character to JEAB and greatly reduced the inordinate amount of time I spent writing to subscribers to explain why their issues had not arrived; his equilibrium and perpetual cheer did much to relieve the stress of my job. And the appointment of Vic Laties as Executive Editor and Treasurer in 1966 (offices he still holds), with his exuberance and enthusiasm and basic good sense in overseeing the money management of the Society, did much to calm my concern that I would be the one held solely responsible if the journal were to suffer some financial disaster. My admiration and affection have continued to grow over the past 20 years; if JABA's Mary Lou Wright and I were

forced to choose a SEAB hero, certainly Vic Laties would be the one.

After 28 years with JEAB, I seem to have become a fixture. I was amused and taken aback at a convention a few years ago when a man approached me, read my name tag, and asked me what my *real* name was. It turned out he assumed that the name "Kay Dinsmoor" was a fictitious one assigned to the Business Manager of JEAB over the years to maintain continuity and name recognition—a sort of "Betty Crocker of JEAB." I like that.

Business Manager, JEAB

Marilyn Ferster, now Marilyn B. Gilbert, served as Assistant Editor of JEAB from 1957 to 1962. Charles B. Ferster, the first Editor of JEAB (1958–1960), died in early 1981. Appreciations of his life and work have appeared in JEAB (Skinner, B. F. [1981], Charles B. Ferster—A Personal Memoir, **35**, 259–261; Keller, F. S. [1981], Charles Bohris Ferster, 1922–1981: An Appreciation, **36**, 299–301); in *The Behavior Analyst* (Boren, J. J. [1981], Charles B. Ferster, 1922–1981, **4**, 155–156); in the *American Psychologist* (Dinsmoor, J. A. [1982], Charles B. Ferster, 1922–1981, **37**, 235); and in *Revista de Historia de la Psicología* (Spain) (Mendez, J. & Colotla, V. A. [1983], Charles B. Ferster (1922–1981): Un analisis bibliometrico de su influencia en la psicologia, **4**, 59–68).

Charles B. Ferster, 1968.

Marilyn B. (Ferster) Gilbert

MEMORIES OF JEAB'S MOTHER

"Have you heard about this new desktop publishing? With a computer you can create your own journal!"

I listen patiently to my young writer friend, remembering how it was in 1957. We had desktop publishing then, but it was hard to do.

I was Marilyn Ferster then, married to Charles Bohris Ferster, known as "Charlie." We were in Orange Park, Florida, the original site of the Yerkes Laboratories of Primate Biology. Yale Professor Robert M. Yerkes, who hadn't studied his geography lessons very well, chose Orange Park because he thought the

Marilyn Ferster and Billy, 1956.

climate would approximate that of French Equatorial Africa, the native land of the chimpanzees. It didn't—Orange Park winters were too cold for chimps and also too cold for growing oranges.

The year 1957 was one of transition, both for Yerkes Labs and for us. The aura of the legendary chimp Vicky (star of Kathy Hayes' *The Ape in Our House*) still lingered, although Vicky had died. Now married to Director Henry Nissen, Kathy had nurtured Vicky much as we nurture our natural children—had even tried to teach her to talk. By 1957 we knew that chimps could not talk because they don't have a proper pharynx. But baby chimpanzees in the Yerkes nursery were still treated very much like human babies. They wore diapers, and were rocked by nursemaids who fed them milk from baby bottles.

Charlie's lab was quite a contrast. Over there, the grown-up chimps were placed on strict diets and taught to weigh themselves so they could participate in operant-conditioning experiments. And when these grown-ups were too stubborn to reproduce, Charlie applied operant-conditioning techniques to teach them how to copulate. Once a week, I read the cumulative records and lunched with Roger Kelleher, John Falk, and Charlie. We sat behind the electrified fence and watched the cars to Miami ride by. All of us would be leaving that

summer for more exciting prospects. Meanwhile, life at Yerkes was strange but uneventful.

So, when Charlie returned from EPA with the news that we would start a journal, I was thrilled. He would be the Editor and I would be the Assistant Editor. Charlie had felt shut out from traditional publishing channels. Besides, he believed that operant conditioners had their own voice, and needed their own outlet. He also knew that he could count on my help, since I was an experienced editor and had always edited his writing. That included *Schedules of Reinforcement*, with Fred Skinner. (I did have quite a bad time with *Schedules*, though, when I made the decision to change the inconsistent "two birds" and "2 birds" to a consistent "2 birds" throughout. Fred noticed.)

In addition to my editorial duties, I would also have to type the repro, and I didn't know how. Back then, college women either couldn't type or wouldn't admit they could for fear of being trapped in typing jobs. I enrolled in a night course and soon discovered that accuracy would be more important than speed for the "desktop publishing" of that era.

Encouragement came from Serena and Nat Schoenfeld, down from New York to visit and make journal plans. Serena, through her publishing connections at Science Press, offered to arrange the typesetting and printing and to send me the specs I would need for composing the pages.

We were on a roll by fall, when we moved to Indianapolis and Indiana University Medical School's Institute of Psychiatric Research. We were also picking up great support. John Nurnberger, Director of the Institute, loaned us a used IBM Executive typewriter. (The Executive model was the one that allowed you to manually justify the right-hand margins—some say this is where desktop publishing began.) And Smith, Kline and French—probably at the suggestion of Len Cook—gave us \$1,000 in seed money. Subscriptions would cover the rest.

In Indiana, we frequently visited with our old Columbia buddy, Jim Dinsmoor, and we asked his wife Kay to be JEAB's Business Manager. The Thom Verhaves were in Indianapolis then too, and gave us valuable moral and other support. Good friends from Boston—Bill Morse, Peter Dews, and Dick

Herrnstein—were to serve among the first editorial board members. How can I ever forget their help? And Fred Keller agreed to write the lead article in the first issue.

One early decision we made about JEAB was to justify margins to simulate hot type; “ragged right” was widely disdained because it screamed “typewriter-composed.” Using the Executive typewriter’s capability meant an extra typing to count units and determine how to get even lines. Every night I gave thanks to Snow-Pake, the first—and I think best—of the white-outs.

Editing was my skill, but typing took most of my time. My Boston pal, Charlotte Mooers, visited and gave me many helpful typing hints. But probably the IBM repairman was the unsung hero. We kept the borrowed typewriter in the master bedroom, to protect it from 20-month-old Billy Ferster—no doubt the most mischievous of the six kids I was to have. I typed during Billy’s sleeping hours. When the machine went down, the IBM rep was there to fix it within 5 hours. Of course, his schedule didn’t always coincide with Billy’s. So, when Billy was up and running, I locked the rep in the bedroom, and he knocked on the door when he wanted to be released. If Billy was asleep, the rep was able to show me many shortcuts to typing repro. In fact, his attention to our small account has made me a life-long fan of IBM.

That winter, I was also having a personal race with the stork. Would our new baby arrive before the first issue of JEAB went to press? Fortunately for all, I finished typing the repros for the first issue two or three days before Andrea Ferster’s birth on February 7, 1958.

The second issue was the last I typed: We were launched. I wrote a formal style guide and continued to edit copy but JEAB would henceforth be typeset professionally. Incidentally, I did not start to draw a salary—a very small one—until the following year.

Charlie’s editorial philosophy was to sell JEAB to would-be authors as a high-quality, prestigious journal; then submit each paper to

two board members for acceptance. If both members concurred that the subject of the article was suitable for JEAB and the content was worthy, the article was officially accepted and turned over to me for a copyedit. I always returned copyedited material to the authors for their approval, and I recall only one problem: I lost an article. Lucky for me it was written by Stu Margolies. Not only had Stu made a carbon, but he has one of the world’s sweetest, most forgiving dispositions.

One trick I had to learn was to copyfit. Our gem of a compositor—Ralph Sheets of SSPA Typesetters—would call me to his place when the dummy was ready, and I would cut the copy. It was our secret, and no one ever noticed—not even Nat Schoenfeld, who didn’t want to be edited. I was also extremely careful about proofreading JEAB, and always had someone read copy to me as I corrected the proofs. This care paid off, since we never had any of those embarrassing typos.

Two more babies were born in Indianapolis, Sam and Warren. Warren was the first to sleep in a regular crib rather than a Skinner baby box. Then, the year before we moved on to Maryland, John Boren took over from Charlie as Editor. I continued to work with John for another year before I too resigned. And a good thing I did, because a tornado soon swept through my life.

“Auntie Em! Auntie Em!”

Sorry, wrong story. This is not Kansas. And I’m sorry that Charlie isn’t here to tell his own story. It’s 1987 and I’m Marilyn Gilbert, married to Tom Gilbert. We’re back here in New Jersey, and moving into some more desktop publishing. I’m tempted: A touch of a key and the computer will justify the right margin. But Tom reminds me that ragged right is now considered easier to read.

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