

In Memory of Alan S. Manne

Alan Manne was about my age and played polo. He did not die in a polo accident but lapsed out while on his horse. He woke up briefly and was told that he would not be able to use his arms or legs. He said he would rather go. He asked his family whether his horse had stepped on him. He was assured that his horse had been a lady and just stood there. He asked his children to take care of their mother. He said that he had been working on a joint paper, told in which drawer the latest draft was located, and asked one of his children to give it to his coauthor.

This book is dedicated to George B. Dantzig who was Alan and my mentor, and all our spouses who waited patiently while we played our favorite competitive game: research.

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