

*in the village of Winnetka  
in a house my father built on a bluff overlooking*  
I was born ~~on the shore of~~ Lake Michigan north of  
Chicago at the beginning of the century. I remember little of the  
first few years of my life before I was six years old. Events of  
those ~~first~~ early years that I do recall are hazy and incomplete, as  
seen through a clouded glass, impersonal as though they did not involve  
me: a toy sheep left put in the rain and ruined, a fact without  
pulled out  
sorry, or being ~~extracted~~ from under the upstairs hall sofa where I  
was hiding from the family doctor-but no memory of fear. Nor do  
I recall any emotion during the subsequent examination of my throat  
before a bright window in dazzling light, without pain and only the  
most indistinct and foggy recall of the adults involved, my mother  
or  
and the family physician. Only one event ~~remind~~ can I place in time.  
I was standing by my mothers chair in the living room that we called  
the library. There were other women there for tea. One of these  
asked my age and either I or mother said I was six.

Six was the age when school began. *My* The first school was  
one room  
a box-like/red building west of the tracks on the south side of  
dividing  
North Avenue, ~~which was the line that divided our village~~ between  
the two districts of our village, Winnetka proper to the south and  
Hubbard Woods where we lived to the north. The school house at  
that time seemed quite far west of the tracks - The North Western  
Railway on which my father commuted every day to Chicago - but when  
site  
I visited the ~~sight~~ many years later it turned out to be, in the  
perspective of an adult, not far at all. The school house ~~was xxx~~  
had no  
~~provided with~~ plumbing which was provided by two outhouses in the  
back yard, one for girls and one for boys. A black board extended  
along one side wall of the  
school room and at the back ~~there~~ was a raised platform where the  
teacher's desk stood and a chair where she sat during recitations.  
These were terrifying *experiences* (occasions). We students were required to  
recite our pieces to the whole school standing beside the teacher

on the platform. I remember one notable occasion when a ~~frightened~~ little girl became so frightened and speechless that she lost control~~l~~ of her fuctions and wet the floor with a large puddle that flowed under the teacher's chair. ~~Thexchildxwxwxwxwxwxwx~~  
~~Lxxwxwxwxwxwxwxwxwxwx~~ The child was excused, but except for that the teacher sat there <sup>a</sup>passively only drawing up her feet away from the flood on to the rungs of her shair. It was an awesome sight that made a tremendous impression on me and my male school mates. *Companion*

~~Thisxwxwxwxwxwxwxwxwxwx~~ The educational standards of this school were apparently considered by my parents inadequate for their oldest son so after a year I was transfered to private boy's school in the next suburb pretentiously called The College School. There the discipline was strickt. Misbehavior, ~~xxxx~~ inattention and stupidity were punished by slaps with a ruler and by standing the culprit in a corner with a dunse cap on his head. I was fortunately rescued <sup>from this punishment</sup> by an attack of appendicitis which started one morning after breakfast with a stomachache. I ~~was~~ must have become quite sick because I was put in my mother's bed where I eventually fell asleep to be awakened by the application of an ether cone over my nose and mouth by our kindly old family <sup>physician</sup> doctor Dr. <sup>H</sup> Whooper. who gently told me to breath deeply. I was operated on on the kitchen table and awoke in the guest room at night desperately thirsty <sup>and ~~very~~ for water.</sup> *beginning* ~~that the~~  
*at* night nurse <sup>she allowed me to suck on</sup> would assuage with small lumps of ice ~~only~~. After I had recovered, my parents reconsidering my educational needs, and the relative merits of public versus private instruction, dicided in favor of the former and I was sent to the larger twon school in Winnetka.

A short distance west of the little red school house North Avenue ended at a strip of marsh land that extended north and south for many miles. It was called the Skokie, the indian word for



marshland West of  
 swamps. Beyond the marsh lay open farming country, cultivated  
 fields and wood lots. Much of this area has since been build over  
 by suburban developments. The Marsh <sup>has been</sup> ~~was~~ drained and a band along  
 its western edge ~~has been~~ converted into a parkway which winds  
 across a rolling filled land planted with hawthorn trees and ornamental  
 Not until one goes north bound  
 shrubs./ Farther west beyond the/interstate highway out of Chicago  
 are farm lands still to be found.

The Skokie was a place of mystery and adventure for me and  
 visited  
 my friends that we ~~rode out to~~ on our bicycles. We would wade out  
<sup>rode out to frequently</sup>  
 through the marsh grasses to the cattails in deeper water in search  
 of bird's nests and turtles, ~~and~~ frogs and snakes. There were birds  
 aplenty: American bitterns, sora rails, redwinged blackbirds, and  
 marsh wrens. To find a bittern's nest was always the most exciting  
 discovery. The large buff eggs on a mat of reeds from which the  
 parent bird had ~~unseen and~~ <sup>and unnoted</sup> silently <sup>at</sup> crept away on our noisy approach,  
 was a sight that gave me intense and <sup>inexplicable</sup> ~~incomprehensible~~ pleasure. We  
 never intended to do harm to any living thing for we had been taught  
 to respect the mystery and variety of life and would leave our  
 discoveries untouched. Nevertheless our eagerness and curiosity  
 probably did cause some disruption of life in the swamp. My interest  
 in birds developed early and became a passion. As a child I collected  
 birds' eggs but I never robbed a nest. I kept track of all the nests I ~~for~~  
 found and after the young had fledged there would sometimes remain  
 an unhatched, infertile egg which was fair to take. My collection was  
 not large but was my most cherished possession.

On the border of the Skokie for a number of years the wild  
 grass was mown by a farmer who stacked it for sale of feed for his cows.  
 This haystack was a wonderful place to play much to the annoyance  
 of the farmer because our games pulled the stack apart and scattered  
 the hay. Since he didn't live nearby he was unable to prevent our





who  
there long ago by a prospector ~~but~~ never returned. Old dynamite has a  
~~tendency~~  
tendency to become unstable and explode unexpectedly when disturbed which  
was the reason for his <sup>Adam</sup> concern.

In 1912 when I was ten years old  
~~A few years later, probably when I was beginning high school, we~~  
Yoho Valley in  
were again taken on a camping trip, this time to the Canadian Rockies.  
camped  
Father had ~~gone camping~~ in the Canadian Rockies ~~several times~~ before; first  
on trips their close  
as a young man during his college years and later with mother and ~~Chicago~~  
amateur  
friends. He was an enthusiastic/mountain climber of the conventional type  
attempting no difficult or first ascents. He did, however, visit some  
remote regions of the Rockies and <sup>very names</sup> a few unknown <sup>unusual</sup> peaks and ~~in~~  
names that were accepted by the Canadian Government for  
lakes. Photography was also one of his hobbies which he used a ~~portable~~ large  
taken on these camping trips  
~~like~~ Eastman folding Kodak to photograph mountain scenery. His pictures  
have been  
~~were~~ preserved in several albums that I inherited. My interest in  
my at about  
photography, encouraged by father, began ~~at~~ this time ~~and on these trips to the~~  
~~the Rockies in 1912 and on Eastman Kodak cameras~~ when  
I was given ~~to replace my box Brownie~~ a folding Kodak, to ~~be~~ supercede a  
box Brownie, that to me was the ~~top of the line of cameras~~  
a more advanced camera than the box Brownie I was given a box brownie, to be  
superceded, as my interest in photography persisted, by a Kodak camera.  
A few years later, I was in high school then, we were again taken west; this  
time first to southern Alaska, and returning through British Columbia to  
to Alaska  
Lake Louise and camping in Jasper Park. We went by steamer from Seattle  
through the inner waterway along the Pacific coast to Skagway and by rail  
to Atlin in Yukon Territory where gold was discovered in 1898. Placer  
marginal operation  
gold was still being recovered ~~from the river~~ in a desultory way by ~~hydraulic~~  
mining ~~of the~~ from river gravel deposits by hydrolic mining.

This was the beginning of my <sup>whole</sup> hope, my ambition to see and  
experience the West, not the west of Canada but of the United States, the  
west of the Forty Niners and the Oregon Trail; to learn at first hand  
something of the appeal ~~of~~ and remance of the vast wilderness lands and

mountain ranges that lay beyond the plains and to learn more about the compelling attraction of this region that exerted such a strong hold on the imagination of Americans. A boyhood friend became an inspiration to me to see the west on my own. He dropped out of college and took to the road, hitching rides, and riding the freight trains west. He joined the hoard of migratory ~~laborers~~ workers that followed the market from the wheat fields of the Dakotas to the lumber camps of Oregon. He worked on the harvests in the prairie states before the days when manual labor had been completely replaced by the great combines and he ~~found~~ got jobs as a swamper in the lumber camps of the northwest. He worked with road crews and on the railroads and traveled ~~on~~ his fancy wherever took him all over the west. Eventually he completed his education and as a building contractor ultimately settled in Santa Fe. I envied the freedom he had enjoyed and resolved to experience at least a taste of it.

The opportunity to go west came in 1922 at the end of my sophomore year in college <sup>when with</sup> ~~through the help of~~ sympathetic parents <sup>help</sup> who <sup>saved me a model T</sup> Ford that cost less than \$300. ~~I had a large sum of \$285 for a Model T Ford, in which two of my classmates and I we planned to drive across the continent to the Pacific coast.~~ In this machine my roommate <sup>with</sup> and I with a mutual friend intended to ~~see~~ the west. We had no definite destination although we hoped to get jobs for a time in one of the National Parks. The Ford was the touring car model with a top that could be folded down and <sup>my dad isinglass detachable</sup> removable side curtains. It did not have a self-<sup>a crank projected forward from under the radiator and to start the engine the crank had to be extended to avoid a kick back that would start so it had to be cranked but its most modern feature was demountable</sup> rims, which made ~~it easy to change~~ tires, a frequent necessity, easier than having to pry them off the wheels <sup>in position</sup> that were not removable. It had four doors, front and back seats and running boards that ~~extended between the front and rear fenders~~ extended between the front and rear fenders. Since these cars had no trunks the running boards <sup>we</sup> served as <sup>a</sup> storage <sup>place</sup> for most of the necessary equipment that one always carried on long trips for all possible contingencies



and tire tools  
One runningboard held the spare tire, a tool box, ~~and~~ jack, a shovel and ~~an~~  
~~some rope~~. On the other side three cans containing spare gasoline, oil,  
and water were ~~attached~~ mounted, in a frame ~~that~~ attached to the

runningboard and held in place with straps. The cans were all the same  
shape but differed <sup>very only</sup> in width; the gas can held <sup>five</sup> a gallon and was painted  
red, the water can was white and held two gallons, and the third ~~can~~ for  
~~for oil was blue and held one half gallon of oil was blue.~~ As I remember

there was a space behind the back of the rear seat where odds and ends  
could be stashed away. We had a tent, sleeping bags, a cook stove and  
provisions as well as our personal effects <sup>baggage</sup> which pretty well filled up

the back of the vehicle. <sup>ff</sup> The expedition finally got under way from my  
home in Illinois but how we all got there from Massachusetts I no longer

remember. I may have driven there alone because I remember a night in  
Indiana where after having driven day and night without stopping except  
to eat or buy gasoline I pulled over to the side of a country road in a  
state of exhaustion, climber ~~over~~ a fence into a field, <sup>crawled into</sup> ~~XXXXXX~~ my sleeping  
bag and fell <sup>promptly</sup> immediately <sup>to</sup> sleep. I was awakened at dawn by heavy thumping  
sounds and strange gruntings. On opening my eyes I saw the huge shapes  
of a herd of Poland China hogs that had surrounded me <sup>during the night</sup> out of curiosity,  
<sup>through</sup> <sup>into</sup>

We drove north ~~into~~ Wisconsin ~~and~~ Minnesota and turned west  
to South Dakota. The roads were all unpaved graded gravel or dirt except  
for a short distance out from the larger towns. The interstate highway  
system was then only in the early planning stage and the farther west one ~~we~~  
went the less it existed. Roads followed section lines in a rectangular  
~~grid~~ north-south and east-west grid and would end at a right angle  
junction so that our route became a series of jogs to the north or south  
until another western road was encountered. Western Minnesota and South  
Dakota were <sup>part of</sup> in the long grass prairie, uncultivated and unfenced, <sup>green</sup> lush and  
<sup>dark</sup> green with wild flowers everywhere in June. We pitched our tent one

A model T Ford was a remarkably simple vehicle. The planetary <sup>three</sup> transmission was operated by/foot pedals, one for low range, one for reverse, and a brake. The pedals tightened bands on a drum; there were no gears as in modern automobiles. A hand brake lever was used <sup>hand</sup> for parking and emergencies. Another/lever put the car in motion <sup>the right</sup> forward. A lever on ~~the~~ side of the steering column advanced or retarded the spark; ~~another~~ a lever on the left side was a <sup>for</sup> throttle/controlling the supply of gasoline. The gasoline tank was located under the front seat from which gasoline was fed ~~into the~~ ~~engine~~ by gravity into the engine which had no fuel pump. The effect <sup>that on</sup> of this system was ~~that gasoline could not flow forward to~~ ~~the engine~~ ~~on~~ very steep grades ~~which had to be negotiated by backing the car up hill~~ ~~thus putting the gas tank above the level of the engine, so that in~~ ~~order to negotiate the hill it~~ ~~was necessary to turn the car around, and~~ ~~back up~~ ~~putting the gas tank above the level of the engine,~~ <sup>to</sup> and/back up. Most repairs to a Model T engine were simple to make requiring a minimum of tools and spare parts. A spare distributor head cost something under \$2.00. <sup>the</sup> Most repairs could be taken care of with a screw driver and monkey wrench, some wire, rubber bands and friction tape. Tires were, however, a more serious problem. All tires in those days required inner tubes and the recommended pressure was 72 pounds. ~~The treads were not very strong~~ ~~and were easily punctured by sharp objects, nails or broken glass~~ The treads, which were not as tough as today's tires, were easily <sup>by</sup> punctured by sharp objects such as ~~nails or broken glass~~, but <sup>a</sup> more troublesome consequence <sup>of high pressure</sup> was a tendency to blow out on rocky roads. Tire repair became a frequent necessity for which we <sup>kept on hand</sup> ~~maintained~~ a supply of <sup>inner</sup> tube patches and ~~sanding~~ boots.



tall grass in evening in/beautiful rolling country ~~ix~~ and were immediately attacked by ~~thousands~~ <sup>swarms</sup> of voracious giant mosquitos. Without lingering over supper we sealed ourselves in the tent and before we could <sup>get to</sup> sleep <sup>put to</sup> killed every mosquito inside. Our route took us through the Black Hills of South Dakota which I remember particularly for a vein of rose quartz we discovered in an out-crop by a road cut. From the Black Hills we ~~turned~~ <sup>continued</sup> on west <sup>Wyoming</sup> into ~~Montana~~. As we approached a town some where in ~~south~~ <sup>southeastern</sup> Wyoming ~~Montana~~ we picked up a cowboy who was thumbing rides. Recognizing us as eastern tenderfoots he regaled us with stories about rattle snakes and how they would crawl into your sleeping bag <sup>at night</sup> for warmth. When this happens, he told us, you should get out <sup>quickly</sup> ~~quickly~~ first because he can't strike ~~in the back of the head~~ <sup>inside the bag</sup> and then you have him. Our destination now was Yellowstone National Park which we entered from the east. After seeing the sights for a day or two we enquired about getting jobs and were told to apply at park headquarters. There we were signed up and sent to separate locations, <sup>work</sup> ~~on~~ I was assigned to a road ~~crew~~ on the Cook City road. The Model T was parked in the care of the Park Service. Besides the boss the road crew consisted of four, two brothers about my age and an older more <sup>experienced</sup> ~~experienced~~ boy whose conversation was mostly about whores. The boss was a much older man who probably operated under contract <sup>with</sup> ~~with~~ for the Park Service. His wife was the cook and a young son did the chores about the camp. We slept in <sup>Park Service</sup> tents but were required to provide our own bedrolls. Meals were served at a wooden table with attached benches set up under a tarpaulin. The road was being graded by horse drawn scrapers and since I had no experience with horses I was set to work digging <sup>out</sup> rocks <sup>would be</sup> ~~and~~ and filling ruts and pot holes. After breakfast I ~~was~~ driven in the bosses pickup with my ~~tools~~ shovel and pickax to places where the rocks in the road were too <sup>big to be removed by</sup> ~~to be scraped out~~ and left until lunch time and returned in the afternoon. The boss commended me for my diligence which my colleagues considered reprehensible; I was letting them down by

working hard when he was not watching. It was lonely work on a seldom road  
infrequently traveled by tourists  
traveled road where few tourists came by but I enjoyed the solitude.

A herd of buffalo had moved into the valley below our camp ~~causing~~  
anxiety ~~on our account or the camp,~~  
the boss considerable apprehension, not ~~for xxxxxxxx safety xxxxxxxx~~  
that

rather for the ~~xxxxxx~~ safety of the horses ~~that~~ when hobbled at night

might be charged by a bull if they ~~wax~~ strayed too close to the herd and  
unable to escape.

A horse could be knocked down by a buffalo and severely injured. One  
evening the boss came up to me and asked if I were being treated well.

I said I was. Then he told me that his son had told him that the other  
boys were planning to put cactus in my sleeping bag as a trick on the

eastern tenderfoot. He had intervened and told them he would have  
none of this sort of thing going on in his camp. I never let on that I  
knew about it. However it was a warning and put me on guard so that

one afternoon <sup>he</sup> when we were all returning to camp in the pickup, the four  
over some trivial disagreement

of us in back, I got into a scuffle with the older brother who later

admitted he was trying to tear my shirt off. In the process he fell

over the side of the truck and I came over on top of him. / The boss  
He was quite mad I was

stopped and said, "Boys, fight it out right now and get it over with."

Fortunately nothing happened and we climbed back in. My opponent  
asked me where I got that shirt. That evening after supper the older  
boy challenged me to a wrestling match. It was a fortunate choice for me  
since wrestling was something I knew about I put him down much to  
his surprise and I believe the surprise of the boss too. After that  
I was treated with more respect.

After three weeks on the road gang I decided I wanted to see  
more of the west and asked the boss for my time. He was <sup>surprised</sup> taken aback,

<sup>asked</sup> (wanted to know) why I was quitting, and tried to dissuade me. I was <sup>stuck to my</sup>  
<sup>decision</sup> <sup>explained that</sup> firm and said I wanted to see more of the west. So I returned to

headquarters with the next supply truck. When I found my roommate  
he refused to quit because he liked his job and preferred to stay on



through the summer. He would return by train. My <sup>John however knew</sup> other friend decided to join me and continue on to the coast.

We drove west into Montana to Butte and from there followed a route which has become Interstate 90. In the evening about 60 miles from Butte we encountered extensive road repairs where all traffic was diverted <sup>through</sup> ~~to~~ the town of Drummond and since the road ~~work~~ <sup>construction</sup> had been going on for considerable time closing the main road the diversion became known throughout the ~~area~~ <sup>region</sup> as the Drummond detour and a bottle neck for all east-west traffic. It became a bonanza <sup>however</sup> for the people of Drummond providing lodging for ~~who put up~~ <sup>who put up</sup> travelers who, like us, were held up at night with no place to camp out. We were taken in by a family in town for bed and breakfast.

10a) In ~~While setting up~~ <sup>while</sup> camp one night in the Cascade Range in Washington I cut my wrist with a hatchet/trimming branches from a spruce sapling for a bow bed. The wound didn't bleed very much so <sup>I</sup> tied it up and the next morning went to a hospital in Tacoma to be sewed up. The surgeon told me I was lucky that I hadn't severed the radial artery, ~~and~~ <sup>a</sup> that the blade had struck the end of the radius severing ~~the~~ <sup>a</sup> tendon to my thumb. He sewed ~~them~~ the ends together and put my fore arm in a cast and sent us on our way advising me to seek medical aid should my arm become painful. The wound healed without complications except that the tendon healed to the bone somewhat limiting the motion of my thumb. After visiting for a day/some friends of Del's in Tacoma ~~in Tacoma~~ <sup>other</sup> ~~in Tacoma~~ <sup>advice</sup> who tried to persuade me to seek further medical attention we drove south along the coast of Oregon and northern California to the Golden Gate. In California we chose a <sup>primitive road</sup> ~~route~~ south from ~~Eureka~~ <sup>primitve</sup> ~~city~~ <sup>primitve</sup> Eureka that hugged the coast ~~and wound~~ through/redwood forests. ~~circled the big trees. It was a seldom~~ ~~traveled~~ ~~the single track~~ ~~primitive~~ ~~road~~ The narrow dirt track barely wide enough in places for one vehicle wound between the trunks of the big trees in a sinuous course that led <sup>to</sup> ~~from~~ high ocean vistas, across damp/shrouded <sup>fern</sup> ravines <sup>and again</sup> back into the dark depths of the virgin Forest. The way was seldom traveled but would some day become ~~the~~ the coastal route when the trees were all cut down.

From Drummond we drove north to Glacier National Park entering the park from the west. ~~There~~ We spent three days there walking across the continental divide from Lake McDonald and back, sleeping out in a camp site where tents had been ~~xxxxxx~~ pitched for hickers. That night we were disturbed by an animal (poking around) and making a racket and outside the tent looking for our provisions. Del thought it was a bear but it turned out to a racoon. We didn't get back to the ranger station at Lake McDonald the next day until well after <sup>sunset</sup> ~~dark~~. There was a new moon and the forest was so dark that we couldn't see the trail and ~~xxxxxx~~ since <sup>neglected</sup> ~~xxxxxx~~ we had ~~not had the foresight to~~ bring a flashlight ~~xxxxxx~~ ~~we~~ but kept from starung off into the woods by following the gaps in the trees overhead. When we finally got back tired and hungry the ranger took pity on us and let us sleep in ~~the~~ a vacant bunk house.



The suspension bridge had not yet been built,  
 We crossed ~~the~~ Golden Gate, from Marin County to San Francisco  
 on a ferry and without spending any time in the city headed <sup>south</sup>/east  
 to the Sierra Nevada ~~which xxxxxxxxxxxx without~~ and Yosemite National Park.  
 From there we took the road over <sup>Tioga</sup> ~~Tenaya~~ Pass into Nevada. We were  
 following the Lincoln Highway that had been staked out across the most  
 uninhabited regions of the country with red, white and blue posts. In  
 places the highway was essentially nonexistent, One of these we came  
 upon in Nevada was a dry lake bed which stretched out <sup>for miles</sup>/before us, a flat  
 and featureless plain of ~~xxxxxxx~~ <sup>low</sup> pale hard clay, to a distant ~~horizon~~.  
 The tracks that had entered this lake bed faded and dispersed as we  
 advanced into it. There were no markers, no Lincoln Highway posts, no  
 So pulled down  
 need to steer the car. /We ~~advanced~~ the hand throttle on the steering post  
 and both of us climbed out onto the engine hood and sat on the radiator  
 with our legs hanging down in front, assigning all responsibility to  
 in a  
 the mechanical whims of the automobile ~~with~~ the carefree exhilarating  
 on at <sup>top</sup> speed of 45 miles per hour  
 spirit of utter freedom. The car continued <sup>towards the</sup>/in a more or less straight  
 line/far ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ shore, which loomed ever higher as we approached ~~it~~.  
 it revealed its character of barren desert scrub character,  
 until when we were close in / ~~revealed xxxxxxxxxx line in xxx highway markers~~  
 We found no exit, no car tracks, no Lincoln Highway posts until we had followed  
 the lake bank for some distance south. At the first sign of  
 civilization we came to, a trading post and gasoline pump, we filled up  
 with gasoline at the then unheard of price of 75 cents a gallon. Until  
 we reached Salt Lake City on a Sunday the trip was uneventful. It  
 changed there abruptly as we were driving down the wide main street in  
 the center of the city when a plain clothes <sup>dismissing his badge</sup> man jumped on the running  
 board and ordered us to pull over. He asked us where we were from and  
 where we were going and for our drivers licenses and then directed us to the  
 police station. In the police station we were questioned again and Del  
 when asked his age replied with considerable asperity, <sup>16</sup> the same as it was

ten minutes ago.<sup>h</sup> We were suspected of having stolen the car because it carried Massachusetts plates and we couldn't produce a bill of sale. To that we replied with irritation that in Massachusetts one <sup>is</sup> ~~was~~ not required to carry the bill of sale for his car around with him, that we did have the registration certificate for the car, and furthermore that ~~the rights of~~ <sup>the rights of</sup> ~~reciprocity agreements covering motorists~~ between states ~~was~~ <sup>assured</sup> ~~protected them from having~~ covering motor vehicle regulations ~~protected~~ <sup>of reasonable and curtious treatment</sup> motorist ~~from reasonable treatment~~. The officer realizing the rediculousness of his suspicion that we had stolen the car by resorting to higher authority <sup>home of</sup> but to save his face/ordered us to drive him out to the ~~chief of police~~ chief of police. We found him in his yard repairing his fishing tackle. After listening to our protestations <sup>against</sup> ~~for~~ the harassment we had been subjected to and lecturing us on the duties of his officers he dismissed the case against us. The officer then rather sheepishly asked us to drive him back to the police station.

I remember little about the remainder of the drive back to Chicago except for an encounter with a rattle snake in Nebraska. From Chicago Belafield returned to his home in Connecticut by train. He had had enough of driving, and ~~I~~, after a few days alone in the ~~family~~ empty Winnetka house - the rest of the family was in Maine - I drove back to Cambridge alone.



opportunity

The ~~time~~ came two years later after my graduation from Harvard to realize my <sup>ambition</sup> desire to see ~~AMERICA~~ the American west in the way my boyhood friend had done it by going on the bum~~p~~. Father and mother had organized a trip to England and Norway on which they proposed to take the whole family, ~~but~~ I told them I wanted to go west instead but did not say how I planned to do it, knowing that father would very much disapprove on moral grounds that to ride freight trains would be cheating the railroads. They tried hard <sup>nevertheless</sup> to dissuade me, needless to say without success. I persuaded a classmate Francis Birch, who became a famous geophysicist, to accompany me. For the journey I had made two bedroll packs of canvass with ~~back~~ straps for back packing ~~in~~ which held a blanket, ~~and~~ extra clothing and a minimum of personal effects. The canvass <sup>pack</sup> was made <sup>opened</sup> ~~and~~ ~~was~~ ~~in~~ such a way that it could be ~~spread~~ out to serve as a waterproof sleeping bag. With this minimum baggage <sup>a small sum of money each</sup> and a twenty dollar bill/sewed into the fly of our trousers, we set out from Winnetka after ~~the~~ my family had departed for Europe. First we hitch hiked on the

13a highway to Waukegan, Wisconsin where we went to the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railway station and inquired about trains for St. Paul. We were told there would be one leaving in the evening. Our plan was to bum our way west from St. Paul and Minneapolis on the Great Northern Railroad, because <sup>my hobo friend had told me that the Great Northern was more permissive</sup> ~~because~~ <sup>objected less</sup> ~~my hobo friend had told me that the Great Northern was more permissive~~ was not so tough about having <sup>to</sup> ~~about~~ allowing migratory workers/riding their freights than the other lines. The St. Paul or the Union Pacific, because ~~the railway employees in the northwest~~ <sup>for this supposed by being</sup> ~~the railway employees in the northwest~~

I had heard that the Great Northern was more liberal about allowing migratory workers to ride their freights than the other lines of the northwest, the St. Paul or the <sup>Nathan</sup> Union Pacific. The reason <sup>for this supposed by being</sup> ~~for this was~~ <sup>supposed to be</sup> that most of the Railroad Brotherhood employees of the Great Northern also belonged to the I.W.W. <sup>which was</sup> the union to which the <sup>of the</sup> common laborers belonged. <sup>the</sup> migratory workers.

The first stage of the trip was quite conventional, paying our fares on the Chicago and Northwestern to Milwaukee. From Milwaukee we went on to Oshkosh but by what means I do not remember although we probably went legitimately by train. Starting in Oshkosh our mode of travel ~~changed~~ became surreptitious and extralegal. I seem to remember that we inquired at the railroad station about trains for Minneapolis and were told that <sup>a local</sup> ~~one~~ would be coming through in the evening. Our plan was to ride ~~the~~ <sup>an</sup> freight trains of the Great Northern Railroad west from Minneapolis. ~~It was commonly believed~~ <sup>It was commonly believed</sup> that Great Northern was ~~less~~ <sup>less</sup> rigid in its policy attitude towards tramps, bums and migratory workers using its freights than were the other lines of the northwest, the St. Paul or the ~~Union~~ Northern Pacific. The reason for this was supposed to be that many of the railroad employees of the Great Northern belonged to the I.W.W. the union also of migratory workers.



Our train for St. Paul <sup>consisted of</sup> ~~was a local with~~ coaches and a baggage car  
 for express and mail. We waited for it in the dimly lighted side of the  
 tracks opposite the station platform. We did not board a coach but  
 when the conductor <sup>gave</sup> ~~signaled~~ the engineer the all clear signal who replied  
 with a short blast of the whistle and started the locomotive ~~we~~ <sup>then</sup>  
 climbed onto the front end of the baggage car immediately behind the  
 engine's tender. A narrow recessed vestibule outside the locked front  
 door provided a place for two people to stand or sit without being conspicuous  
 This was the traditional way to hitch a ride on a passenger train and  
 was called riding blind baggage. The train rumbled and clattered through  
 the night puffing smoke and steam. In the early morning the train stopped  
 at a water <sup>tower</sup> ~~tank~~ to refill the tanks in the tender and the fireman, who had  
 climbed up on top to position the water tower spout, saw us and remarked  
 more to himself than to us, "Well, <sup>just</sup> ~~see~~ all our passengers". He didn't,  
 however, tell us to get off and soon <sup>the time</sup> the train was underway again. The  
 next stop was La Crosse, Wisconsin. By then ~~we~~ were shivering with cold  
 and to warm up had climbed down on the off side from the station and were  
 warming our hands on the cylinder of the locomotive when ~~the~~ a railroad dick  
 discovered us and led us into the station where he told us he would put us  
 in jail unless we paid out fare from the station <sup>where</sup> ~~we~~ got on. We told him  
 it was the last stop <sup>back</sup> ~~before~~ which we happened to remember and it cost us  
 about a dollar <sup>apiece</sup> ~~apiece~~. The detective then ordered us to ride no more  
 passenger trains but that we could catch a freight in the yards about a mile ~~to~~  
 down the tracks. There we found a group of switchmen sitting in the sun  
 in front of a freight shed. We told them our story and asked ~~about the~~  
 when the next freight train would be coming through. They said there would  
 be no trains that day because it was Sunday and then advised us to try to  
 pick up a ride on the highway. They were sympathetic about our predicament and  
 vouched-safe the opinion that the dick would get hurt if he treated others

as he did us.

On the highway we were very lucky. Before we had walked far <sup>Down Arrow</sup> a ~~Manion~~ touring car we ~~flagged~~ stopped and the driver asked where we were going. Minneapolis we said and we were invited in; he was headed there too. His wife was with him in the front seat so we rode in back. During the ride he told us he was an architect and we confided what we were doing and how we planned to procede west from Minniapolis. He dropped us off at the Great Northern Railway station wishing us luck.

When one sets out to travel by freight trains he does not ordinarily start at the main passenger terminal of a railroad in a major city; he seeks out the freight yards on the outskirts of the city where the freight cars are assembled. What we did, however, was inocent and unorthodox. We walked into the Great Northern station through the main entrance for passengers, crossed the lobby to the platform gates and out onto a platform. No one acosted us. There were no trains in the station. We walked down <sup>to end of the</sup> the platform ~~xxxxxxx~~ and oytonto the tracks, and continued on for some distance until we reached what apperaed to <sup>be</sup> freight yards. Eventually we came across a switchman whom we asked where we could find a freight train going west. He didn't seem particularly surprised <sup>our</sup> by ~~the~~ question and told us that a freight would be going out that afternoon, that we could recognize it because it would be a long one, and that it would slow down at the last switch. We waited for some time until finally a what appeared to be long train came by. We climed into an empty box car. After a short distance the train stopped then backed up a ways and was still. We were puzzled but waited until we heard a knocking sound down the line of cars. On loding out we saw a man sealing the doors of the box cars. He told us the train was going nowhere that night. By then it was dark. Pretty soon we hear the rumble of another train approaching and saw as it got near that it was <sup>hauled</sup> pulled by a huge locomotive - not a switch engine - and was made up of many cars - box cars, cattle cars,



, condola cars, and flat cars. We managed to climb into an empty cattle car, not perhaps the best choice, but in the dark we couldn't be choosy. The floor was thickly covered with mostly dried cow dung. We had hoped to find an empty box car in which we could spread out our sleeping bags for the night but in this car that was out of the question and we realized we hit upon in for another sleepless night. The best solution was to sit on our packs placed against ~~at~~ one end of the car where the dung was dry and try to sleep sitting up.

The through freights between the middle west and the Pacific coast, for ~~economy~~ <sup>of</sup> reasons, were made up of approximately 100 cars, usually many types with ~~invariably~~ <sup>usually</sup> of ~~great~~ <sup>many</sup> variety although box cars usually predominated and intermixed with condolas, refrigerators, flat, and tank cars. Freight trains were never hauled straight through but stopped at the division points along the line, which were spaced <sup>main</sup> ~~about~~ every 200 miles, for a change of crews and engines, and in ~~more~~ <sup>greater</sup> regions where the grades are steep in the mountains, to couple on for ~~more~~ <sup>one to pull and</sup> traction another locomotive and sometimes two, one to push at the rear. In these days before the advent of the diesel engine one of the special distinctions of the railroads was the sound of their locomotive whistles. The Great Northern engines let out a blast audible for many miles, (a half rumbling roar, ~~and~~ half vibrating screech), that echoed and re-echoed from canyon walls. At the division points changes were sometimes made in the makeup of the train; a few cars dropped off to be replaced by or added <sup>is</sup> ~~others perhaps containing local produce, or empties returned.~~

Every long freight ~~was~~ made up of cars from many lines, The Santa Fe, Union Pacific, Great Northern, Rock Island, New York Central, Pennsylvania, Southern Lines and many others. This is because it is cheaper to send freight cars from one region ~~to~~ of the country to another without unloading and reloading at every change from one railroad network to another. the result of reciprocity agreements ~~between~~ to circumvent the necessity for transloading from one line to another.

At the first division point we left the cattle car, found<sup>a</sup> a cafe  
 near the railway station and ~~ordered~~ ate that cost a hearty breakfast for twenty five  
 cents. Then we walked out to the end of the yards where all the sidings  
 converge onto the main line and waited for ~~the~~ our train. At many of  
 these yard ends on either side of the railroad embankment are thickets of  
 willows nondescript bushy thickets, and sometimes the track crosses a  
 wide culvert. border the ~~railroad embankment~~ <sup>main line on either (what is not an uncommon feature)</sup>  
~~the railroad embankment~~ <sup>the railroad embankment</sup> ~~on either side and frequently~~  
~~crosses a stream bed or is penetrated by a wide culvert.~~  
 Here migratory workers, hobos, ~~and~~ tramps and bums hang out while waiting  
 for a freight. Within these thickets one often finds the remains of camp  
 battered  
 fires, rusty tin cans, ~~messes~~ cooking utensils, and other signs  
 of occupation  
~~that someone has camped there.~~ These places are the wobbly jungles union,  
 named after ~~the workers union~~ the International Workers of the World/  
 the I.W.W., a socialist organization ~~that~~ established under Marxist  
 influence at the turn of the century. <sup>to overthrow capitalism</sup> Many of the migratory workers  
 belonged to this union along with the very respectable railroad employees.

It was ~~in~~ in one of these wobbly jungles that we ~~were~~ first  
 learned about union solidarity. A fellow traveler recognizing that we  
 were not cast from the same mold as the majority of our companions, and  
 perhaps motivated by a compassion to save us from the dire consequences of  
 innocence, asked if we had ~~red~~ cards. Red cards we learned were certificates  
 of membership in the I.W.W., necessary passports for riding the freights.  
 Without a card one ran the risk of being rolled by a brakeman, meaning  
 thrown off the train. We ~~are~~ were also informed that at the next division point  
 a delegate of the union would sign us up, <sup>which</sup> ~~and~~ in fact ~~that~~ is precisely  
 what occurred when our kind <sup>by</sup> advisor introduced us to a more prosperously  
 dressed older man who sold us our membership cards. The Membership card  
 is a small <sup>red</sup> booklet measuring 2 3/4 by 4 1/2 inches containing the preamble  
 to the constitution of the Industrial Workers of the World which begins:  
 The working class and the employing class have nothing in common.





At Cut Bank, a divison point on the Milk River a tributary of the Missouri, we were all driven off the train by an irate, hard nosed yard detective who prevented us from reboarding when the train pulled out. In steady rain we holed up in the wobbly jungle, taking to our sleeping bag to keep dry. After dark the dectective went off duty and we were able <sup>then</sup> to get on the next freight. We had <sup>heard</sup> learned from (talk between) our (fellow) travelers <sup>long</sup> of a rumor that a lumber camp south of Glacier National Park was looking for workers and we decided to try our luck there. So we left the train at Belton west of the Continental Divide and the first thing we did <sup>after finding</sup> was to find a secluded place on a ~~ri~~ creek bank, ~~xxxxxx~~ <sup>way to</sup> give ourselves a long over due bath and wash our clothes. The next day, a Sunday, we found the camp and were immediately hired. The forman told us ~~xxxxxx~~ he would put us to work right away, to which we agreed, and he ~~xxxxxx~~ set us to digging a garbage pit. After ~~p~~ excavating what we thought was an emrmous hole, we were scornfully told it was not nearly big enough and to enlarge it by several times.

The camp had only recently opened and was engaged in building a logging road through low land forested in cedar a d worthless <sup>tree</sup> timber to reach more valable <sup>tumble</sup> trees. Early the next morning we were assigned as swamper (those who clear brush and trim the branches from ~~xxxx~~ <sup>felled</sup> trees) to two Swedish lumber jacks. They were cutting down the largest cedars, trees at least 3 feet in diameter, and sawing them into 16 foot length to be used for the construction of a corduroy road. Our job was to follow along behind them and split these logs in half. We were <sup>provided</sup> ~~xxxxxx~~ supplied with axes, wedges and ~~xxxx~~ mauls. ~~Besidesxxxxsplittingxxxx~~ Before we could begin the splitting we usually had to clear away a ~~xxxx~~ <sup>scud</sup> of tangle of brush and branches, and ~~xxxxxx~~ <sup>even though the logs were easy to</sup> ~~xxxxxx~~ <sup>split</sup> ~~xxxxxx~~ <sup>and rotten in the core</sup> split/we were hard pressed to keep up with the tree felling.



The camp consisted of a bunk house equipped with steel beds mattresses and blankets, a cook house with attached eating shed, a commissary and stalls for horses. As soon as we were installed in the bunk house one of the inmates, spotting our packs, advised us ~~not~~ against using our sleeping bags and to stash them under our bunk out of sight because the union had recently taken a stand against blanket stiffs and won a contest with camps requiring them to provide mattresses and blankets. The food at the camp was very plentiful and good, a victory also for the Union. For breakfast there was hot and cold cereal, fried eggs with ham and bacon, hashed potatoes, ~~and~~ steak and coffee.

~~week at least of splitting cedar~~

After a ~~few days of swamping~~ and the corduroy road, constructed from the split logs, had advanced a considerable distance I was reassigned to handling a fresnough, a scoop <sup>with handles</sup> for ~~dig~~ moving dirt and gravel/drawn ~~and~~ controlled with two handles like a wheelbarrow by a horse. The scoop was ~~filled~~ in gravel pit by lifting up on the handles to direct the lip of the scoop into the ~~ground~~ gravel and ~~when~~ the scoop could be directed into the ground until filled. ~~It was then~~ lowering them when it was filled. It was then pulled along the ground to the place ~~where the dirt was to be delivered and dumped~~ by throwing the handles forward to upset it.

After a week, at least, of splitting cedar for the corduroy road which by then had been laid down for a considerable distance into the forest, the next step was to cover the logs with dirt and we were given new jobs. I was assigned to handling a fresnough, a scoop attached to a U-shaped bridle drawn by a horse for moving dirt and gravel. The scoop is controlled with two wooden handles like a wheel barrow by the operator following along behind. By raising the handles ~~the lip of~~ the scoop can be directed into the dirt until filled. To fill the scoop the handles are lifted causing it to dig into the dirt and when filled are lowered. It is then pulled along the ground to the place where the dirt is to be delivered and dumped by throwing the handled forward upsetting it.

logger with strikingly mongoloid features,  
 One ~~XXXXXX~~ in ~~the~~ camp ~~was~~ a tough character with a belligerent  
 disposition and a propensity for picking fight at the ~~XXXX~~ slightest provocation,  
~~XXX~~ had acquired the reputation of camp bully. And even when not sore at  
 someone/<sup>he</sup> was constantly challenging others to put on the gloves with him.

One of the loggers, a tough character with strikingly mongoloid  
 features, a belligerent disposition and a propensity for picking fights  
 at the slightest provocation had/<sup>justifiably</sup> acquired the reputation of camp bully.  
 And, although he had his coterie of sycophants, he was avoided by most  
 of the men because he was constantly challenging them ~~XXXXXX~~ out of bravado  
 put on the gloves with him. Blacky, the nickname for one of the skimmers  
 who had brought his own horse to the camp, was a huge man whose face was  
 mostly concealed beneath a full, bushy, black beard. He was a man of mild and  
 and peaceful disposition, but probably because of his size was regarded as  
 a threat by the bully to his dominant position and therefore had to be  
 challenged. Blacky, however, who had/<sup>boxing</sup> no experience ~~with~~ or desire to  
 fight refused to be coerced into conflict, but <sup>because of his pacific nature</sup> unfortunately many of the  
 men accused him of cowardise, having hoped he would be their surrogate to  
for ~~to~~ <sup>urged him to become</sup> ~~act as~~ <sup>for</sup> ~~avenged~~ their humiliation, and misinterpreting his pacific nature,  
 Since no one was willing to take on the logger Francis came forward and  
 offered to box with the logger. I did not witness the fight but since it  
 apparently ended in a draw Francis/<sup>standing in the camp</sup> and mine by association were  
 considerably enhanced. People came up to me after the fight to ask/<sup>in awe</sup> where  
 my friends learned to box.

<sup>in camp</sup>  
 We had been ~~working~~ about two weeks and I was still working with  
 the fresnough when we got fired. The excuse for letting us go was an  
 accident I had with the scoop <sup>which</sup> ~~that~~ I was dumping at the edge of the  
 corduroy road as directed. As it went over one of the handles caught  
 between two logs and snapped off. By bad luck, the boss happened to be  
 watching. I was sent back to camp for a new handle and that evening we  
 were given our time. We were paid a little over two dollars a day.



We walked out of Camp the next morning ~~and then~~ to Columbia Falls, about 18 miles, where we got a freight on the Great Northern to Spokane, Washington and on to Pasco on the Columbia River. We were thrown off the train ~~freight~~ at Pasco and warned against riding any freight out of that city. Pasco had a reputation among ~~bums and hobos~~ <sup>tramps</sup> as a bad town. So we walked to west side of the ~~a~~ railroad bridge and were able to jump a Union Pacific freight to Auburn, south of Seattle. ~~From~~ <sup>IN</sup> Auburn we managed rather fast moving to board a train going south, probably a Southern Pacific freight, that we stayed ~~until~~ with all the way to Eugene, Oregon when we were again bumped off. It was probably then that we decided we had had enough and turned back. We worked our way northeast <sup>by rail</sup> to The Dalles on the Columbia River, which was then free flowing before any of the dams that impound its waters had yet been constructed. While scouting around in the freight yards east bound for a made-up ~~freight~~ freight that looked as though it were about ready to pull out, we were ~~asked~~ <sup>accosted</sup> by a plain clothes policeman and questioned at length about where we were from, whether we had come from Portland, where we were going and asked our names. When we appeared to be innocent of any criminal act we were ~~we~~ informed that the police were on the lookout for two men from Portland wanted for murder. Then we were ordered out of the yards and told not to come back. Night overtook us out on the highway and since the chance of hitching a ride seemed remote indeed we searched for a sheltered place to hit the sack. The road was bordered by a bushy chaparral in which a small spot of large enough for our ~~where~~ we found enough clear ground surrounded by bushes to spread out our sleeping bags. The next morning we discovered we had camped in a thicket of poison ivy, but <sup>luckily</sup> were not effected by it.

The rest of the journey in retrospect is vague and dreamlike ~~and~~ in which only a few episodes stand out clearly in my memory. We ate in railroad cafes and traveled on the Northern Pacific <sup>all</sup> across Idaho and <sup>all</sup> of Montana into the wheat belt where the harvest was in full progress.

and many of our fellow travelers were headed. One train we rode somewhere in Idaho was made up almost entirely of tank cars. There was no safe place to sit, it was night, ~~and~~ we were tired, and to <sup>avoid spots from going to sleep</sup> prevent our falling off <sup>should tell go</sup> if we went to sleep we strapped ourselves to the hand rail on the side of ~~the~~ a tank car with our belts. I also found that I could stand on the cat walk put both arms through the hand rail so that it was under my armpits, hang there and ~~go~~ to sleep.

Coming into Montana one evening on a long freight made up of box ~~cars~~ and empty gondola cars it stopped <sup>the</sup> at a division point for crew and engine change near the small town of Paradise northwest of Missoula. A large number of riders, maybe twenty or more, got off and all of us went into the railroad station cafe for coffee and doughnuts and then we ~~all~~ went back into the yards to await the train's departure. We hadn't been waiting long when we were ~~all~~ rounded up by railroad detectives and herded back to the station because someone had skipped out without paynig for his <sup>and</sup> ~~road~~. No one admitted to the crime ~~so~~ we were warned that none of us would be <sup>get on again until</sup> ~~allowed to board the train~~ <sup>was caught</sup> the culprit confessed or ~~were apprehended~~. In the mean time while the police searched the yards we were advised to <sup>for us</sup> stay on the platform and were told that the train would slow down/as it came through ~~xxxxxxx~~. It was not long before the detectives returned with a shabby meek man who confessed he had not paid because he had no money. Somebody paid for him and he was let go. Then he was bawled ~~on~~ out by ~~the other riders~~ his companions for putting them all under suspicion and giving migratory workers a bad name. He should have told them he was broke and they would have paid for his coffee. As promised the train did slow down at the platform,

I remember little about the rest of the journey except that most of the men left the train in the plains states for the wheat harvest while Franics and I went on towards Chicago. How we finally got home I do not know, only that <sup>recall</sup> ~~bathe~~ and close



only that bathes and clean clothes were luxuries we had been looking forward to for some time. Francis went home to Cheve Chase by ~~xx~~ passenger train and I stayed in Winnetka until my parents returned from Europe. When I told them what I had been doing they were very surprised <sup>interested</sup> and ~~fascinated~~ <sup>reproach</sup> and ~~did not reproach me~~. Father did not ~~xxxx~~ me ~~for~~ cheating the railroads/

This adventure ended for fifteen years ~~my~~ all further exploration of the west. I had graduated from Harvard with a degree in Chemical engineering but my interest had turned away from engineering and ~~diverted~~ to the more exciting and stimulating organic and biochemical fields. I entered the Harvard Medical School in the fall where in my second year I became acquainted with and greatly influenced by Dr. Hans Zinsser the head of the bacteriology department. My intention had never been to practice medicine but to use ~~d~~ medical education as a step towards a career in biochemical research. After graduation I obtained a position in the bacteriology department as a teaching assistant with time for research, which I pursued for several years, until I received an appointment as a tutor in the Biochemistry Department at Harvard. During that period/I <sup>until 1939</sup> was a research assistant to Dr. Wyman. My interest in photography, which I had ~~been~~ almost completely given up during Medical School years, revived after graduation to become an increasingly important avocation. I began to photograph more on weekends and intensively on summer vacations gradually accumulating a large number of prints, which, were first seen and criticised by Ansel Adams at a dinner party near Boston and later, after I had been introduced to him by my brother painter, by Alfred Stieglitz who criticised them unsparingly, <sup>but</sup> ~~Stieglitz xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ was also encouragingly, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Once a year thereafter I would go down to New York with a box of photographs to show to Stieglitz, who continued to give me kindly advice until one unforgettable day in October 1938, after <sup>twice</sup> looking at what I had brought <sup>twice</sup>, he said, "I want to show these".

My photographs were exhibited by Alfred Stieglitz at his gallery from to An American Place for three weeks ~~in~~ December 1938 ~~and~~ January 1939. This event changed the course of my life. My research had not been going well; I had made no contributions to scientific knowledge and I for<sup>saw</sup> no prospects for an academic career. It seemed obvious to me that I was a better photographer than scientist. ~~and I decided~~ I resolved to give up teaching and research for photography and at the end of the academic year in June not to seek reappointment.

Since I had freed myself from institutional connections I did not have to stay in Cambridge and could live wherever my fancy dictated. My wife's brother had moved to Santa Fe and suggested we come there. This was the west again, ~~and~~ a part of the west I had not <sup>did</sup> <sup>more</sup> seen, and so my wife and I decided to try it. We drove out to Santa Fe in the fall for the winter, but my wife didn't ~~like New Mexico~~ <sup>with you</sup> share my feeling for the west so after a year we moved back to my ~~home town~~ birth place in Illinois.

<sup>childhood</sup> But the Southwest had a romantic attraction for me that began with the camping trip (my father took me on) to the Grand Canyon. It <sup>is</sup> was a young land of sharp outlines, <sup>of denuded eroded badland,</sup> of tall buttes and steep deep canyons, ~~and~~ of exotic desert plants, <sup>and</sup> wide skies and bright sun. I returned alone several times to photograph the landscape, the adobe buildings, ~~and~~ churches, and the desert birds.

Then ~~the second~~ World War II changed everything. We moved back to Cambridge where I had a job at the Radiation Laboratory at M.I.T. developing radar. After the war my wife became more reconciled to living permanently in the west and in 1946 we moved back/to Santa Fe.