliant young Negro who (was) the chief counsel for the protest movement.”) But I was also a representative for Tuskegee in the Alabama State Legislature. I knew what the men would face, and how to bring a class action lawsuit against the federal government.

1: From *Bus Ride to Justice: A Conversation with Fred Gray*, <https://scholarlycommons.law.case.edu/cgi/viewcontent.cgi?article=1136&context=caselrev>

Bill Jenkins

I was working as a statistician for the Public Health Service when I first came across information about the syphilis study in 1968. I had been hired in 1967, and was one of the first Black people employed there. Surely others thought this study was unethical. When I brought it up with my supervisor, I was told, “Don’t worry about it.” I was an activist when I was younger, registering Black people to vote in the South, and I knew this study was hurting people. I wrote up an article about the study, and distributed it to other Black doctors and scientists, anyone who would listen. But the study continued. After Buxtun got the article written, the study stopped, but my work had just begun. I worked in the Participants Health Benefits program to help the men in the study. Then I went on to get my doctorate, and I devoted my career to increasing the number of African Americans in public health leadership. I started the Master of Public Health program at Morehouse, my alma mater. I said about the Tuskegee study later during a talk, “Things that start with a good purpose could end up being a very bad thing.” We need to keep working to make sure this type of study doesn’t happen again.

Penicillin

I was discovered right around the same time as this Tuskegee Syphilis Study started, 1928. Alexander Fleming figured out I am in a mold that kills bacteria. Turns out, I’m bactericidal, meaning I directly kill the bacteria. I break its cell wall and the insides of the cell burst out! This makes me able to kill many kinds of bacteria. Only 15 years after my discovery, doctors started using me to cure soldiers of syphilis and other STIs in WWII (5 percent had syphilis!). If only I had been available in World War I, but I digress. Anyway, I became very famous in the 1940s, what with helping the United States keep its armed forces free of infectious diseases and all. I was even called the “New Magic Bullet” by *Time Magazine* in 1943. Everyone in the medical field knew about me, so I have no idea why my talents weren’t used in Tuskegee. Those men didn’t need to die — I could have saved them at pretty much any stage in their illness.

Treponema pallidum

I am dangerous, although I was more dangerous before penicillin was widely available in the 1940s! I am the spirochete bacteria that causes syphilis. Spirochete means that I have a lovely spiral shape, sort of like a corkscrew. I am different from human cells. I am much smaller so I can easily get in the human cells. All other bacteria and I are called prokaryotes, and I do not have a nucleus. My DNA is circular and is free-floating in my cytoplasm (a jelly-like substance inside all cells that holds organelles in place). I get into people when a person with an infection has unprotected sex. I can go from person to person easily by moving in a spiral into the new victim’s cells. Once I’m in a new person, I only cause some damage — first with a little sore called a chancre that goes away after a couple weeks. Then I cause a rash on the victim’s hands and feet. Then — and here is where I’m really sneaky — I don’t do anything for years, even decades. My real danger comes in the last stage: I cause damage of internal organs and wreak havoc on the nervous system; I can even cause death. I killed Al Capone and other famous people! My only weakness is that I’m easily killed; penicillin will knock me out at any stage of infection.



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