wanted to keep costs down so that the subscription price could be kept low enough to be affordable to everybody, thereby spreading the word as widely as possible. We were thus interested in applying to the post office for second-class mailing privileges. Somebody quickly found out that the application had to be made by an organization. Charlie did not care much for organizations, regarding them as mechanisms for keeping people out, but was sufficiently interested in keeping costs down to overcome his distaste. And so we formed the Society for the Experimental Analysis of Behavior (SEAB) at a meeting during the summer of 1957, agreeing that its sole purpose would be to publish JEAB and that membership would be limited to those involved in editing the journal. Thus membership would be temporary and there was no way anybody but the editor could develop any "power" through membership.

After the vote, we turned to Og Lindsley, the Business Manager, and suggested that he could now apply for the valuable permit. He objected, saying that the creature we had just devised was not a real organization, that it still was just a bunch of guys editing a journal; that we needed to be incorporated and have statutes and by-laws and officers and an annual meeting announced in advance. Otherwise we would all be personally liable for everything from libel to a damage suit lodged by a mailman who had hurt his back while carrying a load of JEABs. No one paid attention to him and we went back to the important business of solving the many logistical problems involved in getting the journal published. As I recall,

Og sat through the rest of the long meeting under protest, maintaining a steady background commentary on the irresponsibility of the rest of us. I remember thinking it strange because Og was sort of casual about important aspects of his personal affairs, such as passing the required German examination for the PhD.

Needless to say, Og came to the next meeting with the news that the postal authorities wouldn't even talk to him until he gave them a copy of the constitution of the applicant organization. We bowed and agreed that we must incorporate. Joe Brady had had a recent contact with a Washington lawyer who had done somewhat similar work for the American Psychological Association and we engaged that lawyer to draw up the necessary papers, thinking that we could save money by using someone very familiar with the needs of scientific organizations. But the business of incorporating dragged on for months and at the end of it we were sick of the whole process. And insult was added to injury in the form of a lawyer's fee that we considered excessive for what to us seemed a trivial amount of work.

Incidentally, I was probably the first to have a paper recommended for rejection by JEAB, the grounds being that the experimental design was unbalanced; there were empty cells. Though the reviewer was a friend of his, Charlie was outraged and promptly published the paper.

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FADED IMAGES

When asked to joggle my memory about the early days of JEAB, it struck me how little I did remember. All I could come up with were two anecdotes relevant to the editorial policy of the first few years. Conversations with my wife, Anneke, triggered a number of other rec-

ollections. However, I was astonished to be told that I had been Secretary-Treasurer of the Journal for several years. I must have and a look at the early issues of JEAB confirms it, but I do not remember a thing about that. I may well have contributed \$50 or whatever,

for when JEAB was launched I had been working at Eli Lilly Research Laboratories since the summer of 1955 and made a "decent" salary! I don't remember those details either. So much for me as a "historically-alert older." My historical interests, I am afraid, are rather selective, and my own exploits have never been part of them.

I wish I could, as if by magic, trigger reminiscences of my interactions with Charlie and Marilyn Ferster, Jim and Kay Dinsmoor, the Angers in Kalamazoo, and the Azrins in Anna. I use the word "reminiscence" in the sense of the neurologists: detailed, vivid, and presumably accurate memories, triggered by temporal lobe seizures or by the gentle electrical stimulation employed by W. Penfield. My recollections are mere "faded images" and a few instances of "episodic memory." I do not recall how Charlie came to be Editor-in-Chief and mischief. With the help of Anneke, who has an excellent episodic memory, we did recall that there were discussions about both Kay Dinsmoor and Anneke as candidates for the job of Business Manager. We were young then and had just started our family. Menno, happy during his first year in a "Baby Box," was born in 1956; Eric took over that "Box" in 1958. Kay, perhaps even more of a workaholic than Anneke, took over the job, probably not realizing what she was getting herself into! She and Marilyn and Nat Schoenfeld's wife, Serena, are the unsung heroines of "the movement."

I recall some "nonepisodic" generalities about editorial policy of those early years. The "Charter Editors" all knew each other on a first-name basis and things were handled quite informally. Founding the journal, as was true with so many other once-new scientific journals, was a way to get out from under the "restrictive" policies of established journals. I remember tales of woe by Murray Sidman about hostile letters by the Editor of the *Journal of Comparative and Physiological Psychology*. ANOVA had become the dominant mode of doing research and single-subject research as once pursued by Donders, Fechner, Ebbinghaus, Thorndike, Pavlov, and Yerkes was no longer fashionable and acceptable. It was no doubt the hostility of the then-reigning Editorial Establishment that encouraged the rather liberal editorial policy of Charlie during the first few years. I can recall a specific instance

Thom Verhave, 1968.

of the informal way a disagreement between editors was resolved by Charlie. The paper in question was "The Psychiatric Nurse as a Behavioral Engineer" by Ted Ayllon and Jack Michael. One editor had recommended rejection; the second one, publication. After sending me a copy of the paper, Charlie called asking my opinion. He mentioned his ambivalence about the paper, its lack of rigorous controls, etc. I agreed with him, but suggested that it had enough "novelty" to be of interest to JEAB subscribers. Control studies would no doubt follow in the future. I do not remember if my comments were decisive, but the paper was published and had quite an impact on the development of "Behavior Modification."

Another episodic recollection deals with those now curiously dated "apparatus notes," many of which I published in the early issues. As I recall, I was pretty much given a free hand by Charlie and by Doug Anger, the first Apparatus Editor, to publish whatever I considered to be useful and of general interest. My notes reflected an attempt to get the message across to others that such brief items were welcome in JEAB. Once others started to submit them, I had run out of steam myself and was happy to fade out of the picture, although I later served as what came to be called "Technical Notes Editor" for a time. There was one controversial note that came in from Czechoslovakia, dealing with the measurement of the

"strength" of the male erection. I'm not sure what the specific qualms of other editors were, but I am still pleased that the note about that "Peter Meter" got published. Psychologists need not be prissy!

The rest of my "faded images" do not involve anything having to do with editorial policy. I have fond memories of Charlie and his family and Menno playing with Billy, the Fersters' oldest child, and Mara, the Dinsmoors' oldest. I have good memories of get-togethers with the Dinsmoors in Bloomington,

Fourth-of-July trips to the Azrins in Anna, and visits to the Angers in Kalamazoo. There was always lots of shoptalk about the Journal and psychology in general. Those were good and busy years I spent in "India-no-place," as Charlie called the then-undoubtedly-provincial capital city.

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REMINISCENCES, YOU SAY?

Reminiscences, you say? Yes, I have some—in fact a whole ossuary full of them, some that got there in merriment, some in despondence, some in scientific elation or frustration, and some in the dreary course of mere working days. You want those dating from JEAB's and SEAB's births? I'll try to pull out a few. I won't guarantee their chronological order, and there will certainly be missing details, but these hopefully will be supplied by more historically alert oldsters than I who will be writing their own memories for you. I'll try to be accurate, though, in attaching the bones I do dig out, in the spirit of that happy skeletal ramble, "The head bone connected to the neck bone, the neck bone connected to the shoulder bone . . . , the shin bone connected to the ankle bone, the ankle bone connected to the foot bone, and the foot bone connected to nuthin' a-tall"!

As I look back, the earliest event which actually foreshadowed the births of JEAB and SEAB was our first trip to Indiana. By "our" I mean the Columbia gang. It was a sort of mini-convention of people who were soon to be dubbed "Skinnerians"; a mini-parturition of a "movement" in experimental psychology

whose roots were in *The Behavior of Organisms*. The gang members' focus was the new undergraduate psychology curriculum which we had introduced at Columbia College.

I don't know whose idea that trip was, but I have always assumed that it was Fred Skinner's. I do recall that it was first mentioned to me by Fred Keller, and that I endorsed the

William N. Schoenfeld, 1971.