

Honoring Ogden R. Lindsley, 1922-2004

Introduction

By Malcolm D. Neely, Ed.D. and Kent Johnson, Ph.D.

This section of the *ABA Newsletter* is dedicated to Ogden R. Lindsley's contributions to the *Association for Behavior Analysis International* and *Precision Teaching & Celeration International* communities, Ogden's life, and Ogden's death.

The first entry came from Ogden, himself, prior to his death. Subsequent entries are Ogden's Obituary by Carl Binder, as printed in the *International Society for Performance Improvement* (ISPI) website's November Newsletter; a goodbye from Ogden's wife; and gratitude and memoirs from colleagues who became perpetual students, perpetual students raised by Og to colleagues, parents of children obtaining Standard Celeration Chart help, and learners who received that help.

At Nancy and Ogden's request, the two experienced Og's end privately, but virtually we were all there. From all over the world our messages arrived for Nancy to read to Ogden, who was able to respond up to the final minutes. He knew torches would be carried forth and that he was revered and loved.

In all, 48 contributors posted 61 contributions:

Kimberly Berens, Carl Binder, Will Burrow, Thomas E. (Ted) Boyce, Abigail Calkin, Sue Casson, Michelle Cohen, Michael L. Commons, John O. Cooper, Grant Coulson, Rue Cromwell, Janet Dolan, Ann Dell Warren Duncan-Hively, Dennis L. Edinger, John E. Eshleman, Matthew Furzland, Mary Gebert, Steve Graf, Stu Harder, Beth Hatch, Kristi Haugland, Wells Hively, Rob Holdsambeck, Giordana Hrga, Carl Hughes, Nancy Hughes, Kent Johnson, Jim Johnston, Martin Kozloff, Steve Kukic, Joe Layng, Brian Liu-Constant, Paul Malanga, Sue K. Malmquist, Michael Maloney, Richard McManus, Chuck Merbitz, Malcolm A. Neely, Malcolm D. Neely, Hank Pennypacker, Red Sarna, Rick Rayfield, Ian Spence, Clay Starlin, Henry Tenenbaum, Tracy Walker, Owen White, and Bill Wolking.

We sorrowfully but proudly share some of our final communications—some in total and some excerpted.

Love from Og

Hi to my friends, colleagues and associates:

As all 82 year old scientists and other rational persons know, something – we don't know what - is going to get us fairly soon. We live and work with a cloud over our shoulders; a feeling I associate with flying through flak fields in a WWII bomber.

It feels like the future is governed almost entirely by chance. Most of us do not know the terminal illnesses of our relatives, nor do we know the extent of our exposure to toxins. Bette Davis said, "Old age is not for sissies," and I add that old age is also a crap shoot – something – don't know when, where, what, or how- is going to kill us.

I became ill in August with what we thought was an irritated gall bladder. It was removed, in what was to be a simple, 30-minute, laparoscopic operation at the beginning of

September. But, during the surgery, which lasted three and a half hours, my surgeon confirmed that I have bile duct (cholangiocarcinoma) cancer. It is not as rapid growing as pancreatic cancer cells, but much more metastatic and pervasive, rare (1/1000), and common in Asian populations. It has spread to my liver and even interferes with the clotting of my blood.

I am a patient in the University of Kansas Medical Center (KUMC) in Kansas City, where I came from Boston in 1965 to be professor of educational research in the Children's Rehabilitation Unit, Department of Pediatrics. KUMC is an excellent institution and I have come full circle here. I am well cared for by my oncologist who was a trainee in 1967 when I spoke to KU Med interns and residents about the myth of symptom substitution. I offered a \$500 reward for every case of symptom substitution brought to me because I wanted to research each real case of symptom substitution I could find.

I could find no detailed cases described in recent published books or journal articles. It appeared that "symptom substitution" functioned as a warning to stop people from directly and rapidly removing nail biting, nose picking, leg jerking, smoking, excess coffee drinking, and even belching and farting.

While standing by my bedside for the first time and squeezing my knee; recognizing me, he exclaimed, "I remember you; you're very controversial around here." He said that after my scheduled lecture to all the KUMed interns and residents 37 years ago, the head of psychiatry held an emergency special meeting with them. He told them to ignore what I had said. My oncologist said most of his classmates still agreed with what I had told them after that meeting. Organic medicine still rejected Freudian myths.

Psychiatry at KUMed, Kansas Neurological Institute, Topeka VA, Kansas City VA, and most of the other hospitals in Kansas and Western Missouri was controlled by the deeply Freudian Menninger Clinic. It maintained its Freudian treatment to the bitter end, recently dying in bankruptcy. Sic transit Freud.

If I went through Kubler-Ross' five stages, I did it in three seconds, and accepted my death as my final mission. My thoughts are of thankfulness for your friendship and loyalty and of rapid priority readjustment with Nancy for the time we have left together. I will not be with you to deliver my keynote at our ITPC in November in Chicago as planned. Nancy will be, and she will read you my keynote address. Nancy has retired and is with me constantly, sleeping in the hospital room along side my bed. She's a superb caregiver and this has brought us closer together than ever.

Rather than cards or gifts, let me hear that you have chosen and are working on a small portion of our research questions that should be answered as soon as possible. I need nothing but your hard work for your clients and for standard celeration.

I have appointed Abigail Calkin my archivist and chair of Og's Archives Committee. Abigail will have access to Behavior Research Company's records and memorabilia from the birth of Precision Teaching and Standard Celeration in

2129
Dr. Ogden R. Lindsley (1922-2004)

Kansas City. Title and copyrights will be held by the Ogden R. Lindsley Trust, Nancy Hughes, trustee. Abigail will be assisted by committee members and maybe by an intern or two from the archive masters program at Emporia State University, 60 miles southwest of Kansas City.

The other members of Og's Archives Committee are Carl Binder, Dennis Edinger, John Eshleman, Michael Fabrizio, Steve Graff, Elizabeth Haughton, Matthew Israel, Kent Johnson, Carl Koenig, Harold Kunzlemann, Sarah Kyrklund, Sandra Luck, Malcolm Neely, Hank Pennypacker, Jesus Rosales, Clay Starlin, and Nancy Hughes (trustee, Ogden R. Lindsley Trust). These members were chosen for their unique knowledge, and possible documents, about specific issues, different aspects and different eras in the development of our Precision Teaching and Standard Celeration. The members are not the only ones who have made important contributions to our work.

Together we rescued frequency, which Grandpa Fred Skinner decried lost to behavior analysis when he wrote, "Goodbye My Lovely." That is why I left Harvard Medical School and went to the University of Kansas Medical Center – to introduce frequency ahead of the behavior analytic false prophets. My strategic model was the Missoula, Montana, flame jumpers who started backfires to put out forest fires. I hoped when the ABA false prophets finally got to education they would run into frequency firmly established by us. In education you all know we battled percent correct as behavior management.

Surprisingly, we went on to discover celeration and the standard celeration chart. To frequency, Skinner's extremely sensitive performance measure, we added celeration, the only sensitive standard learning measure. We proved even six year olds can chart their own educational and social pinpoints and can teach their first-grade classmates to do the same.

If you want to honor me personally start another chart, start a private school, or write a book. Remember to publish important findings in eight and a half by eleven books, rather than journal, form.

Don't waste time on too many articles. Articles are counted; books, such as I have been unable to get written, COUNT. Use plain English, short sentences, active verbs, short one and two syllable words for our average educated six-year-old users. We do not want users to have to run to dictionaries to read our instructions. We want our users to know the meaning of all the words in our instructions and merely use the new words we coin for our discoveries. They should also be short, clear, and also already in the dictionary with just a few meanings.

With our discoveries, don't waste time repeating, double checking, or publishing in academic journals. I spent almost no time checking the sensitivity and superiority of frequency as the best and final performance measure. We are not trying to be absolutely perfect. We are trying to race up a steep mountain of learning information that we have only just started to collect.

Stand on my shoulders as I stood on Fred Skinner's shoulders. You see more big things from up here and you see further.

I love you all. Happy charting, As ever,

Og with Nancy



Ogden R. Lindsley

By Carl Binder, Ph.D.

On Sunday, October 10, 2004, Ogden R. Lindsley, a giant in the fields of behavior research, measurement, and performance technology, died of bile duct cancer at the Kansas University Medical Center with his wife, Nancy, at his side. Four days before, Og sent a gracious and inspiring farewell message to his students and colleagues. In response, he received a stream of e-mail from around the world with love and appreciation from old friends, as well as from parents, students, and professionals whom he had never met yet whose lives he had profoundly improved with Precision Teaching and Standard Celeration Charting.

Lindsley's life was extraordinarily full and productive. At 20, he left Brown University to enlist in the Army Air Corps, serving as an engineer-gunner on B-24 bombers. Shot down over Yugoslavia, he spent nine months as a POW, and then escaped. He later told colorful tales of tricking the Nazi soldiers and making friends with the local populace on forced marches between prison camps. He also recounted his personal pledge that if he were allowed to escape, he would devote half of his life to helping the world and the other half to having fun—reasoning that his fallen comrades would have insisted on the latter. His career, in fact, was marked by enthusiasm, inexhaustible energy, continuous curiosity and discovery, plus lots of fun. Cartoons, songs, and funny stories occupied an important part of his professional repertoire, along with enormous amounts of charted data.

Ogden returned from the war in 1945 to complete Bachelor's and Master's degrees in experimental psychology and histochemistry at Brown University, and a Doctorate with B. F. Skinner at Harvard. With Skinner, he founded and directed the Behavior Research Laboratory at Harvard Medical School, where from 1953 to 1965 he conducted extensive behavior research with human subjects, coined the term "behavior therapy," and demonstrated that principles of learning discovered in Skinner's animal operant conditioning labs applied with equal power and precision to humans. During that period, he published dozens of scientific articles reporting groundbreaking research in psychiatry, advertising, behavioral pharmacology, geriatrics, social psychology, and education. Most of his early publications are as relevant today as when they were published, and well worth the effort to request via interlibrary loan. He received the Hofheimer Research Prize from the American Psychiatric Association in 1962 for his study of psychotic behavior.

Measurement was at the core of his contributions. At an early stage, Lindsley committed his scientific career to Skinner's supremely sensitive measure of behavior (or accomplishments), count/time (rate or frequency). He learned

from Skinner's cumulative recording methodology the power of standard graphic display for communicating and analyzing measures over time, applying that principle to develop his own standard charting tools.

In 1965, he decided to "parachute behind enemy lines" by moving from Harvard Medical School to special education at the University of Kansas Medical Center. He hoped to effect radical change in classroom education by replacing percent correct with count per minute measures and graphic displays of data for decision-making by teachers and students. He began a new career in teacher training and field-based educational research that ultimately had an enormous impact on thousands of teachers and hundreds of thousands of students.

When he first worked with educators, teaching them principles of behavior and requiring them to measure behavior frequencies in their classrooms, Lindsley discovered that the idiosyncratic stretch-to-fill graphs they used to share data slowed down communication. To remedy this problem, he prototyped a "standard" chart initially using semi-logarithmic engineering graph paper covering a range of behavior frequencies from one per day (.000695 per minute) to 1,000 per minute up the left axis; and spanning 20 calendar weeks (140 days) across the bottom. This tool enabled teachers to share and receive feedback about classroom measurement and teaching projects in about one tenth the time it took with traditional graphs.

While using the chart for classroom practice and research, Lindsley and his students discovered that behavior multiplies, it does not add. That is, when graphed on the standard chart, which allows accurate projection of straight-line trends instead of curves, frequencies of behavior and accomplishments (along with many other natural phenomena) exhibit patterns of proportional rather than additive change. (For example, some behavior doubles rather than adding a fixed amount every week.) The power and sensitivity of Lindsley's charting methodology is so great that if there were a Nobel Prize for behavior measurement, some colleagues believe he should have received it.

From the chart he discovered and quantified celeration (ACceleration or DEceleration), a direct measure of learning for individuals, organizations, or systems quantified as a multiplying or dividing change in frequency over time (e.g., x 1.5 per week), and graphically displayed as a standard angle on the celeration chart. From the late 1960s on, his students and colleagues demonstrated enormous improvements in learning effectiveness with Precision Teaching and Precise Behavior Management, using the standard celeration chart to make educational and management decisions.

Emboldened by these discoveries and frustrated by the inability of teachers to change systems in which they served, Lindsley switched in 1971 to educational administration at Kansas University. He supervised 34 doctoral theses over the course of his tenure, training those who would become educational leaders to use behavior science principles and standard celeration charting in day-to-day educational and organizational management and decision-making. Extending use of the chart to count-per-week, count-per-month, and count-per-year applications, his students monitored such macro phenomena as organizational change, stock market

activity, world health and economic trends, improving analysis and decision-making in every application they tried.

The Standard Celeration Society emerged during the early 1990s to support this work, and charting practitioners have become more and more visible in organizations such as ISPI and the International Association for Behavior Analysis. Many of Lindsley's protégés became impatient with resistance to radical improvement and, with Lindsley's encouragement, formed private-sector schools, learning centers, and consulting firms to make their methods available directly to consumers.

Lindsley's work has received recognition internationally, including being awarded ISPI's highest honor, the Thomas F. Gilbert Award for Professional Achievement in 1998. His work continues through several generations of his students, and celebrations of his work are planned at upcoming conferences, including those of the Standard Celeration Society, the Association for Behavior Analysis, and the California Association for Behavior Analysis. Ogden asked that those who wish to honor his life and work contribute directly to the Standard Celeration Society, and he appointed a committee (of which I am a member) to oversee management of his archives and posthumous publication of his work.

Lindsley's unique qualities were a combination of scientific rigor and unwavering commitment to effecting positive change in the world. We have lost a creative scientific genius, but his legacy is a powerful set of measurement and performance improvement tools that have just begun to have their multiplicative effect.

Lamentation

By Nancy Hughes Lindsley, Ph.D.

My husband, Ogden Lindsley, moved through life like a comet - glowing with brilliant intensity. He died as he lived: courageous, dignified, engaged with and learning from his environment. His medical care team was impressed by his intellectual vigor even as his beat-up body began to let go. He didn't believe in life after death, but at the end, he came to think there might be a transcendent connection of some sort. "That must be what makes the music work," he said, hours before he died. It is my belief that Ogden's energy simply expanded into the universe and that his music plays on within us.

Ogden was a scientist. He sought truth, documented it, and defended it with conviction and strength of character. Within the dedicated professional was a remarkable individual.

As a young man, Ogden's sense of adventure led him from New England into the wider world, but he was a true Old Yankee: proud, patriotic, thrifty, moral, ingenious, industrious, private, loyal, excruciatingly and charmingly honest. His idyllic childhood and the early loss of his father taught him the role of good and bad luck in life and fostered his penchant for social justice. Ogden was always for the underdog. He was curious and observant, iconoclastic, quick-witted, arch, and frequently hysterically funny. He was a poised and graceful man, a gifted performer and musician and a skillful teacher. He adapted to his profound WWII hearing loss by using entertaining and instructing as a conversational style, sometimes leading others to think he didn't listen to them...but he did when he could hear them.

Now Og's nature was always to share knowledge so, of course, he trained his troop—thus their Jamboree winning.

I was prone to finishing a day's writing by signing my initials, *Mdn*. After an editing session one day, Og inquired, with a wry smile, "How does it feel to be a *median*?"

Upon the completion of my dissertation, I included Ogden, my advisor, at the end of *Acknowledgements*, as "Being the 'moving force' showing how to measure and multiply human behavior to make more of every human's potential, and for helping to significantly ($p < 3 \cdot 10^{-10}$) raise a ...*Mdn*."

That is the crux of Og's genii, the sparking light to measure and celerate human skill. The world will miss Og's spark and light only if we survivors allow his fire to extinguish.

Proud member of Ogden's *Precision Troop*, Malcolm D. Neely.

Memories of Ogden Lindsley

By Rue L. Cromwell

I have just returned from a wonderful memorial service for Ogden Lindsley, presided over by Og's wife Nancy and prepared by her with the help of survivors and friends. As a thanks to Nancy for her efforts, I jot down these stories of Og, about which she may or may not know.

I actually had little contact with Og during my life, but all of those contacts were memorable. We first met in the mid-1960s on Mt. Hood in Oregon, where a conference on mental retardation was being held at Timberline Lodge. Og was a tall slim red-haired articulate wild looking guy. He was a member of a group of graduates of Harvard's B. F. Skinner. They came away from their training with him highly evangelistic. His methods to analyze and modify behavior seemed to have unlimited applications. I knew others of this group; Og was not the only evangelist.

At this beautiful old Lodge, once a favorite of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Og presented early in the conference and did so with a blast. He accused those of us doing research on personality constructs and psychotherapy of having blood and guilt on our hands. He urged us to wash our hands of the blood and guilt, cleanse ourselves, and come follow him and learn the true principles that will save humanity. Of course, my grad students and I, sitting in the audience, had already prepared our research papers on personality, social learning, and related topics. There was little we could do but listen to the assault and then later present our research findings when our time came.

A day or two later I happened to charter a "snow cat" with Og and a few other people to depart from our barren treeless rockful environment and take a trip into the mountain peak glacier, going up toward the top of Mt. Hood. ...

... I wound up getting a seat by Og. I was not sure I wanted it. I feared I would get more of his Macbeth sermon and cantankerous theoretical discussion. It was not that at all. He was most affable and friendly. We found many things to talk about. The only professional reference was a question.So, Og asked: "How is it, Rue, that you have the reputation of turning out all these good Ph.D. students who get all the good jobs throughout the United States. How is it you teach them?"

"It is very simple," I said. "I get all of them from the different year levels of their training together once a week, make beer available, and let them conduct a seminar. Year by

year the older ones have taught the younger ones about research and about mental retardation. That is it."

In only a moment Og asked, "But how did the oldest one in the program learn?"

I thought for a moment and then confessed, "I have no idea."

That incident became lost to my memory. Og, however, saw some humor in it. When we met again at the University of Kansas about a quarter century later, he quoted my comments word for word with great joy while our mutual colleagues and I listened....

By the way, when Og worked on something, he did not always have the right tool. [One] time he was in his apartment in Cambridge while he was doing, I believe, a post-doctoral fellowship with Skinner at Harvard. He was living in an area inhabited by Harvard junior faculty. Og's faucet had been leaking, and he became determined to fix it. But the only tool he had was an 18-inch monkey wrench. This is the kind of wrench you would use on a water hydrant, not a faucet. As he worked, Og could hear some yelling. Even though morning, Og assumed it was drinking and frivolity, but the yelling continued. Og finally paid attention and realized that the sound was coming from a nearby apartment. Also, it sounded like someone was getting hurt. So Og decided he would stroll down and listen more closely. When he got to the apartment the door was cracked open. Indeed someone was getting assaulted. Og, feeling timid and still not convinced he should interfere, opened the door and stood in the doorway. The assailant turned to see this towering figure backlit in the doorway of the apartment with an 18-inch monkey wrench in his hand. The assailant immediately concluded he had seen far more than he wanted to see. He raised a window and leapt out to the ground and ran away. Og took the victim, a Harvard junior faculty member we both knew, to the emergency room for swabbing and bandages. The bandages were worn for a few days, operationally attesting to the extent of injury. Og remarked to me that nothing was ever mentioned about the incident during the years to follow.

Just the other day, maybe just two months ago, Ginni and I joined the Lawrence Athletic Club. When I took my stuff into the men's locker room, I immediately ran onto Og. I was there to build up my shoulders and cardiovascular strength to prepare for my shoulders to be totally replaced on each side. He was there, had been there for some time as a regular, to strengthen his heart, following a valve operation. I had not seen him to talk with him for many years. Almost every time I came back to the Athletic Club Og was there. It was in this way that I spent my final and, in fact best, days of acquaintance with him, always standing face to face, stark naked, in the men's locker room.

Og did most of the talking. He was senior to me and treated me so in his ever-enthusiastic, generative, story-telling way. He was 82 and, after all, I was only 76. He told me of his heart operation, how many physicians warned him against heavy physical exercise on the weights, and how he was ignoring them. He kept in close touch with his cardiologist, who approved of Og's general physical exercise.

The cardiologist said he knew the inside of Og's heart better than Og and better than all the others. After all, he had lived in that heart for several hours while replacing the valve. As for me, Og gave me pep talks about how much my exercise

Ogden had an artistic flair, a good eye, and a well-developed sense of color and design. With his understanding of engineering, superb manual dexterity, and infinite patience, he could fix or improve just about anything. He could be ribald, expansive, and was always great company. He was a kind and good man who cared deeply about others. People loved him and he loved people, although he was not social in the usual sense. He was a homebody with loner tendencies who loved to think and work.

Ogden's father encouraged his son's keen intellect and modeled discipline and self-reliance. His mother molded his sense of humor, creativity, and respect for the traditions that give life dimension and continuity. She also, I believe, nurtured Ogden's sweet, sensitive core and the thoughtfulness and tolerance that made him a tender husband.

On April 14th 1972, Ogden Lindsley literally walked into my life. Our time together ended on October 10th, 2004, by nature, not by choice. *Lamentum*, Latin for weeping, wailing, deep sorrow and great mourning, hovers over me these days, but it doesn't overshadow 32.5 years of joy and excitement as Ogden's mate. I live in the halo of his love and trust.

Nancy with Ogden, Always.

Yankee Og

By Abigail B. Calkin, Ph.D.

I don't remember the first time I met Og, but his life seems to have been woven with mine since before I was born. His father and my uncle were friends in the 1920s, active together in their Brown University Phi Gamma Delta fraternity alumni work. While I didn't hear stories of Og when I was growing up, I got quite a reaction from my aunt and uncle when I showed them my University of Kansas Ph.D. graduation photo with Og in his crimson robe. "Oh! We knew his father! That boy, with his sandy-colored hair, was quite a handful! His younger brother, Bradford, however, was a bit quieter and better behaved." Yet again, after his World War II service, he was a patient at Cushing Hospital in Framingham, Massachusetts, the town where I grew up. My mother and another aunt were Grey Ladies at Cushing during and after the war. Recently, I learned our lives had woven together even earlier in New England history when our ancestors journeyed together across the Atlantic in 1620.

Knowing Og professionally has always seemed a continuation of my own New England roots and goals—educate yourself well, strive high, never, ever give up, and do something to make this world a better place for others.

In 1967, I began to use the most powerful tool to change human behavior: the Standard Celeration Chart. One of the beauties of this frequency-based chart is that learning never stops. I still learn and change my teaching based on charted information whether it's helping students learn to read better, helping people change how they interact with others, or teaching children and adults to lead healthier lives by changing their inner behaviors. As 2004 draws to a close I realized what happened to my thoughts and writing when, this year, I lost two dear, long-time friends who had impacted my life greatly. My writing charts showed a dramatic deceleration or cessation in my writing behaviors last winter and this fall when each of them died. Without the chart, I'd only be able to give some rambling verbal description such as feeling very sad.

When studying with Og, he and his wife, Nancy, and my husband, Robert, and I began to get together socially; Robert even worked for one of Nancy's businesses for a while. While I enjoyed Og for his creativity, boldness, brilliance, wit, and humor, Robert enjoyed him because he was so down to earth. On our return to Topeka from one of our visits to their Stull ranch for the afternoon and a late dinner, we commented how comfortable it was to be with them. The next day, as I told a mutual friend of being at Og and Nancy's the day before, she said, "Don't you find them a bit odd?" "No," I replied. "We finally found another couple like us."

It is my honor and privilege to continue my friendship and charting relationship with Og not only as I serve as chair of Og's Archives Committee but also as I stand on his shoulders to continue my own work.

Goodbye dear friend, co-worker, and teacher.

Ogden R. Lindsley, Flint & Steel, Sparks & Fire, Measurement & Celeration

By Malcolm D. Neely, Ed.D.

During a 1963 summer NDEA School Counselor Institute, I was assigned the task to describe a gifted pupil by a young Idaho State University Assistant Professor named Dr. S. Samuel Shermis. It was an easy write as I merely described the behaviors of a specific high school pupil of whom I was particularly aware in my capacity as school counselor and family friend. This notable task remained with me as I met other outstanding folk, both younger and older.

Seven years later I recognized genius behind the *Standard Celeration Chart* (then the *Standard Behavior Chart*); in ensuing years met the Chart's outstanding contributors and disciples; and finally, had the good fortune to have the SCChart's founder, Dr. Ogden R. Lindsley, as Chairman of my Doctoral Committee.

No one could miss Og's genius, but remembering Dr. Shermis's 1963 assignment, I often wondered how I might have written of Ogden in his teen years.

In the winter on 1978, forsaking family and job to concentrate upon dissertation writing on the Kansas University campus, with Og, I was allowed a glimpse.

In the middle of intense editing of my work, some causal remark about my being an Eagle Scout launched an incredible story of how Og led his Boy Scout troop to winning a Jamboree contest in flint and steel fire lighting and water boiling (*or, perhaps, string burning*).

The Boy Scouts of America packaged an official flint and steel kit consisting of a small file, a small flint, a piece of cloth, and a nest of tinder. It was hard to hold the file and the flint would strike fingers as much as file; sparks were limited and fire was more improbable than probable. I accepted that as the way it must be.

Naturally, young Og figured outside the *kit*. Og found a large rasp, flint to hold in his palm, quality silk from the hem of his grandmother's wedding dress, and extra dry tinder that he nested in a sling. One rasp showered a light show of sparks that instantly ignited the nested silk for Og to swing into a huge flame and throw into the waiting wood—a start that insured the winning of string burning or water boiling.

was going to help my shoulder operation and to not give it up. As I look back now, I think I needed his comments more than I would admit to him. He enjoyed his upstaging moves. One day he confided to me that he was now lifting far heavier weights than the doctor and the club's trainers prescribed. He winked at me, smiled broadly, and gave one of the handlebars on his large gray mustache a tweak.

Since my own family had endured losses in World War II, I was always ready to hear stories about Og's days as a prisoner-of-war (POW) in Nazi Germany. The trouble was, when I talked with him I was usually lightheaded from a heavy workout, so I had trouble remembering the details of most of the stories. The part I remember best was during the time when the Russians were advancing their front in close to Og's prison camp. The prison guards decided to vacate, take a long march across Germany, and avoid being captured by the Russians. With the POWs already ill fed, the decision to evacuate was so abrupt that no food, no supplies, and no supervision from a higher Nazi echelon were taken. They just marched away.

As time passed day after day the POW group became sicker and sicker. Some died off. One prisoner dug up a frozen potato with a stick and was shot to death by a guard on grounds that the potato was personal property of the local farmer. Certainly the hungry guards kept the potato.

Although I had known of this only from a Charlie Chaplin film, the prisoners with Og tried boiling leather to see if they could get some nutrient. They could not. Perhaps they were able to extract some tanning fluid. Finally, they discovered that the bark of a particular tree had nutrients. Og told me what kind of tree. I wish I could remember but I must have been a bit dizzy and the time from the day's workout. By the time Og's group in the caravan got access to these trees, prior prisoners had already stripped the bark from them as high as one can reach. In typical "greatest generation" style, Og was identified as the tallest POW in the group. So Og was assigned to hug a tree while another prisoner would stand on Og's shoulders in order to reach a place on the tree where bark was available. It was not an easy job. Og was already weak, feeling sick, quite yellow in his skin from jaundice, and had some other kind of skin disorder on his face and body. But the job got done.

I wondered if this image I had of Og hugging trees across Germany would appeal to environmentalists' organizations, but then I faced the tragicomedy that both trees and POWs were dying.

Finally it became very clear that the guards marching the prisoners had no idea where they were or where they were going. They, perhaps wisely, refused to listen either to prisoners or local peasants to get directions. Then they were most happy to encounter a couple of Nazi officers in a vehicle. As they sought directions, Og became apprehensive. He could well imagine at this point with the advancing Allies, that the POWs might be forced into some kind of participation in the war on the German side. Ironically, Og learned later that a labor camp under Stalin would have been the outcome with a capture by the Russians. Og could still tolerate walking, but he decided that he had just had enough of war. So he said to himself that if the caravan of prisoners turned south or west he would stay with them. If they turned north or east he was going to escape. Sure

enough, the direction they moved the prisoners was east. So Og and one other prisoner (from some non-English speaking country; I regret I cannot remember) stole away from the rest of the group and headed east. They knew that sooner or later they would encounter an ocean.

I cannot remember the details from here, but all was successful and the two prisoners not only found friendly troops but also very shortly were in a hospital being treated for their illnesses.

Then, back to the present, Og did not show up in the locker room. I thought not much about it for a while since neither of us came daily. As days passed, however, still no Og. Finally I became concerned about his overextending on the weights. So I asked a trainer entering the locker room if he knew anything about Og. Og was so friendly and had been there so long that all the members and trainers seemed to know him mutually by their first names. The trainer broke down momentarily as he told me that Og had passed away. He mumbled some incoherent things about having experienced a lot of death in his young life. I could get no clear explanation about the reason for death.

Shortly I asked another member if he knew of Og and how he died. It was from him I learned of a bile duct problem and was reassured that the death had nothing to do with his heart or over lifting weights. I was momentarily happy. Og had challenged himself and won in this particular contention with the world. Later on I learned from Nancy that the bile duct problem very likely originated from that period when he was a prisoner of war and yellow and sick.

For days afterwards, as I entered the locker room, I would look over into Og's corner of the locker room to see if he was there. I looked for that broad smile that made clear upon each encounter that he was glad to see me. Yes, I knew he was dead, but I still couldn't help but glance over there. I still do that once in a while. I just wasn't prepared for Ogden Lindsley to die.

Navigator

By Kent Johnson, Ph.D.

Farewell my intellectual father and friend
your expeditions were exciting and fun
discoveries found at every port
once the funky blue map was clear
the counting and charting compass was dear

From Providence and Boston
to KC and Lawrence
with stops in Seattle such a delight
teachings sung with wit and laughter
from frequency and fluency
to celeration and agility
standard precision instruments
for cooperation and retardation
business decisions and medication
autism, special and general education

so many listeners took up the map
followed their own stars, their students and clients
your journey continuing

Selections from the Standard Celeration Listserve's Love to Og

...While ABA is struggling to spread and displace less effective analyses, Og comes along and builds on Fred Skinner's work. Og gives us celeration visualized on the standard celeration chart, which effectively lines up cumulative record dots in a way that makes for simple quick easy and accurate analysis and prediction. [(It takes longer to type these words than it takes to look at a Chart and know if you need to make a change...and you don't need these words at all.]

So Og's tool gives us the power to fulfill the possibilities inherent in the cumulative record, and the levels of analysis needed to figure out what's happening, and then to build way beyond it.

Og also gives us "the child is always right" and fights a cult of personality. Keep it to the real. So Chart newbie's and their Charts are valued and we all can see it and grow on what's real....

Thanks Og. Your work is firmly rooted.

Chuck Merbitz

Ogden and Nancy,

... Seedmaker you are, and brilliant is your color. Those of us who have navigated parts of our lives with that funniest of blue charts are better for it. We are stronger, more sure of ourselves, more confident that our decisions will be either good ones or ones that need to be changed. You have given ordinary people like myself a tool that has helped us see the world differently....

Sue Casson

Dear Og and Nancy,

... there are many lessons we've learned from you. One of the most significant that I learned, and which I practice, is that positive and negative emotions are independent of each other. Everything's independent! And, I've internalized that ... That lesson, and *PRACTICED MUSIC REAPS FUN CG*, not to mention stop *SLOBS*, *PATUM*, and also do *TBRO*, *BFSKINNER*, *SAFMEDS*, *COLAB*, and *P-AE-MC-A-SE = D-S-R-K-C*, PT and SCC summarized in acronyms, are all valuable lessons. As is "Accentuate the positive," and "say reward, relief, punish and penalty," "try, try again," and of course, "the child knows best."

... At all the ABA Chart Shares..., Og Lindsley would, like everyone else, sign in. Under the column of "Chart Parent," Og would write *Fred Skinner*. That always warmed my heart, because we were behavior analysts and B. F. Skinner got the whole science rolling with his selection of *FREQUENCY* as a universal measure.

...So, at the chart shares, Skinner's name would be up there, proudly next to Og's—kind of as a reminder....

...What Og wants from us is to make sure that frequency, celeration, fluency and agility, and the Standard Celeration Chart continue on into the future. Do right by Og. Doing right

by Og will always mean doing right for your students, your learners, your children, and yourself.

As ever, for ever, your friend,

John W. Eshleman

Dearest Og and Nancy,

My tears are flowing and my heart is breaking as I write this....

I started out in Precision Teaching with a broken heart, as I desperately searched for a way to help my son (diagnosed with autism) learn to speak, when I met Og at the ABA conference in 1998. I attended Og's Standard Celeration Charting workshop, and immediately ran back to my hotel room to rechart my stretch-to-fit poster data on the blue Standard Daily Celeration Chart. I have never looked back, and my heart mended - and grew - as Julian's learning soared. Through your legacy of Standard Charting, my life changed, and I have been able to change the lives of 75 children, and their families....

Og, I had expected to hand my doctoral dissertation to you for examination in the next month, but it appears that the gods are playing rugby [Oz football] with our plans.... I have been standing on your shoulders for the past six years, and my love for you, both as a human being and as a scientist, is immeasurable. I will be forever humble in claiming you as my Chart Parent, and my friend.

I love you Og.

Giordana Hrga

Dear Og and Nancy

You know you wrought the greatest changes in my career and life, beginning in 1969 when Annie Duncan introduced me to the Chart. Since then the Chart has been my Excalibur, and you were the timely mentor who steered me to Gattegno, Spaulding, and to starting *The Learning Incentive*, which spawned *Ben Bronz Academy*.

Your inventions and insights made possible the success of so many children from Spaulding and the Academy, who took charge of their own learning after examining their charts and confidently reporting "Do you see those rising dots and falling learning opportunities? That is my progress, and I am proud of it!"

And you continue to be a model....

And yes, we will try to keep Excalibur shiny!

Shalom, Chaver

Ian Spence

Today, tens of thousands of children were learning to read with Headsprout. It is clear that without Og this would not have been the case. His influence is felt throughout the program, including the "behind the scenes" use of customized celeration aims derived for each learner based on their individual performance. Soon, vast numbers of Chinese and South African children will be directly experiencing instruction incorporating key concepts from Og's work. I am quite fortunate to have been in the right place at the right time to

be another conduit (among many) for Og's ideas and discoveries.

Many years ago I attended one of Og's famous high-energy presentations. I was drawn to it because I had been using the "chart" for some time, and I had read Og's earlier operant laboratory and applied work. At that time I was reading Nat Schoenfeld's t-tau stimulus schedules work. Schoenfeld maintained that behavior should be viewed as a stream, and that stimuli inserted into the stream resulted in the stream altering in predictable ways as a function of the insertion and the rules for insertion. Seeing Og's presentation, it became clear to me that Schoenfeld was essentially correct, but that Og had a way of making this clear, and by adding a third great insight (from Is Goldiamond), that the stream could be divided into concurrent or alternative streams whose properties were defined by their relation to the environment as MEASURED by the investigator, I had one of those personal epiphanies. The behavior stream was best measured by changing frequencies of coalescing sub-streams as compared to alternative sub-streams as a function of the stimuli inserted in the whole stream. The discreteness of behavior was an illusion based on the descriptive requirements of our language and how we choose the measurement criteria. We lose the flowing nature of behavior when we take snapshots of bounded sections of the behavior streams (e.g., we do not typically include reaching for the bar when we describe a bar press). We tend to use our stimulus insertions to bracket the behavior stream sample (between the occasion and the consequence). It was clear that the problems of measurement of behavior as a stream and as "units" within the stream presented great problems. It was also clear that the only way to approximate the changes in the flow of the various sub-streams that comprise the full behavior stream, was in terms of frequencies (of bracketed units) specified in relation to inserted stimuli.

I remember about half way through Og's talk of having the realization of the power of thinking of behavior in terms of alternative streams of changing frequencies (and amplitudes) coalesced around inserted stimuli. One did not need to worry about private events, memory, thinking, complexity, etc.—these were simply metaphors to communicate the effects of coalescing alternative stream frequencies in the continuous stream of behavior. And that the communication itself could be so represented. The selection of complexity from a relatively simple "flow" was now easier for me to understand. Right or wrong, my view has changed little since this Og-induced "epiphany."

In recent years it has also become clear to me that our emotions are reflections of the relation of the streams to their environment in terms of changing frequencies imposed by certain requirements (contingencies). Brain function and fMRI data become much easier to understand within this context as well...

I once heard some one say that Og represented both the science and the heart of operant psychology. I remember thinking that this was almost right. Og showed that bringing frequency to the people revealed not only his heart, but the heart that resides in the science of behavior as well.

Joe Layng

...Og-- how did this man develop such an unlikely and yet fantastic group of high achievers? So many different backgrounds, yet all captured by, and committed to, the same goals. This was truly an exceptional man to have worked out such a vision and then worked, and worked, and worked to get so many of us to follow and then move out on our own to make the challenge a reality....

It still seems almost impossible to me that a measurement technology could have bound such a diverse group of individuals together so tightly. I can't think of any other group of engineers, or measurers, that is anything like ours-- maybe the NASA engineers....

... I just feel that I owe you so much Og.

Bill Wolking

... Og, ... here's what you ... (are that) comes to mind:

Pure intellectual energy dancing through a forest of overhead projectors

Schmaltzy showman turning on the Moody Blues

Scholarly, unwavering custodian of the logical foundations of a science of behavior

Inventor of the Standard Behavior Chart - which could have, and still might, go down in history as the psychological equivalent of Cartesian Coordinates - a standard system for measuring behavior change.

Elegant creator of practical language:

S-R-K-C

Pinpoint, count, chart and change - and try, try again

Fair pair

The dead man's test

And, of course, celeration

Your genius dwells in the intellectual precision of those deceptively simple concepts.

With these tools one can do anything.

...Anybody can do it, Og. You gave the world a wonderful set of tools, and the delight of using them and seeing how well they worked will always stay in my heart....

Wells Hively

The following websites contain information regarding Ogden R. Lindsley, the Standard Celeration Society, and Precision Teaching and include links for even more information including learning centers, academies, and home and cyber schooling:

www.fluency.org

www.celeration.org

www.behavior.org

www.behaviorresearchcompany.com