

OBITUARIES



CONTRIBUTED PHOTO

Clayton Old Elk (from left), Dora Old Elk and Anna Old Elk of the Crow Tribe in Montana attended a celebration in 2005.

American Indian who was his tribe's last war chief dies

BY EMILY LANGER
THE WASHINGTON POST

Joe Medicine Crow, an American Indian who wore war paint under an Army uniform during World War II, conducting battlefield heroics that made him his tribe's last war chief, and who distinguished himself as a guardian of his people's history, died April 3 at a hospice center in Billings, Montana. He was 102.

A half-sister, Louella Whiteman Runs Him Johnson, confirmed his death and said she did not know the cause.

In 2009, President Barack Obama presented Medicine Crow with the Presidential Medal of Freedom, the nation's highest civilian honor. The award recognized him as "a warrior and living legend" whose military service, educational achievement and dedication to cultural preservation made him a "symbol of strength and survival."

Medicine Crow once remarked that he had divided his life between "two worlds." One was that of the Crow Nation, the small Northern Plains tribe to which he belonged, located primarily in Montana. The other was the world beyond the reservation, where he was known as an ambassador for American Indians.

He became the first member of his tribe to graduate from college and receive a master's degree, then joined the armed forces and was sent to wartime Europe. An ocean away from his tribal territory, he encountered the opportunity to complete the traditional war deeds, or coups, required for the designation of war chief.

Among those deeds was the capture of an enemy — in his case, German — horse. Medicine Crow was credited with taking 50.

After the war, he became the official historian of the Crow. For more than six decades, he endeavored to preserve the memory of his ancestors, among them his grandfather Whiteman Runs Him, a scout for George Armstrong Custer during the American Indian Wars.

"There is absolutely no one like him left in America, in Indian country," Herman J. Viola, a curator emeritus of the National Museum of the American Indian, said in an interview.

Medicine Crow was born on Oct. 27, 1913, in Lodge Grass, Montana, and grew up on a reservation.

"In those days Crow families didn't have furniture," he later recalled. "There were no beds. Everyone slept on the floor on blankets." Softballs, he recounted, were fashioned "out of buckskin and stuffed with fur from a deer's tail."

Medicine Crow grew up with grandparents who had lived before the establishment of reservations. They schooled him in ancient customs, teaching him to run barefoot in the snow and wash himself in frigid river water.

He also absorbed the Crow traditions of loyalty and valor in battle. The Crow had been known for their patriotism since the 19th century, according to Viola, when they sought to defend themselves from encroaching tribes by allying

themselves with Custer, a U.S. cavalry commander.

The National Park Service described Medicine Crow, who was 11 when his grandfather Whiteman Runs Him died, as "the last living person with a direct oral history from a participant of the Battle of Little Bighorn in 1876," where Custer was killed and his forces overwhelmingly defeated.

Years later, Medicine Crow would observe that the Indians had "won the battle and lost a way of life."

As a tribal leader, Medicine Crow advocated on behalf of American Indians for educational opportunities greater than those initially offered to him. He attended schools with mixed student populations and recalled a white girl tormenting him by jabbing him with a safety pin. The Indian children, he said, belittled each other for "trying to be a white man" by speaking English.

At age 10, he could not read. But he persevered in his effort to gain an education. He would later say, according to Viola, that "with an education, you are a white man's equal; without an education, you are his prisoner."

Medicine Crow received a bachelor's degree in sociology and psychology from Linfield College in McMinnville, Oregon, in 1938 and a master's degree in anthropology from the University of Southern California in 1939.

He was working toward a doctorate when he decided to enlist in the Army. In combat, he carried a feather for protection. His decorations included the Bronze Star Medal.

After the war, he became a land appraiser with the Bureau of Indian Affairs, donning a jacket and tie during the day. But "after 5 o'clock," he remarked to an interviewer, "I'd turn into an Indian."

For his historical and anthropological research, Medicine Crow conducted extensive oral histories with tribal elders. He became a sought-after speaker and published writings including the books "From the Heart of the Crow Country: The Crow Indians' Own Stories" (1992) and "Counting Coup: Becoming a Crow Chief on the Reservation and Beyond" (2006).

His first wife, the former Charlotte Heminger, died in 1942. His second wife, the former Gloria Morrison, died in 2009 after 61 years of marriage.

Survivors include a son from an earlier relationship, Duane Brink of Salem, Ore.; a daughter from his first marriage, Diane Medicine Crow Reynolds of Three Forks, Montana; a son from his second marriage, Ronald Medicine Crow of Lodge Grass; his half-sister; and numerous grandchildren and great-grandchildren. A daughter from his second marriage, Vernelle Medicine Crow, died in 2015.

In an interview with Linfield College, Medicine Crow once reflected on his distinction as the last Crow war chief. He observed that he would join "the ranks of Sitting Bull, Geronimo, Black Hawk and all the brave warriors of the past protecting their lands and their way of life."

BY MARGARET COLLINS
AND STEPHEN MILLER
BLOOMBERG

Ogden Mills Phipps, the patriarch of a thoroughbred-breeding dynasty and scion of the Carnegie Steel empire, has died. He was 75.

He died Wednesday at New York Presbyterian Hospital in New York City, the Jockey Club, a group that oversees the breeding industry, said in a statement. No cause was given.

Phipps, or "Dinny" as his friends called him, had run Bessemer Trust Co., a New York-based wealth management firm with more than \$100 billion in assets, for two decades and remained a board member until last year.

But he is perhaps better known as the head of the racing stable that won a Kentucky Derby in 2013, came within a coin-toss of owning the legendary Secretariat some five decades ago and raced hundreds of top thoroughbreds across the country under its famed black and cherry-red silks.

The Phipps family has been royalty in New York horse-racing since the 1920s, dating back to the years after Phipps's great-grandfather, Henry Phipps, sold his stake in the steel powerhouse that he had co-founded with his friend Andrew Carnegie. Some of the proceeds from the sale went into the founding of Bessemer Trust; some went into horse-racing. Ogden Mills Phipps, who took over the racing stable from his father, Ogden Phipps, was chairman of New York-based Jockey Club and years earlier had also sat atop the New York Racing Association's Board of Trustees.

"He was a larger than life



CHARLES BERTRAM | LEXINGTON HERALD-LEADER | TNS

Orb, with Joel Rosario up, captures the 139th running of the Kentucky Derby at Churchill Downs in Louisville, Kentucky, in 2013.

character," said Dixon Boardman, founder of Optima Fund Management and Phipps's longtime friend. "Very beloved everywhere he went, whether it was on the race track, or business at Bessemer, or on the golf course, or while fishing, which was one of his great passions."

Bessemer Trust, while not as well-known as some of Wall Street's flashier firms, has quietly been a major player in the wealth-management industry for years. As of 2015, the firm ranked fourth by assets under advisement among firms worldwide that cater to wealthy families, behind the private banks of HSBC Holdings, Citigroup, and Northern Trust Corp., according to data compiled by Bloomberg.

"Dinny's strong leadership and unwavering integrity helped make Bessemer

the successful firm that it is," said Stuart S. Janney III, his cousin and Bessemer's current chairman.

The family's horse-racing operation has never been flashy either, eschewing the kind of high-profile purchases of multimillion-dollar young racehorses that others have made in a bid to capture the Kentucky Derby. Phipps would get a Derby trophy, nonetheless, when Orb, a product of the family's breeding operation, splashed home to victory in 2013.

Decades earlier, the Phippses famously missed out on the chance to own Secretariat when a coin toss conducted with an associate in the breeding industry earned them a non-descript filly instead of the horse that would go on to dominate the 1973 Triple Crown.

"He was really all about the good of the sport," said Jerry Bailey, a retired hall

of fame jockey who rode for Phipps and is now a racing analyst for NBC.

Ogden Mills Phipps was born Sept. 18, 1940, in New York, according to Marquis Who's Who. His parents were Ogden Phipps and the former Lillian Stokes Bostwick.

He attended Deerfield Academy in Deerfield, Massachusetts, and Yale University, in New Haven, Connecticut, where he received a bachelor of arts degree in 1963.

In addition to golf and fishing, he was a court tennis player and is slated to be inducted into the International Court Tennis Hall of Fame this summer, as his father was in 2001.

Phipps is survived by his wife of 46 years, the former Andrea Broadfoot, and children Kayce, Kelley, Lilly, Daisy, Samantha and Ogden, according to the statement.

Winston Moseley, convicted killer in Kitty Genovese case, dies at 81

BY SARAH KAPLAN
THE WASHINGTON POST

"For more than half an hour 38 respectable, law-abiding citizens in Queens watched a killer stalk and stab a woman in three separate attacks in Kew Gardens," the New York Times reported on March 27, 1964, two weeks after a New York woman named Kitty Genovese was brutally killed.

According to the Times, none of those 38 people bothered to call the police during the assault, even as Genovese screamed "Save me." One did only after Genovese was already dead. Another later told authorities, "I didn't want to get involved" — words that would later become emblematic of bystander apathy and urban decline that the killing was thought to represent.

Though it was just one of 636 murders in New York that year, the story led to public outcry and national soul-searching. Good Samaritan laws were enacted in all 50 states, the 911 system was developed, and countless social psychologists scrambled to understand how so many witnesses could do so little — a phenomenon later termed the "bystander effect." More than half a century later, Genovese's name still inevitably triggers anxiety, anger and collective guilt, not to mention bitter debates about what those alleged 38 witnesses should have done.

But the name of her killer, a man named Winston Moseley, had all but disappeared until Monday, when prison officials at the maximum security Clinton Correctional Facility in Dannemora, New York, announced that Moseley died last week at age 81.

Moseley was a "chilling character," as New York contributor Nicholas Lemann wrote in a 2014 piece about the case, with a strange capacity for compartmentalization. He was 29, married, the father of two and steadily employed at the time of Genovese's killing. But he also routinely broke into people's homes to steal

television sets — that's what he was doing when he was arrested five days after Genovese's death. Under questioning, he confessed to the murder of Genovese and killing or raping a number of other women. A New York jury swiftly found him guilty and condemned him to the electric chair; that sentence was later commuted to life in prison.

Four years later, during a short-lived escape during a lightly-guarded trip to the hospital, Moseley committed another rape and held two hostages at gunpoint. He also participated in the Attica Prison riot of 1971, which left dozens of people dead.

Moseley would spend 52 years behind bars — making him the longest-serving inmate in New York, the perpetrator of a crime that would live in infamy. In a 2013 parole interview, he said he was weary of the ceaseless visits from journalists and interview requests.

"It just goes on and on and on," he said, according to the Associated Press. "I'd just prefer to die and be done with this than keep going over this, year after year after year."

Yet the killing that trailed Moseley throughout his life and Genovese in her death didn't quite mean what Americans thought it did. People looked at the killing, with its lurid sexual elements and racial undertones (Genovese was white and attractive, Moseley was African-American and a repeat rapist), and the apparently apathetic response of the 38 witnesses who might have stopped it, and they saw an encapsulation of everything they feared about modern urban life: the perilous anonymity, the absence of community, the breakdown of social conventions, the prospect of violence around every corner.

A series of subsequent investigations (including one by the New York Times itself) revealed that the shocking story that ran two weeks after the killing had misreported many of the details. A 2007 article in American Psychologist said

that there was no evidence for the report of 38 witnesses — that number was thought to be a loose estimate of the number of people interviewed by police, tossed around during a lunch between the police commissioner and a New York Times editor only to be immortalized in print. Likewise, the American Psychologist article argues, there is no evidence that witnesses actually observed the murder in its entirety, or that they ignored it.

"Kitty Genovese was not killed by apathy," Kevin Cook, author of "Kitty Genovese: The Murder, The Bystanders, The Crime That Changed America," told WNYC. "She was killed by a monster named Winston Moseley."

Indeed, Lemann wrote in the New Yorker, a number of people did call the police. Another man heard Genovese's screams during Moseley's initial assault and yelled "Leave that girl alone," driving him away. Because Genovese's lungs had been punctured, she likely wasn't able to scream when Moseley ultimately returned to sexually assault and stab her in her apartment building's vestibule, before fleeing and leaving her for dead.

When Genovese did die, she was in the arms of a brave neighbor who left her apartment to help the bleeding girl, even though she wasn't sure the attacker had left for good.

The revisionist history of the Genovese killing does not exonerate those who failed to stop it. According to American Psychologist, many people said they heard the woman screaming but assumed that it was a domestic dispute — and thus none of their business, according to 1960s social mores. One witness saw that Genovese was stabbed during the initial attack, outside the apartment building. And another man, a neighbor and friend of Genovese's, had opened his door to see Moseley stabbing the young woman inside the building but was too terrified to do anything other than close the door. He

only called the police sometime later, after retreating to another neighbor's apartment.

The police, too, have been implicated in these newer accounts. Like some of Genovese's neighbors, they may have taken the woman's screams for a lover's quarrel that didn't warrant their intervention. In 1964, marital rape was not a crime in New York, and domestic violence cases — in the rare instance where they were prosecuted — were considered in family, rather than criminal, courts. Beating would not become grounds for divorce for another two years.

All of that was on top of the fact that, in those pre-911 days, police were sometimes disinclined to do anything about ordinary citizens' calls — as some of the newer reports suggested they did in the Genovese case.

"It was a time when the police weren't necessarily your friend," Cook told NPR in 2014. "There were many accounts in which people called in and were invited to mind their own business or move to another neighborhood if you don't like it there."

These revised accounts don't alter the indelible impact that the case has had on the American psyche. For the Genovese family, it's been a nightmare — something to scrutinize endlessly, as Kitty's brother Bill has done (he produced a documentary about the case last year) or else push away. The "modern parable" of Genovese's killing, as the American Psychologist termed it, also seemed to presage the next decades of white flight and urban decay.

On the other hand, the modern 911 system has unquestionably helped save lives, even if it did not come in time to save Genovese. And the case gave rise to an entire field of research into diffusion of responsibility and the bystander effect — phenomena that decades of social science have proven real, even if the story that started it isn't quite.