

SCHEPP CONNECTIONS

LEOPOLD SCHEPP FOUNDATION FOUNDED IN 1925

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ON THE COVER

Pentagon Memorial

Architects:

Keith Kaseman and Julie Beckman

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SCHEPP SCHOLARS RE-KINDLE OUR HOPE FOR THE FUTURE

It's been quite a year for all of us: the economic meltdown, unresolved wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, a looming ecological crisis, and the drama of a long presidential campaign, sparking high emotions and fierce debate. At times, the outlook has been bleak and optimism elusive. But, when you read about our Schepp Scholars and what they have been up to recently—from advocating for children in Palestine to investing in the greening of our future and assessing the impact of casino tourism on Cherokee culture—you're bound to feel encouraged. Their commitment to making the world a better place—driven by hard work, unflagging determination and many successes, both large and small—is making a difference. Thanks to the dedication of these extraordinary individuals, we can rest assured that our future is in good hands.

One other note, we have included an excerpt from an article written several years ago by 97 year-old former Schepp Scholar Christopher Janus about the bigotry his Greek immigrant family faced when living in West Virginia in the early 1900's. Now, a century later, we have an African-American family in the White House. Though slow in coming, there definitely has been progress. Another reason to be hopeful.



William "Bill" Gridley (Trustee) and Anya Meksin (Scholar)

WILLIAM G. GRIDLEY, JR.
LEOPOLD SCHEPP FOUNDATION TRUSTEE

Written by Leopold Schepp Scholar, Anya Meksin, Columbia University, MFA Film

I first met Bill Gridley during my application interview to the Schepp Foundation. Right away, he put me at ease with his warm and genuine curiosity, and I soon found myself pouring out my life story and aspirations to him, as if to a wise and friendly grandfather. Three years later, Bill and I sat down at the very same table in the foundation's conference room, but this time it was my turn to learn more about him.

A retired business executive who lives in the same Upper West Side building that he grew up in, Bill Gridley's international career began when he volunteered for the army during the Korean War. Having just come out of Yale College with a degree in Comparative Literature, Bill was assigned to counter-intelligence and sent to Munich to study German and "chase spies." The latter wasn't as glamorous as the James Bond movies might suggest. "We only caught one," Bill said. "And the poor guy had a suitcase filled with toys to bring back to his kids."

After returning from the war, Bill became a commercial lender for Chase Manhattan Bank, which allowed him to travel throughout the southern and western parts of the United States, developing new businesses. It was during this early stage in his career that Bill's interest in the Civil Rights Movement led him to become involved with Tuskegee University, a historically black college in Alabama. Bill went on to serve on the University's Board of Trustees for over thirty years, both as Chairman of the Finance Committee and as Vice Chairman of the Board.

My meeting with Bill happened to take place the day after Barack Obama was elected president, and it was in light of this historic moment that Bill shared with me a powerful event from his early days on the Tuskegee Board. It was the late 1960's, soon after Martin Luther King's assassination, when a group of students at Tuskegee staged a protest by "locking up" members of the board during their annual spring meeting. Unable to leave the building, the trustees soon learned that

the Alabama State Guard had been called in and was less than a mile away, marching towards the campus. Fearing aggression against the students, board members spent almost 24 hours negotiating by walkie-talkie with student leaders and the State Guard, and the situation was ultimately diffused without violence. "Two years later at Kent State, the same thing happened, and four kids were killed," Bill recalled. "Sometimes, I think you can do good by making things not happen, as well as by making things happen."

Eventually, Bill left Chase Manhattan for an executive position with American Express Bank, where he oversaw the bank's expansion throughout Asia and the Middle East. Soon after taking the job, Bill came face-to-face with a financial calamity similar in nature (though not in size) to the current subprime crisis. "Something happened that hadn't happened in many, many years: a German bank went bust, closed its doors, denied its depositors," Bill said. Unfortunately, that bank owed American Express Bank \$63 million, a sum that would not be recouped. "Because of that, I learned about a thing called counter-party risk." Earlier this year, it was the same type of counter-party risk that brought down investment banks like Bear Stearns and Lehman Brothers. "Most people don't know about counter-party risk, but they're learning about it now," Bill said.

The next stage of Bill's wide-ranging career led him to serve as the U.S. investment manager for Sulaiman Olayan, a prominent Saudi Arabian entrepreneur and the founder of over 50 companies in the Middle East. Bill spoke fondly of Sulaiman, who passed away in 2002, as "a brilliant businessman, a very straight-shooting, honest guy." But the excitement of a new challenge eventually led Bill to leave Sulaiman and set up his own investment management firm, which got him into venture capital, and ultimately, the formation of a hydrogel technology company called Hymetix.

"But that's just what I did for a living," Bill protested. Despite the undeniable list of accomplishments and adventures that comprised Bill's career, the event that he named as the most significant in his life was meeting his wife Barbara, to whom he's been married for over fifty years. Together, they've raised two children and

built their own house in Norfolk, Connecticut, where they spend much of their time.

Bill's always been an avid watercolor painter, and now his daughter Kate paints portraits professionally. "My daughter indulges me," he said. "Every few years we do a watercolor show together, but the rest of the time she's painting serious pictures." Bill's son, Billy, has followed in his father's footsteps as well, having already retired from a brilliant career in business.

In addition to serving as a trustee of Tuskegee University, Bill has also spent much of the last thirty years on the Board of Managers for the Jane Coffin Childs Memorial Fund, which awards fellowships for post-doctoral research in medical science. The fellows are chosen by a Board of Scientific Advisors, many of whom are Nobel laureates, while the "Board of Managers has nothing to do with the science, thank god, because they would choose the wrong thing," Bill laughed. "We just manage the money so the Board of Scientific Advisors can keep on doing what they do."

Compared to these long-standing philanthropic relationships, Bill's involvement with the Leopold Schepp Foundation is more of a recent development. He joined the Board of Trustees when he retired, because a friend suggested it would be something he'd enjoy. "And she was right, I love it," Bill said. "I like it because I get to interview people like you. You'd be amazed at the wonderful life stories that come through this place."

It seems fitting, then, that one of the incredible life stories to pass through the rooms of the Schepp Foundation should be Bill's own.



Willow Heske and Khaled



Women and children attending Yousif Amira's funeral in Ni'lin

DOCUMENTING WORK AND PLAY: ADVOCATING FOR KIDS AND LABOR IN NI'LIN, PALESTINE

Willow Heske, Columbia University, Masters Student, School of International and Public Affairs

I went to Palestine this summer as a Peace Fellow with the Advocacy Project, a human rights NGO that places graduate students in the field to work on advocacy based campaigns for local organizations. My host organization, the Democracy and Workers' Rights Center (DWRC) in Ramallah, Palestine, was founded by a group of lawyers and trade unionists seeking to protect the rights of Palestinian workers within both Palestine and Israel. Using new media tools, such as blogs, wikis, and video, it was my job to help these workers get their stories heard.

It is hard to understand the importance of advocating for workers' rights in Palestine without understanding how the Israeli-Palestinian conflict affects them. Military occupation has had serious repercussions on the Palestinian economy. Throughout the Palestinian territories, unemployment is extremely high and many Palestinians remain dependent on Israeli employment. A decade ago, there were 125,000 Palestinians working legally in Israel, but in 2002, Israeli security concerns reduced the number of Palestinian work permits to 7,532, leaving over 110,000 Palestinians unemployed.

As a graduate student at the Columbia University School of International and Public Affairs (SIPA), I study conflict resolution, but thanks to two mandatory semesters of international economics, I have looked in depth at the economics behind employment. However, nothing I studied prepared me for unemployment in the Palestinian context.

The problem of Israeli work permits for Palestinians is exceptionally complex. On the one hand, Palestinians need to stop relying on the Israeli labor market. But in order to do this, Palestine needs both private and public sector growth, which is complicated by Israeli restrictions on imports and exports. Domestic businesses in Palestine are only sustainable when they are local. Any Palestinian business that

has several branches, for example one in Nablus, one in Gaza, one in Ramallah, and in Bethlehem, will face extraordinary logistical difficulties in the movement of both goods and workers. Any Palestinian company involved in imports and exports will incur high costs, as imports and exports are taxed twice—once by Palestine, once by Israel—thus creating what my economics professor would describe as a double deadweight loss.

The restrictions on work permits have created a real insecurity for Palestinians. The Israeli market depends on Palestinians as a cheap source of labor so Israeli employers continue to hire them, permits or no permits.

To date, Israel has done little to offer legally employed Palestinian workers social protection. Currently, Palestinian laborers employed in Israel have to pay Israeli taxes and Israeli union dues, but they are protected by neither the Israeli state nor the Israeli trade union to which they must pay membership fees. Palestinians legally employed in Israel receive no health insurance, no unemployment protection, no work injury compensation, and no pension even though they pay for these benefits: the Israeli social security tax and union dues are automatically deducted from their monthly wage.

For those illegally employed in Israel, the situation is even worse. Over the course of the summer, I conducted interviews with many of them. As I listened with disbelief, they described their daily trip to work: at 4 a.m. they arrive at a discreet place close to the Israeli border to meet the smuggler who takes them across the line to Israel. They pay the smuggler 50 NIS, a heavy price when they expect to make anywhere from 150 to 300 NIS that day. The smuggler has a van and they must wait until at least 20 workers show up for the trip. The van doesn't fit 20 workers, it only fits 10, but they pile in, one on top of the other. They tell me there are different smugglers every day. Most of the smugglers are Israeli settlers who are routinely waved through the checkpoints due to their special license plates.

Once on the Israeli side, the Palestinians make their way to their place of work, where they labor for 12 hours, with no social protection, no work injury protec-

tion, no occupational health and safety standards, and no breaks. Most of the workers I spoke to were employed in construction, which has the highest incident of injury in the world. When they get hurt on the job, their employers call a smuggler to drive them back across the border and dump them on the Palestinian side. There might be a hospital less than 1 mile from their worksite, but they can't go there. The employer cannot risk it and neither can the employee—they are illegal, they have no permission to be on Israeli soil.

I was surprised that, for the majority of the workers I spoke to, getting injured was the least of their worries. Since they are illegal, they are technically day laborers, even if they have worked at the same place for years. They should be paid daily, especially considering that their roundtrip commute costs them 100 NIS. But too often the employer tells them tomorrow, tomorrow you will get paid.

The workers explained to me that countless tomorrows never come: the smuggler might not show up, the border might be closed, or the employer might be gone, along with their hard earned wage.

Advocating for these workers brought me to the village of Ni'lin, a municipality of 5,000 people situated just west of Ramallah, and less than two miles from the Israeli border. Due to Ni'lin's proximity to Israel, many of its residents are illegally employed there. Currently, these workers are able to sneak safely through the porous border; but in Ni'lin, life is rapidly changing. This past May, Israel seized half of Ni'lin's agricultural lands, announcing its plan to extend the 40-foot concrete security wall, which has been deemed illegal under international law. Once completed, the wall will completely surround the village. The loss of fertile land to the wall will have devastating economic effects for most families in Ni'lin, and the wall itself will make it almost impossible for those employed outside the village to get to work.

Over the course of the summer I made a video about the effects of the wall on the workers in Ni'lin, but this project has become just part of my involvement there.

Ni'lin is a sleepy little village where everyone knows everyone else and, when the women aren't cooking, they are gathered on their rooftops or in their neighbors' courtyards gossiping and bragging about their children. These women have a right to brag. In my entire life, I have never encountered so many adorable, funny, melt-your-heart kids in one place. To be completely honest, throughout my summer with DWRC I continued to find things to do in Ni'lin so that I could play with the kids, who seemed to come out of nowhere to follow me through the town. These kids provided me with the perfect opportunity to practice my Arabic, which despite one year of intensive instruction, was on the same exact level as their English. As I muddled through my Arabic, the kids would smile and laugh, grabbing my hand to drag me home with them.

Since most people in Ni'lin are chronically under-employed, they rely on their land for sustenance. They harvest olives, grow vegetables, and raise animals. There is one paved, main road that anchors dusty little streets lined with homes where three or four generations live under one roof. Life in Ni'lin is all about family, and within a week, thanks to the kids, I had tea with most of them.

Life in Ni'lin is slow and simple, but it is also life under military occupation. During the time I was in Ni'lin, two children were shot and killed by the Israeli military. The first child, Ahmad Musa, who was shot in the head with live ammunition, was only ten years old. Three days before he was killed, I had played with him and his friends. It is extremely hard for me to articulate how I feel about his death. Of all the kids I met in Ni'lin, I was immediately drawn to him. He was an incredibly cute, special boy and I remember thinking to myself that he had the potential to be a true leader. He was funny, charismatic and naturally outgoing. I recall wondering where he could possibly find this kind of happiness, this kind of light, while living under direct military occupation.

While six thousand people attended Ahmad's funeral, a second child from Ni'lin, Yousif Amira, aged seventeen, was also shot in the head by Israeli defense forces. He was announced brain-dead that day and died in the hospital a week later.

Israel claims the separation wall is a necessary protective barrier against Palestinian terrorist attacks and stands by its policy to use force against the villagers of Ni'lin as they organize peaceful protests against the loss of their land to the wall.

What I found in Ni'lin was a village of people who just want to be able to get to work, to provide a future for their children, and to keep the land that belongs to them. They will welcome you with open arms and the kids, who are constantly smiling, will drag you home to their parents. The parents will force you to drink sweet tea with them, insist you stay for dinner and prepare you elaborate meals. The parents continue to advocate non-violence despite the death of two of their young boys.

What started out as a summer advocating for workers in Ni'lin has become a permanent commitment to advocate for all of Ni'lin, especially for the kids, who have captured my heart and are innocent bystanders in a conflict that has gone on too long. I think about the kids and I wonder what kind of future they have if Ni'lin loses half of its land to the wall. I think about how the wall will change them. Will looking out their windows at 40 feet of concrete change how they laugh and play or how incredibly loving and trusting they are?

Actually, I doubt that there is anything that can change these kids. Despite everything that happens to them, they know what matters and continue to love. When faced with conflict they remain able to laugh and play, smile endlessly and make strangers feel at home.

In January, during semester break, I plan to return to Ni'lin and help these kids use their voice to bring positive change to their village. Employing all the advocacy tools I learned this summer, as well as blogs and video, I plan to compile a digital storytelling project where the kids relate their own experiences under military occupation.

I hope that after hearing their stories, we can think twice about the true victims

of military conflicts and find new ways to provide them the future they deserve. I also hope that giving these children a voice will encourage them to become the leaders they already are, explore new tactics in non-violence, and acquire tools to break down the barriers they live with and find new solutions to the conflict that surrounds them.

And truth be told, even now, thousands of miles away, I would find any excuse to go back and play with those kids.



Child in Ni'lin running from teargas canisters



Ahmad Musa, killed by Israeli military three days after this picture was taken



Peter Amico in front of a health center in Rwanda



HIV/AIDS: ARE WE DOING ENOUGH – OR TOO MUCH?

**Peter Amico, Brandeis University, Masters Student,
Sustainable International Development**

While HIV/AIDS is, of course, a significant global health problem, sensationalism has bestowed on it a status which affords it far too much money and attention in relation to other public health issues. It is estimated that HIV is responsible for 3.7% of global mortality, yet it is allocated 25% of global health funding. HIV funding alone often exceeds countries' entire domestic health budgets. It has created parallel financing, employment, and organizational structures which have weakened national health systems. For this reason, it is vitally important to assess the impact of this massive influx of funding to determine if the benefit of battling HIV/AIDS is being counter-acted by the weakening of the surrounding health system.

I am spending the second year of my Masters program in Rwanda doing research with UNAIDS and Brandeis while writing my thesis. We have hypothesized that HIV funding diverts resources from the rest of the health care system, resulting in deterioration of non-HIV services. In 2006 Rwanda implemented a policy requiring HIV/AIDS funding to be integrated into the existing health system. Since the country's response to HIV has evolved, we will test the hypothesis at two time periods, 2004 and early 2005, and compare our findings to the more recent period (2006). Essentially, we are looking at the different levels of efficiency in the health system as HIV/AIDS funding has been scaled up each year.

In plain terms, we want to see if the increased HIV/AIDS funding has had a negative impact on the healthcare system as a whole. For our research, we collected data from 56 of the 393 health centers in the country covering the years 2002-2007. This has entailed traveling around the country with a team of Rwandan doctors to visit these health centers. The report is due to be published in November 2009.

In addition to being a researcher, I have also had the opportunity to see first-hand the disastrous impact of the 1994 genocide. I often forget that this small

central African country was, 14 years ago, called the poorest country on earth. Its dramatic recovery and growth over the past 14 years can be attributed to the resilience of the people as well as sound economic and health policies. However, 57% of the population still lives under the poverty line and life expectancy is only 47 years.

Rwanda is still very poor. Every morning I walk to the district hospital where I have an office and observe women and children waiting in long lines to fill their Jerry cans with water. Pierre, the boy who works in our house, receives room and board as well as \$20 a month for cleaning and cooking our meals. He completed primary school, but the fees for secondary school (7-12th grade) were too high. Now he is a 19 year old who is essentially trapped in a cycle of poverty from which he will most likely never escape. Doctors earn only \$500 a month and are often forced to find employment in other sectors.

Nonetheless, Rwanda is full of hope. A country that had essentially no infrastructure 14 years ago is now burgeoning, setting an example to many other African nations. There is an extensive healthcare network that spans the entire country as well as schools and some of the best roads in east Africa. I have Rwandan friends who work in hospitals, run microfinance institutions and work for the ministry of finance. The young generation is committed to change and the country is benefiting from their aspirations.

Our research is important, not only for Rwanda, but also for other countries that have been inundated with HIV/AIDS funding. While it seems counter-intuitive to think that too much funding can do harm, this is the general consensus among global health experts and soon the data will be able to support or refute these claims.

PENTAGON MEMORIAL: POST-SCRIPT / POST-DEDICATION

Keith Kaseman, Leopold Schepp Scholar 1999-2001

Over the past six years, my partner and wife, Julie Beckman, and I have shared an amazing journey not only with each other, but also with the hundreds of people who dedicated their energy to realizing a memorial to honor those who lost their lives at the Pentagon on September 11, 2001. In 2002, Julie and I submitted a proposal to an international design competition for the Pentagon Memorial, never guessing that our scheme would make it beyond the initial submission phase. Much to our surprise, from a pool of over 1,100 entries, our scheme was selected as one of six that moved to the final competition phase. After an intensive round of refinement, adjustment and clarification, our proposal was unanimously selected in March 2003. From that moment on, our lives became supercharged in ways that we could have never anticipated, as the immensity of the task at hand translated into an extended emotional, educational and profoundly gratifying whirlwind of activity and dedication, the full effect of which we are only now able to begin to fully digest.

From the outset, Julie and I felt strongly that the Pentagon Memorial had to be a place like no other, simply because September 11, 2001 was a day like no other. An incredibly high level of refinement was required to invite contemplative interpretation on the part of the visitor. To that end, the massive team that was assembled to perform the work was unique. While thousands of people have contributed to the project at large, approximately 200 were involved specifically with the development of the Memorial Unit, the heart of the memorial. This collaborative web consisted of 28 hand-picked companies—fabrication shops, testing and research labs, organizations and consultants located throughout the US – all working to refine the interwoven techniques and processes necessary to produce the eight primary components that, when assembled, form each of the 184 Memorial Units distributed across the site based on the ages of each individual whose life was taken. Utilizing an array of digitally-driven tools and techniques, coupled with lots of elbow grease, the coordination of these efforts was intricate

to say the least, and the levels of precision and quality our team achieved is astounding. We owe an incalculable amount of gratitude to everyone who played a part in this effort, and share a special bond with each and every one of them. I will forever be inspired by the dedication and pride of all of our teammates as we worked our way through what seemed like an infinite array of both hurdles discovered and successes attained along the path to completion. In the truest sense, it was a real pleasure to work with such an incredible crew.

While Julie and I will never be able to fully convey how honored we feel to have played such a role in the project, we could never have imagined that this feeling would be amplified to the extent that it was for both of us last month. On September 11, 2008, approximately 16,000 people attended the deeply stirring and impeccably orchestrated dedication ceremony. While President Bush, Secretary of Defense Gates, Deputy Secretary of Defense Gordon England, former Secretary of Defense Rumsfeld, and Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff Admiral Mullen all addressed the audience with poignant speeches, we were most proud when Jim Laychak, President of the Pentagon Memorial Fund, took the stage. Driven by the loss of his brother Dave, whose office was located at the point of impact of flight 77, Jim led the family members on their quest to raise funds to build the Memorial. Most importantly, Jim provided the guiding light for all of us through the long development of the project. Sitting with Jim's wife, son and daughter while he spoke to all of us from the podium that morning was among the most touching moments Julie and I have ever shared. It reiterated how close we've become with so many people through our time on this project, how much we cherish our friendships with many whose lives changed forever on that horrible day, and how fortunate we are to have helped shed a sliver of positivity on a day that has carried none for so long. After the dedication ceremony, we were privileged to just sit back and watch the Memorial at work, with people meandering throughout, families taking pictures at their loved ones' special place, children playing, couples talking, and individuals just thinking to themselves. Most profoundly impactful to us, though, was the overwhelming sense of calm that pervaded the atmosphere that day. Seven years ago, it was unimaginable that anyone could ever smile again on the west lawn of the Pentagon. On September 11, 2008, however, it was

beaming with peaceful laughter.

While we close this chapter, the Pentagon Memorial will take on a life of its own and stretch into the unimaginable future. As far as our outlook goes, it is an exciting period for KBAS. Julie and I have always believed that at its best, architecture exerts a positive force in the world, and our intent is to continue to demonstrate this stance for the long run. We are poised to diversify our approach through multiple channels, and are excited to see what the next seven years bring, and how we may be able to help along the way.



Keith Kasemen and Julie Beckman, Architects, Pentagon Memorial 9/11





Pentagon Memorial at Night

Architects:
Keith Kaseman and Julie Beckman



Walter Schindler

INVESTING IN GREEN

Walter L. Schindler, Leopold Schepp Scholar, 1976-1978

My career ideal was to become a Renaissance Man. From the first time I heard those two words, at Jesuit High School of New Orleans, I became committed to what has become a lifelong odyssey. The Schepp Foundation supplied important funds at the time when I needed them most -- a struggling graduate student. In my college and graduate education, I was blessed to have had generous benefactors, like Robert C. Bates, and inspiring mentors, including Maynard Mack at Yale and Archibald Cox at Harvard Law. Thanks to them, I have been able to explore several domains -- published poet and literary critic, corporate lawyer, strategic advisor, and now venture capitalist.

After enjoying investing as a hobby for many years, I decided to make it my primary business – a more lucrative choice than my other passion, gardening! After starting on my own, I decided to recruit experienced partners from diverse backgrounds and create a synergistic team with complementary strengths. My partners and I came together around the common shared vision of investing in “green” technology companies focused on the large global markets of energy, water and agriculture. In 2002-2003, we formed a new investment firm we decided to call *SAIL* Venture Partners (www.sailvc.com) since sailing is one of the best symbols of clean energy that creates no pollution or global warming. Sailing is also a sport that requires great teamwork.

This entire area of investing came to be known as “cleantech” -- a word coined by the Cleantech Group, one of our early investments that allowed us a special vantage point from which to see and shape this emerging area. The Cleantech Group is now the world's leading hub of cleantech-related information and organizes important global conferences. (Check the website www.cleantech.com, if you're interested in learning more about cleantech.)

The other companies in which *SAIL* invested are today making products that:

- Enable air conditioning systems to use up to 90% less electricity
- Reduce air pollution from diesel and other fossil fuels
- Deliver inexpensive, pure drinking water to millions in less developed countries
- Increase automotive fuel economy and performance while reducing toxic emissions
- Use less electricity to achieve the same performance, including the world's first "Green Motor"
- Increase substantially the scale of energy storage, thereby enabling solar and wind power to become more commercially effective

We are blessed to have the opportunity to finance profitable technology solutions to some of the world's most serious problems. However, a few weeks ago, as the US struggled to resolve its serious financial crisis, clouds began to gather on our horizon.

Today, we are navigating successfully through this storm. First, we have attracted strong investors, like JP Morgan, who understand the extraordinary potential for profit in the cleantech space that can be achieved by well disciplined teams, as well as the special and unique opportunities made possible by our domain expertise and networks. We are proud to say that *SAIL* is JP Morgan's first and only cleantech fund investment. Second, we have a synergistic combination of talent and experience in the five managing partners, and our portfolio performance is proving that with collective revenues that tripled in the last twelve months to over \$100 million. Third, we have attracted the founders and management teams of portfolio companies that are looking for committed and experienced financial partners who add value on multiple levels, including customers, operations and strategy.

Entrepreneurs with vision and endurance, like Leopold Schepp, have always built real wealth in America and we will succeed by partnering with the best entrepreneurs while respecting their intuitive acumen. Finally, and most important, we acknowledge and thank the Great Creator for the opportunity to be in the

right place, at the right time, with the right team, to finance and help build the breakthrough companies that must and will create a sustainable future and leave a legacy worthy of our fortunes.

**LEOPOLD SCHEPP FOUNDATION AWARDS SUMMARY
1925–MAY, 2009**

Award Type	# of Awards	Amount Awarded
Endeavors (1925 – 1932)		
High School	3,922	\$ 784,400
College/University	18,337	\$ 27,177,465
Research/Post Doctoral	151	\$ 1,636,815
	22,410	\$ 29,598,680



Erin Walczewski studying in the Harvard Law Library

NATIONAL SECURITY AND NEGOTIATION

Erin Walczewski, Harvard Law Student

Lawyers are not particularly famous for helping people solve their problems. This is funny to me, in a way, because solving problems is exactly what the profession is about, and yet the rest of the world seems all too eager to think of lawyers as money-hungry problem creators. The non-lawyer population can't be faulted too much for this perception, though. Most people can cite specific instances of frivolous lawsuits that mock our concept of justice, and even those who take a serious look at attorney incentives can see that fee structures are not usually set up to encourage quick reconciliations.

But the law is designed to work for people, not against them, and as experts on the law, attorneys have a special duty to make sure that happens. Before I came to law school, I worked in Washington, D.C. for the 9/11 Public Discourse Project, a non-profit organization derived from the 9/11 Commission that looked at the forty-one recommendations made by the Commission and the ways in which they could increase the safety of Americans and the national security of our country. Through this work, I became quite interested in national security and the ways in which the law can help or hinder those efforts. I packed my bags for Harvard Law expecting to specialize in national security law and counterterrorism issues.

Throughout my first year in law school, I retained my interest in foreign policy and discovered a particular aptitude in the study and practice of negotiation, mediation, and conflict resolution. As a middle child, I have always felt like something of a natural mediator, so I was overjoyed to have an Ivy League school confirming my little theories about best practices and expanding them in ways far beyond anything I ever tried in a spat among sisters in childhood. I began to see how prevalent negotiations are in everyday life, and how valuable interest-based negotiations can be.

I made a decision to focus my law school experience on developing skills in negotiation and conflict resolution and acquiring knowledge in national security issues.

Harvard has possibly one of the strongest negotiation programs in the country has already offered me a wealth of experience along my intended path.

For instance, I had a fantastic opportunity during March of this year to go on Harvard Law's first Interfaith Study Trip to Israel. Out of 125 applicants, the program leaders chose forty individuals—including just four first-year law students—to spend ten days in the Middle East. This was my first trip to the region and a wonderful learning experience. I had studied the ways in which the United States cooperates with Israel to reach our mutual objectives through accords, joint statements, and multilateral arrangements like summits, but I am a big believer in learning beyond books. I believe that the people who want to shape our policies in international relations have an obligation to get as much global experience as they can in the greatest variety of situations imaginable in order to truly bring a valuable perspective to the table.

I have also had the chance to explore several different avenues of negotiation. The professors from the negotiation program selected five out of almost two hundred students for teaching assistant positions. I was honored to be chosen for that opportunity. My first duty was to help teach Harvard's week-long Program of Instruction for Lawyers, an adult education course for lawyers and business executives from around the world. We had participants from twenty-two countries in the program, and my small breakout group of twenty-four people represented ten countries and half a dozen languages. We spent a week "reprogramming" career attorneys to think about the issues of their clients in an interest-based approach for mutual gain and longer-lasting solutions.

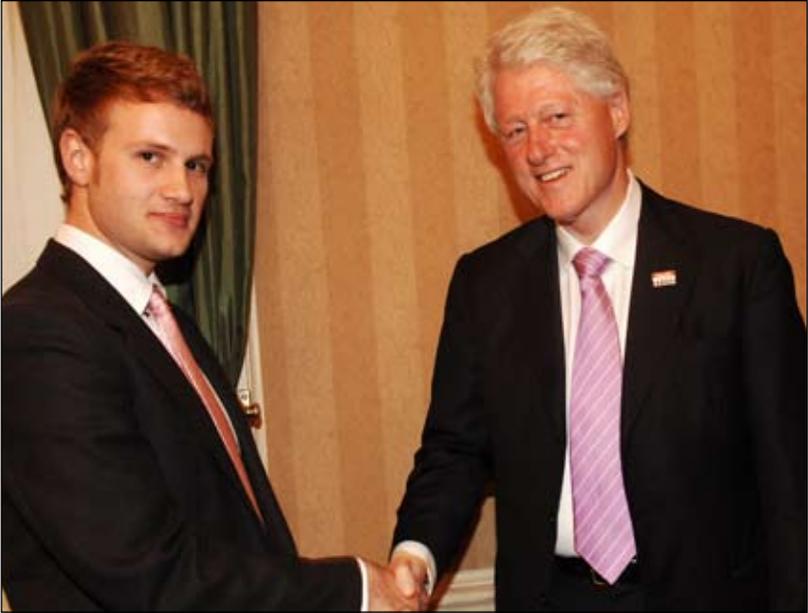
Most recently, I was invited to join a small group of second and third year students from Harvard Law for a new endeavor called TrainingCorps. TrainingCorps sends law students to underserved populations to teach them the mediation, negotiation, and facilitation skills that will help them deal with conflicts in a non-violent and non-litigious way. The founders of this group were inspired by a long-term project they completed last year in Navajo territory and already have a list of clients who have heard about the pro-bono program and would like to receive

our training.

It is my delight and my continuing quest to discover the ways in which all of these areas overlap. Surely there is a place for conflict resolution in the prevention of terrorism. Surely interest-based negotiation would improve outcomes both domestically and abroad. Lawyers are designed to work for people, not against them. At least, that's the way it should be.



Erin meeting with Bedouin man in rural Israel, March 2008



Julian Cyr with President Bill Clinton

A COMMITMENT TO STEWARDSHIP AND PUBLIC SERVICE

Julian Cyr, Leopold Schepp Scholar 2005-2008

As a staff member of the Clinton Global Initiative, I worked long hours at the three-day 2008 Annual Meeting, barely able to take notice of the dignitaries, heads of states, and presidential candidates who took the stage. But I was able to slip into the Closing Plenary and watch transfixed from the back of the room as British Prime Minister Gordon Brown spoke unscripted on the pressing issues facing humanity. "I believe that we are summoned, all of us, to build a world where globalization becomes not a force for injustice, but a force for justice on a global scale," urged Brown. "I believe that is the duty of this generation." I was surprised how much Gordon Brown moved me; indeed, his call to action resonated deeply with my own belief in stewardship and public service, and with it the promise that "this could be the generation and we could be the people" to sort out the problems facing the world.

Growing up on the outermost reaches of Cape Cod, I was not confronted with such global obstacles, but nonetheless was immersed in a community rich in neighborly collaboration. Our collective identity was anchored in local responses to pressing issues: the AIDS epidemic devastating our vibrant gay population; budget cuts threatening quality public education; and the challenges of sustaining a dwindling seasonal economy in the face of rapid gentrification and workforce shortages. This sense of stewardship affected me greatly, inspiring my own response when impending cuts in state educational aid threatened the arts and music programs at my high school. Collaborating with a small group of peers, I led a student-based campaign that encouraged voters to support budget overrides. As the group's leader, I was able to rally over fifty students, faculty, and community members into an efficient lobbying organization and to illustrate the crucial role of co-curricular programs in quality public education. Our strategy of taxpayer engagement through student outreach proved a success, and we influenced voters to approve \$3 million in additional funding to close the budget shortfall. Such local activism influenced my upbringing, creating a conception of stewardship arising

from one's community and a desire to pursue public service.

My education at New York University developed the nascent social activism of my youth. In training as a Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgender (LGBT) peer educator early in my freshman year, I began to encourage others to explore their own identities within constructs of gender and sexuality, while challenging my own. The peer education program at NYU taught me worthwhile skills in collaborative learning, endowing me with a vocabulary to engage others in crucial dialogues on gender, sexuality, and sexual assault. My exposure to transgender concerns was particularly seminal; proudly I joined a student collective dedicated to eradicating gender identity discrimination within the institution. Indeed, such immersion in social justice taught me to value the outspoken and to challenge my own assumptions.

Through establishing my own community in New York, I unintentionally became involved in the larger framework of the University. Striving to meet the health needs of our community, my friend and I developed a community-based model of HIV prevention, thus co-founding a student-led HIV Testing Initiative. My commitment to student health then deepened as relationships I had initiated with University administrators in developing community HIV screening led to additional services to better meet the healthcare needs of students. Encouraged by these successes in revising health policy, I elected to train as an HIV counselor, both grappling with the gravitas of counseling individuals with an HIV positive diagnosis and experiencing pure gratitude in providing succor to someone you've only just met.

The nature of my interdisciplinary education at NYU allowed me to access the resources of the Wagner School of Public Service. At Wagner, I solidified my academic interest in public policy through courses on public health, non-profit management, and cultural policy. I studied texts of social criticism and cases of policy implementation in the classroom, while augmenting my own studies of policy and institutions through internships and immersion in University policymaking. In my senior colloquium, I focused on how an individual agency creates change within

institutions and communities, and how individuals working within organizations are able to respond to policy and social concerns. Informed by practical experiences and the insight of a graduate policy environment, I crafted an interdisciplinary undergraduate education that explored the very modes of stewardship I grew up with and admired.

This December, I will join the Clinton Foundation's HIV/AIDS Initiative in Mozambique, using my skills as an HIV counselor to assist in antiretroviral drug supply chain management and peer-based prevention programs. In looking toward the future, I aspire to work in an organization that offers dynamic responses to the communities it serves, ones that strive towards fulfilling what Gordon Brown so aptly called our generational duty. Another strong desire is to return to my hometown, helping to address the environmental, healthcare, and workforce challenges that confront the region. Ultimately, I hope to seek political office, whether local or statewide, to address larger social and policy challenges.

While my leadership endeavors cross several disciplines, all are rooted in a sense of connection to the communities I inhabit. It is this personal connection to my work and commitment to stewardship that motivates me. I aspire to fulfill what I see as the duty of our generation to leave our communities better than we found them and to lend my talents to realize a just and sustainable humanity.



Akiva Friedlin

**FACT, FICTION, OR HYBRID:
WHAT IS NARRATIVE NONFICTION?**

Akiva Freidlin, Columbia University, MFA Student in writing

This fall, I will begin the Masters in Fine Arts program in non-fiction writing at Columbia University. As a writer of narrative nonfiction (sometimes called literary journalism), my work requires constant self-interrogation: for what is truthful narrative nonfiction?

One of my projects is concerned with the Eastern Band of Cherokee Indians, who live in North Carolina. This small tribe was founded by Cherokees who avoided removal during the Trail of Tears period in the 1830's. After withstanding years of poverty and vigorous attempts to assimilate or destroy them, the Cherokees established a casino on their reservation in 1996. The casino kick-started the area's economic growth, lowering poverty rates and putting a lower-middle class lifestyle within reach of most Cherokees, while making actual material success a distinct possibility, instead of a ridiculous pipe dream. So the casino is a good thing, right?

In 1980, the tribe had 8000 enrolled members. Now, post-casino, there are nearly 14,000 enrolled members. So 6000 people heard about the casino, and suddenly got interested in researching their Cherokee great-great-grandmother so that they could join the tribe, take advantage of financial disbursements, and outvote tribal members who'd been Cherokee before it was cool. So the casino money is a bad thing, right?

But the casino profits also let the tribe spend money on cultural preservation, creating programs to maintain the Cherokee language, which had been threatened with extinction. It let them redesign the tribe's official tourism attractions – many of which had been established by white people in the 1950's – in order to make them more accurate and respectful of Cherokee history and culture. So casino money is a good thing again, right?

As you see, bare facts can be easily manipulated to write a piece stating that

either A) the casino is the savior of the Eastern Band of Cherokee Indians or B) the casino and its effects are the cultural death knell of the Eastern Band of Cherokee Indians. This is where narrative saves us. Perhaps a first person description of an interaction between, for instance, a group of tourists on the street and a Cherokee man who performs an imagined Cherokee role for tourist's tips, can better express the feeling of what it means to be a Cherokee than a thick stack of statistics, or even a well-written news article, can ever hope to do.

Narrative nonfiction uses the novelist's tools, such as thematic development, introduction of psychologically complex characters, and the ordering of events to create plot, to address the principal concern of journalism, which is the creation of a truthful record. The nonfiction writer aims to write stories that are realer than real, in the belief that once released from journalism's stern directions on how to write truthfully, we find the freedom to carve a narrative that has factual and aesthetic truth, from a messy world where neither is easily found.

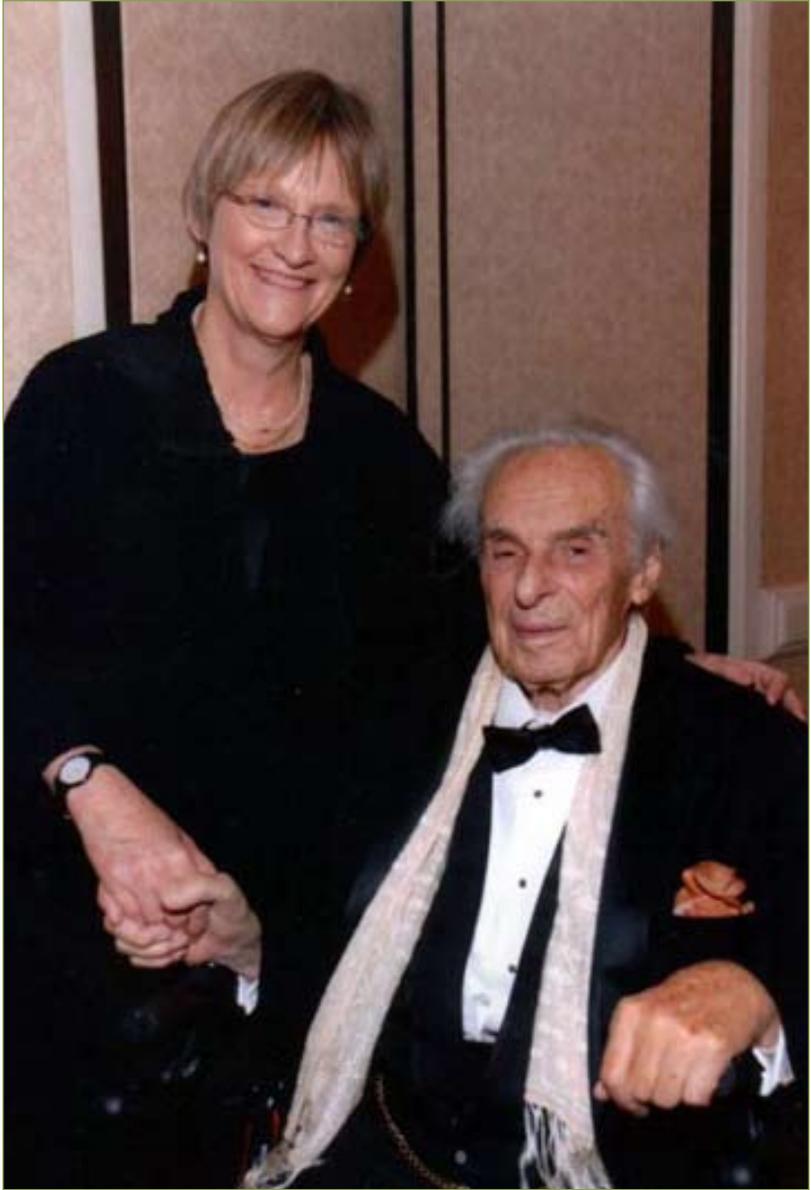
An ironic post-script:

While I was staying in Asheville, NC earlier this year, I worked as a production assistant for a television commercial for the Eastern Band. When I arrived at the shoot location, I was surprised to learn that the commercial's script called for four Cherokee men to run around the hills of a state park, dressed in loincloths, dusted in red paint, and carrying weapons.

One of the commercials featured the four men stalking through the woods, apparently hunting for something, while the sound of a cello's low-end plays threateningly over the soundtrack. At the end of the spot, the men look at the viewer and one of them delivers the line, "We're looking for you."

Considering that Native American advocacy groups have long spent time, money, and effort trying to keep representations of Indians-as-savage out of the media, I was surprised to find an Indian group paying an advertising agency to portray them in a fashion that clearly tapped into negative stereotypes.

Intrigued, I took notes at the shoot, and began researching the history of the tribe and its economic development. I am finding that as the tourism economy develops, the Cherokees are learning to market themselves as a product desirable for tourists. At the same time, they attempt to guard the integrity of their eleven thousand year old culture. The entire enterprise of the Cherokee tourism economy is shot through with a painful irony: the tribe's fundamental sources of income—whether from “cultural tourism” or from the casino which they operate—comes from entertaining the descendants of the people that tried to annihilate them.



Christopher Janus with Harvard President Drew Faust

AN EXTRAORDINARY LIFE

Christopher Janus, Harvard University, Schepp Scholar 1931-1936

I am most thankful to the great Leopold Schepp Foundation for helping to make it possible for me to go to Harvard and Oxford to study philosophy, certainly the most important event in my life.

The Foundation asked me to write about some of my accomplishments and casting modesty aside, those follow:

After leaving Oxford in 1938, Mr. A. O. Sulzberger, publisher of the New York Times, asked if I would be interested in working for the paper. He then introduced me to Lester Markal, the celebrated head of the Sunday Section, and it was for this section that I wrote my first article, a long piece on "The Meaning of Philosophy in Everyday Life." Other assignments followed, including numerous reviews.

During World War II, I had the opportunity to work with Spyros Skouras (then President of 20th Century Fox) for Greek war relief. To that end, we were able to get a bill passed in Congress for a \$40 million Greek war relief program that provided much needed aid to those suffering under cruel German occupation.

In 1943, Governor Lehman, the former governor of New York who was then a special assistant to President Roosevelt, asked me to join the State Department in charge of the Greek desk in Athens for UNRRA (United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration). This program was credited with saving the lives of at least a million Greek citizens.

After the war, I spent most of my time writing—ten books in all, and I also produced and wrote several documentary films, including the award winning Disney film *Goodbye, Miss Fourth of July*. This film was a true story about my seventeen year old sister who, with my family, emigrated from Greece and settled in Montgomery, West Virginia, a town dominated by the Ku Klux Klan. The story is about

her personal war with the KKK. Other books include A Search for Peking Man Fossils, a large format book praised by both Chairman Mao and President Ford.

During these years, I kept my Harvard ties and was President of the Chicago Harvard Club. Senator Charles Percy and Arthur Neilson, President of the A.C. Neilson Company, recommended me to President Eisenhower for an ambassadorship to Greece. Unfortunately, I was unable to accept the appointment due to the illness of my wife. Following are the awards and recognitions I have received in my life. Once again, thanks to the Leopold Schepp Foundation for making it all possible:

- 2001 President of Harvard Club Certificate of Appreciation
- 2003 The Hellenic Heritage Lifetime Achievement Award
- 2004 Bonafix Maximus of the Tavern Club, Chicago, Illinois
- 2005 Excellence in Scholarly Achievement, Judy Baar Topinka, Treasurer of Illinois
- 2007 Golden Key Award to Charleston, West Virginia
- 2008 Certificate of Appreciation from Mayor Richard M. Daley

The following excerpt is from an article written by Christopher Janus for the Hellenic Communication Service:

“Our First and Only Christmas in Sistersville”

In the beginning, this is not a joyful Christmas story. It's about the George Xenopoulos Janus family who immigrated to America in 1910 and first settled in Charleston, West Virginia where I was born. For reasons I've never known, we moved in 1914 from Charleston, the capital, to a picturesque and very prosperous little town called Sistersville. Here my father who was always an enterprising and optimistic man established a kind of general store which also served snacks.

The first few months in Sistersville we were very happy. The problem was that we were the only foreign family in Sistersville (there were no African-American fami-

lies either) and the general store was popular and so successful and our natural Greek enthusiasm was so conspicuous that instead of becoming more welcome in the town, certain envious or "purist" persons found us a threat to their way of life. There was a saying in Sistersville that the only thing that could compare to the purity of their race was a limestone for which Sistersville is also renowned. Also our skin was darker than most of the people living there.

Then it happened. It was on a Sunday just before Christmas right after a lunch that my mother had prepared for us, luscious lamb and yogurt with nuts and honey. There was a knock on the door and I went to answer it. The Mayor of Sistersville, the Sheriff and the Minister of the Baptist church were calling on us.

"Young man, is your Dad at home?" asked the Mayor. Then my mother came to the door and asked the group to come in. She invited them to have some refreshments but the Mayor said, "Thank you, but no, this is not a social call!" Then the Minister, looking at our little Christmas tree, said, "Oh, I didn't know you people celebrated Christmas."

The mayor, still standing and without any explanation said to my father: "Mr. Janus, here is a check for \$6,200 which we think is a fair price for your store and this house and a little extra for your transportation. We want you and your family out of Sistersville within 24 hours."

Then the Sheriff said, "We made reservations for you on the 4 o'clock bus to Charleston where I think you came from. Make sure you are all on it," and left.

We spent Christmas day traveling from Sistersville to Charleston and then to Montgomery, West Virginia where my father had a cousin who owned a café.

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