

Transitions: From Barbara Tweed Estill to Barbara McLendon

On May 30, 2001, Barbara Tweed Estill died in her home at 10 Gracie Square. She was 93 and had served as a trustee of the Schepp Foundation since 1938. From 1973 on, she was president of the Board. Before she died, Barbara enthusiastically endorsed the election of Barbara McLendon to succeed her at the head of the long table around which the trustees regularly meet to discuss the state of the Foundation and award scholarships.

Barbara Banning was born in New York City on March 8, 1907, the daughter of Kendall Banning, a poet, writer and editor, and Hedwig von Briesen Banning. When she was two, her mother died and Barbara was sent to live with her maternal grandparents, who divided their time between an apartment in Manhattan and an estate on Staten Island, near the present site of the Verrazano Bridge. Her grandfather, Arthur von Briesen, was a lawyer who had founded the Legal Aid Society and at an early age, Barbara was introduced to the idea that one has a responsibility to others less fortunate than oneself. It was an idea that was to shape and motivate her entire life.

Childhood summers were spent in Walpole, New Hampshire, in the big colonial house of her paternal grandmother, Mrs. William C. Banning. After attending the Brearly and St. Agatha's schools in New York, Barbara

continued her education at Smith College. Upon graduating from Smith, she traveled in Europe, then danced for a time with the Isadora Duncan Dancers. She eventually returned to live at 'Gernda,' the Staten Island estate, to care for her aging grandparents and bachelor uncle. And so began in earnest her life of service to others.

In 1938, she was asked by Miss Florence Schepp, the only daughter of Leopold Schepp and a longtime friend of the family, to become a trustee of the Foundation. As the years passed, Barbara married Harrison Tweed, a New York lawyer, raised their daughter, Barbette, and became involved with other welfare organizations such as the Federation of Protestant Welfare Agencies, the Big Sisters, the Women's City Club, and the Elder Craftsmen. But her work for the Schepp Foundation was always the dearest to her heart.

During her long tenure as trustee and President, much changed in the world of higher education and under

Barbara's wise and able leadership, the Foundation was able to evolve to accommodate those changes. Much changed in Barbara's personal life as well. Her daughter married, moved to Los Angeles, and had three children. Harrison Tweed died and, at the age of 70, Barbara married Holland Estill, a fund raiser for charitable organizations, who died in 1987.



Barbara McLendon and Amy Hunt, granddaughter of Barbara Tweed Estill (and the Foundation's office assistant).

Advancing age in no way diminished Barbara's abilities. Up to the age of 91, she remained very much at the helm of the Foundation and continued to live independently both

in Manhattan and at her summer house in Montauk, high on the cliffs overlooking the Atlantic. But when death came, Barbara was ready for it. During her 93 years, she thought

deeply about life and how best to live it and death and how best to face it. In the end, those of us she left behind can say with certainty that Barbara lived well—and died well. ▯

Fond Memories and a Lasting Legacy: Three Remembrances of Barbara Tweed Estill

DELIVERED AT HER MEMORIAL SERVICE, JUNE 14, 2001



Barbara Banning Tweed Estill, at her 'aunt' Florence Schepp's home in Nantucket, circa 1925, the year the Foundation was started.

Just a short time before coming here I told Mr. Barrett, our vice president, that I found the letter he had read to the trustees of the Leopold Schepp Foundation on October 11th, only eight months ago. Barbara had handwritten it and the writing was clear and strong.

Dear Trustees:

It is with a sad heart that I must resign as President of the Leopold Schepp Foundation. Due to a disabling stroke I am unable to function normally or to give the Foundation the attention necessary. I joined the Board in 1938 and have been blessed by the interest of the Board members and their dedication. I have worked with four executive directors, selected Edythe Bobrow, the very best, and know she will serve as long as she can and keep everything and everybody in good order. With best wishes to all.

—Barbara Tweed Estill

Well, she did serve as long as she could and kept everything and everybody in good order.

The first time I met Barbara was when I was in the process of interviewing for the position of executive secretary of the Leopold Schepp Foundation. That was 25 years ago. It was a dark and stormy day and I was pretty damp by the time I got to 10 Gracie Square. It didn't take me long to figure out that prior interviews I had with the executive secretary and three trustees were meaningful but not conclusive. Although Barbara always insisted that decisions were made by consensus it was evident to me who the consensus builder, mover and shaker really was. If you were a bridge player you might say she lead from strength. I believe she truly earned the designation "civic leader," given by the *New York Times* last week. The Schepp Foundation, The Women's City Club, The Protestant Welfare Agency, The Elder Craftsman, The Big Sisters, The Committee on Modern Courts—all constituted a part of her life.

She didn't take those roles lightly, either. As president of the Schepp Foundation she insisted that every meeting be preceded by a "tech rehearsal," invoking her son-in-law Peter's method of a theatrical run through. So we wrote out the script, rewrote it and ran through it and in 25 years we both came away from our meetings satisfied that we had covered all the bases.

Barbara had many remarkable experiences in her life but perhaps the most meaningful was that of mother to Barbette. Perhaps, because she missed her own mother who died when Barbara was a child, the role of mother held more curiosity, more challenge. I

believe Barbara learned and loved the role, expanding it into a mature "woman to woman" experience. She set aside the blocks of time needed for those visits to Barbette and her family in California and, in return and more frequently, the visits from Barbette and her husband, Peter. It was very clear to me that she was able to leave this world in peace because she knew Barbette was right there, with her when it was time to do just that.

As I was gathering my thoughts together in preparation for today, I received a phone call from Mrs. Wallach, the former director of the Jewish Foundation for the Education of Women. She had read the sad news and wanted to tell the family and the trustees how fondly she remembered her earlier meetings with Barbara and with her own president, Hazel Seligman Goldmark, sister of Eustace Seligman, a contemporary of Harrison Tweed. Hazel and Barbara had been friends over many years. Mrs. Wallach commented on the numerous civic responsibilities Barbara had assumed and how each impacted so positively on the social institutions in this city. Barbara's history is indeed well etched in a collective memory.

I had a remarkable relationship with Barbara. She was there as a leader, a teacher and a friend. She came to the hospital when my husband was stricken, she encouraged him in his recovery and they often shared bits of German conversation and translation. When it became too difficult for Barbara to visit the Foundation, we had long and energetic telephone conversations covering the *New York*

Times editorials, the presidency (hers and that of the incumbent in the White House) scientific research and the cost of higher education. We were able to laugh and often marvel at choices made by children and grandchildren—not all did she or I necessarily agree with. That included political views and social inclinations.

Our conversations stopped only a few weeks ago and I miss them.

—Edythe Bobrow

From The Book of Proverbs

VERSE 31

A woman of valour who can find?
For her price is far above rubies.
The heart of her husband does
safely trust in her
And he has no lack of gain
She does him good and not evil
All the days of her life.
She considers a field, and buys it;
With the fruit of her hands she
plants a vineyard.
She stretches out her hand to the
poor;
Yea she reaches forth her hands to
the needy.
Strength and dignity are her
clothing;
And she laughs at the time to
come.
She opens her mouth with wisdom;
And the law of kindness is on her
tongue.
She looks well to the ways of her
household,
And she eats not the bread of her
idleness.
Her children rise up, and call her
blessed;
Many daughters have done
valiantly,
But thou excels them all.

I can only speak of Barbara Banning Tweed in very personal terms. She was the best of friends and always good company. Her ability to accept what life has to bring, especially as age advances,

will be something I shall forever remember.

I first met Barbara at a reception at the law firm of Milbank Tweed, where I worked, probably around 1962. One of the founders of the firm was

Barbara's husband, Harrison Tweed. At one point during the evening, I found myself standing beside Mr. Tweed and in an effort to make conversation, said "I understand that Mrs. Tweed once danced with Isadora Duncan." Mr. Tweed was not prone to small talk, and he simply said: "Come with me" and, taking my arm, delivered me to Barbara.

I soon came to know her well. I began to do legal work for her and Harrison, drawing their wills, representing her in the sale of her Montauk summer house, Tick Hall, to Dick Cavett, then as Executrix of Mr. Tweed's estate, and so on over the years.

One of the things Barbara used to do with great success, was to involve friends and acquaintances in worthy pursuits. In my case, it was The Federation of Protestant Welfare Agencies. Barbara first involved me with the Committee on Youth and Community Services, and from there it went on to many other things, including service on the Federation's Board for more than 20 years.

That experience altered my entire view of New York City. For those of you who were around in the late 1960's, you will recall that New York was not a placid place. There was a fear of race riots, especially as summer came on. Areas now among the trendiest in the City were places one went to with care. Street gangs were a presence and many of us had experienced personal threats, or knew friends who had. It would have been easy to pull up the drawbridges and to descend into an "us versus them" mentality. My service with the Federation changed all

Remembering a Happy Time

While we remember and celebrate those who have left us, let's also remember a celebration—our 75th anniversary bash, held on April 16, 2000, at The New York Academy of Sciences. The party, like the lives of Barbara Tweed Estill and Edwin Linville, was an affirmation of all the Foundation has accomplished since Leopold Schepp first realized his vision of helping others achieve their dreams through education. Over 400 trustees, staff members, and former and present Schepp scholars attended the festivities. From all accounts, the party—planned by trustees, scholars, and staff—was a rousing success.



Edythe Bobrow (center) pictured with sisters Carolyn Dutkowski Pennock and Kathy Dutkowski Fanese, both Schepp Scholars. Ms. Fanese made the cake for the occasion.

of that for me. The people I worked with at the Federation came from all levels of life in New York City. I soon came to recognize the greater talent present throughout the City, and the dedication and intelligence people brought to solving its problems.

Barbara was there along with me, and she was among the most dedicated. Most of you know the long list of the organizations to which she devoted her efforts. They included not only the Federation, which gave her its Keystone Award, the Women's City Club, of which she served as President, but also the Big Sisters and The Leopold Schepp Foundation—again serving as President of each. And her work with these organizations was only part of her life of community service.

It was fun knowing Barbara. Her mind was active and she was always up to date. Even in recent months, as the end of life came on ever more relentlessly, Barbara remained in touch. When you went to see her, new books on serious topics were always stacked on the coffee table. And they were being read.

One of the best parts of talking with Barbara was the window she gave you on the past. She would talk of New York as it was during the first 50 years of the 20th century. Barbara's roots on her mother's side were German/American. The German/Americans have been so thoroughly absorbed into American society that now they are rarely viewed as a distinct group. But that wasn't always so, and sometimes being German/American had a

particular edge to it. For example, Barbara would tell of walking on the street with her aunt when she was seven years old. They encountered a woman they knew who turned her back on them in a plain snub. It was 1915, and they were German.

She would talk of life on her grandfather's estate on Staten Island. It was composed of 13 acres overlooking the Narrows of New York Harbor. In her uncle's words, she was "chate-laine" of the house, and she ran it for her uncle and cared for her grandmother. In the 1930's all of the Ocean liners bound for New York passed through the narrows, and Barbara knew them all. Many friends and acquaintances visiting from abroad were brought to New York on these liners. The family always told them that their house was the first on the left as you enter New York Harbor. Later, when the estate came to be hers, Barbara gave it to New York City. The house is no longer there, but von Breisen Park (the family name) is—right next to Fort Wadsworth.

I don't think Barbara would have described herself as brave, but I have always thought of her that way. She certainly faced life straight on. Perhaps this was learned from her childhood. Her mother's early death meant that she was raised by others, partly by her father, partly by her grandparents, and partly by her mother's sister. When she was a senior at Smith, her aunt died, and it was then that she came to keep a home for her bachelor uncle and her invalid grandmother. I have never heard her suggest that any of this was difficult, but it must not have been easy.

Much later, after Harrison Tweed's death, she was very lonely. But she didn't talk much about that. She simply moved on with life. In 1979 she married Holland Estill, and she greatly enjoyed the companionship that marriage brought to her life. But in the end, she was once again alone.

Barbara continued to accept what life brought her, even as hers drew to a close. Her mobility was increasingly restricted, but she embraced life as best she could. I felt badly that I did not get to see her as often as I would have liked, but when you visited her there was no complaint that you did not come more often. She was glad to have her visitors come whenever they could. She remained very much herself to the very end.

We shall miss her very much.

In closing, I would like to read a poem that a friend sent to me. It is by Lucille Clifton, a former poet laureate of Maryland, and is to be included in a new volume of her poetry soon to be published.

BLESSING THE BOATS (AT ST. MARY'S)

*may the tide
that is entering even now
the lip of our understanding
carry you out
beyond the face of fear
may you kiss
the wind then turn from it
certain that it will
love your back
may you
open your eyes to water
water waving forever
and may you in your innocence
sail through this to that*

—Squire N. Bozorth

Barbara and I shared a lot of wonderful times over the years.

There were memorable dinners at 10 Gracie Square, diving into her famous baked hams—long, glorious summer weekends out at Montauk—our annual 4th of July pilgrimages to the theater festival at Williamstown—and various hallmark birthdays—70, 80, 85, 90, and finally 93.

One vivid memory stands out in particular—an image of Barbara, looming in the small kitchen in Montauk, raising a hammer high over her head as she prepared to attack—not an intruder or an alien invader—but a platter of innocent lobsters she had just cooked to perfection. The hammer came down with surprising force and accuracy. Again and again she struck the lobsters like a frenzied murderer, intent on doing away with the meal we'd been looking forward to all weekend. But when the carnage was over, the lobsters were revealed, their shells cracked wide open, the succulent meat ready to be enjoyed—without the slightest effort—by her guests.

Barbara devoted her life to making things better for other people, from taking the struggle out of a lobster dinner—to tutoring women in the tough prisons of New York City and helping three generations of young people realize their dreams of a higher education.

To Barbara, the idea of taking a taxi in a city which has a perfectly good bus system was ridiculous. She didn't believe in luxury or self-indulgence. There were far more important things in life—like knowledge and understanding.

Barbara was not one to simply accept things as they are. She had

questions about everything—about the mind and the spirit—about how to live largely and generously and wisely—and she never stopped looking for answers:



Barbara Tweed Estill

- n in the stacks of books piled on every available surface at 10 Gracie Square
- n in the countless people—of all ages and backgrounds—in whom she took a deep interest
- n in religions, philosophies, the streets of New York, and the wide view of the sea from the cliffs at Montauk

Though she had wonderful stories of the past—of trips and people and places long gone—Barbara lived intensely in the present. She read everything, thought about everything, faced everything.

Like all of us, she had her fears and self-doubts. But her keen mind,

accumulated wisdom, and great courage helped her overcome obstacles and do what she believed needed to be done.

Barbara knew how to give—time, encouragement, support, loyalty, and love. She was not, however, nearly as good at receiving. I once brought a bottle of wine to dinner at 10 Gracie—which Barbara wanted to pay for. When I refused, she forced a \$20 dollar bill into my hand. After dinner, I slipped the money under a book on the coffee table when she wasn't looking. Three days later, I received an envelope in mail with no message inside—just the \$20 dollar bill.

When Barbara was determined, there was no stopping her.

Just a few months before she died, Barbara, who generally read heavy works of *nonfiction*, told me that she felt that she had neglected *fiction*—so she picked out “The Golden Bowl,” one of Henry James's longest and most difficult novels—and read it start to finish.

She was never one to leave any stone unturned.

To have lived a long, full life is in itself an accomplishment. To have lived that life in the pursuit of making herself a better person and helping others . . . is an inspiration to us all.

To paraphrase the Chinese philosopher, Lao-tzu:

*She held nothing back from life;
therefore she was ready for death,
as a person is ready for sleep
after a good day's work.*

Thank you, Barbara, for everything.

—Banning Repplier

Heartfelt Notes From Schepp Scholars Around the World

We recently asked Schepp Scholars (past and present) to update us on their lives, including their academic and career pursuits, and the amount of feedback we received was astounding. However, in light of the tragedy of Sept. 11, we have decided to hold the scholar updates until the next issue of *Schepp Connections*, and instead highlight some of the touching words of hope and care sent to not only the Schepp Foundation, but to all the people of New York City.

Some of you may recall the stunning view from the Foundation's wood-paneled meeting room, which faces the South end of Manhattan and once included both the Empire State Building and the Twin Towers of the World Trade Center. Sadly, the Towers, which were once a thrilling sight to share with potential Schepp Scholars and interviewees, are no longer there, but the hope, determination, and dedication of the Leopold Schepp Foundation and its Scholars remains. If there is any doubt about this, one only needs to look over the wonderful words of past and present scholars.



J. Scott Parker

Dear Ms. Bobrow,

I'm in Denmark now and doing quite well. The purpose of this letter is not to update you on my activities, however. I wanted to offer my condolences to you, the board, and all other New Yorkers.

I'm sure all of your lives have been deeply affected by this tragedy . . . The people of Denmark have shown nothing but sympathy and support for the United States.

If possible I would like to ask that you donate the money allocated for me this year to the clean up efforts. There isn't much I can do directly to help, but I would like to help out somehow.

I hope that there is enough warmth and kindness to allow your lives to continue on without a permanent shadow of sorrow and regret.

Sincerely,
J. Scott Parker



George Koehl

Dear Ms. Bobrow,

My family and friends are grieving and sad for your city. We have been praying for you all and know this must be terribly difficult for you. We are doing what we can in Texas through blood donations and charity events. Our prayers are with you, those who have lost loved ones and for our great nation of America.

Sincerely and gratefully,
George Koehl
Midland, Texas



Joel Schimek

Dear Ms. Bobrow,

My family and I were leaving for Miami to attend my grandfather's funeral when the news of the attack on the World Trade Center broke. My grandfather was a policeman for thirty-one years, and I thought of him when I heard about all of the policemen and firemen who died trying to save others. I know that he would have been there to help if he could.

I hope that you and everyone at the Schepp Foundation are safe . . . The attack happened in New York City, but it was felt by the whole country—really by the whole world.

I am holding all of you in my thoughts.

Sincerely,
Joel Schimek
Gainesville, FL

Barbara McLendon: Profile of our New President

BY ROB WILLIAMS, SCHEPP SCHOLAR

The afternoon that I met with Barbara McLendon was unusually gray for the end of August. I was a few minutes early so I decided to cross the street and take a look at Gracie Mansion (the first time I had ever seen it, despite two years in New York City!), whose yellow eaves and shrubbery were shadowed by a curtain of clouds. The large, dark clouds, however, didn't diminish the sunny, charming disposition of Mrs. McLendon, who welcomed me enthusiastically into her lovely East Side residence. We sat down in her spacious living room with its piano and exquisite view of the river and the Triboro Bridge. I don't know if it was the iced tea she promptly served me, or the fact that she is from Georgia and went to Wesleyan College in Macon, but immediately I felt as if I were sitting on a country porch, talking with a dear friend. Mrs. McLendon, with her shoulder length red hair and warm smile, was less an interviewee and more a comfortable, witty conversant.

Mrs. McLendon came to New York City soon after college, and her first job was with the Yorkville Youth Council. "I have always loved working with young people," she told me, and this is indeed evident in her involvement with not only the Youth Council, but also with the Girl Scouts and Greer-Woodycrest Children's Services. Amazingly, Mrs. McLendon's association with the Leopold Schepp Foundation goes back to 1980. She remains co-chairman of the Graduate

Committee and is now one of the longest serving trustees. When I asked her how she became involved with the Foundation, she paused, smiling, as if replaying a wonderful memory in her head, and relayed that it was a good friend from church, Priscilla Perkins, who asked her if she was interested in being a trustee of the Schepp Foundation.



Barbara McLendon

The Foundation, she says, is constantly fine-tuning and improving the interview and rating system "to make sure that we find the most deserving, most hardworking applicants. We don't want a good student to fall through the cracks." It is the interview process and getting to know the students that Mrs. McLendon finds the most rewarding, something she had in common with the previous President, Barbara Estill. Mrs. McLendon and Mrs. Estill often shared a cab to the Foundation office, and during the drive

would trade anecdotes about a particularly promising candidate: the student's remarkable volunteerism or perhaps his or her intelligent, respectful rapport during the interview. It was Barbara Estill, Mrs. McLendon told me, who was instrumental in implementing the rating system changes as well as in picking new trustees. "I love the way the Foundation works. Bringing wonderful people like you," she said, gesturing to me, "to enable you to continue your education, hopefully with less stress and financial worries. This was important to Barbara Estill, and it is still important to me. Why would I want to change something that has already worked so well for so long? I want to carry on the good works that Mr. Schepp, his daughter Florence, and especially the beloved Mrs. Estill worked for so diligently." When Mrs. McLendon said this, I was reminded of my own interviews at the Foundation with Ben Phillips and Edythe Bobrow. I again sensed the same feeling of pride that I had sensed during those interviews, because this pride, this enthusiasm for youth and the future, was so winningly conveyed by Mrs. McLendon.

While there is little that the new president would change about the Foundation and the way it works, Mrs. McLendon did say that there are discussions about special scholarships in honor of Mrs. Estill, perhaps designating the top undergraduate candidates "Barbara Tweed Estill Scholars." In any event, she intends that the Leopold

Schepp Foundation will continue its awards to worthy and dedicated students for many years to come.

When I had finished my interview with Mrs. McLendon, I again walked to Gracie Mansion, through Carl Schurz Park and down John Finley Walk along the river. Somewhere in my notes I had written that Barbara Estill had lived nearby, and I imaged

her walks through this park, along the same river, in this same wonderful city of New York. Perhaps she had stopped at one of these benches to reflect on a student she had interviewed or a meeting she had overseen. I thought surely she was watching over us now, proud of the continuing work of the Foundation, of the promising tenure of the new

Foundation President, Barbara McLendon, and most especially proud of the many students whose lives will be touched, altered, and made so much more rewarding, by the amazing generosity of Leopold Schepp. ▢

Rob Williams is a Schepp Scholar from Columbia University where he is in a MFA Creative Writing program.

We'll Definitely Keep Andrew in Mind—He probably *Will* be President

Dear Sirs:

My name is Andrew Fuller. I am 10 and going into the sixth grade. I want to go to a special naval school called Admiral Farragut Academy, and am looking for help with tuition. I am very smart. I skipped two grades in school. I also am an expert on the Presidents and have my own website called

TheAmericanPresidents.com. I met the President on my birthday June 7th at the White House when he signed the tax bill. I plan to be President in 2028 and am already an expert on the Presidents. I know all of them in order with their dates and trivia about them. I am called the Presidential Whiz Kid. I love politics!

I read in a book that you may have some scholarships available. Can you send me information and see if I qualify?

Sincerely,
Andrew S. Fuller
Owner, The American Presidents
June 18, 2001

Hail to the Chief

On May 23, 2001, at a luncheon held at the Harvard Club in New York City, Barbara McLendon was officially installed as 6th president of the Board of Trustees of the Leopold Schepp Foundation. The luncheon was attended by trustees, staff, and the new First Man, Robert McLendon. Beth McLendon, daughter, lives and works in Santa Fe, New Mexico.



Trustees Susan Brenner, Betty David, Sue Ann Dawson, William L.D. Barrett, and Carvel H. Cartmell. Mrs. Dawson and Mr. Barrett are vice presidents.



Honorary Trustee Priscilla C. Perkins and Foundation secretary Kathleen C. Smith.



Trustees Kathryn Batchelder Cashman and Andrew Butterfield. Ms. Cashman is a vice president.

A World Without Borders

BY JOHN KATEN, SCHEPP SCHOLAR

Images of forty-plus countries and four continents raced through my mind as I sat in the back of the Syrian police car, speeding through the ancient, twisting streets of Homs, in central Syria. There was nothing in my previous travel experiences, or in my guide book for that matter, that could have prepared me for this. Foremost in my mind was the uncertainty that had gripped me on the trip from Athens to Damascus. There had been an instinctive voice in my head warning me not to come here, to the heart of the Middle East. Boy, was I wrong.

I had only stopped on the street to ask the officer for directions. In the country where there is virtually no tourism, and English is not widely spoken, struggling through simple phrases in Arabic was a challenge in itself. In a gesture of classic Syrian hospitality, the officer not only insisted on driving me to my destination (the bus terminal), but also made sure that I was directed to the proper bus (Syrian bus terminals tend to be about as orderly as Times Square on

New Year's Eve). It was only one of the many times that I would find myself the beneficiary of an amazingly unique hospitality, generosity and sense of community that could only exist in a country with no cell phones, no internet, no ATMs, and certainly not a trace of Western materialism. And to think that if I had heeded my own fears I would have missed one of the most rewarding and eye-opening experiences of my life. I should have known better. It was 1999 and I was a seasoned traveler—when would I learn?

In the United State we tend to think of learning in the context of the classroom—high school, college, graduate school, executive seminars. Somehow the emphasis on travel as a learning experience, which is so embedded in the European and Australian thinking, has escaped our culture. Maybe it is because we can travel 3000 miles without leaving our own borders or encountering the need to struggle through a language other than English. Regardless, the fact remains that many

Americans fail to seize the opportunities that the “world classroom” provides.

I was fortunate to have stumbled into my first travel experience back in 1991, choosing, at the advice of a professor and somewhat on a whim, to spend a semester studying in Cairo (and yes, as a Schepp Scholar, the Foundation helped make this opportunity financially possible). Those of you who have spent time abroad can appreciate what a learning experience that really was. It was complete immersion in a foreign culture. It was the challenge of learning a new language, and of learning to live within and appreciate a new set of social norms and customs. It was the opportunity to learn an entirely new perspective on world history, current political events and the origin of world religions. It was the opportunity to stand before the Sphinx and the Pyramids at Giza and contemplate the origins of civilization itself.

The value of this type of experience to the undergraduate mind is arguably unequaled. Although I know many life-long travelers who have long since traded backpacks and youth hostels for Concord flights and private guides, I have yet to find someone who doesn't consider their “semester abroad” as one of the most rewarding experiences.

As adults with most of our formal education behind us, travel still offers us uncountable opportunities for continued learning. For the undergraduates that the Foundation supports, a first travel experience may be the catalyst to a lifetime of continuing education. With that said, should the Foundation begin con-

Leopold Schepp Foundation Awards summary

1925-2001

Student Category	# of Awards	\$ Awarded
Endeavors (1925-1932) High School Youth	3,922	\$ 784,400
College/university	16,974	18,274,510
Research/post doctoral	151	1,636,815
May 23, 2001	21,047	\$ 20,696,725

sidering the undergraduate educational experience in a more holistic sense by actively encouraging the out-of-classroom experience? Could the Foundation offer additional, small stipends to current Schepp Scholars who would like to travel abroad? (Even \$500 goes a long way in some countries). In a mentoring sense, can the Foundation recommend and promote the concept of a semester

abroad to current Schepp Scholars to encourage them to take advantage of this extraordinary part of their complete undergraduate experience?

The Foundation is in a unique and enviable position. With a mission of choosing bright and promising students and giving them financial support to help them achieve their educational goals, the Foundation also has the opportunity to

promote a broader learning experience to these students, by encouraging study abroad programs. Doing so will help these students build skills and experience necessary to be successful in the borderless world of the 21st century. Which reminds me of the time my cross-border train was canceled and I got unexpectedly dropped in Bulgaria—but that's a different story. **n**

Ed Hodges on Ed Linville

There are times in the life of each of us when the world we have known seems to be forever changed by a single event. The year 2001 will long be remembered by the staff and Board of Trustees of the Leopold Schepp Foundation because of three such events that occurred in alarming succession. The first was the passing of our beloved president of many years, Barbara Tweed Estill. The second was the death of a long-time, highly esteemed, totally delightful Board member, C. Edwin Linville. And, of course, the third was the national tragedy of September 11 that will profoundly effect the way many of us relate to the city and its people.

I will deal with the loss of our friend and compatriot, Ed Linville. Ed's education and career alone would have qualified him well for work with the Foundation and its scholars: his undergraduate degree was from Princeton and his Master's was from Rutgers. His four years in the U.S. Army as an intelligence officer during World War II were followed by 35 years of teaching and administration in the New York City Public School System. And he had two sons for whom a good education was undoubtedly a high priority.

But Ed's most important qualification to those of us who knew him well was his love of learning as well as teaching, which manifested itself throughout his lifetime. He was elected to the Schepp Board immediately after retirement from his profession in 1972, and quickly endeared himself to his Schepp associates with his vibrancy and enthusiasm for the Foundation's purpose, his intellect and character—and especially for the twinkle in his eyes that spoke of merriment and good humor. His evaluations of applicants were invariably insightful, wise, and a joy to read. Applicants and scholars working on their doctoral theses or doing post-doctoral studies were of very special interest to him because he could learn much from them about their esoteric fields of work and study.

Intent on adding life to his years after retirement, Ed became a writer and lecturer, and held leadership positions in his church as well as in various cultural organizations in his hometown of Scarsdale, New York. For the sheer joy of it, he continued to ride his bicycle around Scarsdale until an accident a few years ago suggested it was time to stop. He wrote something in 1995 that defined well his feelings about the



Suzanne and Ed Linville

Foundation and its scholars: "We enjoy our work, our companionship, and almost everyone we interview. . . . Perhaps some higher authority should present all who serve (the Schepp Foundation) honorary post-doctoral degrees! Schepp is itself an institution of higher learning." How right he was!

So our thanks go to our scholars, past and present, for all they teach us through their dreams and courage, their studies and achievement. And our memories of Ed Linville and his persistent glow will remain strong, reminding us of how blessed we at the Schepp Foundation were by his presence among us. Indeed, he added life to *our* years. **n**

Ed Hodges is an honorary trustee.

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Dressing for Success—Schepp Style

I want to tell you about my own (rather personal) Schepp connections.

I grew up on a farm in Rockland County, New York during the depression. When the price of milk fell to 2¢ a quart, my father switched from cows to corn and apples but we always had a hard time making ends meet. Raising the money for college tuition was a major hurdle until Miss Ann Hayes, a family friend and Schepp Trustee suggested that I apply to the Schepp Foundation. Happily, I was accepted. For seven years (three at Mount Holyoke College, and four at Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons) the Foundation provided me with scholarship help, encouragement, advice ("Redouble your efforts" was a frequent admonition), and invitations to Florence Schepp's elegant Fifth Avenue apartment for the holiday tea parties.

In 1953, I started a rotating internship at Strong Memorial Hospital for which I received a stipend of \$15.00 a month. Again, Miss Hayes to the rescue! She arranged for Miss Schepp to pass on some of her clothing to me—to my delight. (Hand-me-downs were nothing new to this



Dr. Sylvia Diehl and husband Ken

farmer's daughter). I remember a fine grey wool daytime dress, cut on the bias, a faun-colored soft woolen coat and a black panne velvet dinner dress. Almost 50 years later, I still wear the black velvet (see photo).

Miss Schepp had style: classic, timeless.

P.S. Now that my medical career is winding down, I finally have time for volunteer activities. Dress for Success, an organization which provides free work-appropriate clothing to low income women entering the work force, is a major commitment. As my father would say: "The apple falls not far from its tree."

—Sylvia Diehl, MD, Schepp Scholar

Let's Celebrate the Holiday Season

Please join us at the Foundation offices for our annual holiday celebration. This gathering will be especially meaningful this year in the wake of so many losses, both for Foundation and for our country as a whole. Leopold Schepp loved New York and would be proud of the way New Yorkers have responded to the recent tragic events. Let's show him we're going strong—and still full of optimism for the future.

WHEN:

Wednesday,
December 12
4 to 7 pm

WHERE:

Leopold Schepp Foundation
551 Fifth Avenue, Suite 3000
New York, NY

RSVP:

the Foundation
212 692-0191