

THE LAFF SOCIETY

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

Summer 1994

No. 8

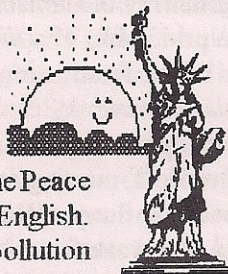
The Laughing Parade

Jane Becker (National Affairs) is now back at 3205-C Sutton Place NW, Washington DC 20016 "after two years in the Peace Corps in Poland and this past winter in Prague teaching English. Marvelous experiences, but very glad to be home where the pollution is minimal and the sun much brighter."

An item in the Scarsdale (NY) Inquirer, sent by David McDonald (Comptroller's Office), gives notice of a talk by Peter D. Bell (International Division, Committee on Public Policy), president of the Edna McConnell Clark Foundation, on the topic of "Crime, Punishment and Civilized Society: America on Trial" at the Ethical Culture Society of Westchester. Peter is chair of CARE, co-chair of the Inter-American Dialogue, chair of Americas Watch, and trustee of the World Peace Society.

We welcome as new members of LAFF F. C. Bhambri, who retired on March 31 after 35 years as a member of the Foundation's staff in New Delhi, and Susan Burstein Bornstein (3 Remsen Street, E. Northport NY 11731), who worked in public education from 1964-68.

Joy Carol (Education) (2500 E. Cary St. Apt 522, Richmond VA 23223) writes that she has moved to Richmond, Virginia, taken a new job as head of international programs at the Christian Children's Fund, and has bought a "small but charming house on the top of the Blue Ridge Mountains (please come to enjoy the wonderful view)." Last November she had surgery to remove a brain tumor



On Doing Nothing

The following was contributed by Robert Schrank (National Affairs) who has been having an attack of the guilts since attending the LAFF Society's October reunion.

The Ford Foundation's first reunion has come and gone and a great time was had by all. It was my first reunion experience. We have all seen movies or read about how reunions often turn out to be corny or sad. All kinds of neurotic dress surfaces as we are reminded of powerful adolescent dreams gone awry. Jimmy Durante referred to this phenomenon "as being in touch with your sub noxious." Well, this reunion wasn't like that at all. I hope I offend no one by suggesting that the

WE NEED COPY!

In order to fill these pages we welcome not only news of what you're doing (even if it's nothing, see Schrank piece above) but short essays, reminiscences, or whatever else you want to ventilate. Photos, too, if you have them.

The longer pieces should be reasonably short--not more than 500 to 700 words, say--but if longer seems of interest to LAFF readers, we won't muzzle you.

Please let us hear from you (we also need your dues, \$5 per head per year). Otherwise, we may have to suspend publication, and the editor gets to close the account, currently showing a positive balance of \$2,372.12.

and is celebrating the joyous news that she "will be totally healed."

John R. Coleman (Social Development, National Affairs), who as far as we know is the only innkeeper among LAFF alumni (The Inn at Long Last, Box 589, Chester VT 05143), writes of his regrets about being unable to attend the October reunion ("I'd almost forgotten how many people I knew in the 1965-67 days and how much I cared about some of them") and of his sadness over the death of Marvin Feldman (see LAFF President Ed Meade's tribute on page 6). "Marvin made my time at Ford much more satisfying than it would have been without him. Out of very different backgrounds, we had remarkably complementary views on edu-

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Who am I if I
am not busy?
”

reason this did not happen is that most of us at the Arts Club were older geezers who did not experience those explosive hormone years while at the Foundation.

Yet, I could have done without the oft-repeated, "God, you look good," or for variation, "You never looked better." Lester, my dentist, also an old geezer, says the Yiddish translation of this type of comment is, "My God, you're still alive." Well, there we all were. Maybe membership in LAFF

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The LAFF Society

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On Doing Nothing

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assures longevity. This could be a very cheap deal. So pay your dues.

If and when there is another reunion, I want at least six months advance notice. This so I can shape up on the busyness scale. As I departed the Arts Club, my sense of joy and well-being from this most gemütlich evening began to erode into an acute attack of busyness self doubt. This is how it happened.

I was repeatedly confronted with the central question of the evening, "What are you doing?" or for variation, "What are you working on these days?" All evening I heard people describing their exploits--fixing education, youth unemployment, over-population, developing communities, ending discrimination, etc., etc. My first thought was, "Hadn't we taken care of all this stuff?" Then, the truth revealed itself.

I was really thinking, "Holy molly, I am just out of it and headed straight for the sinners' corner." When I heard, "Schrank, how good to see you. What are you doing?" my wimpy reply was, "Nothing." "Aah, come on, you're pulling my leg. You sly old fox, you're up to something big and you aren't telling." "No," I said, "I go sailing,

build furniture, and write." Writing is thinking, not doing. Even pecking away on a Macintosh is not doing. It's putting symbols on paper, definitely not doing. That's it! I do nothing. You see what I mean. If I only knew I should have been doing something, heck, I could have gotten my old consulting job back at the World Bank. That would pass for busy!

The Foundation was a wonderful place to work, especially if factories were part of your frame of reference. Sviridoff, meeting me in the hall, would pause and say, "You used to do community work for nothing. How does it feel to get paid for it?" "Pretty damn good," I would reply. Mike counseled me on how to get the maximum out of my benefits. After many busy retirement years, I could in fact contemplate doing nothing. Could I do it!?! Well, I didn't know. So I worked at it. How about that for an oxymoron, "working at doing nothing."

Gradually, the phone stopped ringing. Requests for speaking and writing petered out. I was beginning to suffer unbusyness. It began to dawn on me--my definition of self was based primarily on the busyness factor. The busier I am, the more important I am. As a consultant, heck, I worked twelve to fourteen hour days and was on the phone on Saturday night and Sunday, too. I thought I knew who I was then.

My self research now focused on "Who am I if I am not busy?" I spent time on my sailboat. Sailing only involved me with boat, wind, tide, weather, and Poseidon, who got me through unpredictable storms. When we all got along well, I felt complete. Not important, but complete. I walked in the woods in the early mornings to appreciate nature coming to life. Sensing the joy in these experiences slowly became enough in itself. I was learning to appreciate myself as I related to the world around me.

ciate myself as I related to the world around me.

The world was behaving in totally unpredictable ways. So many of the things I had taken for granted no longer made any sense. My nice old explanations of what made the world tick were blown away on the evening news. I felt a need to reflect on my past, to get a better handle on why things didn't work out the way they were supposed to. I began to re-think my life, how I had lived it, and why.

I am now like an archeologist digging up old shards that might explain my former busyness. Strangely enough, I am helped by the diary J. Edgar Hoover and his men recorded for me. Writing is helping me stitch together the many threads of a life that spans most of this century. I am now on page 400 of that project and counting. I would hardly consider that an answer to "What are

you doing?" It is not a "doing" thing. It is ruminating.

I have tried hard to get out of the clutches of "I am busy, therefore I am." I have a suspicion that this

is an American obsession. Our inability to feel right about doing nothing is probably a Puritan, Protestant hangover; insuring a place in the great beyond requires working your butt off while you are here. If you are worried about your afterlife, don't! LAFF will automatically give you special dispensation. Think of it as an indulgence.

Learning to do nothing unleashes a whole new set of sensual experiences in the world around us. It may even give us some fresh insights into what is going on out there. I wish somebody would tell our President about ruminating.

It was a wonderful reunion, but next time I do hope you are all not so busy, please.



Thinking About Doc

Before, during, and since his service at the Foundation, **Harold Howe II** (christened Doc by his colleagues because he somehow overlooked getting the ultimate credential of his profession) has been an informed, provocative, and practical voice on educational issues. Now emeritus at the Harvard Graduate School of Education (Cambridge MA 01238), he summarizes his thoughts in a recently published book, *Thinking About Our Kids: An Agenda for American Education* (New York: Free Press). Following are brief excerpts:

This book emerges more from experience than from scholarship. I have been an active educator for 52 years, with about four years off for military service in World War II. And come to think of it I would classify those years in the Navy as representing continuity in the realm of education. Most of them were spent trying to teach the crew of a minesweeper how to avoid blowing themselves up or how to chase submarines or how to deal with castastrophes at sea. All of these skills I presumably had been taught a few months earlier at the Naval Mine Warfare School in Yorktown, Virginia. Like most new school teachers, I had learned the theory and not the practice and therefore dealt with reality the hard way, by making mistakes and correcting them. Fortunately, my mistakes did not prove fatal.

After many years of muddling about in schools, colleges, and the public and private agencies that service them, I am still persuaded that the best way to learn about something is to do it. In fact, one of my strongest convictions about improving education is that we need to make better use of the power of experience in the learning process. There is no better way to learn something about politics than by working in a campaign.

My years in education have included

work in private schools as a history teacher and in public schools as a school principal and superintendent, in North Carolina as a change-agent for education governor Terry Sanford, in Washington as President Johnson's chief education officer, and in the Ford Foundation with responsibility for philanthropic initiatives in both higher education and in schools in the United States and India. These endeavors have enriched my thinking about the ramifications of educational practice, problems, and policies.

Other realms of experience, too, lie behind what this book has to say. One is personal. My family and particularly my father filled my early years with exposures to education that went beyond my own attendance at school and college. He was a Presbyterian minister, an All-American quarterback, a private school teacher, chaplain, administrator, and coach, a conscientious objector in World War I, a college professor at Dartmouth, and for 12 years the president of a predominantly black private college in Virginia, Hampton Institute (now Hampton University).

This institution was founded in the mid-1860s by my maternal grandfather, a son of missionaries to Hawaii and the commander of a black regiment in the Civil War. He launched Hampton Institute while working for the Freedmen's Bureau, the federal agency created to assist blacks with the transition from slavery to freedom. During my secondary school and college years, my family lived at Hampton--then an island of de-segregated faculty and black students in a totally segregated society. This combination of forebears with a strong element of social conscience and exposure to life in the South before the *Brown* decision no doubt helped to shape my views about education and society...

In addition to rethinking our safety net for school readiness, we need to make better use of the incomplete collection of separate programs that now serve us for that purpose. Back in the

1970s, when I worked in the Ford Foundation, a colleague of mine, Terry Saario, thought that Ford should invest some of its funds in understanding the problems of youth and developing information about their needs that would assist both state and national governments to design better policies to serve the young. To get started, she brought together at a series of regional conferences a cross-section of people from agencies serving children and youth. One thing we learned from the conferences was that a good many of the people working on behalf of the young in a given state had never met and were glad to have the opportunity at the Ford Foundation's expense.

In at least one of these meetings, an effort was made to discuss the total annual budget for all of the activities for early adolescents in a particular state. As this information was laboriously assembled, the men and women present became more and more surprised by the vast amounts that were indeed available annually. The question was asked, "Suppose that instead of having each item on this list a totally separate endeavor, we were able to do more comprehensive planning to meet priorities of need: would the funds be spent as they now are?" The response was a resounding negative. There followed a long discussion of the political difficulties and the turf battles among agencies that would result from any such effort to coordinate funding for youth so that high-priority needs might get the attention they deserved.

This anecdote raises the same issues mentioned in Chapter 2 about the need for more coherent planning and operation of services for all young people. This topic must stand at the top of our agenda for thinking about public funds for education broadly conceived. Unless we bring an end to the long-standing fragmentation of programs and funding, there is a good chance that the limited funds we have will be used for low-priority purposes.



The Missing Ford Portrait

The piece in the last LAFF concerning the portrait of the three Fords--Henry, Edsel, and Henry II--has yielded a relative blizzard of correspondence. Two former staff members--**Willard Hertz** (R. R. 1, Box 336-C, Yarmouth ME 04096), who served in the Office of Reports, overseas, and in the Secretary's office, and **Charles Di Stefano** (4-A Berwick St., Whiting NJ 08759), who was in charge of purchasing, supplies, office machines, and art work inventory--offer further comment on the topic. Hertz writes:

I noted with interest the speculations in the Winter 1994 issue about the portrait of Henry Ford, Edsel Ford, and Henry Ford II. I cannot help with the work's present whereabouts, but I can shed some light on the reasons the portrait was never displayed in the Ford Foundation building.

First, however, a couple of technical corrections. The article refers to the portrait as a "painting" and as a "triptych." It was neither. A painting is normally done on paper or canvas. This was a fresco, done on plaster, a much heavier proposition. And it was not a triptych, a work consisting of three hinged panels, but a single giant surface, perhaps 6 by 10 feet. The weight and size of the article are directly relevant to our story.

The fresco arrived from Florence, Italy, late in the summer of 1973, and was stored in the basement garage. Christina Ford (Henry II's wife), who had conceived the project and selected the artist (a Professor Guarneri), decided to unveil it at the December Trustees meeting. A commemorative brochure was to be prepared for the occasion, and the invitation list was to include former trustees and executive officers, friends of the

Ford family, art critics, and leaders of the New York arts community.

But the planning was disrupted by a disagreement on the appropriate location within the building. Christina argued for the elevator lobby, a site that was resisted because of the fresco's size. Further, the building's architect, Kevin Roche, had anticipated the possibility of a portrait of Henry Ford and had incorporated an appropriate location in his plans--on the balcony of the auditorium. However, he had in mind a painting of modest size. The sheer weight and size of the fresco would have required rebuilding the wall to reinforce its construction.

Before the issue could be resolved, Christina left the picture (pun intended), and the Foundation lost whatever interest it had. When asked about the fresco's disposition, Henry Ford II replied, "Let Mother decide." At a given time on a given day, Arthur Trottenberg, former vice president for administration, and I stationed ourselves in the garage next to the uncrated fresco. A chauffeur-driven car (probably a Lincoln) drove into the garage and out stepped Mrs. Edsel Ford. She looked at the fresco for a couple of minutes, said, "I'll let you know," got back into the car, and drove off.

Some months later I was visiting the Henry Ford Museum in Dearborn, Michigan, which, in addition to its famous collection of American invention and technology, had a large collection of Ford family memorabilia. I asked the director if he'd be interested in the fresco. His reply, "Only if it is accompanied by a substantial general support grant."

As one of the few Foundation staff members who ever saw the fresco, I can

assure my colleagues that the Foundation and the Museum made the correct decision. The work was not a conventional portrait of three generations of Fords, but a fantasy showing three men of roughly the same age floating in a cerulean heaven. A Rembrandt it wasn't.

Di Stefano:

The art work referred to during the Gala Reunion was no ordinary painting. Calling it a triptych, which is a picture or painting in three panels that stand side by side like a folding screen, is like calling an elephant a canary.

This art work is a fresco, which is a method of painting on plaster, sometimes when not yet dry. It was a slab that might otherwise be used to repair a section of the collapsed California Freeway. It was at least six inches thick, eight feet high, and twelve wide. It was tonnage. If I remember correctly, it showed the Fords standing on a hill or mountain looking over the horizon.

It came crated on a special truck and had to be moved by machinery. When it arrived, the Italian artist was summoned; he inspected it minutely, and then with water color disks and a signature-size brush, he touched up a few spots that had chipped during shipment.

Where to display it? It couldn't be hung on a wall because the wall would buckle. Reinforcing a wall wouldn't be an easy task. The work would also have to be enclosed in some sort of rail or barrier to protect it.

For a while it was left in the garage in a locked area. I don't recall listing it in our catalogue of the building's works of art. I suggested it be recycled into chalk and distributed to the schools.

Regarding its present whereabouts, the best sources would be Jeremiah Flynn, at the time building services manager, Doris Van Duzer of the chairman's office, or Robert Gross, the building engineer.*

*Howard Dressner, who as secretary of the Foundation had oversight for the matter, would be an even better one but, ever discreet, says nothing (editor's note).

The Laughing Parade

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cation. And when I saw him at F. I. T. (Fashion Institute of Technology) and walked through the entire school, I saw a man who had put what he believed into practice.”

John Funari (Mexico, Central America and Caribbean rep, 1970-74)

says that **Stan Gordon** (International Affairs) enjoys reading the newsletter and regrets not being at the reunion. “Remember, Stan was one of the first in New York, along with **Bern Gladieux**.” **S. T. Gordon**, 23053 Westchester Blvd. #415G, Port Charlotte FL 33980-8479.

Ann Lesch (Middle East desk and Cairo field office, 1977-87) has been elected president of the Middle East

and **Anne Marie Harrison**, currently publisher and managing editor, respectively, of *Egypt Today* and several other English language magazines. “Bill was a project specialist in ELT in the early 70s, based in Cairo. Publishing the monthly *Egypt Today* gets them involved in everything going on in that sprawling city. Any LAFFers visiting Egypt will find them immensely knowl-

More Photos from the LAFF Reunion



(From left to right) Paul Feinberg, Peter Zabriski, and John Doran.



Ivy Harris chats with Oona Sullivan.

served as dean of the Graduate School of Public and International Affairs at the University of Pittsburgh from 1974-84. “After several successful arm wrestles with mortality, and the standard alarums, imbroglios, and skirmishes of academic life (these battles are always so full of fury because the stakes are so small), I resigned into semi-retirement. In 1988 I agreed to become the editor of *The American Oxonian*, a quarterly published by American Rhodes Scholars for American alumni of Oxford University. I now live in the Pennsylvania mountains an hour east of Pittsburgh.” 11 Lake Road, Hidden Valley PA 15502

A note from **Bernice Gordon**

Studies Association. She traveled to Saudi Arabia and Bahrain for two weeks in January where she met with members of the government, academics, and businessmen. A full professor of political science at Villanova University in Pennsylvania and director of its Center for Arab and Islamic Studies, she has been working with **David Smock** (Middle East and Africa and former Nairobi rep), now with the U. S. Institute of Peace, on issues related to the Sudan.

Courtney Nelson, another member of the Middle East tribe, writes on stationery of East West Antiques (Route 30, Pawlet VT 05761) that while visiting Cairo in February he encountered **Bill**

edgeable and helpful.” Courtney adds that this is a good time to visit Egypt because “the scare tactics of the fundamentalists have succeeded in keeping tourist numbers down, and one is greeted with rare warmth by restaurant staff, taxi drivers, and people on the street. New Yorkers will find Cairo a safe haven compared with what they are used to.”

Across the editor’s desk: The Near East Foundation’s 1993 annual report, with an introductory note signed by **Richard C. Robarts** (Middle East and Africa) (342 Madison Avenue, Suite 1030, New York NY 10173) explaining that the foundation is a small organiza-

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The LAFFing Parade

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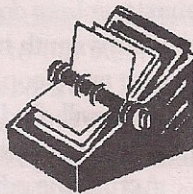
tion (\$3.2 million in program expenditures) "with a broad mandate for rural and community development. The NEF difference is our decentralized approach to development. Our programs are driven by local people and their needs, not by the priorities of outside experts, or the latest technological trends." J. Wayne Fredericks (Middle East) is a member of Chuck's board and Thomas W. Wolf (Administration, Internal Audit) is on the staff.

Probably the oldest former member of the Foundation's staff is Elizabeth Paschal (569 Patricia Lane, Palo Alto CA 94303) who was born in 1902. She also is one of the earliest in service, "an 'Itching Palms' member" of the Fund for the Advancement of Education, beginning in 1951. She writes "I am not, however, totally decrepit. I still shake a fast foot in folk and line dancing at Palo Alto's Senior Center and I expect to attend my 70th reunion at Wellesley College next June."

Geraldine F. Radovich (Asia and the Pacific, Personnel, Investments) who retired in 1987 is now a licensed real estate broker working with her husband (Radovich Realty, 72-04 Forest Ave., Ridgewood NY 11385.

A LAFF Directory?

The LAFF Society may be adept at evoking nostalgia but not at moving quickly. This newsletter comes out only when someone remembers it hasn't been published for a while. In similar vein we reported in the last issue that a membership directory will be published. Well, no one has gotten around to it. Don't despair. We may get to it.



A Tribute to Marvin Feldman

by Edward J. Meade

(Ed Meade, LAFF Society president, ever responsive to requests from his colleagues, wrote the following prior to his death in May. An abbreviated obituary appears on page 7; more will be forthcoming in celebration of Ed's life and contributions in our next issue.)

I first heard about Marv Feldman in the early 1960s. The late Mike Harris was exploring the possibility of the Foundation expanding its activities in the area of vocational and technical education. Mike had recently been in California where he had run across Marv, then a vice president of the Cogswell Polytechnic Institute.

With a modest grant from the Rosenberg Foundation, Marv had created and was directing a program that linked the last two years of high school with technical programs at community colleges. Called the "Richmond Plan," because the schools were in the Richmond School District, the program included team teaching at the high schools. Teachers of English, science, mathematics, and industrial arts collaborated to integrate their courses in ways that related to and reinforced each other.

Subsequently, Mike and I went west and made grants to the institute to enable expansion of the program to other sites, such as San Francisco. There were "Richmond Plan" projects in pre-engineering and food services. Proportionately more students in these programs went to community colleges than did those who graduated from high school. Moreover, the program kept some students in high school who would otherwise have dropped out.

Today, this kind of program is called "tech-prep" and can be found in many communities across the country. More recently, the Clinton administration has recommended a school-to-work program that is very much in line with Marv's early design. Sadly, in all of this activity, Marvin Feldman is not recognized despite the fact that some of the

architects of "tech-prep" knew him and learned from his work.

In 1964, Marv joined the education program staff of the Foundation. In addition to his work in vocational education, e. g., initiating cooperative work-study programs in schools and colleges, we wanted Marv to work with other staff members on school improvement, perhaps integrating vocational education activities into the mainstream of secondary education. Marv teamed, in particular, with Mario Fantini. Together, the "M and M" boys, as they were called,

**“
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”**

helped to fashion the Foundation's Comprehensive School Improvement Program. Later, the two became part of the Foundation-wide effort to deal with issues of poverty in urban areas.

Marv also continued efforts directly in vocational education. Because of him, the Foundation assisted several colleges to install cooperative work-study programs and supported Technology for Children, a program in elementary schools that introduced active learning using practical activities to reinforce academic content.

"Active learning," "engaged learning," "participatory learning"--whatever the label--is becoming more the mode in schools than ever before. Marv was a proponent of such learning 30

years ago. He argued that children need to be active if they are to learn. He long advocated that schools need to spend less time in passive teaching and more time having students actively engaged in solving problems using real world examples.

Marv left the Foundation in 1969 for assignments with the federal government--in education and in the Office of Equal Opportunity. Following that, in 1971 he was elected president of the Fashion Institute of Technology (F.I.T.) in New York City. When he arrived, F.I.T. was a good technical school that awarded the associate's degree (it had some well known graduates--Calvin Klein, for one). But Marv elevated F.I.T. to new heights.

During his 21-year tenure, F.I.T. expanded to offer the bachelor's and master's degrees. The number of majors and concentrations also grew as Feldman and his board met the new demands of the fashion industry. Enrollments boomed, new buildings were built, and F.I.T. became a major institution of its kind nationally.

F.I.T. also went abroad. Feldman opened programs in Italy, Israel, and India, to name only some. These programs enabled F.I.T. to be a force in the fashion industry internationally. Clearly, under Marvin Feldman F.I.T. was transformed.

But what about Marv Feldman as a person? He was one of my closest friends, and I cherished his friendship. Marv was a constant optimist. Despite real problems, Marv always saw the positive side. His optimistic spirit never wavered. I once told him that if someone knocked him down, he would bounce back up in an instant. He was dependable. If he said he would do something, you could consider it done. His loyalty never waned. He was always there when you needed him. I am ever grateful that I had the privilege and pleasure of his collegueship and friendship over 30 years. I miss him very much.

In Memoriam

Notice has arrived of the death on Jan. 3, 1994 in Baltimore at age 87 of Kirk T. Mosley. He was born in Mayflower, Arkansas, in 1906 and received his BA from Hendrix College, Conway, Ark, in 1927, his MD from Tulane in 1931, and his DrPH from the Harvard School of Public Health in 1941. He began his career as a medical missionary in China (1931-36) and then became a public health officer in Miller County (Texarkana), Ark. In World War II he served in the China-Burma-India theater as a medical officer in the U. S. Army. From 1946 to 1952 he taught preventive medicine at Vanderbilt, Tulane, and Oklahoma universities before taking the post of professor and chairman of the Department of Preventive Medicine and Public Health at the University of Oklahoma School of Medicine. From 1960 to 1966 he was Oklahoma State Commissioner of Health, resigning that position to return to international work with the Ford Foundation as a consultant in public health and family planning to the Government of West Bengal in Calcutta. He returned to the U. S. in 1971, serving with the North Carolina Population Center and then as overseas consultant in Ankara, Turkey, for the Johns Hopkins School of Public Health. His last position was medical director of the Garfield County Health Department in Enid, Oklahoma, until ill health compelled his retirement in 1988. Dr. Mosley is survived by a son, W. Henry Mosley of Baltimore, a daughter, Mrs. Judith M. Harkins of Germantown, MD, ten grandchildren, and eight great grandchildren.

An obituary in the New York Times and also a note from his wife reported the death on Oct. 18, 1993 of John Zimmerman Bowers MD, 80, in Lakewood NJ. A medical educator and historian, Dr. Bowers was a consultant in the Foundation's India office from

1952 to 1959, where he worked on training village health workers for areas where there were no physicians. He was born in Catonsville MD, the son of a Lutheran pastor, graduated from Gettysburg College, and got his medical degree at the University of Maryland. A medical officer with the Navy in World War II, he survived the torpedoing of the destroyer USS Meredith off Guadalcanal by a Japanese submarine. For his efforts in saving the lives of members of the ship's crew, he was awarded the Legion of Merit.

Dr. Bowers served as dean and professor of medicine at the University of Utah and the University of Wisconsin. A specialist in nuclear medicine, he was sent by the Atomic Energy Commission to study survivors of the atomic bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki in Japan. From 1965 to 1980 he was president of the Josiah Macy, Jr., Foundation, where he instituted programs to bring more women and minority students into medical practice and education. Later he consulted for the Rockefeller Foundation, completing a history of its health and natural science programs. He also wrote extensively on the history and development of medicine in Japan. Dr. Bowers is survived by his wife and collaborator of 23 years, Akiko Kobayashi Bowers, two sons and a daughter by a previous marriage, and four grandchildren.

Edward J. Meade, Jr. (Public Education, Urban Poverty, 1989) died May 20 at age 63. He had been ill with cancer for several months.

Ed served the Foundation for 29 years, longer than almost any staff member. He was in charge of the Foundation's Public Education Program from 1966 to 1977 and at his retirement was chief program officer in the Urban Poverty Program.

Through the 1960s, he directed the Foundation's \$30 million Comprehen-

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In Memoriam

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sive School Improvement Program, which sought to coordinate teacher development and other school services in several cities. An unusually candid evaluation of the program by the Foundation itself, titled "A Foundation Goes to School," dealt with some of the failures as well as successes of the effort.

With a \$6 million grant, Ed helped create the Public Education Fund and network in the 1980s, privately supported local foundations that encourage and reward improvements in local public school systems. Some 200 such funds now operate throughout the country.

He served on the educational transition teams for Presidents Carter and Nixon and held several key educational

posts in his home state of New Jersey. He was chairman of the New Jersey Public Broadcasting Authority.

Michael Timpane, president of Teachers College at Columbia University, said, "Ed Meade was a pioneer in educational philanthropy. He knew how to place big bets on imaginative people and on approaches to emerging issues." He was the founder of the Pre-Collegiate Education Group, composed of foundations with a special interest in public schools.

Under Meade's supervision, the Ford Foundation invested heavily in the reform of public-school financing. It supported research, training, advocacy and landmark litigation designed to overcome inequities arising from the traditional pattern for financing schools through property taxes, which makes the accident of where children live a

major determinant of the kind of education they receive.

Ed was educated at Montclair State College and received his Ph.D. at the Harvard Graduate School of Education where he served on the board of the *Harvard Educational Review*. He held honorary degrees from Jersey City State College and Montclair State College.

After leaving the Foundation he was an independent consultant and advisor to many other foundations and research, development and policy agencies.

He is survived by his wife, Miriam Linder Meade. His first wife, Delphina died in 1987. They had three sons, E.J., Jonathan, and Timothy. He is also survived by three stepchildren, Stephen, Ellen and Rebecca Linder. Contributions in his memory should be made to the College of the Atlantic, in Maine, of which he was a founder.

THE LAFF SOCIETY

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