

THE LAFF SOCIETY

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

SPRING 2001

NO. 27

The LAFing Parade

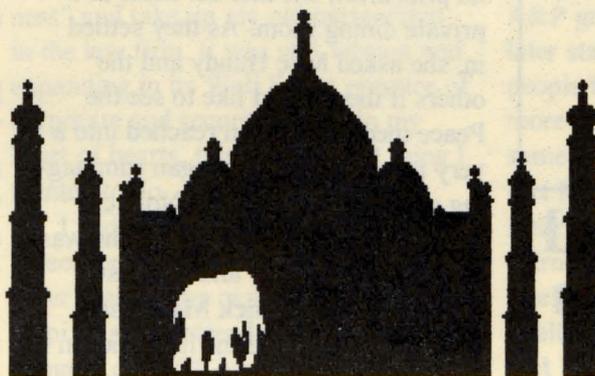
Kathy Spahn (Individual Grants) has been named president and executive director of Orbin International (New York), which works to eliminate preventable and curable blindness worldwide. She had been executive vice president and chief operating officer of the group.

Adrienne Germain, president of the International Women's Health Coalition, commenting on the Bush foreign policy team in a letter to the *NY Times*, says the team "needs expertise and conviction to confront the human security challenges of our time: HIV-AIDS; widening disparities between rich and poor countries and people; neglect of education, health, and livelihood skills for the world's young people; and human rights violations, including pernicious and endemic violence and discrimination against women."

Arthur I. Cyr, who was a program officer in the International and Education and Research Divisions from 1971 to 1974, is now the A. W. and Mary Margaret Clausen Distinguished Professor of Political Economy and World Business and director of the Program in International Political Economy at Carthage College in Kenosha, Wisconsin. Previously he had been president of the World Trade Center Chicago Association, vice president of the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations, and a faculty member and administrator at UCLA. He is the author of four books on international relations and British

Passage to India

by *F. Champion Ward*



The following is an excerpt from memoirs that Champ has been penning from his perch in Evergreen Woods, a retirement village in North Branford CT. It tells of his escape from turmoil at the University of Chicago to become the Ford Foundation's adviser to the Ministry of Education in India.

A British inspector of schools in what was then still the U. N. Mandated Trust Territory of Tanganyika once apologized for a marginally pertinent disquisition on Mauritius by reminding me of "how one feels about one's first posting." Substituting India for Mauritius, I knew what he meant, particularly as India was not only my first overseas posting but my last. My experience in India, coming

(cont. on p. 4)

politics and has written for such publications as *Orbis*, *Armed Forces and Society*, the *Political Science Quarterly*, the *Chicago Tribune*, and the *Wall Street Journal*.

Rosalia Sciortino, who spent more than seven years with the Foundation offices in Indonesia and the Philippines, has taken on a new assignment as regional representative for Southeast Asia for the Rockefeller Foundation. Her address is Suite 1602, Central Chidlom Tower, 22 Sol Somkid, Ploenchit Road, Bangkok 10330, Thailand.

Edgar Edwards advises that the "FF's African grads may be interested in a book of essays written in honor of Philip Ndegwa, recently published by Macmillan in the U. K. and by St. Martins Press in the U. S. It is edited by Dharam Ghai and titled 'Renewing

Social and Economic Progress in Africa.'"

Reported as missing in the last issue, **Ralph Harbison** has turned up as Dean of Education at Syracuse University.

Bob Edwards (Middle East and Africa) writes that he will leave the presidency of Bowdoin College on June 1 and that his new address will be his weekend retreat at 324 Mill Road, Edgecomb, ME 04556, "I read the winter *LAFF* with sadness. I'd, of course, known about Dave Bell—in fact, we'd seen him and Mary a few weeks before his death—but Frank's [Sutton] memorial was very good and on the mark. Frank and I, actually, are in harness again, doing things related to the Aga Kahn—helping plan a faculty of arts and sciences, and perhaps a

(cont. on p. 5)

The LAFF Society

c/o Mary Camper-Titsingh
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New York, NY 10044

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Lost and Found at an FF Lunch

by Oona Sullivan

As Northern Ireland continues to lurch toward peace, I remember a visit to the Foundation by Mairead Corrigan, a leader of the Community of the Peace People and a co-winner (with Betty Williams) of the 1979 Nobel Peace Prize. Corrigan came to the Foundation at the invitation of **Jack Bresnan** who had become acquainted with the Community of the Peace People through its American branch at the College of New Rochelle.

Bresnan arranged a lunch with **McGeorge Bundy, Frank Sutton, Corrigan, and Sister Dorothy Ann Kelly**, an Ursuline nun who was then president of the college and Corrigan's host in America.

After years of the "troubles," a euphemism for the hatred and terror of Northern Ireland's civil war, the grassroots Peace People seemed to offer some hope for reconciliation. It was founded in Belfast in 1977 following a tragedy in the Corrigan family. One of her sister's children had been killed in crossfire between British troops and local protestors. Corrigan and Betty

Williams rallied ordinary citizens of Belfast, Catholics and Protestants alike, to demand an end to the carnage. The Community of Peace People grew out of their impassioned protest.

Corrigan was in the States on a combined good will and fund-raising tour. Encouraged by Bresnan to try her luck at the Foundation (although Northern Ireland was far from one of its priorities), she met her hosts in a private dining room. As they settled in, she asked Mac Bundy and the others if they would like to see the Peace medal. She then reached into a very large satchel and began rummaging around for the medal. No luck. More rummaging. No medal. She was now slightly frantic, and her hosts even more so. As **Dick Magat** said later, "We could see the headlines in the morning papers: 'Nobel Peace medal disappears at Ford Foundation.'" She finally dredged it up, passed it around the table, and each one held it for a moment. It was the first time anyone there had a chance handle that kind of precious metal.

The lunch went on with no further heart-stopping moments, and in a happy denouement, Corrigan left the Foundation with a modest grant to the Community of the Peace People. It was to be used for various projects intended to bridge the divisions between Protestants and Catholics, from sports for children to visits to prisons to gatherings of people from both sides to discuss things they had in common. The grant also helped support the organization's newsletter, Peace by Peace.

Corrigan was, is, a great charmer, witty, persuasive, utterly sincere, and that day she had the luck of the Irish with her. It didn't hurt that the philanthropists around her were so relieved that she found the medal they nearly made her an honorary trustee. Well, nearly.

Of Women's Lib & Long Hairs

Here continuith a feature, "How I Got Here," initiated in the last newsletter in which LAFFers recount how they got to the Foundation in the first place. We have submissions from Susan Goodwillie Stedman (below) and George Zeidenstein (page 3). We hope they will inspire others to share their recollections.

SUSAN GOODWILLIE STEDMAN

The FF job posting (as reported to me by my graduate school pal, John Newmann, who was back in New York briefly while on assignment in the Indonesia office) was assistant representative for West Africa in Lagos, Nigeria. Heaven, I thought, having spent my first summer out of college in West Africa and fallen in love. I had come home, put in a few years in the civil rights movement, acquired a master's degree in international law and economics, and was now a program officer in the Africa Bureau of UNDP. Perfect preparation to serve the Ford Foundation in West Africa.

I sent over my resume and was bidden to a luncheon interview with **Haldore Hansen**, then representative in Lagos. Mr. Hansen seemed a bit flustered as we sat down and his first query had to do with how I felt about women's lib. Huh? I was absolutely non-plussed. It was the rather shrill, bra-burning era of the women's movement, but I really hadn't thought much about it. Blessed with encouraging, generous parents who had provided me a superb education, I had assumed, as had my parents, I would go into the world and make my contribution, wherever I found useful work that stirred my soul. I suppose I answered Hansen's question, but as he continued, making clear his uneasiness about the stridency and noise of the women's movement, I finally mustered the courage to ask him what women's lib had to do

with the Ford Foundation in West Africa.

Oh well, he harrumphed, there are 13 candidates for this job, and you are the only women. And, he added, we've never considered hiring a woman for an overseas position at this level. Why ever not? I wondered.

After that, the interview continued on a more or less relevant track, and I was invited back for more conversations, all of them with mature white men who, though they, too, seemed to consider my candidacy with some misgivings, nonetheless kept sending me along to the next interview. My final exchange was with a young personnel officer, to whom I found myself pleading that my training, background, and experience be considered, rather than my gender. Later, I understood more clearly the curious atmosphere in which I was hired. It was November 1970, affirmative action had not yet become official policy, but the heat was on to diversify the pool from which new recruits were drawn.

A small footnote: As my negotiation with the Foundation led to a job, a gent of whom I was very fond was negotiating with me about marriage. I said I couldn't because I was going to



Africa. When he said he'd happily give up his job to come to Africa with me, I was defenseless. We were married the

following February, just before departing for Lagos. In preparation, we carefully read the FF manual for overseas personnel and their families, which consistently referred to "the overseas staff member and his wife..." That, too, was soon revised to be brought more into sync with the times.

GEORGE ZEIDENSTEIN

It was the summer of 1968 and I had just returned from Nepal with my wife

and our daughter and son. We'd lived there for more than three years. I had worked as country director of the Peace Corps and Sondra as a visiting member of the faculty of English literature in Tribuvan University in Kathmandu. Coming down the gangway after S. S. United States landed in Manhattan, we were met by the senior partner of my old law firm in his limousine. He was happy to see us and eager to have me "wind up this foolishness" and take up my old partnership in the law firm. It was still vibrant and expanding in its Wall Street practice of corporate and securities law. In my heart of hearts, this was the last thing I wanted to do.

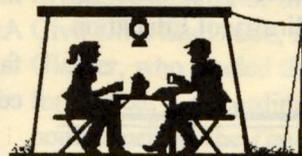
I had been practicing law in Wall Street for ten years when I joined the voter registration campaign in Mississippi as a volunteer lawyer in the summer of 1964. My experience there had soured me on the corporate and securities law way of life and I had managed to hook up with the Peace Corps staff before the year was over. By 1965, my family and I were living in Kathmandu and I was responsible for the work and well-being of 250 Peace Corps volunteers.

That was a life of inspiring purpose and breathless learning. We were sponging up information and experience from every direction at a dizzying pace. My job tested every strength I had and required me to discover additional ones. I loved that job. Now, back in the USA, my hope was to find other work I could embrace with passion. The practice of corporate and securities law was not that work. But it was available and offered estimable colleagues, dignified status, and income many multiples greater than what I'd been earning as a Peace Corps country director.

My savings were not large enough nor the firm willing to wait long enough for me to take lots of time job hunting. I felt pressure to find the right

post quickly or rejoin the firm for the sake of security. Somehow, I'd heard that Ford Foundation had a program officer opening in its Office of Asia and the Pacific. Not knowing what work a program officer did but feeling especially close to the countries of South Asia and development activities going on there, I presented myself as an interested party. After meeting **Rocky Staples, David Finkelstein, Phineas Quinn, Lisa Scatena**, and others in the A&P group, I applied for the job. At a later stage I met an array of Foundation people from other offices as well as more of the A&P people, including some from offices in Asia. Eventually, I met **McGeorge Bundy and David Bell**. Convinced that I would rather learn this new way of development work in Asia than return to my old Wall Street law practice, I told Rocky that I was ready to join him if he and FF wanted me to. He said, more or less, "Thanks. I'll get back to you."

And I waited, and waited. I was on pins and needles. There was no doubt in my mind that this was the work I wanted. Yet, evidently, it was not clear that FF wanted me. To relieve the pressure, I set off with my family on the Appalachian Trail carrying everything we needed for several wilderness days. When the trail came near a town a few days into our trek, we



detoured for candy bars and I called Rocky Staples. Yes, he had said he would call me, but my excuse was absence from home. The news was good. They wanted to hire me and I should be there in a week or so.

Later, I heard there really had been some doubts about me among Dave Bell and Mac Bundy. The way I heard it, Dave and Mac felt comfortable enough about Rocky's recommendation of me on my merits but my appearance gave them pause. It certainly is true

that in those days, 1968, I did not look like other FF officers. My hair was shoulder length, my favorite suit was brown velour with big peak lapels and bell-bottom trousers and I wore a gold chain bracelet and necklace, maybe more than one. Yet, they set their discomfort aside because they believed it would be unworthy of FF that I be rejected on those grounds. Still, they worried over it for some time before coming to that conclusion. I'll always be glad they did.

Passage to India

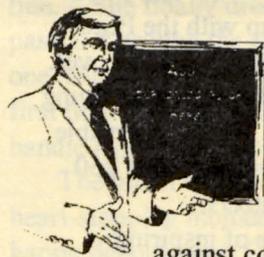
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after a bruising and losing struggle to salvage the College of the University of Chicago following the departure of **Robert Hutchins**, led me to leave academia for what became a second career in "overseas development," and shaped my subsequent views of "development assistance" and the best ways to carry it on.

Late in the year 1952, **Philip Coombs**, then secretary of the Fund for the Advancement of Education, who had been an aide to Chester Bowles when he was governor of Connecticut, was invited by Bowles, as United States ambassador to India, to discuss with the Ministry of Education ways in

didn't say "no" to this exotic and improbable suggestion, but I remember how, in the interludes of the campus struggle of 1953, the notion of doing something very different and very far away would recur like a prisoner's fantasy of freedom. That summer I was visited in Aspen by **Douglas Ensminger**, the Foundation's redoubtable representative in New Delhi. We met in Coombs' quarters in what had once been the Aspen jail. In a few hours' time and without once looking out the still-barred window at the Rockies, Doug made it clear that whatever I had planned to do in the next few years, it was more important—indeed, my plain duty—to come to India and help him and the Foundation, as he so often put it, "help India come through as a democracy."

The prospect of working within a foreign educational system was not wholly uncongenial. The Hutchins



college itself was foreign in some respects: in its reliance on comprehensive examinations as against course credits and its critical attitude to what most American colleges were doing or failing to do by way of "general higher education."

Once I was intrigued, two more steps had to be taken before going to India could become a firm prospect. Wisely, Doug Ensminger had me vetted by Humayun Kabir, the first Indian educational adviser to the Government of India and secretary of the Union Ministry of Education. Kabir came to the University of Chicago in the late summer of 1953, and we sat through a long evening by the Quadrangle Club's tennis courts getting acquainted, talking about India's plans and needs, and presumably, although I don't recall it now,

discussing ways in which the Ford Foundation might do less harm than good. Because of this early clearance, I felt welcome in India before I got there, and the Indians could feel that if they had to put up with a foreign consultant, at least they had run him through customs.

The remaining step was to secure a two-year leave from the University of Chicago, since at that time I had no notion of leaving university life for good. Here, my strained relations with Hutchins' successor proved useful. The happy prospect of my being half a world away for two whole years without the fuss that an outright resignation would have caused gave smooth sailing to my request for leave. And so, following a memorable farewell dinner featuring a skit entitled "Gunga Dean," we sailed for England and thence for India in February, 1954.

The second leg of our journey was a seventeen-day voyage on the "Strathmore," one of the venerable Penninsular and Oriental steamers which for generations had carried British colonial civil servants and their families to and from the home country. This was an ideal way to approach India. In London, I had lunched with the last British educational adviser to the Government of India, Sir John Sargent, whose far-sighted report on post-war education in India, written and stockpiled during the war, was to remain relevant long after the Raj had departed. He and Sir Frederick James, the Tata representative in London, whom we had met through Chicago friends, helped us most graciously. Even transshipment in England from first class on the glossy "United States" via the Dorchester Hotel in London to the shabby gentility of H. M. S. Strathmore helped prepare us for India, as did a few stricken hours in redolent Aden en route to the Arabian Sea and Bombay, where we landed of February 28.

“ As I recall, I didn't say “yes” and I didn't say “no”... ”

which the Ford Foundation might assist in the improvement of education. On his return from this visit, Phil asked me if I would be interested in moving to India for a period of two years to serve as the Foundation's consultant to the Ministry of Education.

As I recall, I didn't say “yes” and I

The long voyage also helped me to stop replaying the college battle in my head, as I read a series of current Indian reports on education, India's first five-year plan, and other briefing materials that Doug Ensminger had sent me. (However, we soon learned that even in India the college controversy was not easily left behind. At a dinner in New Delhi, given by the Government of India's science adviser, Dr. Bhatnagar, my wife, Dewy, found herself seated next to Arthur Compton's wife, who polluted the perfumed night with the standard tirade against the college's shocking treatment of the natural sciences.)

But the voyage was not all cramming. We danced, chased the children from hazard to hazard, and played the time-honored deck games, in the course of which diversions Dewy made such a smashing impression that a delegation of younger chaps on board waited upon me to say that she had been formally voted 'the most charming woman on board.' I passed this intelligence along and then hustled her ashore in Bombay.

In New Delhi, Kabir met our train when we arrived, still in a state of wonderment that there should be such a place as India and that we should be in that place and expected to be in some way useful there.

The Laffing Parade

(cont. from p. 1)

school of law, to broaden the reach and aspirations of the Aga Khan University. The AKU is presently a medical and nursing school.

"You are very good to do all this. I read *LAFF*, as I do not any of my alumni magazines. I've wondered why it matters so much—but not for long. For it is immediately obvious that the people we worked with were genuinely extraordinary and unlike any other group of men and women."

Keep the Copy Coming

This issue of *LAFF* is blessed with several reminiscences from LAFFers (see, especially, *Passage to India* and *Of Women's Lib & Long Hairs*). This makes the editor's job real easy; just sit back and wait for copy to come in over the transom. So, please, keep it coming. We welcome just about anything—from a sentence or two about current activities to longer pieces of up to 750 words. Send it, along with your dues (now \$7.50 per year), to Mary Camper-Titsingh, 531 Main Street, Apt. 1110, New York, NY 10044.



Mary, by the way, reminds folks that her job in keeping *LAFF* going is to respond to mail, make sure the membership list is up to date, and handle our meager finances. We pay a person to do the actual mailing. The editorial chores are not her responsibility but are handled in series by **Dick Magat**, **Will Hertz**, and **Bob Tolles** (we try to publish three times a year), all alumni of what was once known as the Office of Reports and now is the Office of Communications. We three thus accept all blame for misspelled names, poor taste, bad grammar, garbled facts, etc. And where credit is due, we pass it on to you, our reader/authors who keep us up to date on their activities or better, still, graciously contribute an essay or a tribute to a fallen colleague.

In a further aside, the editors offer a warm welcome to the pages of this issue a fourth alumni/contributor (in this case alumnae), **Oona Sullivan** who writes of a notable visit to the Foundation some years ago. Oona, who has written for us before, has graduated from ex-officio status to become a full-fledged member of *LAFF*, having recently joined the ranks of retirees.

Completing the roster of persons who put these pages together is our designer, **Ruth Neumann**, also an Office of Reports alumnae, who does it all on her Gateway computer from her base in Boynton Beach FL.

New additions to the mailing list (dues-payers, too); **Anne Hartnett** (130-04 Rockaway Bch Blvd, Belle Harbor NY 11694), a former member of the National Affairs evaluation staff who went on to work with Mike Sviridoff at LISC; and **Dwight Brothers**, former International staffer whose e-mail address is dbrothers@colo-radocollege.edu.

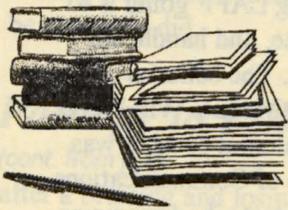
Bryant George has a new address: Counterpart International: The Foundation for the People of the South Pacific, Farragut Square, 901 17th Street NW #328, Washington DC 20006.

Anthony D. Romero, who joined the Foundation in 1992 as a program officer and most recently has directed the human rights and international

cooperation program, is the new executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union, succeeding Ira Glasser, who headed the organization for 23 years. According to an announcement in the *Times*, Mr. Romero, a 35-year-old lawyer, will be the first gay and first Hispanic man to head the ACLU. A native of the Bronx and graduate of Princeton and Stanford Law School, he previously was at the Rockefeller Foundation, where he led a study of future directions in civil rights advocacy. At Ford he directed programs in the areas of affirmative action, women's and gay rights, and international peace and cooperation.

Harold "Doc" Howe II, a member of the emeritus faculty at the Harvard Graduate School of Educa-

tion, is featured in a special section of the Yale Alumni Magazine extolling the virtues of computers for those living in retirement communities. Doc, class of 1940, and his wife Priscilla, residents of Kendal at Hanover NH (80 Lyme Road APT. 145, Hanover 03755-1218) use their computer to e-mail their kids, including one in Australia and another in Denver. "The great thing about e-mail is that you can communicate without bothering anybody," says Doc, adding that he buys books



on-line from outlets such as Amazon. He says he still uses pen and paper for serious composition but finds his writing improves as he moves it from paper to computer.

A correspondent has inquired about the whereabouts of **Nina Walsh**. Can anyone help?

Ylvisaker's Legacy

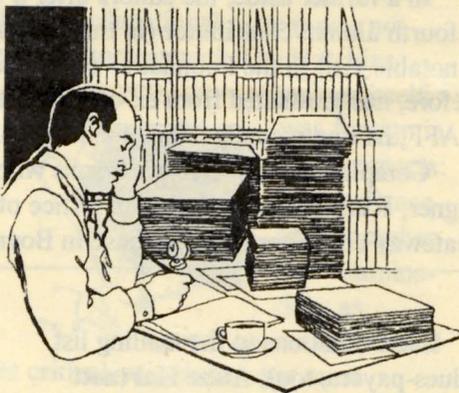
"Better than most, he understood the natural tension between the passion of the moral self and the dispassion of the professional self," said James Joseph, former president of the Council on Foundations, of **Paul Ylvisaker**, who served the Ford Foundation from 1955 through 1967. Ylvisaker's several careers are celebrated in *Conscience and Community: The Legacy of Paul Ylvisaker*, a collection of his articles and speeches assembled by one of his proteges, Virginia M. Esposito (Peter Lang Publisher, also available on Amazon, \$34.95).

At Ford, Ylvisaker fashioned the "Gray Areas" program, which became the blueprint for Presidents Kennedy and Johnson's War on Poverty.

Besides addressing problems of deteriorating inner cities, the program, masked by neutral language, brought the Foundation into the race relations field. His Public Affairs Office also prefigured Head Start, VISTA, and other human service programs that improved the lives of millions.

Ylvisaker left the Foundation in a power struggle after the accession of **McGeorge Bundy** as president. Ylvisaker, in his words, had become "the baron of the most powerful empire/program" in the Foundation. He sensed that the new president wanted to deal with the program himself rather than having to deal through a baron.

Before joining Ford, Ylvisaker had taught at Swarthmore and served Mayor Joe Clark of Philadelphia. After the Foundation, he became the New



Jersey Commissioner of Community Affairs, dealing with some of the worst race riots in the nation's history, and led the effort to preserve the vast Meadowlands. His formal working life closed with the deanship of the Harvard Graduate School of Education, but he went on to become an elder statesman of philanthropy until his death in 1992.

"Philanthropy helps hold this diverse society together," he once said. "[Its] function is essential, and it ought to grow. But only if it continues to grow in its own special responsibility, which is to keep the system growing."

In Memoriam

JOHN ENGLISH

John W. English of Summit NJ, who was the Foundation's chief investment officer from 1981 to 1993, died March 27 in Sarasota FL. He leaves his wife, Ann, a son, two daughters, and six grandchildren.

John arrived at the Foundation following the departure of nearly all of the 10th floor executive staff from the Bundy era to take over management of the Foundation's investment portfolio. By the time he left he had turned some \$2 billion into \$6.3 billion (it since has grown to some \$12 billion). Before Ford, he spent 26 years with the Bell System, rising to become director of investment management in New York.



He distinguished himself not only as a consummate investment professional but for personal qualities that endeared him to staff both within and outside the investment group. Investments has always tended to be a venue apart—attuned more to the health of the economy and the doings of Wall Street than to the social concerns of program staff. He helped to lower these barriers by interacting with all manner of staff, taking a keen interest in program matters, and by traveling, camera at the ready, to the Foundation's far-flung outposts. He kept a detailed journal of these visits, which he shared throughout the Foundation. On his return he would host a slide show for staff.

In keeping with his mid-Western roots (he was an Iowa native, graduating from the University of Iowa in 1955), English had a simple, direct, and unambiguous management style: he left day-to-day portfolio manage-

ment to staff but set high standards of performance.

In retirement he kept himself busy with more than a dozen institutional affiliations, among them the University of Iowa Foundation, United Nations University, Smithsonian Institution, Girl Scouts of America, Howard Hughes Medical Institute, the New York State Retirement System, the Blanton-Peale Institute of Religion and Health, Hyperion Capital Management, and the United Methodist Church.

A memorial service was held on April 6 at the Chatham Methodist Church, which was attended by a sizeable delegation of Foundation staff, led by President Susan Berresford. Contributions in his memory may be made to the University of Iowa Foundation (Iowa City 52242 or the Chatham Methodist Church (345 Main Street, Chatham NJ 07928).

ROBERTA LYNCH

Roberta Lynch, one of the Ford Foundation's longest serving staff members, died on April 7 in Bethesda MD. Beginning her career as a grants administrator with the Fund for the Advancement of Education, a Foundation subsidiary established in the 1950s, she continued in that role when the Fund was absorbed into the Foundation in the 1960s. She spent most of her 37 Foundation years in its education program, becoming manager of grants administration for the newly created U. S. and International Affairs Programs in 1982.

On retirement in 1994, she moved from Westchester County to Maryland to be near relatives.

Susan Berresford, Foundation president, in a message to staff, said

of Roberta that she "was a valued colleague, an institutional memory for several generations of Foundation staff, and a very good and generous friend."

A memorial service is planned for the New York area. Memorial contributions may be made to the American Cancer Society, 11331 Amherst Ave., Silver Spring MD 20902.

MARJORIE MARTUS

From a clipping that appeared in the Palo Alto, CA weekly newspaper:

Marjorie Martus, a longtime resident of Menlo Park, died Jan. 13 of cancer. She had worked for 23 years at the Ford Foundation in New York where she was responsible for grant programs that set the course of research in child development, school innovation and change, literary studies, and minority scholar development.

She left the Foundation and moved to Menlo Park in 1981 to work as a distinguished visiting practitioner at Stanford University's School of Education, where she helped to develop an action research program for school reform.

For the past 15 years she was an active worker with East Palo Alto's grassroots organization "Just Us." She

also worked with "EPA Can Do." Her work with these two organizations centered around fair access to affordable housing, facilities for the disabled, and community arts organizations for young people.

Contributions in her memory may be made to the Midpeninsula Pathway Hospice, Mountain View Office, 201 San Antonio Circle, Suite 135, Mountain View CA 94040.

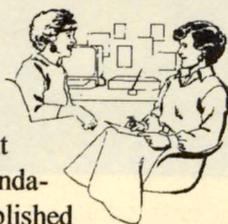
REMEMBERING MARJORIE

The following was contributed by Richard Lacey, formerly of the Public Education staff.

At Ford Marjorie worked chiefly on efforts to improve public schooling and she spent her 20 LAFF years fully engaged in enriching lives and improving communities until her last moments.

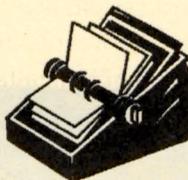
Those who worked with and for her will recall how she combined an impatient intelligence with open ambivalence about how best to foster institutional change. Grantees learned that a Foundation grant through Marjorie came filled with challenges and unexpected dividends—connections to other grantees, experts, people of like and different minds, networks of resources, and incessant streams of questions. "Have you thought of....Are you aware of.... You might be interested in...." In recent years she expressed satisfaction in seeing how well many of these venturesome investments in people, ideas, and organizations have paid off.

Marjorie believed that her fundamental job was to connect people whose nimble minds and fierce dedication could make a difference in teachers' and children's lives. Her office was a caldron of notes, phone messages, articles, letters, files, proposals, grants in progress. All of that represented people with fresh ideas, people seeking new ways to understand and



Help for New Directory

For a new LAFF Society directory, please send any address change for the last two years, along with an e-mail address, to Dorothy Nixon, 201 Adelaid St., Belleville, N.J. 07109 or e-mail nixondo@UMDNJ.edu



8 The LAFF Society

foster improved teaching and learning.

After moving to Menlo Park, she pursued grassroots activism in East Palo Alto. She studied Italian, and joined a reading group on non-traditional women's literature, pursued an interest in jazz, and traveled widely.

HARRISON PARKER

From an obituary appearing in the Greenfield (MA) Recorder:

Harrison Parker of Singing Brook Farm in Hawley MA, who worked in New York and Indonesia for the Foundation from 1954 to 1958, died on March 16, 2000 at age 75.

A graduate of Cornell University in 1944, Parker learned Mandarin Chinese at the Navy's Oriental Language School, received a master's degree in Far Eastern studies and economics at Columbia, and spent his first overseas assignment with the U. S. aid mission in India. In 1963 he joined the U. S. Agency for International Development, working in Indonesia, South Korea, and Washington, where he ended his government career as assistant chief of the Food for Peace program.

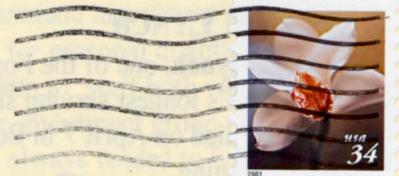
While in Indonesia, he studied the performing arts of Java and Bali, becoming an amateur performer on

Javanese gamelan instruments and a puppeteer using Sundanese stick puppets. For more than 20 years he delighted children and adults with his Indonesia puppet shows.

Returning to his family farm in 1975, he became a member of the Hawley Board of Selectmen, chairman of the Board of Assessors, president of the Sons and Daughters of Hawley, treasurer of Save the Hills, and a charter member of the Deerfield River Watershed Associations. He was also editor of the town's quarterly newspaper and at his death was working on a history of the town of Hawley.

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