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Craufurd Goodwin as Graduate Mentor

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Introduction

I arrived in the history of economics at Duke quite by accident. In 1984, I left Trinity College Dublin to complete a one-year Master's in economics at Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario. Towards the end of that year, a bit jaded by the Dornbusch overshooting exchange-rate model and similar fare, I was happy to take a summer class in the history of economics, given by Scott Gordon. An eminent scholar, not that I realized it at the time, he would visit Kingston every summer to escape the heat of Indiana. I enjoyed this class greatly, and even devoted my required Master's essay to Bruce Caldwell's *Beyond Positivism*, to which Gordon had introduced me. Before leaving Queen's, I sought Gordon's advice on pursuing a PhD in the history of economics and was told do something "sensible", i.e., steer clear of history and philosophy in order to increase your chances of academic employment: after tenure you can do what you want. By way of illustration, he referred to one of his own students, whose heart was set on economic philosophy, but who had sensibly written a thesis in general equilibrium theory.

My plan was to take a year or two "off" before returning to study and, having visited New York on the way to Queen's, I thought I would like to live there for a while. By some miracle, answering an ad in the New York Times, I found employment with a small economic consultancy on Wall St., and was put in charge of their "international trade" coverage. My job was to monitor trade developments and write little articles for the boss's client newsletter. His trademark was his "bearish" view of the markets: regardless of how good the economic statistics were, he was always predicting a recession. In the market for economic opinion he thus provided an alternative perspective, for which clients were willing to pay. After a year, however, it became clear that, as much as I liked New York, Wall St. was not for me. I disliked the corporate environment, and especially the prevailing atmosphere of terror when the boss was in the office and not out "on the road" meeting clients. And I was much too scholarly for that business. I wanted to examine things in detail and take the necessary time, whereas he wanted saleable stories written fast. Thus after a year with the consultancy, knowing that I was going to return to graduate studies later anyway, I said goodbye to Wall St. and, acting on the strong hunch that it was something I would enjoy, wheedled my way into a job in construction. There, I discovered I had some manual ability, consorted with the assorted actors, artists and craftsmen that live by means of construction in New York City, and read the Russians and the French existentialists. It was a terrific year.

Following Scott Gordon's advice, I then applied to various PhD programmes with a strength in the international field. I chose Duke knowing nothing about its reputation in the history of economics but because of the presence of a famous figure in international political economy, recently arrived from the World Bank or I.M.F. After a year in the program, however, during which I learned to solve rational expectations models but didn't catch so much as a glimpse of that *prima donna*, I began to cast about for alternatives. It was only then that I discovered that

several Duke faculty members were historians of economics. Searching for summer work, I found myself knocking on the door of N. De Marchi who, having nothing to offer, sent me on to C. D. W. Goodwin. His office stood apart from the department – across the quad, in the little tower-like building above the entrance to Perkins Library. Knocking on the door, I strode in and promptly got my wires crossed: “You’re from Australia?”.

At Duke

The double-office was full of books and papers, with (as I remember) an older lady occupying the outer, secretarial area, while the man himself sat in the inner sanctum. They looked as if they had been there forever. Notwithstanding my opening blunder, Professor Goodwin and I got along straightaway. He had an easy, avuncular manner; seemed genuinely interested in you; and there was a certain gentility about him, not unlike some of my teachers in Dublin. He was also an interesting conversationalist, an ability that was by no means universal amongst economics faculty members. He recalled visiting Ireland in the 1970’s, on behalf of the Ford Foundation, where he was involved in funding discussions with various academics, including Garret Fitzgerald, who later went on to be Taoiseach (Prime Minister). He had then travelled around the West coast, where there were still traces of “traditional Ireland” and which he said was one of the most beautiful places in the world. By the time our conversation was over, it was already arranged that I would spend part of the upcoming summer in New York, in the archives of the Ford Foundation, researching their funding of economic research. So much for Scott Gordon’s sensible advice.

Staying in Columbia graduate-student housing, I buried myself for probably two months in the archives of the Ford archives, examining the history of their granting activities in economics. The Ford librarian, quite a character, had spent time in Dublin and even knew another, less reputable Prime Minister than Fitzgerald, and had interesting tales to tell. My neighbour in the archives was an academic historian, from Vassar or Brandeis, as I remember, who took a more cynical view of the “white, anglo-saxon, protestant men” that had established and administered the Ford Foundation and whose letters, he said, bespoke their “sense of entitlement and privilege”. As for Craufurd, as he had by then become, he was clearly much liked by the staff at Ford, and the mere mention of his name opened all doors and boxes in the library. Despite being busy on his weekly sorties from North Carolina to New York, he found time for lunch and conversation, and was unfailingly positive and encouraging.

By the end of the second year at Duke, with courses and comprehensive exams finished, and without anyone appearing to have decided anything, I had become Craufurd’s student. In time I was awarded the *History of Political Economy* assistantship and while I don’t remember having anything to do with the journal, I do remember leading discussion/tutorial groups in Craufurd’s history of economics class. I found it strange to encounter these sons and daughters of American lawyers, doctors and businessmen. On the one hand, they paid exorbitant tuition fees, often drove expensive German cars and appeared to face no significant financial constraints. On the other hand, while often highly intelligent, they appeared to have had little by way of experience of life and there was what I can describe only as a terrible blandness about them, in contrast with my college pals in Dublin. A French poet on the Duke faculty with whom I was friendly at the

time said that it was only at the older universities of the Northeast, such as Harvard and Princeton, that could one expect to encounter students with some general culture.

Be that as it may, with these students Craufurd had an exceptional rapport, and I began to observe the personal qualities that combined to make him a fine teacher. Besides evincing complete mastery of his subject, he appeared to be a happy man, genuinely content with his lot. He also had a reassuring paternal quality, which led the students to regard him as, so to speak, a kindly uncle. He gave an impression of being, not a potentially mobile, professional academic, but rather an immutable part of the Duke institutional fabric. He was able to talk about historical and cultural topics that carried the students beyond the narrow mental confines of an economics program on an isolated university campus. Finally, he showed a personal interest in the students, and was able to converse sympathetically with all who came his way, from daughters of Texas businessmen to scions of dynasties in Abu Dhabi.

Not only did Craufurd genuinely like the undergraduates but he made no secret of the fact that he regarded them as being more capable than the average graduate student in economics. The fact that they came from uniformly privileged backgrounds or, worse, were almost uniformly bent on getting to either law school or Wall St. did not seem to cost him a thought. He was especially attached to those who, in their final year, would write a senior thesis under his supervision, often on topics loosely related to the history of economics. For example, I remember one that analysed the use of myths in U.S. presidential speeches.

Moving into his sphere, I found myself becoming part of a broader scholarly community and, viewed in retrospect, this was a crucial aspect of what I gained under his supervision. I met many visiting faculty members, including Mary Morgan and Margaret Schabas, then early in their careers. Bob Coats was an annual visitor, spending the winter term at Duke. Dan Hammond from nearby Wake Forest University was regular seminar attendee. Having been steered “beyond positivism” and related topics by Scott Gordon, I now found myself in seminars alongside Bruce Caldwell himself, visiting regularly from neighbouring Greensboro. It wasn’t long before Gordon’s own general equilibrium protégé appeared on the scene: a fellow by the name of Wade Hands. Although I certainly didn’t expect it then, many of those I met at Duke at this time would later become valued professional colleagues and friends.

Around this time, Craufurd became involved in managing a project on “economics and national security”, financed by the Pew Charitable Trusts, and I was roped into doing something on the RAND Corporation. This took me out to Los Angeles, where I met various RAND-affiliated figures, including Charles Wolf, Albert Wohlstetter, Armen Alchian and Jack Hirshleifer. Unlike Ford, RAND was beyond the sphere of Craufurd’s influence and so now I was truly standing on my own two feet. As it happens, things worked out fine and in addition to learning much about the history of RAND, I had memorable experiences. While I was speaking to one economist in Santa Monica, the Los Angeles area was struck by a forceful earthquake, causing the temporary evacuation of the RAND building. (For those who don’t know, there’s nothing quite like an earthquake to break the ice in an interview). At the Hollywood Hills home of Wohlstetter and his wife, Roberta, having exhausted the discussion of his work at RAND, we rounded off the evening talking about Beckett and Joyce. Thanks to Craufurd, I was not only

meeting diverse and interesting people, but being invited into their homes and seeing how they lived. Meeting and interviewing figures would remain important for my work thereafter.

At a 1990 HOPE conference on “Economics and National Security”, I met several senior scholars, including Todd Lowry, J. K. Whitaker, Bill Barber, Warren Samuels and Vince Tarascio. I observed not only their diverse styles but also the uniformly great esteem in which they held Craufurd. There I presented a paper on “War as a Simple Economic Problem”, which was about the RAND-Pentagon economists and would, like the Ford work, find its way into my thesis. The culmination of the Pew project, however, was a conference held at the Breakers Hotel in Palm Beach, Florida. Into this enclave of tartan shorts, Cartier and croquet, flew the economists, including several Duke theorists. Craufurd ran the affair effortlessly, mingling with all present, while I had the dubious honour of greeting the keynote speaker, former Secretary of Defense, James Schlesinger, at the local airport, where he had flown in on a private jet borrowed from a friend. Accompanying him in a limousine of vulgar proportions, I questioned him about his time at the RAND Corporation. All of this naturally left an impression on a neophyte.

By this time Roy Weintraub had also entered the picture. Knowing that I was going to travel out to Santa Monica, he had asked me to investigate the history of game theory at RAND, for a future conference he was planning on the subject. This I duly did, actually going well beyond my remit to write about developments as far back as the 1920’s, and producing a third thesis chapter, “Creating a Context for Game Theory”. Again, at that conference, I was able to present my work before a range of established figures, including Bob Dimand, Phil Mirowski, Martin Shubik, Howard Raiffa, William Riker and Vernon Smith.

These were lively times at Duke. Mirowski’s (1989) *More Heat Than Light* had recently come out, and I remember utterly impassioned debates with colleagues in the program. In 1991, Neil de Marchi organized yet another conference, in which I participated, bringing in a contingent of scholars to discuss the Mirowski book, among them I. B. Cohen, Margaret Schabas, Ted Porter, Steve Fuller, Avi Cohen and Arjo Klamer.

If colleagues physically present at Duke were important in constituting a community, then so too were some absent spirits. For example, Craufurd would speak occasionally, and not always admiringly, about Joseph Spengler, who had established HOPE. He would also refer to other international colleagues, many of whom I would not meet till later, including Don Moggridge, Mark Blaug and Bob Black. I laboured too in the shadow of two redoubtable student predecessors, for whom Craufurd had great respect. One was Jeff Biddle – source of the “Biddle (career) model” – who had apparently hit just the right balance between economics proper and the history thereof to get himself employed by Michigan State University. The other was John Lodewijks, an Australian, who was famously feisty as teaching-assistant and tutorial-group leader with Duke undergraduates. Whenever Craufurd spoke about these two fellows, it was with evident liking and admiration, and more than once I wondered not only whether I would succeed in finding academic employment but whether I was being sufficiently lively for the cossetted “Dukies”.

It should also be mentioned that, for every Biddle or Lodewijks, there was another doctoral student who didn’t finish, for, as far as I could see, Craufurd didn’t spoon-feed anyone. He

opened doors and provided opportunities, but the rest you had to do yourself. Such was his “supervisory” style. There were general, written comments (in his generous hand) on my papers, but there was no close, directive supervision. What you picked up by osmosis, by professional example and through experience was more important than anything he said to you directly. My first HES conference was at Richmond, where my no doubt awful paper on the Ford Foundation was discussed by the eminent Terence Hutchison, exactly 50 years my senior. I recall little of what was in that paper, but I do remember my nervousness on the occasion.

Beyond academic life on campus, there were lunches and social gatherings at Montrose, Craufurd and Nancy’s home and plant nursery in Hillsborough, not too far from Duke. Coming from a horticultural background myself, and being interested in gardening, we had plenty to talk about. It was on one of the very first such visits, strolling up from their big pond -- where local fellows had recently been poaching the fish -- that Craufurd brought up something about Virginia Woolf in conversation. I distinctly remember being taken aback. This fellow reads Virginia Woolf? It was only months later, when I learned about his Bloomsbury passion and his art collection, that I realized he had been throwing me a conversational hook. I would say it was typical of him to throw such hooks, and to restrain himself if they failed to be taken.

Throughout all of this, I was able to observe the man and get to know him better. He dressed well, and conservatively. As far as I could see, his ties were always “Brooks Brothers”. He would happily take a beer or several glasses of wine with a meal, after which he would be animated, like everyone else, but even at his most spontaneous there always seemed to be an element of self-control in his behaviour. At seminars, he would listen quietly and he never seemed to wish to impose himself. His questions were sharp and, depending on the subject, he could demonstrate very considerable knowledge but his queries were never demeaning or arrogant. At the same time, he could be forceful when necessary, and there was no shortage of iron behind the velvet. At a HOPE meeting on which I happened to sit in several years later, someone from Duke University Press was making proposals for dealing with journal subscribers with which Craufurd disagreed. He rejected the proposals very decisively, yet without any unpleasantness.

That decisiveness was reflected too in his writing, in every sense of the word. He wrote in long-hand, on note-pads, in a big, generous hand – the kind that one associates, rightly or wrongly, with complete self-confidence. When there was something to be written, he simply sat down and wrote it, with little hesitation, as far I could see. When dealing with a subject, he tended to adopt an overarching framework, which he would then defend tenaciously. He favoured broad taxonomies, overarching structures into which things could be slotted. For example, he would describe a foundation in terms of its various audiences. There was no room for agonizing twists and turns, for hesitation, or messiness.

In his 2010 memoir on editing HOPE, he mentions that in this capacity he had to make quick decisions and learn not to obsess over them, an ability that I expect was reinforced by his work with the Ford Foundation. Indeed, it was impossible to imagine him obsessing or agonizing over anything, and it occasionally struck me as strange that he should be attracted, if not to Keynes, then to the Bloomsbury coterie, whose neuroses, unconventionality and bohemian behaviour were so different from his own. Perhaps this very difference was an element in the attraction.

By now working on the history of game theory as well as the more institutional material, I found myself with essentially two advisors: Craufurd the official one and Roy the other. Their styles were different, and I benefitted from both. Craufurd “soared”. He was interested in the “big picture”: in the role of economic ideas and the social and political influence of economists. He was not temperamentally inclined to dwell on the philosophical or mathematical aspects of economic theory nor on the psychological elements of the scientifically creative life. As reflected in his own involvement with the Ford Foundation, he was interested in the work of institutions and he was particularly attracted to patrician, olympian figures, as purveyors of economic ideas and as influential agents in society. If he was concerned with social improvement, it was not through the radical’s sense of solidarity with the downtrodden but through a sense of *noblesse oblige*. He said often that the Western capitalist system, although far from perfect, was the best system available, and that the poor would always be with us.

Roy, on the other hand, was deeply interested in theory and in the subject of mathematics and its place in economic discourse. He was interested not so much in the role of economic ideas in society as in economic theory as a scientifically creative pursuit. In many respects, he was more “liberal” in this thinking than Craufurd and therefore more open to passing intellectual influences, be it the Lakatosian framework in scientific methodology, the relativist epistemology of literary critic Stanley Fish or the work of Barbara Herrnstein-Smith, which he adopted with enthusiasm while they appeared useful, and then dropped. Though unmoved by postmodernism, I did share Roy’s sensitivity to questions of interpretation and context. He also approached his work with an intensity, even an obsessiveness, that I found congenial.

In classes and seminars, we read, among much else, draft book chapters and articles by Craufurd and Roy. With the latter, this included the chapters for *Stabilizing Dynamics*, as I remember, and perhaps his article “Methodology Doesn’t Matter”. As for Craufurd’s work, I recall reading some preparatory papers on foundations, and quite possibly some of his early work on Bloomsbury. It would be nice to be able to say that I read widely in his *oeuvre* at this time, but I did not. Not only was there little time for anything else but, to be honest, I didn’t feel drawn to the broad national or institutional history of ideas about which he wrote in his books on Australia and Canada. When, early on, he alluded to the idea that I should write the sequel to Robert Dorfman’s volumes on *The Economic Mind in American Civilization*, I felt little excitement for such a broad undertaking. I was, however, very interested in his work on *people* and on the interconnections between economic ideas and other fields. In time, this would include his work on Keynes, Bloomsbury, Roger Fry and their entourage; on Aldo Leopold and E. M. Forster; on Kenneth Clark. Not only did this work correspond to my natural interests but it gained an extra spark from its apparent resonance with Craufurd’s own life, as a collector of Bloomsbury, a gardener, and a man in a particular landscape. All of this came later, however: during those three short years in his presence at Duke, what counted was not so much his written work as our many conversations, the opportunities he provided, and his remarkable personal example.

Afterwards

When he learned that I was heading for Montreal, which, by pure coincidence, was his native city, Craufurd would regale me with horror stories of the Canadian winter. His parents had had a

country house on the shores of a lake near Magog, Quebec, in the rural Eastern Townships, which in later years was used by his brother and family, then living in Ottawa. Craufurd recalled his parents trying to live there for a full year, only to forsake it because of the harshness of the winter.

My then wife and I left Duke, driving north, with Craufurd and Nancy's wedding gift (a block-print) and even his mother's old fur-coat in the back of our van. The Montreal we were going to was not Craufurd's. He had come from the city's English-speaking ruling elite: his father a bank-manager; their home in Westmount; a member of the McGill ski-team. We were going to a Montreal of which he knew very little – in fact, which had only come into existence after he left. This was the new society being built by francophone nationalists, many of them educated in France and some quite hostile to anglophone Montreal. And I was going to the young, francophone *Université du Québec à Montréal* (UQAM), a hotbed of Quebecois nationalism. As it turned out, I learned to embrace both life in French and the Canadian winter, spending fifteen rigorous winters living in the rural Townships and soon becoming a year-round cyclist.

After Duke, although there was inevitably some growing apart, there was also continuous contact through refereeing of articles and book manuscripts, meeting at conferences and frequent returns to Durham. Thus I continued to learn from him and got to know him better as a person – and, of course, he became even freer with his stories.

He had qualities that are rare in academia: this soaring, olympian attitude: concerned with the larger picture; concerned with men of action; concerned with action for the sake of action (or so it seemed), with none of the fussiness, hesitation or pettiness often associated with scholarship. Just as in conversation he tended to press ahead rather than linger, so too did he seem more concerned about what was going to be in the next book than about mulling over what had been said in the present one. He admired the McGeorge Bundys, J. K. Galbraiths, Walter Lippmans and Thurman Arnolds of this world, rather than the monkish, scholarly types. And I think he held in particularly high regard those who were both active in the cultural and social sphere *and* deeply cultivated, such as Roger Fry and Kenneth Clark. These were his heroes, and the qualities he admired in them were those that inspired him to arrange conference after conference, write book after book, and act as a decisive editor. His energy was also infectious: if you weren't pushing ahead like he was, you felt you were failing. Don't take too long writing up work, he would say, for it can become a psychological burden. Excellent advice, if not always easily followed.

He appeared to be guided by an essential optimism, a belief that most social problems could ultimately be overcome through the intervention and guidance of an enlightened, benevolent elite. At the same time, he seemed quite unburdened by the weight of history or by any sense of the tragic. In this regard, he was essentially North American, and, thus, in the eyes of at least some people from older cultures, a little unfathomable. One could never imagine him railing against fate. On the contrary, he seemed to stoically accept what history had produced. At Montrose, he would point out what had been the slaves' quarters on the property, in an entirely matter-of-fact way, whereas I, like others, was always a bit shocked to see them.

He wasn't vain or boastful, and I think one of the characteristics that appealed to many who knew him was his apparent humility. Yet he wasn't entirely modest either and he would occasionally let slip, as it were, certain facts that reflected well upon him. For example, that he had raised more research funding than the rest of the department put together, or that it was thanks to his inspiration that, many years ago, a close acquaintance had made a property investment that proved to be very profitable. He took pride in having the cultural wherewithal to be able to explain to Duke colleagues that a terse letter of reference from Englishman John Hicks was not a sign of disinterest in the candidate but, in fact, a warm endorsement. He told another story about a well-known Oxford economist and sometime historian, to whom he spoke about the wealth of economic ideas in various 19th century novels, including Dickens. Then, lo and behold, the said economist duly appropriated for his own work virtually everything that Craufurd had told him. I should add that Craufurd told this story with genuine amusement and not the slightest trace of bitterness.

He spoke about having being fingered by a well-known New England liberal arts college in order to become its President. He also had fairly fixed opinions about the university hierarchy, and I think he truly believed Duke to be the "Harvard of the South", as it was described. When a well-known scholar of English literature left Duke to go to a less illustrious institution in the Chicago area, Craufurd made no secret of the fact that he regarded him as having gone down the slippery slope.

He also told stories for pure amusement. At one point, he wanted leaf-mould for the gardens at Montrose. Using, as he put it, his "PhD in economics", he approached the town's municipal workmen and told them that for every truckload of leaves delivered to him rather than to the official site he would pay a certain amount. Within no time, he had all the leaves he wanted. He recalled Dublin writer Brendan Behan's visit to Duke many years back. The "Borstal Boy" had apparently been off the drink but when he entered the auditorium and saw the huge crowd that awaited him, he immediately took a few swigs of something to overcome his stage fright. Craufurd would also do what he regarded as a faithful imitation of an well-known Irish literary scholar in the New York area. Even if his accent wouldn't pass muster in a Dublin pub, the yarn worked wonders at Duke, not least because it concerned the scholar's dismay at his wife's reaction to his latest mistress.

Although Craufurd was certainly an Anglophile, the cultural openness and cosmopolitanism that allowed him to embrace Bloomsbury or write about Australia appears to have been confined to the English-speaking world. His remarks on France or Italy -- the only two I remember -- always suggested, if not quite a gulf of incomprehension, then certainly a cultural distance. On one occasion, he recalled being invited to give a special talk at a French institute of higher education, with all the attendant pomp and circumstance, only to wait indefinitely thereafter for the promised publication of his lecture. When he recalled his dealings with Italian officials during his Ford days, it was with a mixture of amusement and bewilderment at Italian ways. He didn't seem to speak any foreign languages and, although he could read some French, I think his mastery of it was limited. I gained this impression a few years ago when I translated for him an archival manuscript essay by Roger Fry, written in French, on the subject of J. S. Mill's autobiography.

On a visit by Craufurd to Montreal in later years, we drove him around his old city and took him up to the summit on Westmount overlooking it all. He stood at the railing a little apart from us, staring out for several minutes over the cityscape. Returning, he spoke about how different Montreal society was now from the one in which he had grown up. In the past, there were glass-ceilings, above which people of certain backgrounds, including Jews and French-speaking Quebecers, could not expect to rise. Now all that had changed. And Montreal was so much more hedonistic, he felt, than it had been in his day. At the same time, it must be said that he didn't have much time for what he perceived as Quebecois provincialism. In recent years, he liked to tell the story of buying a Bloomsbury piece from a Quebecer, who, over the telephone, seemed unsure of the geography south of Washington D.C.

As for the U.S.S.R., he disliked it intensely and he would tell the story of arriving at a Soviet airport as part of a Ford Foundation deputation, only to find that their *Aeroflot* plane had been overbooked. The Russian officials responded by evicting some other passengers in order to make room for the honoured American visitors -- an arbitrary abuse of power that Craufurd clearly found to be reprehensible. At the same time, when he spoke about Wohlstetter, Schlesinger and other RAND "Cold Warriors", it was in a way that suggested clearly that he was not one of them.

I have already noted the decisiveness on which he prided himself. Yet, he knew that he could make mistakes. With some regret, he recalled rejecting the manuscript of Arjo Klamer's landmark book, *Conversations with Economists*, which he said came to him in an untidy state, "written on toilet paper!". In recent years, he said something else that struck me -- to the effect that he regretted slightly not having been more "activist" during his life. He was remembering someone at Ford decades ago, who was quite militant and radical and keen to bring about changes that would improve the lot of those less fortunate. He spoke about him with admiration and said that he wished he had been more like that.

You can tell a lot about a fellow by the way he speaks about absent acquaintances, be they friends or colleagues, or even, for that matter, thesis advisors or co-authors. Craufurd had an exemplary ability to engage in light gossip while, at the same time, keeping private any negative views he may have had about others. He was not hermetic about it. He would sometimes intimate that he didn't appreciate this or that member of "our brethren", as he called the economists; or that he found the historians of economics to be "a fairly stolid bunch" -- which they are -- but it was always lighthearted and never malicious. I never heard him speak a truly bad word about anyone or say anything that he would not say to their own face. I admired this.

And yet, for all the stimulus he provided, there were times when I could not go with him. I recall baulking at some things he wrote about E. M. Forster's and Aldo Leopold's views of the landscape. And then there was "Virginia Woolf as Policy Analyst". This sort of thing spoke to an openness to experimentation in him that, I felt, was essentially American, and to the pleasure he took in "ruffling the dovecote", as he put it in an e-mail.

Conclusion

At Duke, at the very beginning, I had learned that he had successfully battled leukaemia in earlier years, and I sensed then that there was something of the stoic in his character. This was confirmed as the years went by, when other ailments manifested themselves. He had knee-trouble, which he bore quietly, limply slightly but never complaining. At one point, Nancy had to undergo surgery for a back problem and, where lesser mortals might have voiced concern, Craufurd spoke matter-of-factly about the operation and how her recovery was going exactly as the surgeons had predicted. The same quiet fortitude extended to coping with the hurricanes and storms with which Montrose was occasionally battered, for he would report being up in the early hours listening to the roaring winds and the crashing of nearby trees, all without the slightest hint of having being alarmed. That stoicism he would show to the end.

At a conference in the early 2000's, I met Craufurd's old collaborator, R. D. C. "Bob" Black, of Belfast, who spoke of him with great warmth, saying that he appeared to have found the secret of eternal youth. Black himself passed away in 2008. In 2009, I spent several months at Duke, as guest of the fledgling Center for the History of Political Economy, established through the entrepreneurial gusto of Bruce Caldwell, who had by then moved to Duke. Here, I was able to enjoy the company of Caldwell, Craufurd and colleagues for an extended period, and put the final touches to a book on the history of game theory, long in the making. After its publication in 2010, I found myself adrift in rough mid-life upheaval, through all of which Craufurd was quietly supportive. Breaking free of many things, I turned to older, deeper interests – catalyzed by the years spent observing the destructiveness of modern agriculture in rural Quebec -- and began researching the life and work of E. F. Schumacher. Always encouraging and positive, Craufurd was keen to have any eventual book for his series at Cambridge U.P.

In late 2014, in an e-mail concerning my review of a book manuscript, he said that he had been prevented by surgery from attending the Montreal HES meetings that summer. In passing, as if referring to the weather, he mentioned that he was functioning on one kidney, which had Type 2 cancer. How does one respond to someone who seems to require no succour? Our last meeting was at the HES conference banquet at Duke two years ago, where he, Jeff Biddle and I shared a table. Sharp and in good spirits, as always, he spoke nonetheless about the body wearing out. The next news was that he had passed away quietly in his Hillsborough home. My thought then was that he was too young for this and that he, of all people, deserved to get at least another twenty years out of life. I still think so. It was an honour and privilege to have known him, and I remember him with nothing but fondness and gratitude.