

Ned Garst
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Gordon Brady
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Dear Gordon.

My memories of Gordon Tullock span 65 years; starting in 1937 when we were students at Rockford High School and both part of the academic group of students, as opposed to the athletic or social groups. One day we were discussing the Chinese attack on an American gunboat in the Yangtze River. Gordon said something like, "Oh yes, that ship was of the Mackerel class. They have a beam of 14 feet and draft of 5 feet and carry a crew of 8." In response to my cry of disbelief, he continued, sometimes with his eyes closed, "It says so in Jane's Book of Ships on page, let's see, page 82:

Beam	14 ft.
Draft	5 ft.
Deadweight	310 tons
Crew	8
Armament	One 40mm cannon Three 50 caliber machine guns"

I realized that Gordon was mentally reading down the page. He had a photographic memory. Maybe that is why his parents, who were both well educated and closely followed the news of the world would say things like, "Gordon, who is the Foreign Minister of Italy?" My parents never would have asked ME things like that.

During college years I arrived in Chicago from a summer trip to Mexico with less than a dollar in my pocket; not enough for food or transport home to Rockford. At a pay phone I called Gordon, who was already back at the University of Chicago, living as usual at the International House. His response was, "Stay right where you are. I will take the South Shore trolley and be there in twenty minutes with some money," and he was.

During World War II, just prior to going overseas, I had a week or two of furlough which I elected to take in Washington DC. In the train station I was told that a hotel room there would be impossible to find. In desperation, I called long distance to Gordon at his office in the State Department, to see if he knew of a place to stay. He told me to call again when I got there, which of course I did. He used State Department leverage to get me a room at the (then) elegant Mayflower Hotel, where visiting royalty and platoons of army generals stayed. You can imagine the scene when I arrived in the lobby with a barracks bag on my shoulder to claim my reservation!

I site these last two memories because of the emotional content they have for me — being saved from terrible situations — and to show how generous Gordon is. In both cases I owe him a big debt of gratitude and many thanks.

In a lighter mood, there is the memory of an evening a few years ago when my wife and I were at his house overlooking Tucson having drinks. My wife went to the refrigerator to get some ice

water and noticed that the only contents were ice water and a few bottles of soft drinks. Later at dinner Gordon said, "I usually would not be here on Tuesday, because this is my Thursday eating place, but I thought you would especially like it." We got the distinct impression that he ate all meals at restaurants, - quite a change from our homebound Midwestern lifestyle.

If any of this is useful you are welcome to it. But I am not sure that it illuminates any part of Gordon's life that is of interest to economists or lawyers.

But this letter does give me a good opportunity to thank all those who sponsored the birthday gathering. It was well done and generous of you all. My wife and I were honored to be invited. And it gave us a chance to see Gordon again. We had breakfast AND dinner with him this time!

Sincerely,

Ned Garst