

THE LAFF SOCIETY

For the men and women engaged in Life After the Ford Foundation

SPRING 2004

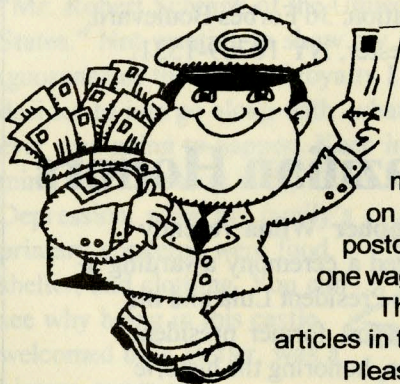
NO. 36

Sutton Honored by AgaKhan U.

Under a huge tent in Karachi, Pakistan, Francis X. Sutton, retired vice president of the Foundation, was awarded the Doctor of Human Letters for his contributions to The Aga Khan University (AKU). Six thousand members of the Ismaili and other Muslim communities attended, along with the Prime Minister of Pakistan and the Governor of Sindh. The citation noted Sutton's draft of the report that originated the university and his service on the mid-course Chancellor's Commission that guided the strategies of the University

AKU is now a flourishing medical university, with medical and nursing schools and a tertiary-level teaching hospital. In the last twenty years it has radically reformed the models of hospital care and physician and nurse training in Pakistan and now has offshoots in East Africa and Afghanistan.

Colleague **Robert Edwards**, who attended the ceremony writes, "As he was lionized by trustees, faculty, Ministers and the former Foreign Minister .it was wonderful to see a recognition of what Frank has contributed to intellectual discourse—as well as what he confesses to be his near-promiscuous propagation of educational institutions in the wider world. In Africa and Asia Frank has represented the quality of mind of the Foundation and the American academy at their best." Edwards and **Guillame deSpoelberch**, another Ford alumnus, are AKU board members.



Thanks!

After the last issue of this newsletter, the editor found himself with almost no new material. That isn't unusual, but time marched on further with a barren desk. In a virtual panic, postcards calling for material—a *crie de coeur*, as one wag put it—were sent to the LAFF membership. The response was generous, as most of the articles in this new issue attest.

Please prevent future panics. Send in material—news about yourself, others, mini-essays—anything you feel would be of interest to your fellow alumni.

Most of the responses were from older retirees. These are always most welcome, but we also want to encourage colleagues who have left the Foundation in the 1980s, 1990s, and more recently to contribute.

Send to the rotating editor for the next issue: Willard J. Hertz, 99 White's Cove Rd., Yarmouth ME 04096, or e-mail wahertz@maine.rr.com.

The LAFFing Parade

The late **Elinor Barber** (International Division, 1967-1979) has posthumously been the author this year of two books. 1. With Stephen Cole, *Increasing Faculty Diversity*, Harvard University Press). 2. With Robert K. Merton, *The Travels and Adventures of Serendipity* (Princeton University Press).

Stanley Brezenoff (National Affairs), former Deputy Mayor of New York, has been named president of Continuum Health Partners, which includes Beth Israel, Roosevelt, St. Luke's, and Long Island College Hospitals and the NY Eye & Ear Infirmary

Gordon Conway, president of the Rockefeller Foundation, has resigned after eight years in order to spend more time with his family in England. He was Ford's representative in India from 1988 to 1892 and afterward vice-chancellor of the University of Sussex and chair of the Institute for Development Studies.

Edward O. Edwards, an economic advisor to the Asia and Pacific program, was inducted into the Accounting Hall of Fame in January. A former faculty member at Princeton and Rice University, he has also been an advisor to the governments of Kenya, Botswana, and Lebanon. With Philip W. Bell, who was also inducted, Edward wrote a seminal book on business income measurement. PO Box 198, Poultney VT 05764

After a second stint of eight years (part-time and full-time) at the Foundation (following a first job at the Foundation 30 years ago!), **Marian Krauskopf** has left Ford again, to become Co-Director of a new center at the Robert F. Wagner Graduate School of Public Service, NYU, the Center for Leadership Development, Dialogue and Inquiry. Through collaboration with

The LAFF Society

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practitioners working in the nonprofit and public sectors, the Center hopes to generate new knowledge about the complex processes of making change happen, while also providing opportunities for practitioners that will support their professional growth. marian.krauskopf@nyu.edu.

Carol and Tony Measham (International, 1977-1981) Write: We greatly enjoyed the LAFF dinner in October, especially the opportunity to re-connect with Jack Bresnan, Reuben Frodin, Bud Harkavy and other stalwarts of the Foundation, including Jim Bausch and Bob Drysdale. We are still in touch with the Dhaka crew of the late 1970s-- Bill Fuller, Gordon Nelson, and Martin Hanratty-- although not often enough. We regularly meet up with Reed and Sue Hertford, now living in Cape Cod, and Bruce and Chris Carlson, fellow denizens of the Washington. Tony is busy as co-managing editor of the second edition of *Disease Control Priorities in Developing Countries*, a joint venture of the World Health Organization, the World Bank, and the National Institutes of Health, which is hosting the project. Although based in Chevy Chase, we spend a few months each year in a Nova Scotia fishing village where Carol's fore-

bears settled as United Empire Loyalists."

Mail to **Jeffrey T. Olson** of the International Institute for Rural Reconstruction has been returned. Does anyone have a new address?

Frederick V. Romano Jr. has retired after 30 years at the Foundation. 36 Forbes Boulevard, Eastchester, NY 10709-1531

Brazilian Honors

Christopher Wilna recently organized a ceremony awarding a prize to President Lula and his predecessor, former president Cardoso, honoring the historic democratic transition they achieved, the first in Brazil since 1960. Wilna, a faculty member at Notre Dame, served in the Foundation's Mexico office (1983-87) and in Brazil (1987-91). Here are some of his notes about the event: "In a rare joint appearance, Brazil's President Luiz Inácio Lula da Silva and his predecessor, former President Fernando Henrique Cardoso, met on January 5 to accept the Notre Dame Prize for Distinguished Public Service in Latin America.

"Rev. Edward A. Malloy, CSC, president of the University of Notre Dame, awarded the 2003 Notre Dame Prize jointly to the two laureates. The ceremony attracted an audience of diplomats, including U.S. Ambassador Donna Hrinak, Brazilian members of Congress, and representatives from three Brazilian universities."

"Television news broadcasts made the Prize the lead story of the day. Newspapers in Brasília, Rio de Janeiro and São Paulo all put the story on the front page. Kellogg Fellows Roberto da Matta, liberation theologian Gustavo Gutierrez and I joined the event.

"The award honors the leadership shown by both men in the national

A Full Dialogue

The Inter-American Dialogue, an organization that brings together leaders from throughout the Americas, has also brought together a flock of Ford alumni. The founding president of the Dialogue was **Abraham F. Lowenthal**, now president of the Council on International Policy. He worked for Ford in the Dominican Republic and Peru. The current president is **Peter Hakim**, who worked for the Foundation in Brazil, Peru, Chile and New York. (He has an article on Brazil in the January issue of *Foreign Affairs*. The co-chairs are **Peter Bell** (See *Hope and Global Poverty*, p. 5), and Fernando Henrique Cardoso, former president of Brazil and founder of a major Ford-supported social research center in Sao Paulo.

elections in 2002 that achieved the first democratic transition between two elected presidents in Brazil since the early 1960s. Lula and Cardoso each received a \$10,000 cash award.

"Brian John Smith, President of the Coca-Cola Brazil Division, presented the Prize's matching donations to charities selected by the laureates. Ruth Cardoso accepted a check for Comunidade Solidária, which was begun during her husband's government to address poverty issues. Carlaile accepted a check for Fome Zero, an organization created by President Lula to end hunger in Brazil.

"We were instruments of the Brazilian people," said former President Cardoso about the democratic transition the two men achieved a year ago, as he accepted the Prize.

"This should be a common event in Brazil and elsewhere," remarked President Lula underscoring how unusual such civility can be in politics.

"I should probably share this Prize with the members of my cabinet who worked so well in our transition with the members of the outgoing cabinet.

"Though they represent opposing political parties," said Rev Malloy,

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“Lula and Cardoso cooperated as statesmen to produce elections that were clean, fair and widely praised for avoiding political divisiveness or demagoguery. Lula’s ‘high-road’ campaign and landslide victory with Cardoso’s even-handed management of the electoral process, yielded Brazil’s historic democratic transition.”

“Tea Knock Up”

by **ROBERT SCHRANK**

The Foundation sent me off to places I would some times visit as a museum or “historic place” (like Bellagio). Many Foundation officers probably spent time on high mount-top conference centers where we discussed the myriad problems that bedevil the world. They often got pretty airy, but I figured out that was just the reduced oxygen level.

Some time in the early 70s, when youth employment was high on the agendas of both European and U.S. governments, **Mike Sviridoff**, Victor Gotbaum (then president of the New York Civil Service Workers Union), and I were invited to Ditchley Park, England, for a conference on Jobs and Employment. Ditchley, in Oxfordshire, which had been home for 300 years to a landed-gentry family, was made into the British American Conference Center, to promote closer relations between the English-speaking nations.

One lovely spring day, we turned into a driveway and I was sure we had made a mistake and gone to one of the many castles owned by Britain’s Royal family. The driver assured me otherwise. My socialist father would describe the landed gentry as the “bloodsucker profiteers who had first exploited the English peasantry and then went around the world and did the same in the colonies.”

Questioning the need for front doors at least two stories high, I was told that they had been designed so that a mounted Knight in full regalia, with spear in hand, could enter.

In the corner of the huge doors, a small door opened and a man in a sort of tuxedo outfit—the Butler—took my suitcase. I gazed in amazement at the extraordinary size of the room with a fireplace large enough for me to stand in. The Butler, in a booming voice, announced—to whom I knew not—“Mr Robert Schrank of the United States.” Not wanting to show my ignorance of the ways of royalty I decided to just go along with whatever was going to happen. Keep in mind that I grew up in the Great Depression, when my family’s primary concerns were food, shelter, and clothing. You can see why being in this castle, welcomed by a Butler, was a bizarre experience.

Then Mike Sviridoff arrived, also experiencing the same reaction to our castle welcome. “So Schrank, you thought you had to wait for the Revolution to be welcomed to the home of British royalty. What would your old radical friends in the Bronx say about this?” Mike had grown up with working-class parents and we both had spent many years in the labor movement. As we heard the Butler declaiming each arrival we both got giggle fever that was hard to control.

I was assigned the very same bedroom used by Winston Churchill on “full moon weekend night,” the desk informed me. The Germans did not bomb on those nights as they would be easily spotted. So Churchill came up here with his whole Cabinet to get a little rest.

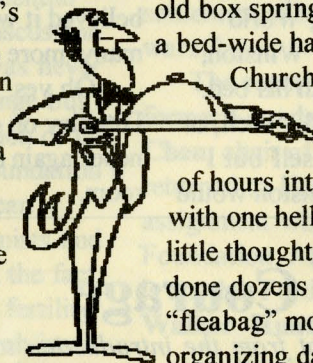
Churchill’s bedroom was not much larger than 25 by 30 feet. But what was almost large was the bathroom. I was certain that the ceramic tub had been excavated from an Egyptian burial sarcophagus.

We were called to dinner in an elegant 18th century dining hall festooned with battle flags and clan designations. Each seat had a long

lineup of silverware. Fortunately I had once been invited to a formal dinner and a young woman, noticing my nervousness, whispered in my ear “just start with the utensils closest on the left and with each course go to the next.”

After dessert and coffee, the Director laid out the plan for how the conference was to be organized. I was too tired for cards, so I returned to Churchill’s bedroom, only to find a huge sinkhole right smack in the middle of the bed. It had one of those old box spring mattresses, sort of like a bed-wide hammock. I thought if Churchill could sleep in this bed, I’d be damned if I won’t. It was a couple of hours into sleep when I awoke with one helluva aching back. With little thought, I did exactly what I had done dozens of times in many cheap “fleabag” models back in my union organizing days. In these circumstances an orthopedic doctor friend had advised, “Just pull the mattress down off the bed and sleep on the floor. Simple as that.” And that’s what I did at Ditchley.

Somewhere in a deep, many time zone, sleep, I thought there were two loud knocks on the door, and a voice declaring, “tea knockup, sir” There was a growing impatience in the “sir” The door swung open and there, in full Butler outfit, his right arm holding a tray with a teapot and some other stuff was this bewildered fellow. He looked at the bed with its exposed spring and then glanced down at the floor, where I was peeking out from under the covers. The poor fellow almost dropped his tray. Trying desperately to reassure him, I gulped, “Oh, it’s nothing. I always sleep on the floor.” He blurted out in a most agitated alarm, “My God, the Yank has pulled Mr Churchill’s mattress on to the floor.” And with that he abruptly left, depriving me of my first experience of “tea knock up.”



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For the following few days, unlike the other guests, I was never again offered "tea knockup."

At breakfast, Mike Sviridoff wanted to know, "Schrank, what have you done? Everyone here, primarily the kitchen help, are talking about the Yank who put Churchill's mattress on the floor because he does not know how to sleep in a bed."

During a break in the morning proceedings, I walked around the grounds and came to speak with some of the gardeners. One groundskeeper had been at Ditchley during World War II. I inquired about Sir Winston, mentioning my problem with his bed. He thought about it and said, "Well, of course I never saw this myself but I told that by bedtime Sir Winston would

be well into his cups from droning' brandy I doubt if he knew what he was sleeping on." "But," he added, "now don't go on getting me wrong. He was the greatest war leader of them all." Then he walked away, mumbling, "don't know why somebody would fuss about Sir Winston's bed!"

Oh, the conference? It went fine. We reviewed all the problems of unemployed youth, which seemed similar in all the countries. We also knew all the things needed to be done about it. I doubt that many of us believed it would happen, assuring many more conferences.

Oh yes, I was invited back to Ditchley on other occasions, but never again assigned to Mr Churchill's room.

and not feel alone. Then we may find the courage to help others and resolve some of the world's problems.

After the tragedy of September 11, 2001, I began interviewing communities that had experienced difficult situations that caused them emotional, social, spiritual or political problems. The outcome of my research is my book *Journeys of Courage*. It is filled with remarkable stories about communities that responded to their dilemmas by courageously facing them and changing their reactions to them. In the process, each community found courage and new meaning as they underwent some kind of transformation or healing process.

The stories touch on critical contemporary issues that affect many of our lives: fears and losses related to trauma, terrorism and war; disappointments in institutions that have failed us like families, churches, schools; addictions; poverty of mind, body and spirit. The stories demonstrate the depth of human potential and the acts of forgiveness and generosity that are found within communities. They also teach us what helped other communities and to reflect on new options for ourselves.

"Communities" are broadly defined to include families, children, community gardeners, firefighters, prisoners, addicts, victims of discrimination, schools. They range from people who were thrown together unexpectedly in a traumatic incident to those in intentional organizations. They include people affected by the devastating losses of 9/11, to survivors of trauma in Northern Ireland, to victims of abuse within the church, to prisoners, to people affected by addictions and poverty

For centuries, storytelling has been used as a beneficial tool in the healing process. Stories can touch our hearts and help us understand that life is a

Journeys of Courage

The following is an excerpt from the introduction to Journeys of Courage: Remarkable Stories of the Healing Power of Community by Joy Carol, who was a program officer in the Education and Public Policy Division in 1980-2

I grew up on a farm in the wide-open spaces of Nebraska. I often climbed to the top of our rickety windmill and pretended I was visiting friends in a tall New York City apartment building. From there, I could look for miles and not see another living soul on those lonely wind-swept plains -- no discernible sign of "community"

Yet, because I yearned to be connected, I created my own "communities" If for some reason my family or loyal pets weren't available to me, I had make-believe communities -- like the apartment windmill. Throughout my entire life, my search for community continued. I joined clubs, churches, choirs, support groups, centers. Later, as a professional, I worked for international community development organizations like the Ford Foundation, UNDP and Save the Children.

While working in some of the most impoverished areas in the world, I often witnessed people experiencing the benefits of meaningful communities. In the slums of Karachi, Pakistan, I saw destitution I never imagined could exist. Yet in miserable conditions, I experienced camaraderie and joy. In over 100-degree weather, families welcomed me into their tiny mud-hut homes. Usually we sat on a dirt floor visiting and sharing a single cup of tea, respectfully passing it from person to person. I was astonished that these poorest of the poor had such a tangible sense of kinship. I knew I had experienced the gift of community spirit.

In these uncertain times, we may feel a sense of anxiety and gloom. We long to be part of a supportive community where we will be safe, find peace, and be embraced for who we are. There we can face our suffering and fears

series of challenges. They can expand our consciousness to see our lives in new ways. The stories in this book contain lessons that speak to many communities' needs in these times. They show us that transformation can take place to make life more hopeful, more a *Journey of Courage*. Sorin Books, P.O. Box 1006, Notre Dame, IN 46556. Available at bookstores, retailers, 1-800-282-1865, and online, www.sorinbooks.com.

Close Down the Mexico Office?

by WILLIAM GAMBLE

My first meeting with McGeorge Bundy and David Bell, both of whom had recently joined the Foundation, took place in the skies enroute to Beirut for a meeting of Foundation representatives, I had recently become Representative for the Mexico/Central American region after serving as program advisor on Agriculture there.

Much of the flight was taken up by their quizzing me as to why we should have an office in Mexico. They said they thought that Mexico, which was doing fairly well economically at that time, should be giving, not receiving aid. They thought we should consider closing the office.

Although new as Representative, I did have the advantage of already serving three years in Mexico, so I was very familiar with the total program of activities. I tried, quite unsuccessfully, to convince them of the rationale for the program, not only to serve Mexico but to be a leader in Latin Americas. With Foundation support an outstanding family planning program had been developed, and research support for leading endocrinologists was showing progress in contraceptive technology. Graduate programs in agricultural economics and statistics were making excellent

progress. Support for graduate programs in economics and engineering were having an impact well beyond Mexico's borders.

Notwithstanding, they were not convinced. They continued to grill me throughout the Beirut matting. Finally we left it that David Bell would visit Mexico, review our program, and then decide. This visit did not completely change his mind, but it changed enough to sway him not to take close the Mexico program soon. As he, other officers, and some influential trustees visited the region, discussion of closure was dropped. I was never certain what caused the change but I believe it was their observation of the importance placed on the Foundation's involvement by senior Mexican government officials, economists and rectors of universities. Also, the fact that the frontline research on fertility control in government research institutes was a strong measure of government commitment not found in many countries at the time. The view that strong institutions could serve a larger Latin America region also came to be supported by the Foundation's administration.

Hope and Global Poverty

In his 2003 annual report for CARE USA, of which he has been president since 1995, **Peter D. Bell** observes that the agency's "vision of a world of hope, tolerance, and social justice. was tested. We faced the threat of terrorism, the human toll of war, the HIV/AIDS pandemic and multiple food crises in Africa." Winning the fight against global want, he writes, "will take unwavering dedication, acute awareness of what works and an unshakable belief in the power of our common humanity

"Every day, despite hardship and adversity, people around the world

demonstrate that it can be done.

Ugandans, for example have made HIV prevention a national priority and reduced their HIV/AIDS infection rate by two-thirds over the last decade. Kenyans, led by their first-ever elected president from an opposition party, have made primary education free and compulsory, raising enrollment by more than 20 per cent in less than one year. And the people of Sierra Leone, Sri Lanka and Sudan have expressed their desire for peace, helping move their leaders toward the settlement of long-standing civil wars."

The report was co-authored by former Foundation officer **Lincoln Chen**, chair of CARE, who has returned to Harvard after an assignment with the Rockefeller Foundation. Also on the CARE board is another Ford alumnus, **Lynn Walker Huntley**.

Dancing Around a Chocolate Tree

by ROBERT GOLDMANN

My most recent trip to my home region in Germany yielded a moving experience in the Kindergarten named after my father, who almost a century ago became the always-available country doctor

I've been in touch with my home village—now city!—of Reinheim for some 50 years. Our family left there when the Nazis made life impossible for us, moved to Frankfurt (Main), in what turned out to be a vain attempt to escape harassment, and fled in 1939 to England and then to America. Some 15 years later, I made my first visit to the town and the house where I was born and where many patients of my father's and some other acquaintances were still around and curious about "the doctor," his visiting son and his wife.

Sustained contact began in 1996

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after my autobiography was published, a new generation had taken over, and a mayor elected who made remembrance and the lessons of the past an important part of his leadership. I've been back many times since, and am glad to have served as a focus of discussions and teaching about human rights and combating prejudice.

Two of the ways in which the mayor and the city council gave expression to these efforts were (1) to name a newly built kindergarten after my father, who had helped bring a generation into the world, and (2) establish an annual scholarship in my name for someone I recommend who concerns him-or-herself with human rights, understanding and combating racism and anti-Semitism and other forms of discrimination. As I noted before in the Newsletter, the work I did at the Foundation was a factor in my receiving this honor

Last November the award was made in the Kindergarten, and was preceded by a small demonstration by the 3-5-year-olds of how they apply those lessons. They performed a dance around a "chocolate tree" on which many candies hang wrapped in different colors, and they are all good to eat. Some kids had painted their faces brown, others yellow, and the lesson was that it doesn't matter what things look like from outside— they are all good!

This in the town where I was born and which we had to flee 70 years ago to get away from constant Nazi harassment!

In the evening, in the same setting, I made the award to a young American journalist to help her finish a book about what young Germans are doing to research and write about what went on in their communities from 1933 to 1945.

It was yet another experience in the course of many trips to Germany over the past twenty years that demonstrate why Germany has

become probably the most democratic country of Europe— defining "democratic" as more than a system of government, encompassing local initiative and citizen action to foster constructive value.

Cranioporosis:

An Anecdotal Symptomology^[1]

(LAFF readers of a certain age may recognize the fourth co-author as the former head of the Foundation's Population program).

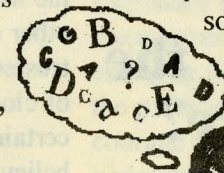
by GRANVILLE HARNISCHFEDER, MD, PH.D., BELA CREPUSCULE, DVM, BUD HARKAVY, DK2^[2]
Dr Harnischfeder, senior author, first identified cranioporosis, finding it particularly pronounced among certain species of migratory avian life in Southeast Florida. Together with Dr Crepuscule, perhaps the most experienced avian psychoanalyst in Southeast Transylvania, he has conducted a searching behavioral examination of the subject, Harkavy. The following is a small selection of many examples of peculiar behavior exhibited by the subject that can be classified under the heading of cranioporosis.^[3]

(1) Where-did-I-leave-the-portable-phone syndrome. Subject often rushes from room to room endeavoring to answer the phone before the answering machine message takes over. More often than not, while carrying on this desperate search, he has the phone in side pants pocket.^[4]

(2) Why-did-I-leave-so-many-things-up-north-that-I-need-down-here Syndrome. Subject is prone to making exhaustive take-to-Florida lists and failing to take things to Florida that are on the list. The mirror image of the above is the why-did-I-bring-so-many-things- from -up- north- that- I- don't- really- need-down- here- and- will- only- have- to -bring -back -in- the- spring- syndrome. Cessation of

migration is a possible remedy for this condition.

(3) I- know -you- very -well- but -I -can't -for- the- life- of- me- remember- your- name syndrome.^[5] This is undoubtedly the most widespread symptom of cranioporosis. Subject reports lying awake in bed for hours, painfully reviewing each letter of the alphabet in the vain hope of retrieving the missing name before sleep overtakes him. He further reports that said name



sometimes pops into his head days later—like Athena, full-grown, from the head of Zeus. By this time he's forgotten why he wanted to retrieve the name

in the first place.^[6]

(4) Why- can't- I- see- things- that- are- right- in- front- of my- nose syndrome. Subject reports staring at the open refrigerator for minutes at a time looking for the chopped liver. In most instances said chopped liver is prominently located on the shelf directly in front of subject, while he rummages in vain through all the other items in the refrigerator (In some instances, subject removes the chopped liver when first opening the refrigerator, immediately forgets he has done so, and continues rummaging.)^[7]

(5) Why- do -you -expect- me - to- remember -your lead—it -

[1] Abstracted from the Proceedings of the Southeast Florida Pseudoscientific Society, October 21, 2003.

[2] DumKopf

[3] Crepuscule is the only avian psychoanalyst in Southeast Transylvania.

[4] *The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat* is an extreme example of cranioporosis, perhaps beyond the boundaries of the typical Southeast Florida migratory avian syndrome

[5] Many years before exhibiting full-blown cranioporosis, subject was known to pick up ringing phones in airport waiting rooms.

[6] Subject denies this syndrome extends to members of his immediate family.

[7] See Dr. Harnischfeder's further exploration of this syndrome in his memorable treatise, *It Ain't Chopped Liver*. (*Annals of Antipasto*, vol. 43, no. 14).

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happened -so -long ago syndrome. Subject reports especially acute eruptions of cranioporis at the bridge table. While the other three individuals sitting at the table exhibit total recall of every hand they have played for the past fifteen years, subject Harkavy completely forgets who's played what as soon as it is played. Those who suffer through a game with him do not consider this an endearing characteristic.

(6) While forgoing the recital of cranioporis symptoms can be extend indefinitely, the authors assume that the acute reader can appreciate the characteristics of this affliction from the limited number of example provided. They caution those who find themselves in the immediate vicinity of subjects like Harkavy to be vigilant lest they trip over the marbles that fall from the holes in his head.

Recollection

by TERRANCE KEENAN

I arrived at the Foundation in the wake of the bitter history of the Fund for the Republic, when the Foundation was undertaking a series of massive grants to rescue its reputation. This included awards to every private four-year college in the country, and to every voluntary hospital.

I served in the Office of Reports until the early 1960s and participated in the work of the Special Committee, with Joe Slater. It was an exceedingly tense and strenuous time, but I think it resulted in a board-staff reconciliation that was, in fact, a healing legacy.

From Ford, I began a rewarding and responsible tenure as chief of staff of the Commonwealth Fund, a remarkable intuition on the annals of foundation philanthropy. The model community-governed hospitals it established in the 1930s became the prototype of the Hill-Burton legislation of 1949. And until recent times,

Commonwealth helped implement the reforms in medical education recommend in the landmark 1910 report by Abraham Flexner of the Carnegie Endowment for the Advancement of Teaching.

My service with Commonwealth led to appointment as a founding vice president of the Robert Wood Johnson Foundation, now a leading private-sector funder of programs addressed to the issues of the distribution and quality of health and medical care.

Market dynamics in this area confound aspirations for progress. Foundation giving is a critical resource in needed charge. It has been gratifying to work in an area where philanthropy can make a palpable difference.

Remembering Mike Sviridoff

by SIOBHAN OPPENHEIMER-NICOLAU

(Mitchell Sviridoff, Vice President, National affairs, died in 2000. Ms. Nicolau, a former president of The LAFF Society, served on his staff).

This is part of the "How I Got To The Foundation" series.

I met Mike when he was in New Haven and I was his OEO Field Representative. He was the hero of the Grey Areas Programs and my job was to stay out of his way and authorize funding without causing him or his staff any hassles. Subsequently, I worked in the New York City Community Development Agency (CDA) when Mike was the head of the Humans Resources Agency (HRA), the Super Agency that included CDA under its umbrella. When Mike left the City for Ford, I was one of the people he took with him.

Mike assembled a staff the likes of which Ford had never seen. Not

only did it include women and minorities and folks without the proper or expected education credentials, most of the group could be characterized as young Turks. (Actually, that is not entirely accurate. I was a middle-aged Turk at the time; that meant that my Turkish viewpoints were even more firmly held than those of my younger peers.)

Never one to shy away from a challenge, Mike cheerfully set about controlling us, protecting us, and finding and using the best in us. He also reined us in when necessary. Many were the times I was called up to account for the tone of my Recommended Grant Actions that were deemed hortatory. He turned me into a reasonable writer and convinced me that espousing an objective point of view did not necessarily mean that you had gotten in bed with the devil.

One of my fondest memories is the day I had to tell him that the Navajos had not put unspent grant monies in bank CDs for the winter, but had instead purchased fine stallions. In the view of the Navajos, stallions were a safer and better investment than CDs because they would sire foals, thereby raising the quality of the Navajo herd and in the Spring, the stallions would convert to cash when they were sold at auction. It put a whole new slant on expenditure responsibility and accountability. Much to my relief, Mike remained calm but decided that the legal people and the investment people might not grasp or approve of this innovative approach to maximizing the philanthropic dollar; so mum was the word. Over the winter, I prayed that the stallions would stay healthy. In the spring, there were foals and the auction raised 120 percent more money than would have been realized in Certificates of Deposit. Now it can be told. Don't bother with CDs; consider stallions.

We all have so many wonderful warm memories of Mike and each of

us has a particular mental picture when his name is mentioned. I see him in the sensational tweed/plaid coat he loved and wore in the winter. It takes a secure man to wear a coat like that. I used to threaten to steal that coat but now I realize that it will live forever in my mind's eye.

In Memoriam

NORMAN MacLEOD, 94, died in October. He began as cashier in the Office of the Comptroller and retired as Assistant Treasurer

ANN Pendarvis, 73, of East Hampton, N Y., died August 28, 2003, in a

nursing home after a long illness. A 1952 graduate of Smith College, she worked at the Foundation as an administrative assistant, employment, from 1955-63.

A Bold Dues Stroke

In a letter to **Mary Camper-Titsingh**, The LAFF Society's Secretary-Treasurer, **Marshall Robinson** wrote, "As someone whose address label for The LAFF Society newsletter has no number for the year in which I last paid dues, it is clear that I am far behind my in payments. How

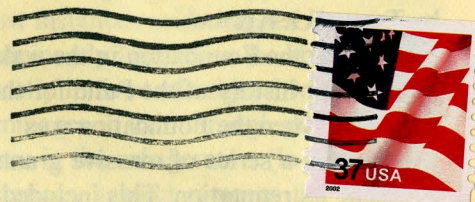
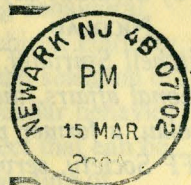
far behind I know not, but here is my check for ten years, in the hope that it will keep me out of trouble in the future. Inasmuch as I am 82 years old it should do the job!"

Not every LAFF member is expected to follow suit, but this is a reminder that 2004 dues—still \$7.50—are due, and should be sent to Mary at 531 Main St., Apt. 1110, Roosevelt Island, NY 10044.

Correction

Reuben Frodin notes that a recent newsletter had Bill Gamble at the Burma office. It was **Bill Rudlin** who was the representative there and **Harry Wilhelm** the assistant, when the office closed.

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531 Main Street, Apt. #1110
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Ford Foundation Archive - LAFF File
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