that Chile, on September 11, 1973, was an extreme case of the contradiction within capitalism between interest in developing and furthering the wealth of the nation and the desire for the individual accumulation of capital. Can the same be said about where the United States is now? I hope not.

When I was a student, most of my instructors, and especially those in political science and sociology, knew who my father was. There were a few who did not but were familiar with the last name. I remember one time when I was having a cup of coffee and a donut with one of my professors before class. Out of the blue, he remarked that there had been a professor in the politics department who had died in the mid-1970s and wondered whether I was any relation to him. On a more memorable occasion, about eight years after my father died, I ran into one of my undergraduate philosophy professors, someone I hadn’t seen in many years, on the corner of Bleecker Street and LaGuardia Place in Greenwich Village. He told me that there had been a very nice person whose last name was also Silvert who taught at NYU and asked whether I knew him. When I said that I was his son, he told me that he had no idea and said that he was very sorry that he had not put both of us together. But I wasn’t sorry at all, and I don’t think that Dad would have been either. In fact, I thank that person for not putting us together in his mind. One of my father’s goals for me was to become a worthy intellectual in my own right. He succeeded!

Thank you. ■

Judith Tendler was born December 30, 1938, in Detroit, Michigan, and passed away July 25, 2016. She was the daughter of first-generation Jewish immigrants from Ukraine and Russia. Her family was very close and she loved her parents dearly. Her father was a newspaper man who worked for the Detroit News in the beginning of the civil rights era, and she was deeply affected by the power of his words, his activism, and his love of language. Judith always wanted to be a good writer and to make him proud with the power of her own words. Her mother was also an activist who taught Judith the importance of connecting to people, listening to their stories, and working for the powerless. Judith’s mother went to work, after her husband died very young, to teach illiterate adults to read. Judith was clearly impacted by many of these early experiences and dedicated her own life to listening, writing, and empowering the disadvantaged.

Her father, Louis Tendler, mother Mollie Medow Tendler, and sister RoseAnna Tendler Worth all predeceased her.

Judith had many early academic successes. She graduated summa cum laude from the University of Michigan and then did her PhD work at Columbia on a scholarship from the Ford Foundation. She was an economist for the United States Agency for International Development (USAID) in Brazil, worked as an economist for the Oakland Police Department, was a fellow at the Center for the Behavioral Sciences at Stanford, and taught at UC Irvine and UC Berkeley before moving to Boston to work at MIT in 1984. She taught at MIT for 30 years and influenced a large cadre of graduate students in development economics, local and regional development, and organizational theories, particularly regarding public sector performance.

Excellent students came to MIT from around the world so that they might work with Judith. Many are now in highly influential positions, continuing her tradition of intellectual rigor and public service. Judith derived a deep sense of meaning from mentoring, and her devotion to her students inspired them to excellence. She was known for her insistence that her students adhere to the highest standards in their work. Her students had to know the subjects they were studying intimately. Moreover, she impressed upon them the understanding that some outcomes are unexplainable by orthodox theories of economics, and that such cases demand more of the conscientious researcher. Judith was very selective in accepting advisees, but once she took anyone under her wing, they found in her a lifelong supporter and friend.

Although Judith never had her own children, she was a dedicated aunt who provided much love and guidance to her family. She is survived by Laura Susan, Greg, and Melanie Jensenworth; Nancy Lou, Drake, Mollie Rose, and Isaac Emerson Meadow; Sarah Elizabeth Worth; William Royce Price, William Tendler Price, and Charles Rabon Price; ■