

## Alan Report

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When I entered college I was determined to become a scientist and hoped to make significant scientific discoveries. How my thinking changed and the direction of my ambitions shifted is the story of my life during the twentyfive years following graduation. Actually, these changes started before my senior year when I decided not to become a chemist but to enter medical school with medical and biological research my goal. Until 1939 I persevered in these branches of science, first, in the Bacteriology Department at the Harvard Medical School and then in the Biology Department of the University. Simultaneously I tried to justify my occupation of space in a laboratory by helping to plant in the receptive minds of undergraduates the sparks of a consuming passion for knowledge. But teaching was not my forte so I inspired no one.

Largely because the fulfillment of my hope to influence scientific thought proved elusive, but also because I had attained greater success during my spare time and in vacations in photography, I gave up research and teaching completely for this branch of the arts. Here my interest lay chiefly in the natural world and wildlife about me. Before the war I received aid and encouragement in this work from a Guggenheim Fellowship to photograph birds in color. And again after the war - after an interlude of helping in a small way to develop radar equipment for the armed services at the Radiation Laboratory - I was granted a renewal of the fellowship.

More or less coincidental with my abandoning academic life for photography, my domestic affairs underwent a change too. I was divorced and remarried and soon found myself with a second growing family of boys. Recently, my wife and I with our three



sons moved west where the country is less mature but the vistas more sweeping, where the culture is cruder but also less static. Instead of dreaming about where we would like to live and never living because of inertia and social pressure, or the restrictions of financial exigencies, we cut our ties, packed up and moved. When we arrived in New Mexico from a Chicago suburb my eight year old son was like a young colt first out in the pasture. He romped and scampered all over the place with an exuberance that confirmed the wisdom of our decision.

Thus, from my experience it appears highly desirable to order ones life in accordance with inner yearnings no matter how impractical they may seem, and not be bound to a false start by common considerations. Never-the-less I would not have been able to make the change, regardless of how urgent the need, had I not had the support of a <sup>remarkable</sup> sympathetic and understanding wife.