

# **NOTES OF A WAYFARER**

**by**

**Nathan Keyfitz**

*Dedicated to those who make it all worthwhile:*

*Beatrice,*

*Barby and Marty,*

*Rob and Nazrat,*

*Ben and Lauren,*

*Elizabeth and Alex.*

*May every one of you have a long and fulfilling life.*

**Monday, 9 February 2004**

## Foreword

These are memoirs written by Nathan Keyfitz, dated 9 February 2004, when he was 89 years old. He died at age 96, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on 6 April 2010. Professor Keyfitz was one of the giants of 20<sup>th</sup> century demography, a son of Canada who made important contributions to demography, and a man of humbleness, intelligence, and kindness.

I downloaded his memoirs in May 2010 from the following website:

<http://keyfitz.org/nathan/memoir/index.html>

Because his original memoirs are listed in sections on the website, I reorganized the original document in separate chapters. I have grouped miscellaneous sections dealing with travels in Chapter 29 and various sections dealing with people in Chapter 32. I inserted sub-headings within each chapter to make the text clearer to read. Where there are sub-headings with no following text, this is because the original website document does not contain text.

I include a table of contents to aid readers. Except for the correction of spelling errors and punctuation, I made no changes to the text. I do not include the two detailed family genealogies from the website in this document. I have added several photos of Nathan Keyfitz and one of Nathan and Beatrice Keyfitz.

Nathan Keyfitz served as the President of the Population Association of America (PAA) during 1970-71. The PAA Oral History Project has recorded interviews with past Presidents, asking them about their own careers, recollections of others in the field, and views on key demographic, in addition to their recollections about PAA. Professor Keyfitz provided a written interview in 1988, while he was living in Jakarta, Indonesia. His interview is archived at:

[http://geography.sdsu.edu/Research/Projects/PAA/oralhistory/PAA\\_Presidents\\_1961-76.pdf](http://geography.sdsu.edu/Research/Projects/PAA/oralhistory/PAA_Presidents_1961-76.pdf)

For additional information about Nathan Keyfitz, Harvard University Library is the depository for his papers and correspondence. An inventory of the depository can be found at:

<http://oasis.lib.harvard.edu/oasis/deliver/~hua17002>

*Barry Edmonston  
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24 April 2014*

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## PREFACE

When I started to work on what follows I had the idea of writing an autobiography. That just didn't go. I don't have a good enough memory, have no notes on my past, no collection of letters, and anyhow most of the days of my life are not worth recounting.

So what you have before you is a series of snapshots taken from the past life of Beatrice and myself. I have tried to place them in the order in which they occurred.

I have to thank Beatrice for many suggestions, and for bringing her much better memory of the past--especially the distant past--to the service of these snapshots. She was with me on most of the travels here described, and remembers details of places and people that I have forgotten or only dimly recall. I also thank Peter Wolff who brought an extensive editorial experience to the reading and occasional alteration of every word of the text.

*The cities of a world of nations  
With all their manners, minds, and fashions  
He saw and knew.*

*Homer, Ulysses, book 1.*

## 1. TWO INTERTWINED LIVES: THE MEMORIES OF BEATRICE AND NATHAN

In this memoir there are undoubtedly many errors. We will be grateful for any you point out and any improvements you suggest.

Note that insofar as the accounts that are literally our memories, they cannot be in error. No one can correct what we describe from memory. (Logicians know this fact as "the incorrigibility of the first person statement.") All we formally claim is that we set down the events and people as we remember them and no one can say we don't remember them right.

But we want to go beyond such formal truthfulness and write what actually happened. So if you see discrepancies, please tell [keyfitz@netscape.net](mailto:keyfitz@netscape.net).

### **Birth, Stayner Avenue, Westmount, Quebec, 1913**

According to my mother I was born at 11:00 p.m. on Saturday June 29, 1913. This is as far back as I can go, though some cultures date the person at conception, 9 months earlier. And Lawrence Stern's Tristram Shandy refers to an event that occurred on the night of his conception. At the critical moment his mother asked his father whether he had remembered to wind the clock!

### **Starting the day**

A doctor whom I respect prescribes a miracle drug that can help build muscle, avoid disease, stave off bone loss, lower blood pressure and improve mental health. It takes 20 minutes to self-administer and is repeated before each meal.

The "drug" is exercise. I do it before breakfast on the stairwell of the apartment where I live. The scene is gloomy; the stair well is lighted only enough to enable fleeing tenants to make their escape in a fire. I raise myself with right leg to the first step, lower myself, and then do the same with the left leg. This I do repeatedly, for the 20 minutes that my physiotherapist has ordered, the equivalent of climbing 25 stories.

A bleak scene and a grim task, you will say. Not so, for I have closed my eyes, and I am somewhere else. My mind is loosed from the strenuous exercising of my legs. It is in a class room in which Professor Heffernan is lecturing on James Joyce's Ulysses. He is convincing enough that I think it is June 16, 1904 and I walk the streets of Dublin with Leopold Bloom.

After finishing this course I can go on to lectures on the 19th century British Romantic Poets, or new movements in philosophy in the 20th century. Or 30 or so other subjects, all on disks that I

buy from the Teaching Company. Any of them keep me stepping (before breakfast) or tread milling (before lunch), or rowing (before dinner), with my mind occupied so that rather than boredom I experience the excitement of learning on subjects of my choice.

At the end of the 20 minutes my body and my mind have both been strengthened.

Now on to whatever I recall or have been told about my infancy, childhood and parents.

### **Nathan's family of origin, Montreal 1912-36**

My father, Arthur Keyfitz, (1875-1953) came from Mogilev, a good-sized city in White Russia (Belorussia) and there he completed Gymnasium, which corresponds to the European Classical College -- a school intermediate between the modern American high school and college. For the time and place that was a lot of education-secular education at that. His father, Nathan Keyfitz (1835-1912) after whom I am named, was a rabbi. But the poor community could not afford a full-time rabbi, so he also was a surveyor, in which capacity he was appointed by a hierarchy that reached up to the Czar himself. A not unimportant post, since whenever a house or other real estate changed hands the official surveyor was called on to establish the boundaries of the property.

I mention all this because it shows extraordinary liberality that my rabbi grandfather should have supported his son's attendance at a secular institution rather than at a Yeshiva. I am afraid my father followed through in maintaining a certain distance from Jewish institutions.

My grandfather, his wife and some seven of his children came to Canada about 1900. Grandfather, by then in his sixties, never learned English, did not seek a post as a rabbi. Apparently he thought he was too old to adapt to America. He died in 1912, so permitting me (and at least two cousins, Nathan Levinne and Nathan Pivnick) to take his name in 1913.

My parents fully partook of the immigrant yearning for education in English. The 11th edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, the plays of Shakespeare and the novels of Dickens are among the books that I remember in our home. Plus some of the novels of the time that would have an interesting plot and incidentally teach immigrants how they should act in their adopted country.

My father was unusually adaptable. Starting as an itinerant vendor barely able to speak English, with his stock carried in a pack on his back, it was not many years before he had transformed himself into the urbane and well-spoken person that I remember from my earliest years. He instilled confidence and was an irresistible advertising salesman. He dressed to support this effect. Every few days I had to run over to the Chinese laundry a few blocks away, either to hand in or to collect a batch of stiffly starched collars; these were part of the costume that made him

invincible. He also had a somewhat husky voice that strengthened the impression of sincerity when he talked.

On the other hand none of this armamentarium was worn in the home. An old pair of pants, a collarless shirt, a much less formal language, were good enough for the family. Yiddish was what he often talked to my mother, and he used colorful language. One much favored phrase sounded like "Chalaria soll er happen" that translates "May he get cholera," applied where a Gentile might have said "God damn him." For Jews, God is too sacred to bring into earthly quarrels.

Once we children got onto Yiddish, things we were not supposed to know were discussed by my parents in Russian. Often in later life, when traveling to the Soviet Union, I was sorry that I remembered barely a word of the Russian that was exchanged between my parents. One of many opportunities lost!

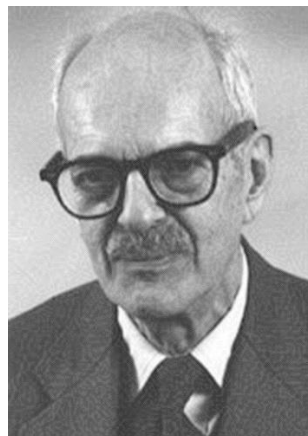


Photo of Nathan Keyfitz from his obituary in the Harvard Gazette. Source: <http://news.harvard.edu/gazette/story/2010/04/nathan-keyfitz-dies-at-96/>

My father demonstrated his professional skill to me, when I, seeking an ad for the West Hill High School Annual, went into a local store, told my story to the proprietor, was met with "It's not worth a hill of beans," and sadly withdrew. I recounted this to my family back home, and my father said, "Come with me". Back in the same store, my father told essentially the same story, and received the same answer. But unlike me, he did not withdraw and did not argue, but simply changed the subject, and from the new start slowly worked his way back to the main proposition. Purposeful, innocuous assertions were his specialty. After two more repetitions of this cycle the man began to agree, to the point where my father could take out his pen and get a signature on the dotted line.

My father had been on the regular staff of the Montreal Gazette for some 12 years, but in 1928 he decided that he could do better as a free-lance representative of smaller papers, with the substantial commissions that these paid. He would indeed have done better, except that it was

1929, and the Depression closed down on Montreal as on the rest of the world. Nonetheless he kept us eating (and paying college tuition) during the difficult 1930s. My mother never let him forget that in the move he had exchanged the assured salary of a metropolitan daily for the harried pursuit of commissions from small neighborhood papers.

Along with these were foreign language weeklies, and his knowledge of these was certainly a factor in his survival in cosmopolitan Montreal. His range of languages included accent-free Russian, English and Yiddish, excellent French, reading knowledge of Italian and Polish.

The life of an advertising salesman early in the 20th century is well known to readers of James Joyce, whose Leopold Bloom, the chief character of *Ulysses*, exercised that occupation some 30 years earlier. He and my father would similarly wander around Dublin and Montreal respectively in a seemingly purposeless fashion, but all the while looking at billboards, reading the newspapers, talking casually to acquaintances they happened to meet, and otherwise getting names of prospects on whom they could call.

At home my father innovated by using the telephone, then just coming into general use. He phoned his list of prospects and culled from the list those who, he judged from a phone response, were unlikely to be interested.

My father was truly masochistic. An example: every morning of the year he started his day by filling the bath-tub with water from the cold tap--and coming up from an underground pipe in the winter it was not far above freezing. Then he lowered himself into it. The recollection makes me shiver. Incidentally, he probably had never heard of masochism, just thought that what he did was healthy. I am afraid that some of his masochism passed on to me, though not the cold bath expression of it.

My father had a passion for education, and as it happened the Unitarian Church at the corner of Guy and Sherbrooke streets had a lecture series running through the winter, year after year. . Every Sunday evening there was a visiting lecturer, I remember John Cowper Powys, with his "Endure happily or escape" and Alfred Noyes *The Barrel-organ*, "Come down to Kew in lilac time, it isn't far from London". On another Sunday, Vachel Lindsay was the speaker, and I will never forget his energetic reciting of "The Congo". Says his biographer, "he performed melodramatically, chanting, shouting, gesturing and singing" In 1931, not too long after I heard him, , this son of Springfield, Ill, next in distinction only to Abraham Lincoln, discouraged by the decline of his fame and his creativity, committed suicide by taking poison. That was at the age of 52. Now aged 90, I may be the last person still alive to have heard him recite.

My father and I went to the church independently and it was crowded. How would I find my father? That was easy. He had a habit of clearing his throat every minute or two. By this I was able to locate him.

We never had allowances, not because my father could not afford them, but because he feared they would be used to no good purpose. Anyone who knows what New England Puritans were like around the 18th century would have a pretty good idea of my father, even though his ancestry was very different. For him as for them life was a no-nonsense matter, to be devoted to work, education, health, marriage and children. O yes, and the virginity of his daughters until they were safely married. Nothing else. Certainly little room for fun.

One kind of fun enjoyed by most adolescents is masturbation. My father was horrified by it. When my mother reported to him that there were signs in the bedclothes that it was going on he asked me to sit down on the front porch after dark one evening, and solemnly went into the matter. Among the other things it would lead to was total loss of memory, blindness.

It tells something that while we never had even a quarter to do what we liked with, my father offered me the astronomical sum of \$10 each month that I came first in my class. (Report cards carried a rank in that far-off time so that the student knew where he stood among his fellows) The money was to accumulate in a nearby branch of the Montreal City and District Savings Bank; it was mine in some very obscure sense that did not include it being spent by me. Anyhow having a bank account even nominally appealed, and from being just about last in the class at the start I worked myself up to first or second. My teachers wondered what had happened.

My father insisted that we be home before nine o'clock, and I had many a reprimand and once a beating for not being home by then. The constraint that would compel me to leave my college chums so early stimulated thought, and I found a solution. Returning late from roistering with fellow-students I would shinny up the post supporting the back porch, climb over the railing, then go through a window into my bedroom that by good fortune faced on the porch. You can see how repression stimulates the mind--maybe we Jews as a whole have similarly benefited from our long history of repression.

Years after I had finished school and college, and was proposing to buy a house with the income from my first job, I was short the \$2,000 down payment that the seller, Major Carter, required. A kindly man, he gave me time to raise the money. I asked my father whether he would lend it to me for the two or three years it would take to save up that sum and repay it. It was not a large sum in relation to his savings, but he said no, he wouldn't do it -- I ought to stand on my own feet. I was sadly telling this story to a friend Grace Holmes, and she spontaneously offered to do it. (Her father, Jabez Eliot, then recently deceased, had been a highly successful Toronto doctor and she was the only child to receive his inheritance.)

And yet my father really was tender hearted. In the early 1950s I was headed east on one of the ill-fated BOAC Comets. We left Beirut headed for Karachi. At just about the same time another Comet on a test flight with crew but no passengers flew out of Beirut on the same route and almost immediately crashed. Beatrice, hearing the news that I was on a Comet called the airline and got the good news that it was not the plane I was on that crashed. My father heard only about the crash, and he phoned Beatrice in terrible agitation. He was crying, and he couldn't stop on Beatrice assuring him that I was all right. Beatrice thinks that could have hastened his death a few months later.

My mother was Anna Gerstein (1879-1956). She came from Lithuania and was small and very beautiful, a type the French call petite, which we call cute. I am far from sure that 1879 was her birth year, since she refused to tell us how old she was. Trained as a pharmacist, once married she never worked outside the home. Her English was fluent--extremely so--but even after 50 years in Canada and extensive elocution lessons it never got to be accent-free. This was surely one of the reasons my father looked down on her. Often when she pronounced on some subject my father would retort with the rhetorical question "What do you know about it?" And my mother gave back as good as she got. Despite an angelic appearance she wasn't going to be pushed around by anyone, least of all by her husband

My mother read a good deal, not reading for pleasure so much as for information. And having the information, she liked to communicate it, she liked above all to instruct--ourselves her children, her husband and anyone else who came within range. Beatrice noticed this tendency at their first meeting, and while she does not ordinarily like to be instructed by me, yet she came to admire my mother enormously.

War often broke out between my parents. They never used physical violence, just violent words. When the two were locked in the heat of battle, and my mother feared she was being worsted, she deployed her ultimate weapon. That was to march upstairs, enter her bedroom, and slam the door shut. She would not emerge without an apology. It might take most of an afternoon to subdue my father, but dinner had to be cooked, and other essential work done. No one was more conscious than he of the need to have an operating household. So within a few hours my father was brought to his knees. He apologized and things got moving again.

I remember very often going out for an after-dinner walk with my mother. In winter she was clothed in a Hudson seal coat, and carried a muff rather than gloves and I felt great affection.

I remember many of her ways. How she was fond of cooking, and searched for recipes in the newspapers that were brought into the house by my father to search for advertising prospects.

When she found one that looked promising and tried it out and we praised it at the dinner table she would jab the recipe onto a spike file that hung just outside the pantry door.

That same pantry was a target for some gnashing when mother was upstairs, perhaps having a post-prandial nap. There was nothing wrong with her hearing, and she would call down, "Close the ice-box". The 25 pound block of ice had to last 24 hours until the next delivery. My job was to empty the tray under the ice-box-25 pounds of ice turned to water had to be removed if the pantry floor was to be spared an overflow. In spring and fall we did not need ice every day, and a card would be placed in the window to signal the ice-man (or his horse?) that they were to stop there.

Most of the ice supply came out of the St. Lawrence River, and was stored underground in layers separated by sawdust. But there was one exception, the Manufactured Ice Company, that was not only mechanized in the production of the ice but in its delivery-it had a truck.

My mother always bought fish for Friday dinner, not because of any leaning towards Catholicism but because for Fridays our fish retailer had a fresh supply. For the other six days of the week she called a kosher butcher, and the meat as delivered and cooked was tougher than most human jaws could masticate. Unless it was ground to make hamburger it was hardly eatable, and whenever I was available I was mobilized to turn the meat grinder, moored to the edge of the kitchen table with a strong vise.

My other job was the dishes. Sometimes I would wash, sometimes dry, but was never excused.

We went to the Temple Emanuel on the eve of Rosh Hashanah (New Year), fasted on Yom Kippur and celebrated Passover. Passover was the holiday in which my family participated most fully and most enthusiastically. We would run back and forth between the kitchen and dining room, carrying dishes and cutlery. I remember once going round a corner carrying a fork in front of me, and my father rebuked me angrily, saying that I could spear a sister coming the other way.

The first evening of Passover once a year, and guests perhaps a dozen times a year, were the only occasions on which the dining room was used. Other days we ate in the kitchen, for which my father had bought a square table, made to order by Eaton's Department Store to his own design, big enough for two chairs on each of three sides, with my father sitting majestically alone on his side, leaving no doubt by his commanding presence who was the head of the family.

We were especially excited by the exotic foods in the Passover ritual-gefillte, (stuffed) fish, challah (bread made with eggs and braided), tzimmes (mixtures of vegetables and meat), matzos, horse radish, chicken soup, honey cake. . We children got a little impatient in the lengthy readings, and when our impatience was manifest there was some abridgement of the holy text.

That was one of the few evenings of the year when we seemed like a close-knit, even pious, family.

There was no money for frivolities like movies, but my mother scraped enough from the grocery money to skip out to the Empress Theater once a week, "To get away from your father," she would explain to us children.

She never demonstrated love for her children--in fact not doing so was a principle that she often reiterated. When she was in bed and I was talking to her and sat down on the edge of her bed she shooed me off, saying that I was breaking down the mattress. She just did not want me that close. That and similar manifestations came up in my psychoanalysis 30 years later.

My mother had brothers who loved and admired her, and periodically one of them would send the fare so that she could take the overnight train to New York for a visit. I am not sure just where they lived, but believe it was Far Rockaway, then not yet on the subway line, so owning a car was a requirement for living there. The three brothers, Harry, Frank and Abe, were closely tied together; not only did they share the operation of a factory making bias bindings, but they played golf and socialized together, and when my mother came down they entertained her together. I can imagine the scene--half a dozen people in the same room, and all talking simultaneously, each louder than the others. In any case after about two weeks of such intense socializing my mother returned home, as hoarse as a crow. It took her weeks to recover her voice.

My father was simply against pleasure--for himself as well as for anyone else. Though once, I remember, all of us went out to an amusement park (owned by the Trudeau family) in Cartierville on the North Shore of the Island of Montreal and several times went to visit their friends the Wigdors in Outremont, north of the mountain as the name tells. And several times my mother and I climbed the mountain. Always traveling by public transport; we never owned a car. In the early 1920s that would have been true of half of the middle-class families on our street.

Occasionally my father reflected on the valiant service he had had from my mother in the bearing of five children and day by day caring for them. Having descendants was terribly important, especially descendants who would carry the Keyfitz name, i.e. boys. He found the funds to send both my brother Irving and myself to college, him to the Faculty of Engineering and me to Arts and Sciences, both at McGill. In both cases we were day students--the thought that we might go elsewhere or live elsewhere than at home never came up.

Of course the services he had had from my mother were nothing comparable with services I had had from her. She carried me about for nine months ending on June 29, 1913, then nursed me for the usual period, and after that cooked for me and cared for me generally. And yet as I said, she

was never close to me, never kissing, hugging, fondling. She thought this would make me overly dependent on her.

Arthur and Anna Keyfitz had five children in all, myself (born June 29, 1913), Gertie (born May 27, 1915), Amy (born February 2, 1917), Irving (born February 19, 1919) and Ruth (born June 9, 1922)

## **Family Genealogy**

Following is an excerpt from the family genealogy, showing just the descendants of my father and their spouses:

My father (Arthur Keyfitz 1875 – 1953) was married to my mother (Anna Gerstein 1879 – 1956) and had five children (Nathan Keyfitz 1913 -, Gertrude Keyfitz 1915 -, Amelia Keyfitz 1917 -, Irving Keyfitz 1919 – 1990, and Ruth Keyfitz 1922 -)

My three sisters, now in their eighties are alive and well; I am sad when I think that Irving passed away at the age of 71. He was always my father's favorite. I do not have the amiable and obliging temperament that my father demanded. I frequently had a spanking for some insolence; Irving, never. After his engineering studies at McGill he married Estelle Sable, had a series of jobs, ending up at the Westinghouse plant in Pittsburgh where nuclear reactors were made. We had many an argument on the pros and cons of nuclear energy.

My sisters and I always had a special affection for Irving. Alas he had a weak heart. On August 3, 1990 he was alone in the house, apparently felt ill and stretched out in bed and passed away peacefully in his sleep. When Estelle returned from shopping it was too late. I find it especially sad that Irving, who was so sociable, died alone.

Each of the five of us had two children, first a girl, then a boy, making 10 grandchildren for my father. A remarkable chance occurrence that made it easy for my father to keep in mind who was who. I will not stretch out this account of the family, except to refer to one of the 10 grandchildren. She is a person who best exemplifies the ideals that can save us from the bottomless pit into which the culture seems to be falling. Her name is Carolyn Singman, and she is a devoted and knowledgeable teacher. Not only is she capable of imparting the required lessons, but she exemplifies in her own life and in the classroom the highest ethical ideals, demonstrating to her Grade 6 pupils, at an impressionable age both pursuit of knowledge and integrity of conduct. She wrote me describing with pride and pleasure the variety of birthplaces of her current 6th grade class, including Africa, India, and China.

After I wrote the above I had the following letter from Carolyn.

Salut!

You recently made a comment in one of your e-mails to the effect that you thought the work that I do is important and that you were impressed by the way that I enrich my students' curriculum with an emphasis on the celebration of cultural diversity. I guess I felt that you were exaggerating my accomplishments and I dismissed what you were saying as the thoughts of a kind uncle.

To my surprise, others seem to agree with you because this past Monday, January 20, I was one of seven recipients of the Martin Luther King Jr. Award given by the MLK Legacy Committee of Montreal for outstanding contributions towards the realization of King's dreams for society. This was presented at an elaborate ceremony attended by politicians (including Israeli and Palestinian representatives), clergy of every major religion, and a large cross-section of the Black Community. I was especially pleased to be included with Irwin Cotler, a local hero of mine and others for the work that he has done to promote human rights around the world.

Just to let you know that you were in my thoughts that evening.

Best, Carolyn

## 2. TOO YOUNG FOR SCHOOL, MONTREAL 1917

My earliest memory was of a fire that broke out somewhere below our third floor apartment when I was about three years old, and Gertie and I had to be evacuated, initially to our back porch. A neighbor's apartment was about two feet away, and I was passed from the one balcony to the other. Nothing notable happened, and soon I was passed back.

Then we moved to Melrose Avenue in Notre Dame de Grace, and after a short time there to 3454 Addington Avenue in which I lived between ages 6 and 23.

Our Robert and his Nazrat visited Montreal in 2002, and saw the house from the outside--it was a rainy night and too late to call on the present occupants. But his report that he had seen the outside stimulated my memories. Only after my time was oil heating installed.

The house did have a spacious back yard, and when I was about 8 years old I planted a vegetable garden. In doing so I had technical advice from a retired neighbour. Mr. Young, and the outcome was a fairly impressive supply of vegetables for the summer months.

On one occasion when I was alone in the house I was trying an experiment on the gas stove, and managed to ignite some oil and the fire shot up dangerously high. Alarmed, I tried pouring water, and now the flames shot right up to the ceiling. I am not sure just how close I came to setting the house afire, but luckily I tried nothing more and the fire died down.

The dark uncultivated area under the back porch provided an opportunity for doing things that the grassy lawn in the sun did not. I was joined by other little devils in the neighborhood and we competed in the making of mud-pies. There was plenty of dirt, but no water. Until some creative spirit thought of peeing on the dirt. I am sure there was no artistic value in the varied mud pies we made, but it sure was fun.

Making bows and arrows and then competing in target practice was good sport; we usually did the necessary cutting with a vegetable knife borrowed from the kitchen. I remember a slightly older boy named Tony who on one occasion hit the target when I didn't. "Just luck," I commented. "No" he replied, "I was aiming at the target so luck couldn't come into it." On that particular trial he had unambiguously won. That that success might occur only once in ten times had nothing to do with the matter. Was he a better marksman than I was? Since then I have thought about the question of whether the team that wins a particular game or series of games is really the better team--i.e. will it win a majority of games over the long pull? A very difficult question to answer, and best not raised if one wants a straightforward answer to the question who wins the tournament.

When a little older I had the idea of making a propeller by cutting and bending a piece of tin (obtained as a scrap on a local construction site), then hammering two phonograph needles (now obsolete as a way of reproducing sound but invaluable for my purpose because they were like nails that had no head) into the end of a spool through which a stick could be placed, and with a piece of string twirling the spool so that the propeller would fly off straight upwards. That was in theory. Unfortunately the system I constructed was not well balanced and on one occasion it came off sideways at considerable speed, and cut my hand right down to the bone. The scar remains to this day. I hastened to treat it with what I knew of such things, hoping it would not become infected and draw the attention of my mother.

In those days children--certainly myself--had very few or no commercial toys, and so we were challenged to make our own toys, with all the stimulation and risk involved. The only commercial toy I ever had was a top, spun with a string. When vigorously thrown it would gyrate for several minutes, until friction slowed it to the point where it fall over. . Commercial toys today appeal to children, who put pressure on their parents, so middle-class homes have a riot of toys. . When we became parents we were pinched for money and had to improvise, but plasticine for modeling was inexpensive. And my most successful effort along this line was getting a nearby lumber mill to saw up some 1-inch planks to my design, and when they were delivered I nailed them together to make blocks, perhaps 8 by 8 inches and 3 inches deep. I couldn't have spent a Saturday afternoon better than on that construction project; Barby and Rob were delighted with their blocks and used them for many months, putting up buildings of imaginative architectural form and uncertain engineering that they proudly showed us.

One of the things our gang of six-year old boys in the neighborhood did was to burn away the dead grass in the spring. We had heard it said that this would make the new grass grow better, and besides it was fun. On one occasion the fire got out of control. We beat it furiously with our jackets but it continued to spread. A neighbor phoned the Fire Department and they put it out with an ordinary fire extinguisher. Then they got the fire reels turned round and went back to the station. My school jacket smelled of acrid smoke for weeks after. There were no rebukes but that escapade left me with a sense of guilt that remains to this day.

### **Herbert Symonds Elementary School, Montreal 1919-1926**

At six years of age, in September 1919, I went off to school, equipped with writing pad and pencil. On the way a giant dog--taller than myself--barked furiously and terrified me. A girl only slightly taller than myself and evidently braver, said something like "It's all right, little boy," rescued me and conducted me to the school building.

My first days in school were miserable. I was seated in the back of the class, and the teacher at the front as well as the blackboard on which she wrote was a blur. Only after several months did my parents grasp that I was very near-sighted and had me fitted with glasses.

But an even more trivial circumstance interfered with my schooling on that first day. My father had given me a stubby pencil as I went out the door on the way to school. When the time came for the writing lesson my pencil was nowhere to be found. I may have lost it on the way to school or in the schoolyard. It could have been right there on the floor, and I was too short-sighted to see it. I was too shy to ask the teacher if she would lend me a pencil, and just suffered, pretending to be writing.

A trivial experience but it affected my entire subsequent life. To this day our house is full of pencils. And the fear of loss extends to other things, flashlights, rubber bands, CD players. On each of these objects I have followed a "saturation policy", in which I can reach out my hand wherever I am in the house and find a needed pencil or flashlight.

I used to rank number 30 or 31 in a 32-pupil class. That was due to my paying little attention to the class work and never getting the idea of doing homework. After school I was too busy playing football on a scratch team in a vacant lot.

In those days before electronic controls, a student would be selected from about Grade 4, to press the button that would ring the bells for the start of classes, for recess, and for dismissal. It was a minor honor to be selected for this task. When the bell went off too early by one hour, the principal summoned me into his office, and said "I thought you said you could read the time." I could read the time, but was so overwhelmed by the weight of responsibility and so nervous that I misread the clock. I had no defense for this delinquency and was summarily dismissed from my commanding post at the desk from which the bells were controlled.

### **Growing up Jewish, but not too Jewish, Montreal 1920s**

In the part of Montreal where we lived there were two places of Jewish worship. One was the liberal Temple E-manuel, the other the Shaar Hashomayim Synagogue, with stricter observance of the rules. Judaism was pretty watered down at the Temple to which we belonged and to which my father paid a minimal amount each year so that we children could get some idea of what it means to be a Jew. We attended services on Friday evening and the High Holidays (they dragged painfully), and went to Sunday school (quite interesting, almost inspired, by such excellent teachers as David Lewis and Abraham Edel who later become well-known, the first in Ontario politics, the second in the academy). My father hired an old Rabbi with a scraggly beard to give me a once weekly lesson in Hebrew, but either he was a poor teacher or I was a poor student--probably both--and today I can't even read the Hebrew characters, let alone translate the words.

Seen in retrospect, their motives for sending us to the Temple were not simple. Partly they wanted us to know we were Jewish. But it also happened that the Temple, located in Westmount, had a wealthy congregation. The young people I would meet there would be of good (i.e. well-off, not necessarily virtuous) families. My parents could never forget that someday I was going to get married and continue the Keyfitz line and they wanted me to have the right kind of friends, including nubile maidens, from among whom to choose,.

Our attitude to Jewishness came out clearly on the question of circumcision when our son Rob was born. We would not have dreamt of letting him grow up uncircumcised, but equally we would not have dreamt of having it done by a mohel; it was done in the hospital by a regular physician, The local Rabbi phoned to put pressure on me, but he got nowhere.

At home Yiddish was spoken by our parents to one another, but never to us children nor by us. We were encouraged to speak English, to read English, to write English to think English, --I remember my father giving me a fountain pen and me using it to write a newspaper-type article. He wanted us above all to act like native members of the Canadian English-speaking community.

There was little looking back to Eastern Europe, never any reference to life there. My father's only contact was with an older brother, my Uncle Moses. My grandfather with his wife and children left about the beginning of the 20th century except that Moses, then probably about 30 years of age and already established as a medical doctor, did not want to leave his practice. On one occasion my father and his brothers raised the money to treat Uncle Moses to a trip to Canada, and he spent about a month in Montreal and Toronto. Heaven knows what since happened to him or to his children--after my father died we had no further contact.

The Temple had ups and downs in the Rabbis chosen to lead the services and to give the Friday evening sermon. There was the highly respected Rabbi Merritt; when he left to take a post at an even richer congregation in the U.S., we had an interregnum, when a lawyer, Nathan Gordon, led the services and guided the Temple. And then we had Rabbi Stern who was still there when our daughter Barbara came to be married.

One of the themes of all sermons was morality, especially morality in business. Judaism has always laid stress on moral dealings. The business men who made up a large part of the congregation liked to have a Rabbi who would thunder against crooked dealings in business. By listening to these exhortations once a week they seemed to be absolved from offenses committed the rest of the week. At least this was the impression that I gained as a boy sent by his parents to attend Friday evening prayers.

## **Sunday School--Abraham Edel, David Lewis and Boy Scouting, Montreal 1925-30**

I attended Sunday School between ages 12 and 17 at Temple E-Manuel. These activities of the Temple aimed at informing us on Judaism and getting us to identify with it. We young people were fortunate in the public spirited adults who undertook to instruct and lead us.

David Lewis was a student at the McGill Law School in my time as his pupil at Sunday School. He went on to become the head of the New Democratic Party of Ontario, a well-known political figure, with very high standing in liberal circles.

Abe Edel studied philosophy at McGill and then went to New York to take a Ph. D., and ultimately attained a professorship in ethics at the University of Pennsylvania, of which he is now Emeritus. He is still alive, as no other of my teachers is, and I have been in touch with him by phone.

On June 20, 1938, the trustees of the City Colleges of New York instituted democratic rule, making a big change in higher education. Abraham Edel was an active participant in the movement that instituted this change.

I was also a member of the Boy Scout troop at Temple E-Manuel led by a public spirited pharmacist named Ginsberg.

The Boy Scout movement was founded in Britain by Lt. Gen. Robert Baden-Powell and spread rapidly world-wide as parents on all continents saw the advantage of getting their sons off the streets and subject to some semi-military discipline for at least a few hours of each week. I persuaded my father to put up the few dollars needed to attire a boy scout in a uniform with some South African and some RCMP trappings. My mother went down with me to where the uniform was sold, and bought me the hat with four creases, the prescribed shirt, a large square colored scarf that could be knotted as a tie and the characteristic dark blue shorts. Then I was ready for the initiation ceremony; and the weekly meetings.

But scouting is more than discipline and summer camp. It includes learning some fundamental matters that are not taught at school. We had to learn how to make a fire safely in the woods, how to cook a simple meal, how to sew on a button, and a dozen other survivor skills. When one had mastered each of these to the prescribed standard, one was awarded a badge that served to dress up the uniform as medals do a soldier's, and I was proud to have three badges--cooking awarded for making an edible dish of steak and potatoes, etc. Some of my fellow scouts had as many as a dozen badges.

## **YMCA Summer Camp, Laurentian Mountains 1927-28**

When I was in second year of high school I managed to persuade my father to pony up the cost of two weeks in summer camp. (As I recall it was about \$8 a week, plus transport to the site of the camp, deep in the woods some 50 miles north of Montreal.)

Conditions were primitive, partly made so deliberately, partly to save expense. We lived in tents, ate our meals at fixed hours in a rough wooden pavilion. If you slept in, you missed your breakfast. The food was nourishing but hardly haute cuisine. Nor was it served with elegance. We sat on benches, that ran down both sides of long tables and the baked beans or the meat and potatoes or the spaghetti and meat balls would be placed by the kitchen help at the end of a long table, and then passed down the table by each of us as we filled our plates.

After dark we might have a singsong, with one of the counselors choosing the songs and leading the singing. Another night it might be star-gazing, when we would stretch out on our backs in a clearing in the woods and a counselor would identify the constellations with a flashlight that threw a narrow beam into the sky. Another time we might have a daylong hike through the woods, with a counselor to ensure we didn't get lost and to point out strange animals, birds and plants that we might encounter.

Much of our time was free--to go walking or canoeing or swimming as we chose. Another boy and I more than once took one of the canoes and explored the waters that were within the very extensive camp property. There were two lakes, each about a quarter mile in length, and a neck of land, perhaps a hundred feet wide, lay between them, referred to as the Atlantic, the Pacific, and the Isthmus of Panama respectively. More than once we did the portage between the two lakes.

Camp life had its minor accidents. On one occasion I was paddling vigorously and my finger caught a sliver on the side of the canoe. It was driven deep under the nail of the third finger of my left hand. I showed it to the first counselor I met (they all knew some first aid, and his prescription was to go to the camp cook, ask for a cup of hot water, as hot as I could stand, and soak the affected finger. I did and sooner or later the sliver came out and the incident was forgotten--except for the fingernail which is somewhat deformed to this day, most of 80 years later.

A part of the deal with my father was my promising to write a letter home every day. I got the stationery and the 2-cent stamps from the camp store. When I came to leave I was told that I owed 28 cents, and that I did not have. Left After considerable discussion with the camp authorities it was settled that I would mail back those stamps from home, which I did.

All in all, camp was a great experience that I look back to with pleasure. For a city boy the change of scene was especially enjoyable. A sense of fair play was nurtured, as was the camaraderie with boys from different cities and different stations of life. I could never understand why neither my children nor my grandchildren wanted it.

Each summer my mother and we children lived for a month or so in a rented cabin on a Laurentian lake, while my father came out on weekends. In one place it was my daily duty to row half a mile to the village post office and pick up the family's mail. It was never the same location twice-I remember in particular St, Margaret, Val Morin, Trout Lake, and Morin Heights. The nearest we came to a similar experience for the next generation was buying a property near Cantley on the Gatineau River some 20 miles from Ottawa, where we lived for three or four summers and I and later Barbara commuted each morning and evening to jobs in the west end of Ottawa.

### **West Hill High School, Montreal 1926-1930**

I attended West Hill High, about a mile along Sherbrooke Street in a westerly direction from our home on Addington Avenue. Taking a street car was unthinkable as was having lunch anywhere but at home--so I walked the 4 miles each day. I liked walking, and sometimes did 15 miles or more on a weekend.

Our history teacher was Miss Simpson, thin, tall and dried-out, but very well informed. She stood erect at the front of the class and ground her way through the history of Rome, or Britain, or Canada. She must have thought of herself as lecturing in an amphitheater of a great university.

Miss Simpson was Canadian, as was Mr. Wilson, our French teacher, but nearly all our other teachers were Scottish, Highland or Lowland. The Scottish respect for education showed itself in their many and excellent colleges built in unlikely places. It was a poor country, largely engaged in farming, and the colleges (I am told) would close up in plowing and harvesting seasons. Its thirst for knowledge far exceeded its capacity to place graduates in jobs at home, and they were willing to face the cold and snow of Canada rather than remain unemployed. To our great good fortune! I am sure that these teachers had an important part not only in instructing me, but in fashioning whatever is good about my character.

Latin was taught by Mr. Somerville, from the lowlands. His shape contrasted with that of Miss Simpson, in that he was medium height with a very generous midriff.

Mr. Somerville was somewhat deaf, and sensitive as deaf people tend to be. On one occasion a smart aleck student ordered to recite from the Aeneid, moved his lips and uttered no sound. Mr.

Somerville, a man who could control himself in the face of most student pranks, found this too much and ordered up the strap.

Strapping (known among us as the biffs) was usual and was administered by the teacher with a certain flourish, in the corridor, out of sight of the class. If someone had committed a crime, such as talking back to a teacher, he would be given a brief trial in the Principal's office, and sentenced to a certain number of strokes. The name of the culprit, the offense, and the sentence would be formally registered in a special book. That was indeed a disgrace in the eyes of parents, but no disgrace at all among the boys. They would gather round at the first opportunity and examine the hands of the culprit, commenting on the extent of the damage. I cannot report on the matter; I am ashamed to say that I never had the biffs.

Mr. Somerville, the best teacher I ever had, must have been identified as having administrative talent, since he was promoted out of West Hill High and given a senior post with the Protestant Board of School Commissioners.

And then there was Mr. Hodgson, a very sensitive Englishman, who sought the affection of his class. He didn't know Canadian boys. One Friday afternoon he announced that the following day there would be a hike, and anyone who wanted to come to the corner of Girouard and Monkland at the appointed hour was welcome. I was the only one who showed, and we agreed that the hike was off.

Mr. Hodgson had some literary aspirations--he published an historical novel of New France. But somehow he never got onto the same wave length as Canadian students. In the end he did catch the attention and sympathy of the class--he hanged himself in the toilet of a railway train. I have no idea what part we boys had in driving him to this.

I had many associations during those years. One that I especially valued was with Betty Guy. In the four classrooms (two of boys and two of girls) that constituted Grade 11 at West Hill High School she always came out first, and I second. When we graduated we both attended McGill, and we both walked down to the University each morning. I would go south a few houses to the corner of Addington and Sherbrooke, then turn east which was left.

Betty lived on Sherbrooke further west, and she also walked, so we often met and went the two miles together. (It never occurred to me that her happening to come by just as I rounded the corner could be more than coincidence.) I have forgotten what we talked about, but it was certainly not my affection for her--that my shyness kept hidden. Though I was in no position to get married, I had such a thought often.

Many years later, when we both already had grown up children, I got in touch with Betty. In a telephone conversation I told her about my high school affection for her. She said "Why didn't you say so then?" There was no rancor in her voice.

Stuart Wilson didn't get the best grades, but was surely the smartest student in my high school class and he lived near me so we often walked together west along Sherbrooke Street. Stuart discoursed on Dickens, and I on the essays of T.B. Macaulay. What was great about those walks was that we had discovered literature, as much from one another as in the classroom. But his talent was mostly along visual lines, and he planned on becoming an architect, the profession of his father.

We graduated high school and went to college, he in architecture and I in mathematics. But one bright Sunday morning in winter, two years into our college courses, he rang our door bell, and asked me to go for a walk. Once out of earshot of our house he started the conversation abruptly--"Keyfitz" he said (we had the English schoolboy style of calling one another by surname) "I am married". While I was trying to take this in he explained that he and a waitress named Margaret had had intimacies, and that Margaret was pregnant. He would have to quit McGill right away, in the middle of his second year in architecture, and go to work. That was indeed an honorable solution, since he really had no respect and little love for Margaret. I commented lamely that that was a shame, he had been headed for a wonderful career.

Margaret was certainly not the wife for him and they separated after a few years. What made the outcome of his escapade truly tragic was that young Tony, the son of Margaret and Stuart, got into bad company, took to drugs, and died in his 40s. Stuart and Tony had spent too little of their lives together, and it was a terrible blow.

At the earliest opportunity but well into adult life, Stuart got an architecture degree, but never had a proper professional career, taking a not very interesting post in the Department of Architecture at McGill. I used to call Stuart each time I passed through Montreal over the subsequent years, and often went out to his house where he lived alone. He seemed increasingly demoralized. The last time I called he didn't want me to come over--he was sorry but he was in poor form, terribly discouraged, and he said we had nothing to talk about. I thought I could cheer him, but he insisted that meeting me would be more than he could handle.

I called the Department of Architecture at McGill recently and asked for him and was told that he died in 1992.

The formal end of my high school career was a graduation ceremony on a spring evening of 1930. Betty read the Valedictory, I read the Class Prophecy. The former was expected to be solemn, the latter funny. Only one prophecy I remember-Eugene Rosenberg whose father was a

dentist, and I said that he would be a dentist. I said that he invited me into his drawing room. Not very funny, but typical, and sufficient to draw a certain polite tittering from pupils and parents attending.

In winding up my story of West Hill High, I sadly report that soon after I graduated it was consolidated into another school, and so lost both its name and its premises. It makes me feel an orphan to think that my alma mater has disappeared without a trace.

### **Weekend escapades, Tramping in the Laurentians 1928-30**

Escaping from city schoolboy existence to a wholly different world that of the homeless tramp, provided a taste of freedom in my adolescence. True we had no money, but then one really didn't need money. Not beyond the cost of street car fare to where the highway started, plus the cost of very rudimentary victuals. With a friend, Max Fargeon or Harold Rosenstein, I would stand by the edge of the road and signal a request for a lift. It was never more than five or ten minutes before a car pulled up, the driver said where he was going, and if that was acceptable to us we climbed into his car.

The speed limit was about 40 miles an hour along those twisting roads, mostly, but by no means all, asphalt. Usually after an hour and a half of amiable conversation as we drove, we arrived, said "Many thanks!" and let ourselves out. The social courtesies of just one generation earlier, when rural traffic consisted of farmers in horse-drawn vehicles taking produce to market, and anyone who just passed by a pedestrian at the side of the road without asking where he was going would be just a curmudgeon, in somewhat diluted form still survived at the end of the first quarter of the 20th century. .

When we got to Sainte Agathe there was a hotel, and a certain amount of activity in its courtyard. That was a world utterly beyond our participation but we enjoyed it as spectacle. I remember the time when the young men summering there would greet one another by bashing in his straw hat and then having his own bashed in. Sometimes there was resistance, and a kind of duel was engaged-just as their aristocratic ancestors might have done with rapiers three centuries back. That was the way the young blades, the children of the rich, amused themselves in the 1920s.

After that we might set out walking to one of the numerous uninhabited lakes in the area, perhaps make a fire and cooking ourselves toast or a sausage on the shore. Perhaps borrow a boat in exchange for the service of bailing out the rain water that had fallen the previous night. On occasion we were well enough off to rent bicycles. I had never in my life ridden a bicycle, but did not let on, and just climbed aboard and set off behind Mac Fargeon. I was surprised at the ease with which I could start off, but equally surprised by how tired my legs were after a very few miles.

When night fell and we had no light of any kind the only thing to do was sleep. In warm dry weather just lying down in the deep grass of a field by the side of the road was good enough. Otherwise we sought shelter, perhaps a vacant house or barn. On one occasion our wanderings a considerable distance from a main road brought us into a little isolated colony of half a dozen small wooden houses occupied by farmers, recent immigrants from Poland. Anyone who had to make a living by farming that stony soil would be poor indeed. But you couldn't beat them for hospitality. They invited us for dinner and to spend the night, even providing beds.

Once when I was up by myself I was walking along a dusty road, and a car passed. I didn't see who was driving, but in the back seat was a young lady waving vigorously until the car was out of sight. Presumably someone in my class at school, but I never did find out. That was my only contact with the opposite sex on all my excursions.

And finally we had had enough and wanted to go back. Usually the same hitchhiking served as the means of travel. But once we did better. We were near a railway shunting yard, and found a train that was preparing to return to Montreal. We climbed up on the rungs on the side of the engine, and took seats on the top where there were also rungs to sit on and to hold. What we failed to count on was that the smoke, going straight up when the engine was still, would be swept back when it got into motion and we were just behind the engine. It burned soft coal, and we were covered with it – hands, face, and clothing. Arriving home at 3454 Addington Avenue on that occasion I managed to get into the bathroom and close the door without being detected, and stayed there a long time, vigorously scrubbing that smoke out of my face and hands.

I can report that we did some business at one point in these trips. Land was selling for a dollar an acre in the more isolated areas to which we traveled and we decided to buy 100 acres. The city job prospects seemed so bad that we might well want to live on our own land and gain our living by farming its fields, however stony. During the Depression many people thought this way, and one whom we knew, Fred Wakerell, actually put it into effect, with the help of his wife and large family constructing a small house just outside of Ottawa. Fargeon did have a job, and was able to put down \$50 on his account and \$50 on mine. I was to repay him when I got the money. In fact by the time I had the money we had lost interest in the project and Fargeon liquidated our holding.

How many times in all did we get away from home this way in the course of three summers? If I had to guess I would say 25 or 30 times. What was the point of it? After all we came from middle-class homes with three meals a day supplied, with beds and regularly washed sheets on which to sleep, with a roof that kept out the rain. Why did we leave it all as we broke away from civilization for two or three days at a time? As I see it now 75 years later we welcomed the irregular eating, the rough or non-existent accommodation, and the exposure to cold and wet.

They symbolized our freedom, the goal of people in all ages. Freedom was what our escapades were all about.

### 3. ADMISSION TO MCGILL UNIVERSITY, MONTREAL 1930

In 1930, just as the Depression had fallen on the world I graduated high school and managed to make it into McGill University, a private college that could accept only a small part of the high school graduating class. Since there was no work to be had one might as well go to college if one could get in. Mike Wisenthal, refused entry to McGill, went to Bishop's college in Sherbrooke, his brother Hymie, a fellow Boy Scout, took work in his father's Stag Shoe Co..

My friend Harold Rosenstein went to New York to seek his fortune, scorning those of us who were wasting four years in college. He was in a hurry. Harold, incidentally, did gain a fortune selling paper boxes, drove a Buick proudly as he showed me New York a very few years after I graduated. He was planning to buy the heavy equipment that would make corrugated boxes. Then he took on a partner who ultimately swindled him, and left him alone in his old age in a dilapidated rent-controlled one-room apartment in New York, consoled only by occasional visits from his younger brother Herb, who had also sought his fortune in New York, and did reasonably well. Their sister Bunny Klein, is still alive and living in Montreal, and I have called her from time to time, though we have recently lost touch.

Beatrice's father similarly took on a partner, against the advice of her mother, and was thoroughly cheated by him. And Phil Hauser, very much a man of the world, his beloved Zelda having predeceased him, sick and blind in his old age, had a highly recommended housekeeper. When I saw him (I think at a meeting of the IUSSP in Florence) and I asked about his housekeeper, he said "She's gone. And she took me for all I had."

One wonders how many of these ghouls are wandering about, seeking credulous men who have some money in the bank. Men with plenty of experience, but who never learned to hang on to their check books. .

But back to my entry into McGill. The college entry exam was uniform for the province, and out of some 900 who wrote I came out number 23. I remember well Kenneth MacClure, who came first in my year, and whom I last saw near the end of the War; He had climbed to a very high rank in the Royal Canadian Air Force.

For myself, I was not entitled to a medal, but was safely above the entrance level set by McGill, higher for Jews than for others. (It shows how fast things have changed that a generation or so later Phil Vineberg, a Jewish lawyer, was appointed Chairman of the McGill Board of Governors. And a few further years and Bernard Shapiro was appointed principal. And things kept changing: the successor to Shapiro is a woman, unimaginable in my day, Heather Munroe-Blum).

## Four Friends, McGill 1930-34

At college I chose a concentration in mathematics, in which I had a little ability, enough that I could get through exams with very limited work. Part of the time thus released I spent in visiting other classes-French and English literature, philosophy, history, and genetics--without ever having to face exams in them--God forbid. And the rest of the time saved was spent in social activities, mainly in associations with three others, about each of whom I can say a word here.

One was Morton Bloomfield, living in Westmount, and so of a somewhat better-off family. He concentrated in English, and 40 years later our paths crossed again when I was appointed to Harvard, where Morton had been teaching for some years, He had become an authority on the Seven Deadly Sins, and it was his knowledge of these, gained in the Vatican Library that propelled him up to a professorship at Harvard.

Then there was Isidore Dubin, son of very recent immigrant parents, living on the Rue St. Urbain, an area of first settlement. Dubin was a medical student (heaven only knows what sacrifices his family had to make to pay his tuition), and I once accompanied him to anatomy class. There was a cadaver (a stiff in the student vernacular) laid out on a table on the platform, of a young woman. I did not at the time know the difference between male and female anatomy, and wondered why she lacked some of what I had thought basic parts of the human body.

Dubin was far more worldly than I was, quite apart from anatomy class. He was rich in quotations, many of them limericks, and scatological. One evening Morton was driving us around, and we drove to a brothel. The rest of us were not interested, but Dubin was. He went in, first checking to see that he had the \$2.00 charge.

Dubin liked to try things that other people only think of. One evening when we were all a little tipsy he told us about pissing in the kitchen sink. The way he said it suggested that there was something deeply symbolic there--heaven knows what it was. And on another occasion he said he had heard in chemistry class that a fart is mostly methane, and can be ignited. We were in someone's home, and forthwith the matter was put to experimental test. One of us took down his pants, one got out a cigarette lighter, a fart was produced, but alas it did not ignite.

Notwithstanding his knowledge of women, Dubin made an unhappy marriage.. While still not very old, his wife developed a manic-depressive psychosis, and could be violent. When he visited our home in Chicago's Madison Park many years later he showed us some of the bruises and cuts that resulted from their battles. We knew another such couple, also a small man with a large manic wife. He was the LeNeveu referred to elsewhere in these notes whose wife, beautiful and highly intelligent, in later life could be violent. She was Catholic and he Protestant--could contradictions arising from that have affected Helen LeNeveu?

Dubin's career as a research physician, ran parallel to that of the more eminent Rachmiel Levinne, also from McGill two or three years ahead of us, and of whom we saw a good deal when we stayed in Chicago, including once running across him on Ellis Avenue in front of the University Book Store, where he told me that his wife had just died. He was crushed by the loss.

Finally, there was Jack MacCabe, the one Gentile in our group, probably gay, a biology student, and full of tales of goings on among junior instructors in the biology labs. He had pretensions as a pianist, based on partial mastery of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata. After graduation, in disregard of Hitler's rise to power, he went to Germany to continue his piano studies. We never referred to him again.

Years later I was able to trace him through a chance encounter with an official of Imperial Oil, of which his father was also an official, and was informed that Jack had died in Zurich in 1960.

We four used to meet at least once a week, to drink beer, and to talk, talk, talk. We usually drank at the Pig and Whistle Tavern (formally the Prince of Wales) on Stanley Street, just above St. Catherine, then went on to Ben's, famous for smoked meat sandwiches, and finally ended up with coffee at Murray's. .

I remember when I fell on Oswald Spengler's *Decline of the West*, a book with a breathtaking survey of world culture from about 3,000 B.C. to the present. It explored the soul of each epoch through its music, painting, and writing. Spengler found nine cultures to have sprung up through history--Egyptian, Chinese, Greco-Roman, etc., and the West, the greatest and the last. Each has its spring time (the Middle Ages for the West), summer, autumn, and winter. We live in the barren winter of the West. This succession of cultures sprang out of the eternal peasant countryside, and when the last ends we will fall back to the same. Everything that is say able--in music, poetry, and the arts-- will have been said. As somewhere else has been said "Once its riddle has been solved a culture falls into the abyss"

Many of Spengler's assertions have been criticized by other historians, but to me at an impressionable age be made clear what a unified culture--how the West's poetry, music, architecture, all evolved together, in a story that started in the Middle ages and is now coming to an end. "Every culture falls into the abyss once its riddle has been solved." The virtual abandonment of the sense of unstoppable progress that made the 19th century so rosy, was due to the 1914-8 war, in which millions of men with no real differences were organized to kill one another. Wars of religion, wars for booty, wars for slaves, wars to take over provinces for their tax income, as Rome did, but the 1914-8 killings none of these had such understandable, if not commendable, reasons.

All this struck a blow at the Enlightenment. The notions of progress and rationality could no longer stand up after a war in which millions of the West's finest young men slaughtered one another to no purpose. The War and the depression through which we were passing gave credibility to Spengler's thesis of the end of Western civilization. It was a theme that seemed to fit our times and our individual prospects. Especially as evil leaders were heading us towards a new war that would exceed the bloodshed of the last.

While we talked and argued Hitler was haranguing audiences and through the connivance of a doddering Marshal Hindenburg came to power. Spengler was writing his books at this time, and the Nazis thought that they could use him to their purposes if he made certain changes. Spengler, firm in his beliefs as only an upright German can be, refused to change a single word he had written. He was too well-known for the Nazis to touch his person, but they did burn his books.

Such were the themes that concerned us as we drank our beer at the Pig and Whistle

### **First trip to New York**

Morton's family had a car that he was able to borrow for some 10 days in the summer of 1933, and he and Isadore and myself drove the 400 miles to New York. We followed roads that were paved indeed, but narrow and with frequent sharp curves--hardly the superhighways of today I was worried on the way down, having no money a hotel was out of the question, and having nothing that could be called an invitation from my relatives. However my Uncles Harry and Frank said they were glad to see me and put me up and feed me, though their wives showed less enthusiasm. I remember Uncle Harry's daughter Hortense (somewhat younger than myself and recently passed away) very clearly, other cousins rather vaguely.

I got to be friendly with a neighbor of Uncle Harry-I think his name was Michael-no older than I was and very much better read in science. With him I visited the American Museum of Natural History and other worthwhile places. Just cruising on the subway system by myself was thrilling-and affordable, the fare being something like ten cents. I remember seeing Grand Central Station. I stared up at the frieze on the main Post Office: "Not snow, nor heat, nor rain, nor gloom of night keeps these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds." Only recently did I learn that those words were from Herodotus written about the messengers traveling the Imperial roads of Persia in the fifth century B.C. I saw many other things in my ten days-altogether New York seemed a magical city.

At the end of ten days we reunited according to plan and drove the 400 miles home. Isadore had the most exciting story to tell. He had been wandering in Harlem late one night, Heaven knows what he expected to find there. What he did find was a holdup-a large Black with a gun, who demanded his money. Isadore was so frightened he filled his pants as he surrendered his purse.

One way or another I followed all three after graduation separated us, so I know that all three have passed away – I am the sole survivor.

Other students whom I knew included Gerald Rickwood, whose father was a church organist, and who himself had an impressive knowledge of music, and Elton Pounder, who was my lab partner. Poor man--I was just not a gifted experimenter, indeed not an experimenter at all. Elton de facto had to do the experiments without much help from me. He followed up and became a researcher in the physics of the Arctic Ocean, if I remember right, remaining always at McGill: I often visited him in his lab in the basement of the McDonald Physics Building, quite possibly the same lab that had been occupied a generation earlier by the great Sir Ernest Rutherford. Rutherford's strength was in proposing what looked trivial experiments making simple devices to carry them out. And then drawing important conclusions from them. He started out at McGill measuring street vibrations from passing streetcars. I am afraid he was too good for McGill, and soon was appointed to the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge.

#### **My college teachers, McGill 1930-4**

After my second undergraduate year I retreated from Math and Physics to just Math, thus freeing Elton from my lab partnership.

Among my teachers at McGill I recall Charles T. Sullivan, somewhat diminutive in stature, red faced, who lectured in a dramatically flowing gown. Long-time head of McGill's Department of Mathematics, and with the most perfect copy-book handwriting I have ever seen. When he finished his lecture the black-board was a work of art. Rickwood, an amateur photographer, once took a picture of the board and gave me a copy, which alas I no longer have. I remember one time when Jack MacCabe and I, working with a pair of scissors and paper, discovered that we could make a figure with one side only. We were puzzled by it, and Jack said "Let's show our discovery to Sullivan" That seemed pretty daring, but spurred on by Jack I timidly knocked on the door and we were admitted and showed our finding. Of course Sullivan knew all about it and discoursed on some of the properties of what he called a Mobius ring. But on the whole Sullivan was purely a math teacher, not a mathematician; he would be out of his study watching professional baseball every afternoon of the season. .

In my time Gordon Pall, an algebraist, was just out of graduate school. He was thought to have the makings of future distinction, but then spent all his time working for what he regarded as good causes. David Howat, who taught analytical geometry, went back to his native Scotland while I was a student. When at the end of a class I went up to Howat and told him how wonderfully easy analytical problems were compared with Euclid, with whom I struggled through high school, He said something like "Just don't forget that those problems I solve at the

board are made up to be readily solved by analytical means." I found Howat very approachable and was sorry he was leaving.

W.L.G. Williams was a graduate of the University of Chicago and just about the only research mathematician in the McGill Department (and the only one who lectured without a gown.) He was also a Quaker, and altogether, both as a mathematician and as a person, the most admirable member of the department. I believe he was a descendant of and named after the abolitionist William Lloyd Garrison. He could have been a grandson, the American Civil War being only about 70 years behind us at the time.

When I was in fourth year I with a few other students was invited to attend a lecture by a visitor on the proof that using only a straight edge and a pair of compasses it was impossible to trisect an arbitrary angle. I could not understand any part of the argument and was pleased when the faculty present asked questions that showed they didn't understand either.

During the two years I was in Physics as well as math I had a course with Arthur S. Eve, in my time pretty decrepit – I believe that he harked back to the glory days of the great Rutherford. I also had a class in statics and dynamics with Professor Reilly. I don't remember how to work out the resultant of a number of forces acting on a point, but I do remember the extraordinary skill in arithmetic he exhibited at the blackboard. He would multiply two six digit numbers in his head, writing down the 12 or so digits of the answer from left to right.

So with nothing to do outside listening to two or so hours of math lectures each day I attended classes that interested me. I remember French literature, English literature with a Professor McBain, of whom I remember only that he kept punctuating his lectures by taking off his glasses and putting them back on. I also took a course in writing with Professor Harold Files. He greatly improved my style by ordering me to delete all expressions I was overly pleased with.

My passion for knowledge--on everything besides mathematics, I admit--went further yet. I wanted badly to have some contact outside of classes with the faculty. I didn't dare to attempt an evening with so exalted a figure as a McGill professor by myself, but did arrange to invite a professor on behalf of a group of fellow students. I remember an evening with Professor McLennan, a philosopher, another with Professor Love, a geneticist. On each occasion I bought a bottle of ginger ale and some biscuits (subsidized by my father) to create a sense of communion, and to avoid any resemblance to a class room we sat on the thick Indian rug in our living room at 3454 Addington while our guest sat on the overstuffed couch.

## **The high-born Englishman: A.H.S. Gilson, Montreal, 1930-34**

Of all my teachers at McGill the most colorful was A.H.S. Gilson, and he is worth a section to himself.

Gilson (known as horse face because of his long jaw) was my instructor in differential equations. A highborn Englishman, graduate of Cambridge, who delighted in tormenting the lower orders, he seemed particularly to pour scorn on us colonials. There was in our class a Samuel Neamtan, hard-working but not brilliant, evidently a recent immigrant from Eastern Europe; sticking pins into Neamtan was to Gilson good sport. Neamtan joined a weather forecasting agency in Winnipeg, and had a moderately successful career.

He survived Gilson's torments, but they certainly did not brighten his undergraduate life. I have tried to reach him in recent years, without success.

Gilson was something of a painter, and when we four undergraduates described elsewhere were cruising about downtown in Montreal late at night, often having coffee at Murray's before breaking up for the evening, we might run into Gilson, once with a huge picture frame slung over his shoulder.

Years later we heard about him again. Harold Greenway, a friend from the Bureau of statistics in which I was working, was entertaining Dean Waynes of the University of Manitoba, at an evening party. That was the institution of which Gilson, leaving McGill, had recently been appointed President. Waynes, a business-like, serious functionary, almost foamed at the mouth when I asked him how he found the new President. He was nearly speechless, but from what he did say Gilson was worse than the Devil himself. He would phone Waynes at 3:00 a.m., pester him then and in the daytime with questions on his administration of the faculty. The President is expected to deal with matters of policy, to see that good people were appointed to senior posts, and then to let the University get on with its work. And above all the President should be busy raising funds for the University -- not dangling faculty on a string and playing with them as a cat plays with a mouse.

Reading ahead the reader will note the resemblance among Haldane, Fisher and Gilson: all high-born Englishmen, all Cambridge-educated, and all taking pleasure in making fun of the lower orders.

## **My actuarial non-career, Montreal 1934-6**

Once I graduated, at a fine ceremony in Loewe's movie theatre on St. Catherine Street, rented by McGill for the occasion, the question was what to do. In the year 1934 there were no easy

answers. I had studied mathematics; should I go on to do graduate work, get a degree and become a professor. I consulted Professor W.L.G. Williams. He was, as I said to myself, a creative mathematician, a Quaker, and a man of great goodwill, especially to his students. He asked simply: "In Canada there is probably one new post in mathematics a year; do you think you are likely to get it?" My answer could only be no. I was unlikely to turn out to be the top candidate in my age class. Especially considering that I had second-class honors, partly due to failing to devote myself to mathematics, but following diverse interests during my four years.

What naturally occurred to me was to use my math to become a life insurance company actuary. In those days there seemed to be no other field in which mathematics could be applied. I had taken the first two or three exams of the Society of Actuaries (then under a different name) while at college. I wrote the remaining exams after I graduated, and earned the title of Associate of the Society. Beyond that was the Fellowship degree that I never tried for.

I was then appointed actuary (and telephone operator-receptionist) of a small start-up company in Montreal. It was grossly underfunded, and when one of its policy-holders died it folded.

I spoke to Mr. Burke, head actuary of the Sun Life, which may have been Canada's largest, with a vast building dominating Dominion Square (built before 1929 and still only partly occupied), and he, well-wishing but with limited budget, could not offer even a distant promise of a job. I entered a competition for a post in the Prudential Life in the U.S, but apparently there were hundreds of applicants, many with far better qualifications than I had.

I especially liked the idea of living in New York. Most of the insurance companies there were mutual, i.e. owned by their policy holders. Since these numbered in the hundreds of thousands for a big company, there was no way they could run the company, so the company was run by its executives, who were mainly actuaries. That made actuarial science a particularly attractive career. I was very disappointed when my application to the Prudential was turned down. My attitude to New York changed drastically, as you will see.

Now that I have gone in another direction, and am in no way beholden to the actuarial profession, it occurs to me how brilliant its public relations have been. Calling the activity "life insurance" was a particularly happy stroke. There is absolutely no sense in which my life is "insured" by a policy. No human agency can insure that I will be alive even tomorrow. If, it does not insure, then what does it do.

A life insurance policy places a bet between myself and a company. I bet that I will die, the company bets I will live. If I die I have won the bet and the company has to pay my family or other beneficiary. If I live I have lost the bet and I continue paying the premium. Stating it this way gives the policy an illicit flavor; it imports some of the aura of betting on the horses, even

though the bet in this case has the laudable aim of protecting my family against my premature death.

### **The depression and my first job, Ottawa, 1936**

In 1936, the country and the world (including myself) were still agonizing in the Depression. Many people did have jobs, of course and were able to hold on to them, but the new entrant was out of luck. Governments and corporations alike were cutting down their staffs to save money, certainly not adding to them.

Keynes diagnosed the trouble as too little money chasing too many goods, and the right approach was not to save, but to spend. I remember something called the Townsend Plan well before Keynes, which amounted to printing money and putting it into the hands of those people who would be sure to spend it--i.e. the poor. But knowledgeable people (sic) kept saying that this would only inflate the currency. It took Keynes to show that the effect of printing money in a situation of plentiful resources and insufficient (money) demand would increase demand without raising prices until all the resources were engaged.

The Roosevelt administration put Keynes into effect, though probably on too small a scale. But then the war came on and it served as a vast public works project that dwarfed any peacetime make-work expenditure.

I had graduated from McGill in 1934, and there seemed little chance of converting my mathematical degree into cash. As said above, I tried actuarial work and failed to establish myself. So I was more than happy to take a job on the 1936 Census of the Prairie Provinces. I came to Ottawa, and settled into a boarding house operated by Mrs. Kronk, the first time I was living under a roof other than that of my parents. My budget was simple: income \$75 per month; expense on room and board \$30; difference \$45, all found. Since my income up to that time at home in Montreal was limited to the occasional quarter that my father slipped me for street car fare this was big money. Much of the difference went into the bank, and after not many months I bought a car, paying part cash, part by a mortgage on the car provided by a friend.

The workplace was the Dominion Bureau of Statistics (DBS) and the clerical staff consisted of men and single women (married women had to stay home during the Depression.) The young people gradually formed themselves into couples--I remember their names to this day: Jimmy Henderson and Ann Shannon, Joe Reynolds and Ruth Rideout, myself and Beatrice Orkin.

The DBS was a sleepy old-fashioned bureaucracy in the 1930s. Under normal economic circumstances I cannot imagine a graduate of a first-class college, with honors in mathematics entering with many thousands of others a national competition for census clerk; the job was at

the bottom of the bureaucratic hierarchy, and I had only a small probability of getting it. However I did enter, wrote the examination, passed, and was delighted to receive a telegram instructing me to report to Ottawa on July 7, 1936. I still remember the date for from then on I was free of the stuffy neighborhood of Addington Avenue in Montreal, and my family, who, nice people though they (aside from my father) really hadn't joined the world.

When I took up the offered slot in the national census-taking body it did not take long, even with my inexperienced eye, to see that I had entered a tired institution, the Dominion Bureau of Statistics (DBS). I was hired to examine the census, consisting of large sheets of paper with a line for each of the persons enumerated and to "correct" errors made by the enumerators, i.e. remove inconsistencies. The census as then visualized did not have to correspond to the situation it pretended to describe, but it had to be consistent with itself. Editing it was dull work, not made any more acceptable by the thought of its futility.

So I relieved the boredom by taking time to compare the occupations reported in the Census for Canada with similar results for the US and the UK. Looking at the tables in published reports of around 1930 I found for example that there were more dentists per thousand persons enumerated in Canada than in the UK, but fewer than in the US. There were other indications that the culture of Canada was intermediate between that of the US and the UK. I wrote these findings up and showed them around, promising results for other occupations as soon as I could get time to turn them out. These got me into trouble.

By chance one of them fell into the hands of my supervisor, Alan LeNeveu, who was enraged. I was not doing the work I was hired to do, thus breaking the line of command. He summoned me to his office, where I found him, red-faced, trembling with anger. He was going right upstairs to the top boss, Dr. R. H. to tell him what I had done, how I had broken out of line.

#### 4. R.H. COATS: A CANADIAN LEGEND, OTTAWA, 1936-42

Coats was a shrewd Canadian of Scottish ancestry, who knew his personnel, and did not overestimate their judgment. I was summoned upstairs, wondering with some trepidation what was going to come next. In fact it was the beginning of a firm friendship. Coats invited me to lunch at his home in Rockcliffe on that occasion and again a number of times over the next few months. You will know what sort of person Coats was when I tell you that his book-lined living room contained the 20 or so volumes of the Oxford English Dictionary. He even consulted it once when we got into an argument about the meaning of a word. Of statistics there was not a sign.

A word on Robert Hamilton Coats (1874-1960) from the official history of the Bureau published under Dr. Ivan Fellegi (75 years and counting). Robert Hamilton Coats graduated from the University of Toronto in 1896 with a B.A. in classics. He then went to Ottawa to work for the government's Labour Gazette, eventually as editor. He soon moved on to statistics, however, and in 1905 was appointed Chief Statistician at the Department of Labour.

Dr. Coats supervised the creation of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics in 1918. By the time he retired as Dominion Statistician in 1942, Dr. Coats had given Canada a centralized and coordinated statistical system and had greatly expanded the Bureau's program.

It just happened that when I received my B.A. in 1934 Coats was on the platform--that year McGill gave him an honorary doctorate.

A far more advanced expression of trust than having me to lunch was asking me to read and comment on an address he had written for the occasion of his taking over as President of the American Statistical Association in 1939. It was packed with classical references--in fact there was nothing there except scholarly references. Coats had followed a classical course for his BA at the University of Toronto, and aside from that, he was a great reader. I hesitatingly suggested that the detail looked good, but surely it needed some big idea to pull it together. He agreed, saying something like, "Of course, but I don't have a big idea, so I have to let a lot of little ones carry the presentation."

He took me to Detroit so that I could hear him read the Presidential Address to a large gathering that included most of the statisticians of the day. The audience listened courteously, applauded where appropriate, and no one ever mentioned the address again. Coats was pleased with the reception of his talk, apparently unaware that it could have been appreciated only by Greek scholars in that audience of statisticians.

R.H. had an endless stock of stories that told much of his interests. One of his favorites was of his father, who had immigrated to a small Ontario town, and had a servant from "the old country" (Scotland, of course) who approached him one morning and said she had had a dream that her mother was very sick, and needed her help. Under questioning she insisted that such a dream could not be disregarded, and she had to go. Her not ungenerous employer yielded, bought her a ticket, and wasn't sure when, if ever, he would see her again. After three months she reappeared and resumed her duties.

Another story, this one well known. When someone asked Wellington "Do you think your soldiers will frighten the enemy?" he replied "I don't know about the enemy, but by God they frighten me." There was something about this that tickled Coats, and he told it more than once

Coats was a great friend of Editor O'Leary of the Ottawa Journal, a somewhat Conservative paper. O'Leary's son Dillon, whom I knew well, was decidedly radical. It is this way that children so often get back at their parents.

My relation to Coats continued close, and I was promoted. I was given a supervisory job and was responsible for the work of a dozen or fifteen clerks.

I don't remember much of what we did, but there was one event that seemed all-important. The King resigned, abdicated. History books tell us that when King George V died he was succeeded by King Edward VIII. There were plenty of rumors about the King and Mrs. Simpson, an American divorcee and not regarded, especially by Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin, as a suitable match. I don't know how the negotiations between Baldwin and Edward went, but do know that on December 11, 1936 Edward gave a formal speech announcing his abdication. My little group we gathered in a circle around a radio (then still something of a novelty) that someone had brought. It started and ended as follows:

*At long last I am able to say a few words of my own. I have never wanted to withhold anything, but until now it has not been constitutionally possible for me to speak.*

.....

*I now quit altogether public affairs and I lay down my burden. It may be some time before I return to my native land, but I shall always follow the fortunes of the British race and Empire with profound interest, and if at any time in the future I can be found of service to His Majesty in a private station, I shall not fail.*

*And now, we all have a new King. I wish him and you, his people, happiness and prosperity with all my heart. God bless you all! God save the King!*

*Edward VIII - December 11, 1936*

The work of the Bureau continued to be suspended while we discussed the meaning of that speech and the consequences of the abdication it announced.

Coats was fond of telling me about the injustices wreaked on him and the Bureau by the Minister of Trade and Commerce whose charge included the Bureau, and he certainly made no attempt to ingratiate himself. For space in which to work the government allocated to us a two-story spread-out building in rough brick that had been the stable of the Edwards Lumber Company. (In those times horses provided the energy that brought out the lumber.) Now the trees in the Ottawa area had all been cut, and the government bought the site with the intention of clearing it and making a decorative parkway, but nothing could be done during the Depression; and many years passed before this large and expensive project was accomplished.

So the stable was allocated to the DBS, and the mill proper to the National Film Board. Remarks could be made on a building disused by horses being turned over to DBS, a sign of the stormy relation between the government and R.H. Coats. After "R.H." retired the relation improved and we were given the "new building" (now old in its turn) in Tunney's pasture.

Yet with all his eccentricities Coats was a man with vision and a consistently followed mission. He saw at this early stage that dispersing statistical work among the various ministries resulted in wasteful duplication and inhibited the growth of statistical professionalism. So he campaigned indefatigably, starting in a report he wrote in 1915 on the organization of statistics in the Federal Government, unambiguously favoring the centralization of all statistical compilation. A single agency was to compile justice statistics, labor statistics, manufacturing statistics, take the census, and provide for other statistical needs. It is this more than any other single factor that has placed the DBS (later Statistics Canada when "Dominion" got to be a bad word) in the forefront of statistical agencies in the world.

### **The UN Sampling Sub-commission, Geneva 1947**

On what was to be my very first crossing of the Atlantic, the DBS wanted me to represent it at the meeting of the UN Sampling Sub-committee of the Statistical Commission of the Social and Economic Council of the then new United Nations. .

Getting me to Geneva was the work of J.T. Marshall, Assistant Dominion Statistician, and he made a big operation of the planning. I would be leaving from the Port of Montreal, on the Canadian Pacific liner Duchess of Bedford, an old ship that had survived the war--there were better ships that hadn't. It rolled with the waves and earned the title of the Drunken Duchess. The plan called for me to disembark in England, put up for the night in the Grosvenor Hotel, then go on to Paris, where I put up at the .Hotel George V, just off the Champs Elysees.

From Paris I took the train to Geneva, where the meeting was to be held. The Chairman was P.C. Mahalanobis, R.A. Fisher was Consultant, Frank Yates was the member for the U.K., W. Edwards Deming was the member for the United States, and the French sent a top mathematician, Georges Darmon. My status was only that of observer.

What I observed was the great R.A. Fisher holding the Times carefully folded to show the day's crossword puzzle, and kept below the level of the desk. And every now and then he surreptitiously wrote something in it. And I also remember Mahalanobis getting twisted up on the electronic hearing equipment. When he spoke, which was often, he would hold the microphone very close and left his earphones open--almost as though he was anxious to hear his own amplified voice. What he got was a loud burst of interference.

I don't remember much of the deliberations, but I do remember that a report was drafted and submitted to the group. When Deming got it he writhed, he didn't like any of the wording, and set about rewriting it while I looked on. The next day his draft was distributed to the Sampling Subcommittee, and the members tore it apart. There was really no difference in point of view--all members were in favor of sampling, the differences were mostly between American English and English English. R.A. Fisher as Consultant might have helped to reconcile the differences, but he actually took no part in the deliberations--he was too busy with the day's crossword puzzle.

The DBS, using Canadian Government funds, had arranged a luxurious room for me at the hotel where we all stayed, and Fisher's allowance only provided a smaller room, without its own bathroom. I just couldn't stand the thought that unimportant me would be better put up than the great Fisher, and on my initiative we interchanged rooms without changing the billing. Fisher thanked me heartily, saying more than once that I had allowed him to have a bath. When we met in half-a-dozen places over the course of in the succeeding 25 years of his life he treated me as a friend. I didn't sense any condescension in his attitude, even though I was expecting it. It looks as though that bath served me well.

### **My mountain climb, Le Fer a Cheval, Chamonix, 1947**

On Friday afternoon, as the deliberations were about to recess until Monday, Yates looked around the group, and saw me as the only one there who might conceivably accompany him on a mountain climb. I agreed readily, not realizing how arduous it would be. Yates himself had climbed in many parts of the world, and was in superb physical condition. My condition was no better than average. We saw him several times since, and he stayed with us at least once and recounted climbs he had made. Mountaineering must be healthful; he made age 92.

We met on Saturday morning, Yates looked at my dress shoes and said "They'll do, but they won't be much good afterwards." After an hour or so on a street car we were in France and at the foot of the Fer a Cheval. And so we set out on the four-hour 5000 feet climb. At first I streaked ahead, but when I looked back I saw Yates taking tiny steps, and going very very slow. I got into step with him, and we climbed.

The most thrilling moment of the day was when we broke past the tree-line, and there saw stretched out before us like a map the beautifully groomed French countryside, with tiny farm houses and neatly plowed fields.

But we had another hour to get to the top, and I was exhausted. I just couldn't go further. So Frank carried on by himself, and picked me up again on his way down. Going down was easy? Not at all, but somehow I made it. And the following day I was plenty stiff.

### **A property owner**

Beatrice and I started married life in the Tweedsmuir basement apartment, but on my in-laws invitation soon moved into the house that Henry Orkin had built with his own hands on the Metcalfe road. They needed the rent we would pay, a rent less than we were paying for the apartment.

But soon we felt a yearning to have our own house, and we bought a small self-standing house, 5 Bristol Avenue, in Ottawa South. We had a mortgage, and also a debt for the down payment, as mentioned earlier. We also had a spare room that we equipped with a bed, and rented out. The arrangement was that the tenant got the room and kitchen privileges, and we got the rent plus baby-sitting services.

Our first tenant was Dorothy Short, a young lady with a somewhat short temper, who just didn't like our two children. When Robert, a baby who was always hungry, one night had colic, and Beatrice spent the night carrying him up and down the hall in the attempt to soothe him, Dorothy complained that she had been disturbed by her allowing him to cry all night, and there was enough ill-feeling that Dorothy moved out. I was sorry she left, for I saw many good points about her, and even formed some affection for her.

She was followed by Jeanne, a Franco-Canadian, a very different type, charming and always pleasant. She had the inestimable value of talking French to us, despite having to tolerate the bad grammar and worse pronunciation on our side.

She left us when her business took her away from Ottawa, and Mary Roseberry came and occupied that spare room. She became something of a life-time friend. She married Richard

Salisbury, an anthropologist of distinction, who died young, not only a blow to his wife and friends, but a serious loss to the profession. Our acquaintance with Mary then suffered a gap of many years.

But just recently we caught with her. Our Barbara was appointed Director of the Fields Institute, whose not inconsiderable funding is devoted to the furthering of mathematics, through post-doc fellowships, conferences, and in other ways. And she has just met her Deputy, a young man named Salisbury. We knew that she and Dick had a son, had even met him once. And through the son and our daughter we hope to catch up with Mary.

Is it ever an advantage to have too little money? Yes, for if we had had enough we would not have needed to rent out a room, and never met the bright young people of this note.

### **My life as bureaucrat, Ottawa, 1936-1959**

Starting work at age 23, I spent the first 23 years of my working life with the Dominion Bureau of Statistics in Ottawa, and there had much boredom as well as some opportunities and challenges.

#### **Counting the ration cards**

For example I was assigned the task of counting the ration cards issued to the Canadian population in wartime. This was the early 1940s, and machines to do the counting were far in the future. There was some hurry to complete the task in order to apportion the wartime provisioning of necessities to the several cities and rural counties, and I was assigned a staff to handle it quickly. Testing to ascertain the speed with which our clerks counted, I found that the job would take years. The war could be over before the numbers were available.

So I devised a scheme for counting by weighing. We would hand-count 1000 cards, and then weigh them and after that weigh the cards contained in the boxes piled on the floor. But pounds and ounces would be a useless complication so we made our own unit. Neither metric nor foot-pound-second. We had a clerk count and another clerk verify 1000 cards, tie a string around them, and use that bundle as our unit weight. We did not need scales, just a balance.

Having established the unit, we divided all our cards into bundles of 1000 with the balance. When we knew how many thousand card bundles we had for a city we knew the ration card total for that place.

But with a little experimenting I found that the weight of cards varied from day to day, i.e. was a function of the atmospheric humidity. I came to see the piles of cards as living things, sucking in

water vapor for a few days, then evaporating it out as the weather went through a dry spell. Our count would be very rough if this was not taken into account. So several times each day we counted out new standard bundles of 1000 cards

All this was in a time when counting meant counting, licking one's fingers and muttering under one's breath "1, 2, 3, and so on". The rather obvious idea of weighing seemed so ground-breaking that it earned me a promotion.

That is all there is to say about the ration card experience, except for one incident. We had rented a gymnasium in a school building some distance away to house the cards, and they were in filing drawers on steel shelves about six feet high, The stacks seemed solid enough, but one day the supervisor in charge, luckily a young man of good hearing, noted a slight sound of movement at one end of the hall, and quickly ordered everyone out of the stacks, just in time to see a wave of collapsing card-filled shelves that went down the whole length of the vast room. Goodness knows what would have happened if the order to evacuate had not been given.

Then, also during the war, the proposal for a Mothers' Allowance scheme came up in Parliament, and I was asked to estimate what it would cost. As planned from the start, it would send a monthly check to each mother according to the number of her children and their ages. The check written to the order of the mother rather than to the male who was quaintly called the "Head of household" in the Census did not fit the patriarchal views of the time, but the government insisted and that was the way it was enacted. The sums allocated were not large, but they did make a huge difference to poor mothers. So the scheme was pro-woman and egalitarian. It showed more than just symbolically the appreciation of the community for the devotion of mothers to the vital task of child raising. It helped in raising and educating the next generation. Altogether a worthy scheme, after 50 years still firmly embedded in Canadian Federal budget-making. But it was a scheme that would be treason to promote in Washington today. There motherhood is so sacred a symbol it must not be contaminated with money!

How did I, a middle-level public servant, entirely outside of politics, come into this? My cost calculations showed that it was not altogether extravagant, it would not sink the Treasury. My calculations were found useful by the proponents of the scheme in Parliament. Now, most of 60 years after its enactment, it still retains the support of all parties. I keep speculating why such a uniform Mother's Allowance is OK north of the 49th parallel, unmentionable south.

Again, I turned up some data from a height and weight survey of Canadian children, carried out in 1931 and again in 1941. They showed that the average height of 10-year olds rose by about half an inch in the 10 years. More important for policy, it showed large differences among social classes at any one time: areas of high income showed taller children, age for age. Nutritionists

found such data useful as did those leaders who argued for social measures that would tend to equalize incomes, would moderate the harshness of a free market system to the poor.

These were high spots of my experience as an official statistician. Useful, perhaps, but not very exciting. And I have to admit that my life in Ottawa was brightened by the opportunity to visit and live in various less developed countries. The Government of Burma wanted a statistical officer for three months in early 1951 to help it take a Census and I was named. U Than Tut came to Ottawa to negotiate for my services, and through the entire visit he was my mentor.

For about a year I was assigned to the External Trade Section, headed by Arthur Neal. The work was in considerable part answering questions from the public--usually business concerns--about the imports of iron bars, or some other of a thousand other items in the customs classification. Arthur was one of the smartest people I have met, in DBS or elsewhere, and also the laziest. When a request came in he groaned, and was pleased and relieved when I undertook, even with some zest, to answer it. The only character in literature that represents such a type is Oblomov, an aristocrat and estate owner in a novel by Goncharev. He could not be bothered collecting the rents from his tenants, so he had an assistant do it. He could not be bothered even sitting up, and spent much of his days in bed. Goncharev intended him as a satire on the Russian nobility in Czarist times. But in the New World such laziness, such lethargy, is nearly non-existent--Arthur Neal was unique.

Another member of the section was a man by the name of Tingley, who sat all day examining the financial news, and calculating the value of his holdings. He refused to do any of the work for which he was paid, and had been paid over the course of years. Getting Tingley fired out of the Civil Service was a huge task, so solid were the protections for anyone who was in the permanent service. It was a task into which Arthur put his heart, and during my tenure in the section he was rewarded. Tingley was out.

Another activity in which Arthur came to life was amateur photography. He had a well-furnished dark room in his Rockcliffe home, and there for the first time I saw an actual picture emerge in the developer fluid. From that moment onward, and for a year or two afterward I was an amateur photographer, spending most of my spare time in my own well-equipped dark room.

Beatrice was never infected with this passion, and on one occasion it brought us to sharp words. I was in the habit of using the kitchen oven as an adjunct to the darkroom for storage of printing paper and other valuables, and Beatrice turned on the oven (so she said) without looking and destroyed most of 100 sheets of 8 by 10 printing paper.

When R.H. reached 65 he retired, as required by the rules then prevailing. I thought it would be nice to signalize the occasion with pictures of the 30 or so men and women who had worked with

him. So I went the rounds with camera and flash bulbs and took the Bureau's 30 or so heads of sections in characteristic poses. After a lot of dark room work I emerged with a bound book that I presented to Coats at his retirement ceremony.

Given R.H.'s more than friendly treatment of me over five years, it may not be irrelevant to mention that he never had children of his own. I was just about the age to have been his son.

So the Bureau went on--under Herbert Marshall, successor to Coats as Dominion Statistician; we had a new building, and ultimately I was made Assistant Dominion Statistician, My pay had gone up from the initial \$75 a month to nearly \$1,000 a month.

There were always a few ingenious and energetic individuals in the Bureau, even though those qualities were not listed in the specifications of the job. . One was Sidney B. Smith, who on his own was making a compilation of the national accounts, long before it had occurred to anyone else to do it. R.H. Coats had said to me, "Go up and see what Sidney Smith is up to." When I did ask him questions it turned out that his methods were homemade, his definitions not always the same as those officially established internationally after the War.

And because Smith was isolated in Ottawa he knew as little as I did about developments in national accounts in the outside world. All I could report to Coats were Smith's initiative, energy and ingenuity. I am afraid that Sydney Smith and his work were forgotten, and the whole project was started up afresh with personnel newly hired and bypassing Smith, on the model provided by the United States. The executive in charge was Simon Goldberg, who saw that the American model would be adopted worldwide. No discredit to Simon, but this is one of many items in which Canada has somewhat slavishly followed the United States. I myself was party to the same tendency in sampling and other fields.

None of what I say above gives any idea of the enduring contribution Robert H. Coats made to Canada. His monument is the Canadian statistical system and more visibly, a 40 story building that dominates Tunney's Pasture. He was a stubborn and tireless advocate of the consolidation of statistical work of the Federal Government under a single roof. As early as 1915 he wrote a report to this effect on the organization of the Canadian statistical system. He pointed out that statistics were coming out of all corners of the Canadian government; there was no standard of classification, no comparability, no professionalism in the compilations. Coats recommended a unified system that would take the place of this chaos. Unlike the American system, it was to be a centralized arrangement, in which the DBS would collect data on the several industries, would take the Census, would advise the Government on what data were needed and what they would cost. The Government of the day accepted his report. On it has been based the organization of Canadian statistics ever since.

Coats saw the avoidance of duplication, the technical advances that would be possible, and the skilled personnel who could be developed, if the statistical units of all departments were collected together under one roof. The authorities agreed and they were persuaded to embody this idea in the Statistics Act that established the DBS and its successor agency Statistics Canada. That has resulted in a Canadian system arguably the best in the world, all within the framework of Coats's vision. To me the minor eccentricities that I have reported here are merely amusing features of a truly great man.

I said earlier that the DBS was a sleepy bureaucracy in my time. But one exception deserves to be mentioned: the computers in DBS in 1936.

When I joined the DBS some 67 years ago, the electronic computer was not yet on the horizon. The radio had just come into mass use, and it contained vacuum tubes, so that it could be used as a switching device, and be available for computing. Even that was not in sight until such people as Aitken at Harvard (whose lab I visited in the early 1950s), and Eckert and Maughly in a garage in Philadelphia did their work.

But Fernand Belisle, a Franco-Canadian working in the DBS, with not much formal education but plenty of native ingenuity, came on the scene. The tabulation of the Decennial Census had been carried out since before Confederation by clerks who simply counted the number of men and of women, of people of the several ages, and wrote the results on large sheets. One can well imagine the errors so introduced, as well as the cost.

### **A home-grown genius anticipates the computer age**

Fernand Belisle thought of a better way. He experimented with the census data punched on cards, a hole for each category of age, of sex, of years of schooling etc. Then the card was passed between two metal plates with holes for all possible punches. At the moment when the plates closed down on the card and held it firmly a strong puff of air was pushed through the holes that were punched, and the air continued moving through windshield wiper tubing – seemingly miles of it altogether – to a set of simple hand counters sold in sporting goods shops so that athletes could count the numbers of times they went around a track. These counters were arranged on a board just like a huge copy of the punch card and suitably labelled. Finally a camera was set up to photograph the totals once a batch (perhaps for the population of a town, or a rural township) had been run through.

This accomplished the tabulation of the 1936 Census of the Prairie Provinces of Canada. .

The only thing wrong was that the system was very slow. The maximum speed at which it could operate was limited by the inertia of air. The air could only be moved so fast.

So Belisle turned his attention to doing the same thing with an electric circuit. Electricity surely has no appreciable inertia. So he started all over again, with the difference that now wires replaced the tubing, and a circuit breaker was introduced to interrupt the current between cards. That involved a large copper drum, and the flashes--30 times a minute or however fast the cards could be passed through--made the computer room look as though an electric storm with thunder and lightning was passing through it.

By the 1950s International Business Machines (IBM), whose income came from sorters and tabulators, not usually sold but rented to the client, could see the electronic age ahead, and their engineers were set to developing equipment accordingly, but in secret, not wanting to affect their lucrative rentals for the soon-to-be obsolete sorters and tabulators any earlier than was inevitable. As a representative of DBS, a major customer, I discussed this with the people at IBM in Poughkeepsie.

Hermann Hollerith founded the TMC (Tabulating Machine Company) in 1896 that became IBM (International Business Machines) in 1924. No firm has had a more important role in the development of computing. IBM has throughout its history had the largest number of the most creative scientists. It has had a crucial part in the development of computers to the central point they hold in the modern world. Now that computers are old stuff, I can claim that I was a skilled user up to the 1980's, but then they passed me, and I am no better than any other duffer struggling to get along with Windows and MacIntosh.

When after 23 years I left the Bureau, Walter Duffett had just been appointed Dominion Statistician. Walter was sure that it was because I was disappointed in not succeeding to the office of DS. He was wrong. I had affection and respect for Walter, and sincerely thought he was doing a better job than I would have done.

When in 1959 I left the Bureau of Statistics it was to become a Professor at the University of Toronto. I could hardly believe the conditions of academic life, so new and strange--no clock to punch in the morning, disposal of time at the pleasure of the faculty member him-or her-self, the only requirement being to put up to 12 hours of the 24 into solid scholarship. The life was what I had tried to maintain on weekends and holidays when in the civil service; now I was to be doing it full time and actually paid for it.

When Vincent Bladen, a genial English economist and the Dean at the U. of T. called inviting me to join, I accepted with alacrity, in fact I answered on the spot, without any further discussion. My secretary, the very loyal Jean Duffus, commented only "I was afraid this was going to happen."

## 5. THE MAGIC OF BANK STREET AND MY PARENTS, OTTAWA, 1936

My first encounter with Beatrice was at the water cooler of the national statistical office, the Dominion Bureau of Statistics (DBS). It was she who spoke first. Someone was telling me about an adding machine, that being a technology just coming over the horizon, and she intervened, saying "My father has an adding machine." When I showed interest she suggested that I come over and he would show it to me, and she told me the address. I said I would, and promptly forgot the whole matter.

But then a few days later I was walking south on Bank Street shopping for camera film and met Beatrice, who said something like "O you are coming to see me!" I muttered something, and we went on together and then entered the establishment called "Ork's Bakery" at 369 Bank Street that was her family's source of livelihood. Plainly a very small enterprise at best, and in the thirties such a place was always on the edge of bankruptcy. We went past the counters into a back room, windowless, called the office of the bakery, where its accounts were kept, and that was in addition the only available living room for the family.

There the family were sitting down to a tasty dinner, and I was invited to join. For Jews feeding a poor scholar gains one merit, and if there is an unmarried daughter in the family the stranger is doubly welcome.

What gave the place its magic were the people who lived there or who came through. Beatrice's parents were impressive: her father, Henry Orkin, could read and quote from the Hebrew Scriptures and had the long memory required for Talmudic scholarship. He had a fine voice in which he could sing the sacred texts. Her mother, Olga Orkin, spoke five languages and had great knowledge of the countries of Western Europe, having lived most of her youth in Belgium. She had a passion for reading that was almost morbid, and that along with a good memory, generated over the course of years vast knowledge of diverse subjects. Beatrice had the same merit to a point where it was almost a defect. She was occupied in building a poetry anthology whose development to date is now, over sixty years later, published on her web site. I have said of Beatrice as well as of her mother that if there was a Department of Facts in the University they could have a Professorship in it.

Her oldest brother Phil was informed on just about every scientific discovery of the time, especially in biology, and could discourse on them fluently. Her second brother Lionel played the flute, and was well-connected in Ottawa, including among his friends the Dominion Carillonneur and the Master of the Mint. He was the most sociable member of the family. Her youngest brother Mark was distinguished by his ready wit--he ultimately settled down to the practice of law. And Erele Armstrong, a neighbor who was an ardent law student was always ready with a judicial opinion when matters of law were adjudicated at the dining table. Gerald

Rickwood, who had been in my mathematics class at McGill and whose father was a church organist and whose knowledge of music was vast, was a frequent visitor. It was he who had the vision to see that Beatrice and I would make a good match.

When these people conversed I did not notice the lack of windows, or the paint roughly applied, or a rat now and again scampering across the floor. In fact these were positive features, for they made me think of informal scholarly gatherings on the Left Bank in Paris, Stumbling on it in the middle of Ottawa, that in those days was a cultural desert, seemed simply magical, and if Beatrice came out of this family she was certainly worth knowing. Gerald Rickwood encouraged me in this belief. And so started my courtship.



A photo of Nathan and Beatrice Keyfitz (unknown date). Source: [http://www.fields.utoronto.ca/programs/scientific/keyfitz\\_lectures/fienberg.html](http://www.fields.utoronto.ca/programs/scientific/keyfitz_lectures/fienberg.html)

But when my parents came to Ottawa from Montreal and to 369 Bank Street to see what I was up to, they were aghast. My father (like others of his generation entering the United States and Canada about the turn of the century) had painfully worked up from the bottom of the social heap, from a status of penniless immigrant, door to door peddler carrying his stock in a bag on his back. After a lifetime of hard work he had fulfilled the promise of the New World, arrived at secure middle class status, and was proud of having the appurtenances that signify it--starting with the house at 3454 Addington Avenue in Notre Dame de Grace in Montreal.

They felt that they were fitting me out to continue their upward social and economic climb. At some sacrifice they had me dressed properly for school and Sunday School at Temple Emanuel, most of whose members were wealthy citizens of Westmount, and saw me through McGill and otherwise launched on my career. And here I was in danger of falling directly back into the bottom status out of which they had so arduously climbed.

And they (especially my mother) pointed out that I had close friends in Montreal, Pearl Jacobs, daughter of a distinguished lawyer who was starting to make a mark in politics, Sylvia Blumenthal, daughter of an official of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Edith Jacobson, daughter of a manufacturer of office furniture, Beatrice Klineberg, charmingly plump sister of Otto

Klineberg, eminent psychologist working in Paris, Rebecca Ein, lively, freckle-faced and given to telling off-color stories. All these were classed as nice Jewish girls of the best families ("best" meaning well-off). Any one of them would carry the Keyfitz name to new social heights. I liked every one of those girls but did not think of them for marriage. An impartial judge would have judged all of them prettier than Beatrice, who wore glasses and a very plain hairdo, had a nose somewhat out of proportion and other features that distinguish her from beauty queens. Her family's total wealth would have been just pocket money in the families of my Montreal friends.

Why did I land on Beatrice? I was too young to take the choice seriously. Men I have known, less impulsive than myself, held off getting married until they could make a mature judgment. By their thirties, they proceeded cautiously and rationally before such a momentous choice. I can imagine them taking a pencil and paper, making a column for each of the lady candidates available, and in that column listing the pros and cons of each. And almost invariably making a decision based on that listing that affected their whole lives--and often disastrously.

By any "objective" criterion Beatrice was totally unqualified to be my wife, especially in that her education stopped after four years of high-school. I think I can see, long after the fact, what underlay my choice. It has been said that a marriage is the start of a life-long conversation. I seem to have understood that without being consciously aware of it. I now say that what contributes most to a marriage is not sex, not beauty, not wealth, but the partners being well informed, well-read, and capable of carrying on a natural, unaffected, and unselfconscious conversation.

(Incidentally, in only a minority of cases did a girl from the Montreal Jewish community marry a local youth. They almost always married someone from out of town, perhaps a young man they met at summer camp in Maine or Vermont. Was a kind of incest taboo operating here?)

It was in a supremely rational perspective that my parents viewed 369 Bank Street, starting of course from their own preoccupations. They were blind and deaf to the high style of thought and conversation that made for me the romance of the slum premises that Beatrice inhabited. To be fair, after a number of visits my father seemed to get some of the intellectual flavor of 369 Bank Street, or at least reconciled himself to my marrying down, but my mother never did. I suspect they discussed their concerns with their friends, especially with a couple called Wigdor, and there was a good deal of "tsk!, tsk!" as they exchanged evaluations of my eccentric behavior.

One of the things that surprised me about 369 Bank Street was the harmony. People were polite to one another. They listened to one another. Home at 3454 Addington Avenue was not like that at all. It was relatively luxurious with plush furniture in the living room, but it lacked an essential element of gracious living--people being nice to one another.

## **My Courtship and my first car, Ottawa 1937-40**

Eating was a major component of my courtship of Beatrice. In the evening, after I had taken the meager diet provided by Mrs. Kronk on Somerset Street (what could you expect for \$30 per month covering room plus three meals a day?), I regularly wandered up to 369 Bank Street, where as I have said good food and good talk prevailed.

Quite aside from this I would often pass by the Orkin bakeshop and be given a chocolate éclair or a cream puff out of stock.

For Beatrice all this was perfectly natural, but not so for her brother Lionel, who was responsible for the store. I remember once he complained "The stock is going down, but the cash register doesn't ring" that I thought showed a certain selfishness.

In the evening, after a good dinner, Beatrice and I retired upstairs, where there was a couch on which we sat and talked. Nothing more was possible on that couch because it sloped forward and tended to throw one onto the floor. Beatrice explained that her father had disassembled and then reassembled it, and in the process the springs had gotten reversed. Apparently there was no manual on how to put the couch together. In any case, Beatrice said unapologetically, almost boastfully, that her father when putting some new equipment together would first of all throw away the manual. His watchword was "what one fool can do another can" and his constant effort was to make himself independent of the whole world. The rugged individualism to which many a millionaire attributes his fortune, well, Henry Orkin really had it--but it brought him no fortune.

That was the first of the many visits in a courtship that had its ups and downs. At one of the low points on this rocky road I said something like "If we stay in Ottawa you would be a suitable mate for me, but if I go to some bigger place and take a more important job, then you wouldn't do." At this Beatrice said something like "If that is the way you feel then you don't want to marry me, and you can leave right now." The well-chosen answer brought me to my knees, and I apologized and the matter was never mentioned again.

I was lucky to have backed down on that: in the sequel we did travel widely, and wherever we were, on pleasure or on business, Beatrice not only fitted perfectly but was universally admired. Perhaps fitted better than I did!

1937 was the year I bought my first car, a 1929 Chevy; it cost \$200 that I had saved out of my \$75 per month salary between July 1936 and May 1937. It was what was called "closed-in," i.e. with a roof and windows, an innovation when it was marketed, but in 1937 old hat. Its impudently square shape stood out among the streamlined cars that then filled the roads. Notwithstanding its age I thought it would raise my standing with Beatrice--and any other girl

that caught my fancy. Learning how to drive it was no problem--Jimmie Henderson, my roommate at Mrs. Kronk's showed me the gas pedal, the brake pedal, the switch for the lights, and then he accompanied me as I took a short spin. That was sufficient practice driving to get me a driver's license (there was no test in those days). I now owned a car and could drive it legally, and was ready for such affairs of the heart as it would make possible. I took Beatrice on a drive, and promised many more of the same.

One of the girls that pleased me was Elizabeth Carmichael. A pleasant girl indeed, with an entertaining patter spoken in a crisp voice, who worked as editor in the same office as myself. I invited her out for a drive, and a few nights later she invited me to her residence. That car was working just as I had hoped.

She lived in a third story attic room, pretty much separated from the rest of the house, nicely furnished and dimly lit. When I arrived I found her in a strikingly low-cut dress, and I asked myself if she was not moving along a little too fast. I knew that she was engaged to Leslie Smith, a jeweler in Kingston, and I wondered what Beatrice, to whom I was half engaged, would think of all this. So the nearest we came to sex was sitting side by side on her couch and talking,

As to all Americans my car was not only an instrument of courtship, but something more, something deeply symbolic. And I felt it would not be really mine until I had taken it apart and put it together again. (This was among the things about myself that I understood better after my analysis--see below.) So I drove it up onto Mrs. Kronk's front lawn and started to dismantle the engine. First the spark plugs came out, then the pistons, and so on. When Beatrice came over I showed it proudly. She inspected my work, looked right through the engine block, seeing the ground through where the cylinders had been, and then said something like "You will never get it going again." If she was that hard-hearted and cynical before we were married, I thought, what would she be like after?

I am glad to report she was wrong. I put it together and after some struggle it went--kind of. With loud sputtering and backfiring. It was drivable--at least across the road, about 100 feet--where there was a gas station cum garage, and a mechanic, a villainous fellow who cheated me on that and on other occasions. As he worked I began to see the importance of getting the firing order of the cylinders right, something I had regarded as an unnecessary refinement if I had thought about it at all. But my new knowledge of firing order was never to be applied. This one experience fully satisfied my desire to take an engine apart.

I drove the car for another three years, with a trip 20 miles north of Ottawa for our honeymoon and many trips to Montreal, 120 miles east of Ottawa that I did in 4 hours. We suffered a flat tire or engine breakdown every week or two, but that was motoring with a car nearly ten years of age. In those days a car like that might have been bought new for something like \$2,000, driven

for two years by the original owner, driven for 2 or 3 years by the second owner, and so on, steadily dropping in the social and financial class of the owner. I was just about the bottom.

In Montreal I proudly took my father for a drive. Like many of his generation he had never owned a car and probably had not been in one very often. As we went along one of Montreal's smoothly paved and little traveled streets there was a noise, the rear end suddenly dropped down several inches, and the car limped along until I brought it to a stop at the curb. My father thought it was finished. But having had much practice by then, I was able single-handed to jack up the rear end and change to the spare tire. Within less than 10 minutes the car was under way again. My father was deeply impressed. That was the only time in all the years I knew him that he praised something I had done.

There was another occasion when I was able to do something that seemed clever (at least to those who didn't understand what was going on.). On a cold winter day we were driving along a solitary country road, when we came up another old car with a family standing disconsolate around it. I stopped in my usually helpful way. I raised the engine hood and saw that the gas was flowing but presumably there was no spark. I turned to the people around, and asked "Has anyone here a nail file?" Beatrice produced a nail file from her purse, and I scraped away at the points, circuit breakers in the electrical system. Then hopefully I asked the driver to try the engine-he did and it fired. We drove away amid effusive expressions of gratitude. As well as some awe on the part of my wife and children.

That undistinguished car carried some then or later distinguished people. I remember Sir John Boyd Orr, founding Director of FAO, the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations, Richard Stone, English economist and later Nobel Laureate, Richard Wright, author of *Native Son* and *Black Boy*. I was probably the only member of DBS who had heard of them, and I went to some effort to catch them and drive them around so that I could have an hour or two of their company. They after all represented the outside world, where great thoughts came from and where great deeds were done. I took Richard Wright up the Gatineau Valley so he could look into the possibility of living there--thinking that Canada would be better for a Black than the United States, but in the end he settled in Paris.. I would wait for such people in the car while they called on senior government officials or did other business. A chance to talk to such people while driving them was the only return I expected for my trouble. They were voices from the civilized world.

The car had a recurrent problem, not serious but decidedly annoying. Going along the highway the engine would without warning lose power and the car would come to a stop. I learned to diagnose the problem: the gas tank was dirty, and every now and again enough dirt accumulated to block the fuel line to the cylinders.

"After all," it was explained to me, "an engine is very simple. It needs gas, and it needs a spark to ignite the gas. If either one is missing there is no power," Then what to do to get the gas flowing again? Pump it out so that it would carry away the dirt that was blocking it. And the most conveniently available pump was my mouth. I sucked out the fuel pipe, trying to swallow as little of the gas as possible. All this happened eight to ten times. Since then I have read that gasoline is decidedly not wholesome, in fact is a deadly poison. Like so many other crazy things I have done in my life I got away with it. Indeed enough to be worth a segment of this memoir with that title--Some Crazy things (See below)

After three years of more or less faithful service our Chevy came to an inglorious end. It was customary in those days to put one's car up for the winter, and I parked mine in an old covered space behind Ork's Bakery. As a son-in-law I took for granted this and many other privileges. In the winter of 1940 the roof was covered with more than the usual load of ice, and it collapsed, crushing the top of our Chevy down flat. Beatrice, surveying the wreckage said that it looked like a top hat that had been run over by a truck. But the engine and transmission were intact, and when the wreckage was cleared away it was drivable. I found a buyer for the corpse at \$25, cash in hand. The last we saw of our Chevy was its square rear end rounding a corner as it left on its own power.

This was life in the Thirties during the Depression. It shows how the Depression gave new meaning to the idea of the ancient Greeks that life is a constant struggle, an endless series of challenges, of puzzles. . Depression called on individual ingenuity-

For one who loves problems, it was a happy time.

This is not to argue for a Depression--far from it--but simply to assert that for people who seek life, and not merely money, happiness does not follow the course of the Dow Jones Index.

### **The wedding and honeymoon, Ottawa, October 8, 1939**

We traveled the rocky road of courtship for three years. That was the length of time it took for me to resolve the numerous doubts I had about committing myself to anyone for life, taking financial responsibility for another person. (Married women rarely worked in those far-off days, and in any case there were no jobs to be had.) With doubts still remaining we nonetheless were married on October 8, 1939. That was followed by 63 years of happy union and by now the last remaining doubts have been resolved.

My future in-laws paid for the wedding by selling the calf, whose name was Greta. It was a wrench to dispose of poor Greta, but there was no other way of paying for the License, the Rabbi, and the food and drink for the reception. The calf had just been born; if the birth had been

delayed, the wrench of losing what had become a family pet would have been less and they could have raised the money by selling , or at least mortgaging, the unborn and unnamed calf.

I was married in my office suit--a new suit was out of the question. Beatrice, however, did not consider her office dress suitable, and she bought a green dress. That is to say she put down \$1, and still owed \$7.50, which was to be paid at \$1 per week. But she had scruples about putting an unpaid dress on her back, and somehow was able to raise the \$6.50 due in time for the wedding.

We lived at the time with the Orkin family on the Metcalfe Road, in a half-finished house being built by my father-in-law with help from his youngest son Mark. It was plainly unsuitable for the wedding, being both too far away from Ottawa, and too conspicuously incomplete. The bakery at Bank Street was unsuitable for other reasons. Fortunately my father-in-law was able to arrange the loan for one afternoon of a relative's rumpus room, and my parents came up from Montreal for the occasion. The occasion was newsworthy to the point of attracting the attention of the Ottawa Citizen. When we told the Citizen reporter that the bride had worn a green dress and the decor of the room was blue, he said that green doesn't go with blue, and wrote that the decor was green. So much for objective reporting.

There must have been about 15 people for the wedding. The cake had been made and decorated with loving care by Lionel. The wine was poured and drunk with many toasts by the bride, groom, friends and relatives. When the groom (me) had finished his drink he put the glass on the floor and stamped on it. An old Jewish custom--presumably symbolizing the deflowering of the bride which was shortly to come.

After the wedding we escaped in our 1929 Chevy, dragging the required array of tin cans and other noise-making material. We went to a cottage about 20 miles north that we had rented for a week. There for the first time we came closer together than holding hands. It was a brilliant start for the subsequent 63 years--the joy of union more than offset the steady rain, the mud, the damp cottage.

After about three days we found that we had run down our inventory of food so that little more than a tin of beans and a couple of potatoes were left, tastefully displayed in the middle of the rough wooden table in the rustic cabin. Half of the week for which we had paid was still unexpired, but nonetheless we packed everything back into the Chevy.

We had parked the car at the top of a hill that would spin the engine for a start. But the slope had become too slippery to take hold on our treadless second hand tires. However with some pushing from behind by the local Quebec police, the engine fired, and we sneaked back into town and into the modest basement apartment in the Tweedsmuir Bldg. on King Edward Avenue that was to be our home for the next year. There in isolation we completed the week of honeymooning.

At the end of the week, when we were scheduled to return, we called our friends and relatives, and started regular married life. That consisted for me in going to work in the old DBS, for Beatrice after a short period of work in the Children's Aid, and for Dr. Burke in Health and Welfare, in cooking and (regularly from 10:00 to 1:00 p.m.) listening to the trials and tribulations of Ma Perkins, Big Sister, The Right to Happiness and others in radio soap operas.

There I had a darkroom and did photography with an old-style second-hand camera that had a handsome large lens. One pushed a coated glass plate through a slot, focussed with a little wheel, exposed for a number of seconds (fewer if one could bring more light on the subject).

I remember Lionel trying to get Loolie-Poolie, a short-haired yellow cat, to sit for a portrait. I remember also a one-eyed nondescript cat called Vulcan, a valiant and fearless rat-catcher, while other cats were afraid of the rats. So much for the history of the Orkin cats.

## 6. BARBARA LEE KEYFITZ, OTTAWA, 1944-

To start at the beginning, 5 years and one month after our marriage, at 7:00 a.m. on the morning of November 7, 1944, Beatrice started having labor pains; I took her to the hospital and the pains continued all day; until at 7:15 pm she came out of the anesthetic. The first time I saw Barbara was an hour after she was born, and it seemed to me then, and still seems to me, that her pink-cheeked face, fresh from the womb, was the most beautiful sight I had ever gazed on. I went about for days enraptured with that vision.

November 7, 1944 happened to be Election Day and the first thing Beatrice asked was "Was Roosevelt re-elected?" We explained that she had only been under anaesthetic for the last five minutes, and the polls were still open. Then she asked "Is it a boy or a girl?" Late that evening we heard that for the fourth and last time Franklin Roosevelt was elected President. A second item of good news, but much less important.

The next time that I recall was mid-December, 1944 when we were sending out end-of-year greetings and family news. I snapped a picture of Barby (now aged six weeks) in her cradle, and made copies which we mailed out to relatives and friends. We had more than one comment (including from Dr. Dunning who had delivered her) on a baby that so precociously flashed a smile at the age of six weeks.

Two years after that her speech was fairly advanced. She said Teewies for cherries, I remember her being carried about by her doting grandfather and looking at a picture by Henri Rousseau of a gypsy being sniffed by a lion, saying "Nyum nyum dippy" meaning that the gypsy would make a tasty meal for the lion.

Then in due course she began speaking in sentences as in "It was ten o'clock and Brenda was not yet furious." And the climax of this progression was reached when she began telling stories to Rob. Alas we have none of these on record. Once when we were in Cantley for the summer I set a tape recorder under her bed, and caught that night's story in full. But alas the tape has been lost.

When Robert came she didn't like the competition for the family's attention, and kept saying from her crib "Wobut is bozzering me". She subsequently referred to him not as her little brother, but as her little brother. Once she seized Robert's cloth doll and threw it down the stairs.

The two got along well on the whole, though there was always a healthy rivalry between them for the ears of adults, especially their parents. And because Robert always found himself handicapped as a second arrival at the dinner table, he developed a sharp wit, a capacity to say things that would make the adults laugh. Now at the age of 56 he retains that cleverness of speech--a capacity that must often relieve the tension of a hard-working office. (We noticed the

same thing in the children of Antonio Golini, two boys of whom the younger was the witty talker, the older more silent.)

Both children were precocious readers. That was following their mother, who in turn closely resembles her mother. If there was a corn flakes box on the table neither one could take their eyes off the text on it.

This high value set on text must go back many generations; Jews have always been people of the Book. The Bible is as deeply symbolic to Jews as the Cross is to Christians. And in a secular age attention shifts from the bible to any worthwhile book.

Barby was always very decisive: she knew from the start that mathematics was the most difficult subject in the curriculum and so it was the one she wanted. She never deviated from that path, following math in high school, in college, in graduate school.

An incident in her third year at the University of Toronto gives the picture. There is an annual Putnam Competition for the whole continent and winning it is not only an honor in itself but gives access to the best graduate schools. The University of Toronto, like all other colleges, had the right to present a team of three students, which it did. They did not include Barby. She looked into the rules and found that she could enter as an individual, independently of the University. She entered and placed higher than two of the three members of the team. The story is on a plaque at the U. of T. to this day. It is no credit to a Department that did not believe a woman could make it.

Barbara's ability and determination showed up again at a later stage. She applied for graduate training at the Courant Institute at New York University, and was admitted and awarded an assistantship to support her. But other students, who seemed less able, were given fellowships, with no obligation to teach. She buttonholed the great mathematician Richard Courant (1888-1972) himself, Director of the Institute, told him her story, and asked for a fellowship. Courant answered that if she did well in the first semester, she would have it. She did.

Once she had her doctorate Barbara was appointed Assistant Professor at Columbia, then at Princeton. At Princeton she met a fellow teacher, Terry Quinn, and in due course they fell in love and were married.

I went for a walk with Terry and identified him as one of those people who get their pleasure out of tearing down others, especially the person with whom they are talking at the moment. This destroyer type is not all that uncommon in our society. My sister Amy married one. I said little, figuring that Barby would be able to dominate Terry. I was wrong.

We put on a fine wedding. I was at the University of California at the time, and since that would be too far for most of the guests we had in mind, I arranged for the ceremony to take place at the Ritz Carleton hotel in Montreal. We paid the travel of the groom and his family and put up a number of other guests at the hotel, engaged Rabbi Stern, who was the Rabbi at the Temple Emanuel where I had gone to Sunday School and who confirmed, me, to conduct the ceremony. Everything went well. Terry's father made a speech saying what an honor it was to be related to our distinguished family. That Terry was not Jewish did not seem a burden for the happy pair to carry.

Barbara's marriage started well, but three or four years into it dark shadows appeared. I had joined Harvard, and was about to spend a summer teaching at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor. We were driving from Cambridge to take up the post and there were four of us in the car-- Beatrice and Barbara in front, Hertha Georg, our friend from Frankfurt, and myself in the rear. And Barbara was full of the sad story of the breakup. Apparently Terry had found a young lady (or she had found him) and was leaving Barbara for good. It was all over with her marriage. She talked about it all the way to Ann Arbor, then for another three weeks. After that she said "I am not going to live this way", changed her name from Quinn back to Keyfitz, and not once since has she ever mentioned Terry.

A friend of ours responded to exactly the same problem--of being left by her husband for a woman he found more attractive--some twenty years ago. And she still lives with that memory day by day. She retains the name of the former husband, and still refers to him every now and again.

Barbara lived singly, dated a number of young men, then met Martin Golubitsky, and they saw from the start that they are just right for each other. Instead of destroying, he is constructive, a constant support in mathematics and in everything else. With him she has found some degree of fame. She is apparently not as original and imaginative a mathematician as Marty, but she is better at organizing. She has been considered for a Deanship at one or two major universities, but the difficulty is that institutions are usually trying to fill one spot at a time. So it looks as though the pair will continue to live in Houston, fourth largest city in the U.S. and next only to New York and San Francisco in its cultural attractions.

Meanwhile the Golubitsky's have two wonderful children. We are lucky that one, Elizabeth, lived for over three years right here in Cambridge. She is a computer professional, but that is the least of the reasons why we were glad she was here. She has a charming presence, a great sense of humor, is knowledgeable in science. Perhaps these qualities have some relation to her having studied at Swarthmore. She still feels close to Swarthmore and has often gone there to attend one event or another.

The second child of Barbara and Marty is Alex. Alex has always lived a long way from us and so the occasions on which we have seen him have been very few, perhaps less than half a dozen altogether. . He was smart enough to get admitted to the highly selective Reed College in Portland, Oregon, from which he is now graduating and thinking about what to do next. His strength has always been collecting facts, and storing them in his head. .,

He is not one to make quick decisions. Very much the opposite of his mother who is one of the most decisive people I know. Keeping all possibilities in play for as long as possible is Alex's style, in this as in other decisions he has to face. However he is now settling on taking a J.D. that will allow him to practice law, simultaneously with a Ph. D. that will enable him to teach. He has a friend, Elena whose parents were sufficiently impressed to take him to Europe when they went a couple of years ago. Elena herself is a student of literature, and presumably plans to teach it someday.

And now for another view of the same subject. Beatrice has written her recollection of November 7, 1944 and the days that followed in a letter to me:

## 7. ROBERT NORMAN KEYFITZ, OTTAWA, 1947-

Robert was born more quickly than Barbara. Beatrice's pains started at 12 o'clock midnight on January 20, 1947 and at 4:20 a.m. Rob showed up. He was lovable from the very start; had the kind of personality that people just take to. After a childhood that paralleled Barbara's he went on to a more varied and colorful career than most young people, even in these turbulent times. When I was on the faculty of the University of Chicago he enjoyed the privilege of attending, starting with the famous Laboratory School, an experimental secondary institution. He was in the last year of high school, and in that year he acted in Shaw's Pygmalion. I remember as clearly as yesterday his manly appearance on the stage as he acted the part of Alfred Doolittle.

Rob then went on to the University of Chicago proper, taking courses in economics, political science, philosophy and other fields from some great teachers--economist Jacob Viner, philosopher Richard McKeon, anthropologist Robert Redfield--but after his first year he wrote few exams and ended with 13 incompletes. So no degree.

But though he was not a great academic success at the University of Chicago, he was active and very successful on another front. A surprising and yet in the end joyful feature of Barbara's first wedding was the news from Dorothea Kline, one of the guests, with whom Robert had been intimate, that she was pregnant, and a few months later Benjamin Anderson was born. He was essentially brought up single-handed by Dottie, at the same time as she pursued her studies. We recognized her as our beloved daughter-in-law from the beginning, and admired her heroic work in bringing up Ben while she stubbornly drove towards a professional career. She looks soft, a pushover, but she concentrates on what is important and achieves it however long it takes.

Ben is now well into his career. He is with a substantial accounting firm in Texas, head of the Trusts Department, and working very hard. He had a long term companion, Laurel, and they were married in 2003. Of all our relatives, none is more persevering in seeking out good causes to support. I recall when he went down to Mexico to encourage the trade union movement in that country.

Robert had just enough certification to be accepted into the first year at the University of Waterloo. Not as famous as the U. of Chicago, but right for Robert in imposing the supervision and monitoring that he needed. With his B.A. in economics, he went on to McGill for an M.A. and there did well enough to be awarded a fellowship of the Canadian Government for study at the London School of Economics. After five years of study and coaxing by his supervisor he completed a doctoral dissertation and was awarded the Ph.D. By this time he was the most educated person I know.

Given all that, it was disappointing both to him and to us that he could find no suitable employment on his return to Canada. He went out to British Columbia and there worked at planting trees. He got in with some hippies, but soon found them and their way of life disgusting. Then for a while he was lost to us--we had no phone number, no address, all very disturbing for a pair of loving parents.

Then, about the middle of 1972 he came to the surface. There is such a dramatic, I should say an epic, quality in his reappearance that you should know it in detail. I was lecturing in Santiago de Chile, and out of the picture, so his reappearance was experienced by Beatrice alone. Here is her story.

### **The return of Robert**

It all happened within the last few days we were to spend in Berkeley.

We had bought a house at 73 Edgemoor Road in Belmont MA--I had seen it once on our trip to Cambridge to look over and be looked over by Harvard; we made the owners an offer by mail which they had accepted. All I could remember of it was that it was old and unrenovated but in good condition, had a nice corner lot with some trees and a hedge, and in the light of some awful houses we had looked at in Cambridge could almost be described as attractive. As usually seemed to happen whenever we were moving from one place to another far away, Nathan was somewhere else, I think this time in Santiago, Chile, if that's the long skinny country on the west coast of South America.

In any case, I was alone in 510 The Alameda, busy packing. I had no idea where Robert might be at that time. The bitter 60s were still in swing, though the tide of Rebellious Youth was no longer at the full. We had managed to maintain as much contact with Robert as was possible--we knew he was discouraged, humiliated perhaps, by his lack of material success, the breakdown of his union with Dottie, and the general dilapidation of the Youth Movement. In any case, the last address we had from him was in Vancouver BC where he had a job planting trees, and the last news was that now that the rains had started (did they ever stop in British Columbia?) the job was coming to an end. What worried me was that once I departed from 510 The Alameda all contact with Robert would be broken.

So I called Western Union and had a friendly chat with an employee who assured me that there was no problem to sending a reply-paid telegram to Rob's last address and that they would let me know if they couldn't send it.

The instant I hung up the phone it rang again. I picked it up sadly, and heard Robert's voice, the familiar "Hi, Muh."

Where was he? My brain still reels when I think of it. He was in Berkeley. Not knowing where we were, he had spent his last quarter on a phone call. How did he get there? Nothing to it. Deciding to leave Vancouver, he had picked up a ride with a friendly but tired truck driver who, strictly against the rules and perhaps against the law as well, faced with a night-long drive to Los Angeles, had decided to give a lift to any reasonably honest-looking citizen who knew how to drive a truck. The only condition he made was that his passenger, once he demonstrated that he could take over, should let him sleep.

So here was Robert, sitting on a park bench at the bottom of University Street.

Before hastening to his rescue, I took the time to call Western Union to cancel my telegram. The friendly operator, we were practically old pals by now, was much amused. "We try to give service," he said, "but it's not usually this fast."

Two days later, having seen all the furnishings of 510 The Alameda packed into a van with loving care and reassurances that turned out not to have all that much validity (but that's another story) Rob and I started out for the East.

Then in Toronto he had various jobs that did not seem to carry him very far, until the Canadian Government offered him a post in the foreign aid effort it was providing to Kenya. There he had an exciting four years, and most important of all, there he married, a marriage that has provided the previously missing stability to his life.

## 8. REVOLUTIONARIES AND OTHERS IN PRE-WAR OTTAWA, 1936-1959

I would like to present to the readers of this memoir some of the characters whom we knew in Ottawa in the 1930s and 1940s.

They were all in different degrees on the political left. Why do I say that? They favored old age pensions; people who had spent their lives in work that benefited the nation ought to be supported when they reach 65. That did not come to the United States until much later. And also family allowances, in the form of a check addressed to the mother each month, for each child under age 16. It costs money to raise those children, and when they mature those children will support the national economy; the nation should therefore help raise them. That has not yet come to the United States, and very likely never will.

The people I refer to represented as wide a spectrum as youth in the Canadian population itself. On the extreme left was Arthur Saunders, an actuary, working in the office of the Superintendent of Insurance. Then there was Charlie Holmes, a graduate of the University of Toronto in literary studies, and when we knew him an official of the Civil Service Commission that has the function of ensuring that appointments to the civil service be determined by competence and not by political party membership. Surprisingly, it was moderately effective in that assignment; it was uncorrupted by being itself appointed by agreement of the main parties.

Still moving from left to right, there was myself, followed by Ted Fellows, a forester, whose mother, Alice Fellows, was a small and gracious English woman with peppery views on everything, and a wonderful pianist with whom Beatrice, a violinist, used to play duets. I will never forget having her years later in our apartment in Toronto, and Barby, much bigger and sitting high above her on the couch, in a very sponsoring and protective posture, as charmed by her as we were.

Then there was Iz Halperin, who taught mathematics at the University of Toronto, with whom I did not discuss politics, but only technical matters like the effect of prior knowledge on a bet, and who patiently explained other laws of probability to me on our walks.

And never to be forgotten was George Luxton, clearly a better thinker and more knowledgeable than any one of those mentioned, whose advice was sought by the highest levels in the civil service, people like Bob Bryce in the Department of Finance, Alex Skelton in External Affairs, Rasminski and Bob Beattie of the Bank of Canada. Through such people the Civil Service was in contact with the Government and they were much consulted by Ministers. They were high enough that none of our group would have any work contact with them (though I did a Bulletin in 1950 called "Canada at the Mid Century" in close collaboration with Alex Skelton.) and even

less would we meet them socially. But we did have vicarious contact with them through George Luxton.

Alas George Luxton had tuberculosis, before the day when it could be treated with antibiotics, and he died before reaching 30. In his last hours I and others of his friends were admitted into his sickroom one at a time to say good bye. Those five minutes I spent with him were the saddest in my life.

Then the war broke out, and soon after we had the Gouzenko affair. Gouzenko, a renegade Russian, perhaps thinking to curry favor with his new masters, declared that the Soviet Embassy had been in contact with various Ottawa citizens. Included was Iz Halperin. When the RCMP apprehended Iz he clammed up. Whatever they asked he answered "I have nothing to say". Since the authorities were not prepared to refer the matter to the courts they just sent him home.

Quite different was the case of Kathleen Willsher, working in the British Embassy. Lacking the steady nerves of Iz Halperin, when she was approached she was vague enough to give the impression that Gouzenko was right, She got three years in prison for no crime that any reputable person could specify. She suffered a serious miscarriage of justice just for being too soft under interrogation. An example of what war fever can do to justice.

Very much part of our group was Herbert Norman, later to play a tragic role in Canadian history. His biography is given below, and in much more detail in a film made by the Canadian Film Board. (When I last tried to obtain it, it was one of the few NFB films not sold in the United States. Why?)

### **E. Herbert Norman: The man who might have been, Ottawa, 1910-1956**

Herb, another graduate of the University of Toronto, had come to Ottawa at an entrance level of the Department of External Affairs. We got to know him well, along with his charming wife Irene. He had made himself an authority on Japan. Born in Kyoto, son of missionaries, he spoke, read and wrote Japanese well. Our friend Charlie Holmes, who had been in his college class at the University of Toronto, introduced us. (Charlie admired him, just as he disliked Northrop Frye, another classmate and a world famous literary critic.)

Herb rose in the Department of External Affairs, and after some lesser experience abroad, was appointed Canadian Ambassador to Egypt. When the United States, with the phobia then prevalent, declared him a Communist, the Canadian Government asked the Royal Canadian Mounted Police to investigate. The RCMP (never accused of being soft on Communism) investigated thoroughly and gave Herb a clean bill of political health. He was not a Communist though he knew some Communists as did most liberals, and was totally trustworthy. The RCMP,

like the FBI a national police force, were as suspicious of Communism as anyone in Washington and on such a matter were above suspicion of bias.

It was 1956, and negotiations were going on between Israel and Egypt, with the United States hoping to arrange a peace. But Herb Norman had established excellent relations with the Egyptian President, Gamal Abdal Nasser, whom he convinced of the advantages of Canadian peace-keeping troops in the Sinai. It was at that point that the spectre of Herb's totally imaginary communism was dragged up in Congress. Herb was sensitive enough that the charges demoralized him and on April 4, 1957 he committed suicide by jumping from a rooftop. He was 47 years of age. His ashes are laid to rest next to the tomb of the poet Shelley in the Protestant cemetery in Rome. The reasons why he committed suicide are still being debated.

The NFB movie has him speaking through an actor: "I am too tired of it all. The forces against me are too formidable, even for an innocent man. And it is better to go now than to be forever pelted with mud."

And after his death his best friend, Moryuama Masao wrote: "If Herbert Norman, who so loved the good in men, and who had such faith in the power of reason to persuade men, has ended his short life in the midst of fanaticism and prejudice and intolerance, what should we do--we who remain behind?"

The State Department had its way and could do its work with no risk of being put in the shadow of the Canadian Embassy.

Herbert Norman was a Canadian diplomat in the best British tradition, in which representatives of the nation abroad are professional diplomats--with university training in history or languages or other relevant discipline, knowing or capable of quickly learning, the history, culture and language of the country to which they are accredited.

The British tradition of democracy includes a neutral public service, working for whatever party is in power. This is not the American way. As a Canadian I was surprised and shocked when I learned that the head of the U.S. Bureau of the Census need know nothing of statistics, but did need to have done service to the party in power.

The Canadian Film Board, a distinctively Canadian institution, held great attraction for us. Its offices were a block away from the DBS, and we came to have close friends in the CFB. They included Margaret-Ann Adamson (by subsequent marriage Lady Elton), Guy Glover, and Norman MacLaren, the latter a highly original maker of films directly drawn on the celluloid, and at an evening party in Margaret-Ann's apartment I even met John Grierson, guru of documentary film, visiting from England.

During the war Enid Charles, wife of Lancelot Hogben, came to Canada with her son David Hogben and many other seekers of refuge from England. R.H. Coats, who knew her book "The Twilight of Parenthood," found a spot for her in the DBS. She was cordially disliked by the old-timers in the Bureau, who had worked up to wherever they were, partly because she stepped in at a fairly high rank, partly because she was a graduate of Cambridge, partly because she smoked a great deal and with a long cigarette holder, partly because they saw her attitude as supercilious. She was actually not English but Welsh, though by a scholarship to Cambridge she had learned to speak like any other Cambridge graduate. Few if any miner's daughters in Wales had accomplished such a thing. . Yet in a sense her heart remained in Wales-I remember her telling me how she wept on watching "How Green was my Valley", even though by the time she came to Canada she had an eminent career as demographer and publicist behind her.

I did see Enid from time to time over the succeeding 30 or more years. Once was when I was in London I took a train to Birmingham where I was to have dinner with her and Lancelot Hogben. I was there at the appointed time, but there was no Lancelot. After a time we sat down to eat and were nearly finished when he came in, more than a little cheered by drink. He immediately turned to me and attacked my work as using the fallacious ideas of R.A. Fisher. I had no chance to clear myself of the charge. And then some years later I saw her in Calcutta. And in between we kept up a correspondence.

One of the people she introduced us to was Robert Herdman Pender, an Irish Catholic with a lovely brogue, and a way of clasping and unclasping his hands as he talked, also here for the war, and a Captain in the Intelligence Branch of the Army. He spoke accent-free German and excellent French. The War of 1914-8 had caught him in Germany as a student, and he was taken prisoner. The imprisonment was far from harsh; he was allowed to have books, and even heard lectures from older prisoners who were academics, then could write the examinations of the University of London. The site of the imprisonment was the Berlin race track, and the shelters, the former stables, now cleaned up, surrounding the track. When it began to get cold in the autumn of 1914 and no provision having been made for heating, those responsible found a disused locomotive, and they put a pipe from its boiler through the stalls that formed a circle around the track, ending back at the locomotive.

Pender was a pianist of a kind, and he and Beatrice played duets. While his playing gave only mild pleasure to the audience (ourselves) it put Pender into a state of positive bliss.

In the same way that Pender thought of himself as a pianist he thought of himself as a philosopher. While very much of Catholic religion (though not observing) he put an extra twist on Christianity, decidedly unofficial. For him God was a name for the society as a whole. Whenever the Bible spoke of God it was really referred to the spirit of the society in question-

whether Catholic, Jewish, or Muslim. And a second proposition: without a name nothing could exist as a social object. For me at the time this was very sophisticated reasoning, the height of intellectual life.

When we got back to Ottawa after 10 months away, our friends hardly knew us, nor we them. Pender was clearly neither a pianist nor a philosopher, though still a very nice guy. And we dared to argue with our Marxist friends along lines that were quite unacceptable.

But on to study at the University of Chicago that changed me so drastically.

### **Study at the University of Chicago, Chicago, 1942-3**

One day in 1941 as I was walking down the hall in the old DBS I met Dr. John Robbins, head of Education Statistics, a quiet-spoken man whom I admired from my very first meeting with him. He was well connected in foundation circles, knew who was who in that (to me mysterious) world where vast sums of money are dispensed for educational purposes. We stopped for a moment to talk, and then he said in his low flat voice that it might be useful for me to get a doctorate. He had been talking to Professor William Ogburn, head of the Sociology Department at the University of Chicago, and there was a fellowship going. He suggested that I write a letter introducing myself to Ogburn, and see what happened. I wrote a page or two, and almost immediately received a letter awarding me the fellowship, funded by the Carnegie Foundation, that would pay me \$2,500 for a year of study towards the doctorate.

So on May 30, 1942, Beatrice and I got off the Ottawa-Toronto-Detroit-Chicago train at Dearborn Station, having sat up all night, intending to go out to the University about 15 miles west of the loop and register. But it turned out to be a holiday, Memorial Day, unknown in Canada, and everything was closed.

We found a hotel and walked around the Loop, found the Field Museum, slept some and so passed the day. The following day we went out to the campus, met Professor Ogburn, scion of an old cotton planting family in Georgia, truly an aristocrat. I saw much of him in later months, and could never talk to him without thinking of the different social levels of our respective ancestors, something that I am sure never entered his mind. He will reappear later in these notes.

Among my teachers was Herbert Blumer, social psychologist, student of George Herbert Mead, a pragmatist philosopher, and himself as much philosopher as sociologist. Also Louis Wirth, student of German sociology, and author of a celebrated book on the manner of life of the immigrant Jewish community of Chicago. His ancestry must have been about the same as mine, and we did not get along at all well, mostly because I was quantitative and mathematical, and he

was on the side of descriptive sociology. His book, *The Ghetto*, about the Jewish quarter of Chicago, is still in print.

### **Abortion as big business**

Then there was Ernest Burgess, a workmanlike scholar with good connections with the police. He transferred to me the records of an abortionist that the police had just closed up, and asked me to do a term paper on this data.

The data were an eye-opener. At that time abortion was strictly against the law--there was a sentence of 10 years in the penitentiary for doing one. Yet on the sixth floor of the State Lake building, mostly occupied by respectable businesses, was a large enterprise, founded and operated by Dr. Josephine Gabler, doing thousands of abortions year by year. The details of its working fascinated me. It did not get an appreciable amount of business from the passing trade within the Building. But it had a large number of agents, who visited beauty parlors and other establishments--any place where a woman was likely to say to her operator "I am in trouble..." and the operator would be able to say "Just take this card down to the address shown." It was the calling card of Dr. Gabler, and on its reverse side the beauty parlor operator or other, would write a code for what she guessed was the income of the woman in trouble. When the woman looked in at the suite on the 6th floor, the receptionist would take the card, turn it over, and say an amount that could be as high as \$300 or as low as \$25; the money would be turned over, the receptionist would anesthetize the woman and wheel her into a cubicle. No receipt was given, and she never saw the doctor who performed the abortion.

Inside the cubicle was a young beginning doctor (in the depression there were plenty of doctors willing to increase their income by a stint of a few hours doing abortions). Through much practice at the curetting used they became highly skilled, and there were not many casualties among their patients.

But now and again an angry husband or brother would call up and threaten the law on Josephine Gabler, the owner of the enterprise. For these cases a special private hospital was maintained on the edge of the city that sent an ambulance to pick up the woman and after treatment sent her home cured.

But there were a few cases in which the worst came to the worst and the woman died. For those a death certificate would be made out by a respectable doctor, and the woman would be provided with a funeral and burial.

Notwithstanding the rare mishap the place was recognized by respectable doctors as high quality, and they often referred their patients to Dr. Gabler's clinic.

Since everyone knew about this business--it required publicity to keep the supply of women coming--there had to be payoffs--to everyone from the cop on the beat all the way up to the state attorney's office.

As a young student from Ottawa I could only think "How well these Americans are organized."

What brought the whole enterprise to an end was a policeman at the low end of the payoff hierarchy. Thinking he was not getting his cut; he went to the Gabler apartment, and in the altercation with her drew his service revolver and fired it. By a sheer accident it hit and killed Gabler's daughter.

That was too much for the public, even in Chicago, and the outcry was such that the police regretfully closed the establishment and so through Professor Burgess I got my data.

Not the least of the educational advantages of the (uncertain) year in graduate school were our living arrangements. We spent a month or two in apartments with spiders and cockroaches, and then there was relief. I let Beatrice tell the story of

### **Concord House**

Our introduction to life in a students' co-op came about through a fellow student of Nathan's named Barbara Weiss. We had arrived in Chicago on Columbus Day 1942, and found through the University of Chicago's Housing Office a small apartment in a large building on Ellis Avenue. It was furnished minimally but adequately, and was reasonably clean except for a heavy infestation, mainly in the bathroom, of some small insects thitherto unfamiliar to me.

Cockroaches I knew from early days at 369 Bank and was happy enough not to find them in our new home. Each morning we flushed them down the bathtub drain before taking a shower. (Our fellow tenants, a few dozen of them, seemed to spend much of their time sitting on the sidewalk in front of the building listening to the World Series games on the radio. No TV in those lovely far-off days.)

Barbara, a delightful girl with a strong New York accent, took pity on our age and decrepitude (youth had not yet acquired its mistrust of anyone over 30--an age we were rapidly approaching)--and urged us to consider a move to Concord House, a students' co-op on Hyde Park Boulevard where she lived.

Everything she told us about it was attractive including the expense, which I seem to remember as about \$100 per month meals included. We accepted her invitation to dine there and see how we liked it.

We liked it enough to move in within a few days. Concord House, the name the students had given it, was actually a double house, half of it built late in the 19th century by a stockbroker who had built or bought it as a single for his bride and later had a mirror image of it attached for their only child, a daughter, when she married some years later. I think they had all three completed their lives at 5200 Hyde Park Blvd. If they had left any descendants we never found out. The houses were scheduled to be torn down to make room for a high rise apartment building, plans that were held in abeyance because of the war. Meanwhile the building was rented for enough to cover the taxes, and a small group of enterprising graduate students, was in possession. Their leading spirit was a young widow, Virginia Satterlee (Ginny), of an old Quaker family. One who became prominent in later life as an economist and social scientist was Bert Hoselitz, a wartime refugee from Austria. Most were graduate students at the University of Chicago, a few were young working people.

At this distance I no longer recall many details of how the house was run. There was a small governing board, chiefly consisting of Ginny who was no longer a student, Ellis Jump (always called Jay), in his last year in the School of Dentistry, Bob Overstreet, a non-student who was produce manager of a co-op supermarket grocery, and John and Miriam (Micky) Brush, who in later life became well-known geographers at Rutgers. . All in all, the inhabitants were about 27. Their names now echo faintly in my memory, though once I could have named them all: Lois Lacroix, Hal Holbrook, Faith Frampton, Edna something, Helen Mary Forbush, Gunhild Gustafson, Berthold Hoselitz. There was another Canadian, a girl from Nova Scotia. Oh, and Susie Mize with dark brown curly hair, who came from a town in the Deep South called Macedonia. Where are they now?

With our introductory dinner, for which we were charged \$2 for the two of us and which we found acceptable if not brilliant, we had apparently passed some kind of admittance test and were invited to move in. The idea of the board was that there should be a married couple in each house, chaperons with no precise supervisory duties, occupying the one large double bedroom that had a bathroom attached. Otherwise there was one more bathroom on each side with some rules for use which I have forgotten. It was considered very bad form indeed to take an unauthorized bath in someone else's time without permission.

One reason we were so quickly approved for membership seems to have been that the married couple in residence in our half of the house had been called away for reasons military or otherwise, so that the right-hand house lacked whatever supervision it should have had. A difficulty immediately arose. The right-side room and bath was officially unoccupied, but another member, a sad girl named Edna, had moved into it. I have forgotten, but I think her fiancé who had once expected to share it with her, was a war casualty. We were therefore lodged temporarily in a largish bedroom in the left-hand house while the board proposed to fight it out

with Edna who did not want to move. Part of her argument was that there was a leak in the cold water tap of the bathtub so that she invariably finished her weekly bath sitting in three inches of cold water. We knew nothing of this rannygazoo when we moved in, and as soon as we found out we refused to dislodge that poor sad girl and said we were satisfied with such bathing facilities as were available to us. There was a considerable flap about which we were kept in the dark, but we stood firm, our main ground being that there were victims of the Nazi invasion of Poland who were living in hollow trees in the snow, and having to share a bathroom with ten or so other people didn't seem all that desperate.

There was a lot of work to be done, and each of us contributed a nominal five hours a week. Beatrice made the Sunday dinner, our paid cook being free on Sunday. Nathan, Canadian and hence practiced in tending furnaces, looked after the furnaces in the two houses. To economize we used soft coal, dirty but all we could afford. And very bulky: on a cold night I reckon I shoveled half a ton into the two furnaces.

The house also looked to the entertainment of its members. We had Saturday night parties, with dancing to a piano. Never will I forget the performance by Bert Hoselitz, brought up in Vienna and a friend of his, also Viennese, as they danced a Strauss waltz around our spacious living room that had been cleared of furniture.

All in all it was a delight to live as a member of this community, inevitable gossip and all. We invited the august Professor Herbert Blumer, who was one of my sociology teachers, to have dinner with us one night so that he could see the Concord House model of collective living.

Quite outside of Concord house I learned much from fellow students. One was Reinhold Bendix, who studied and taught the work of Max Weber, building on it his own creative additions. There was Patty Peck, a girl of poor family from the South, but very very smart, Tony Weinlein, who maintained himself at school working as a pharmacist, but who ultimately dropped out: he had no real taste for academic work. And Annabelle Bender, whom we visited in Milwaukee where her family generously put us up. She subsequently did have an academic career, and I have been intermittently in touch with her.

One of our student friends was a man named Harry Walker, a black, with whom we more than once went out drinking beer. On one occasion we with our wives went into a bar on 63rd Street, sat down at a glass-topped table and ordered; four well-filled beer glasses were placed in front of us.

On the first sip it was plain to all four of us that liquid soap had been added to the beer. "This is in my honor," said Harry sadly, almost apologetically. I happened to have in my pocket some cardboard coasters, and it was a simple matter to place one on top of a glass, and holding it

tightly turn it over on the table, then slip out the coaster. Then we left, without visible hurry, but without delay. Outside Harry burst out laughing--he was the one of us who most appreciated the joke, and the picture of the beer spilling over that impudent waitress.

On the way to a solid academic career was Robert Reed, son of a distinguished academic at Johns Hopkins University. We visited Bob's apartment one evening, and were treated to a brilliant series of bird pictures, projected onto a screen from 2" x 2" slides. He had made them by rigging a camera in a tree frequented by birds of a number of species. When a bird lighted on the right branch it ignited a flash bulb, and the surprised bird, eyes wide open, was caught on the film. I could imagine the ingenuity required to set up the system, and the patience to operate it. Bob's career brought him ultimately to the Harvard School of Public Health, as did mine, and we dined together more than once in the course of the 1970s.

During my year in Chicago I attended lectures by world renowned scholars, but of all my memories none is as sharp as our life in Concord House.

## 9. MY EDUCATION IN STATISTICS, RALEIGH, N.C., 1946

A six weeks session was organized by Gertrude Cox in Raleigh, North Carolina in 1946. Gertrude was above all an organizer, and a very good one, The DBS decided that I should attend that conference--talk of sampling was in the air and it was felt that someone in the Bureau should at least know what sampling was. From that meeting and what grew out of it I learned whatever little I know of the science of statistics.

Sir Ronald A. Fisher was the star of a dazzling assembly of statistical talent that Gertrude had put together. They included William Cochran, whom I later caught up with at Harvard; Jacob Wolfowitz, a protégé of Abraham Wald at Columbia, as well as some lesser figures, but all of proven excellence in their research and teaching. Each gave a six-week course.

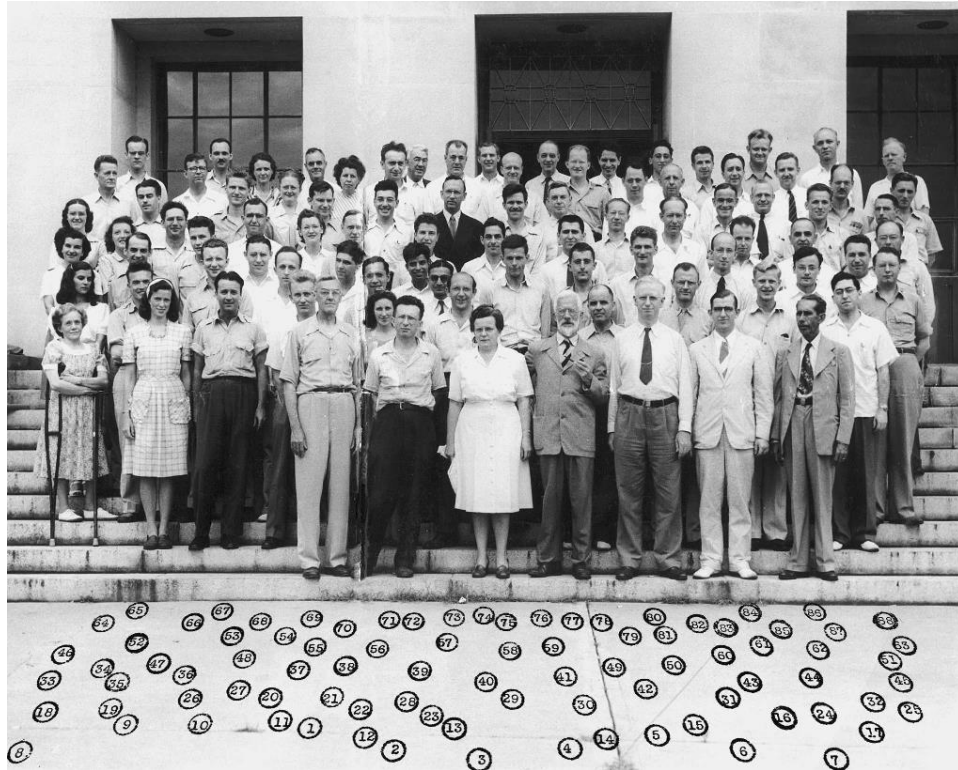
At that point in his life Fisher was already a legend and I was excited as we waited for him to appear in the class-room. When he did come in he gave us a lecture on genetics of certain characteristics of mice. He would pick up a mouse, hold it 3 inches away from his eyes, and examine it carefully. I speculated on what the mouse was thinking about all this.

His extreme short-sightedness, surprisingly, was the source of his mathematical prowess. For Nature compensated by an almost uncanny power of visualization. He could for example see degrees of freedom, well known in statistics, as dimensions, and when that is possible important propositions of statistics become almost obvious. I remember standing by at a later meeting when Frank Yates asked him about his power to do this. Fisher answered by describing a four-dimensional cube; Yates appeared to follow his description, but I did not; those English words, arranged according to the rules of grammar, were meaningless to me.

Note the title of Fisher's main book: Statistical Methods for Research Workers. The last three words are significant. He regarded himself as the knight who would protect the honest research worker against the wicked mathematician smothering him in formulas and diverting attention from the all-important biological aim of his research. Cramer, the Swedish mathematician, later published painstaking derivations of Fisher's results in a book thicker than all of Fisher's opus together. When asked if he had looked at Carmer's work, I remember Fisher saying ironically "Yes, now I know my formulas are right." He did not have the precious time and eyesight to read Cramer.

He was past the age when he had done his original work, and did not even claim to understand all of it. In one of the lectures to us at Raleigh he got stuck. Cochran, who had been a student of his at Rothamsted, called out a hint, so he handed the chalk to Cochran with the words "You can explain this as well as anyone."

I remember talking to Fisher subsequently and put to him what I thought must be a problem for those exploring for oil--a problem in identifying the location of an underground deposit. It costs money to sink a shaft, so one wants do sink as few as possible. I said one would sink a coarse grid pattern, to get a first approximation to the boundaries of the deposit, and then sink further shafts along those boundaries, and perhaps sink a third set along the more refined boundaries. Doing all of this with the minimum number of shafts is a nice problem in optimization. He applauded my (not very original) approach.



A photo of the North Carolina State University Summer Statistics course in 1946; Nathan Keyfitz is numbered 87, the second row from the back and the second from the right. Sir R.A. Fisher is numbered 4. Source:

<http://www.stat.ncsu.edu/information/history/photokeys/figure02.php>

While Fisher is considered the founder of modern statistics, his range was limited. All he would approve was using a test of significance to find the probability of a result occurring by chance. If the probability was less than one in twenty the paper disclosing the result was worth publishing--if only one paper in 20 in a journal contained a non-significant result the journal would be better than most. Of course for Fisher the object of research was not to publish papers, but to produce a result that research workers, farmers and other honest people could use.

What Fisher didn't want, and carried on a lifelong campaign against, was any application of Bayes' theorem. The theorem itself is mathematically correct, a tautology. What is wrong, he said, is to use it to bring in any expectation one had in advance of doing the experiment (a

priori). Does that not affect the meaning of the test of significance? The Fisherian answer was "no". Practically all other statisticians think "yes". Fisher outweighed all the others and until he passed away Bayes' theorem stayed underground. Now it is in widespread use.

From what I knew of him Fisher's unspoken fear was that admitting Bayes' Theorem would open the door to some difficult mathematics. If he could no longer understand his own earlier work, what would he make of such a powerful generalization as statistical decision theory?

I came into the argument in a small way. At the Raleigh conference Jack Wolfowitz was prominent, and he could be taken as representing the opposition to the Fisherian view. I had the simple-minded hope that bringing Fisher and Wolfowitz together might help solve the controversy, and arranged a lunch in downtown Raleigh. It was a huge un-success. Fisher would not listen, was not even polite. In fact he said at one point, rudely and irrelevantly, that these East Europeans can't be trusted. Contrary to what one might expect, the man of East European ancestry outdid in courtesy the high-born Englishman.

Fisher was not unconscious of the honors he received. I remember a reception at which the irreverent Bill Hurwitz, side-kick of Morris Hansen, saying something like "What is this nonsense about Sir" and was overheard by Fisher. Most people would act as though they hadn't heard such a remark, but not Fisher. He charged in with a sharp rebuke.

Another way in which the Raleigh Conference set me off on a new track was meeting Sam Wilks. Wilks was writing a book on mathematical statistics, that would be the very first, and I was able to procure a type-script copy, typos and all. This book, whose mathematics required diligent reading but not any more background than I had, occupied my evenings and week-ends for more than a year after. One of its benefits came some years later: it underlay the theory on which I based my dissertation.

On a later occasion Fisher visited Canada, passing through Ottawa, and we invited him to have tea at our house at 5 Bristol Avenue. Barby, then aged about 2 and precocious, went up to where he was sitting, and climbed onto his knee. She said "I like you. You look just like my bear." Fisher, having five daughters, knew how to ingratiate himself with little girls. I made a good color picture of Fisher, with his signature beard, but alas it has been lost.

In the last phase of his life, Fisher took a job at the University of Western Australia. Figuring that the University of Toronto (arguably Canada's premier institution of learning and research) could more than compete with Western Australia, Dan DeLury, Chair of the U. of T. Statistics Department, invited Fisher to teach there. I applauded Dan; Fisher would raise the image of the U. of T. worldwide. The negotiations were well under way when the news came that Fisher had passed away at the age of 64.

## 10. IN BURMA WITH NORMAN LEWIS (1908-2003), RANGOON, 1951

That was just about as late as the romance of its past was alive in Burma and other parts of Asia. Norman Lewis, distinguished travel writer and close friend (see below) said that in a quarter of a century all the romance would be gone. Development in its very nature has tended to destroy the traditional culture without establishing a modern one to replace it. Western influence has steamrollered over Asia, usually without enriching it significantly, yet making local cultures seem inferior. There are exceptions. Singapore, with its sturdy Chinese roots, has become a wealthy modern country without sacrificing its traditions.

On the other side came corruption arising from the incapacity of those affected by development to cope with the exigencies and follow the rules of a modern money economy. A trivial example: when a registered letter from abroad arrived for me in Jakarta I was required to pay a small bribe to the clerk behind the wicket before he would hand it over -- part of what Max Weber called "an informal system of fees" that was part of any contact between officialdom and the resident. When I expostulated on this being wrong to an Indonesian colleague I was told: "Wrong? He badly needs the money and it means nothing to you." Could that be a higher morality than our strait-laced observance of the rules?

So I did see the sights and hear the sounds of Kipling's East, George Orwell's East, the East of sacred pagodas covered with gold leaf, and of the great temple of Borobudur.

Early in the year 1951 I was on the plane headed for Rangoon, and so was Norman Lewis, a travel writer just getting into his career. He was going for travel and exploration; I, a minor bureaucrat, was on my way from Ottawa on loan for three months to help Burma take a census.

As the plane flew along, Norman regaled me with an endless series of stories, every one of them fascinating, especially those of his last trip, which was to Vietnam. He liked talking, and I liked listening to this exceptional fellow-traveler. We got off, and headed for the Strand Hotel, where, since there were few choices in Rangoon, we were both lodged. In that not well preserved relic of the colonial period recently ended I was to stay for my three months, he for an indefinite period. That was our base, from which we went looking for entertainment.

How did I, of all people, get to be chosen for this very desirable assignment? An elderly Burmese, who was a high Government official, had been sent to Ottawa to arrange for someone who could help take a census of Burma. I remember little about him, except that we got to be friends, and with a little encouragement from myself he designated me to the Canadian authorities as the person needed for the job. I also remember that he was building a house back in Rangoon, and wanted it to have a proper toilet with toilet seats. And when I saw him off at the airport in New York he was carrying in his arms two toilet seats too large to fit into this luggage.

Commercial entertainment was fourth rate, but there was a kind of community fair, with stage and actors speaking Burmese, of course, and that had no meaning for us. But every now and again the play was interrupted, and the most lively and graceful dancers took over--young ladies cavorting over the stage. That we could watch for hours, and on several occasions we drove to different parts of Rangoon in search of these performances. (I had a car as a perk of office; Norman moved about by public transport, and several times I was glad to be able to lend him my car and driver.)

I was always restless, a frustrated anthropologist looking for native life. But let Norman tell you about me--perhaps it was more than what I was conscious of. In his book, *Golden Earth* about his trip to Burma he said that I was

"... a rare eccentric in matters of travel, was moved in all things by a single principle--a determination to get as close to the country as possible. With this creditable purpose steadfastly in view, he frequently traveled about Rangoon, clinging to the platforms of crowded buses, and sometimes arriving back at the Strand Hotel in a kind of springless pony-trap of the kind used by peasants to bring vegetables to market. He was also learning Burmese, wore the national costume whenever he could find an excuse, and finally moved out of the hotel and went to live with a Burmese couple he had persuaded to take him as a paying guest."

The Burmese couple in question was U Soe Hlaing and Ma Kin Gyi, he then a young man with whom I worked on the census, she a pious Buddhist and homemaker. When I moved my stuff into his house, he told me something about the premises. The center of importance was a Buddhist shrine, at which prayers were said several times a day, especially by Ma Kin Gyi who was very pious. Buddhism was the religion as far as the outside world was concerned. But there was another shrine, hidden away in a back bedroom, to tree spirits (nats) whose worship was already ancient when Buddhism entered the country nearly 2500 years ago. Tree spirits were especially helpful for the practical questions of life, such as whether a certain day was propitious for starting a voyage.

There were two bedrooms in the house. In an allocation that seemed to U Soe Hlaing fair, I was given one by myself, and all the others--husband, wife, and four children--the other; I protested, but without effect. We all used the one bathroom, for which U Soe Hlaing apologized. He was especially apologetic about the women sharing it; in Burmese culture women are contaminating. And when they had their periods doubly so. A student of Freud sees that folklore as the ideological support for making women subordinate in all the affairs of life--a subject I never broached. The anthropologist I imagined myself to be (I did have one course in graduate school) does not explain his subjects to themselves--if the explanation is understood their value as

subjects is diminished. The observer would then be looking into a mirror that shows his own reflection.

The Burmese eat with their fingers. I would have thought that was wholly unstructured. Not so. One makes a kind of spade with the fingers and hoists the food on the back of the thumb. Or else, depending on the consistency what is on one's plate one can make the food into a ball about an inch in diameter, and toss it into the mouth. This latter is what the Burmese favor. One's plate arrives with rice plus fish cut into small pieces and a certain amount of oil. One is expected to mix all this together into a homogeneous mass. Noting my incompetence in this mixing operation U Soe Hlaing showed me. He put his hands into my dish, and squeezing the material repeatedly through his fingers, got it into consistency that lent itself to making into the required 1-inch balls. You will believe me when I report that it was very very difficult for me to swallow that food so processed. But I did nonetheless--I didn't want to break rapport.

Again maintaining rapport was difficult when it came to eating nga pi. This is a dish made of small fish and with spices thrown in, all placed in a crock and left for about a month in the tropical sunshine. At the end of the month the whole has rotted down to a dark liquid, the flies are skimmed off the surface, and the nga pi is ready to be boiled up and consumed.

Norman saw the romance going out of the world, that we are the last generation to be able to see strange cultures in their unspoiled condition. The world is modernizing, Americanizing, the enchantment squeezed out. That is good sociology; Max Weber spoke of the disenchantment of the world in his own day. Like the alienation that marks the modern workman as contrasted with the old-style craftsman, it is the price we pay for high productivity. I wouldn't give up the productivity, but nonetheless the price we pay should be recognized.

In the 50 years since I was in Burma a certain part of this has come true. Notwithstanding the attempt to disguise it as "development", there are not a few countries, of which Burma is one, Indonesia another, in which the main feature of development is the scrapping of ancient traditions, a scrapping often made visible by sweaters and denims that replace ancient colorful costumes. If Burma has been spared some of this, it is at the high cost of a ruthless dictatorship that keeps it separate from the outside world.

Norman himself preferred to be alone. Once in London he took me to a cocktail party, and I could see that he was forcing himself to enjoy it. That is why I felt particularly flattered when he called me his oldest friend. I must have had something that made him feel comfortable.

He showed himself the born author in the joy he took in telling of his experiences in various parts of the world. That began in the Strand hotel, and I was a keen listener. I was fascinated both

by the content and the accent in which it was spoken. I would have described the accent as cockney. But what do I know about English accents?

Through Soe Hlaing I got to meet several interesting people. One (I have forgotten his name) was an astrologer, who could cast a horoscope and offered to do one for me. A horoscope works by the position of the stars at the moment a person is born. For that one needs to know just when he was born. I phoned my mother in Montreal, and all she could remember was that it was between 11 and 12 in the evening. But he needed to know the minute, without which he could do nothing. He played with the idea of casting for every five minutes over the hour, but in the end decided that this would not be valid. So I never got a horoscope.

I was also taken to an alchemist. His wife had insisted that he take those smells out of the kitchen, so we met in the back garden, the site of his operation of turning lead into gold. He had not achieved this so far, but he knew what to do. Everything centered on getting the lead hot enough, and that in turn depended on having a crucible that could stand the heat. So at the time I visited he was doing research on various materials that would resist heat. That is a genuine scientific problem, and chemistry apparently developed out of alchemy by such a route.

I had heard of geomancy, and wanted to meet a practitioner. This is the locating of the places where we pray, work and play, in such fashion that people will be in harmony with their environment. (The nearest we come is a surveyor--but our surveyor pays no attention to spiritual values.) I wanted to meet a geomancer who would give me training in this field, but never succeeded in finding a real professional like my alchemist and astrologer.

Burma was never peaceful after the British left, and at the time of our visit the country was in an uproar. The Karens in the northwest were especially difficult. But the Shan States of the northeast might have been peaceful enough to conduct a census, and the government asked me to go out and see. So I went. By plane of course--road or rail would have been much too dangerous--to Taungyi in the Shan States. I was received with the honors due a representative of the Government by the local Commissioner, who showed me to a room in his comfortable house.

My two days were spent driving around with a military escort and talking through an interpreter with some of the local residents. On the afternoon of the second day I went out to the airport for the return trip. There I found the plane at one end of what amounted to a grassy vacant lot that served as the local airport, but the engine wouldn't start. The pilot, who was the entire crew, was standing on some boards piled on a truck backed up to the plane, and just able to reach the engine, working away with a pair of pliers. By now it was dusk, and after dark the rebels would surely be active. Moreover the airport in Rangoon was unlighted, and could not be used in the dark. I was the only European among the dozen or so passengers, and began to wonder if I would

ever see my family again. However it was still not quite dark when the engine sputtered and then started; we quickly climbed aboard, and an hour later were in Rangoon.

At the Strand Hotel I found Norman, and for once was able to take the conversational initiative with my account of Taungyi.

In due course I completed my work, typed up a 30 page report to the Burmese Government, mostly saying that it was going to be quite impossible to take a census outside of Rangoon, and went home. Norman stayed on. I arrived back in Ottawa with various gifts, especially colorful Burmese costumes for Barbara and Robert.

U Soe Hlaing did not write to me after I left, but Ma Kin Kyi, his wife, did write. When Soe Hlaing retired he became a Buddhist monk, donned the yellow robe, and carried his begging bowl from market place to market place. He simply disappeared socially and was out of touch with family and friends, just as though dead. His children grew up, and one of them, Ni Po, made a rather mean livelihood as a tourist guide. Ma Kin Kyi wrote me, asking whether I could find a job for Ni Po in Canada and help him to immigrate. I had to reply that I was in no position to do this.

Over the succeeding years Norman proved hospitable indeed. One time when Beatrice was with me he entertained us for a week in his centrally located apartment on Baker Street, just opposite the Selfridge Provision Store, and around the corner from Selfridge's Department Store. We were just a couple of streets from 22A Baker Street.

Neither of us will ever forget going up to the roof above Norman's apartment for a barbecue. It was raining, and Norman was cooking a paella with one hand while holding an umbrella with the other. On another occasion I was alone, and he put me up in a comfortable bedroom. In an adjoining room, connected by a door left ajar, was a presentable young lady who had been introduced to me as a friend. I have no idea how far the hospitality was intended to go, but I closed the door and went to sleep alone. Just another opportunity lost.

The following material from his biography gives an idea of the intensity of his life in the active years. It also shows his sympathy for the native peoples trampled and forgotten in the West. Genocide in Brazil revealed to the world the systematic robbing and murder of the native people by the officials whose job it was to protect them. Published in the Sunday Times in 1968 it aroused outrage everywhere, and led to change in the Brazilian law related to the treatment of Indians. The Volcanoes Above Us shows Central America in revolt; no fair-minded person can read that book without feeling strong sympathy and admiration for the Indians.

Over the 51 years between our first meeting and now I have seen Norman many times. In the last few years his home has been in the village of Harpenden, in Essex, and there, says his biographer "he has lived with wife Lesley and his children in introspective, almost monastic calm".

For the past two or three years Norman has not been well. His hearing went (it was impossible for me to have a phone conversation with him), and then his brain started to go.

We had the news of Norman's death, announced on July 25, 2003 in the New York Times under the heading of "Norman Lewis, 95, known for exotic travels." He described the world he saw before the proliferation of Club Med and McDonalds. As a professional literary traveler he was unsurpassed, being able to write about the back of a bus, Cyril Connolly observed, and make it interesting.

"He journeyed to exotic, even sinister, places, and conveyed their nature in a subtle style of detached irony as he successively transported the reader to from Indochina to India, Indonesia, and Burma, Latin America to Spain and Sicily."

The London Telegraph of Sunday 27 July 2003 carried a long article on Norman Lewis that can be read on the Web:

"Norman Lewis, who died yesterday at Saffron Walden aged 95, was perhaps the best, and certainly the most underrated, English travel writer of the 20th century.

"He was particularly drawn to traditional societies on the cusp of radical, often violent change, a phenomenon that gathered pace during his lifetime and of which he became the recording angel.

"Three books in which he captured age-old ways of life under siege have already become classics: *A Dragon Apparent* (1951) is the finest record of Indo-China before the devastation wrought by the Vietnam War; *Golden Earth* (1952) relates his adventures in a turbulent Burma; and the elegiac *Voices of the Old Sea* (1984) tells of his years in a Spanish fishing village after the war, just before tourism changed the Mediterranean coastline forever.

"His toothbrush moustache gave Lewis the air of an inoffensive school handyman rather than that of an inquisitive travel writer, and he prided himself on this necessary ability to blend unnoticed into exotic surroundings. Yet for one so self-effacing, he had a knack of gathering about him the extraordinary, testified to in the autobiographical *Jackdaw Cake* (1985, revised 1994 as *I Came, I Saw*), his description of his eccentric upbringing and his subsequent wartime service.

“Accordingly, he initially wrote to preserve experiences that were fading in his memory, though he adopted a more overtly political stance after 1968 when, for the Sunday Times, he uncovered the genocide being practised on Brazil's Indians by the government agency assigned to protect them.

"Lewis considered the ensuing article, which prompted the foundation of the charity Survival International, the most worthwhile of all his endeavours. The obliteration of many of the societies he had seen led him to believe that "in the face of such calamities it is not possible to keep silent, to remain a perpetual spectator".

This change of heart supplied his later writing with controlled passion and gave him new reasons to travel. These he stated towards the end of his life in a credo born of righteous anger: "I am looking for the people who have always been there, and belong to the places they live. The others I do not wish to see."

At the time I met Norman he was getting to the peak of his fame. Read what Auberon Waugh says of his Golden Earth, reporting on what he saw in Burma-some of which I also saw, but just didn't have the talent to describe:

"An extraordinarily enjoyable book by any standards....Norman Lewis remains the best travel writer alive"

As in the case of Burma, about 1952 the government of Indonesia wanted (among other experts this time) a statistician who had worked on population, and I was designated and stayed in Indonesia for a year. That was a great time; it was three years after the Dutch had formally left, the country was not yet rotted by corruption and not yet overrun by tourists.

Have the 50 or so years of "development" that have passed since left it better or worse? That is a question I do not dare to answer. The following segment traces a part of that time.

## 11. AN ASSIGNMENT IN INDONESIA, JAKARTA, 1952-53, 64, 79, 85-89

In 1952 it was decided by the United Nations that Indonesia needed a panel of knowledgeable foreigners to decide what aid it ought to have. Three years earlier, the Round Table Agreement of 1949, negotiated under the United Nations, was signed by the Netherlands creating a new country in the South Sea Islands.

The founding President was Sukarno and the Vice-President Hatta. I never got to know Sukarno, but Hatta I visited many times, and admired his judgment and soft-spoken gentleness. It was too bad for Indonesia that he never had the real power.

Benjamin Higgins, a Canadian economics professor was named to the United Nations panel and asked to name the eight other members. Each was to stay in Indonesia for a year. One was to advise on agriculture, one on industry, one on the national income accounts, and myself on population.

And one was to advise on inter-island migration. Most of the 3,000 or so islands of the archipelago were sparsely settled but Java was one of the most densely settled rural areas of the world, and this mal-distribution was seen by the Dutch, the United Nations and ourselves as the major population problem of Indonesia. The Dutch had tried moving people to the Outer Islands, in a program called transmigration, but never succeeded in significantly reducing the difference in density. One of the experts was to advise on transmigration, and he was constantly frustrated by the fact that Java, especially Jakarta, was the place in the new republic, where things were going on, where the action was. And people feared that if they were far from Java they would be forgotten. It is the same dynamic that populates the capital cities of less developed countries far beyond the useful employment they offer.

When the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, in which I was then working, informed me that it could not turn down a UN request, I was delighted. There would be new work in a new environment, and above all two new languages to be learned and used in a living context. Beatrice and I did not wait to get to the site; we started language study right there in Ottawa. It happened that the Bureau had a Javanese intern; Wija Wawaruntu, and we invited him to live with us on Hillcrest Avenue. And through a friend of a friend we found a newly married war bride, whom we paid to give us lessons in Dutch.

Ottawa and Jakarta were almost exactly opposite one another on the globe. We decided to travel eastward, i.e. going over the Atlantic and at the end of the year returning over the Pacific. I went by plane, Beatrice and the children followed on the Queen Elizabeth to England; then took the Willem Ruys to Indonesia. On the boat Beatrice met Margaret English, whose marriage had broken up, and they became good friends. Her husband had left her, heart-broken and penniless,

but her story ended well--in Indonesia she met a man somewhat older than herself, well-off, and they were married and lived happily together. A very fine person, I thought; Beatrice and I met her several times while in Jakarta, but then lost touch.

We were met at the Jakarta airport, given the car and driver that were to be our means of transport for the year, and taken to the Hotel des Indes that quite possibly was a luxurious resting place for officials during Dutch rule, but was now a tired relic. We soon left its cockroach-ridden quarters and miserable imitation of Dutch cooking to take up a small house that we were given temporarily. After a month or so we moved to a large and very comfortable house in a development built for the United Nations team, and there we had our own cook and ate well.

It has to be said that our children, Barbara then about age 7 and Robert about 4 did not share our enthusiasm for this year abroad. To them it was nothing more than separation from their school and their friends, from the neighborhood in which they were growing up. I have to confess that we parents made a mistake. We did not sufficiently consult with the children before leaving home. I now believe that if we had told them what was ahead--new friends, new school, new languages, all-in-all travel to an exotic part of the world that their friends would be excited to hear about on their return; admittedly also some disadvantages but these more than offset, they would have been happier about the whole project.

However while in Indonesia both children made the most of their stay, Robert, aged 5, to whom languages come easily, would go up and down the row of houses and act as interpreter between the experts' wives and their servants. Beatrice and I well remember the arrangement of the houses--ours, then the Usshers' and then the Decks', both Americans helping to train airplane pilots, then the Lacroix who were French, whose work I do not recall. These were in a row; behind them were another four houses. On one occasion Robert was sent for urgently to a house on the back row, out of his usual path, where he found the mistress, mother of a baby a few months old, distressed because her nursemaid never washed her hands. She must at least wash them before giving the baby its bottle. He said something like "Tjuji tangan sebelumnya bottel" and the problem was solved.

One of the first social events to which we were invited was at the house of the senior Wawaruntu and his charmingly plump Dutch wife. Wawaruntu was a medical doctor with a fairly wide knowledge of the related biological sciences. But what especially interested Beatrice and myself was his skill in water-divining. In a party at his house he carried a stick he had cut horizontally, and the stick seemed to be pulled irresistibly downward whenever there was water below. He then handed the stick to Beatrice, and asked her whether she did not feel it turning down-and so strongly that she would not be able to hold it horizontal. It did turn down, for Beatrice but whether from an external force or her own volition she never said. We had no way of verifying that there was or was not water under the house where we were being entertained. .

We typically had a housekeeper and a cook. At the start a cook named Koki, who was so incompetent and so unsanitary that we let her go. She was succeeded by Inam, housekeeper, and Ibu, as we called her--I have forgotten her name--who was the cook.

Relations between the foreign experts and their servants varied. One of our neighbors noticed a moving object on his dinner plate that on closer examination proved to be a beetle. He called in his cook and complained, when it became clear that she could not see. He, generous American, got her a pair of glasses, of which she was very proud. In fact so proud that she didn't want to wear them cooking, but saved them for more refined purposes.

Since our return neither of our children ever recalled our stay in Indonesia. It was otherwise with the family of Professor William Sewell of the University of Wisconsin. On a mission similar to ours, he took his two daughters to India, and that marked the rest of their lives. One of the daughters became an expert on Indian music, and herself played several Indian musical instruments.

I can be brief on our work in Jakarta on the assignment I was given. There was none. Without someone to tell them what needed doing for the Planning Bureau to be useful, the members of our team idled away the time, always having the satisfaction of spending their generous per diem and knowing that their salaries were being banked back home. (Paid twice in fact--the first payment mysteriously went astray. There was no enquiry about who had taken it--the Indonesian Treasury just sent a second payment wired directly to our bank.) Ben Higgins and Doug Deane, neither having a wife present, would go out at night seeking Dutch-Indonesian girls; about what the others did I recall nothing, but imagine that they killed time waiting for their year to be over.

### **Beatrice has a gall-bladder operation**

Within a month or two of our arrival Beatrice was seized with intense pain somewhere around her lower abdomen. We found a doctor (our local Italian Doctor) who diagnosed the pain as due to stones in the gall bladder that tried vainly to force their way out. An operation would be necessary, something beyond his competence. He referred us to Dr. Sukario, a well-recognized surgeon of long experience and now approaching retirement.

Beatrice and I followed up his recommendation, not without some trepidation on having surgery so far away from home, and by an Indonesian however experienced. The hospital was scattered over a considerable grassy area, a collection of small bungalows under thatched roofs, with unscreened windows open to the elements. The whole scene worried Barbara and Robert terribly, and I had to console them with assurances that I did not wholly feel.

The operation took longer than it normal for the weight of the stones was such that they stretched the bladder, and it was some 9 inches below the normal position and out of the range of the X-ray. But Dr. Sukario found it and removed the bladder along with the stones it contained, Beatrice still has to be careful about eating butter and other fats, but otherwise there have been no ill effects. Except a conspicuous scar that disqualifies her for work as a chorus girl. And a great loss of weight, that was made up during a lengthy convalescence, first in the hospital and then at home. At last her recovery was complete, and I could go on with my work without further worrying.

Being left on my own in the offices of the Biro Perantjang Negara I could satisfy my penchant for research. I explained to the Indonesians in charge of us that my work on their population problem would benefit from on-the-ground study of how the especially dense population of East Java were living. For that I needed some help. For one thing many of the peasants did not speak Indonesian, essentially Malay, the lingua franca of the islands whose usefulness is reported by Magellan in his voyage around the world, and which Beatrice and I found it thrilling to learn and speak. They spoke Javanese, which I never learned. Clifford Geertz, since become one of America's most distinguished anthropologists, and a great social scientist, happened to be present in Indonesia also gathering material for his Harvard dissertation and he had learned to speak Javanese fluently. Like myself he was a member of a group, his studying East Javanese village life--I believe in a project sponsored by MIT. We saw him several times, and also encountered several members of the MIT team, I always trying to pick up some crumbs of the methods they used. My ignorance of proper research methods was a constant embarrassment as I worked with the peasants of Balarjo.

Having, as I say, no clear-cut assignment in Jakarta I gathered a number of students who would work together documenting an East Javanese village. The one who even as a student among other students showed exceptional qualities of leadership was Widjojo Nitisastro, a brilliant young man with an extraordinary career ahead of him, and with whom I have been in touch ever since. (To whom in fact I intend to e-mail this memoir so he can vet it for errors.) Traditionally Indonesians have had one name only, but in modern city life they find it convenient to add a second name. When a student he was just Widjojo; when a Minister of the Government years later he was Professor Widjojo Nitisastro. European naming followed the same evolution--when the social unit went from the village to the city, first names were no longer adequate to identify individuals. The familiar address showing respect and closeness is Pak, literally father.

## 12. LIVING AS A VILLAGER OF EAST JAVA, BALEARJO, 1952

With his recently married wife Darsi, Widjojo lived in a small hut, about the size of a garage, just across the road from our house. A modest start for one who destined for such a brilliant career. We visited them often, and noticing him attempting to do his lessons in the dark I gave him a pressure lantern. I told him we wanted to study a typical village in a crowded country side. Widjojo took over from that--he recommended the village of Balarjo near Malang in East Java as the site of our studies; he assembled a team of about four of his fellow-students, and we set out by car for a six-week stay in Balarjo. Widjojo was born in 1929 into the family of an official in Malang Thus he was about 22 when we started working together in this village close to his birthplace.

Another good student was Permadi, who called himself "orang ketjil", referring to his small stature, who subsequently became Director of the Bank Rakjat (People's Bank) set up to lend money to peasants who needed small sums for investment on their holdings. He was very capable and second only to Widjojo in leadership qualities. The Bank Rakjat did grow rapidly during the period of his Directorship. I remember him for his ready wit--wise-cracking is by no means common among Indonesians. I got to know him very well during the month or two that we lived in Balarjo. And am sorry to have lost touch in the years since, so not knowing if he is still alive.

When we got to Balarjo, after duly asking permission all down the line, starting with the Department of Internal Affairs in Jakarta, we were cordially received by the village headman, lodged in his best bedroom, and sat down to drink tea while he asked what he could tell us. We asked a few questions about his job, and then said that we had come to talk to the village people. He assured us that he could tell us about them much better than they could themselves. We finally got across the idea that we wanted to talk to the peasants themselves, to learn the detail of their way of life. At first he accompanied us in our interviews, but finally realized that our purpose was not sedition or in any way a danger to the State. We just wanted to walk around the village, take notes on what people were doing, and talk to whomever we saw in the fields. Preferably without any official present at those interviews, though that I left unsaid.

The team did a thorough job on the economic life of Balarjo and we went back to Jakarta with a raft of notes on the villagers and their ways of earning a livelihood. I did what teaching I could arrange on demography and social science, and after some uneventful months the year of my leave was over. The family and I went home by air, travelling over the Pacific, so completing the first of several trips around the world.

I had a call to do one thing or another in Indonesia every three or four years. Each time I came the language had departed further from the Indonesian I knew on my first trip, adding words of

Sanskrit, Javanese, Dutch and English origin to meet the needs of the modern industrial state that Indonesia was becoming. Now I would need frequent reference to a dictionary to read the simplest newspaper article. Over the half century ending in 1989 when I last visited -- movies, painting, literature, music -- were rapidly shifting, the traditional forms merging with the current fashions of the West. Business people and tourists were filling the new hotels built to accommodate them. One could accept that, if with regret, if it were only accompanied by the prosperity of America. This departure from traditional forms has been most regretful for Bali, whose people in our time seemed to live for beauty in painting, music, and drama.

My visit of 1964 was the saddest. Sukarno was in his last days. The country was lapsing into poverty and people wanted him out. Wherever he went he had the protection of a tank or two. I remember going round to the back of the hotel to find my driver when I found myself face to face with a tank, the gun barrel pointed right at me. You can believe that I retreated quickly.

Sukarno planned a war with Malaysia to divert attention from the shortage of food and other essentials. He had young men marching up and down on vacant lots with wooden rifles on their shoulders. He had no idea whatever of how to get the economy going. Some kind of revolt was inevitable.

In 1965 General Suharto staged a coup, capturing Sukarno. There followed a carnage of the Chinese, who were widespread through the economy, and some 500,000 were said to have been murdered. To this day no one knows for sure what part Suharto and his new Government had in it. Was it sending out death squads, or trying to protect the Chinese against popular lynching? Probably neither; it seems that the military and police simply stood by until the killing wore itself out.

Such an event takes one back to Freud, whose exploration of the dark corners of the human soul found that the drive to hurt or rob or kill one's neighbor is part of the id, and within the id just about as strong as sex. The disaster of the holocaust of 1965 can be prevented with the education that imposes community and civilization on the raw id.

Under the new government there was indeed order. There was corruption as before, but now it was centralized--Suharto and his family monopolized it. One rumor spoke of his wife, Madame Tien, as Madame Ten Per Cent, that being the family rake-off on all public and private projects.

The country settled down under the new arrangements. My onetime student, Widjojo, of whom I am very proud, has kept himself clean of all temptations to corruption. His probity and intelligence carried him to the highest levels of government. He was made Minister of Economic Affairs and then he went up from that to fill a new post: Supervising Minister of the three or four Departments of Government concerned with production and finance. He was Suharto's chief

adviser. He represented the country in all international negotiations. He used his high position as a moderating influence on the destructive forces--the corruption and the violence--in the country. How far the exalted title enabled him to keep these forces down I do not know. What I do know is that he protected and gave a job to the liberal Soedjatmoko (see below) when the latter had incurred the displeasure of the Government. But most important of all, with Widjojo at the helm, constructive policies were adopted to get the economy into motion, and annual increases were impressive.

On these subsequent assignments we were first accommodated at the home of the Papadimitriou's (Caecil and Alex), a large estate about 10 miles from Jakarta, and then were invited by the Widjojo's to their house in Pondok Indah, where we were given the second floor to ourselves, along with a Javanese cook who knew the whole wide gamut of local cooking. I can't imagine better accommodation, except for the traffic on the road between Pondok Indah and Jakarta. What should have been a 15 minute drive twice a day took well over an hour.

All in all I spent the equivalent of about four years in Indonesia. Those years were the richest experience of my 90 years.

Meanwhile despite all Widjojo's efforts, the economy has sunk to a low point. A CIA overview based on data for the last years of the 20th century says:

Indonesia, a vast polyglot nation, faces severe economic problems, stemming from secessionist movements and the low level of security in the regions, the lack of reliable legal recourse in contract disputes, corruption, weaknesses in the banking system, and strained relations with the IMF. Investor confidence will remain low and few new jobs will be created under these circumstances. Growth of 4.8% in 2000 is not sustainable, being attributable to favorable short-term factors, including high world oil prices, a surge in non-oil exports, and increased domestic demand for consumer durables.

I have to confess my ignorance of not only the present condition of Indonesia but of what went on before in the higher reaches of Government. What I do know is that there are indeed problems, but the prospect for the future is brighter than it is for the United States at the moment. Here we have corruption--crony capitalism--at the highest reaches of government, the Constitution has been trampled on, the dollar has lost almost a third of its value since 2000.

While once it was thought the United States was a model to follow, that is, at least for the moment, not true. As things are now going, the whole apparatus of social security is being dismantled. The Trust Funds, meant to be saved and augmented for the flood of old people who will claim benefits starting 2010, are being spent on arms and on tax remissions to the rich. Indonesia shows no sign of such a socially divisive policy, thank goodness.

### 13. FRIDAYS ON THE MCGILL FACULTY, MONTREAL, EARLY 1950s

Once back from Chicago I set myself to the serious pursuit of the doctorate. Having only three quarters of residence I had plenty to learn before I could face the prelims, examination on the vast field of sociology. Every available moment went into this. On one business trip to New York I was able to use evenings and a weekend at the New York Public Library. I bought books; I borrowed books from friends.

Once the prelims were taken and passed, I applied the same effort to the dissertation. It was submitted and there remained the oral examination with the Department. It looked as though a trip to Chicago was going to be necessary; that represented a not inconsiderable drain on my resources. But while I was brooding about this the DBS needed me to attend a meeting in Canberra, Australia. I phoned the Department and asked whether the examination could be set at such a date that I could take it on the way down. The Department obliged, and I not only did the hearing but managed to take in some final formalities on the way back. I received the doctorate in 1952, just ten years after John Robbins stopped me in the hall of the DBS and proposed that I write a letter to William Ogburn.

Once a certified sociologist, I was a property of some value. The first time this appeared was in 1955 when I was offered a once-a-week lectureship at McGill, in which I was to go down to Montreal on Thursday evening, and teach sociology in two courses given on Fridays. All this was planned by Carl Dawson, long-time chair, practically proprietor of the Sociology Department. I fell in with it enthusiastically, and the problem was to persuade Herbert Marshall, then head of the DBS. He demurred at first, but then consented, and the plan was in effect for two years.

Then Marshall said that this must stop, and he arranged an increase in pay in compensation. All this time I was thinking in terms of the depression, though it was long over, and hesitated to do anything that would lead to my departure from the Bureau--even though in fact jobs were plentiful, and I could have easily found another if I had dropped the Bureau..

It tells something about bureaucracy that Marshall wanted my whole time. I really did not have much of a function even during the four days of the week that I was present in the Bureau, but it hurt him not to be in full charge of my office time. To divide me, his property, with McGill was an offense to his full ownership of the Bureau.

So what did I do in my Fridays at McGill? I had a small but very good class, including Elise Boulding, wife of Kenneth Boulding, at McGill for a year or two. Open discussions with no holds barred were a new experience to me. Oswald Hall was a close friend, and rare was the Friday when we did not lunch at the McGill Faculty Club, a new kind of institution for me. I got

to know Burton Keirstead, and Ben Higgins in the economics department, people in political science, in mathematics, in English. Every moment of this academic life was new and exciting.

I typically returned on the fast train of Friday evening that made it back to Ottawa in two hours. On one occasion I got to talking to Nicole (whose surname I do not recall), a charming young Francophone and invited her to our house. She had a boyfriend by the name of Jones; the only thing I remember of him is that having gone upstairs to relieve himself he tripped on the stairs returning to our living room and came down much faster than he intended.

#### 14. MY PSYCHOANALYSIS AND A DREAM, OTTAWA, 1952-57

Late in my years at the DBS, after I had my doctorate, I went through a full psychoanalysis--three hours a week for all of five years--by Mrs. Martha Wasserman, a student of Jung and fresh from Vienna. For what it was worth, I was attracted by the thought that being analyzed by Mrs. W. would put me close to the great Freud--he analyzed Jung, and Jung analyzed Mrs. W. and if I committed myself to her I would be the third generation down from Freud. At 90, sixty years later, I am one of the very few people alive that close to this formative influence on the 20th century.

Mrs. W. was the widow of Jacob Wasserman; whose Christian Wahnschaffe (*The World's Illusion*), one of the most popular novels of the day, I had read and enjoyed. She herself was a novelist of some standing. No longer young, but with an elegance that I associate with the elite of the capital city of the Hapsburg Empire where she was brought up.

We were enormously impressed with cures by Mrs. Wasserman of two friends who were conspicuously neurotic. Jimmie Henderson was an alcoholic, who by bad luck held a job testing alcoholic spirits in a customs laboratory. He was entirely out of control. His wife Anne told us that he hid drinks all over the house--she even found a bottle inside the toilet tank. After an extended analysis he was entirely cured. Unfortunately the analysis smoothed out the jagged parts of his personality, making him a less interesting person than before he became an alcoholic and before the analysis. Mrs. Wasserman was aware of this effect and did her best to avoid it but in this case that was not possible.

One can surmise what it was that drove Jimmie to drink. I knew him well, sharing a room with him in Mrs. Kronk's boarding house. Of Glasgow Scottish ancestry, first generation born in Canada, and intensely anti-Catholic. He never tired of talking about the wickedness of a Church that could reduce your mother's stay in purgatory by 5 years, but wouldn't ever tell you how long remained. And then he married Anne, Catholic and a beautiful redhead. Is it possible that this clash of religions was responsible for his neurosis? I don't know enough to say. What I do know is that there never was a more sympathetic and devoted wife than Anne, who rose to heights of heroism under the strain imposed on her by Jimmie's alcoholism. (I know another case, Leo Goodman, one of the great statisticians of our age, whose wife, also called Anne, left him when he was threatened with a fatal cancer. He survived and is still flourishing, but no thanks to Anne.)

And then there was Clarence Barber, an economist of some distinction, who was also cured of minor neuroses by Mrs. Wasserman.

I had already read Ernest Jones and other writers, and was interested in psychoanalysis. With that and her successes with Henderson and Barber I was persuaded that Mrs. Wasserman was the real thing.

And so began my five years on Mrs. W.'s couch. In preparation for that I did some free association on a typewriter, turning out dozens of pages, and passed them to Mrs. W. in the hope that these would jump-start the analysis.

The analysis took up many trifling matters, and a few serious ones. Beatrice said as I was leaving the house one day for my regular session, "Ask Mrs. Wasserman why you don't have you hair cut." And sure enough the matter came up in my free association, though I don't recall what answer emerged.

One incident left a permanent impression on me. On arriving at her apartment I asked whether I could use her bathroom. She indicated the way, and for a while this happened regularly. (Since I had just come from home there was no reason for it.) Then one day she answered "No". She had grasped the symbolism of my request, and found it offensive. She never explained why she said no--she didn't have to. Just an example of my unconscious talking to her unconscious, she understanding what was going on and I at first not understanding. I had a piano teacher at one time, who went to the toilet after arriving at our house for a lesson. I interpreted it as Mrs. W. had, and got rid of that teacher--who was teaching me very little anyhow. .

When I started I had the naïve idea that the sessions would have some of the character of lectures on the theory of psychoanalysis. Nothing of the kind--it was I who did the talking. When I slowed down Mrs. W. said something to stimulate my further expression. She often did react to what I was pouring out, perhaps with surprise, perhaps with disgust.

Writing some decades before Freud, Nietzsche said that when we talk about ourselves we are not really trying to reveal, but rather to conceal the facts and ideas of our life. Getting the subject to break through that barrier in a way frames the task of the analyst.

My experience of psychoanalysis by Mrs. W. is entirely positive, or at worst neutral. But that was not true of all analysts. My much admired friend, Bert Hoselitz, mentioned elsewhere in this memoir, an inmate of Concord House, started to have headaches, and he consulted an analyst. After a considerable period under analysis, the headaches became worse, and the analyst told him it was because of the effect of his home and due to his wife, Gunhilde, as fine a person as I have ever met,. You will have to divorce her, he said. He did but still loved her dearly, and kept coming back to see her. One evening when he called, Gunhilde said that unless he promised to see a neurologist the next day she would not let him in the house. That was enough. The neurologist diagnosed a brain tumor, and proposed operating. When it was done Bert gradually

came back to normal. He first recovered Hungarian, which was the first language he had spoken. Then German came back--at which point I could talk to him, even though my German was at that time execrable. And finally he was speaking English, with the same accent that we had known well in his college days.

Bert was an economist, but a Viennese economist, far broader than the economist of the English-speaking world. He founded a magazine that under the editorship of Gale Johnson still goes on--called *Economic Development and Cultural Change*. It was devoted to showing that there was more to economic development than making the GNP grow; that it needed a cultural underpinning without which healthy competitive markets would not come into existence. Instead, as in the case of post-Soviet Russia of the 1990s, the economy would degenerate into the crony capitalism of President Yeltsin's era, in which the vast wealth of Russia, its forests, furs, oil, were simply given away.

But back to Bert and his analysis. The great musician George Gershwin had a similar brain tumor that was first diagnosed as mental, and like Bert had terrible headaches. When he got to a brain surgeon it was too late--he died on the operating table. A genius cut off at the age of 38, and unnecessarily.

Nothing so dramatic in my life. But the analysis did cure me of at least one troublesome habit, one that wasted a great deal of time and nervous energy. I was certainly of a calmer disposition. And later on I was better able to engage in Zen-type meditation than if I had never been analyzed. (As Mrs. W. foresaw.)

What I cannot tell is whether this supports Freud's theories, that require the patient to lie on a couch in such a way that he cannot see the analyst, who comes to him as a disembodied voice. Would the companionship over tea each day of a cultivated and sympathetic woman, for whom I had great respect, have had the same result? I cannot tell.

Meanwhile I can tell friends that am the fourth generation down from Freud Thinking of that quasi kinship I made a pilgrimage to the very source from which psychoanalysis sprang, the place that contained the couch on which it was born, the spacious apartment at 19 Bergstrasse, in downtown Vienna. Now open to the public with its furnishings intact.

The primacy of Freud is challenged by my one-time colleague Professor Ellenberger of the Université de Montréal. We visited him in 1963, and over dinner he explained that psychoanalysis was really due to Charcot in France, known to and respected by Freud; who treated patients on what we now know as psychoanalytic methods. But Charcot's patients were prisoners and others of low status and low capacity to pay an analyst. According to Ellenberger Freud is well known because he invented a machine to support psychoanalysis financially--he

found his patients among wealthy women in Vienna, who had lots of money and lots of time. The movement traveled around the world riding on similar means of support.

My analysis included again and again exploring a dream I had had the previous night. While on the couch I was asked what was the first thing that came into my mind when I thought of that dream. When things went well I could by such free association reveal the meaning of that dream.

Today psychoanalysis is little heard from. Is it possible that toleration of lower ethical practices is what has brought it down? Unless the analyst has high ethical standards analysis is positively dangerous. If the analyst is just running a business, sets as his object extracting as much money as he can from the patient, he could harm the mind as well as the pocket book. I spoke apologetically to one of these types about my being analyzed when I had nothing seriously wrong, thus depriving some person who was suffering with genuine neurosis. He expressed astonishment, as though to say was I so simple minded as not to know that the purpose was the income of the analyst?

In summary, the psychoanalyst used to be a professional in the sense that a doctor is a professional; is he now a professional in the sense that a courtesan is a professional?

### **The object you seek is somewhere else, Cambridge 1995**

One of my habits that the analysis uncovered and dealt with was misplacing things. Absent-mindedly I would put some object in an unusual place where it would be difficult to find, perhaps saying to myself that I did so because it was particularly important. A few days or a few hours later, when I needed it again, I would not be able to find it. I had hidden it from myself.

Mrs. Wasserman devoted several sessions to this habit, using the Freudian technique of free association. It turned out that my inability to find the article caused me much grief. I went about the house mournfully looking in every possible corner, racking my brain. It became plain to me (as it evidently had been to Mrs. W. from the beginning), that this masochistic wallowing in grief and frustration was the object of putting the thing in an unfamiliar place. I was just hiding it from myself.

Once the process became clear, which it did in the course of a few weeks of analysis, then my conscious could take over. Full protection against my unconscious is provided by my mother's "A place for everything, and everything in its place."

But there are other tendencies in my psyche that were not cured or even treated in the 5 years. Beatrice has noticed that in taking a test I have to think that the worst will occur. (This could be anything from a blood-pressure measurement today or a school examination 70 years ago.) If I

thought the result would be good then the gods watching over my action would punish this arrogance, so to achieve the best outcome I must be humble and anticipate the worst. At a conscious level I accept that what I anticipate will have no effect on the outcome, but that is not good enough for the unconscious, that thinks of the omnipresent gods, so jealous of hubris in us inferior beings. .

One current example. When my children wanted to celebrate my 90th birthday a few weeks ago, I asked them urgently to defer that celebration until the 29th of June. Even though a few days before would have been more convenient.

My constantly saying that I am not capable of doing such-and-such, I am willing to try but it will not succeed, gives my friends and relatives the impression of extreme modesty. .Evidently I am out of tune with my age, just out-of-date. For in the current etiquette, let us say of basketball or tennis, one shouts victory, one acclaims himself. Anyone our age remembers with nostalgia how the winner would console the loser with words like "Better luck next time." Such an expression is not to be heard today.

### **A dream**

I was in a huge building, up and down whose corridors I wandered. It was a kind of meeting place, perhaps a hotel in which a great conference was taking place, with many stories, and crowded with people, young people mostly meeting and talking, about what I didn't know. I had been assigned a room, and I wanted to get back to it so that I could go to sleep, and I could not find it. I went into one of the rooms facing on the corridor of the 6th floor, and asked a young man whether he had a list of the people in the building. I told him my name and he looked up his list, and said "You are listed as in room 610." I thanked him and looked for room 610, figuring it must be on the 6th floor and that was where we were. But even given the room number, I couldn't find it. There were all sorts of discontinuities in the numbering--as though it had been devised to confuse me, yet all the young people understood it well.

I had been trying the previous evening to figure out how to scan a document and failed, and was much frustrated. I am afraid that many things in computing that for young people are perfectly natural, and for me are a struggle. Surely that is what the dream is telling me.

But enough for my unconscious.

## 15. INDIA WITH J.B.S.HALDANE, CALCUTTA, 1956

The DBS released me for three months to work in the Indian Statistical Institute in Calcutta in 1956. Strictly it is not in the city at all, but considerably north of the city on the Barrackpore Trunk Road. The Institute, that Professor Prasanta Chandra Mahalanobis (1893-1972) founded and still headed, was set up like a research university, with buildings splayed over a large campus. Mahalanobis was close to Prime Minister Nehru, and seemingly could get anything he wanted. It seems safe to attribute some of Nehru's planning to Mahalanobis, planning that has not always worked out.

Wanting to be as self-contained as possible Mahalanobis established his own guest house (in which I was comfortably lodged), a print shop, and a farm on which much of its food was raised. I used to go up on the guest-house roof with a portable typewriter and type my daily letter to Beatrice back in Ottawa.

I often went for a walk of exploration through the surrounding countryside. One day I was rewarded by seeing twenty or so vultures, each two to three feet high, grimly standing in a circle. Apparently a sheep had fallen dead, and its body was being torn apart by wild dogs. Vultures are not built for fighting and they awaited their turn on the carcass at a respectful distance. Once the dogs were sated they left the scene, and the vultures closed in.

On another occasion I passed a peasant woman of the lowest caste efficiently carrying on her head a basket of dung cakes. I stopped her and by means of signs asked the price. I didn't know the market price of dung cakes and she undoubtedly did; in any case we negotiated by signs and came to an agreement; I paid her: she took down the basket and motioned to me to take it. There was nothing I wanted less than those dung cakes, so I motioned her to take it back, and she went happily on her way to sell it again.

It so happened the great English biologist J. B. S. Haldane (1892-1964) was also in the Institute. It was 1956; the Egyptians had taken over the Suez Canal, and Prime Minister Anthony Eden, then being coached as the successor to Winston Churchill as head of the Conservative Party, tried to retake it by force. The United States, backed by France, reminded him forcefully that the colonial epoch was now past, and the British Empire could no longer enforce its historic domination. Eden resigned, his political career finished. Eden came of the best family, had gone to the best schools; neither of these weighed in the democratic temper of those years.

Haldane made a public declaration that he couldn't live in a country that would try such a thing, and on the invitation of Mahalanobis moved out to the Barrackpore Trunk Road along with his companion Helen. He had been invited and was now warmly welcomed by Mahalanobis.

But by the time I got there the two men were not speaking to one another. Neither saw any virtue in being diplomatic. Both were uncompromising academics, guided by immutable principles.

One of the matters on which friction developed was the Journal of Genetics, founded and at the time edited by Haldane. His vast ego was bound up with the Journal, and in accord with the agreement made before he came he brought it with him. It had to be printed on proper paper-- paper not available in India, so Mahalanobis had to go to the trouble and expense of importing the paper at a time when foreign exchange control made this no easy matter. The first issue was to be printed in the little print shop in the Institute. It was one of the facilities that Mahalanobis to make his Institute self-sufficient.

The type setting was by a method that must have gone back five centuries to Gutenberg. Type bars for individual letters were selected from trays and when the page was complete a string was put around it and it was ready to be inked and the paper pressed on it. The trouble in this case was that one evening an unlucky type-setter dropped the type for one of the pages and it scattered over the floor. He spent the whole night reassembling it and made a fair but not perfect restoration, a considerable achievement considering that he knew no English. When the issue of the journal loaded on an office truck was wheeled in to Haldane, he looked it over carefully, found the few misprints, and rejected the whole issue.

That was bad enough. But Haldane, after making some insulting remarks like "We don't want this to be Indian work--we want it to be right," started all over again, but not in the ISI print shop. He went into Calcutta and found a commercial printer and insisted that Mahalanobis contract with him. This time the work turned out to be acceptable, but one can imagine the rancor that it left behind, not to mention the expense.

With the two men no longer on speaking terms Haldane found ways of annoying Mahalanobis. Once when the latter had a party, which I attended, we guests saw Haldane, dressed in a quite inappropriate dirty white Indian costume, carrying books on his head, striding through the crowd of guests.

Beatrice had a biologist cousin living in England, Ursula Philip, at Cambridge where she collaborated with Haldane, and who suffered greatly from his treatment of her. For him, as for some other upper class Englishmen I have known, the lower orders were fair game for the scornful treatment that comes naturally to the scions of Empire. In the end Ursula could stand it no longer and gave up a good prospect at Cambridge to go to Newcastle.

Yet quite aside from his scientific achievements, Haldane was enormously talented. He translated a piece of Persian poetry for me; told me the biology of wild flowers we encountered in a walk through the countryside and never ceased to be informative and entertaining.

My three month leave came to an end and I returned to my family and the DBS. Haldane left the Institute and went to Bihar Province, where soon after he was diagnosed with cancer, lived courageously through a painful illness, and died in 1964.

## 16. EGYPT AND THE PYRAMIDS, CAIRO, 1956

We were scheduled to go to Ceylon to take up the post of Director of the Colombo Plan Bureau, and went by boat, this was not such an odd way to travel as it has since become. It had the advantage that we and the two children could stop off in Cairo, where I had some statistician colleagues, who received us (and dined us--no wine) with the usual Arab courtliness.

It was also a chance to see the Sphinx and the pyramids at Giza. I remember the children taking a camel ride in the desert around about. One of the pyramids was open for a visit and Robert, led by a villainous-looking guide, disappeared into it and we wondered if he would ever emerge. Would we have to pay some large ransom to get him back? But then he emerged, his same highly verbal self.

After that we continued by boat through the Red Sea, and it was HOT. The only escape was an air conditioned lounge that the boat housed, and Beatrice, looking as though she was going to faint at any moment, remained in that lounge, gasping until the boat passed into the ocean again.

I represented Canada as head of the Colombo Plan Bureau in Colombo for about a year and a half about 1956, and the job consisted mostly in travel to the dozen or so countries stretching from Laos to Pakistan. These are described below.

## **17. THE COLOMBO PLAN: CEYLON, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, VIETNAM, CAMBODIA, LAOS, PAKISTAN, BANGLADESH, INDIA, 1956-57**

In 1948 the countries of the British Commonwealth had a conference in London and decided on a plan to provide aid to the less developed of the member countries. This was as much residue of "Empire" as the times would permit. The more fortunate countries, Britain, Canada and Australia, along with a non-member, Japan, were to be donors. Though the aid was bi-lateral, a Bureau was established in Colombo for whatever coordination was needed. The Director of the Bureau was chosen from the donor countries in rotation.

First Britain nominated Geoffrey Wilson of the Treasury to head up the Bureau. Then came Australia in the person of Mr. Curtin, member of one of Australia's eminent families.

In 1956 it was the turn of Canada to name a head of the Colombo Plan Bureau, and I was named. There was a formality of election by the Council in Colombo consisting of the Ambassadors to Ceylon of the several member countries. My boss, Herbert Marshall, then Dominion Statistician, gung-ho for the Empire in its time, was not going to turn down a request by the Commonwealth, and so I was released.

The job consisted mostly in ceremonial, visits to the dozen or so countries stretching from Pakistan to Laos. This "showing the flag" of the Commonwealth had a purely diplomatic function.

As on an earlier occasion our children, Barbara, now aged 10 and Robert aged 8 didn't like leaving Ottawa, and again we made the mistake of not adequately explaining what we were doing and why. Here I was starting out on a diplomatic assignment, and forgetting all about diplomacy in my own home.

Within a few weeks of the scheduled departure I was putting some books in the back of our car when I turned sharply, twisted my back, and suffered great pain. We called in a doctor and he prescribed bed rest. We called another doctor, a surgeon by the name of Dr. Killam (I am not joking) and he ordered up an ambulance to take me to the hospital. Once there he examined me at length, and said the only thing to do was operate. We had two friends who underwent that operation, and on one it worked, on the other it left the person crippled. I said nothing doing, and he was disgusted, and immediately had an ambulance take me home. So here we were, between two doctors, one of whom recommended doing nothing, and the other doing too much. What was the next step?

In bed with the pain, I was visited by a number of people, all of whom were sympathetic. But one of them, Elsie Ralston, was more than sympathetic: she urged me to call an osteopath, Dr.

Parsons, (I am sad every time I recall that sometime later, Elsie was smoking in bed, started a fire in which she was fatally burned.)

I barely knew of the existence of osteopaths but was desperate enough to try anything, and Dr. Parsons came to the house with his portable table. Believe it or not, that was the only house call required. He manipulated my back, loosening up the parts of the backbone that were held rigid , and within a day or two I was able to get up and walk around slowly. After half a dozen visits to his office I was ready for travel.

To avoid strain on the trip I took BOAC's flight to Britain that had a few cabins with bunks. My family sat up.

When we arrived in Colombo we were met at the plane by Canadian Ambassador James Hurley, whose first words were "Call me Jim". Based on that our children always referred to him as "call-me-Jim".

He took us to Bank House, located on a main road running down to the harbor, and a block or so above the Galle Face Green, a grassy park bordering the ocean. At Bank House we met John, the prince of servants. He spoke good English, and was in charge of a cook named Paul, and a houseboy. John and Beatrice got along famously, and he was happy to discuss my predecessors and their wives, sometimes delivering himself of spicy tales of philandering while husbands were away working.

When I got to the office I found Sharif from Karachi, Goonitilike, a Singalese, and Dorothy Abeywardene, secretary and financial officer, also Singalese.

My job was essentially to travel the circuit of the member countries, which were mostly the ex-colonies of South and Southeast Asia. My visits to Delhi, Singapore, Saigon, Pnom Penh and Vientiane, lasted a few days or a week each, and I did my best to make the receiving countries happy with the Plan, and with the aid they were receiving from one of the more advanced members.

Of the travels I have spotty but colorful memories of the graceful dancing girls on show in Pnom Penh; (less pleasant) Indonesia in the waning days of Sukarno; Saigon, looking for all the world like a French provincial town, with queenly women in traditional costume going about their business in it. ..

That was before the French attacked to reduce a political regime they didn't like, and were fought to a standstill by the Vietnamese. Not heeding the French example, the Americans took its turn to attack. They were spurred on by imagining they were fighting the danger of Communism and

Chinese domination. In fact the Vietnamese had no love for the Chinese and would have fought a Chinese invasion. We had a series of images to support our invasion--there was a "domino effect" by which the fall of Vietnam would lead to the fall of other countries to Communism and to the Chinese; as things got discouraging our politicians kept seeing "light at the end of the tunnel". After protracted and destructive fighting, with the usual heavy bombing, the Americans saw they could not win; the war was terribly unpopular back home, especially with the younger generation. Fifty thousand Americans were dead and perhaps a million Vietnamese. The war came to an indecisive end. But at the time I visited, all this was in the future, and I could see Vietnam and indeed the whole territory peaceful and moderately well-governed.

The most primitive of the three parts of French Indo-China was Laos. When I got to Vientiane I was duly met by government officials, with whom I talked repeatedly during my stay. (When I visited most places I was given a car and driver; in Vientiane I had to do my own driving--they had no one who could speak English or French and was able to drive.)

There was a good deal of American aid going into Laos considering the size of the country, and the Laotians made no secret of where the aid was going, i.e. into their individual pockets. At the end of my stay I reported to the official in charge of the US aid mission about what I called waste of money. "Not at all," was the reply, "we have to keep the natives loyal to us". In fact he was not keeping the 'natives' loyal but only a few people in the very top ranks. One could surmise how much loyalty that money was buying. Such mal-administration weakened the American support for foreign aid.

When I got back to Colombo and looked into the operation of the office, I found that my assistant Sharif really had no function. Or if he had one it consisted in opposing all changes I suggested. I am afraid that my instinct for economizing got the better of me, and I asked Sharif to resign. He refused.

I asked advice from the Ambassadors to Ceylon of donor countries who formed the Advisory Council to the Colombo Plan office, and was told that I had better get professional advice from London. On contact with the UK Treasury, I was offered a representative who would come out, examine the organization of the office, and advise whether the saving was worth the ill-will we would incur by firing a Pakistani. Gordon Crichton was the person; he came and spent a week with us, talking to me and to Sharif, and in the end reported that we should go ahead with the dismissal. Crichton was a solid bureaucrat, not conspicuously imaginative, but that quality was not needed for this task.

There is a sequel to this. Sharif bore no grudge and when later I was in Karachi threw a party for me. He was an excellent host and the food was good. The only thing bad about that party was taking a spoonful of rice and curry and then feeling something moving in my mouth when I took

a spoonful. Removing it I found a cockroach, badly damaged but still alive and moving its legs. I spat it out and without saying anything left the plate in a corner where the servants would pick it up. No harm was done, but I kept asking myself whether that insect was there in the natural course of events or whether it was put there.

Altogether there were some 25 or 30 consultants, experts in various fields, and once a week I invited them to a meeting in Bank House. Outstanding among them was Bill Lantz, head of the Canadian fisheries project. Someone had had a great idea--providing a ship and instruction how to operate it and fish effectively. The Ceylonese were given thorough training. The only trouble was that those tropical waters do not harbor many fish.

But what was useful was having the foreign experts meeting one another and talking about their problems. That was a great help to morale.

The term of my assignment was 36 months, and after 20 I began to feel that there wasn't much more I could do, and we packed up and left. I was criticized for this, but it couldn't have been a terrible offense--that year I was awarded the medal of the Professional Institute of the Civil Service of Canada for my work in Ceylon. It was handed to me by Governor-General Vincent Massey at a dinner meeting of the Institute in the Chateau Laurier.

It remains to mention that an ultimately tragic turning point in the history of Ceylon occurred during our time there. The population of the country was and is mostly Singalese, but it includes a sizable minority of Tamils. The latter had been brought in some generations back to pick the tea crop. Owners of the plantations, ever alive to costs, found it was cheaper to import Tamils, paying their passage from Tamilnad in south India, than have the crop picked by the fun-loving Singalese. Up to the time we arrived the two ethnic groups had been getting along reasonably well, even though the Singalese were Buddhists looking in cultural matters to Burma, while the Tamils were Hindus looking to Tamilnad.

However one man changed this harmony, and started the disorder that continues to this day. It was Prime Minister Bandaranaike, an especially pious Buddhist, who never opened his mouth without making a plea for peace. I remember the time he came to Bank House on Colombo Plan business, dressed in his white sheet. (Upper-class Singalese dressed western style, with jacket and tie, but left-leaning politicians found it politic to identify sartorially with the masses. And Bandaranaike was far left. I promised I would transmit his message to London with my favorable recommendation, and he left. I gave him no sign of how I felt about his anti-Tamil policies. It could have gotten me and Canada into trouble if I had asked him just what the Tamils were doing that was so harmful.

I never learned Singalese, but Beatrice did, at least to the point of reading the daily press. I still remember her sitting in a comfortable alcove and drinking tea while reading the morning paper. The paper was full of speeches by Bandaranaike expressing outrage at the government jobs held by Tamils that should have gone to Singalese. A government job was the most prized career, and Singalese thought that all these belonged to them.

The Singalese are light-hearted folk. The elite among them who have been educated at Oxford bring back a schoolboy language and mode of behavior that sound odd in this distant ex-colony.

One episode shows the idea. When confrontation got bitter a number of Tamil leaders, officials and businessmen of dignity and distinction, held a Satyagraha on the Galle Face Green, which slopes down to the ocean. This consisted in their sitting on the grass and saying silent prayers, a non-violent unspoken rebuke to the majority. While it was going on young members of the Singalese elite descended on the Green, carrying the unresisting Tamils to the water and throwing them in.

Bandaranaike spoke of peace at the same time as he unleashed a savage civil war. Early in the 19th century a missionary, Bishop Heber, wrote of Ceylon that "every prospect pleases. And only man is vile."

Most of the people we met were Singalese, but our next door neighbor was Arumugam, a Tamil, a hydraulic engineer, evidently very capable. On such a dry island settlements were mostly located under dams, and traditional wars took the form of breaking open the opponent's dam and starving him into subjection. So hydraulic engineers were very important. Karl Wittfogel wrote extensively about Oriental Despotism, claiming that the urgent need to protect their dam made people accept absolute rule.

Our neighbor had a charming family, including a girl of about 10 who performed the graceful South Indian dances. The older of the girls played the Veena, an Indian instrument resembling a cello, while the other girl played by striking with a stick on a set of porcelain bowls filled with water to different levels. It was a pleasure to associate with a family not superficially imitating the culture learned in their stay at Oxford, but expressing a deeply felt indigenous tradition.

I am sorry that I never had a chance to see them again or even to correspond with them. I can say no more about Ceylon, since after leaving in 1957 we have never visited or been in touch, but the newspapers report that the northern part of the island is all but governed by the Tamil Tigers and Singalese don't go there. Partition that small island? Shri Lanka will insist on maintaining the integrity of the national territory that it has done so much to divide.

Two years after getting back from Ceylon my time at the Bureau came to an end.

## 18. ENTRY INTO THE ACADEMY: VINCENT BLADEN, TORONTO, 1959-62

After 23 years in the Canadian public service I had a phone call from Dean Vincent Bladen, with an offer from the University of Toronto that was to open a fresh life for me. It appeared that the new job would have no fixed hours, the duties nothing but study, writing and teaching, that is to say acquiring and teaching the best of existing knowledge and discovering new knowledge. To me as a civil servant that seemed like fun rather than work; it was what I did out of hours and during week-ends in the civil service.

True the pay was no better than the public service, but would be more than compensated by the pleasant associations with others similarly engaged. And all of us together would make a harmonious community in which it would be sheer heaven to dwell.

All that was just what I wanted, and I accepted while Dean Bladen held the line. The first person I told was my faithful secretary Jean Duffus, who was regretful but not surprised.

As mentioned earlier, I joined the Dominion Bureau of Statistics (DBS) in Ottawa as a clerk in the 1936 census, and over the course of 23 years climbed the public service ladder in not untypical fashion, reaching the post of Senior Research Statistician. During that time I worked in several of the DBS divisions, and had an opportunity to see its methods evolve from the routine collection of data using home-grown paper-and-pencil methods for supposed "complete enumeration" to more sophisticated procedures of household sampling, quality control, computer processing, assembly of the Gross National Product. Most important of these for a statistician was probability selection of samples that permitted estimates of error. . In the development of several of these I had a part. Thus there were some advances made in my 23 years, but the biggest advances were to be made after I left.

In my new job in Toronto I had great colleagues: S. Delbert Clark, Oswald Hall, Jean Burnet, Leo Zakuta, Jim Giffen, as well as excellent students, students from whom I could learn. I remember that after a lecture one of the students came up and asked if I had looked at a new journal called *Daedalus*. I had not heard of it. It had just been established by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and ably edited by Stephen Graubard. Since that commendation from a nameless undergraduate at the U. of T. some 40 years ago I have been a constant subscriber to *Daedalus*. Just one of many directions in which a student has led his professor--me.

I also had colleagues outside of the Sociology group--Brough Macpherson and Gordon Skilling in political science, Tom Easterbrook and Burton Keirstead in economics, Dan DeLury and Donald Fraser in statistics There was no substantial graduate school, and hence no opportunity to teach a subject as specialized as population, but I did give a well-attended course in general sociology, especially on the work of Emile Durkheim and Max Weber.

But what about the harmonious community of scholars? I suppose we had as much of that at Toronto as anywhere, but it was certainly not perfect. One of the odd features of life is that we really don't want perfect harmony--everyone agreeing with everyone else on every subject. If we all thought the same way, we would have nothing to discuss. Recognition of important problems can only arise in discussion among people who do not agree with one another. Differences stimulate thought, colleagues strike sparks off colleagues. While that is everywhere recognized, yet I have had more than one colleague who failed to separate disagreement and debate from personal feelings towards the person with whom one disagrees. They think "Professor ABC disagrees with me because he doesn't like me; well I don't like him."

Even more obviously we don't want complete disharmony, with no one listening to others, no one ever agreeing with others, no one using the work of others and continuing that work forward. Total narcissism, egoism, is to be avoided equally with total harmony. And not every institution can arrange the amount of narcissism that drives the person to create without also driving them to isolation from colleagues. .

The nice balance required here that would provide lives of scholarship and creativity is not always attained.

In moving over to a university after 23 years as a public servant I had several lucky breaks, unforeseen events working in my favor, especially changes of a demographic nature, age categories that became abnormally large and others that shrank. In 1959 the pending increase of students as the post-war baby boom came to college age was presumably what the U. of T. authorities had in mind in hiring me to begin with.

### **Winters in the Argentine when schools in Canada were closed for the summer, Buenos Aires, 1960**

I had no sooner joined the University of Toronto than I was offered a seasonal appointment at the University of Buenos Aires. This was not yet as a demographer, but as a sociologist. Buenos Aires, conveniently lying south of the Equator, has its winters when we have our summers. So I was able to take my summer holidays teaching in B.A. in 1960. There among other people I met Fausto Toranzos, an older man, somewhat old-fashioned and greatly admired by his ex-students. In his entourage was Carlos Garcia-Tudero, young, bright and knowledgeable; with him and his wife Malicha, Beatrice and I formed close links. He saw my trusting nature and offered to be something of a guide, which he was indeed,

I remember others in the circle--Portnoy, Lopez, and their wives.

Many an evening we agreed to meet Carlos and other friends at a restaurant, Corrientes Onze, at 10:00 p.m. In case you think that is late for dinner, it was only the nominal time for congregating in a community where punctuality is no virtue. If everything went on what might loosely be called "schedule" we would start eating at midnight. Was it worth the waiting? It sure was, the food was superb, and the talk brilliant. We tried to get back to our hotel in the Calle Junin by two o'clock.

Argentina has had a stormy history. Juan Peron was elected by a large majority in 1951 on a populist platform, and in 1955 was upset by a coup, and driven into exile in Franco Spain. A democratically elected liberal government under Dr. Arturo H. Illia came into power shortly after our time, .If I remember right our friend Carlos was Minister of Finance in the Illia government.

On one of these occasions Beatrice was delayed, as she later explained to us, by somehow getting mixed up in a meeting that was broken up by the police. Argentina was undergoing difficult times--Peron, a fascist, though one of the gentler fascists, was gone but there was a revival of Peronism under Eva Peron. The police used tear gas to disperse the crowd protesting her, and Beatrice got some of it. Later things got worse and many of our colleagues fled to quieter Latin American countries, but that was after we had left.

Carlos shared a similar upbringing to Beatrice--both grew up in a home bakery. That of Carlos was a little brighter, a little more scrubbed, but the commonalities were many, including a baker arriving about 4:00 a.m. so the bread would be coming out of the oven about 8:00 a.m.

I stayed in communication with Carlos for years afterwards, not all of them good years for an outspoken liberal in the Argentine. But more recently we have lost touch, and I have not been able to find a phone number or address. Information connecting us again will be received with sincere thanks.

On one occasion I attended a lecture by a distinguished foreigner (I forget both the person and the subject) and seated beside me was a well-dressed, well groomed, man, past middle age. We got talking and it was not hard to see that he was very, very rich. In the Argentine that meant owning square miles of grassland. Grass means cattle, and cattle mean beef, the core of Argentine wealth. Cattle on the plains grassy plains require men on horseback to tend them, and a rich cowboy culture seems to have been common to North and to South America.

One American who has settled there and now has written a successful novel in her adopted language of Spanish, is fascinated by the "experience and sensation of national identity and belonging." In our shorter stay that is what we also felt.

### **Teaching in Chile, Santiago, 1963**

Carmen Miro was the Director of a school offering instruction in population for Latin America functionaries and she invited me down to lecture on population during the summer of 1963. I am ashamed to admit that I remember nothing of that school or of my lectures or what I was doing during the three months I was there.

## 19. MY YEAR AS A FRANCOPHONE, MONTREAL, 1962-3

Growing up in Montreal, second only to Paris in the size of its francophone population one would think that at school I would have spoken French as well as English, would have French as well as English friends. Nothing of the kind. It seemed that everything was being done, at least on the English side, to discourage English-French contact. As though the winners of the battle on the Plains of Abraham of two centuries earlier were reproducing their victory in the 20th century. For one thing the two groups went to different schools. What school one attended depended on one's religion--francophone children, Catholic Schools, that were mostly French, and Protestant children, schools that were English. Nothing equals the importance for youthful associations at school for defining one's world. Who one talks to, who one walks home with from school, at older ages what girls one takes to movies--these associations almost all start in school and often continue through life. The English mythology went so far that Franco-Canadians were not considered competent to teach French in English schools. And the two groups were separate geographically with English mostly on the west side of St. Lawrence Main and the French speakers on the east side.

But the best way of bringing the story up to date is with the talk I gave on the occasion when I was honored by the University of Quebec in Montreal. (Given in French, translation by Beatrice Keyfitz.)

### **Address given in Montreal, July 27, 1993**

My ties with French Canada began in earnest when Guy Rocher, at that time chairman of the Department of Sociology of the Université de Montreal, invited me to spend a year (1962-63) as professor of demography in his department. I would work with Jaques Henripin, a demographer who has since become widely celebrated. I was delighted with the idea and accepted on the spot. The first twenty years of my life had indeed been spent in Montreal, but in an English corner of Notre Dame de Grace, and my acquaintance with the city was essentially confined to Sherbrooke Street between Boulevard Decarie and McGill University, at most about a quarter of the city. One met a French speaker when one bought household supplies or needed a plumber. The streetcar drivers spoke French. "Here", I said to myself when I received Guy Rocher's offer, "is my chance to meet the other three quarters of my native city."

And those three quarters were full of surprises. My colleagues in the Universite had no resemblance whatsoever to the humble little Canadians of my youth. At departmental meetings and luncheons outside they were giants. No doubt their enlargement had something to do with the nationalism that had begun to flourish at about that time, a phenomenon which had drawn notice elsewhere: with nationalism had come the rise of an intellectual class that supported the new national configuration and was supported by it.

But this was only the dawn of the nationalist movement. We were still in an intermediate condition--when an English speaker joined a francophone group the language changed. It was preferable to discommode ten French speakers rather than one anglophone. The anglophone was courteous; he expressed regret for his incapacity, but he did not regret it enough to learn French.

The new pride of the francophones--at least when they were among themselves--was only the first of the surprises than awaited me. I had thought that given the diminution of anglophone influence the Province would seize the occasion to orient themselves even more towards church and family, towards all that belonged to the past, as was suggested by their watchword: "Je me souviens." The little farms along the roads and rivers would once again be the heart of their economic life. Quite the contrary: they were turned towards the future--towards technics, towards industry. They were open to the outside world, and especially towards France, which until then had often seemed too little Catholic if not atheistic.

But how to run their affairs without anglophone capital and managers? Business would surely be in trouble. For years the anglophones had stressed how they were needed for the division of labor in the province. But in fact under francophone management business experienced an expansion as never before.

Education also saw an unforeseen growth in quality and importance, at least unforeseen by me. The old system tended to form a thin layer of elites who boasted less of their utility than of their elegance. Under the banner once more of nationalism the system grew enormously. We witnessed the creation of CEGEPs, of new universities, among them the Université of Quebec, the host of today's ceremony.

As I have said, I was invited to Montreal to teach demography, but in fact it is I who have benefited from instruction--on how modernization takes place, on the link between modernization and nationalism, and on the role of language in these two movements.

During the past ten years I have watched Quebec, of necessity from Europe, and above all through French television. What I have noticed is the rapid evolution of a new culture which is not the metropolitan culture of France, but which is respected for its distinct qualities. When one listens to the news or a film about French Canada, one recognizes that it is not France, that it is not inferior or superior to France, but simply different.

But I realize that I am saying things that you undoubtedly know better than I. It is left to me to thank you from the depths of my heart for having invited me to become a member of the Université of Quebec.

Growing up in Montreal, second only to Paris in the size of its francophone population, one would think that at school I would have spoken French as well as English, would have French as well as English friends. Nothing of the kind. It seemed that everything was being done, at least on the English side, to discourage English-French contact. As though the winners of the battle on the Plains of Abraham of two centuries earlier were reproducing their victory in the 20th century. For one thing the two groups went to different schools. What school one attended depended on one's religion--francophone children, Catholic Schools that were mostly French, and Protestant children, schools that were English. Nothing equals the importance for youthful associations at school for defining one's world. Who one talks to, who one walks home with from school, at older ages what girls one takes to movies--these associations almost all start in school and often continue through life. The English mythology went so far that Franco-Canadians were not considered competent to teach French in English schools. And the two groups were separate geographically with English mostly on the west side of St. Lawrence Main and the French speakers on the east side.

And what doesn't start in school starts in the neighborhood. In Notre Dame de Grace, notwithstanding the name, the neighbors were mostly English. (I remember the New Yorker having itself a good time with the Notre Dame de Grace Kosher Meat Market, that I did not find in any way anomalous, "Notre Dame de Grace" being simply the (never translated) name of the ward.)

I did my personal best from a very early age to overcome the drawback of the (artificial, one might say contrived) monolingual culture I was living in. La Presse came into the house when I was a boy and I looked at it and picked out the words I recognized. I remember my father's spoken French as pretty good. Later I read French books, often going down to Sherbrooke Street East, to Lafontaine Park, to borrow books from the French library there. But no amount of reading could match speaking French in a living context.

Then I went to Ottawa, which was largely anglophone, except that the hiring rules of the Civil Service Commission did permit the entry among my associates of a man by the name of Rochon, and especially of Raymond Lewis. Lewis, notwithstanding his name was thoroughly Francophone, and we met often for dinner with him and his charming wife. And Edgar Gallant, a young diplomat living in Hull, and his wife with whom Beatrice and I more than once dined.

Among the books that I knew was Everett Hughes French Canada in Transition. Hughes was on the faculty at the University of Chicago when I had my year there as a graduate student. He had chosen Drummondville for the classic study of the social effects of industrialisation. I attended classes by Everett in 1942-3 and was glad to catch up him and his wife Helen when I came to Harvard and Everett, having retired from Chicago, taught at Boston College.

But the climax of my acquaintance with French Canada came with an offer of appointment of a year at the Universite de Montreal Department of Sociology. It came from Guy Rocher, sanctioned by Doyen Garigue, and promoted by Jacques Henripin, a polished demographer, student of Alfred Sauvy at the INED in Paris, the world's best known institution of demographic research. I knew Jacques when he was a beginning college teacher, and I have kept in touch right up to the present time.

I was overjoyed when the University of Toronto gave me leave after just three years of service. We rented an apartment on Maplewood Avenue just opposite the U. de M. took our Barby and Robert, and moved in.

The year was no less happy than I had anticipated. I had brilliant colleagues--not so much in their research publications, which were less than plentiful, but in their talk. It was almost as though Jacques Dofny, Denis Szabo, Jacques Henripin, Guy Rocher, Marcel Rioux published orally, in talks with colleagues. An outstanding member of the Department was the Abbe Norbert Lacoste, whom Beatrice and I came to admire enormously, A selfless man, Norbert, distressed by the fewness of recruits to the Church in this materialistic age and was doing his best to fill the gap with older men who would perform some of the functions of the clergy part time--what a change from when the smartest boys of each village were candidates for the priesthood.

A great company these, and when they assembled for lunch in a local restaurant the conversation was brilliant. They did not all love one another, but when someone attacked it was not with a bludgeon, but with a rapier. They expressed their opposition to some outrageous assertion (perhaps by myself) not with brusque denial but with irony and wit.

I remember one day on which the faculty assembled for lunch. The separatists had blown up a mail box the previous night, and we talked about the incident. Dofny, a Belgian, and Szabo, a Hungarian, said "Great, this will help you get your freedom." But the idea of getting freedom by violent means, familiar enough in Europe, struck us Canadian-born, French speaking as well as English, as repulsive. What entered all our minds without anyone saying was that freedom obtained by violence would most likely be followed by a regime of violence. And few Canadians are ready to welcome a regime of violence.

The U. de M. campus was on the other side of Mount Royal from McGill. But between the two campuses there was little communication. No surprise to one who was brought up in Montreal, a situation that I understand has changed in the years since I last visited. Hiring across the anglophone-francophone boundary has become more common than it then was.

The year was successful in that I had good students and congenial associates. But when I was invited to stay a second year I decided against--the separatist movement was gathering force, and I did not want to be made an issue between my liberal friends and the separatist hawks.

Over the years our friends included Jean-Charles Falardeau and Maurice LaMontagne, both of Laval University in Quebec City. They had been the students of the Dominican, Father Levesque, one of the most remarkable men I have ever met. I remember a glorious evening when all of us sat on the rug and heard Father Leveque, handsome in his white robe, discourse on everything from books he had read to Quebec politics, on which he held strong views. Always liberal, always level-headed, never trite.

## **20. APPOINTMENT TO THE FACULTY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, CHICAGO, 1963-8**

Phil Hauser had over a period of time been urging me to come to the University of Chicago, and I had said I was satisfied with Toronto. But from the perspective of Montreal, Toronto seemed less wonderful than when I was there, and I agreed. It gave me something of a twinge to think how little gratitude that showed to Dean Bladen who had gone to the trouble of arranging a senior appointment for me, and rescued me from the monotonous life of Ottawa. Yet that seemed no reason to repeat my senseless faithfulness to the DBS over 23 years. So I started at the University of Chicago in the fall of 1963.

### **Emigration to the United States**

The only thing that need be said about the emigration to the United States is that it was simple. The medical part for example: Each of us was asked "How are you feeling?" and we both said "Great". No further evidence of health was required.

We were given various papers, and as I recall we validated them by a trip to New York for a weekend on April 25 1963. We received a green card to testify to all this.

In the mid-1970s George Homans said that if I took American citizenship he would put me up for election as a regular member of the NAS. I did and he did and I was elected.

### **Demography favored me, Chicago 1963**

Partly because the birth fluctuations, of which the baby boom from the mid-1940s to the mid-1960s was one, had such a striking effect on individual careers in a number of occupations, there was a general interest in population growth and fluctuation at the time I began teaching. That is, aside from the baby boom giving me an opportunity to teach, it also gave me the subject matter for my teaching. Entry into the labor force would burgeon in the 1960s and 1970s, then there would be an increase in births as an echo of the original boom, and looming in the 21st century, say about 2010-2015 a grim problem of financing health and retirement, all superimposed on underlying long term declines in birth rates and in death rates. This meant that an increased number of retirements, each of them lasting longer, would have to be supported by a decreased number of people of working age.

(Now, in 2003, as the crisis of social security and medicare approaches, are we worrying about it, are we saving up to meet it? Not at all. Our horizon has shortened down to the next election. No present day politician is going to ask the public to give up something in order to make life a little less difficult ten years from now.)

Foundations responded to the problems in the only way they could--by offering research grants. Funding to study these matters was plentiful. Applying for research moneys did not require so much effort that it kept scholars from doing research. In fact applying was mostly a matter of reminding the donor of the problem and asking for the money. I accordingly got my share.

Moreover there was a sense that the future of social science lay in the application of mathematics to its problems. The Social Science Research Council, a private group aiming to improve the quality of scholarly work, set up a committee to stimulate the use of mathematics in its fields, to whose work I was invited to contribute.

But aside from easy funding, there were two other elements that happily coincided with my entrance into the academy. One was the existence of a phenomenal mass of results of the application of mathematics to population. Alfred Lotka was the best known of the writers, but there were scores of others as well, and their writing was scattered through places like the *Journal of Cell Biology*, the *Journal of Hygiene*, *Mathematical Biosciences*, *Biometrika*, the *Journal of the American Statistical Association* and other publications that social scientists do not regularly read. And if they do fall on them they are put off by the strange applications (for instance to populations of bacteria, or the population of trucks in a large fleet) and mystified by the variety of notations.

Yet it was plain to me that there were formal elements in common among all these applications, and I began to set them down. I put them into a uniform notation, showed the relation of one result to others, and generally systematized the field. If that was creativity on my part it was of a low order, though it was certainly hard work.

But this was not enough. Nothing in what I derived constituted new mathematics, and it was not really new demography either. There were plenty of formulas in my assembly, but abstract formulas is what they could well have remained. Those extracts from the literature, even when suitably arranged, would have been mere curiosities.

What saved my hard work from this fate was the advent of the computer. The year I got to Chicago on the invitation of Phil Hauser was 1963, and the University of Chicago had just set up a computer center to house its brand new IBM 7090. It occupied an entire building on Ellis Avenue, and was mostly used by physicists. Very few social scientists ever passed through its doors.

For me it did something almost magical: it brought to life the formulas on which I was working. To demographers only formulas to which numbers can be applied are for real. A formula is not redeemed by being carefully and flawlessly derived. If I did not enter numbers in my results no

one else would. A desk calculator would not have been able to do the work in any finite time, so resort to a computer was the answer. In those days that meant learning to program in FORTRAN, and I taught myself the early primitive version, applied it in a number of instances, with Beatrice punching in the programs and data on the then standard 80-column IBM cards. Its incisive logic appealed to graduate students, Fr. Wilhelm Flieger, Jay Palmore, Mike Murphy, Lee Jay Cho, and they went to work programming further formulas, and so we produced the examples that gave some meaning and interest to the manuscript I was putting together.

After some years of this activity statistician Fred Mosteller noticed my work, went over it carefully, and gave me some 70 pages of closely typed corrections, demands for clarification and suggestions, so adding a further year of work for me. Ultimately Fred approved the manuscript for publication on behalf of publisher Addison-Wesley. That plus his help on later work, plus help from Robert Dorfman, Aage Sorensen (both now deceased, alas) and others give meaning to the idea of a scholarly community. The resulting book, *Introduction to the Mathematics of Population*, whose first edition was published in 1968, surprised me by its success, at least in reviews if not in sales: it was taken as defining population mathematics as a new field. Every academic discipline likes to expand its domain by the addition of a new sub-discipline, and demographers are no different. Books and articles have since been written by myself and others extending it further, Courses are now given in many universities, and a *Journal of Mathematical Population Studies* now exists, and finds worthwhile contributions issue after issue. On the strength of little more than that one book I rocketed all the way up to membership in the National Academy of Science, for which I had been nominated by Professor George Homans.

Beyond all that I have mentioned was the widespread recognition that population increase retarded development. At first for the reason that Malthus gave, that additions to the population were driven to marginal lands, but when this argument fell into disrepute--because of enormous increases in agricultural technology that virtually eliminated land as the limiting element in sustaining population--then there was recourse to something different--raising and equipping the newcomers in a rapidly increasing population drew capital away from investment that would raise the productivity of the existing population.

Whatever the reasons, goodwill towards the new nations that were formed in the era of decolonization generated large budgets for foreign aid, especially in the form of technical assistance. Every country needed a demographer to enable it to understand the population problem. So I landed in Burma, Indonesia, Ceylon, Argentina, and indeed much of the travel described in this memoir has had the purpose of raising consciousness of population and population research. Demographers, after all, think of ourselves as scholars, not as presenting a case for more people or for fewer people. So my task was to make students aware of the issues that demography treats, and let them draw their own conclusions on population policy.

Since then there has been disillusion with foreign aid, and budgets have been drastically cut. Had I been born two or three decades later or two or three decades earlier I could never have had those assignments in foreign countries that often proved uncomfortable, but were always instructive. And perhaps even a little useful to the people I had been assigned to help.

## 21. FOUR MOMENTOUS YEARS, BERKELEY, 1968-72

We lived in Chicago and I taught at the University of Chicago. It was Phil Hauser whom I knew well and respected greatly, who organized my coming there, and I had some doubts but in the end I resigned from the University of Toronto and came. I thought and still think that at the time I was there Chicago was the greatest assembly of scholars in the country. Why did I ever leave, despite my gratitude to Phil for bringing me to so distinguished a place? It looks as though I was just restless. Having spent the first 23 years of my working life in a bureaucracy in which I was steadily promoted, nearly reaching the top, but in which I always fitted badly, and learned very little, I wanted adventure from then on.

And I got it. Little did I dream that my four years at Berkeley would give me a front-row seat in a theater in which history would be acted out. Those years would change for all future time the nature of academic life in the US. They would divide the young from the old and not since have the generations been quite in the pre-1968 relation, a relation in which the young took for granted the wisdom of their elders. What was going on in Berkeley would reverberate around the world. The example set by the Berkeley students was followed up by protests against globalization in Seattle, protests against a war in Iraq today, all arising from the fact that Vietnam, called to attention by the Berkeley students showed how far from infallible the older generation was. Mention May 1968 anywhere in the United States or Europe, and people will know you are referring to the new relation between the generations with which we are now living.

In any case I was persuaded by Kingsley Davis and his wife Judith Blake Davis to go west. They had founded a Department of Demography, the only one in the United States. It had branched off from the Department of Sociology, and for the first time demographers were on their own--they would be able to decide who was a demographer. The Berkeley Department of Sociology was no disgrace; indeed at one point it was rated first in the country. But just as nations want to be independent, so do academic disciplines.

When we got to the West Coast, we found the climate all that was promised, the University of California at Berkeley was on a fine campus, the nearby city of San Francisco as colorful as anyone could want. After a short stay in rented premises near the University, we bought a house on the Alameda, and there we settled with our dog Bonnie. It was a good spot, a few blocks below the home of Jerzy Neyman, by then arguably the world's most eminent statistician, whom we visited often. He never spoke of himself but under questioning admitted that he was a member of the Polish aristocracy, the minor aristocracy, he insisted. .

Aside from the Davises I was the senior member of the new Department. It included Sam Preston, then just married to Winnie, and a year or two later it brought in Etienne van de Walle, a

senior scholar of Flemish origin who came to us from Princeton on a one-year invitation. Altogether a small but promising group.

Two years after our arrival the campus exploded. The local police could not keep order, and the National Guard had to be called. I remember one morning when I arrived in the usual way and found the campus closed. It was surrounded by the National Guard, grim, silent men in uniform with fixed bayonets. When I tried a witticism no one cracked a smile and I went back home.

A few days later the campus opened up again. I had been assigned a classroom half under ground level. Tear gas was being used to disperse student protest meetings, and this particular day the National Guard released it from helicopters. Clouds of yellow gas drifted across the campus. Those in buildings well above ground were safe, but we were below ground level. We rushed to close the windows. The authorities had ordered lecturers to keep talking whatever happened, and I managed to obey with a minimum of coughing.

Finally peace was restored; the disturbances came to an end. What had all this fuss been about? Though there were a number of lesser complaints it was principally about the Vietnam War. The students saw that war as unjust--we had no business in Vietnam--and that it was bound to fail. After all the French, with a long history of relations in Southeast Asia, had tried, and in the end had been forced to retreat before stubborn and well organized resistance.. For us to think we American newcomers could do it was sheer arrogance. But it was not the military side, it was the ethical side that aroused young people across the United States.

Why did we fight so long? Because no political party wanted to admit the inevitable defeat. For the same reason that the French stayed in Algeria. It took a Frenchman of exceptional courage, historical understanding, and leadership, Charles de Gaulle, to end that war when there was no chance of winning it. We had no de Gaulle, and the war dragged on until an American student uprising forced it to an end. By then 50,000 American soldiers had died, and perhaps ten times as many Vietnamese. We seemed to have forgotten all the rules of civilized warfare, treating the Vietnamese as subhuman in Mylai and other places. A considerable part of the adult population wanted the war to be pursued to a victorious conclusion. At the lunatic fringe idea of dropping a nuclear bomb was circulated.

Our young had only the newspapers to go on, but they read them more intelligently than did their elders. The students had nothing but contempt for elders who could support such goings on as the press reported. This sense that their elders did not know anything and had no morals was an outcome that far outlasted the war. "You can't trust anyone over 30" was the watchword. And it was not confined to the Vietnam issue--the distrust of authority spread to all issues and all continents. "May, 1968" symbolizes the revolt of youth in Europe as in the U.S.

The revolt reached down to our Department of Demography. Sam Preston, with some support from myself and Etienne, seemed to be the voice of the students, and Judith Davis the voice of authority. I joined Preston, and when we had a meeting of faculty and students, questions of wider political orientation merged with those of the administration of the Department.

Judith and I were still talking to one another, but a further incident brought all civility to an end. An eminent legal scholar, John Noonan, a liberal Catholic who had written a book on contraception, called on me one day and suggested that we share a course. I knew that we would differ on many subjects; he would argue against making contraception more widely available and I in favor. This would add spice to the course and be informative to students. His suggestion was extremely flattering to me; he was one of the most distinguished scholars on the Berkeley campus. He was even spoken of for the Supreme Court.

In any case Judith was scandalized. To her birth control was a sacred matter and debating it was sinful. She went to the extreme of locking the door of the classroom where we were to teach, leaving us and the students standing in the hall. But we did give the course, and it went well. Noonan and I became friends, and I remember one great evening that he spent at our house.

The outcome of all this was a shock to Judith. I accepted an appointment to Harvard and Preston to the University of Pennsylvania, while van de Walle, having only a one-year appointment at Berkeley returned to Penn, which became one of the strongest in our field anywhere.

With we three leaving the Davis's were the whole faculty of the Berkeley Department of Demography. Now we will be able to get three really good people, Judith said in effect. Not so fast, the authorities responded, that is not the way we do things. The Administration will appoint a committee from other Departments, and it will recommend new personnel. Judith said she would rather dissolve the Department than lose its autonomy.

While this issue was in the air the University budget came up. Judith, threatened by cuts, had Kingsley go to Sacramento and lobby the State Legislature so that it approved a line item for the Department in the final budget. Kingsley had qualities that made him an exceptionally effective lobbyist--prestige and persuasiveness.

To the Berkeley administration that was the last straw. They forced Judith's resignation. The best she could do was an appointment in the School of Public Health of the Los Angeles campus. (When she was riding high, Judith had spoken scornfully of schools of public health.) To make thing worse the marriage with Kingsley broke up. Not so many years later I read of her death at a rather young age. I was sorry, having always hoped we could become friends again. I never had any dislike of Judith--she did what she thought most effective in limiting population and just misjudged the means.

One other incident at Berkeley remains in my mind, though I was not personally involved. The State Government, under Ronald Reagan, proposed to cut the University's budget--at a time when the rest of the State Budget was on the rise. A delegation called on him in his Sacramento office, headed by the distinguished physicist Owen Chamberlain. I remember seeing on television Chamberlain wagging his finger at the Governor. Ronald Reagan leaned back comfortably in his chair, unmoved, listened and said nothing. When the final budget was published it was even lower than the draft.

## 22. TEACHING AND SURFING IN HAWAII, HONOLULU, 1971

Paul Demeny was in charge of the Department of Population at the University of Hawaii and he invited me to join the tenured staff. I was not ready to do that, but a three month spell out in the Pacific Ocean was more than acceptable. Beatrice and I moved out there, and agreed that the climate was everything that had been said about it. Even the rain was pleasant--"liquid sunshine" Paul called it.

Once I had my classes organized I turned my attention to Waikiki Beach. I hired a surfing instructor, rented a very large surf board (the larger the board the less difficult to stand up on), and got going. Following my instructor I waded and swam what seemed like half a mile out into the water, and stopped. My instructor turned his educated eye towards the incoming waves, and when he saw one that looked good I clambered aboard and lay on my stomach. At the right moment he gave the board and myself a mighty push, so that we caught the wave, and we were wafted landward.

The trick was to go from flat to kneeling, and then stand up, cleverly steering the board by shifting weight from one leg to the other. I went through this day after day, and only once in my entire stay in Hawaii did I manage to stand on that board.

I did buy a board and took it home, storing it in the basement of our place in North Hampton. In the autumn, the season of tallest waves, the young men of New Hampshire would be out there surfing in the icy waters of the North Atlantic. (Most of us found that water too cold for swimming even in July.)

That was not the end of my Hawaiian epic. Out in the bright sunshine, that came down both directly and then as a reflection from the water, my unprotected eyes were badly affected. For a while I couldn't see to read. But the eyes gradually recovered. I was glad not to have this memento of my stay in Hawaii.

We got around in an old VW (Volkswagen) that we bought at the outset of our stay. In it we did the circuit of the island of Oahu, and when leaving sold for slightly more than we had paid. Another confirmation of my principle of "It is always cheaper to buy than to rent" mentioned earlier.

One other memory of Hawaii: the cockroaches. They were everywhere. When walking about one often saw a house enveloped in a large transparent tent where the work of fumigation was under way. That would rid the occupant of cockroaches--for a limited time.

Beatrice did not like Hawaii -- in fact she hated it. For her it seemed terribly far from everything. Not quite as isolated as a colony on the moon, but the same idea. The evening TV news came in at 10:00 p.m., delayed by the time taken to fly the tape from the mainland.

So in due course we said good-bye to our friends the Demeny's, and left.

### **The University of Wisconsin, 1971**

The Madison campus of the University of Wisconsin was and is an attractive place for a social scientist. For me it was attractive because of the demographers there, led by Robert Hauser. I knew and admired Reynolds Farley and David Featherman. Beside his group there was James F. Grow in population genetics. I was invited to join, and was certainly interested. How far my expression of interest was a promise to join, I do not remember. What I do know is the Bob Hauser felt that it was indeed a promise, and when I went back on it to join Harvard, he felt betrayed. I now see that at the very least he was entitled to an apology and I don't remember offering such an apology.

### **23. INVITATION TO HARVARD: GEORGE HOMANS AND ROGER REVELLE, CAMBRIDGE, 1972-83**

That fall (1972) we moved to Harvard, where we were welcomed by Roger Revelle, who had come from California to found the Harvard Center for Population Studies in the fall of 1964. And by Derek Bok, who had just been appointed President of Harvard and who was on crutches, result of an accident on the basketball floor. He recovered, and even among Harvard Presidents he was outstanding--for intellectual leadership and as an administrator. During his years of tenure Harvard made important advances.

The formal invitation to Harvard came from George Homans, Chair of the Department of Sociology. Here are a few words about where he stood in our discipline.

George Homans, great practitioner of sociology, Cambridge, 1972

It helps me in giving an idea of Homans that he was interviewed by Bill Bainbridge for Sociology Lives.

Homans made much of field work, of the kind that he and the Westinghouse researchers did with industrial groups. "Studying a small group over six months or more," he said, "provides illumination as to actual human behavior" that is among other things often "absolutely crucial in understanding the statistical results."

I can confirm that, having been lucky enough to spend some months living in a peasant cottage in East Java. I saw from the inside a mode of living totally different from the staid lace curtain style of a North American suburb, all in one of the most crowded rural areas in the world. I ate what my hosts ate, watched them at work, talked to them day after day, and empathized with their problems.

How did the population get to the point where the pressure on the land is intense, and where the standard of living is rock bottom low? Bare statistics don't answer that. Those peasants have traditionally liked kids more than they liked private property in land or other wealth. We have few children and concentrate on the increase of wealth, so revealing a scale of values that is the reverse of the Javanese. If a Javanese couple had many children they would be assigned extra land; a couple with few or no children, not needing much land, would be assigned less on the next of the traditional periodic redivisions of the irrigated rice terraces. Such redivision had in practice lapsed by the time I did my field work, but it was very much a living ideal often mentioned when children were discussed. People might say that so and so has many children; he should have more land. We would say so and so shouldn't have had so many children--he can't support them.

I could see a simple feedback in what I was told: more children entitles [one] to more land, and more land enables more children to survive, so density and poverty spiral, all accommodated in Clifford Geertz's culture of poverty.

Field work enabled me to realize deep down that people of other cultures think differently from myself, and their way of thinking comes as naturally to them as mine does to me. People everywhere undergo many of the same vicissitudes, like having children, but when these are interpreted differently they become different experiences. It takes observation on the ground, not often enough done by demographers, to reveal the varieties of meaning births and other demographic events present. For a pious Muslim couple a first birth is needed to validate a marriage, so that a wife who cannot produce even one child is likely to find herself divorced and on the street, virtually an outcast from society. For an ambitious American couple an unexpected birth is often interpreted as an obstacle to the couple's advance. (Evidence: one and a half million pregnancies are aborted each year in the United States.)

Such differences reach into all countries and every aspect of life. The Japanese, whose historic experience of real hunger is still remembered, willingly pays four times the world market price for home-grown rice, simply for the security of having it whatever happens abroad; the American, who has no historic experience of hunger, cannot understand this and thinks the Japanese should forget those fears and buy in the cheapest market.

Not relevant to his work in the academy, and never referred to by George himself, with two U.S. presidents in his ancestry, if there is such a thing as an American aristocrat it was he.

### **Roger Revelle, Cambridge 1972**

Roger was a big man in every way: tall, big feet, large, quick mind, and great sense of humor. One could not help admiring him, though at times he could be exasperating--always by intention. He really belonged on the West Coast, and had risen very high in the hierarchy of the University of California, but was disappointed when passed over for the Presidency of the University. In the academy he had been oceanographer and geophysicist, but that led him to ecology and the sustainability of our way of life. That led him to the world population problem, and left him open to an invitation to be the founding head of the Harvard Center for Population Studies.

Once described by the New York Times as "one of the world's most articulate spokesmen for science" and "an early predictor of global warming," Roger Revelle was a giant in American science who accomplished enough during his eighty-two years to distinguish several lifetimes.

"Revelle first made his mark in oceanography-as a scientist, explorer, and administrator-and went on to become a senior spokesman for science, giving counsel in areas ranging from the

environment and education to agriculture and world population. He was one of the first scientists to recognize the effects of rising levels of atmospheric carbon dioxide on the Earth's surface temperature.

"Born in Seattle, Washington, on March 7, 1909, Revelle was raised in Pasadena, California, and was identified as a gifted student early in his academic career. In 1925, Revelle entered Pomona College with an interest in journalism, but later turned to geology as his major field of study. In 1928, Revelle met Ellen Virginia Clark, a student at the neighboring Scripps College and a grandniece of Scripps College founder Ellen Browning Scripps. They were married in 1931."

In short, it was as though George (on behalf of the Department) owned the coveted post; Roger, as head of the Harvard Center for Population Studies, controlled the funds that would pay my salary.

## 24. TEACHING IN ITALY, ROME, SIENA, AND FLORENCE, 1974-

I have been in Italy on a number of occasions from 1974 onward, usually to lecture on the mathematics of population. I remember the scene in the Department of Population of the University of Rome--I was backed up to the blackboard, facing the small group that included Antonio Golini, Antonella Pinelli, Carla Bielli, Cucci, Eugenio Sonnino, Graziella Caselli, and the Grand Dame of European demography, Professoressa Nora Federici who had spent her long life in teaching and writing on population. With Federici I had been in correspondence for some years, going back to my Ottawa days; the others were younger teachers of demography whom I got to know on my visits. And an alert group they are, themselves starting out in productive careers as teachers and researchers--any mistake I made at the blackboard was quickly pointed out.

In the 1970s most Italians, however advanced professionally, knew little or no English, and so I was compelled to give my lectures in Italian. My doing so was a kind of psychological experiment. I trained myself to think in Italian during the period of my stay. This was hard on Beatrice, but she collaborated loyally, realizing that there was no way I could deliver myself with any fluency. (I had done the same at the Université of Montreal--I plainly lacked the flexibility to go from one language to another the same day.).

The people to whom I lectured were colleagues rather than students. I enjoyed every minute of my stay in the Via Nomentana, and as it was coming to an end I wanted to show my appreciation, and the least I could do was to invite the group to dinner.

After consultation I settled on Fualde's. I don't think it was hiding from the police, but it certainly was not advertising its existence. It served great food at very low prices. After a dinner for some ten people--no menu, just a succession of the best Italian dishes prepared anywhere. After we had eaten our fill, I went to the back to ask for the bill. There was no bill, just the owner saying to me "50,000 lire". At the time the lire was trading at 1,000 to the dollar, so the price was absurdly low. I reached into my pocket, peeled off a 50,000 lire note, shook hands, and we diners filed out. No paper trail to give the authorities evidence of how the place was managed.

In somewhat the same way Massimo Livi-Bacci, who headed up a similar group in the University of Florence, invited me to come and give a series of lectures. I already knew Massimo through his writings--that include an unrivaled history of world population. As to the place itself, if ever there was a city that was a work of art, Florence, whose designers have made the most of its location on the Arno River, is it.

I also went to Siena more than once. It started with a phone call from Luciano Petrioli inviting Beatrice and myself to come up to Siena, a "Jewel of a city" as one friend called it. Siena was a

commercial rival of nearby Florence in the Middle Ages, and in the Renaissance Florence pulled ahead. The river of commerce flowed through Florence rather than Siena ever since, leaving Siena unchanged over the centuries. From my point of view an enormous advantage; Siena still has its mediaeval walls, built before the age of gunpowder, and now a highly valued attraction.

Petrioli himself is very much a man of Siena and our relation has been close over the years. He introduced the Sieneese style of painting (with lots of "brown sauce") to Beatrice and myself, had me give lectures in the University, introduced me to colleagues in mathematics and other Departments and finally arranged that I be given an Honorary Doctorate.

Social life was intense. A group around Luciano Petrioli, including his student Andrea Menchiari, gathered in the evenings to drink wine and discuss Italian politics, Italian writing, and Italian music. I remember a group gathering one evening and talking about Italy's perennial problem: national unity. A political party called itself the Lombard League wanted to split Italy somewhere between Rome and Naples, and then let the southern part fend for itself. .

Although Petrioli is most at home in Siena, he has gone abroad on government missions more than once. When he was in tropical Africa on one occasion he sent us a picture of the King of some small country, dressed in native royal costume--which means only half dressed. The picture includes the scholarly looking Petrioli, his wife Sylvana, very much a lady, wearing a hat and gloves even in the jungle. On one occasion I am told the King came to Siena to visit Petrioli, who took much pleasure in introducing him around the University.

When the time came to leave we bought tickets to Vienna, and were driven to the railway station by the Menchiaris. But it was a holiday, and the train was crowded. I mean crowded--people were hanging on to the steps--there was not a chance of reaching the seats that we had reserved. So the Menchiaris said they would drive us to Vienna, a distance of nearly three hundred miles. They made a phone call or two to arrange their affairs and then set out at about 8:00 o'clock in the evening. They had a heavy car, and we drove comfortably through much of the night. When we got to our rented home in Baden, at something like 2:00 a.m. We all went to sleep, we in our beds, they in our living room. The Menchiari's had been trying to have a baby for some time without success, and they tell us that on that very night conception took place.

I made a number of visits to Rome, meeting the people in the Institute of Demography in the via Nomentana, later a Department of the University of Rome.

I went to Siena more than once. It started with a phone call from Luciano Petrioli inviting Beatrice and myself to come up to Siena, a "Jewel of a city" as one friend called it. Siena was a commercial rival of nearby Florence in the Middle Ages, and in the Renaissance Florence pulled ahead. The river of commerce flowed through Florence rather than Siena ever since, leaving

Siena as a backwater. From my point of view an enormous advantage; Siena still has its mediaeval walls, built before the age of gunpowder, and now a highly valued attraction.

Petrioli himself is very much a man of Siena and our relation has been close over the years. He introduced the Sieneese style of painting (with lots of "brown sauce") to us, had me give lectures in the University, and finally arranged that I be given an Honorary Doctorate.

During my stay in Austria I was invited for five successive winters (1985-9) to return to Indonesia to consult on its educational system. I am not sure how useful that consultation was- the archipelago was divided into 27 provinces, and each insisted on having its own university. Consolidation could have equipped and manned 5 or 6 institutions that could have fulfilled the functions of universities, however modestly, but the suggestion to that effect didn't go. On one occasion there was a meeting with some three speakers on the platform, and a distinguished audience that included the Minister of Education. The others made some vaguely complimentary remarks, and I now realize that that is what I should have done. Instead I presented 10 questions, each revolving about some function of a university, particularly raising the question of the faculty qualification. I did not dare to answer the questions, just to ask them, as a person might who was seeking information. The sorts of questions American students ask when trying to decide where to go for their undergraduate studies.

The Minister said angrily that I had no business asking such questions. Evidently I had been recruited, and paid in order that I might say how good was the Indonesian system of higher education. Nothing more.

So I turned from education to the study of village life, in particular the changes in the village of Balarjo over the 40 years that had passed since my first visit. A short account is given in a later section.

## 25. A MONTH IN CHINA, BEIJING, CHENGDU, GUANGDONG, 1981

Twenty-one years ago and just about the end of my tenure at Harvard, I was invited to lecture on population in China. There had been a switch from the Marxist dogma of Mao Tse-tung to just plain common sense. The subject of population growth was becoming a concern of the regime, after years in which people were urged to go the limit in childbearing. While I never pretended to help with lowering the birth rate, I could show that that a phenomenon of inertia existed, in which after a period of very high births there will be a further period of high births. This even though individual women limit themselves to as little as one child. The reason for the inertia – that is the persistence of the high births – is that the proportion of women of childbearing age is exceptionally large, a reflection of the high births of the previous generation. .

When I landed in Beijing I was introduced to a slim, athletic young lady that I will call Chang, who was to be my guide and interpreter for the month. An ex-swimming champion, speaking impeccable English, she bought the plane tickets, ordered meals, arranged hotel rooms.

Peking University in Beijing comes as close as any to be the national center of learning. I met the head of the Sociology Department (Yuan Fang?) and gave a lecture. In China scholarship and research go on in the universities AND the Academy of Sciences, in our case the Chinese Academy of Social Sciences (CASS). It was the CASS, Chang's employer, which provided the interpreter service for my trip.

One feature of our travels was different from what I would have expected. That was the arrangement at each of the hotels where we stayed. There was a room for me, and a room for the interpreter, and beyond that for two men, to whom I was never introduced, but whose shadowy presence I observed at each stop. I can't believe that they were there to be sure there was no sex between me and Chang, but only to be sure that there was no conspiracy, no contact with dissidents, contact such as I had had without trouble in Moscow. When Chang came into my room at ten o'clock in the evening saying "Now Dr. Keyfitz, let us discuss your program for tomorrow," it was plain that she meant no more than just that. No use hoping for anything more.

One phenomenon shows the backwardness of parts of China. When I got up early one morning, and walked into a semi-rural area, I saw many of the characteristically long barrows pulled along by men, exuding a mild smell of night soil. In a way more environmentally favorable than our practice of washing it down the drains and ultimately into the streams and the ocean. What I saw was one phase of a cycle of food--offal--fertilizer--more food. But it is not necessarily a sign of poverty but of simple environmentalism. We have a little of the same--as an amateur gardener I have used organic in Toronto.

Early in my trip I asked Chang to arrange an interview with a peasant in his own cottage. I was surprised and disappointed by what I got. When the time came about ten of us filed into the tiny living room, myself and Chang, the village head and the local Party representative, another interpreter from my English to Chinese, just in case Chang had been corrupted so that through her I might preach treason to the Communist system, and several others whose purpose was not explained. (In a Communist system everybody is watching everyone else for signs of sedition, some professionally, most just as citizens.) With all that watching I gave up any hope of useful information, and had to be satisfied with asking when he planted, how much he planted, how much he used himself, and how much sold for cash.

When on a later occasion I again asked if I could see a peasant, Chang said "But Dr. Keyfitz you have already seen a peasant." Did I detect a twinkle in the eye? Was she pulling my leg? I will never know. In any case I gave up the idea of doing field work. In Indonesia disinterested observation was tolerated--though certainly not encouraged--but in China it was at that time impossible.

I should say that in my time, 1982, some small corners capitalism were beginning to be tolerated. At least farmers markets contained the seeds--free entry for buyers and sellers, price and quality competition. All the elements were there, especially individual plots of land, unlike the collective farms of the USSR. Since that time much larger chunks of the economy have been privatized, liberated from the straightjacket of Communism.

And there has been a dizzying expansion of the economy. About 8 per cent per year has been reported by calculations made abroad, a doubling every 9 years.

The Chinese seem to recognize that escape from Communism must be gradual; the Russians tried a shock therapy that threw the country into economic and political confusion. Yeltsin, in a coup d'état supplanted the far more business-like Gorbachev, gave away Russian resources to his cronies, and nearly 15 years after the end of the USSR prosperity is not yet in sight.

## 26. TEACHING IN OHIO, COLUMBUS, 1979-82

Harvard had ruled that faculty arriving at age 66 could choose between two further years full-time or four years half-time. I chose the latter, and for at least three of the blank half years accepted an appointment at Ohio State University (OSU). The title I held was Robert F. Lazarus Professor--the funding having been provided by the owner of a major department store in downtown Columbus.

We bought a flat in Chatham Village. Why buy rather than rent for so short a period? Because of my prejudice against renting, a corollary of my prejudice against borrowing. Chatham Village was a pleasant spread-out condo of several hundred families, who shared a swimming pool and other facilities, an attractive place to live and own property in.

I had fine colleagues at OSU, but none that I admired more than Professor Saad Nagi, Chair of the Department of Sociology. An Egyptian who had established himself in the United States, made himself thoroughly American. He was my closest colleague in the Department and closest friend socially.

We were living in Cambridge at the time, and each fall for three years we loaded our belongings, including some substantial furniture, into a trailer, and set out on the several hundred miles to Columbus.

It was too long to cover in one day, and on at least two of the three trips, trailer and all, were invited to put up for a night with Paul and Lynn Demeny. They had a daughter, Lylla, about 10 years of age, and a divine creature if there ever was one. "Don't you fear she will lose that fairy-like quality over the course of time?" I asked. "Well yes, but she has been losing ever since she was two years old."

And each time I managed to maneuver the car, trailer attached, out of the Demeny back yard, say good-bye to our hosts and continue on the way towards Columbus.

### **My hernia operation, Columbus, OH, 1983**

When we were preparing to leave Columbus in the spring of 1983 to take up a year's appointment at the University of Toronto I woke up one morning with a terrible pain in my groin. We looked up the yellow pages and found the name of a surgeon, and after phoning went to his office. He felt my groin, and then sat down in his chair and said sadly, "I hate to tell you this (the hell he did), but you have a hernia, what used to be called a rupture, not on one side but on both--a double hernia."

I recalled that my father, at a younger age than I then was, had a similar problem, and not wanting to be operated, wore a truss all the time I knew him. The doctor quickly talked me out of that solution, and he set a date for the operation. He said it would be best to do the side that hurt worse first, and then have another operation for the other side on another day.

I came for the operation, and just as I was about to go under the anesthetic, mentioned that I would be leaving for Toronto two days later, and would have to have the other part done there. He said nothing, but when I came out of the anesthetic he informed me that both sides were now repaired. He wasn't going to let a perfectly good hernia escape to Toronto.

The outcome of all this was excellent-- 20 years have gone by and I have traveled all over the world and there has not been a whisper of trouble from my abdominal wall as restored that day in Columbus. And given the constraints he faced the doctor optimized his intake. That was one hernia that gave pleasure to all concerned.

## 27. TEN YEARS WITH IIASA IN AUSTRIA, VIENNA, 1983-93

I retired from Harvard and was open for other employment in late 1983. I started with three months at OSU as Lazarus Professor, and then by plan went to the Medical School of the University of Toronto. I was to take up a post of Rosenstadt Visiting Professor on a one-year appointment. But in the middle of the academic year I asked if I could be excused. They were quick to let me go, since the mathematics of population that I had been teaching turned out not to fit well with the Medical School's interests, and they had in mind another appointee who would serve them better.

The reason I wanted to be excused was because I had received a phone call inviting me to Austria to a research post with the International Institute for Applied Systems Analysis (IIASA). The Director, Professor Hollings specified a two-year stint. In the event that two-year appointment was renewed four times, so Austria was my base until 1993.

IIASA was and remains a research center of distinction. Founded in the late 1960s, in a lull in the Cold War, when Presidents Nikita Krushchev and Lyndon Johnson discussed ways in which American and Russian scientists could work together, and they agreed on such issues as population and environment. Academicians Jermen Gvishiani and Philip Handler worked on the details; Gvishiani (who died recently) became the first Chairman of the Council, and Howard Raiffa of Harvard was appointed founding Director (1972-5). The Austrian government offered the former palace of Maria Theresia, in Laxenburg, a suburb of Vienna, as the home of the new Institute.

In 1983 an eminent scholar in the field of population, Andrei Rogers, was leaving IIASA, and a successor to his post of leader of the population group was required. Offered the post, I accepted with alacrity. Toronto was hardly able to compete with Vienna as far as I was concerned.

I was thrilled by the thought of walking the pavements where Beethoven and Mozart had walked, and in the 20th century Mahler, the city of Strauss and Lehar, where psychoanalysis was brought into existence by Freud, and the scholars of the Vienna Circle led by Wittgenstein did their heavy thinking. I had learned German along with French years before,

Austrian culture is not to be confused with German--the latter is solemn and thorough, Austrian light-hearted and a little slap-happy. Germany produced the grim forecast of Oswald Spangler's *Untergang des Abendlandes* (Decline of the West), Austria the breezy history of art and social custom of Egon Friedell's *Kulturgeschichte der Neuzeit* (Cultural History of the Modern Age). Germans are highly disciplined, Austrians too smart and individualistic for discipline, a contrast that appears in industry and in the military. In short Germans are thorough, Austrians at their best are imaginative.

The Summer Palace of Maria Theresia, a building of marble and gold made exceptional offices. The population group had two of the best among these, two commodious rooms, with a wall of glass at the back from where one could step into a large park with well-tended trees and flowers, and close to IIASA's center of action, the Director's office.

What was my surprise, then, when having seen all this I was told that it had been decided by Chester Cooper, a former CIA agent, one of two Assistant Directors, that on the change of leaders the population group would be moved to somewhat distant wooden quarters, no marble, no paintings. Nothing to remind one of the building's royal past and important present.

I told Chester that if that was an indication of the low value now set on population it was the wrong place for me, and I phoned Beatrice to stop packing. Chester quickly surrendered, and the quarters Andrei had occupied continued to house the population group for the next ten years and to this day.

For living quarters I camped down at Broschek's, an inexpensive inn about half a mile west of the Institute. I liked it. Herr and Frau Broschek, who ran it were a cheerful couple. Herr Broschek was a leading member of the Volunteer Fire Brigade, whose function was mostly ceremonial, the entertainment of its members. I remember only one fire, and that a minor one during our ten years at IIASA.

Between Broschek's and the Institute lived Herr Peter Schreiber, his wife Frau Stefanie, their little son Stefan and their two chows, large dogs of Chinese origin. Charming animals these. When you entered their house they came and sniffed you, as though to satisfy themselves that you were OK. I found it hard not to think of them as people.

Peter is an engineer, and Stefanie a high school teacher of biology. Their complete lack of English stimulated us to improve our German. Peter and Stefanie were entertaining in all senses - we were often invited to dinner by them, and they were more than passable conversationalists. Not only did they invite us but when we had a visitor, for instance Hertha Georg, mentioned in another connection, they included her in the party.

Since we left there has been a problem keeping in touch. My German was good enough (i.e. understandable, if only barely, at least to a sympathetic listener) for daily spoken use, but writing it was a) too embarrassing, knowing the mistakes I was surely making, and b) too much dull work with a dictionary. So despite my great desire to communicate with the parent Schreiber, I have not in fact been in touch over the nearly ten years since we returned to the U.S.

But help has now arrived--their son Stefan, too young to be noticed socially when I left, has now grown up, completed a curriculum in which he specialized in English, and writes beautiful letters, entirely without error. So much so that I have to watch my own expression, lest I make grammatical errors that he would pick up. At least in one respect the younger generation has taken the torch from the older so that I can now communicate with the parents through their son.

One final reason why we found our stay in Austria so pleasant. That is the absence of the class differences that seem to me so prominent in the United States. Consider taxi drivers in the two countries. The Austrian taxi driver dresses neatly in much the same garb as the business executive he drives, often owns his own house; one case I knew in Vienna took contracts to develop software in his time off duty. The income distribution is much more compressed in Austria; the State provides general access to medicine, to hospitals, with only nominal charges; education is furnished with very little or no payment; the sting of unemployment is lessened by a generous insurance arrangement; homelessness, common in the United States, is rarely found in Austria; children's allowances, unheard of in the United States, are taken for granted in Austria. (It is wrong to think that Austria is unique in these respects--they apply to most of the countries of Europe.)

During our ten years the government was what we would call liberal. It represented Vienna, rather than the more conservative countryside. Since we left there has been a shift to the right.

It was somewhat troublesome to get downtown to the Vienna Opera from where we lived, but Beatrice and I attended great performances of Mozart's Magic Flute, his Marriage of Figaro and Idomeneo, Puccini's Turandot, La Boheme, Countess Maritza Tosca and, Madame Butterfly, and the younger Strauss's Fledermaus, Verdi's La Forza del Destino, Rigoletto, La Traviata (twice) and Aida, Donizetti's Cenerentola and Lucia di Lammermoor, and Wagner's Die Meistersinger. And Lehar, of whom we were especially fond-- Das Land des Lachelns (The land of Smiles) and The Merry Widow.

While the Vienna State Opera was for us the most solid of Vienna's many cultural institutions, one could not but be interested in the Musikverein for its varied musical presentations, the Knstlerhaus, the Volkstheater, the Kunsthistorisches (Art) Museum, and the Naturhistorisches (Science) Museum.

When Vienna was quiet during the summer, the suburb of Baden where we lived much of our time in Austria, took advantage of the artists who were free in the off season to perform in lighter pieces like The Circus Princess and Wienerblut.

Beside these great musical performances on stage, we could listen to and tape a free broadcast of an opera every week-end during the season.

### **My brush with Austrian law, Baden, 1987**

I have had only one automobile accident in my half century of driving, and it occurred in Baden, a suburb of Vienna. I was coming out of a side-street into a main thoroughfare, after having duly stopped as the sign instructed. It was raining and the streets were slippery. Proceeding very cautiously with the green light, I crossed in front of the halted line of traffic that included trucks and busses through which one could not see. As I passed these I was struck, lightly but enough to break a light and bend a fender on the right hand side on my car and on the left hand of that of the young lady driving the car that had struck. She had been going too fast to stop when the light turned.

With that very slight collision Austrian law was engaged. All traffic was halted while the police made chalk-marks on the road and measured distances. Then we (Beatrice and myself and the young lady) went to the police station and were separately interviewed. Everything was recorded and all this data was available to decide who was in the wrong.

The young lady found a lawyer who advised her to sue, and I found one to defend me. The two sets of lawyers conferred on the voluminous data by then available and declared that I was at fault. That puzzled me, but rather than argue I paid for repairs to my car and to those of the young lady, and went about my business thinking that was the end of the matter. The few hundred dollars in schillings did not seem worth worrying about for very long.

If you also wonder about the decision against me when I had the green light bear in mind that the lady was a charming young Viennese with the rich local speech, while I was a foreigner--speaking halting German with a heavy accent, just an ugly American.

Like the mills of God, the Austrian legal system grinds slowly but it grinds exceedingly small. Some months later I had a phone call from my lawyer, and was told the two sets of lawyers agreed that the initial decision was wrong, that the lady was responsible. At last, I thought, the movement of funds will be reversed, and I will be covered for the cost of the accident.

Not so, it was explained over the phone, the whole amount was expended on costs, and I even owed something, which they were generous enough to overlook. I would not be billed.

It is wonderful to live in a country where there is so little crime, so little serious work for lawyers that they have time for issues like this.

I experienced another example of the innocence and crimelessness of Austria in a second clash with the traffic laws. One night I was cycling down a semi-rural lane marked one-way, when I was stopped by an officer. After he had pronounced a charge of violating the traffic law to which

I pleaded guilty, he pronounced the sentence. "The punishment for this offense is 100 schillings (about \$5)." Then the execution of the sentence: "Hand it over," and I took my money out and peeled off a 100 schilling note.

The American might suspect corruption here. However the Austrian may be simple-minded or bureaucratic, dishonest he is not. I accepted the punishment by handing over a 100 schilling note, was given a receipt, was released from custody, and went my way.

Having the whole legal process of apprehension, charge, sentencing and execution of the penalty taking place on that dimly lighted lane where the crime took place cannot be beaten for efficiency.

Beatrice had a similar experience with the law while driving. She came to a corner where there was a policeman directing traffic and she wanted to turn right. She lit up her right signal light and dutifully waited for the officer of the law to give her the sign to turn. He paid no attention. So after a considerable period of waiting, with no traffic coming from any direction she slowly turned right. To that he did pay attention, and was down on her like a flash. The same legal process in situ as with me on my bicycle, except that the fine was larger.

## 28. THE AUSTRIAN AND HIS DOG

Austrians love their dogs, and they look after them well and train them thoroughly. That was certainly true of the Shreibock chows. Austrians know that without good training a dog cannot be lovable, and theirs, most of them dachshunds, are lovable indeed. It is unheard of to bar them from restaurants. Austria does not have the sharp discrimination between a person and his pet as we have in America. After all both have to eat.

Beatrice reports that while taking a glass of wine in a cafe one afternoon she saw a man come in and sit down at a table near her. His dog, that had been following him, jumped on the chair opposite the man, and put its front paws decorously on the table. It watched attentively as its owner ordered for both man and dog. When the order, wine and a sausage, came with two glasses of water the dog held down the sausage up with its forepaws and daintily ate it, then had a drink of water.

### **History of our dogs: a timeline**

1947: We were given a dog by a subordinate of mine in the DBS, Jack McClelland, who used to raise prize dachshunds in his spare time. He had a considerable number of them in his house at any one time, and the house looked it and smelt it. They couldn't be allowed loose, mating with any trash they met up with, and Jack could not afford separate premises for them, so they all lived together, he and the dogs.

The name we gave to this one was Ingrid, or in full, Devonshire Ingrid of Bristol (Our address was 5 Bristol Avenue), but she was always called Iggie. Iggie was intended as a playmate for Barbara, three years old at the time, who was pleased enough to begin with, but after a few weeks friction developed between them. Barbie hit on the idea of pulling up a fold of the dog's skin and biting it. Dachshunds have very short fur and this must have hurt badly, so Iggie would bite back. After this scrapping between the two of them had gone on for a few weeks and Barby's forearm was covered with "dawg baits" we had had enough; we bundled Barby and Iggie into the baby carriage and returned Iggie to Jack McClelland. It was a shame to do that: Iggie was a truly perfect specimen, and we later saw her at a dog show where she had won a blue ribbon. At the same time I was relieved to have turned back what could be construed as a bribe from a subordinate.

1959: Arrival of Penny, a dog of mixed ancestry--Beatrice who came to love her resents my calling her a mongrel. Penny was a gift from Jim Giffen, a colleague at the University of Toronto. She was a typical pet store product, frail and in poor health but of a truly loving and dependent nature. She would not have lived long anyway, but she wandered out on the road, despite our training, and was struck by a car. The driver was distressed; he had tried to miss her,

but she just ran under a wheel. She limped back to the house where she died, probably of heart failure. I remember Barby, then a student at Forest Hill Village School, tenderly picking her up and placing her on a cushion. She lived only a day or two after her accident. We took her to a veterinarian, who couldn't do much but bury her. But her short life was enough to show us the companionship that a dog offers, something the aristocratic Lady Ingrid of Bristol had not taught us. We just had to get another.

1959: Our third, Bonnie, was a beagle, a noble, courageous dog, bought not from a pet store but from a kennel. (She had papers, but we never registered them, not intending to put her into a competition.) Beagles at their origin were working dogs--they hunted rabbits. I remember the day she was brought home, Barby put a string on her and was following her across the lawn, while tiny Bonnie, a few weeks old, ran up and down with her nose to the ground, presumably trying to pick up the spoor of a rabbit.

Their hereditary prey was hardly formidable, but Bonnie was formidable; she would stand up to a dog several times her size, and the other would slink away. She never had to fight: she was protected not by physical but by moral force. On one occasion Beatrice was walking with Bonnie on a leash in a park in front of the Belmont High School. Along came two Dobermans running unleashed, and Bonnie stood in their path, simply stopping them with her gaze. The owner of the Dobermans came up and cried "Call off your dog!" "Call off yours," Beatrice replied; "my dog is leashed, yours are not." The man and his dogs slunk off.

Bonnie was also the most intelligent of the four we had. And she was also the one that most enjoyed eating. On one occasion Beatrice had a cake in a box on the kitchen table, and in a hurry before going out she just left it without thinking. Sure enough Bonnie, probably after jumping several times, got it down, and enjoyed a feast. Then she stuffed the box under the refrigerator. An almost perfect crime. Unfortunately she was disturbed during the work of concealing the box by Beatrice's return, and she left an identifiable part of the paper hanging out in plain sight. Beatrice gave her a severe talking to--that was the most severe chastisement Bonnie--or any other dog or child--ever had from this mistress of the house.

1970: Wally was our fourth and last dog. He was a dachshund, with a long body suspended on short legs that kept him close to the ground. His ancestors were hunters of badgers, and with that shape he could comfortably pursue one down a badger hole. Our Wally never had an opportunity to exercise the hereditary occupation. Nor did he ever find out about sex. In fact none of our dogs ever found out about sex. Whether because Wally came after Bonnie, or because of the latter's moral force referred to above, he always stayed close to her. Once when Wally was lost in the woods of New Hampshire we sent Bonnie out to look for him and she returned with Wally trailing her. .

He lived a long life, some sixteen years, much of which was in Austria during our ten-year sojourn there. We would naturally have lived in Vienna but apartments available there seemed all to be on upper stories, without elevators, so we stayed in the suburbs, in turn Baden, Perchtoldsdorf, and Moedling.

We were in Moedling where he had his final illness; Beatrice took him to the vet, and seeing the illness was incurable (his kidney was gone) he pushed a needle with poison into his thigh and Wally died peacefully, looking into Beatrice's eyes. She couldn't think of that afterwards without tears.

He was our last; our memories of these will have to do us for the rest of our lives. Of our four dogs Bonnie had by far the best mind, and the strongest moral force. Penny was the most lovable, Wally the most light-hearted.

There were also several dogs that we knew casually. Beatrice took a special interest in guide dogs. She tells me that not all dogs are capable of becoming satisfactory guide dogs. They are just not intelligent enough. Nor they are capable of being trained before a certain age--perhaps a year. And their training takes time, and they have to retire when they become too old to do the work. Further, they need a certain boldness of character. One dog we knew was just a baby--it would cry when you were eating a cookie if you didn't give him part. So the working seeing-eye dog is a select individual, and then it has a short working life. All this explains why guide dogs are so expensive.

## 29. FURTHER TRAVELS

### **The good side of Economic and Social Development: What it means for rural life, Indonesia 1952 and 1989**

The bad news coming out of Indonesia on its urban economy, its stock markets, its balance of trade and so forth, apparently does not weigh heavily on the countryside. At least this is the sense I take out of a comparison I was able to make over a span of 37 years, extending between my first visit and my last.

As mentioned above I spent a year in Indonesia in 1952 and lived in the village of Balarjo for some two months of that year. Balarjo was typical of the rural parts of one of the poorest countries in the world. After I was told some of the detail of how a family lived, or observed some activity, I would rush back to my room in the headman's house and write detailed notes--some 150 pages in all, typed on the portable typewriter I had brought with me. At the time I made no use of them--they lay buried in my files at home.

Then for 5 years--1985-1989--I returned to Indonesia each year when it was winter in Vienna. I took advantage of that return to revisit

The first surprise I had was to be recognized as the visitor of 45 years earlier. A man who had been a school boy in the class which I had addressed at the earlier visit was now village Headman.

The changes were enormous. In 1952 the young boys, practically naked, were splashing around in the mud with the water buffaloes of which they had the care. By 1984 the boys were at school part of each week-day, and when they were free kicking a football on a level field in which goal posts had been set up. They were now neatly dressed in knee pants and shirts.

At the earlier visit education (meaning ability to speak and write Indonesian, and work simple sums) was limited to the Headman and one or two senior citizens. By 1984 everyone under 40 had been to primary school in the village, and some had even followed through with secondary school in a neighboring village.

In 1952 a badly rutted dirt road ran through the village, nearly impassable in the rainy season. Thirty years later the village had a modern paved road, on which automobiles could drive through the village, peasants could take a bus to Malang and even travel to Surabaya. I saw those same neatly dressed boys riding their bicycles up and down that road.

Electricity was coming through to the village, and there were already several television sets in use. The primitive tiny home-made houses of 1952 were now inhabited only by the very poorest landless villagers; by 1984 most lived in architect designed and professionally built houses. So the paved road and the houses along it gave the village a totally different aspect from 1952.

But when I asked an older villager what was the biggest improvement in their lives they mentioned none of these, but only the change in diet. At the earlier visit they had enough rice for no more than three or four months after the harvest. Rice was a luxury that ran out and was replaced with corn. But then the corn ran out, and in the time to next harvest villagers had to be content with cassava, that they knew was not nutritious but a seemingly infinite quantity could be grown. This was the season of *paceklik*, a word conveying infinite sadness and resignation in Javanese, and meaning a condition of semi-starvation.

Then came the Green Revolution, the greatest gift of all development aid. Crops were multiplied two, three and four-fold, with the use of better seed, of varieties that could get along in the dry season, fertilizer. By 1984 rice had become available all year round. And one of the details--rice has to be hulled before it can be cooked; the hull has no nutritive value. Hulling had always been done by putting the rice in a tub and pounding it with poles, essential work left to the village women. Now the village has an electric hulling machine to which the peasant-farmer can bring his rice and have it hulled for a few rupiahs, i.e. a few pennies, while he stands by. The women are saved a long, boring and arduous task.

And finally, birth control had come. With the earlier large families, despite high death rates each generation was more numerous and, land being fixed, poorer than the one before. Now it is from those smaller families that the neatly dressed boys above mentioned come.

The changes above mentioned are to my view and to that of the vast majority of the population the essence of development. Never mind whether the stock market in Jakarta is up or down, how foreign investment can be attracted, making Indonesia an industrial power the way that Malaysia and now China are becoming. First things first--adequate nutrition, at least elementary education, decent housing,

Development aid is too often designed with the urban middle class in view. Of course we want these to prosper, but they should take their turn. Yet as things stand they can jump the queue. For governments are not constituted of peasants--they are made up of members of the upper middle class. They are made up of people who get around, who can decide what form foreign aid is to take.

## **Lahore-New Delhi, Bombay 1956**

In the course of my service with the Colombo Plan I had to make visits to Lahore, the capital of the Punjab for the last 1000 years, and to New Delhi, the capital of independent India. In both cases my job was to ask about Colombo Plan aid and give very general advice. The distance between them is about 300 miles, and today a bus does it in 10 hours or less; then it was somewhat more. But the trip would allow me to see the countryside.

Predominantly Hindu India and Muslim Pakistan have been mutually hostile since Partition a few years before my visit. In fact the Partition was decided on as a way of stopping the killing that went on when the British pulled out. It was some time before a modus vivendi was worked out. But the border seemed peaceful to the visitor--it was just that the Pakistani bus could not enter India. When we arrived at the Pakistan side of the border we descended from the bus, picked up our baggage and walked the 300 or so yards to the Indian side, there getting on to an Indian bus and resuming the trip.

A few days later it was Independence Day and I heard Nehru speaking from the Red Fort. It was a dramatic occasion. The Republic was new and hope was everywhere; Nehru's personality came through wonderfully; the square in front of the Red Fort was filled with an enthusiastic crowd.

I haven't been in India more recently, but I am told that in the last years the speeches at the Independence Day celebrations have been uninspired; attendance has been poor and the sense of drama lacking. In south Asia as in a surprising number of other areas de-colonization has been followed by rising income for the ex-colonial power, and falling income for the freed ex-colony.

When whatever business I had in Delhi was completed I went on to Bombay. India has four main cities--New Delhi, Bombay, Madras and Calcutta and on the map those cities form the vertices of a rough square. To have all pairs of cities connected in both directions, a central transfer point was set up. I got out of the plane from Delhi and found the plane that was shuttling between the transfer point and Bombay.

My business in Bombay was to give a short course in population at the International Institute for Population Sciences. The IIPS was organized in the early 1950s, and still exists. I gave my usual lectures, trying to get people to see the population problem realistically, but not pleading for any particular policy. I tried to get students to think about the problem, confident that if they did so they will come out with the conclusion that India has too many people. The number continues to rise and is now (mid-2003) estimated by the French INED at 1068 million. It will soon have more people than China on present trends in both countries, while it only now beginning to show the economic dynamism of China. Without rapid economic progress there is plenty of misery ahead.

## **Katmandu, 1957**

Nepal being a member of the Colombo Plan I felt I should visit it at least once. In my time one disembarked from the Delhi-Calcutta plane at Patna, in Northern India, leaving the comfort and security of a large four-engine plane, travelling at 40,000 feet, for a one engine plane travelling much closer to the ground. Our little plane couldn't go as the crow flies; it had to weave its way along the valleys. As we went along, snow covered mountain ridges high above us both on the right and the left, I felt that only my short-sightedness kept me from seeing the people inside the houses seemingly stuck on the sides of those ridges.

The town of Katmandu is in the Katmandu Valley, and only 2500 feet above sea-level. You are prepared to breathe deeply of the fresh mountain air--but make no mistake--the main odors are from the garbage strewn in the streets.

Tantric Buddhism is widespread in Nepal. It is expressed in high relief sculptures showing couples unmistakably having sex. That is quite different from the style in which we decorate our public squares here in New England.

I had the usual interviews with government officials, and then returned home via Patna and Calcutta.

## **Mexico, Mexico City, 1962**

I was invited to give a course in population at the Colegio de Mexico, a small non-governmental institution with high standards that is wholly separate from the National University, much larger, and with much lower standards of admission and instruction. The Colegio was in considerable part the work of a distinguished economist, Victor Urquidi.

One of the people that I knew there was Professor Margit Frenk.

## **I take on the USSR, Moscow, 1977, 1985-9, Kiev, 1991**

During the course of 10 years at IIASA I had occasion to go to Moscow several times, and from the first visit onward the arrangements for my trip seemed weird. I was not allowed to choose our hotel, but were put up at a hotel for foreign academics, apparently to let the foreigners talk to one another rather than corrupt the native population. And when applying for a visa one had to state where one planned to go, in my case Moscow half a dozen times, and Kiev once.

One lost all sense of autonomy once inside the USSR. When in Kiev I thought that here was a chance to see Mogilev in White Russia, where my father was born and brought up. It was about

200 miles distant--could I not just take a bus there? The answer was no, on several counts. There is no bus or other direct connection. And if one got there one would find no directory in which one could look up "Keyfitz" to find kin. (The USSR didn't want to encourage conspiracy by helping people get in touch with one another.) So I was urged to forget about Mogilev.

I remember one of our trips in which we were assigned not one but three interpreter-guides, perfectly charming young ladies who spoke flawless English. One of the guides accompanied me on business, while Beatrice was escorted by one of the other two and visited the Pushkin Museum, where among other things there were four Gaugin's and innumerable icons. To our knowledge the four Gaugin's had never been shown elsewhere in the world.

Behind our hotel was a stationery store that was just about empty, until one morning it was filled with truckload after truckload of briefcases. These were piled on tables, chairs, desks, until the place was filled to the roof. When they stopped coming I went in and bought two--they were very cheap-- but how many can one use? Besides the quality was decidedly poor; there would be no market at all for such as these in the West.

The pricing system was erratic in all of the Communist countries. When in Bohemia we bought for pennies fine wine glasses that we are using to this day and that we gave as presents to our friends at home.

More than once I visited the home of Ivan Petrovsky, whom I had known at IIASA. We dined well--though heaven knows at what cost to the family in the rationed meat and other delicacies that we ate. Friends who had just come back from southern Russia contributed some fruit, perhaps melon. Petrovsky presented us with a box of Soviet chocolates, and very crude they were. They were rendered even less attractive by falling on the floor when the package was opened. (Beatrice felt a little ashamed later when she put the package in the trash.)

I liked Petrovsky well enough to give him a computer and printer for the use of himself and his daughter. We were well into the computer age by the late 1980s, but mass use of computers was still in the future for the USSR. At one university I visited I wanted the use of a computer, and was told that its one computer was scheduled hour by hour, and they would put my name down. When my time came I had just that, the use of an out-of-date personal computer for an hour.

Petrovsky was a kindly man. There was a poor peasant living near his dacha who had a boy that Petrovsky sponsored and whose schooling he paid for. He was very much an outdoors man, who often went for a hike in the forest, and who in his time had hunted bear. Add to all these qualities a great sense of irony, a sense of the futility of life in general, but especially of life in the Soviet Union.

One can imagine the strain that Soviet living placed on a truly free soul like Petrovsky. Knowing all the time that he could unwittingly be doing things he was not supposed to do under the restrictive Soviet code, perhaps saying something that could bring the secret police down on his head, he would have new things to worry about day after day, and that told on him. I was truly saddened but not entirely surprised when I had a phone call from his widow who would now have to get along without him. An arbitrary repressive rule is hard on everyone who is not in the nomenclatura but it is especially hard on one as active and imaginative as Petrovsky..

Late in the Brezhnev period there was some codification of what is permitted and what not, and as long as one avoided criticizing Soviet policy in print, or have too many foreign friends, one could stay clear of Soviet prisons.

And someone else we knew, Georgiu, who had been an important public servant. When he retired his house was transferred to his successor, and he had to move. We caught up with him in his retirement in a miserable accommodation in a slum area, where he was living with his 103-year old mother. He cooked us an acceptable dinner and we enjoyed hearing stories of his life. Another of the honest, modest, gentle types that has his ups and downs under a repressive dictatorship.

And some contact with Soviet officials I had at meetings in the United Nations. I remember Ryabushkin from New York and Geneva. In Geneva I had some business with him on one occasion, and invited him to lunch. The cost was coming out of my pocket, so we ate at a cafeteria-type restaurant, a prix fixe. Two days later he invited me to lunch. No prix fixe for Ryabushkin but a very well-appointed restaurant. No doubt he thought of this contrast as demonstrating the superiority of Communism. ..

I gave my series of half a dozen lectures, honored by the presence of the grand old man of Russian demography, (name forgotten). There was one embarrassing moment-I wanted to refer to an ordinary Russian citizen, and the only name that came to my mind was (name forgotten) who at that time was under house arrest. That was a slip of the tongue if there ever was one.

Notwithstanding all the constraints there were some things the Russians did superbly well. One was the Bolshoi Ballet, of which I attended one performance. Another was the Moscow Circus. Our interpreter, Kuznitsky, was able to obtain three tickets. When it boy turned out that I couldn't go Kuznitsky's young son used the ticket, and surely he enjoyed it more than I could possibly have done. For Beatrice the high point of the circus was a hockey game between two teams of dogs. One thinks of the patience and skill taken in the training of those dogs. There was only one slip-up when a dog shot the puck into his own goal. On a different occasion I did attend an orchestral performance, so called. I don't recall all the instruments used, but among them were a toilet seat that was rhythmically banged down.

I did once suffer the Soviet shopping experience. Wanting to throw a small party to say good-by to the people who had been so nice to me, I needed cakes and wine, and it took a good part of a day to buy them. There were long queues, rude service, and outrageously bad quality. In one store the articles I wanted were visible below the glass counter, but I could not get the attention of the staff, who were standing behind the counter with their heads turned away from possible customers.

Sometime earlier I had obtained a list of dissidents in the Soviet Union collected by the US National Academy of Sciences, and this was a chance to make friends. Victor Brailovsky had been a scientist, a statistician in fact, until 17 years before my visit, when he applied for an exit visa. Immediately upon making the application he was dismissed from his job in the University, and since people without a job were called vagrants and could be punished accordingly, he had to find a job. He had one at the time I visited--it was in a bank, where he did various menial jobs.

You can bet that he welcomed me when I showed up at his apartment, in a building whose exterior, the style called Stalin Gothic, was rather like a block house in its exterior crudity, and the interior matched.

I was alone that time, but there was a later opportunity to visit accompanied by Beatrice. It was one evening when we had been given a small banquet by a Commissar (it was actually pretty good food ) and after two hours of dull talk, at about 10 p.m. our host summoned a taxi and instructed the driver to take us back to the University Hotel. Our 50 words of Russian were enough to have the taxi re-routed and re-directed to the home of Brailovsky. What with delays, and my vague idea of where Brailovsky lived, it was getting towards midnight before we arrived, but never have we had a more welcoming reception. In the course of the conversation we were given to understand that Victor had written an article on a statistical problem that he would like to see published in the West.

He didn't say this (the place was certainly bugged) but wrote it on a pad, which he destroyed after showing it to us. His request was that I put his manuscript in my baggage and on my return submit it to regular journals. I agreed of course. By then it was about 1 o'clock, and Beatrice was falling asleep, so we said good-night.

On this I have to report a defeat. When I submitted the manuscript. to professional journal editors in the United States they had it professionally refereed. The report that came back to me was that manuscript was correct and its smuggled source made it doubly attractive, but unfortunately the device had been anticipated by American statisticians, and the manuscript was turned down. I tried three journals and then gave up.

Dissidents had very little money, so I left my camera with Victor, who said he could sell it and spend the money on good causes, especially helping other dissidents. I hope I gave comfort to worthy people under undeserved persecution. The satisfaction in this, plus my imagining myself as a secret agent was the only good I got out of it. But it was without much risk. What with the obligation on interpreters and others to whom we talked to report suspicious foreigners, our night-time forays were undoubtedly known to the authorities, but apparently we were not thought worth interfering with. I rather liked the idea of being detained and made a cause celebre between Moscow and Washington, but it was not to be.

In the sequel, with the breakdown of the USSR in 1989 the frontiers were opened and Brailovsky and other dissidents left. I understand that Brailovsky got to Israel, made something of a mark in Israeli politics, and was a member of the Knesset.

The mutual suspicion and fear that such regimes generate and play upon was demonstrated on one occasion when we left Slovakia by car. Our car was examined, including opening the engine, and using a mirror for the underside of the car, and all this was done twice independently--by two guards working separately and out of sight of one another. "What a waste of manpower!" you might say. The regime sees such devices rather as ensuring their stay in power.

Dissidence increased, more and more people were indifferent to the Communist line. At political meetings people would only half listen to messages that they had heard too often before. Those in the back rows might be playing chess to pass the time. Workers were increasingly inattentive to their jobs, would come late to work and leave early. We were never told about this collapse of morale in the Brezhnev era. The leadership was old, and the whole system became ossified, a rigid gerontocracy. .

What a fall this was from the fierce patriotism called into play by the War.

Before I had another chance to visit the USSR broke up. One Russian correspondent told me, because the very conspicuous ravages of the environment showed the public in an easily understandable way that the regime didn't care about anyone's welfare but its own.

How come it lasted for 70 years? The answer is simple. For the first few decades it spent away the capital accumulated in Czarist times. Then for two or three decades it spent the capital provided by nature--it spent down the environment, sold off the forests, the oil deposits.. After that there was nothing left but to take the inefficiencies out of living standards, and the spontaneous breakdown of the system was inevitable. Only the self-interest of the CIA and the arms makers could continue to present the myth of the USSR, the "evil empire," that was painted up to look like a match for the United States.

The collapse in 1989-90 should not have come as the surprise that it did.

### **Birth control in Senegal, Dakar, 1982.**

My colleague Donald Bogue of the University of Chicago needed a teacher who would explain the advantages of birth control to an assembly of teachers from the half-dozen or so countries of West Africa. He tried to find persuasive local teachers to spread the word, and he selected me to teach the teachers. The lectures had to be given in French. While not accent free my French is fluent and understandable enough for this kind of communication. So I was off to Dakar, capital of Senegal.

Dakar is just about the last point the sun passes over as it leaves the Old World. It was a center of the slave trade with the Americas until about two centuries ago. I was shown a holding prison for slaves while they waited to be marketed and shipped. For security the slaves were bolted into very small separate compartments, just as they were on the slave ships. The buildings and furnishings were retained intact, and accessible to visitors. They were a constant reproach to visitors whose ancestors had operated the slave trade.

More pleasant, there was a swimming pool attached to the hotel where I was lodged, and I used it daily, leaving my clothes by the side of the pool. On the first day my watch was gone. When I told Beatrice about this on returning she said, "Just who was underdeveloped"? There was no use making a fuss--I just bought another in downtown Dakar--waterproof so wearable in the pool.

But to come to the work, for which Donald Bogue engaged me I had a class of about 20 officials from the half dozen or so countries of West Africa, and for a week they heard me explain that if West Africa continued its high birth rates it would use up a good deal of capital just in equipping and training the new population coming into existence. Less, perhaps nothing would be available for the capital investments that would modernize their economies. I reiterated these, again and again, trying to come at them always with different examples.

At the end of the last lecture I asked the question--what does your country need most? One student stood up: "We need more people," he said.

### **A term at Stanford University, Stanford, CA, 1986**

I much enjoyed some three months I spent at Stanford as a Morrison Fellow. There I had great colleagues, Brian Arthur, Marcus Feldman, Paul Ehrlich, and Sripad Tuljapurkar. I don't recall much of what I taught, but I do remember Professor Yotopoulos, a very kind and generous faculty member who had Beatrice and myself to dinner on our first evening at Stanford, and who the next day took us over the campus and showed us the Rodin sculptures of The Burgers of Calais. We spent much time discussing the impact on environment of population, and especially

the impact of the middle-class, however defined. These are the people who fill the planes, whether on corporation account or on their own, the people who buy S.U.V.'s who read newspapers. Aside from the weight of the cars they drive better off people drive more. These are things the poor can't afford, while the rich are too few in number to have much effect. Hence the importance of the middle class, and of the fact that in times of growth this group increases at a faster rate than the population as a whole.

My stay at Stanford ended with an unfortunate medical incident. An urologist in the Stanford hospital, whom I was advised to consult, claimed that he observed some indications of cancer, and advised a biopsy. I said that I had an engagement in Tokyo in the next two or three days, and couldn't take the time. He insisted that I would be in and out of the hospital the same day. But after the operation I did not seem to be recovered from the local anesthetic, and was told to stay overnight. Then a terrible headache developed. Apparently the fluid in my spinal column was draining out, and the fluid in my brain was moving down into the space. Only now did the doctor, when I called him in somewhat of a panic, say "You have to lie flat on your back-that is the only treatment necessary." So I did, for two weeks, and missed my engagement in Japan. When the two weeks were over I was recovered, and could just barely make it to Jakarta at the time the Indonesians were expecting me.

### **Japan, Kobayashi, Nanjo, Ogawa, Tokyo, 1990**

The year after our failed trip to Japan we set out again, this time going via Asia, landed at Narita airport, and taxied to our pre-arranged hotel. The following morning we had breakfast in a nearby restaurant-of which I remember only the "doorsteps". These were white bread cut into one-inch thick slices, and then cut in two. The resulting pieces were toasted in a very hot oven, leaving their insides quite soft. Very tasty, and one of many clever ideas we met in Japan.

After that we made our way on foot to the office where I was to work. It included a nearly vertical climb up a difficult rocky path. When we got to the top, Beatrice was told that this path was not meant for women, that there was a separate easier path for them. On a later investigation Beatrice found that the "easier" path was considerably more difficult. There is no end to the ideologies that keep women in their place, and Japan is especially rich in them.

When we got to the office in Nihon University we met Naohiro (Hiro) Ogawa our prominent host, who took his scholarly work with great seriousness. (For example, he had a bed in his office, and many nights he didn't come home.) And Kiyoshi Kobayashi and Zenji Nanjo, in different degrees participated in my work.

Knowing the dominance of names like Panasonic in the American computer market we expected, now that we were within a subway ride from the factory where they are made, to find something

new to us and especially ingenious, and sold at a low price. Nothing of the kind. The computers we were given for our work were old and awkward to use. Nor could one buy a portable, as we thought of doing; such were far more expensive than in the United States. If there is any meaning to the word "dumping" this is it. However that was 15 years ago-perhaps the WTO has succeeded in eliminating this defiance of its rules.

We knew that the Japanese "salary man" is much closer to his office than the American opposite number. After work it is the custom for men who have worked together all day to go out and drink and dine together. Beatrice and I wandered into a popular restaurant and could see at first hand this socializing of fellow workers. Beatrice must have been the only woman in the establishment. We were treated with friendliness, offered suggestions on what was good on the menu. The menu, incidentally, consists in realistic models of the items offered, and not merely their names.

Great courtesy on casual meetings combines with complete absence of anything like friendship with foreigners. We met an American lady who had been in Tokyo for more than twenty years, apparently spoke Japanese perfectly. She had come in the first place to study with a Zen teacher, and this she did for a time. One on one teaching is not unusual for Zen. But after a year or two he went on to other things, and she was living alone when we met her. She complained that she had no friends, that there was no part of Japanese society into which she could fit. . And even a Korean lady married to a Japanese was in somewhat the same position. We couldn't tell her apart from the Japanese, but they certainly could.

In a crowded country people adapt. I went for a swim in a pool near our hotel. Swimmers went round and round the pool, all at the same rate, all using the same stroke. I was just out of line. With my obsolete breast stroke, and slow speed I had many impatient exclamations that I was breaking formation. .

When our two weeks were coming to an end, I went to a bank where I had put some money, and said that I intended to leave it there, thinking that I might return or might want to buy something in Japan by mail order.. But a clerk explained to me that money from such a small account could only be withdrawn in person. I objected to that way of doing business. Without saying a word the clerk quickly went to the counter, and came back with the due number of Yen. He brusquely handed them to me as though to say-"Here is your money-now get out!"

Yet we met more than one instance of helpfulness to a foreigner. Whenever we would stand on a corner examining a map someone more than once stopped and asked if he could help.

We returned to Vienna, crossing the Pacific with Singapore Airlines-in the most efficient, cleanest, and most comfortable plane that I have ever known. When we landed in Los Angeles

we were met by a former student Robert W. (Bill) Hodge. He took most of the day with us, driving us around and showing us parts of L.A. that we would never have gotten to on our own. And finally he dropped us at the airport for the next stop on our way back home to Vienna.

Sadly, that was the last time we would ever see Bill Hodge. I can still hear his sharp clear accents, his habitually ironic expression, and his eye for the malice behind respectable behavior.

Bill was the student who so impressed his teachers at the University of Chicago that they arranged an appointment on the faculty for him before he had completed his dissertation. Yet all that brilliance didn't make for a happy life. His charming wife divorced him, he quit the University of Chicago to go to the University of Michigan, and shortly thereafter to take a post in Los Angeles. The Hodge we saw in L.A. lacked the zest in life of the Hodge at the University of Chicago. His old teachers think back with sorrow to this student of outstanding promise who died in his fifties.

And after L.A. we made our way back to Vienna.

### **Visit to Israel, Jerusalem, 1990**

I have been in Israel twice. Once alone passing through on the return trip from Calcutta in 1956 and once from Austria in the 1980s. On the first visit I was taken on the back of a motorcycle, to the top of a hill from which I could look out over the Dead Sea, far away but clearly visible, to which we could approach no closer than the hilltop on which we stood. And Jerusalem was divided in two by a heavy corrugated metal fence to defend against sniper fire.

I certainly met friendly people--was wine and dined at the home of Roberto Bacchi

The second visit was 30 years and one war later, and we could go right down to the Dead Sea, in which many Israelis were swimming about. Jerusalem was no longer divided. This time I was with my family--Beatrice and Barby and Rob. It was a peaceful time in Jerusalem, and we could walk about the streets, eat falafel, shop, and generally act the way tourists anywhere act. We were lucky in choosing that risk free time to travel--today there is no such thing as risk-free in Jerusalem.

Beatrice was impressed with the difference between her treatment in the Arab section and in the more strictly Jewish area. Jewish shops were businesslike--a table cloth was so and so many shekels and that was it. The transaction was quick and efficient.

No so in the Arab shops. When we entered we were warmly welcomed, taken into a back room, offered tea, had a leisurely conversation the whole made pleasant by a characteristic courtliness

that is part of Arab culture.. We had met it in Cairo and met it in the United States among Arab acquaintances. Then the bargaining started. Robert, ever the economist, did some comparisons and concluded that at the end of the bargaining the price was almost exactly that charged right off in the Jewish stores.

Among the people who impressed us was -- at the top of the list -- Roberto Muhsam. He had been a curator of the Berlin Art Museum, one of the most interesting person I have met anywhere. When we dined at his house what impressed us even more than the art work he has rescued from the Nazis was his effort to make personal contacts with the Arab population. He had taken the trouble to learn the language, and did everything in his power to build bridges. More people like Muhsam would have made a very different Middle East from the one in which Israel is mired today.

And then there was an Italian Jew, Roberto Bacchi, also cultivated, who told me without any note of apology that the fine house he was living in had been taken from the Arab owner after the Six-Day War.

### **Romania freed from Ceausescu, Bucharest 1991**

While at IIASA I had a call from the Royal Society of Canada in Ottawa asking me if I would go to Bucharest to represent Canada at a meeting of the corresponding Romanian body.

Dictator Nicolae Ceausescu had made his wife Elena the President of the national scientific body, the Academia Romania, so in effect ending for the duration its functioning as a scientific body.

Once the C.'s were out of the picture with the dissolution of Communism throughout Eastern Europe the scientists could take over their own institution, and they made this first meeting of the revived Academia Romania something of an international celebration. Among other ways of signaling the occasion, a medal was cast, and everyone in attendance at the meeting was given one. I am looking at mine now, and it says 1866-1991, the 125 years of age that the academy had attained.

The opening was not only in science. I remember Joel Cohen, young Harvard biologist, after some months in Romania staying with us in Baden for a few days of decompression, as he called it. As one example of life under the Romanian variant of Communism, Joel related that everyone who had a typewriter had to submit a sample sheet of its work once a year. When a seditious letter was discovered, its author could be known by comparing typescripts. That was typical of the practices of the dictatorial regime overturned in 1991, and its head and wife executed - quickly it was said to prevent their incriminating some important people.

The celebration was to be a joyous event, but its organization seemed up in the air. When Beatrice and I got off the plane there was no one at the airport to tell us where to go, we did not have a hotel, we just did not know what to do. We got a taxi to take us to the Canadian Embassy. It being Sunday, we did not hope to find much more than a caretaker there, but just as it happened the Ambassador was returning from a trip abroad, and visiting his office to look at his mail. He made enquiry and located the headquarters of the Academia Romana. We thanked him for his help, and our taxi continued to that office.

There we were introduced to Dr. Duina Dragonescu, Professor of Sociology in the University and to be our guide while we were in Bucharest. We and Duina became good friends. I especially wanted to visit her at home, to see what life had been like during the Dictatorship. She demurred at first, saying we would not like her place, but finally agreed. The apartment consisted of two small rooms and a tiny bathroom. The kitchen was a shelf along one wall of the combined dining and living room.

She was married to another academic and had one son in his early teens. When I asked what he wanted to study when he went to university he said "Anything that will help me get out of this country and into the United States."

We took our guide to lunch and dinner more than once, and heard a good deal about how hard it was for an academic to keep alive. Each Romanian family was allotted 2 kg. meat per year and 2 eggs per month.

On enquiry I found that the U.S. National Academy of Sciences had not accepted the invitation to send a representative, I phoned Bruce Alberts, long-time President of the NAS, and offered to represent that body. The offer was accepted with thanks. That made the gathering just a little bit more inclusive, and me just a little bit more important.

The proceedings were attended not only by scientists but by high officials of the newly formed national government. They did not include papers announcing scientific discoveries, but rather discussions of the organization and the functions of scientific societies in the several countries represented. Setting standards for scientific work seemed to be important for some, but, as I explained, in the English speaking world standards are set rather in the culture, and especially in the editing and refereeing of journals, not by decrees of an official body. One prominent feature today is the competition for grant funds. A very different way of generating science from that practiced in the 17th century.

The dictatorship can hardly be forgotten. Ceausescu had torn down everything in the heart of the city, including churches and other buildings on tree-lined avenues, and replaced them with a

palace covering the center. It is 12 stories high, and contains over 1000 rooms, 4,500 chandeliers, a vast underground parking facility, a bunker designed to protect against a nuclear attack. At the time of our visit nothing was complete, and the new government had no plans to finish it, nor to complete the similarly unfinished high rise apartment buildings surrounding it. The new regime is going to have a hard time putting Ceausescu's monster hulk to use. In the plan the apartments were to contain the residences of the bureaucracy, convenient to their work, and arranged so that every one of them could be both watched and watching others, day and night. I keep thinking with horror of the kind of mentality that would be planning such a regime. In one thing it had been successful: it had destroyed forever the "Paris of Eastern Europe".

On entering the country we had converted a good deal of money, far more than we could find things to spend it on and it was not re-convertible. We left it with Dr. Dragonescu, saying it would be useful to her, worthless to us. She was not embarrassed at receiving money from us, but simply took what was offered. That completed for me the tragic picture of a naturally gentle and proud spirit reduced to this humiliating condition.

### **An incident in the Holocaust, Dr. Lingens, Vienna 1992**

I had no contact with the Holocaust, but during our years in Vienna we heard many stories. One that gave me a sense of the sickening cunning of the Gestapo was related by Dr. Ella Lingens, whom we met at a dinner party. What follows is from notes under date of May 23 1992, as translated into English.

Dr. Lingens lived through 18 months of Auschwitz and 5 months of Dachau, until she was freed by General Patton's advancing armies. She was in her thirties at the time, so she must be in her eighties now, but as sprightly an oldster as one would want to meet. She was born in the part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire that was later Yugoslavia; her mother was Jewish, but not her father, and she was raised in the Evangelisch (i.e. Protestant) religion.

After the war she found that her law degree taken earlier was not of much use, so she studied medicine, married a fellow student, an Austrian, and is now retired after a career as a doctor. Among other stories, she spoke about a Jewish policeman in Vienna, who had been told by the Gestapo in 1941 that he would be deported, but there was a way he could save himself: by handing over to the Gestapo Jews who were in hiding. He accordingly turned to the disagreeable task; outwardly respectable enough, he made it known that he could get Jews out of Austria and into Switzerland. When Jews in hiding approached him he told them that it would require money. One of his "clients", a friend of our Dr. Lingens, was told by the policeman that it would take Dm. 20,000, which she was able to hand over. Then he said that another Dm. 10,000 would do it, and that also she raised.

Before she left on the trip a suspicious friend gave her a half sheet of his own notepaper and asked her to write as soon as she arrived at the destination, that was to be Zurich. The policeman took her in charge, and before she got to the border forced her at gunpoint to write a letter saying she had arrived safely, and giving an address. That letter the policeman himself carried to Zurich, stamped, and put in a mail box from where it should have gone back to Austria. Dr. Lingens' friend never reached Switzerland; at the border she was handed over to the Gestapo. But our policeman had made a mistake; he did not put enough stamps on the letter. The Swiss post office returned it for the additional postage, but the address of the sender, given as Limmat Quai, No. x in Zurich, was non-existent, and the letter came back to the post office, where it was stamped "Sender Unknown" and mailed to Austria despite the incorrect postage. That and the fact that the paper on which it was written was not what she had been given by her friend told the story, and the identity of the policeman was passed around by word of mouth, widely enough that no more victims came forward.

After the war Dr. Lingens looked into what had happened to that policeman. It turned out that once he was of no further use to the Gestapo he was dispatched. On hearing the story one of our party exclaimed something like "Er hat es verdient (he deserved it)". "No, our group did not see it that way," responded Dr. Lingens. "True he was unheroic, and one knows of others in his position who committed suicide rather than betray friends and relatives. But then as now when I think back to those tragic times, and how people were lowered by them, he seems like just one more small, frightened creature, doing what he could to survive."

### **Our experience of the Arctic, Abisko, Sweden 1992**

Towards the end of our ten-year stay in Vienna IASA's Director, Dr. Peter de Janosi, asked me to attend a conference in Sweden. I had other urgent things to complete, but he explained that he really needed some senior person to represent IASA. So I went, and was very glad I did. Beatrice came with me.

The Swedish Government was sponsoring the conference, and the place they held it was not in use at the moment; it was a research station in Abisko, a village in Lapland, north of the Arctic Circle. Here I discovered a new world, perhaps barren, but with a certain indescribable beauty. It was May, and charming wild flowers were starting to appear. Reindeer wandered past our station. The loneliness, the bare landscape, the jagged mountain peaks stretching into the sky all contributed to the sense of mystery that clings to the Arctic equally in Sweden, and in Canada where Robert Service celebrated it. Here is a verse from one of his many poems on the same theme:

*The lonely sunsets flare forlorn  
Down valleys deadly desolate;  
The lordly mountains soar in scorn  
As still as death, as stern as fate.*

By day our conference was in session, an international discussion on problems of the environment, while Beatrice sat reading in the library or wandered over narrow roads between fields with flowers and other vegetation starting to life after the Arctic winter. By night the never ending daylight made sleeping difficult, but we managed.

When the conference was over we with some other participants decided to take the slow train to Narvik in the Norwegian Arctic. The ride was thrilling as we went over bridges that looked down on fjords appearing just as they do on maps. Narvik is a town somewhat larger than Abisco, and there ought to be souvenirs to be had there. There were. We bought our souvenirs in a store in Narvik and asked what people do in the winter, with 24 hours dark lightened only about noon by a dim twilight. The clerk answered, "It is not so bad, we think of the summer coming."

After that we took the train back to Abisco, then returned to Vienna, passing through Stockholm and Copenhagen on the way.

And not long after that we packed over 100 large corrugated boxes with the goods we had accumulated during 10 years in Austria, and took a plane to Boston.

## 30. WHAT MEDICINE DID TO ME

### **What Austrian medicine did to me**

Before World War I Austrian medicine was the best in the world. Vienna was where people came to have difficult health problems solved. Between then and now something happened to debase Austrian medicine.

All I can say here is how it dealt with my problems. First off, if a doctor has time for 20 patients on one morning, they are all summoned for 9:00 a.m... At that hour they duly come, and begin to wait, as they are called in random order at 15 minute intervals.

Now just think what this is saying. For it has an unambiguous symbolic meaning. It is asserting the superiority of the doctor; his time is more valuable than that of all the patients together. In fact the patients' time is worth nothing at all. So not only is the patient robbed of his time; he is robbed of his self-esteem.

But what happens when he finally gets to see the almighty doctor? In my case there was some precancerous tissue --actinic keratosis-- that had to be removed. The doctor took out a knife and began to scrape. Painful and with danger of infection. The American doctor uses a quick spray of liquid nitrogen that is hardly felt.

Further along during our stay in Austria, I had an enlarged prostate, and got Dr. Huber to do it. I should have been warned by his telling me with pride that he had done five such operations the day before--when I had mine at the Massachusetts General I was the only one operated by my doctor that day. He also told me that American doctors don't cut away enough because they don't want to risk damaging some vital part. That should have warned me doubly, but I was too simple-minded, too trusting of any one in any country with an M.D., and he went ahead. He must have cut away an essential muscle, because instead of being able to urinate better, I was more helpless than before.

It seemed to him after a short time and several complaints that I needed another operation, and he did another operation.

And an even shorter time and I needed a third operation. That did no good at all and I completely lost the capacity to void naturally, and I have had to catheterize from then on and to this day.

OK, so I catheterize. More exactly, the Austrian doctor inserts an indwelling catheter, and instructs me to come back in a month. But that caused infection, so he ordered me to drink water, a liter a day. Didn't help, so he raised it to one and a half liters. Still infection, so he ordered an

antibiotic to be taken daily. Prophylactic daily use of an antibiotic generates a resistant strain of the bacterium and so makes itself useless.

It was not until my ten years in Austria were up and I got back to the US that I was told about self-catheterization, and I still remember the date when I started: August 11, 1994. The American doctor had his assistant coach me, and following that I have been free of infection for months at a time, as long as I remember (or Beatrice remembers) that I am to drink a class of water at each meal, and one in the middle of the night. In Austria (I don't know about the rest of Europe) the patient is not trusted to use a catheter on his own, and besides the doctor needs the steady income of the once-a-month visit to change the in-dwelling catheter.



Photo of Nathan Keyfitz (unknown date and place). Source:

<http://www.populationassociation.org/sidebar/paa-fund-campaign/honored-members/nathan-keyfitz/>

It is fortunate I didn't have any other medical problems in Austria, or I would have other mementos in my body of my stay in that country.

But I cannot leave this subject without mentioning one problem that was diagnosed and solved by a Dr. Thumb and his younger associates while I was in the Baden hospital for one of my periodic spells of breathlessness. They had been discussing my case and came up with the unlikely suggestion that the difficulty breathing was related to a beta-blocker called timoptic that had been prescribed for glaucoma in the US. I switched to a different treatment for glaucoma, and my breathing has been normal ever since. I had learned something that good physicians keep constantly in mind--the complex interrelations within the human body.

Beatrice and I also had occasion to check out Austrian dentistry. She came to Austria with four of her own teeth left and when she returned to Cambridge she had only one, and that one ailing. She consulted the telephone directory and found Dr. Loren Wilson, a humane dentist in Cambridge willing to come down to his office on a Saturday morning. He found that that the

tooth was aching because it had become infected; evidently standard defenses against bacteria had not been put in place.

### **What American Medicine did for me**

At one time there was no therapy for any case of blood pressure that was high and rising over time. Of course one could reduce one's salt consumption; one could avoid excitement, stop smoking, but these offered a small respite from death by heart attack or smoke.

Then some 20 years back the pharmaceutical industry came into the picture. I remember one early drug--adalat--that I used for a while, but in the course of use it turned out to have some fatal side-effects.

My pressure continued to rise, and luckily so did the power of the drugs available to fight it. Now I have complete control with a combination of Zestril and Dilacor, worked out by Dr. Michael Carty of Harvard. I not only have the luck that these pharmaceuticals are available, but good luck in that my doctor knows about them and prescribes them. That plus daily exercise, deep breathing, and meditation is keeping me going into my nineties. .

The net effect of medicine plus more suitable behavior is that there are now estimated to be some 76,000 American centenarians, and this is the fastest growing age group. George Burns died in 1996 aged 100. A nephew of my father's, Ben Keyfitz, is going strong at 101.

There are many voices on this matter of longevity. One, McKeown, says that medicine does not have much to do with it--much more depends on behavior. Another, Calahan, says that we should not be using our resources to extend life at that end--those people have had enough resources already, and we should be working on mortality at younger ages. I doubt if these negative perspectives will ever have much of a hearing.

What should be more talked about is the present combination of low birth rates and low death rates. There will be more old people and fewer people of working age to support them. We should be accumulating reserves to handle a problem that will start to affect us in the next ten years. What we are doing instead is running budget deficits that will have to be repaid by the generation hard pressed by having fewer working members to support more old people.

### **31. A VISIT TO KENYA, NAIROBI, 1991**

Our Robert went out to Kenya in 1990 under a Canadian foreign aid program that would help the Kenyan economy, and he stayed for four years. Kenya was then enjoying a period of relative peace and civil order, but nonetheless there were such events as this: his colleague was driving out a lonely road, and he came to a barrier. At the barrier a policeman stepped out, and said "Give me your money" and then to underline the importance of the request he added "I have a gun" and he showed his service revolver. There was no argument.

The reputation of Kenya for wild game is entirely deserved. On our one visit there Beatrice and I went to a park near Nairobi, with Robert as our guide and driver, all part of the entertainment he had laid on. It was a wooded hilly area, of several square miles. As we came to a pride of lions on the left-hand side of the road we stopped to look at them while they looked lazily at us. They seemed so lethargic that we might have descended from the car to see them at closer range, perhaps to pat one of them on the head, except that there were signs all over warning, "Don't open your car door. If you have a breakdown, just stay in your car and wait for help." And the park management does have a regular patrol.

And we saw exotic animals like giraffes, zebras and elephants of which we had seen pictures, plus at least one of which we had never even heard the name--Elands. There was a lookout where one could go out on a second story balcony, and I remember Beatrice offering food to a giraffe that didn't even have to stretch to reach her. It took the food daintily out of her hand.

And Robert took us to a fancy open air restaurant in which those animals were cooked and served. There was no lion meat on the menu that night--and when there was such the price was over \$20 per pound-- cost that reflects the fact that lions, nourished entirely on animal meat, necessarily cost the total of the meat they eat.

#### **Rob and Nazrat, Kenya, 1990-93**

The marriage was to Nazrat Mirza, a young doctor teaching in Nairobi but whose home was in the port city of Mombasa, an admirable young lady, beautiful, with a charming smile, behind which is a will of iron. To show the courageous and decisive person Nazrat is, late one night a man was brought into the bush hospital where she was on night duty. He had a ruptured appendix, and unless he was operated on immediately he would die. Nairobi was 200 miles away, and the connection was on tracks through the jungle. She was a pediatrician with no experience in surgery, though she had a certain amount of instruction at the Kenyan medical school where she got her degree. Still the only solution was for Nazrat to do the operation and immediately, in the primitive operating room available. She patched the man up; he recovered

sufficiently to be sent to Nairobi, and there was brought back to complete health. He owed his life to Nazrat's courage and decisiveness.

I have never discussed Nazrat's ancestry with her, but assume it to be Middle Eastern. She is certainly not African. As I understand it, the Sultan of Oman had trading rights on a 10 mile strip down the east coast of Africa (or at least Kenya and Tanganyika), the main items of trade being ivory and slaves. To carry out this work on the large scale demanded by the market, the Sultan needed soldiers, bureaucrats, and other functionaries. These employees of the Sultan were the Swahili speaking people, who now number about 75,000. They never intermarried with the Africans. It is understandable, considering why their ancestors came in the first place, that they are not popular locally, and most would like to get out. Needless to say the spirit of the slave trader is not inherited, and we know few people who are as humane and public spirited as Nazrat.

Nazrat always had a vision beyond curing sick children, important as that is. She wanted to do research, to contribute new knowledge. She was interested in health problems affecting communities, and at one point she got an M.A. in Public Health from Johns Hopkins University.

They loved each other, both wanted to get married, but Nazrat laid down a condition: Robert had to convert to Islam, the religion of which she was a pious practitioner. Robert held out for most of the four years he lived in Kenya, then he caved in. At one point he phoned me and asked my opinion. I said "If you are as good a Muslim as you have been a Jew, then your conversion will make no difference at all." In short yes, he should go ahead and convert if he and Nazrat really loved one another. They were married shortly before coming back to Canada.

That did not solve their economic problem. True, Robert had a Ph.D. from the London School of Economics, but now no job; Nazrat's medical degree from Kenya did not permit her to practice in Canada. I will not dwell on the details, but as they ended up about five years ago, Robert has a responsible job at the World Bank and Nazrat is a senior pediatrician in one of America's best hospitals. Their combined income must be fabulous. They have now engaged an architect to draw plans for a modification to their Washington home that will cost what to me would be a fortune

## 32. OTHER FRIENDS AND ACQUAINTANCES

### **Enid Charles**

### **W. Edwards Deming (1900-1993)**

I first met Ed Deming when he was an employee of the U.S. Bureau of the Census. But Deming only flourished when he got into the world outside of government. There he attained a unique reputation as the guru of quality control.

What made that reputation was like all great ideas essentially simple. From the dawn of interchangeable parts in manufacturing the careful manager would assure quality in his output of some particular part by having 100 percent of it inspected.

Deming saw that that was wrong. It was expensive to have all the large number of inspectors required, and the result was not really 100 percent, because the inspectors could easily make mistakes.

What he urged was setting control limits well inside the tolerance limits. The place to put effort was on the machine tools that were used to make the part. If they were refined, so that the departure from the target was only one-third of the departure tolerated, then on some simple assumptions a process under such control would produce only one defective part in a thousand. If that wasn't good enough one could go to half of that error, and in that case the defectives would be millionths of the output.

Deming was a life-long teacher.

### **Robert Dorfman (1916-2002)**

Yesterday (Monday July 22, 2002) Beatrice and I attended the funeral of our beloved colleague and friend, Robert Dorfman. He was a modest man, who did not allow his important discoveries to make him vain.

Bob was above all humane. His humanity showed through in all he did--in his economics, his environmental study, and outside of his profession, in his family life. And the human features could not but be an example, a model, to the rest of us. In the small local areas where he lived he made life just a little better

## **Wilhelm Flieger (1931-1999)**

Having a student die during one's lifetime is not unlike a parent losing a child. In the natural order of things parents die before their children, and teachers before their ex-students. Of the students I had in the course of 30 years teaching, Father Flieger was the quickest to learn, and in every matter that I took up in class he went beyond his teacher.

Quite aside from scholarship, I have never met his equal for sheer energy. During the four years he was with us at the University of Chicago, he was a full-time student, following the demanding program set by the faculty, he was a full-time research assistant to myself, and he was effectively in charge of a parish some 27 miles away that he drove his little VW out to visit at least twice a week. I never heard him say of any assignment that it was too much for him; to him everything was possible. Yet he was modest--for him to say how much he was doing would have been totally out of character.

Yet these activities are not what he will be most remembered for. It will rather be for his qualities of total integrity, of human sympathy, of total unselfishness.

His qualities would have made him stand out in any age, but they were particularly conspicuous in our materialistic, grasping age,

The following is a message received from the Office of Population Studies, the institution that Father Flieger founded and led.

According to the doctors, Fr. Flieger died of a massive heart attack. His death was discovered in the early hours of Sunday morning, December 19, when he failed to show up for his 5:00 a.m. mass.

Final rites were held on the morning of Wednesday, December 22 with a requiem mass at the University of San Carlos main chapel. At the request of his family, his remains were cremated and sent to Germany.

Although we are shocked and shaken by this great loss, we at OPS will continue the good work of Father Flieger and uphold the standards that OPS has always been known for.

The Staff, Office of Population Studies, University of San Carlos, Talamban Campus, Tel # (6332) 3460102.

### **Stephen Jay Gould (1942-2002)**

Among the matters for which Stephen Gould is remembered the idea of punctuated equilibrium is prominent. Instead of continuous change (Darwin's frequently reiterated *Natura non facit saltum*) evolution has periods of rapid change, alternating with no change at all.

Also very prominent in Gould's work is the rejection of the notion that has come to life more than once during the course of the last century or two, that people are formed by their genes. Tiresome promotion of the assertion that "Intelligence" (whatever that is) musical ability, literary creativity, all are determined by our genes. The theory is shown to be groundless and the debate is forgotten for a while, but after a time it springs to life again. Gould was diligent, persuasive and skilled in debate against what amounts to racism. Perhaps it will be heard no more, but given the history, one cannot be sure.

Gould, one of the scholars and teachers of which Harvard has been proudest. We lost him at the age of 60, and he will be badly missed.

**J.B.S. Haldane, See above.**

### **Morris H. Hansen (1910-1990)**

### **Philip M. Hauser (1909-1994)**

I first heard of Phil as a graduate of the University of Chicago, like myself a protégé of William Ogburn, who went on to become Deputy Director of the US Bureau of the Census. In that capacity he gave unfailing support to the creative people in the Bureau, to Morris Hansen and others. When for political reasons he was passed over for the Directorship he joined the University of Chicago and became Chair of its Sociology Department. In that capacity I got to know him very well indeed.

It was Phil who not only recruited me to the Department, but who gave me every assistance in the work. When a man whom he recognised as uniquely talented and devoted, Fr. Wilhelm Flieger, turned up as a graduate student, he assigned him to me as research assistant.

The last time I saw Phil was at a population meeting in Florence. His health was not good, his sight was especially bad. His beloved Zelda had passed away, and he seemed terribly alone. All the fun had gone out of him. Something of the kind happens to all of us, but usually the contrast between youth and age is not quite so great.

### **Peter Laslett (1915-2001)**

In the early 1990s Beatrice and I visited Peter Laslett in Trinity College, Cambridge. Peter by then was widely known for his book, *The World We Have Lost*, that described the lives of ordinary people as England was emerging from the Middle Ages. Then an industrial concern--a bakery for instance--was a family enterprise with a patriarchal organization, and including children of the head, perhaps nephews and nieces, perhaps up to a dozen or more in all. That bakery was their livelihood. Any person, for instance a widow, who had no income of her own and was not attached to such a unit was in a bad way.

Trinity was Peter's life. He walked us through it, pointing out mementos of Isaac Newton and other long past fellows. He had us to lunch, seated beside him at the head table.

I seem to remember that on another visit we were lunching at Cambridge, and Norman and Leslie Lewis drove over to pick us up. Somehow Norman and Peter did not see one another as the great people that we thought they both were. Norman had little use for academics, and Peter little use for anyone who was not an academic.

### **Norman Lewis, (See above)**

### **David Riesman (1909-2002)**

David started work when sociology was young. His *Lonely Crowd* remains "not only the bestselling book by a professional sociologist in American history, but also arguably the one that has had the widest influence on the nation at large." As Orlando Patterson says, the thesis is that each of us city-dwellers encounters more people, has more contacts than ever his rural ancestors had, yet the contacts are superficial, secondary. The result is an existential loneliness, an anomie that dominates modern life today.

Gazette Staff:

Sociologist David Riesman, best known for his influential study of post-World War II American society, "*The Lonely Crowd*," died May 10 in Binghamton, N.Y., of natural causes. He was 92.

Born in Philadelphia in 1909, the son of a professor at the University of Pennsylvania Medical School, Riesman attended Harvard College, graduating in 1931.

He earned a degree from Harvard Law School in 1934 and embarked on a law career, which included clerking for U.S. Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis and teaching at the University of Buffalo Law School.

As a research fellow at Columbia Law School, Riesman had the opportunity to discuss comparative social issues with anthropologists Margaret Mead and Ruth Benedict, philosopher Hannah Arendt, and literary critic Lionel Trilling. Later he studied psychoanalysis with Erich Fromm and Harry Stack Sullivan.

In 1949, he was invited to join the social science faculty of the University of Chicago. "The Lonely Crowd" was published in 1950, and became a best seller, as well as winning the admiration of his academic peers. He co-authored the book with Nathan Glazer, professor of education and social structure emeritus, and Reuel Denney, but, according to Glazer, Riesman was the real author of the work. Riesman taught at Chicago until 1958, when he was named the Henry Ford II Professor of Social Sciences at Harvard.

For almost 20 years he taught a popular undergraduate course, "American Character and Social Structure," and, through his voluminous correspondence, continued to exert an influence on many of his students long after they had left Harvard.

### **Marcel-Paul Schutzenberger (1920-1996)**

Beatrice and I spent the year 1952 in Jakarta, as a member of a panel that was being consulted by the Government of Indonesia. As part of the officially assigned task I studied the village of Balaerjo, in East Java, where with a team of students I lived for about 6 weeks.

After that sojourn, one of the most exciting of my life, I returned to Jakarta where Beatrice had had a certain amount of social life. Marco Schutzenberger, who subsequently became one of France's great mathematicians. He was at an intellectual level far higher than we usually encounter, so it may be worthwhile to give some indication of the way we met and became firm friends.

In my absence Beatrice took a train trip to Jogja in the middle of the island on which Jakarta is situated. There she stayed with the parents of Suljanti, (Suljanti was a devoted student of population and active in the cause of population control, whom we knew well both personally and by reputation. In her week in Djokja Beatrice encountered Haryati, a nurse who was Suljanti's local deputy. Haryati was keeping company with Marco, a medical doctor who was also staying a year as a consultant appointed by WHO. Marco was at the time of Beatrice's trip to Jokja a patient in the local hospital, and was visited by Haryati who brought along Beatrice. That was the beginning of a 40 year acquaintance between Marco and the Keyfitzes.

We saw him several times during the year and found him one of the most knowledgeable and entertaining people we had ever met, the most humane, the most intolerant of fools and poseurs.

There was as yet no presence of Marco the mathematician. He and Haryati were married soon after returning to France.

Marco was born in Lyons, of an old Alsatian family that had left Alsace after the 1870-1 War, when it was taken over by Germany.

On returning to France this medical doctor discovered that he was endowed as a mathematician. He terminated his medical practice and turned to mathematical research and publication, in the specialty called combinatorics, and within a short time had important findings, and was internationally recognized as one of France's greats in mathematics. His prominence was partly due to the numerous applications of combinatorics for which he was responsible--in the study of natural and artificial languages, in cryptography and in the construction of codes that self-correct.

Marco was involved in disputes on evolution as developed by Darwin. He showed for one thing that in the time that paleontology tells us was available, natural selection would not suffice to produce the changes that we know occurred. I suspect that part of his animus against Darwinism was the hospitality it provided to ideas of racism that offended the solidarity that Marco felt with the whole of mankind. His view of artificial intelligence was similarly negative, neglecting the indescribable subtlety of the human mind. The successes of what is called artificial intelligence are all highly specific applications, and show none of the spontaneity and originality that would make them human.

Marco's knowledge and scepticism went into many fields. He was informed by an interviewer that Stephen Hawking, a top cosmologist, had traced the universe back from its present mass to its origin in a single point, infinitely heavy and infinitely hot, and located nowhere. Marco responded with "It is just as easy to believe in Adam and Eve as in that infinitely hot and infinitely small spot that wasn't anywhere." It made me think of the succinct last sentence of Wittgenstein's famous Tractatus, the dictum, "Worauf es gibt nichts zu sagen, darauf sol man schweigen" (Of what nothing can be said, on that one should be silent)". Unfortunately scientists, responding to a public that expects them to know everything, accept an ideology that every question must have an answer.

During the forty or so subsequent years I passed through Paris about a dozen times on one kind of business or another, and each time I called Marco, spoke to him or to Haryati, and each time was warmly invited to dinner.

Marco liked to put spice into his conversation. On one occasion as we were holding our drinks before sitting down to dine, he asked "Don't you think it is wrong to taboo the eating of human flesh, wasting the proteins it contains?" Never having considered such a matter I had no answer.

When we did sit down to the table, and were offered a meat course I wondered just what meat that was.

In 1980 when I was in Paris to give a lecture on Malthus at a UNESCO conference, and I called Marco, Haryati answered, and barely able to contain herself, said that their son Mahar, 23 years of age, had just been killed in an automobile accident. Beatrice had to catch a plane to Nice where our daughter Barbara was teaching for a few months, but even if she missed the plane we simply had to look in at Marco's and offer what consolation we could.

To judge by externals, Marco was taking the loss more deeply than Haryati did. He sat holding her hand and couldn't say a word during the brief visit. We left, and were in such a hurry to get Beatrice on to her plane that she broke her foot on a curb.

Marco never quite recovered from that blow. He did have a daughter, Helene, from a previous marriage, and she provided much comfort. But a final blow, Haryati, on whom he depended enormously, died in 1993. He fell seriously ill and evidently didn't want to live any longer.

My last contact was again by telephone. Morris Halle, Institute Professor at M.I.T. called and introduced himself and said he had been in Paris and Marco would like to talk to me. (Morris and I have been close friends ever since.) I had three talks with Marco, each a harrowing experience. He talked continuously, I had no choice but to listen and agree. In fact I did agree, for even in his low condition his political judgment was sound. He recognized the charlatanry and total lack of principle in Mitterand, the troubles ahead for the United States as it sought world domination. But what a come-down from the cheery Marco, always fresh and ready for a joke that we had known in his prime.

The end, announced to the world in Le Monde, came on July 29, 1996. France's great mathematician, the greatest combinatorialist of the century, was dead at 75. There was a life of large success and large tragedy.

### **Soedjatmoko (1922-1989)**

Soedjatmoko was born in Sawahlunto, Sumatra on 10 January 1922. He studied at Medical College in Jakarta, Indonesia and at the Littauer School of Public Administration at Harvard University.

I admired Soedjatmoko greatly, and visited him many times. (It was much easier for me to move around--my job entitled me to a car, and through much of his life he had no such perks, or perks of any kind.) On at least one of the occasions when I visited he was under house arrest. I visited him without any worry, but Indonesians would think twice about such a defiance of the

authorities. He was what would now be called a public intellectual: with no official position he expressed himself on many political and moral issues confronting the country. He had the independence that is an asset to any country, and is seldom valued at its true worth.

But in later life S. identified with authority, though always with an authority that was worthy. He accepted the post of Ambassador to the United States, and became Rector of the United Nations University in September 1980. That year he published *The Primacy of Freedom in Development*,

He was Associate Editor of the free-swinging daily newspaper *Pedoman*.

It is a measure of Soedjatmoko's positive commitment that concern for himself has not inhibited forthright expression. Nor has he allowed his membership in numerous leading international forums and organizations to divorce his concern from the realities of Indonesian village life. His question was always how to make life more decent and satisfying for the poorest 40 per cent in Southeastern and Southern Asia. In the process he is stimulating others to sharpen their perception and make government and private efforts more relevant.

Soedjatmoko was married in 1957 to the former Ratmini Gandasubrata. They have three daughters. Altogether a charming family. I remember giving a computer to one of the daughters, and trying to help Ratmini find an American publisher for Soedjatmoko's miscellaneous essays.

I was not able to attend his funeral, but Beatrice did attend, and she recalls President Suharto kneeling in prayer beside the coffin.

### **Richard Stone (1913-1991)**

I first met Stone when he visited the Dominion Bureau of Statistics in the 1950s to advise us on setting up a system of national accounts. Stone was the member in our generation of the most distinguished line in British economics. He followed John Maynard Keynes 1883-1946, who in turn followed Alfred Marshall (1842-1924). All were associated with King's College. King's may not have the glorious history of Trinity (with Isaac Newton in its past) but the economists that it housed, especially Keynes, built up its treasury, made it very rich.

In those circumstances rich does not mean comfortable. On my first visit Stone put me up for the night in a room that was freezing cold. Such are the things one remembers.

The last time we saw Richard he came with his wife, to a meeting in Cambridge (Massachusetts) and their preoccupation was a sauce pan cover. We tried to find a store where such were sold, but not finding any gave them ours.

Richard was knighted, and won a Nobel Prize. It was interesting to be with him when his pre-occupation was not the higher economics but helping his wife find a lid for a sauce pan.

### 33. A SOFT LANDING, CAMBRIDGE, 1999-

The rest of my story is a gradual contraction of the area over which Beatrice and I wander. Our wayfaring has come to a stop. First, about 1994, we stopped travelling by plane, but still drove every week-end to our place in New Hampshire. In the year 2000 we sold the North Hampton house, and gave the car to Robert. After that we would still dine at the Harvard Faculty Club or Gianino's. Now even that is rare; we just dine at home, and we invite to our home for a catered dinner. So our range now is essentially the two apartments that we inhabit on Massachusetts Avenue, say about 1800 square feet.

In anticipation of the next contraction of our area of movement we recently visited Mount Auburn Cemetery and arranged for our cremation and burial in a part of the cemetery reserved for Harvard Faculty and their spouses.

So Beatrice and I now look back over our lives, and reflect, comment, and assess what has gone on.

#### **Looking back: How I was robbed! Cali, Rome, New York**

With all the travel I have done in my time, I must have often been in the midst of crooks. One would think that I must be besieged by confidence men, pickpockets, and other riffraff. Yet exposing myself as I did over the years only three episodes come to mind in which I was personally attacked.

One was in Cali, Colombia's second city next to Bogota, and I was walking through the rather disordered market place when I was attacked from behind, as though I was run down by a horse. The thief who came up behind me pushed his hands into my right and left pockets simultaneously, seized paper that was in them and ran off thinking he had a handful of bills. In fact money didn't come into this, I had been to the local telegraph office that morning, and taken a number of blank forms, with the idea of sending a message back to Beatrice. So there was a robbery that cost me nothing and a criminal act that gained nothing.

A more sophisticated and more successful thief caught up with me in Rome. It was Sunday afternoon, and Beatrice and I decided to take a bus to the Piazza Navona, one of the most beautiful squares in the world, with the famous Bernini Fountain. We would walk about the Piazza, and look out at it while comfortably sipping tea.

As the bus neared the Piazza Beatrice and I stood up and approached the back door, Beatrice in front of me, a rather well-dressed man lurched against me as the bus pulled to a stop. I courteously helped him right himself, we stepped down off the bus, the doors closed and the bus

moved on. Then feeling in my pocket, I found that my purse had been taken. I was the victim of a maneuver in which I participated, and the well-dressed gentleman was the culprit.

I had cautiously taken with me only the money to buy tea, so the financial loss was slight. And the gain in knowledge of humankind out of all proportion. The Italian is as great a civilization as there is in Europe. When the inheritor of such a civilization turns to crime, he does so with finesse and delicacy. He is no vulgar hold-up man with a gun depending on threat to extract your money.

Going to New York some thirty years ago I descended from the plane at Kennedy airport, found a taxi, and asked the driver to go to the Henry Hudson Hotel in New York (I often went to the Henry Hudson, which was clean, modern and inexpensive.). When we passed a lonely spot on the road the driver pulled over and stopped, and said "Twenty dollars." When I started to argue, he replied only, "Do you want to get out here?" It was as unsubtle as holding a gun to my head. I imagined myself standing by the side of the road with my luggage, stranded. I forked over the twenty dollars, and we continued on our way. I concluded that Kenya is not so abnormal as one might have thought.

Aside from these, I had a watch stolen in Dakar, while I was in the swimming pool, but that was quite uninteresting--there was no contact with the criminal and the watch was easily replaced.

A more interesting case was (and at this writing still is) my tangle with AOL.

This example of corporate crime involves no violence or threat of violence. It is white collar crime at its slipperiest. Nothing less than the unauthorized removal of funds month after month from my credit card.

For years my wife and I received e-mail via AOL. Each month we were charged forty some dollars. I am a slow-witted fellow, but after a few years I began to wonder how come I could send and receive free email with Netscape, whose service was if anything better that of AOL, in that that Netscape had little advertising and no spam, while AOL had plenty of both.

I phoned and asked the genteel lady who answered why I shouldn't just drop AOL and choose Netscape, or Yahoo, or Drivotech, all of which are free. She was evidently pained by this idea, and pleaded with me, immediately dropping the price to \$4.95, a reduction of 90%. That seemed such a trifle, and Beatrice after all was in the habit of AOL, and the AOL representative seemed like such a friendly gracious person that at the price of \$4.95 I could afford to humor two fine women.

Little did I suspect that this was the thin edge of the wedge. After a few months, on November 28, 2002, the billing on my credit card silently went up to \$14.95. So what? I said to myself. The amount still seemed too small to make a fuss over. But it seems someone in AOL was lurking, watching, testing my attentiveness, and there being no protest, raised the price again the following month. In February a withdrawal of \$46.72 was charged to our credit card. I still said nothing, and on January 28, 2004 the price became \$51.30. Was there a ghostly figure lurking behind the scene, standing over the billing machine, and feeling out each customer, judging for each how much he/she would stand? Since that time there has been one further rise -- to \$62.23 dated March 23, 2004.

Now I am waiting for the next unauthorized price hike. I have no reason to think that the series is converging. Will it go to \$100? to \$1000? I am sitting and waiting, saying nothing, patient as a cat watching a mouse moving closer and closer to the range of its killer claw. The killer in this case would be publishing this tawdry history on my site on the Web. I doubt if it would kill AOL, but it would certainly humiliate that once-proud corporation.

### **Looking back: I got lucky**

People have wondered how I, with abilities undistinguishable from those of my classmates in high school and college, get invited successively to tenure posts in Toronto, Chicago, Berkeley, and Harvard. Never having to make application, work up a cv. or otherwise exert myself to get the post. Once having been offered and accepted the post I did work very very hard. So hard work, not any special mental endowment, is my secret.

If the intellectual power that would explain the rise in the world is lacking, what could the explanation be? Fundamental was my happening along in the van of the baby boom, when universities were stocking up in anticipation of a major increase in the student body.

So my career suggests that if parents could at birth of a child choose between brains and luck for it, they ought to choose luck.

When I was a student I had the idea of becoming an actuary, and actually wrote the examinations for the Associateship degree and passed. Fortunately for me there were no jobs to be had. If I had succeeded in getting a job with the Sun Life Insurance, owner of a vast building on Dominion Square in the center of Montreal, or the Prudential in New Jersey, both of which I desired greatly, I had already mastered all the mathematics that was needed in actuarial practice and what remains in the way of research is the icing on the cake--pleasant but not essential. I would have had a middle level bureaucratic-type career. So a major factor in my elevation in the world was the unavailability of actuarial work in the 1930s.

In quite a different sense I was lucky--the people I met while at home or abroad.

### **Looking back: Crazy behavior**

I mentioned above using my mouth as a pump to clear the fuel pipe on my first car, so swallowing a certain amount of gasoline in the process. This must have happened eight or ten times, as I said, and only afterwards did I learn that gasoline is a deadly poison.

I did a good deal of skiing on Mount Royal in my high school days, often venturing far from the beaten trails. I remember one spot where there is a steep cliff overhanging a well-trod road. Along that road passed people walking, skiing, riding horses moving in horse-drawn carriages. (At that time motor cars were not permitted on the mountain.) I climbed by a roundabout trail to the top of the cliff, and then let go. I gained tremendous speed down the cliff and totally out of control scooted across the road and down the other side. It never occurred to me that if a horse or carriage was coming at the wrong time we would collide and I would surely be killed.

Another example: one day in January the temperature was 27 degrees below zero Fahrenheit, unique even for Montreal, and for no special reason I walked down to McGill, a distance of about two miles. There were plenty of busses and street cars but I walked--just to be able to say I did it. Breathing was difficult, and we had been publicly warned to stay indoors as far as possible, and in any case never to stop to rest. I did stop to rest, but ultimately made it into McGill's well-heated Redpath Library, and later in the day took an electrically heated street-car home.

More recently I sped up my treadmill, faster and faster, up to the fastest it could go. It was far too fast for me to keep up with, and I was thrown down. I just managed to reach the emergency switch and bring the machine to a stop. I could have been badly injured by the fall, but got away with a skinned knee.

Such are the escapades that I recall at the moment.

### **Looking back: What Economic and Social Development means for rural life, Indonesia 1952 and 1989**

The bad news coming out of Indonesia on its urban economy, its stock markets, its balance of trade, so important for better off people in the cities, and so forth, do not weigh heavily in the countryside. At least this is the sense I take out of a comparison I was able to make over the span of some 40 years between my first visit and my later visits. .

As mentioned above I spent a year in Indonesia in 1952 and lived in the village of Balarjo for some two months of that year. Balarjo was typical of the rural parts of one of the poorest countries in the world. After I was told some of the detail of how a family lived, or observed some activity, I would rush back to my room in the headman's house and write detailed notes--some 150 pages in all, typed on the portable typewriter I had brought with me. At the time I made no use of them--they lay buried in my files at home.

Then I returned to Indonesia when it was winter in Vienna each year for 5 years--1985-1989. I took advantage of that return to revisit Balarjo. The first surprise I had was to be recognized as the visitor of more than 40 years earlier. A man who had been a boy in a group I had addressed at the earlier visit was now village Headman, and talks with him supplemented my observation. .

The changes were highly visible. In 1952 the young boys, practically naked, were splashing around in the mud with the water buffaloes of which they had the care. By 1984 the boys were at school part of each week-day, and when they were free kicking a football on a level field in which goal posts had been set up. They were now neatly dressed in knee pants and shirts--none beyond infancy went naked.

At the earlier visit education (meaning ability to speak and write Indonesian, and work simple sums) was limited to the Headman and one or two senior citizens. By 1984 everyone under 40 had been to primary school in the village, and many had followed through with secondary school in a neighboring village.

In 1952 a badly rutted dirt road ran through the village, nearly impassable in the rainy season. Thirty years later the village had a modern paved road, on which automobiles could drive through the village, peasants could take a bus to Malang and even travel to Surabaya. I saw those same neatly dressed boys riding their bicycles up and down that road.

Electricity was coming through to the village, and there were already several television sets in use. The primitive tiny home-made houses of 1952 were now inhabited only by the very poorest landless villagers; by 1984 most lived in architect designed and professionally built houses. So the paved road and the houses along it now give the village a totally different aspect from 1952.

But when I asked older villagers what was the biggest improvement in their lives they mentioned ahead of any of these the change in diet. At the earlier visit they had enough rice for no more than three or four months after the harvest. Rice was a luxury that ran out and was replaced with corn. But then the corn ran out, and in the time to next harvest villagers had to fall back on cassava, that they knew was not nutritious but very easily grown. This was the season of they called *paceklik*, a Javanese word conveying chronic hunger and resignation, a condition of semi-starvation.

Then came the Green Revolution, the greatest gift of all development aid. With the use of better seed, of varieties that could get along in the dry season, with the use of fertilizer, crops were multiplied two, three and four-fold. By 1984 rice had become available all year round in Balarjo. And one of the details--rice has to be hulled before it can be cooked; the hull has no nutritive value. Hulling had always been done by putting the rice in a tub and pounding it with poles, essential work left to the village women. Now the village has an electric hulling machine to which the peasant-farmer can bring his rice and have it hulled for a few rupiahs, i.e. a few pennies, while he stands by. The women are saved a long, boring and arduous task.

And finally, birth control had come. With the earlier large families, despite high death rates each generation was more numerous and, land being fixed, poorer than the one before. Now it is from those smaller families that the neatly dressed boys above mentioned come.

The changes above mentioned are to my view and to that of the vast majority of the population the essence of development. Never mind whether the stock market in Jakarta is up or down, how foreign investment can be attracted, making Indonesia an industrial power the way that Malaysia and now China are becoming. First things first--adequate nutrition, at least elementary education, decent housing, nutritious food. At least that is the view expressed by the villagers to whom I talked.

### **Looking back: Violence in my life and in society**

My father wanted to be obeyed and respected in the family for which he was providing the bread. I on the other hand had strong views on many subject, and I never took the trouble to state them tactfully. My attitude was regarded as disrespectful, and I got many a walloping, something that no other member of the family incurred.

When I was in elementary school there were occasional jousts among the boys, and I did not flee them--any pacifism in my nature came later--but joined in with gusto. Making an enemy of someone, i.e. provoking him, and then fighting him was good clean fun. And when we went to it on a vacant lot there was no enforcing of the Marquis of Queensberry rules.

That passed away long before I got to high school. There I was peaceful and decorous. I joined the Officers Training Corps, and in nice weather we did some drill outdoors. I was undistinguished in this and especially undistinguished in rifle practice. I will never forget the Saturday morning when we were in the basement of the school, set up as a rifle range. At one end were the targets, at the other end a number of benches on which we marksmen would lie on our stomachs and take aim.

When it was my turn I was just getting myself into position on the bench when the gun went off, with the bullet going right through the bench. I still don't know quite did it, but obviously I must have pulled the trigger. Mr. Somerville, a veteran of World War I, was over in a moment, examining the damage to the bench. I shuddered as I thought that with such a hair trigger I could just as easily have shot a fellow student.

The following Monday I went through the formality of resigning from the OTC, so ending my military career. I am sure everyone felt safer once I was out of the Corps.

When World War II broke out, agreeing with the news sources that for once our side indeed was the side of justice, I tried to enlist for the Navy. Better to be drowned than shot if one is to die for his country, I thought. But I had no chance to do either. I was rejected on grounds of eyesight.

In later life I had two chances to observe violence at first hand. One was about 40 years ago at the University of Chicago. At that time the administration building was on the west side of Ellis Avenue, and on its ground floor was a branch of one of the local banks in which faculty and students could do their banking business without leaving the campus. I was cruising on Ellis Avenue in our ten year old Oldsmobile when two masked men who had held up the cashier were escaping to their getaway car. The thought flashed through my mind that I could just stop slantwise across the road so as to block their getaway flight. With good timing they could crash into our ancient Oldsmobile and bring its career to a spectacular end. But before I could get into position to do this they sped past me, with the campus police in hot pursuit. I believe they got away. That was Chicago.

In somewhat the same way but much more recently the Cambridge Trust in Harvard Square was held up when I was passing through on foot. Two men came running out holding the loot, followed by a guard firing after them. He hit one of the men in the leg and arrested him. I never heard the fate of the other.

More organized such as that by Americans in Iraq or Israelis in Palestine creates more violence. If I hit you, and you hit back there begins a cycle with no ending and no winner: both sides lose. Among the people I have talked to the ones who most thoroughly understand this are Quakers.

The alternative to violence for settling disputes is negotiation and compromise, and rare are the cases where these are not applicable. Why has violence been used to solve disputes since the beginning of the world when both sides are almost certain to lose by it? The only answer I know is Freud's: the impulse to injure or kill our fellow man is built into our very natures; the id, only controlled--when it is controlled--by the much weaker ego and superego.

Freud spoke of the impulse to love one's neighbor as weaker than the impulse to seize his possessions, to seduce his wife, to torture and to kill him." Whereas Marx saw conflict between social classes, Freud saw conflict within the human mind itself. Civilization tries to combine individuals into families, races, peoples and nations --ultimately into one great unity. "But man's natural aggressive instinct," wrote Freud, "the hostility of each against all and of all against each, opposes this program of civilization."

That is institutionalized in Malay culture by the ailment of running amok. Much of the story of Malaisie, by Henri Fauconier, a great work of fiction, is built around it.

Would that Southeast Asia was the only place where this Freudian manifestation appears. The Holocaust, most wars, including the recent war on Iraq, are other instances where the killing seems to go on just for its own sake. Of course there are political and other arguments--but the sheer irrationality of war is proven by the outcomes. What did anyone gain from the First World War? What did anyone gain by the killing and destruction in Iraq? Americans who favored the war--and these were in the majority--were yielding to their id's plus their greed for oil. The stated reason--the mushroom cloud that would kill us in the millions--could be said more plausibly in respect of a half-dozen other countries than Iraq. .

Our use of violence excites violence on the other side. Our attack on Iraq was interpreted as an attack on Islam. Rightly or not the Iraqis believe that the attack of May 2003 would have not have occurred if the Iraqis had been Christian. And radical Muslims around the world have taken up the struggle. The reporter of the NYT is puzzled by his observation that while Al Quaeda has slowed down the struggle has been taken up by many far-flung lesser groups. It is as though what was planned as a small quick war in Iraq has ignited the passions of nearly a billion Muslims around the world. People of good will can only hope that the United States will now offer an olive branch to the enemy we have created. It would cost nothing to apply half a trillion dollars over the next few years to reconstruct and develop the Muslim world. We would simply turn the arms budget to this peaceful purpose.

### **Looking back: my contact with movements of money by terrorists and drug dealers**

At the end of a lecture in Columbus, Beatrice and I went to the back of the hall and up into the projection booth to retrieve the slides I had used. The projectionist had left, and my slides were not in sight, so we looked around, and saw a large attaché case, opened it, and did not find slides, but, astonishingly, hundred dollar bills. It was packed with them -- the total value could have been a million dollars. Figuring that was probably drug or terrorist money, and not wanting to get mixed up with some violent group they belonged to, we cleared out, saying we could get our host to chase up my slides the following day.

Thinking about the matter, it is apparent that I was not a good citizen. If I were I would have phoned the police to come and set a watch on the place, and see who came to collect the attaché case.

A second incident. I was on a plane over the Atlantic, seated beside a man who had a small suitcase with him. Getting up, apparently to relieve himself, he left the suitcase on the floor, encroaching on my space by an inch or two. Idly pushing it back with my foot I found it terribly heavy. Something as heavy as that just had to be gold. And if it was it could only be an underground movement-conventional international movements of gold don't go with a messenger in a third class seat.

I should have informed the steward, who would let the captain decide what should be done. He could easily have radioed ahead asking that the plane be met by police

There must be a good deal of movement of money for the drug trade and for terrorism, and what I saw was the result of some participant's carelessness. In short these two incidents were only a trifling suggestion, a tip of the iceberg, of the very large movements of money outside the regular banking system. Carried out by criminals who above all don't want to leave a paper trail. Even by respectable business men who want to hide some of their income from the tax authorities.

The Congress has been concerned about this, and reported that "The Government still doesn't know how terrorists move their money." (NYT, Dec. 14, 2003.) Perhaps my two observations provide at least a hint? I wish I had reported while the trail I chanced to pick up was still warm, and so might have contributed something to the congressional question.

### **Looking back: Close calls**

I was invited to give a paper at the sixth Berkeley Conference on Mathematical Statistics in 1965. I chose to present some work I was doing on the degree to which the number of women made a difference to births as compared with the number of men. Add 1000 men to the population: how much will the births increase as compared with adding 1000 women.

Beatrice and the two children came to Berkeley, and they went touring while I attended the conference. My turn came and I got to the platform and started to perform. When I was half-way through I wobbled a little and had a terrible headache. I managed somehow to complete my presentation and went back to our hotel. When the family returned I said "I am sick, part of my sight has gone; we must go home right now". They had been enjoying California and were very disappointed but we were all aboard the red-eye express when it took off for Chicago, arriving in the early morning.

At home I phoned Billings Hospital, and was instructed to come down immediately. A distinguished neurologist, authority on stroke, was brought in, and he interviewed me, and was shocked to find that I had the practice of working 15 hours a day, keeping myself awake with a dozen cups of strong coffee. . He asked for extensive tests, including use of a precursor of today's scanning machine that makes a picture of the brain. Nothing could be done, and I had to be grateful that the damage did not occur at a spot just a couple of millimeters away, where it would have left me completely blind. As it was I would recover most of my sight, though there would be a missing quadrant; I would never be able to see anything in the upper right quarter of my visual field. This particular stroke is apparently well-known. Most other strokes are much more serious, causing anything up to death.

The one good outcome was the change in my habits of work, in my physical activity, in my drinking coffee. These much better ways of living are what have enabled me to be alive at the age of 90, 38 years later.

In the year 2001 we were celebrating Thanksgiving. Beatrice had cooked the dinner and was setting the table. I was trying to move a bookshelf across the hall of our apartments to where it would be more useful.

Then I tripped and fell. My head hit the corner where the kitchen emerged into the hall, and my scalp--that has many blood vessels--started to bleed profusely. Beatrice dialed 911 while I lay on the floor, and in less than 3 minutes the ambulance was parked at the curb and two orderlies with a stretcher were in the apartment, after somehow getting through the front door. They taped me up enough to stop the bleeding so that I only lost about 2 cups of blood, strapped me in to the back of the ambulance and Beatrice into the front seat, and set off for the Cambridge Community Hospital. That was a mistake, Harvard's affiliation is with the Brigham and Women's Hospital in Boston, and there we went at full speed aided by a siren that cleared the road of other traffic.

I was treated well--exquisite courtesy on the part of the staff, a double room, with a cot in which Beatrice stayed the night, and four days later I was released. But not before tests that were done showed I was low on sodium, and I was started on the treatment that would build up my sodium. Since lack of sodium can be extremely serious, perhaps it was lucky I struck my head on that Thanksgiving Day. Everything was good about that hospital, except the food which was execrable and the germs that were on everything--I got home with a bad cold.

## **34. LOOKING BACK: CHANCE MEETINGS THAT ESTABLISHED FIRM FRIENDSHIPS**

### **One**

My first opportunity for foreign travel came in the early 1950s. Roy Allen, the English economist, had read some of my published articles, and out of thin air offered me an honorarium of \$200 plus \$200 for passage to Southampton and return. I was to give a short course of lectures at the London School of Economics. At that time a third class passage on one of the great liners of the day cost \$100, so by spending it all Beatrice and I could both go and return. Don't make a mistake about third class--it was not the old steerage on which my parents had come to Canada, but with wonderful service, luxury we certainly did not enjoy on land, The culture of those great transatlantic liners--the daily newspaper, the swimming pool, the sports instruction, the superb cuisine--was at its peak in the early post-war years.

It was on the boat, the Cunard liner Queen Elizabeth2, that Beatrice met a couple, Flore and Pierre Pastier, fairly early in the voyage. She heard someone at the next table saying in French that the waiter had brought sugar but not a spoon, and wondered how to say "cuillere" in English. Beatrice called out "teaspoon" and they continued chatting. We spent much of the subsequent time on the boat with them, talking our hobbled French. The boat stopped at Calais on the way to Southampton, and we disembarked with the Pastiers on a lighter that took us into the harbor. I was thrilled at the thought that I was now actually on French soil.

Before we separated the Pastier's invited us to dinner for the following evening. What impressed us most was the order and good feeling in a crowded walk-up apartment that was all that was to be had in the early postwar years.

We have kept in touch with the Pastier's ever since, and visited them whenever we were in the area. A self-taught engineer, who starting at the bottom had risen to be head of a major electronics factory. They now live in retirement in Nice. Pierre is in a wheel chair but Flore gets around easily We talk to them by phone from time to time.

### **Two**

On one of my early trips to Europe I visited Frankfurt in Germany, I had been in a meeting in Belgrade and after the dreariness of Belgrade the charm of Frankfurt was indescribable. There in Naacher's bookstore, I met Hertha Georg. I was thrilled to find that she knew no English. Here was a God given chance to improve my German. She turned out to be a wonderfully up-beat personality, great sense of humor, intense interest in books.

I took her out for coffee and she told me her story that I pass on as showing one type of human character that combines ambition unchecked by conscience. (If she doesn't want the following story set down I will remove it.)

At the time I met her poor Hertha was still suffering from being abandoned by her husband Wolfgang, who was an art curator. Her work in Naacher's book store was supporting Wolfgang's art studies. One day he received an offer of a job as Assistant Curator of a large art museum in Berlin. Hertha helped him load their household goods into a truck, and when that job was complete, he started off shouting "You're not coming." Aside from the job he had the project of marriage with the Curator's daughter.

Hertha went to court, and explained that she was working and Wolfgang was a student, and she had paid for the furniture and wanted it back. The court awarded her half of it, and Wolfgang sent back a few unusable sticks. Hertha was too discouraged to appeal further.

Beatrice and I are still in touch with Hertha, and most of what German I know was learned in correspondence and telephone conversations with her. A very sociable person, she has a large circle of friends, and on visits to Frankfurt I got to know some of them as well. She left the bookstore and became secretary and confidante to Theodore Adorno, postwar Germany's most distinguished social scientist, who assembled some other notable scholars in the Institute for Social Research that over the years has had a considerable influence on social science thinking.

Among numerous other activities, Hertha gives poetry readings in various towns, and assists her pastor, Ulrich Schaffert. .

### **Three**

In Paris visiting the Institut National des Etudes Demographiques on the rue du Commandeur, I dropped into a cafe after the Institut closed for the day. Sitting there having a glass of wine I noticed across from me a well groomed young lady and I got talking with her. Before we separated she gave me "her coordinates" in her words, that is, address and phone number. She was Ray de Dise, who again had the inestimable attraction of speaking no English. I had to leave the next day, but we corresponded and a few months later Beatrice and I met her in a restaurant and she had her daughter Justine (then about 14 years of age) with her. Justine was a very beautiful and very positive young lady. She saw snails on the menu, and insisted--I mean insisted Je-veux-les--on having them.

I suspected that there was more than one argument between mother and daughter, and that the daughter won every time. It was not very long before Justine was saying she wants to live her own life, and a few years later, still a student and entirely dependent on her mother for support,

she moved out and took her own apartment. Her mother offered some résistance but it was no use. Such determination will carry Justine far in her later work--it is not clear what it will do in family life. She is now 24 and taking her first job.

Ray was involved in Parisian artistic and cultural life. She invited me to a poetry reading in the basement of a cafe on the Left Bank. The poet was Guy Chaty, a mathematician of wide interests with a very energetic presentation of a number of his own poems. His skill and great sense of humor fascinated the audience of about 50 people who had paid admission to that performance. I was thrilled to think I was at a subterranean gathering on the Left Bank.

We had the pleasure of a visit from Ray and Guy and his wife Jeanne at our Cambridge apartment some years later. I will never forget the great dinner table talk that went on for the week or ten days of their visit.

#### **Four**

Again in France, also in a cafe, but this one down-town on the Champs Elysses, I saw a young lady drinking a beer. We talked, and her name was Mary Alleyne, and she was indeed English, as I had surmised from the beer. I was on my way to a meeting in Geneva, and I must have impressed her because she came down to Geneva during my time there and we talked a good deal, in English but one can't have everything. She was born and brought up in Leeds, in the north of England--as any native could tell from her speech. When on a later trip Beatrice met her she was impressed: "She's all wool" she said after they had spent an afternoon together.

Mary was engaged to a man who was working in Trinidad and they were waiting for a chance to marry. In due course they did marry, and settled in a suburb of London. Her husband, known as "Bug" now retired, saw that the lab equipment in the local school was not properly used or maintained. Once an engineer, he volunteered to set up laboratory equipment and perform similar tasks.

Mary, an early worker with computers wanted to get a job done, visited a small firm consisting of two young men, and had it done. But while in their office she saw papers scattered in fearful disorder. She offered to tidy the place, and was hired as office manager.

The last we heard they had gone down to the Isle of Wight. We fear that Mary, now well into her nineties, may have passed away, and it is extremely unlikely that Bug, her senior by a number of years, has survived. .

## **Looking back: why do people do the things they do?**

My experience on the internet has shown me the limitations of money for motivating human effort. As one of millions of users whose chief recourse in the search for information is the World Wide Web, I note that most of the things I look up have been placed on the web with absolutely no pecuniary objective. Someone has taken the trouble to enter a number of Latin quotes with translation, or else a poem by Emerson, or a biography of Beethoven, to give the three last things I have looked up. In all three cases and hundreds of others someone got satisfaction simply by keying or scanning them from available sources or perhaps by composing them himself (as I am doing now). It is not exactly exhibitionism -- most often the author does not even show his or her name. And the Web uses a technology discovered as recently as 1990; it now has some 2 billion sites, the equivalent of a good part of a trillion pages. So fact No. 1 about people: most of the interesting things do have no pecuniary motive.

Fact No 2 about people -- their proneness to misinterpretation. Much legislated policy on crime fails because it interprets acts in the framework of one culture, while the actors interpret it in terms of another. Legislators, judges, and such people are middle class citizens for whom going to jail is a terrible punishment, so they confidently enact laws that will ensure that more criminals are apprehended, and that those who are guilty will spend longer periods in jail. But suppose the drug peddlers interpret jail as a kind of initiation into a profession, which if not honorable in the larger society is at least immensely profitable without being particularly dishonorable in their smaller society. With this interpretation jail is still not desirable, but it is by no means punishment severe enough to cause peddlers to give up their well-paid profession.

Variation of interpretation exists everywhere we turn and not only in reward and punishment. After an exceptionally heavy day of bombing attacks on our troops in Iraq on the last day of October, Mr. Bush said the equivalent of "That is good news. It shows that the enemy is desperate."

When the Palestinians bomb an Israeli home, the Israelis bomb a half-dozen homes. "That will show them. Anything they do to us will be visited several fold on them, and that will stop them." The Israelis should know by now that it does nothing of the kind. It stimulates them to new attacks. Neither side can win this kind of war. The war will go on as long as there is no empathy. Or until some terrible weapon is used that can entirely destroy the other side.

## **My correspondence with President Bush, March 12, July 15 July 19, 2003**

Following are three letters I wrote to President Bush, along with the replies that came back.

Sunday, March 12, 2003

Mr. George W. Bush,  
president@whitehouse.gov

Dear President Bush,

You must know the phrase of Oliver Cromwell, a pious Christian like yourself, "I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, think it possible you may be mistaken."

You should think of the Korean War that ended in a draw. You should think of the Vietnam War, in which we were brought to a standstill, and withdrew--after more than 50,000 American soldiers died.

In connecting Iraq with 9/11, you must realize that the men we captured, some 19, I understand, were from Saudi Arabia; none were from Iraq.

Our military technology is far in advance of that of Iraq or of any other country. We can readily establish a battle front in Iraq, and even win there. We read in the New York Times (March 9) that the world is full of nasty regimes, "that we are about to bomb one that isn't intercepting our planes (like North Korea), that isn't financing Al Qaeda, (like Saudi Arabia), that isn't home to Osama and his lieutenants (like Pakistan), or that isn't a host body for terrorists (like Iran, Lebanon and Syria)". (Maureen Dowd.)

We have just sent home the one Iraqi reporter stationed in the United States, and have the impertinence to ask other countries to curtail Iraqi news and diplomatic representation. We should welcome both news and diplomacy. The more they can learn about us, the more we can learn about them, the better for both. Rather than trying to destroy the Iraqis; we should be trying to educate them.

I am sorry to have to relate these grim facts to you, Mr. President, Please call me if you want further information. My phone number is 617-491-2845.

Yours faithfully,

Nathan Keyfitz,  
keyfitz@netscape.net  
1580 Massachusetts Avenue, #7C  
Cambridge, MA 02138

I received the following answer:

Thank you for e-mailing President Bush. Your ideas and comments are very important to him.

Because of the large volume of e-mail received, the President cannot personally respond to each message. However, the White House staff considers and reports citizen ideas and concerns.

The picture given in the Manchester Guardian (Weekly edition July 3 - 9) astounds by the impudence of our unelected President. "The Pentagon is planning a new generation of huge hypersonic drones and bombs dropped from space, that will allow the US to strike its enemies at lightning speed from its own territory...The technology would free the US from dependence on forward bases and the cooperation of allies. This drive for self-sufficiency is spurred by the difficulty of gaining international cooperation for the attack on Iraq." Based on this I am sending a second e-mail letter to Bush

July 15, 2003

President@Whitehouse.gov

Dear Mr. President,

You paid no attention to the letter I wrote you on March 12, and went ahead with a war on Iraq. I can understand that you are miffed by the French and Germans, and Russians, and Canadians for not joining your escapade in Iraq. You smashed the country physically, and destroyed its system of authority. Saddam Hussein was not the kindest of rulers, but at least he kept the country operating and most people eating.

I repeat that you are going to regret having disregarded my letter and gone ahead with war on Iraq.

The world cannot fail to notice that you go from war to war. From Afghanistan to Iraq to Liberia. Where next? Each one is a failure in its intended purpose, but you hope that the next one will keep people from talking about the past failures. You are indeed pursuing a Warfare of Mass Distraction (WMD).

Margaret Atwood, a distinguished Canadian writer, has written a book, *Oryx and Crake*, that you should read. It is fiction of course, but an excellent picture of a world destroyed by technology, with only one person, called Snowman, left alive. If you find it hard to secure a copy, let me know and I will lend you mine.

I can appreciate your irritation, as head of this great nation, that the world does not like and admire us. You are afraid that they might attack us, and you are going heavy for new weapons. But let me reassure you, Mr. President: No country is contemplating an attack on the United States.

It is all very well for Rummy to talk about enemies -- enemies are what the owner of a war machine wants, so that he can show how well his machine performs. In the mid-eighties we collaborated with Iraq in its war with Iran and a picture of Rummy shaking hands with Saddam Hussein is now on the Internet. To see it for yourself just boot up your computer and run

<http://www.californiapeaceaction.org/campaigns/rumsfeld/metroad.pdf>

You will find it quite inspiring.

But pay no attention. You can sleep in peace without a dime more of expenditure.

So for heaven's sake tell the Pentagon to call off that drone going at 3,000 miles an hour. You just don't need it.

Just give me a call if there is other information I can provide. I will drop everything to set you on the right track.

Nathan Keyfitz  
keyfitz@netscape.net  
Tel: 617-491-2845

I received the following answer:

Thank you for e-mailing President Bush. Your ideas and comments are very important to him.

Because of the large volume of e-mail received, the President cannot personally respond to each message. However, the White House staff considers and reports citizen ideas and concerns.

And today--Saturday July 26--I am sending my final letter:

President@Whitehouse.gov  
Dear Mr. President,

I think that writing you is a waste of time, and this letter is my last.

But I urge you to think of the cleanup job your successor who will be elected in 2004 is going to have. You should try to make it easier for him by back-tracking on some of the things you have done.

To get the national budget back to the surplus condition in which President Clinton left it you would have to cut expenditures on arms drastically. There is no risk in doing that--as I have repeatedly insisted no one is going to attack us.

You would also have to take back those tax cuts, those give-aways, and raise taxes on the rich. Those taxes would have to be higher than when you came into office, because in the meantime you have been running deficits, anything up to a trillion dollars for the present two-year period. (Think how much a trillion is, Mr. President. It would take you thousands of years to earn one.)

Then about Iraq. You will have to apologize to the Iraqis, to France and other European countries for that ill-fated war. You would say that we should have been more patient, and let the UN Inspectors continue and complete their work. And since the Iraqis are naturally mad at us now, and are shooting down our soldiers, it would be better to get other countries, known to have been against the war from the beginning, go into the country to restore order. But no one is going to move one soldier or spend one Euro except through the United Nations. You left the UN in shambles; this will bring it back.

Moreover you know that you have a lot of crooks in your government. Insider trading is one of the least of their crimes. You would get right after them, and see that they are appropriately punished.

You would either release or try those people whom you are now illegally holding in Guantanamo in Cuba.

Moreover you should get the American people to see your policies in a long-term perspective. During the Iran-Iraq war we backed the Iraqis. On the Internet there is a picture of Rummy shaking hands with Saddam Hussein in the mid-1980s. You can see it yourself by running

<http://www.californiapeaceaction.org/campaigns/rumsfeld/metroad.pdf>

on your computer.

Moreover you should cut taxes. I mean that. But cut them on the poor and middle class. They will spend the money, will spend us right out of the present recession--that otherwise will continue indefinitely.

The rich don't spend the money you have given them. That is aside from the kick-back in the form of contributions to your political campaign.

So Mr. President, this is the last time I will write you. I just hope you will go out of office gracefully.

Nathan Keyfitz  
keyfitz@netscape.net

I received the following answer:

Thank you for e-mailing President Bush. Your ideas and comments are very important to him.

Because of the large volume of e-mail received, the President cannot personally respond to each message. However, the White House staff considers and reports citizen ideas and concerns.

Dear Mr. Bush,

I see in the New York Times that you gave a talk to the American Legion on the day when the number of U.S. deaths since May 30 came equal to the number during the war. "We will never yield to terrorism" By terrorism you apparently mean small scale operations including suicide bombers. You think that suicide bombers are morally despicable, while bombing from the air is OK. What you have to wake up to is that each of us fights with the weapons we have. The Iraqis cannot acquire weapons to match your hi-tech. But one weapon they have that you cannot match--their faith in the cause of Islam that makes so many of them lay down their lives for it. How many Americans would similarly demonstrate such confidence?

On the matter of guilt, we have to take the bigger share, since we started it all.

### 35. BEATRICE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

What one remembers: Novel by L. Trilling, *Middle of the Journey*, of which I remember only the little girl and her recitation at the school concert of Blake's poem, and how the meaningless, stupid interference of the completely uninteresting central character leads to her death -- all I remember of Trilling's only novel. I was much taken with some of T's ideas at the time -- well, they were important then. How to explain this? Whittaker Chambers! Who he?

How do you start writing a memoir? And why? I think of Ruth Jaeger a couple of years before her death throwing old letters, a lifetime of correspondence with her parents who had lived into their nineties, and other family letters, including her surviving brother, then well into his nineties, into the fireplace, in that fine old house whose address I can no longer recall. The house where we met every Monday to play duets. After Nathan and I moved to Vienna -- we always called our place of residence "Vienna" although we never lived there beyond a few weeks before we moved to Baden bei Wien (so that Wally wouldn't have to climb stairs). We spent a month in that funny inn in Baden waiting for the Wilson house in the Trostgasse to be available. We had a lease for the two years because they expected to stay in Saudi Arabia, but after a year IBM decided they could use Wilson's personality and charm more advantageously in Europe and called him back.

You can start with your earliest recollection. I couldn't have been more than three or four when I woke up one morning -- it must have been about 6 a.m. because it was still dark. Someone, a man with a lantern, walked by my window, the light from the lantern following him on the bedroom wall. I knew -- how did I know? -- that it was the hired man on his way to the barn. It must have been on the farm in Dugald, Manitoba, which my father had bought soon after I was born. I don't remember anything more. I probably felt asleep again. Why does this memory stay with me? Nothing happened. I wasn't scared. That's all.

My memories of Winnipeg are few and scattered. Years later I knew that my parents had settled there immediately after their marriage. He had been living in Montreal with the family of his older brother Jacob. Why did he want to move so far away from them? He had two brothers in Montreal, both much older than himself -- the eldest, Samuel, was twenty-two years his senior, with a large family. Jacob was nearer to his own age, married, with three children. Papa was about 36 or 37. He had already quarrelled with Samuel because of his refusal to change his name to Freedman, the name Samuel had taken years before when he slipped out of Lithuania to avoid service in the Czar's army. He was angry with Jacob for the same reason. He thought it outrageous that three brothers should have different surnames.

The break with Jacob was more mysterious. For one thing, Papa always spoke of Jacob with great affection and never spoke of Samuel at all. His nephew Harry, Samuel's eldest son, was

two years younger, already married and a father. One of us must have asked Papa about his reasons for leaving Montreal; his only answer was that one day Jacob looked at him in a certain way -- he never described it any more fully than that -- and he decided to move far away.

In Winnipeg Papa opened a store that sold millinery and ladies' clothing. It must have prospered, for he soon sold the house in Winnipeg, where three of four children were born, and found the farm he had always dreamed of owning. His business was prospering; the future looked bright. Then he acquired a partner, a man whom my mother mistrusted at first sight, but Papa never thought anyone else knew anything and my mother least of all. A few years later a suspicious-looking fire broke out in the store during the night. The police started an inspection and the partner disappeared. My father was arrested and charged with arson, and my mother, with three young children and another rather obviously on the way, was left to handle the situation as well as she could. With no legal advice or experience she set about trying to raise bail for her husband. First she appealed to a business acquaintance who, reluctant to get involved and ashamed to tell her so, kept her waiting for hours in his office on the pretext that he was expected to arrive at any moment (he was in fact there all the time). At the end of the day she appealed to another business friend she knew slightly--"a Christian", as she repeated with gentle bemusement when she told me the story many years later, whose immediate response was, "Of course. How much do you need?" At the subsequent trial the judge threw out the case and kindly advised Papa to be a little choosier the next time he did business with a plausible stranger.

I don't think Papa learned anything at all from this experience or from any other experience. He was an infuriating man in many ways, but Mamma loved him with heart and soul and he adored her. I don't believe they ever quarrelled. The oddest outcome of all from this drama was that the "pregnancy" that undoubtedly won her the sympathy of judge and jury at the trial turned out to be a misdiagnosed and neglected ovarian cyst whose removal very nearly cost her life. One year later my youngest brother Mark came into the world. I remember how we three children stood in the hall awaiting the birth of the baby sister Mamma had promised to give me. I remember how the door opened and Papa came out, his face shining with tears and relief, and said a little shamefacedly "It's another boy".

I was three months short of my fifth birthday when I faced this grave disappointment as bravely as I could. The baby was impossibly small and fragile, and his life was further complicated when my exhausted mother could not produce enough milk to keep him alive. The product of the cow had to be modified for his infant stomach with something called "gripe water"; one could only imagine what his appalling gripes would have been without it. His only comfort was to lie on Mamma's stomach, and his early weeks were spent as close to his original habitation as could be arranged. The mohel came to the house to perform his ritual and apparently made a poor job of it, and the poor baby had some unnecessary suffering in addition to his dietary difficulties.

No one ever explained this to me, but I had a long memory even then, and thirty-some years later when my own son was born I had the job done in the maternity hospital by the obstetrician to the consternation and indignation of the local man in Ottawa of that time. Beyond the shocked reactions of all four grandparents, there were no other complications. Mamma was sure that the doctor, however experienced and competent he might be at delivering babies, would not do the thing properly, but all went well. I had been permitted to stay in the hospital longer than usual because my husband was in Newfoundland on Census business; my room was close enough to the operating room that I could hear the little patients one after another being called down the hall and a few minutes later telling the world what they thought of the indignity that was being visited on them. When I heard "Baby Keyfitz" being called I quaked as I awaited the usual howls, but there was not a sound. What terrible thing could have happened? The nurse came into my room laughing to tell me that Robert had taken his little nip of brandy and sugar like a man and slept through the whole thing.

Personal Computers: When did they enter our lives? Of course we knew about Univac, which Nathan had encountered in the course of successive visits relative to his work in the Dominion Bureau of Statistics to the U.S. Bureau of the Census in Washington, and later at the University of Chicago there was a monster that occupied the (air conditioned) top floor of a building on (I think) 59th Street and spewed out pages of information extracted from statistics punched out on piles of Hollerith cards (often by your wife) in a room on a lower floor. That was if you were lucky, in which case the printout appeared in a roll of paper when you came to collect it several hours later. If the roll was several pages thick that was good news. If it contained only a page or two your heart sank. Someone had made a mistake. I loved dull routine jobs, as long as they involved machinery of some kind, and became quite skilled as a Hollerith puncher.

The University of Chicago computer was in operation 24 hours a day. It soon became routine in our home in Madison Park for Nathan to feel an irresistible urge to visit his new love at three in the morning rather than wait for me to collect the good or bad news the next day. Then came the event that changed our lives forever. For some reason that I no longer recall he was attending a conference in Calgary or Edmonton, Alberta. Suddenly I got an excited telephone call from a distant airport. He had arrived there early (or perhaps his flight was delayed -- this happened more often than not in those days) and sharing a bench with him in the waiting room was another delegate who had with him -- wonder of wonders -- a portable computer, perhaps the very first on the market, called Osborne. This he was more than happy to display. My orders were to lose no time in finding out where and how in Columbus it was possible to obtain this marvel and, if possible, order one immediately.

We were already familiar with computers and indeed had already bought one, a TRS80, from Radio Shack. This wonder, about the size and shape of a smallish present-day monitor, was operated by a computer language called Fortran and came with a thick manual and half dozen or

so programs for the buyer's amusement. These showed on the screen some stick figures or cartoons, some text which I no longer recall, and of course clear and simple instructions for making your own. Nathan caught on to Fortran right away and set TRS80 to work producing prime numbers. It was quite happy to go on doing this for hours. I was mostly interested in doing the few visual tricks that came with the instruction book and creating some rudimentary ones of my own. There was no printer and no way of connecting one. There must have been some way of saving your work, but I have forgotten what it was.

In any case, by dint of much telephoning I was able to contact a computer store in a shopping center not too far from our home. Yes, they knew all about Osborne. It was possible to order one and one might have to wait as long as a month. I forget the cost, but our children were grown and we could afford it. In the end we ordered two, one for each of us. The printer was more complicated; it produced something that looked like typescript--it worked like a typewriter, with keys striking a ribbon--I think it was called a Daisy Wheel, or something like that, and did beautiful work.

The computers arrived and we were immediately enslaved. The operating system came on four diskettes--in addition to the operating system, which was called cp/m, there was a word processor and a spreadsheet. No pictures, but a new art form arose that must have whiled away many hours of one's employer's time in offices all over the country and consisted in forming designs with the letter x, rather like cross-stitch embroidery and printing them on squared paper. I never tried to do it. It was ingenious, no doubt, but a waste of time that many found irresistible.

Another waste of time that one experienced by mistake was unfortunately irreparable -- forgetting to save one's work before turning off the computer. Usually once was enough to teach one a lesson, but some people never learn.

## 36. BIODATA FOR NATHAN KEYFITZ

August 1, 1998

### •Personal

- Date of birth: June 29, 1913
- Place of birth: Montreal, Canada
- Citizenship: United States
- Marital Status: Married
- Spouse: Beatrice Orkin
- Children: Barbara (b. 1944); Robert (b. 1947)

### •Education

- B.Sc. in Mathematics: McGill University (1934)
- Ph.D. in Sociology: University of Chicago (1952)

### ◦Honorary Degrees

- 1972 M.A., Harvard University
- 1973 LL.D., University of Western Ontario
- 1984 LL.D., Université de Montréal
- 1984 LL.D., McGill University
- 1984 LL.D., University of Alberta, Edmonton
- 1991 LL.D., University of Siena, Italy
- 1993 LL.D., Carleton University, Ottawa
- 1993 LL.D., Université of Québec, Montréal

### •Professional Career

- 1936 1956 Statistician, later Senior Research Statistician, Dominion Bureau of Statistics, Ottawa (now Statistics Canada)
- 1959 1962 Professor, Department of Economics, Political Science and Sociology, University of Toronto
- 1962 1963 Professor of Sociology, Université de Montréal
- 1963 1968 Professor of Sociology, Chair 1965-1967, and Member of the Population Research and Training Center, University of Chicago
- 1968-1972 Professor of Demography, University of California, Berkeley
- 1972-1983 Andelot Professor of Sociology in the Faculty of Arts and Sciences and of Demography in the Harvard School of Public Health, Chair 1978-1980, 1983- Emeritus
- 1981-1983 Lazarus Professor of Social Demography, Ohio State University, Emeritus 1983
- 1983 July Dec. Rosenstadt Professor, Department of Preventive Medicine, University of Toronto
- 1984-1991 Leader, Population Program, International Institute for Applied Systems Analysis (IIASA), Laxenburg, Austria

- 1991-1993 Senior Scholar, International Institute for Applied Systems Analysis, Laxenburg, Austria
- 1994-5 Center for Initiatives on Children, American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Cambridge, Massachusetts
- Other Professional Experience
- 1948-1951 Lecturer in Sociology, Fridays, McGill University
- 1951 Three months assignment as census advisor to Burmese Statistical Office, Rangoon
- 1952-1953 Advisor to Indonesian Planning Bureau, Jakarta
- 1959 Three months appointment, Instructor, Indian Statistical Institute, Calcutta.
- 1959 Census advisor, Central Statistical Office, Jerusalem
- 1967 Board of Trustees, National Opinion Research Council (NORC), Chicago
- 1969-1975 Editor, Theoretical Population Biology
- 1970 June-Oct. Senior Specialist, East West Center, University of Hawaii
- 1972 July-Aug. Consultant, Ford Foundation, Jakarta, Indonesia
- 1973 July-Aug. Lecturer, Department of Sociology, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor
  
- 1974 May Lecturer on Population Mathematics, University of Rome
- 1975 Sept. Lecturer, International Institute of Population Studies, Bombay
- 1978 Lecturer, University of Moscow
- 1982 Jan. Lecture tour of China, including Beijing, Chengdu, Guangdong
  
- 1985 Jan-Apr Consultant, Harvard Institute for International Development, Center for Policy and Implementation Studies (CPIS), and Ministry of Finance, Jakarta, Indonesia; also in five winters (1986-1990)
- 1985 Sept. Three lectures on mathematical demography, Moscow
- 1985 Oct. Research Fellow, Statistics Canada
- 1986 Commonwealth Award for Sociology
- 1986 Nov. Guest Lecturer, University of California, Berkeley
- 1986-1990 Editor, Mathematical Population Studies
- 1988 April Visiting Scholar, Nihon University, Japan
- Professional Associations
- 1959 Elected Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada
- 1960-1961 Chair, Sociology and Anthropology Chapter, Canadian Political Science Association
- Chair, Social Statistics Section, American Statistical Association
- 1962-1963 Vice President, Canadian Political Science Association
- 1970 President, Population Association of America
- 1971 Elected to American Academy of Arts and Sciences
- 1975- Board of Editors, Population, INED, Paris

- 1977- Elected to U.S. National Academy of Sciences
- 1981- Honorary Life Member, Statistical Society of Canada
- 1993 In recognition of work at the International Institute for Applied Systems Analysis  
Awarded the Medal for Science, First Class, from the Austrian Government
- 1997- Honorary Fellow, Royal Statistical Society
- 1997 Appointed Laureate of the International Union for the Scientific Study of Population (first American.)
- Information also in Marquis Who's Who, The Canadian Who's Who, Dictionary of International

### **37. A FINAL WORD**

I bring this memoir to a close. It now contains as many of the events of the past life of Beatrice and myself as we can remember or are worth putting down. If you have followed it to this point I admire your endurance.

The End.

Thursday, March 18, 2004