SCHEPP CONNECTIONS

LEOPOLD SCHEPP FOUNDATION FOUNDED IN 1925 VOLUME 1, NUMBER 16, 2014

ON THE COVER

Mirror Mirror
Finalist Proposal for MoMA PS1
Young Architects Program
Architects: Jon Lott, William O'Brien, Jr., Michael Kubo

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THE TURNING POINT HAS COME

In last year's issue of Schepp Connections, we let you know that the Foundation had reached a critical crossroads, one where we realized that the time had come to re-think our future and make some difficult decisions. With our awards and operating expenses exceeding the income from our diminishing endowment, we had two choices open to us: spend down the endowment and close our doors or work to rebuild our endowment though increased gifts and bequests from former Schepp Scholars and Trustees as well as capital from third party philanthropic organizations, individuals and corporations.

After considerable thought and discussion, the Board of Trustees agreed that, in recognition of our 90-year history, our track record of having given over $30 million in grants to more than 10,000 students, and, most of all, the powerful legacy of Schepp Scholars who have shaped and defined standards of excellence in their multiple fields, closing our doors was simply not an option. As a result, the Board voted unanimously to perpetuate the Foundation and formulate a plan to rebuild the endowment over the next ten years.

Among the first steps in this plan, we have undertaken a project to build a comprehensive database of Schepp Scholars. The goal is to enhance existing Scholar relationships and to reconnect with thousands of Schepp alumni with whom we have sadly lost touch over the years. In parallel with this effort, we are preparing a business plan to take the Foundation through the next decade to its 100-year anniversary in 2025. The basic objectives of this plan are to:

1. Double the endowment within 10 years
2. Double the average grant size in order to give more meaningfully to individual students with the most need
3. Triple the number of annual grantees
4. Increase annual giving to over $1 million, surpassing the Foundation's previous record in 2009

As you can see, our goals are ambitious and we are committed to doing everything in our power to achieve them. When you read the stories of our extraordinary Schepp Scholars (both here and on our website) and are reminded of all that they are doing and have done for the betterment of the world, we hope more of you will bear the Foundation in mind in your own charitable giving. We look forward to staying in touch with you in the months ahead.

Jon Lott, Architect

BUILDING A CAREER IN ARCHITECTURE

Jonathan Lott, Schepp Scholar 2001-2005
written by May Jeong

At age 10, in his elementary school's 5th grade year-book, students were asked: "What would you like to be when you grow up?" Next to the name Jonathan Sinclair Lott it reads "Architect." He was fortunate that the high school he attended in California had an architectural elective. He took the class all four years, though, in all other respects, he was a terrible high school student – skipping a lot of school to play music with his friends. "They barely let me graduate," he recalls. "I was over the maximum allowable for unexcused absences."

Squeaking through the ceremonies, he started an 8-year apprenticeship with a local architect – on a mission to obtain his architectural license without schooling (a route no longer permitted by accrediting boards). But the architect he worked for was an academic at heart, who had studied under Louis Kahn at the University of Pennsylvania in the 60s. "He would tell stories of his time in grad school and showed me some of his early work, mostly competition entries. These were projects that never got built, and I don't think ever placed. They weren't commissions—they were these radical ideas on paper and they made an incredible impression on me. I realized there was another role the architect could play beyond the service professional and, just like that, I wanted to go back to school."

Jon kept his job, but enrolled in evening classes at a local college, working to get his grades up. "I was completely focused on getting into a good school and received high marks in math, physics, psychology, art, and my architectural courses." A few years later he was a student at Cal Poly San Luis Obispo, one of the top undergraduate programs in the country. He loved it and was excelling in his classes, when he was offered the opportunity to study abroad in Italy. Unfortunately it was something he could not afford -- he had just had his first son and was already working a part-time job in order to attend his courses in San Luis Obispo. He was certain he would have to pass on the opportunity.

"The Leopold Schepp Scholarship came at a pivotal time in my early studies, affording me the ability to study in Italy -- to closely examine much of architecture's beginnings." It gave him a profound context and basis to draw from in his own work. When he returned for his thesis year

back at Cal Poly, his professors encouraged his interest in continuing his studies in graduate school. He applied to the Graduate School of Design at Harvard and was accepted for the following year.

To his great relief, the Schepp Foundation continued to offer its support throughout his study at Harvard. And he was equally determined to match that commitment. "It was the single most generous award given to me throughout my education – an incredible feeling of support that continued for many years and resonates still." He graduated from the School of Design with Distinction and was awarded the Alpha Rho Chi Medal by the School and was named the John E Thayer Scholar by the University. "My time at the GSD was priceless, and the Schepp scholarship was crucial to making that experience possible – it opened so many doors."

Upon graduation, he was offered a number of positions, including working with Frank Gehry in LA, Herzog and de Meuron in Basel, Switzerland, IDEO in San Francisco, as well as a few teaching jobs. But his last critic, Rem Koolhaas, also offered him a spot to help start a new project in his Office for Metropolitan Architecture, so Jon moved to New York City to begin work on $500,000,000 multi-tower housing and museum project. "Working with OMA was another kind of training altogether. I learned a new method of working on an architectural problem – it's less an office and more of a farm for ideas. We worked non-stop. The team was incredibly dedicated and they remain some of my closest colleagues today."

After a couple years he was offered an opportunity to work on his own project, designing a small bar in Brooklyn. It was no $500 million project, but he saw it as a way to start his own practice. Within a few short years, Jon began to establish a reputation with his energetic young firm, PARA. He and his colleagues received the Young Architects Prize from the Architectural League of New York and were finalists for MoMA's PS1 Young Architects Program. More work started to come: a flagship store for the fashion designer Philip Lim in LA and an invitation for a competition by the Netherlands Architectural Institute, in which his team placed 1st. "These early projects gave me an opportunity to develop new ideas about my work – how to offer my client something they didn't realize they wanted in the first place."

In 2008, Syracuse University offered him a teaching position, another turning point for his practice. With the support of Dean Mark Robbins, he was granted a number of unique local

opportunities. He designed a Latino cultural center, "La Casita," and won a competition to design the School of Education's new entrance, lobby, and auditorium. The first phase was recently completed and the second phase is currently in fundraising. It's been his largest project to date. Its second phase will give him the opportunity to build his first auditorium, a huge asset for the School of Education. He also completed two private writing studio projects during his tenure at Syracuse: one within the attic of an existing Dutch clapboard and the other a ground-up addition to a suburban house – the Haffenden House, which he says was his most exhaustive but rewarding experience to date. With this new body of work, he was awarded the 2013 Design Vanguard award by Architectural Record, was named one of the top ten young architects world-wide, and won the 2014 New Practices New York award, given by the American Institute of Architects.

At this stage, Jon decided it would be best to move full-time to New York City to enter the competition to design the Van Alen Institute space. Here he partnered with two friends, Michael Kubo and William O'Brien Jr, setting up the collaborative side-practice, CLOK. They won the competition and the project is currently under construction. CLOK was a finalist in MoMA's 2014 Young Architects program with their proposal Mirror Mirror. In addition to the Van Alen Institute, Jon is currently working on a lake house in upstate New York, a pavilion for Syracuse University, and most recently was invited to teach as Design Critic in Architecture at Harvard University. "It is a special honor to be asked back – to help give these students the kind of experience I had there years ago, something that just would not have been possible for me without the Leopold Schepp Foundation."

Joseph Bosco greeting Dai Bingguo, China's State Councilor for Foreign Affairs (General John Allen in the background was named as the Special Presidential Envoy for the Global Coalition against ISIS.)

FROM WORLD WAR II TO WATERGATE: COMING OF AGE DURING TUMULTUOUS TIMES

Joseph A. Bosco, Schepp Scholar 1963-1965

One's destination can be reached despite unexpected turns of the path and prolonged detours along the way.

As a child of World War II, I recall the air raid drills, ration coupons, scrap drives, and stamp books that challenged us to help finance the war effort: "let's lick Hitler, Mussolini, and Tojo." We dutifully filled a book with stamps covering the three villains' faces and earned a war bond. There was no question in those days that Americans were on the side of morality and justice, fighting unadulterated evil in what is now seen as "the good war."

Along with the daily comic strips and sports photos, I remember the newspaper front pages showing maps of Europe smeared with a spreading black blot as country after country fell under the Nazi boot. My father went into the army and came back permanently disabled. President Roosevelt died in office.

Victory over the Axis powers always seemed inevitable – not whether we would win but when. After the war, clouds again began to form over Europe as our former ally, the Soviet Union, presented new threats. Countries only recently liberated from the Nazis and Fascists were now being subjugated by international Communism. In 1947-48, Italy became the latest target, this time through a popular vote. My father helped organize a nation-wide letter-writing campaign by Italian-Americans to their friends and relatives in Italy urging them to vote against the Communists. The Italian voters chose the West.

A month after Italy's decision for democracy, another seemingly black-and-white event preordained for success was the birth and survival of the state of Israel. My Catholic family passionately supported its creation; along with U.S. War Bonds we now bought Israel Defense Bonds. We couldn't read their strange lettering but we knew they represented the same values of freedom and democracy our country stood for. We cheered the new state's victory over its unwelcoming neighbors in what turned out to be only the first of periodic wars to destroy it.

The world seemed to be moving inexorably America's way, the right way —an impression reinforced in the Saturday afternoon newsreels along with the Western double features, the cartoons and the previews of coming attractions (all for a dime).

Yet, within a few years of America's triumph over Germany and Japan, as I moved from grade school to junior high school, we were suddenly at war again, this time in Korea. An uncle went over and came back safely. A photo from my newspaper delivery days shows me holding a Boston Herald with the headline announcing the "armistice" that ended hostilities—but not victory or enemy surrender. The feeling of joyous finality wasn't the same as on VE-Day and VJ-Day—unlike those outcomes, the evildoers who had started the war with a brutal invasion were still there, in power and threatening to re-ignite the horrors at any time. I wondered how Presidents Truman and Eisenhower could have let that happen.

As I entered Everett High School, I pretty much knew that, beyond the fates of the Boston Braves and Red Sox, world affairs and questions of war and peace would dominate my interests from then on. In our senior year, the Soviet Union's invasion of Hungary captured the world's attention, and our history teacher brought a television set to class so we could follow the unfolding events. Like other Americans, our hearts were committed to the freedom fighters of Budapest as they battled Soviet tanks—after all, our leaders had effectively encouraged the revolution. But we waited in vain for our president, a hero of World War II, to come to their defense—instead, we saw the Hungarian people brutally crushed. Good and evil were just as clear in Korea and Hungary as they had been a decade-and-a-half earlier, but somehow, as we had grown out of childhood, the world had become more complicated and muddled—and evil prevailed far more than we expected.

Beyond foreign policy, civil rights and social justice began to emerge as major areas of my interest; like most Americans, I was excited when Jackie Robinson integrated major league baseball even though he played for the Brooklyn Dodgers. My parents were Democrats and we went from despondence on election night 1948 to surprised delight the next morning when it was announced that Harry Truman had won.

As my father struggled to support our family of seven by working multiple jobs while earning his degree at Suffolk Law School under the G.I. Bill, my dream came true when I was admitted to

Harvard College. Those four years were for me a perpetual intellectual feast served up by some of the world's most brilliant and accomplished men (this was the mid-and-late fifties, before academia's doors were seriously opened to women). I savored the lectures of Morgenthau, Kissinger, Brzezinsky, Bundy, Huntington, and Hoffman, which confirmed for me that national security and foreign policy would be the love of my life. Determined not to miss any of it, I took on a daunting work-load. At the same time, I had been awarded a Navy ROTC scholarship, which required not only a full course in Naval Science but significant extra time devoted to weekly drills. I also participated in intra-mural athletics (won the featherweight boxing championship) and a number of other activities, such as teaching writing in the maximum-security Concord Reformatory through the Phillips Brooks House program.

The Navy scholarship covered most but not all of my college expenses. (My parents had their hands full meeting the higher education needs of my four younger siblings.) To supplement my scholarship, I worked every Saturday as a laborer with a masonry construction company and gladly endured the back breaking work for the $1.50 per hour it provided.

My college years saw the pendulum swing back from the pro-freedom, pro-American direction that had prevailed during the Second World War and for a brief period thereafter to the seemingly unstoppable progress of international Communism in Eastern Europe, Asia, and Africa; the Soviet Sputnik and a new battleground in the Cold War; and Cuba's falling under Moscow's tutelage. My classmates and I had cheered the overthrow of the Battista dictatorship and welcomed Fidel Castro's visit to Harvard in 1959. But his cursory dismissal of a question about firing squads in Havana stirred doubts among some of us at the Stadium event. Ironically, my teen-age sister, unknown to me then as a student of world affairs, saw reality sooner than my classmates and I did. When I told my family about Fidel's dramatic appearance, she surprised me by remarking, "Oh, he's just a Communist." This was two years before Castro proclaimed Cuba a "socialist state" and declared himself a "Marxist-Leninist."

Our graduation year was 1960 and we were excited by the presidential candidacy of Harvard alum John F. Kennedy who, tanned and handsome, marched by us during Commencement (though in the college straw poll, I was among the majority who had preferred two-time loser Adlai Stevenson). JFK seemed to offer the fresh new approach the country needed after eight uninspiring years of likable Ike. "Vigor" and "charisma" had entered the vocabulary of

presidential politics.

Right after graduation, I embarked on my Navy duty aboard an aircraft carrier based in San Francisco. Our first port of call was Pearl Harbor where, standing at attention on deck, we observed Vice President Nixon dedicate the USS Arizona Memorial. I felt a strong sense of the history that had started there twenty years earlier, as I did in our subsequent steaming through the waters that had witnessed the famous naval battles of World War II. Having now seen both presidential candidates in person (more or less), I was ready to vote for the first time. By absentee ballot from the Pacific, as a registered Independent, I cast my vote for JFK, Democrat, for president (as well as John A. Volpe, Republican, for Massachusetts governor).

Kennedy's Inaugural speech, with its sweeping vision committing America to "pay any price, bear any burden" in the defense of liberty both vindicated and electrified those of us who had supported him. Two months later, in March 1961, the world got its first look at Kennedy's cool-headed, decisive approach to foreign policy. The forces of Ho Chi Minh, the Communist leader in North Vietnam, were on the move throughout the former French Indochina. The immediate challenge was to Laos ("Lay-ose" in Kennedy-speak) and the president went on television, armed with a large map, to declare that the U.S. was committed to "an independent and truly neutral Laos . . . tied to no outside power" and subject to no interference by the North Vietnamese or Soviets. My Navy comrades and I, knowing that our ship was headed to that region and would probably be involved in any hostilities, were heartened by the young president's evident determination.

Then came the disastrous Bay of Pigs invasion when Kennedy's failure to provide promised air cover for the Cuban exiles helped doom the operation. Two months later, he met with Soviet Premier Khrushchev in Paris and reports of the meeting described him as having been bested and bullied by the older man on a range of Cold War issues. Kennedy said after the encounter: "It will be a cold winter." But summer was hardly over when East German authorities, encouraged by Moscow, erected a barbed wire fence around East Berlin in violation of the postwar allied arrangements. Kennedy and the West protested but did nothing to remove the illegal barrier and it was soon reinforced and transformed into the Berlin Wall, the world's premier symbol of the triumph of tyranny over freedom.

Similarly, the president's ringing declaration about Laos faded. As our ship operated off the Indochina coast, our hopes for presidential firmness were deflated when he announced that Laos would indeed be "neutralized" but only under a coalition government that included the Communists (who have dominated it ever since).

Vietnam was the next battle ground and here again, Kennedy made bold assertions of the U.S. will to resist further Communist expansion in Asia. I recalled how President Eisenhower had decided not to help our French allies against the North Vietnamese at Dien Bien Phu in 1954. By contrast, America's role in Indochina now was not to preserve a colonial empire, but to defend a fledgling, and highly imperfect, democracy against a Communist insurgency funded, supplied, directed, and, to a large extent, manned by Hanoi. But Kennedy's strong commitment to take on that challenge began to show ambivalence as the situation on the ground deteriorated.

By the fall of 1962, I was back from active Navy duty, transferred to the Naval Reserve Intelligence Program, and entered Harvard Law School. The modest stipend for weekly drills and two weeks of active training duty each year helped defray my expenses as did my income from several months' employment selling encyclopedias. I further supplemented my income with a Teaching Fellowship in Public Speaking at the College and turned also to outside sources such as the Schepp Foundation, which honored me with a grant. I am submitting this report in appreciation.

As I plunged into my law studies—not nearly the rich intellectual experience college had been--civil rights were emerging as critical national issues and I joined the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People to support the cause. (I still have my NAACP registration card signed by Roy Wilkins, Esq., the organization's general counsel.) As with his record on foreign policy, I was disappointed by Kennedy's tepid response to what was becoming the great domestic moral issue of that period.

The tepid trend seemed to continue that August when Republican Kevin Keating of New York announced that the Soviet Union was building a missile base in Cuba. Kennedy dismissed Keating's repeated warnings as groundless, but it soon became clear that Keating had been right. By October, the Cuban Missile Crisis was very real and the tense U.S.-Soviet nuclear

confrontation had the world holding its collective breath. The president acted with courage and cool determination and seemed to have stared down Khrushchev while committing the U.S. not to invade Cuba to overthrow Castro. (We learned only later that the episode was not the unalloyed victory for the U.S. that had been portrayed. In exchange for the withdrawal of Soviet missiles from Cuba, American missiles were removed from Turkey and Italy, something Moscow had long demanded without success.)

Two months later, Kennedy made another of his stirring speeches, decrying Castro's "police state" and telling the Cuban exile community in Miami that the national flag, and political freedom, would once again be planted in Cuba. The beautiful words struck me as a little hollow after the Bay of Pigs failure and the coerced concession to Khrushchev giving Castro's regime a U.S. security guarantee. We have avoided war with Cuba (and possibly Russia) but at the price of generations of oppressed Cubans.

The pattern continued the following June with JFK's stirring "I am a Berliner" speech. It contrasted sharply with his inaction when the Berlin Wall was being erected in clear defiance of international agreements. On Laos, Cuba, Berlin, and Vietnam, JFK kept winning the moral debates and the best speaker awards, but the Communist world continued to gain ground on all fronts.

Kennedy's last major foreign policy decision related to America's deepening involvement in Indochina, where South Vietnam's president, Ngo Dinh Diem, was proving increasingly unpopular and ineffective. Kennedy authorized the CIA to arrange for Diem's overthrow and, in the course of the coup, Washington's handpicked leader was summarily killed. The situation of the Saigon government began to deteriorate even further and faster as a result of the U.S. action.

Three weeks later, as our Administrative Law class was beginning, a message was suddenly given to Professor Albert Sacks. Stricken and stunned, he told us that the president had been assassinated and dismissed the class. As we stood in our shock and sorrow outside Ames Hall, not knowing where to go or what to do, I turned to a friend and said the shooting in Dallas must have been the action of "a right-wing nut." (We soon discovered that Lee Harvey Oswald was in fact a left-wing, pro-Soviet, pro-Cuba fanatic.) Though I was no longer very religious

by that time, I found myself, heart-broken, thinking of the now fatherless Kennedy children and praying for our country in St. Paul's Catholic Church. It happens to be situated between Harvard Yard where, three years before, I had seen JFK in person for the first and only time, and Harvard Stadium where, a year later, Castro, Oswald's revolutionary hero, had regaled us with his tale of Cuban "liberation."

When Lyndon Johnson took over as president during the national trauma of Kennedy's death, the contrast in style between the earthy "old country boy" from Texas and the suave Bostonian could hardly have been starker. Yet, I soon came to admire LBJ for his apparent heartfelt commitment to the defense of freedom in Vietnam and to civil rights and social justice at home. I gladly voted for him in 1964 (and wrote in his name in the 1968 Massachusetts Democratic primary after he had officially declared he would not be a candidate).

During our third year of law school, we were allowed to apply to programs outside the law studies curriculum to write an honors paper. I jumped at the chance to seek admittance to Henry Kissinger's National Security Seminar, having previously taken every undergraduate course he taught. Accepted into his select seminar as the only student from the Law School, I was now back in the kind of rich intellectual environment I had cherished in college but found lacking in legal studies. While I did not necessarily agree with every position Kissinger took or every word he uttered, I was, nevertheless, enthralled by the depth of his erudition, mental prowess, and fluency of articulation.

I chose as the subject of my paper the war in Vietnam and spent most of the third year committed to that project, sometimes at the expense of my law classes. I defended the basic American commitment to South Vietnam made by Presidents Eisenhower, Kennedy, and Johnson, while questioning the gradualism and protracted escalation that seemed always to leave the initiative with Hanoi and its proxies. (My work was selected as an honors paper and filed in Widener Library). During that year, I also participated in the teach-ins that raged around the Boston-Cambridge area, defending U.S. policy against the overwhelming opposition of the academic community. On one occasion I was selected to debate Howard Zinn himself. I had been appointed Recruiting Officer in my Naval Reserve unit and, as I visited university campuses in that role, it was interesting to encounter both vitriolic criticism of the U.S. war effort and avid student interest in joining the Reserve program as a way of avoiding the draft.

The most disheartening experience during that period occurred at Harvard. A committee of greater Boston professors had convened a meeting to draft a letter to Secretary of State Dean Rusk because of his criticism of "the gullibility of educated men and their stubborn disregard of plain facts." As a teaching fellow, I was eligible to join the meeting during which one speaker after another lambasted the Johnson administration for its commitment to South Vietnam. I asked if I might offer a dissenting view and the chairman, a Divinities professor, responded that I could do so by simply keeping my seat. After a few calls to "let him speak," I was allowed to make a brief comment regarding what I saw as factually incorrect and historically unsupported statements. There were no other voices of disagreement in that Veritas-hallowed hall.

After law school, I was awarded a clerkship at the Massachusetts Superior Court doing legal research for the Chief Justice and Associate Justices. The real world of the law proved to be so much more fun and satisfying than law school, and not only because of the challenging cases we handled. The experience was enriched by the company of the seven other law clerks, with whom I forged lifelong friendships. In our spare moments and during breaks, we engaged in prolonged and lively debates about the issues of the day, including civil rights, Israel, and, of course, the war.

While we agreed on many other things, on Vietnam it was always 7 to 1 with me as the lone "hawk." After one such session, a colleague said I should meet a young Cambridge woman named Carol Beebe because we were "the only two thinking persons in Boston who support LBJ on Vietnam." I did meet her, we fell in love (not just because of Johnson and the war), got married, raised five children (our oldest son's middle name is Lyndon), and are now enjoying five grandchildren with, hopefully, more to come. (The Vietnam issue even accompanied us to our wedding in the Harvard Chapel—we had to enter through the back door because of antiwar demonstrations in front as Harvard Yard was festooned with white crosses.)

I was asked by the Chief Justice to stay on as a law clerk for another year and as that extended period was nearing an end, I began considering how to get back on the national security/ foreign policy course I had charted for myself. But, during a visit to Washington to explore those possibilities, the Chief Justice's office informed me that Governor Volpe (for whom I had voted in 1960, 1962, 1964, and 1966) wanted to meet with me. So I cut short the State and Defense interviews and returned to Boston where I was immediately hired as Assistant Legal

Counsel to the Governor—once again, I had deferred my first career interest for an unexpected and unequaled opportunity.

Still a political independent, I was aware that Volpe was interested in securing the 1968 Republican vice presidential nomination, probably with Richard Nixon at the top of the ticket. I made clear that I supported Hubert Humphrey but Volpe appointed me anyway since my position would be legal, not political. However, I could not resist the temptation to use the unique access to a presidential campaign to advance my views on Vietnam and civil rights, which I knew were in line with Volpe's. I sent a series of unsolicited memos recommending: (a) that Nixon not make Vietnam a partisan issue by attacking the president, and (b) that he eschew the rumored Southern strategy and push for a strong Republican position on civil rights.

I learned later that Volpe's political staff had forwarded at least some of my memos to the Nixon people. On a campaign visit to Boston to discuss political strategy with the governor, the staff was invited to shake hands with Nixon. When Volpe introduced me, Nixon said, with apparent approval: "Oh yes, you're the fellow who believes we should support the president on the war." I was naturally flattered by the recognition but still intended to support Humphrey, primarily because of his positions on civil rights, whereas I thought the candidates' views on Vietnam were pretty similar. Those issues were tearing the country apart in 1968 and the year proved even more terrible with the killings of Dr. Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy.

Once Nixon won the GOP nomination, Volpe asked me to work on the presidential campaign's Nationalities Committee but I declined because of my pro-Humphrey sentiments. After Nixon was elected and Volpe was appointed Secretary of Transportation, he nevertheless asked me to join him in Washington as his special assistant. I expressed appreciation for the invitation but said I was unsure I could be comfortable with Nixon's civil rights policies. Volpe assured me he did not intend to sacrifice his own long-standing positions on civil rights, which he knew I greatly respected. I asked for a few days to consider the opportunity.

The next day Nixon announced the appointment of Daniel Patrick Moynihan as director of a new Urban Affairs Council that would address civil rights among other issues. I had long admired Moynihan and asked the governor if I could serve as his liaison to that group and he readily agreed. I also said I was concerned that Nixon's people could block Volpe's innovative

approaches to rail and public transportation. The governor responded that part of my job would be to help him push through those reforms in transportation policies. I was honored to accept his invitation and, over the next four years he more than fulfilled each of those commitments even when it meant he often had to confront Nixon's White House staff to achieve revolutionary changes in U.S. transportation policies and programs. I never regretted my decision even though it delayed once again my pursuit of a career in international affairs. (One Moynihan postscript: We happened to fly to Washington together on the same plane and shared a cab so he got to know a little about me. A few weeks later, he spotted me at a local restaurant with my new fiancée and sent over a bottle of champagne. Sometimes the biggest men are capable of the most gracious gestures to those far less important.)

(Actually, as suggested above, had Volpe made a different tactical decision in his quest for the vice presidential nomination, Nixon would almost certainly have selected him as his running mate instead of Spiro Agnew. In that case, Volpe would have become president when Nixon was forced to resign—and I would have gotten my foreign policy experience earlier than I did and at a much higher level. More likely, as I have argued, Volpe's performance as a member of Nixon's cabinet strongly indicates that, as vice president, he would have been able to block the White House staff and prevent the Watergate scandal from ever reaching that extreme outcome. His personal credibility with Nixon proved he could persuade him to reverse decisions he had already made, such as those against requiring air bags and against creating Amtrak. On Watergate, I am confident Volpe could have saved Nixon from his staff and from himself. See my article in Politico.)

Nixon's staff noted my non-Republican credentials—I was still a registered Independent—and raised the issue with Nixon, who asked Volpe if he trusted me. Since Volpe did, and Nixon trusted Volpe, he saw no problem with my serving in the administration.

We held our own for four tumultuous, yet highly productive and satisfying years at the Department of Transportation—until we were swept out by the Watergate staff after the 1972 election. That period will be the subject of the next chapter, which hopefully will appear in the 2015 issue of Schepp Connections.

Lana Lindstrom

SHARING A LIFE OF ADVENTURES AROUND THE WORLD

Lana Lindstrom, Schepp Scholar 1967-1970

"Wilderness is not a luxury but a necessity of the human spirit." – Edward Abbey

As a youngster growing up in Southern New Jersey of immigrant, blue-collar parents, I was totally unaware of public lands or traveling beyond a 30-mile radius. We played in the neighborhood, tended the garden, and never went on vacation; a big event was to drive to the shore, 45 minutes away, about once a year. But I knew, from the time I was knee high to a grasshopper, that I was expected to go to college and, since we only spoke Russian at home, to be an interpreter when I graduated.

Thanks in part to financial assistance from the Leopold Schepp Foundation, I was able to attend college and then continued to receive my Master's Degree in Slavic Language and Literature. When I graduated in 1972, at the height of the Cold War, there weren't many jobs in my field. I ended up in human resources, then general administration, and finally finance, all in the public sector.

But, shortly after beginning my professional career (and making more money the first year than both of my parents combined), I realized that my passion was nature – exploring mountains, oceans, and other countries, and promoting the love of the natural world to others. I moved to Oregon, the best single decision of my life!

I had a successful career with the city of Eugene and became active in the local outdoor community. Since I took early retirement, I have been even more active in making recreational activities accessible to others by leading hikes, bike rides, and ski trips for our club. I also realized how much I enjoy discovering new worlds, particularly national parks and wilderness areas in the US, as well as in foreign countries. I hiked the Annapurna Circuit in Nepal, the Drakensburg Mountains in South Africa, Patagonia in Argentina and Chile, and will leave shortly to hike the Coast-to-Coast trail in England and then a portion of the Camino de Santiago in Spain.

But back to the Russian language. Although I never used it officially on the job, I have been an interpreter for visiting guests and also visited our Sister City in Siberia. And it's been useful when traveling in many countries. Most astounding was meeting a Russian speaking firefighter in Syria! In my quest to be more "of service," I volunteered at the recent Sochi winter Olympics, a very rich three-week experience.

I firmly believe that a college degree, regardless of the field, is very important and am grateful that the Leopold Schepp Foundation was able to assist me in obtaining one.

NOTE: What follows is an account of Lana's 2004 trip to Cyprus and the Middle East.

THE OBSIDIAN BULLETIN

Lana and Richard Tour Cyprus, Middle East, by Ann Hollander

In March 2004, when the U.S. was fighting in Iraq and Americans were not the most beloved people in the world (especially in Europe and the Middle East), a couple of courageous Obsidians — Lana Lindstrom and Richard Hughes— answered the call of adventure, warm weather and the chance to explore two different cultures on one small island in the eastern Mediterranean Ocean.

Their destination? Cyprus. An island about the size of New Jersey with a population of about 800,000. An island divided between Greek and Turkish occupied territories. And the focal point of Lana and Richard's presentation at the March potluck.

Its strategic location has always brought occupiers to Cyprus... Romans, Turks, Greeks. The most recent split between north and south was precipitated by an attempt in 1974 to assassinate Archbishop Makarios, Cyprus' ruler. Consequently, the Turks staged a coup and occupied the north part of the island. The Greek portion is independent and a member of the European Community, while the rest is considered occupied by Turkey.

Lana and Richard flew into Larnica, on the Greek side, and made excursions along the coast to architectural ruins, small villages and mountains, as well as day trips to the Turkish area. Their slides reflected marvelous images showing architectural influences from Europe and the Middle East. An interesting example of cultural mixes was the beautiful Selimiye Mosque on the Turkish side that had formerly been a cathedral. The high white arched ceilings were breathtaking.

Potluckers were delighted to see Richard lying in a catacomb in the Tomb of the Kings, a series of underground tombs built for wealthy people in the 1500s. He looked quite comfortable!

There were photos of classic bazaars where vendors sold everything from live poultry to beautiful cloth. The best part of the trip was the people, who were very welcoming. Even after finding out they were Americans, people were still friendly, curious and even sympathetic. While watching a Greek Independence Day parade, a non-English speaking man next to them persisted in trying to communicate by repeating Greek words until he was finally understood to be saying, "sorry" and "twins, twins," referring to the Twin Towers.

Renting a car to explore the coastal areas and surrounding hills, they found the sea clear and blue, but totally fished out. Men still stand together on the docks dressed in their best suits and fish together . . . but it is a social event.

In small towns, just about every building has solar tanks for heating water. A slide showed a

town's roofs and solar tanks — all white except for an enormous red tower with the ubiquitous Coca Cola logo. Their coastal excursion also included visits to ruins from the 13th century, BC; attending Easter services at a Greek Orthodox church; and a visit to a monastery gilded with gold. They kayaked in the Mediterranean, hiked the rocky hills and walked in the snow on Mount Olympus.

Following Cyprus, Lana and Richard visited Egypt, Syria and Lebanon. They were awestruck by their journey into a pyramid, after which they were pursued by a man on horseback who didn't think he'd been paid enough for his photograph. Slides took us to the Sphinx and Suez Canal.

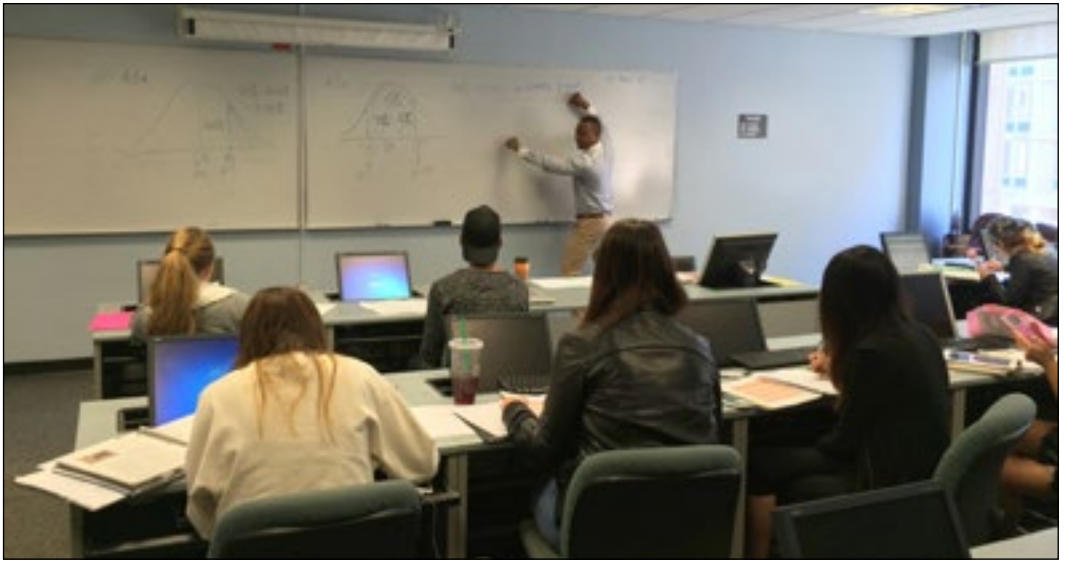
In Lebanon, they visited Byblos, reportedly the oldest inhabited town in the world, and Beirut, where they were welcomed by the locals. And in Homs, Syria, they were struck by the warmth of the people, who made sure they didn't leave town without tea and pastry.

Apart from the beautiful slides and the tales of adventure, this was a trip talk that imparted knowledge and an understanding of some of the cultural and political history of these complex and ancient parts of the world.

"People are the same all over the world," noted Lana afterwards. "The more we see other cultures, the more we realize this. That is the great value of traveling."

"Having the interactions with people gave me the true feeling of the country . . . I could see the real spirit of the country and the people, not just what our governments (ours and theirs) tell us," added Richard.

A valuable trip. Thank you, Lana and Richard.



Professor Bernard Dillard

THE GLASS IS STILL HALF FULL: ON MAINTAINING POSITIVE PERSPECTIVES

Bernard L. Dillard, Schepp Scholar 2002-2005

"Hi. I'm trying to reach Bernard. This is Judge calling from the P.G. County Abuse Center."
"Okay. Judge who?" I thought my counselor was an attorney.
"No, my name is Judge. I get it all the time. My name is Judge Taylor."
"Oh alright, man. How's it going? Glad you called."
"I'm doing great, man. I just wanted to reach back out to you. I received a message from our department that you'd like to come in and get the process going concerning some things you've experienced.
"Um, yeah, in a nutshell."
"Okay. Well, when do you think you can come in? We can talk a little more specifically about things when you show up. I'll actually be the counselor working with you, so hopefully we can build a sense of trust between us so you can move forward."
"Alright. Sounds good. I can probably swing by this week if you're available."

"Great. How does this Thursday sound, say after lunch around 2:00?"
"That'll work, man. I'll see you then."
"Fine. See you on Thursday, Bernard."
"Okay. See you then." A part of me still couldn't believe I was going through with it. All it took was a simple phone call to start the ball rolling. A simple phone call.

Above is an excerpt from *Lemonade: Inspired by Actual Events*, the memoir that I recently published. The conversation took place after I had moved to the Washington, DC area to attend graduate school at the University of Maryland and, while pursuing my studies, had decided to seek out counseling to finally process a traumatic childhood experience. The pages of the book reveal and discuss the events leading up to why I thought I needed counseling. The purpose of sharing the excerpt here, however, is to zero-in on one of the most life-changing truths I learned from my semester-long interaction with Judge. While it was true that what led me to the counseling office was most egregious, I also realized that I could finally use this opportunity – some twenty years later – to grow and encourage others who may face similar obstacles. I vowed to myself that I would not remain in a mental prison as life marched on around me. I knew I had a choice: forever remain a victim and walk around with invisible, mental crutches or, alternatively, adopt and maintain a positive perspective toward a not-so-positive experience and soar above it.

Strangely, around the same time that I was going through counseling, I had caught wind of the Schepp Foundation and its mission to encourage people in the development of good character and to assist them with financing their education. I'm not sure if it was coincidence or serendipity that allowed our paths to cross online, but I decided to apply for funding and hoped for the best. Here I was, on my own journey of self-discovery, learning how to master the art of maintaining a positive perspective. And here was a Foundation whose founder had done the same. There were a number of instances when Mr. Schepp could have seen life through the eyes of a victim and given up. He had very little formal education; his father passed away when he was a lad, and he was a street peddler. But there is, in my estimation, a certain word that describes what he possessed that most of us overlook.

This word often works hand-in-hand with the whole positive-perspective concept but can stand on its own as it relates to confronting the daunting and menacing challenges that life

hurls our way. It made a poor, scrawny ten-year-old eventually become a man of wealth, owning buildings in lower Manhattan and later establishing the Schepp Foundation. It made an unnamed, ordinary man in Tiananmen Square stand in the way of approaching tanks in the late '80s during the famous protests in Beijing. It made countless men and women in Birmingham endure the bites of police dogs and the full fury of water hoses just because they wanted to be regarded as equal. It made a determined man sit in a South African prison for twenty-seven years in utter defiance of an unfair and unjust system of apartheid. With it, barriers crumble. Without it, people jump off of bridges or walk into capacity-filled theaters and randomly shoot innocent victims. Tiny in appearance but enormous in reach and scope is the power of one unassuming word: hope.

From ISIS beheadings to job insecurity to Ebola to the bullying of our children in schools, we could easily conclude that there remains little reason to hope. Sometimes, I find myself at 11 PM flipping through channels, trying to find a decent news station to land on and watch. I do this because what's generally reported during the first ten minutes would make most of us believe that, as Henny Penny (aka Chicken Little) hysterically announced, the sky is falling. The positive things that occur in the world seem to be awarded little time on air. And apparently that works. News ratings continue to hold steady, which could confirm an acceptance of or fascination with most things negative. Consequently, because we constantly expose ourselves to a steady stream of negativity, we unwittingly begin to suffer a fate similar to Henny Penny's: death. Death of spirit, death of optimism, death of hope.

Perhaps one way of handling the weightiness and onslaught of life is for us to train ourselves to develop and maintain an attitude of positivity, of looking at the bright side of a situation, of seeing the proverbial glass as being half full. The older I have gotten, the more I try to view life this way. And from what I have experienced, it is a task that requires diligence and perseverance because so much of our culture, as stated, seems to tend toward pessimism. Some researchers have actually found that seeing the glass as half full tends to make one happier and healthier. Findings also showed that those who maintained an overall positive disposition were actually wealthier than those who did not. Hence, it literally pays to be hopeful. The idea in theory is that when one expects good things to happen, a chain reaction of positivity occurs, which produces positive results. On the other hand, expecting bad or negative things to happen creates a domino effect of negativity and keeps one from actually doing the things

necessary to create positive results.

Recently, a personal experience tested my glass-half-full perspective. At my current job, I had reached the point where I could be considered for a promotion. So in January of this year, I prepared my application packet, which consisted of essays, recommendation letters, and meticulous documentation of all of the contributions I made during my years as an assistant professor. The preparation of the application was nothing less than a full-time job in itself. After making several rounds of tweaks and adjustments to the packet, I was ready to formally enter the promotion competition. While one would hope that promotions of any kind are based strictly on merit, I discovered rather quickly that this is not always the case. In higher education, not all who apply are able to receive the prize and, unfortunately, it is not necessarily because a candidate is unqualified.

The first step was to go before members of my own Departmental Tenure and Promotions Committee, present my case for promotion, and hope for a majority vote so that application materials could be sent to the next level. Department members unanimously decided that I should advance to the next round. That phase required appearing before the College-wide Tenure and Promotions Committee, a body comprised of my colleagues across departments and across schools within the entire university. Here, my application would undergo more scrutiny, and I would have to field a barrage of questions concerning detailed information I had provided. I would be judged primarily on contributions in three broad categories: scholarly activity, service, and student evaluations of my teaching.

Regarding scholarly activity, I had given several talks and participated as a panel discussant. I developed the curriculum of a new math course based on personal finance. I was co-author of a statistics textbook that is widely used in several universities across the country. I had served on several college-wide committees in an effort to engage in what our college calls shared governance. I also had chaired the search for a new full-time faculty member in our own math department. My student evaluations were extraordinary.

After my meeting with the committee, an associate of mine, who happened to be a member of that same committee, informed me that members were quite enamored of my presentation and spoke highly of me. I never believed myself cocky about my performance; I just felt prepared,

confident, and hopeful. At the end of the day, however, it all boiled down to how each member scored me on what was supposed to be an objective instrument. When all the scores were tallied, I ranked sixteenth out of eighteen candidates, below the cutoff score that the committee had established; it would only recommend to the president that those above the cutoff be granted promotion, although information and scores for all candidates had to be submitted for review.

One can imagine the hurt that I felt when I received my scores and ranking. I had given it my best shot and had fallen short of achieving what I thought I deserved. I laugh even to this day at my first reaction upon receiving the scores. I told someone that I honestly believed that my scores had become mixed up with someone else's. But I soon discovered that the scores were indeed mine and that I would just have to deal with it and prepare to undergo the process again the following year. I had heard instances of many faculty members who were successful the second time around. This would just have to be my lot.

In any case, my scores and application materials were sent to the next level in the process. Although I was slightly disappointed, things really were fine in my mind. It was not the end of the world. The glass was half full because, after all, I still had a job at decent pay with summers off. The sky wasn't falling.

The dean to whom my department reports heard that the committee had completed the scoring of candidates. He reached out via email to all faculty members under his leadership to ask how we had fared. After learning of my scores and ranking, he became livid. He seemed to believe strongly that I should have scored higher. While he did not insinuate that I should have received the highest score, he had not expected that my scores would fall among the worst. He was privy to all of my contributions and achievements and could not believe that this was the reality. I emailed him back and thanked him for his concern, assuring him that I was fine with the results and harbored no ill will toward the committee or the process To me, the glass was still half full.

Promotion packets and scores had made their way to the office of the Vice President of Academic Affairs (VPAA). Final decisions would be made by the president of the College, along with input from the vice president. I heard that the dean was so frustrated by the results

that he actually made a phone call and discussed how disappointed he was at my ranking in light of the contributions I had made. The VPAA said that he would look into it but could make no promises.

After another two months of waiting, I received an email marked "confidential" from the Office of the President. After clicking on the PDF attachment, I stared at the opening sentence in amazement, which read, "I am pleased to promote you to the rank of Associate Professor effective August 18, 2014." I was not privy to any behind-the-scenes communication between the VPAA and the president, but I was and am one appreciative soul. I also know that, even if the decision had gone the other way, hope would have motivated me to dust myself off and give it another whirl the next time. I have faced failure before and will probably face it again in the future. But, with hope and a positive perspective at the center of one's outlook on life, there really is no losing.

Perhaps Emily Dickinson said it best, affirming that:

> Hope is the thing with feathers
> That perches in the soul
> And sings the tune without the words
> And never stops -- at all

Not surprisingly, I think Mr. Schepp would nod his optimistic, hopeful head in agreement.

Bernard L. Dillard is Associate Professor of Mathematics at the Fashion Institute of Technology in New York City. His memoir, Lemonade: Inspired by Actual Events, *won Dan Poynter's Global eBook Award in the autobiography category.*

TAM VAN TRAN

Tam Van Tran was born in Kontum, Vietnam in 1966. At the age of nine just before the fall of South Vietnam, he and his three siblings were granted asylum in the U.S. as political refugees. His eldest brother and parents were scheduled to follow, however with the sudden takeover of his country by the communists, his parents and brother were not able to leave. Many years later, the family was reunited.

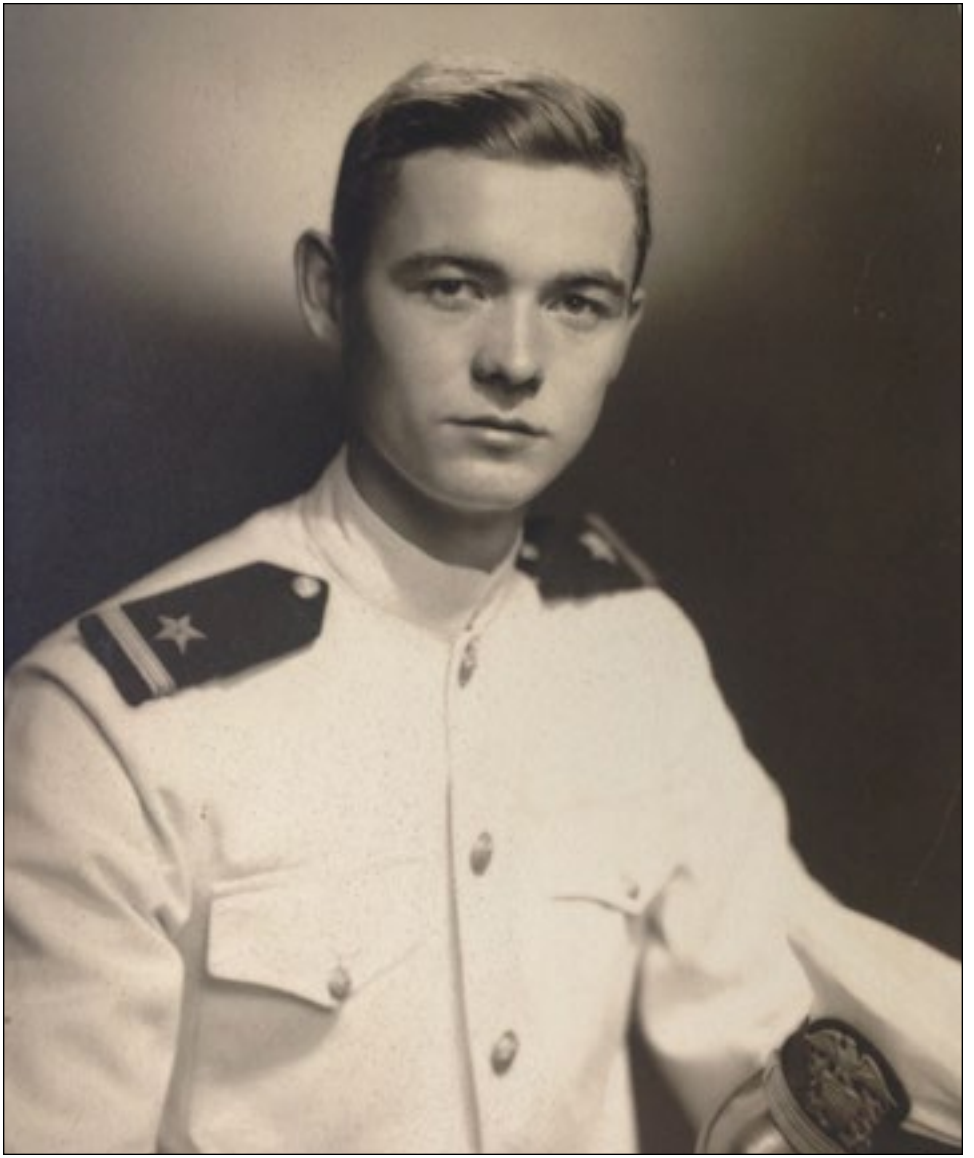
While still in high school, Tam wrote: "For me, art is a spiritual activity. The experience of being uprooted and placed in an alien culture has increased my awareness of the world and its crises. For me, art is a journey that brings me back to my own roots, and also those of mankind. Art is a creative act that embraces and sympathizes with the human soul."

Almost 30 years ago, one of Tam's deans wrote: "Tam Van Tran is an exceptional student and a wonderful human being. Tam is amongst a very small group of young artists that show a vision, a whole and complete world view, this early in their lives. Utterly gifted as a painter, Tam has the added strength of deep humanistic values gained from his family. Tam is an attractive human being with deep moral and social values."

Tam's work may be found in the permanent collections of the Museum of Modern Art, New York; the Whitney Museum of American Art, New York; the Hirschhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden, Washington, D.C.; the Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles; the Broad Collection, Santa Monica; the Institute of Contemporary Art, Boston; the Walker Art Center, Minneapolis, and the Cleveland Museum of Art. In addition, he has had many national and international exhibitions. Tam lives and works in Los Angeles.

Untitled, 36” X 48”
Acrylic on canvas, 2014

Untitled, 65.5" X 41.5"
Acrylic, silver leaf on paper, 2014



Charles Anderson

THE LESSON OF A LIFETIME DEVOTED TO GIVING BACK: "EACH ONE OF US STANDS ON THE SHOULDERS OF OTHERS WHO PRECEDED US."

Charles Anderson, Schepp Scholar 1940-1943

Those of us who grew up during the Depression matured perhaps more rapidly than we might have otherwise. I had few resources of my own when I graduated from high school at 16. I was considered young for a scholarship, so I worked for a year as a grocery clerk, surveyor's assistant and at other jobs to accumulate funds for college. The Schepp Foundation then supported most of my tuition and other college costs at Stevens Institute for the next four years. I have always been grateful for this support.

A few weeks prior to graduation, I went to Dean Camp's office seeking help. I did not have the necessary several hundred dollars for graduation fees. He awarded me the amount I needed and explained repayment was not required. I gladly signed the required paperwork. However, it was also stated that if, in the future, I might be able to assist others in some similar way, I would accept that responsibility. It would be years before I could carry this out.

On December 7th, 1941, the day of the attack on Pearl Harbor, I was in the third year of my Mechanical Engineering degree. I quickly decided to join the armed service, not for a career but "for the duration" as it was then worded. After training, the U. S. Navy offered me an ensign commission, which I accepted on April 1, 1942. My motivation may have been inspired by colonial ancestors, whose letters from 1777 at Valley Forge my family had retained. One died there, one survived, another was rescued from sinking in the blockade of Charleston harbor.

After WWII, our plans and aspirations were different than before. Peace had been achieved, at least for a while. It was time for my generation to get on with life, after a long postponement. Typically young marrieds sought personal stability, a career, perhaps a home and family. I joined Esso's marketing department, trouble shooting field problems with fuels or lubricants. Some years later, I went into the newly developing field of drilling for oil in very deep water. In the early seventies, only Americans had much experience at this depth in the Gulf of Mexico. This lead to consortia operations in the North Sea, with

British, Norwegians, and others. No robots or automations were available at that time. Depths of 300 to 400 feet required our divers to spend long hours at heavy pressure. New hyperbaric techniques had to be developed. My ability in several languages helped communication at times.

After a 13-year battle with multiple sclerosis, my first wife died. Not much was known about that disease in the 1940's. We had two young sons for whom I have always been grateful. I re-married and we had a daughter. After a period during which we both enjoyed blue water sailing (in early retirement), my second wife developed Alzheimer's disease, eventually requiring a care-giver around the clock, somewhat similar to what MS had required years before.

One of our nurses had a motivated, adolescent son, who hoped to transfer to a better school and needed a few thousand dollars for two years. Remembering the support Dean Camp had given me years before, I wrote a similar "letter of gift" for the youngster, who continued his education and did well.

After my wife died, family estate resources were available. I felt obligated in some way to alleviate the effects of the dreadful disease from which she had suffered. Working with Dr. Robert Santulli at Dartmouth-Hitchcock Hospital, I provided funds to establish a special program to train young medical doctors in the unusual needs of Alzheimer's patients, and also to provide open forum discussions for care-givers. Various speakers inform all who attend about what to expect with Alzheimer's disease and how best to understand the patients and their limitations. This aspect of open discussion and education had been largely ignored, but now was facilitated where needed.

Throughout my life, I have felt that I should "give back" in some manner, recognizing the many advantages I have received. Each one of us stands on the shoulders of others who preceded us. Now it was my turn. As time went on, I donated funds to the Schepp Foundation in appreciation of its assistance when I really needed support. Before Schepp, my hopes and plans for the future seemed beyond my reach. I have been truly grateful for the Foundation's help, as life took many unforeseen turns.

My sense of service has prompted me to ask what I have contributed to our complex society.

At my age, one looks back, finding no great single accomplishment but a number of lesser ones. I was able to raise three children, and funded the education of my two sons and four grandchildren. I also founded a program to assist Alzheimer families and young medical people who work in that area. I continued to donate to the Schepp Foundation. But I think my greatest contribution may have been the example I set in meeting catastrophic challenges. I "stayed the course" twice with long term illnesses, setting aside career plans as less important. Perhaps this example has contributed to character development in others. The "me" generation may have been only a passing fancy. We are often told that older values are out of date in this new world. But all is not lost. It has been rewarding to read the stories of recent Schepp scholars, who are among those leading the way. They are proof that, nearly a century later, young people are still as idealistic as my generation had been.

So – let the play begin – let the plot unfold!

NOTE: The Schepp Foundation is enormously grateful for the generous support Charles Anderson has provided to the Foundation over the last 25 years.

Charles Anderson

TRUSTEE BANNING REPPLIER

Bruno Quinson

Banning Repplier is the oldest of a family of four children. He was born in Montclair, New Jersey on July 4, 1946, but the family moved to New Haven, Connecticut when he was 2 years old. After finishing high school, he went to Amherst College in Massachusetts even though most of his family received their college degrees from Wesleyan. At Amherst he excelled in tennis and participated in skiing but did not join the ski team. He majored in English Literature and spent his first 2 years after graduation in the Peace Corps teaching English in the Ivory Coast. While there, he improved his French language skills but picked up an African accent, which he displayed whenever he visited friends in France where they kidded him about it. Upon his return to the States, he matriculated at NYU Graduate School and received his MA in English Literature.

Upon graduation from NYU, he received a Fulbright Grant to teach in Laos. Laos was a French speaking country and Banning continued to improve his French and his students' English language skills. After finishing his tour in Laos, he took 8 months to travel through the whole of Southeast Asia, as well as India and Nepal. Before coming home to the U.S., he spent 4 months in Paris with friends whom he still visits every year.

After a short time in the U.S., he was off again, this time to Iran to teach at Pahlavi University in Shiraz before the overthrow of the Shah. It was a dicey time because he knew that as a foreigner he was being closely watched by the Iranian Secret Police, Savak. To leave the country a foreigner needed an exit visa and to acquire one, he had to visit the Savak office. That is when he discovered they had a dossier on him that was a couple of inches thick. When the time came, he was happy to leave the country.

Back home at the age of 30, Banning went to work at Simon & Schuster where he wrote cover copy for Pocket Books and for other hard cover titles. After a while, he turned to free-lance

journalism. One of the first articles he was commissioned to write was about Iran where he had gained valuable insights into the pre-revolutionary society. All this experience led him to the advertising world where he spent the rest of his career as a creative director, first at Saatchi & Saatchi for 4 years and then Grey Global for over 25 years where he handled such accounts as Tide for Proctor & Gamble and pharmaceutical products for Johnson & Johnson. He retired at 65 and loves his freedom.

Because of retirement, Banning has more time to devote to volunteering. He has been involved with the Leopold Schepp Foundation for over 25 years. He first joined the Board of Trustees when his aunt, Barbara Banning Tweed Estill, was president of the Foundation. The Board had decided to bring in younger people, to attract men and to bring different skills to the Board. Banning joined the Board when the Schepp office was still at Madison Square Park. He brought his journalism and writing skills, which have proved to be extremely valuable to the Foundation. When asked what he enjoys the most about his work with the Foundation, he smiles and responds that interviewing the student applicants and then reading of their accomplishments in the Schepp Connections is pure joy.

Not only does Banning work with the Schepp Foundation, he also volunteers for the Brooklyn Bridge Park Conservancy, where he writes a weekly article about the events the Conservancy is promoting. The Conservancy is changing the waterfront around the bridge, making it a destination for young and old New Yorkers alike. Banning also participates in a student-alumni mentoring program at Amherst College.

Banning lives in Brooklyn Heights, but spends time every summer in Maine on Penobscot Bay, where his father's family has a home, and time every July in Madison, Connecticut, where his mother's family has rented the same beach house for over 30 years. He visits Paris every year and is planning other trips around the world. Because of his many interests, he will certainly have no problem staying active.

We, at the Leopold Schepp Foundation, are extremely lucky to have him as a member of our Board of Trustees.

Koji Pingry with children, Biwako 123 Camp

SUSUME: MOVING FORWARD AFTER THE GREAT EAST JAPAN EARTHQUAKE

Koji Pingry, Schepp Scholar 2014-15

It was like nothing I had ever seen before. In Japan, one of the most densely populated countries in the world, there are always people walking in the streets. There are always businesses open, neon lights vying for your attention, the smell of good food, an air of purpose and determination amongst the citizens. But here in the town of Minamisoma, within 30km of the Fukushima Daiichi nuclear power plant, there is nobody.

The priest, Sasaki san, driving us through the town, explains that it is considered unsafe by the government. Civilians can return during the day to check up on their homes or search for lost possessions, but no one can live here. Houses remain intact, street lights still function, but the only business open, the solitary sign that remains lit, is the government post office with not a customer in sight. The town is dead. Driving through is one of the most eerie and uncomfortable moments of my life.

My surprise does not end there as we continue our journey back towards Nihonmatsu, Fukushima. With our Geiger counter on the front dashboard, measuring the levels of radiation in the air, Sasaki san begins to tell us how most of Fukushima has been deemed livable by the government even though some areas have higher levels of radiation than the evacuated zone. He explains that many who want to leave cannot. They are tied to the land, tied to their jobs, or simply do not have the means or a place to go. It is the children that are the most susceptible to the dangers of radiation and it is the children that Sasaki san is most worried about. “People come here and do all these experiments, and tell us we want to help you, we want to return everything to normal,” he says, “I do not want these promises that we know cannot be kept. I want people to come and say we care about your children, we care about their health, their lives, their future.”

On March 11, 2011, a devastating 9.0 earthquake hit the Tohoku region in northeastern Japan. The resulting tsunami went on to ravage the coastline of Sendai and Fukushima, and led to melt-downs at three reactors in the Fukushima Daiichi Nuclear Power Plant. The amount of radiation released was enough for this disaster to measure level 7 on the international Nuclear Event Scale, only the second time this designation has been used, the first being Chernobyl.

Citizens of Fukushima were recommended to get as far away as possible. Those who could afford to, fled as far as the northernmost island of Hokaido or the southernmost island of Okinawa. Radiation traveled via wind and rain to Tokyo, Saitama and other prefectures in the Kanto region, the most heavily populated area in the country. The former Japanese Prime Minister, Naoto Kan, has publicly stated that evacuating the state of Tokyo, with all of its thirty five million citizens, was a very real possibility. The incident came to be known as the Great East Japan Earthquake (higashinihon daishinsai) and in the rest of the world as the Fukushima Nuclear Disaster.

Three years later, though updates on the Fukushima Nuclear Disaster are less prevalent in our mainstream media, the issue is still very real. Efforts are being made to remove the topsoil which has the most radiation. The nuclear power plant has been precariously contained but continues to leak radiation into the surrounding area and the Pacific Ocean. Rice from many areas of Fukushima is unsafe to consume. High levels of radiation have been found in milk, meat, fish, and vegetables from the region. Entire mountains are closed due to greater concentrations of radiation accumulating at some of the higher elevations. Schools have reopened with sections of their grounds closed off due to radiation. It is recommended that children stay indoors, especially on windy days. We have no idea what the long-term effects of radiation will be on the citizens of Fukushima -- there is simply not enough data. But for Sasaki san and his organization, Team Nihonmatsu, the most important thing is to protect the children as much as possible. Team Nihonmatsu has purchased its own device to measure radiation levels in food. They speak at political conferences to highlight the dangers of living in these areas and ask for support from the government. They educate families still living in Fukushima on what can be done to protect their children and encourage them to send their kids to recuperation camps at least once a year.

As a Japanese American, with half of my family living in japan, I have always had a strong desire to do something since the tsunami occurred. Seeing the images of people evacuating, searching for others in piles of rubble, sacrificing their own lives to try and cool the reactors in the nuclear power plant have stuck with me. I wanted to volunteer as soon as possible, but for many reasons, could not find the right opportunity. I did not want to be in the way, I did not want to go to the radiated areas without truly understanding all of the risks, and Japan is a country thousands of miles away. As the years passed, I struggled to find a way that I could truly help,

truly make a positive impact and not just make myself feel better. Fortunately, that opportunity came along this past year.

A friend of mine had met Sasaki san in Hawaii last year and, through him, was able to connect us with a recuperation camp called Biwako 123. The recuperation camp is not a new idea. Living in a highly radiated area is incredibly stressful both physically and mentally. People accumulate radiation in their bodies through everyday activities. Mothers constantly have to worry about where their kids are playing, what they are eating, and also their happiness. Kids cannot play in the dirt, swim in the pool, go into the woods, and eat what they want. There are many recuperation camps in Japan, all privately funded, working to provide the opportunity for kids to be kids and for parents to not have to worry. Most of the camps operate every summer, winter, and spring break when children do not have school. They are located in prefectures far from the affected disaster area and give participants a chance to live and eat in a place free of radiation.

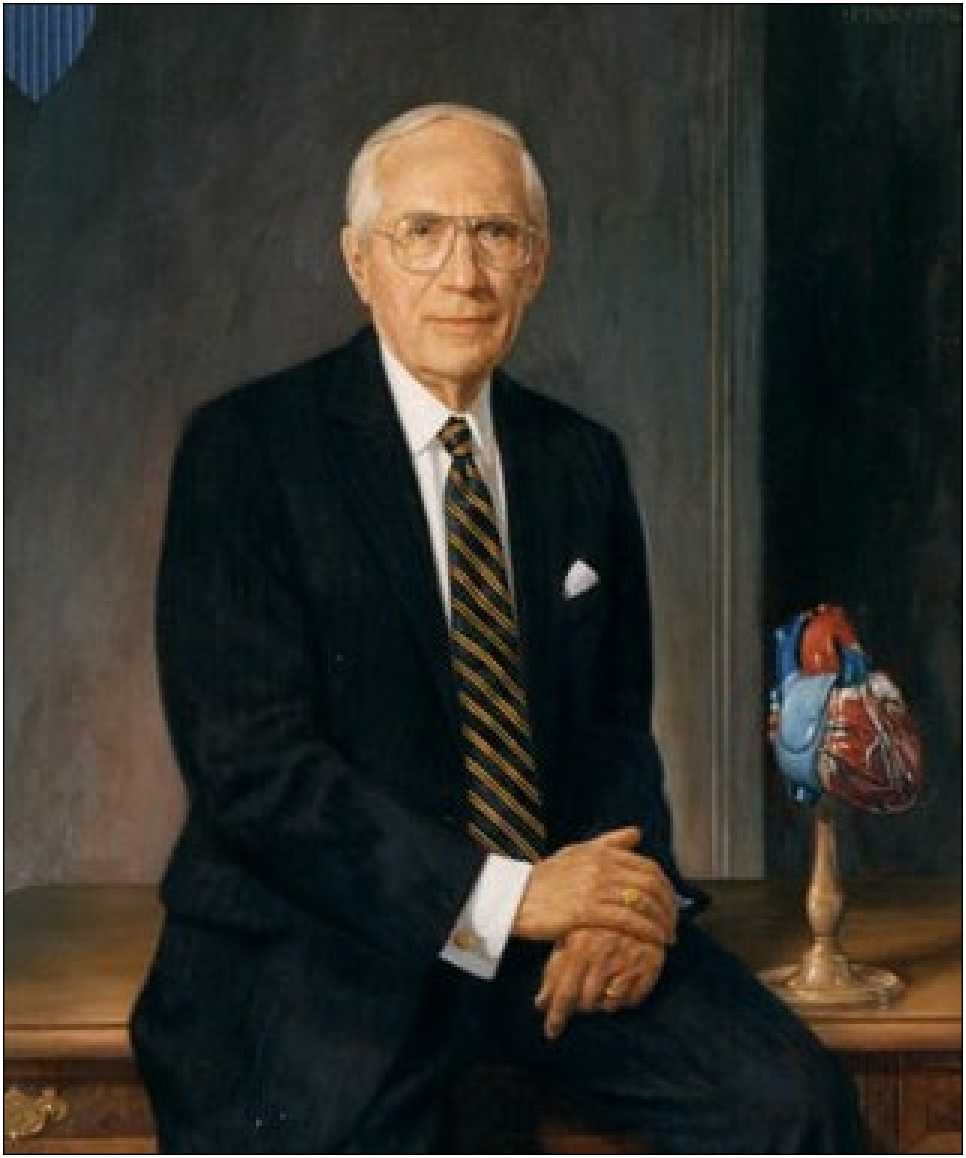
As the name suggests, the Biwako 123 Camp is located on the shores of Lake Biwa, the largest freshwater lake in Japan, in the Shiga prefecture. The camp has five staff members who cook, plan, organize, fundraise and generally do not sleep in order to get the aforementioned things done. They all have other jobs and their own families, and are not paid for their work at the camp. However, they understand that, as a community, they can provide a space for recuperation. They receive food donations from local farms in the area and the Shiga prefecture. Volunteers come from surrounding high schools and universities. Local artists give concerts, actors put on shows, craftsmen share their skills with the children, and experts on radiation provide knowledge. Essentially, it is a place where caring, concerned Japanese citizens have come together for the children of Fukushima. As a result, the atmosphere at the camp was incredible, the volunteers were amazing, and the kids were like any kids in the world, bright, energetic and a lot of fun.

We volunteered there for three weeks, heard a lot of stories, laughed, cried, and made many new friends. As a volunteer, my main job was to take care of the children, while helping out with whatever else I could. Because of this, for a short time I got a glimpse into the life of parenthood and all the fatigue, stress, and pure joy that comes with it. But beneath all the fun that I was having, I couldn't help but think how unfair it was that the children would have to deal

with the dangers of radiation for the rest of their lives even though they had had nothing to do with its cause. Many of the families at the camp, however, understand that these feelings are unproductive. They do not want people to feel sorry for them. They understand that the disaster happened and that they have to do the best they can under the circumstances. In Japanese, there is a word "susume," once used by the military and meaning to push forward without looking back. Biwako 123 Camp and Sasaki san's Team Nihonmatsu are the embodiment of a new meaning for this word. They understand they cannot change the past and must continue moving forward. They want to protect their children and their futures as much as they can and prevent this kind of disaster from happening again.

Biwako 123 wants the kids to feel like the camp is their second home. They really try to make everybody feel like it is one big family, even calling the main staff member and founder Okan, the Kansai word for mother. After three weeks spending every moment both waking and sleeping around these kids, I came home knowing I now have fifty new brothers and sisters. Fifty little brothers and sisters that I want to see grow up healthy, that I want to protect as much as I can. We were able to videotape a lot of our own thoughts and experiences, as well as the stories of many of the volunteers and participants. We hope to share these stories with as many people as possible so that they can begin to understand the seriousness of this ongoing problem and support camps like Biwako 123. No one knows what the long-term effects of the radiation will be. But we do know that these camps, at least for a short time, provide relief and do make a difference physically and mentally. Sasaki san knows that we have the technology to measure the levels of radiation and that we can limit to some degree how much kids are affected. Children represent the future and they represent hope. They are the ones least responsible for this disaster occurring yet they are going to deal with the consequences the longest. And if there is any way to make a positive impact on these kids' futures, no matter how small, it is worth it. I plan on doing so by continuing to volunteer and support this camp in the summers and sharing their stories so that we as a global community can continue to "susume."

Koji Pingry with children, Biwako 123 Camp Team



Dr. Robert Wallace

ROBERT WALLACE, M.D.: A GIANT IN CARDIOVASCULAR SURGERY

Reprinted from the Mayo Alumni Magazine

According to Andrew Wechsler, M.D., it is difficult to think of others who have achieved as much as Dr. Wallace in the course of a career. "As a product of Mayo Clinic, he has set an extraordinarily high standard," says Dr. Wechsler, the Stanley K. Brockman Professor and chair of the Department of Cardiothoracic Surgery at Drexel University College of Medicine in Philadelphia.

Dr. Wallace came to Mayo Clinic in 1963 for a fellowship in cardiovascular surgery under John Kirklin, M.D. He joined the staff a year later. In 1968, he became the first surgeon in the nation to perform the Rastelli operation to correct transposition of the great arteries with ventricular septal defect and pulmonary stenosis. He was chair of the Department of Surgery from 1968 to 1979 and became a professor of surgery in 1973. He served on the Mayo Clinic Board of Governors and Mayo Foundation Board of Trustees from 1969 to 1977.

In 1980, Dr. Wallace joined the staff at Georgetown University School of Medicine, was named chair of the university's Department of Surgery and later became chief of the Division of Cardiothoracic Surgery at Georgetown University Medical Center.

"Dr. Wallace is one of the true giants of cardiovascular surgery," says Eugene Braunwald, M.D., Distinguished Hersey Professor of Medicine at Harvard Medical School and Brigham and Women's Hospital in Boston. "This was an undeveloped field in its infancy when he entered it as a trainee at Mayo Clinic. For one-third of a century, Dr. Wallace has been a very strong clinician and clinical investigator leader who contributed to the field's maturation."

Joseph Dearani, M.D., was a medical student in 1985 when he met Dr. Wallace. "Throughout his career, he has been dedicated to medical student and resident education and has inspired many of our surgical youth — including me — to pursue a career in cardiovascular surgery," says Dr. Dearani, professor of surgery and program director of the thoracic surgery residency in the Division of Cardiovascular Surgery at Mayo Clinic.

In 1994, Dr. Wallace was named president of the American Association of Thoracic Surgery.

Since his retirement in 1996, he has remained active in surgical organizations and served in leadership positions with the American College of Surgeons and the Thoracic Surgery Foundation for Research and Education.

In 1999, he became involved with the LeDucq Foundation, serving as vice president, president and chair of the Scientific Advisory Committee. "This is one of Dr. Wallace's least known and, perhaps, most important accomplishments," says Dr. Wechsler. "He set the direction for what will probably turn out to be the largest private foundation supporting cardiovascular research. Individuals supported by the LeDucq Foundation represent the highest level of cardiologic investigation on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean."

Dr. Wallace has authored or co-authored 250 articles or book chapters as author or co-author, and has served on the editorial boards of the *American Journal of Cardiology, Cardiac Chronicles*, *Current Problems in Surgery* and *Journal of Cardiovascular Surgery.*

Fellowship: Cardiovascular Surgery, Mayo Clinic, 1963–1964
Residency: Thoracic Surgery, Baylor University, Houston, 1962–1963; Surgery, St. Vincent's Hospital, New York, N.Y., 1958–1962
Medical School: College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University, New York, N.Y., 1957
Undergraduate: Columbia University, 1953
Native of: Washington, D.C.

"An understanding heart is everything in a teacher and cannot be esteemed highly enough. One looks back with appreciation to the brilliant teachers, but with gratitude to those who touched our human feeling. The curriculum is so much necessary raw material, but warmth is the vital element for the growing plant and for the soul of the child." — Carl Jung

ROBERT WALLACE, M.D.: THE MAN BEHIND THE ACCOLADES

Dr. Robert Wallace, Schepp Scholar 1950-1953

I was born on April 12, 1931, in Washington D.C., one of three boys. My parents were hardworking individuals, committed to seeing their sons educated. My father worked as a milk deliveryman and my mother as a government clerk. During my school years, I worked as a paperboy, a farm hand, a dairyman and a camp counselor. I was also a paid soloist in a church choir. Through the influence of my choir director, I received a scholarship to St. Peter's, a boys' preparatory school in Peekskill, New York. It was through the headmaster that I was introduced to the Leopold Schepp Foundation. Upon graduation from St. Peter's, I had the opportunity to enter professional baseball. However, I had received a scholarship from Columbia College and wisely decided to take that road. I interviewed at the Schepp Foundation the Monday after my St. Peter's graduation and fortunately was chosen for an award.

I am not certain exactly when or why I thought I wanted to go into medicine but I entered college as a pre-med and took the minimum science requirements for a pre-med student. College was a good four years. I had the opportunity to play football with my older brother as a teammate under Coach Lou Little, who had a profound influence on me. I was not wholly committed to a career in medicine, but Mr. Little encouraged me and I think was instrumental in my acceptance at Columbia College of Physicians & Surgeons, the only medical school to which I applied. I think my education was augmented by the many jobs that I had throughout college: dining room waiter, bartender, gym instructor at St. Bernard's School for boys, swimming pool manager and instructor, mail sorter at U.S. Post Office and a job with the National Lithographers Association. It seemed that at times school interfered with my work schedule. Acceptance to medical school introduced more financial concerns. But Mr. Little assured me that, although I might not get through medical school, it would not be because of financial problems. Throughout medical school, I had the newspaper concession, the laundry concession and worked in the blood bank at St. Luke's Hospital. It is possible that work might have compromised my academic performance. It was not until late in my senior year that I decided that I wanted to pursue surgical training. I did a surgical internship and residency at St. Vincent's Hospital in New York. I was glad finally to be in a situation where I could completely focus on the job at hand and not be distracted by other jobs. I enjoyed all of the surgical specialties and had difficulty in deciding on a particular one. I was influenced by a lecture given by a surgeon from Houston, who spoke

on the work they were doing in vascular surgery. With the help and encouragement of one of my mentors, I applied and was accepted into the fellowship program at Baylor in Houston and had the opportunity to work with Drs. DeBakey, Cooley and Crawford. I was greatly influenced by my experience with Dr. Cooley and, with his encouragement, decided to pursue a career in cardiac surgery. During my period at Baylor, I had the opportunity to meet Dr. John Kirklin, who started the heart program at the Mayo Clinic. In 1963, he invited me to spend a year working with him in Rochester. This was the best year I had experienced in my training. Dr. Kirklin was the ultimate teacher and mentor. During that year, he invited me to join the staff of the Mayo Clinic and I accepted. In 1967, Dr. Kirklin left the Mayo Clinic and, in 1968, I was named Chairman and Professor of Surgery; I was thirty-seven years old. The years at the Mayo Clinic were the best years of my professional career. Cardiac surgery during that time was a rapidly developing field with new experiences and challenges encountered each day. There were disappointments as surgical mortality was high but it was the only alternative. With experience and improved diagnostic modalities, results improved to a very gratifying level. Although clinical activities were my greatest interest, I also enjoyed teaching and was active in the administration as Chairman and as a member of the Board of Governors and the Board of Trustees. During my tenure on the boards, Mayo established a medical school as well as a second clinic in Jacksonville, Florida.

In January, 1980, I was appointed Professor and Chairman of Surgery at Georgetown University School of Medicine. Leaving the Mayo Clinic was a difficult decision but Georgetown represented a new set of challenges and also the opportunity to live close to my family, since Washington D.C. was my hometown. I was criticized for trying to make Georgetown like the Mayo Clinic and my only regret is that I was not successful. It was possible to build a strong cardiac surgery program and a good surgical training program. A solid research program was also developed. Although there was some integration of clinical practice, it was not to the degree that I had hoped.

I had decided in mid-career that I would retire at sixty-five. It was my observation that, around this age, some surgeons experienced a decline in their technical skills, though not all of them realized this. I did not want to be in that group. I was fortunate that in retirement I had the opportunity to remain involved. I served as President of the Thoracic Surgery Foundation for Research and Education. During my tenure, Dr. Eugene Braunwald (also a Schepp Scholar) endowed the Nina Braunwald Scholarship in honor of his wife, an outstanding cardiac surgeon who was the first woman certified by the American Board of Thoracic Surgery. I had the

opportunity to work with a former patient in developing the LeDucq Foundation, which today is probably the largest private foundation supporting cardiovascular and neurovascular research worldwide. Dr. Braunwald was an important founding member of the Foundation's Medical Advisory Board.

With the passage of time, my professional activities diminished and were replaced with new and different pursuits, such as tutoring and mentoring inner-city middle school students, and serving on the boards of the Cathedral Choral Society and a continuing care retirement community. I have continued singing in the church choir, have developed an average senior golf status, and have pursued a hobby of carving and painting decorative decoys.

As with anyone's career, there are a number of individuals who helped make mine possible and I am deeply indebted to them all, including my many mentors, teachers, and coaches but especially my parents, who stimulated my mind and provided motivation, and, most importantly, my wife Betty, without whom my work would not have been possible.

NOTE: The Schepp Foundation is truly grateful for the generous support of the Wallace family over the years.

Dr. Robert Wallace

Dr. John Rigatti with his daughter Michelle Rigatti Shoemaker

REMEMBERING DR. JOHN RIGATTI, SCHEPP SCHOLAR 1956-1959

Marianne Rigatti, daughter

John Lawrence Rigatti was born in Hell's Kitchen on April 6, 1934. His parents had immigrated to the United States from Revo and Romallo, two tiny villages in Northern Italy near the Dolomite Alps. John's father, Dario, arrived in America by himself at age 17. He later returned to Italy to find a bride and married Antoinette Pancheri, by all reports the most beautiful girl in Romallo. John got his good looks and love of music from Antoinette, his drive and affability from Dario, and his smarts from both of them. John was always very proud of his parents. He related time and again how his father, who had only attended a small village school, managed to own a home and car and to feed five children throughout the Great Depression. Antoinette, a tall, statuesque woman, who could recite Dante's "Divine Comedy" by heart in Italian, taught herself to speak English by reading the funny pages. She possessed a keen sense of humor, as well as impeccable fashion sense. Dario supported the family by working in construction and for the Sanitation Department. He worked as a sandhog on the Holland Tunnel and helped to build the Empire State Building.

John spent his first twelve years in Queens with his two older brothers and two younger sisters and eventually another brother, Joseph. He attended P.S. 142 and played stickball and sandlot baseball and engaged in mischief, such as hooking sleds or bicycles to the back of trucks for free rides and attaching a dollar to a thin string and watching from around a corner as the dollar skipped away from puzzled passersby. According to his cousin Gino, their greatest boyhood prank was spraying a garden hose through the open study window of a stern, neighborhood priest who had scolded them.

In 1947, John's carefree city life came to an end when two-year-old Joseph died of meningitis. This early brush with disease and death may have inspired John to become a doctor. As Antoinette could not bear to stay in the house where the tragedy had occurred, the grief-stricken family moved to a farm outside Bath in upstate New York. After colorful, bustling Queens, the farm proved to be a very isolated place to live. Dario resumed construction work, so a lot of the farm work fell to Antoinette and the three boys. John's brother, George, liked farming and turned out to be an ingenious mechanic who could keep the temperamental tractor running. John, on the other hand, always said that compared to farming, every other type of work was

easy. He did remember the local Grange very fondly for its ice cream socials and lively dances.

Unlike farming, school came easily to John. He skipped two grades and entered first Columbia University and later Albany Medical College as the youngest in his class. To help pay for his studies, he worked numerous jobs, including road construction, stacking cases at a Coca Cola bottling plant and clerking in Marino's Pharmacy. The Schepp Foundation's support from 1956 – 1959 proved invaluable. While in medical school, John met and married Ellen Forrest, a beautiful and clever x-ray technician, fathered two daughters and joined the U.S. Air Force with the rank of Second Lieutenant. After John's graduation in 1959, the Air Force sent the young family to San Antonio, Texas, where it was very, very hot and then to Bangor, Maine, where it was very, very snowy. In the meantime, John and Ellen added another daughter and their first son to the family menagerie. Upon leaving the Air Force, John spent a short time in Woodbridge, New York, in the heart of the Catskills, working in a general practitioner's office while he considered his next step. Always a go-getter, at the age of 29, he set up his own general practice in Sturbridge, Massachusetts, where he fathered three more sons and another daughter. For more than two decades, John remained the only doctor practicing in Sturbridge. He also served as physician for Burgess Elementary School and was an attending physician at Harrington Memorial Hospital in the neighboring town of Southbridge. At Harrington, he served as Chief of Staff on a rotating basis and oversaw many innovations that improved patient care. He volunteered as on-call physician for the local YMCA and for State Police boxing matches. When necessary, he attended detainees in the State Police barracks. Once, when Senator Edward Kennedy was visiting Old Sturbridge Village with his family, one of the children was injured and ended up in John's office. While John patched up the child, he and Senator Kennedy had a long discussion, which must have been quite lively as John was a staunch Republican and, of course, Senator Kennedy was a liberal Democrat.

Although John was a very hard worker, he also radiated a sense of fun. In medical school, he and his lab partners celebrated a friend's birthday by putting candles in the chest cavity of one of the dissecting room cadavers. On April Fool's Day at Harrington, he would get people to page "Loof Lirpa" (April Fool spelled backwards). He always made trick-or-treaters sing a song or recite a poem before he would give out the coveted candy bars.

For 46 years, John served his patients with dedication and devotion. He made house calls long

after most doctors had stopped, and he never turned away a patient because he or she could not pay. John grew to be a very fine diagnostician. Other doctors would send him their baffling cases. In his general practice, John performed countless tonsillectomies and appendectomies, and he delivered over 2,000 babies. He always said that delivering a baby was the best part of his job, although he absolutely hated getting up in the middle of the night if the call came then. At his wake in January 2010, over 800 patients stood in line in the freezing rain to tell John's family over and over, "Your father saved my life." "Your father delivered me." "Your father was such a good man." "Your father always took time with people." "Your father always made everyone feel better just by the force of his personality."

Nevertheless, John was more than a medical man. In fact, he was a Renaissance man. He loved classical music and opera, which is why the name "Tristan" appeared on the short list of approved names that he compiled for his children's first dog. He was a killer four-wall handball player, a demon duplicate bridge player and a six-handicap golfer. On the softball diamond, he was a good slugger and a quick fielder. Like his father before him, he was a voracious reader and avid history buff. The Civil War and World War II particularly fascinated him. He greatly admired Winston Churchill and read everything Churchill ever wrote. When the family travelled to Civil War battlefields, John would quiz the children on Northern generals. He gave hints such as crooking his finger to remind them of General Hooker or stroking his sideburns (it was the 70s after all!) to remind them of General Burnside. After viewing Masterpiece Theatre's "Henry the Eighth," John spent the rest of his life summoning his offspring with Henry's commanding voice: "Cyn – thi- aaaaa! Paaaa –ul!" At concerts, John took pride in getting crowds to shout, "Bravo!" When he visited Paris, he stood on his hotel room balcony every night and shouted, "Vive la France!"

Throughout his life, John would come home from a long, hard day of doctoring and repair to his immense vegetable garden (located next to the family's bocce court), where he grew enormous quantities of lettuce, peas, beans, carrots, beets, corn and the luscious tomatoes that Ellen would turn into homemade spaghetti sauce. He also grew beautiful roses and dahlias with heads as big as dinner plates.

One of the great joys of John's life was singing. He orchestrated sing-alongs wherever he went. On car trips, he led the family in singing "I Gave My Love a Cherry," "My Bonny Lies Over the

Ocean" or "Sweet Molly Malone." At neighborhood parties, he convinced his friends to stand around the player piano belting out tunes until 4:00 in the morning. At holiday gatherings or at nursing homes, John coaxed total strangers into singing Christmas carols. In his middle years, John also ventured into amateur theatrics. He appeared in several local productions and earned star billing as Henry Higgins in "My Fair Lady."

To his eight offspring, John was, in his own words, "a benevolent dictator." He made up imaginative stories about the Kumquat Family, which also comprised eight children or told ludicrous, convoluted tales about how everyday objects were invented. He and Ellen took their kids on seaside vacations in Wells Beach, Maine, and for history-related spring vacations in places like Nantucket, Washington, D.C. and Gettysburg. During winter vacation, the family always traveled to the Hudson Valley and to the Bath farm in order to visit both sets of grandparents.

John was a devoted son to his parents. When living on the farm became too much for Dario and Antoinette, John bought them a cozy house in Schenectady, New York, where they both lived to be 98 with their daughter Teresa sharing the house and their daughter Cathy living across town. Although none of his children followed John into medicine, he did serve as a valuable mentor to two nephews who both became doctors.

John's children now live in Florida, Tennessee, North Carolina, New Hampshire, Vermont, California (two) and British Columbia. John often visited them and his practically perfect grandchildren (who now number 13). He also travelled to France, Switzerland, Italy and Germany. In all those places, John spoke his smattering of French, Italian and German with gusto because he enjoyed meeting new people and really wanted to hear about their lives. When he and his eldest daughter were stranded on a Swiss mountain because they missed the last funicular down, John serenaded the German-speaking Swiss woman who rescued them with "Du, du liegst mir im Herzen."

John loved being a doctor. He told everyone that he would never retire, that even golf and gardening were only fun as complements to work. In the end, John could not win his third battle with cancer. Nevertheless, he saw patients right up to the week he died. His lasting legacy lies in the difference he made in the lives of all the patients he healed and saved and in the laughter

and love he shared with the people around him. He was a person who knew how to encourage and inspire his fellow man. His family remains grateful to the Leopold Schepp Foundation for giving John the chance to become the great healer that he was.

NOTE: The Foundation wishes to express its sincerest thanks to the Rigatti family for their continued and generous support of our work in memory of their father, Dr. Rigatti.

Tony Laing, Ph.D.

JOURNALING BLACK MASCULINITY AND CERTAIN SOCIAL FORCES IN LIFE

Tony Laing, Ph.D, Schepp Scholar 2009-2011

I wrote this narrative because my unique background and experiences have shaped the person I am today: a young scholar in the field of Black Masculinity Studies and education, who recently received a doctorate in education, policy, and organization leadership with dual concentrations in African-American Studies and Community Informatics from the University of Illinois at Urbana, Champaign. I would be remiss not to mention that part of my graduate studies was funded by a Schepp Foundation scholarship. (Please join me in making financial contributions to Schepp so that this organization can continue to fund students in their educational pursuits).

I grew up in Boston's Dorchester section, a predominately black, inner-city neighborhood in Massachusetts. As a child, I noticed that there were differences in how black males negotiated masculine identities inside and outside of school. It was not initially obvious to me that the media placed enormous pressures on many black males that induced them to adopt a specific form of expression of machismo.

In my neighborhood, some of my peers appeared to embody many stereotypical traits that parts of society deemed characteristic of being "young," "black," and "male." They played sports, had multiple girlfriends, misbehaved in and dropped out of school, and/or were involved in gangs. Fortunately, my mom was determined that all of her children would graduate from high school and attend college. My educational opportunities, identity, and creative abilities were nurtured, appreciated, and supported by my mother. More specifically, the values my mother instilled in me involved having the confidence in myself to counter stereotypes held by others and also helped me set my own course in life, a course that did not conform to the dominant masculinity perceptions of the local community and peers.

I was a Metropolitan Council for Educational Opportunity (METCO) student at Concord-Carlisle Regional High School (CCHS), a public, predominately white suburban high school located 17 miles northwest of Boston in Concord, Massachusetts. METCO is a busing program that provides educational opportunities for urban city youth to attend suburban schools in Massachusetts, as an alternative to attending local public schools in one's own neighborhood. I observed that there were many differences between the quality of education and resources afforded to me that were not made available to many others who remained in Dorchester schools.

At CCHS ,I experienced firsthand the social pressures to adopt specific masculine qualities (e.g. playing a varsity sport, joining gangs, playing street ball, wearing brand name attire, etc.) and fit in with many of the other students, both white and students of color.

During my sophomore year at CCHS, I requested to be enrolled in more challenging college preparatory, enrichment, and honors-level classes. This move to more advanced classes was not easy, and my mother played a role in facilitating the request. It helped that my mother was a college graduate and was concerned about how the quality of my educational experience, if I were to continue in special education and remedial classes, might limit my future educational and academic opportunities.

As I made the transition to a more advanced, college-preparatory curriculum, I realized that I was becoming "bi-lingual." I used one language while at school (e.g., Standard English) that the teachers valued, and one valued by my peers (e.g., African American Vernacular English or slang) when I was in my neighborhood.

While attempting to deal with systemic racism (i.e., academic tracking and stereotypical assumptions made by some adults) as a young black male in high school, I had to simultaneously deal with how others—male and female—in my all-black neighborhood treated me differently as a result of my participation in METCO. This experience proved both physically and mentally exhausting. I often felt like no one understood me. I repeatedly attempted to "fit into both worlds" but my efforts were useless and I became the target of verbal abuse and taunts by some black peers, within both my elite suburban high school and my inner-city neighborhood. They considered me to be an outsider or weak. They also questioned and/or challenged my manhood and repeatedly called me gay.

I realized that some of my peers' perceptions about me made me feel that I was utterly insignificant or invisible. Invisibility, according to Anderson Franklin (2004): "is an inner struggle with feelings that one's talents, abilities, personality, and [self] worth are not valued or recognized due to subtle or overt prejudice, racism, and non-acceptance by others." (p.4). "Conversely, we feel visible when our true talents, abilities, personality, and [self] worth are respected." (Ibid). Thus, I became visible when I looked past my desire for "acceptance" from others, and "recognized" the value in my own identity and self-worth. When I understood this, the repeated taunts I endured reinforced my desire to stay the course in my educational and professional pursuits. These experiences shaped what I eventually studied and wrote about as a doctorate student.

My dissertation, "Black Male Partial (In)visibility Syndrome: A Qualitative Study of The Narratives of Black Masculine Identities at the Pebbles School," focused on black masculinity constructions. Specifically, I looked at how a group of 12 heterosexual or homosexual high-school aged men constructed, perceived, and negotiated their masculine identities in the context of ideas about masculinity that created obstacles to their success in and out of school.

My present work as a Postdoctoral Associate at New York University's Research Alliance for New York City Schools involves an in-depth qualitative study as part of the Research Alliance's evaluation of the Expanded Success Initiative. This citywide program aims to improve college readiness among NYC's black and Latino young men. At the same time, I am engaged in an independent qualitative study examining identity constructions of black and Latino adult males. My scholarship lies at the intersection of K-12 education, gender studies (specifically, constructions of masculinity), and African-American studies.

My journey down memory lane—particularly as a METCO student traversing different community spaces—has helped me to critically think about some events that have influenced me (positively and negatively) and has prepared me for a career as a professor and researcher on identity and gender constructions. My background, education, family upbringing and perceptions of myself are reflective of some of my personal challenges experienced as an adolescent. These experiences, shared in this narrative, have informed my understanding of my past, present and future.

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