

**SPECIAL SECTION IN MEMORY
OF STEPHEN E. FIENBERG (1942–2016)
AOAS EDITOR-IN-CHIEF 2013–2015**

1. Introduction. At *The Annals of Applied Statistics* (AOAS) we are mourning the loss of our past Editor-in-Chief (2013–2015) and past IMS President (1999) Professor Stephen (Steve) E. Fienberg. We are missing Steve dearly.

This current issue of AOAS includes a special section that celebrates Steve’s research and life. We—Area Editors Edoardo Airoldi, Beth Ann Griffin, Leonhard Held, Karen Kafadar, Brendan Murphy, and Nicoleta Serban, and myself—believe that the mix of both invited and regular papers, and both review and research papers, in the special section reflects the gamut of Steve’s statistical and general scientific interests, ranging from statistical theory and methodology to an eclectic range of applied problems, particularly in the social sciences.

Supplementing the articles in the special section, and recent obituaries in the *IMS Bulletin* [Erosheva and Slavkovic (2017)], the *Journal of the Royal Statistical Society* [Kadane (2017)], and *Nature* [Mejia (2017)], many of Steve’s colleagues and students have kindly provided reminiscences of Steve. These tributes from the community are assembled below; they reflect the Steve as we knew and appreciated him, and they are indicative of the many differences that he made, both to us individually, and to the statistical and scientific community at large. Personally, I treasure the memories of the gracious transition when I took over from Steve as Editor-in-Chief at AOAS.

It is my hope that present and future generations of statisticians will foster Steve’s scientific legacy, including but not limited to its interdisciplinary focus and unfailing service to science and society.

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2. Reminiscences from the scientific community. “The clock is ticking.” That is what Steve said to me in October 2016, at the event celebrating his life. What he was really saying was that I was still his student, even after disappearing for years, leaving a single chapter of my dissertation unfinished.

I dropped everything and went to Pittsburgh. What else could I do? Five 16-hour days later, I turned in that last chapter. We celebrated the next day, on Thanksgiving. He was so thin. But he winked at me as he retired for the night, leaving the rest of us to play with his granddaughter. Same old Steve, even then.

The race began. Roping in committee members, revisions, and more revisions. The defense date was set, but Steve entered hospice five days before I could defend. By e-mail we talked, until he couldn’t type anymore. His son delivered the signed