

by my very angry Father who behind his mother when my father met us on Sheridan Road, ~~told us~~ <sup>seized</sup> and ordered us all to go home all to go home and took my lasso, which I never saw again. We all suffered dire punishment, the least of which was curtailment of our freedom to be out at night, when the other parents were told of our disgraceful behavior.

We got into trouble on another occasion when we invaded the DeWint's summer house for a place to play away from adult supervision. The DeWint's place on the lake shore in Winnetka proper was a large tract of land on which the house fronted on Sheridan Road and the summer house stood farther back close to the beach almost out of sight from the house. It was discovered during our explorations of the shore in winter, and because of its isolated location, essentially immune from invasion by trespassers, was unlocked. We played there several times and although we never intentionally caused any damage we did make quite a mess of the interior. Our activities were ultimately discovered and we were made to pay for our depredations by giving a Saturday to house cleaning. We were slowly learning that crime does not pay.

For several years after father built his house the land to the north on the same side of Sheridan Road remained a wild and wooded area where we children played, picked wild flowers in the spring, hepaticas and blood root I remember in particular, and wild strawberries in summer. Then two houses were built and I remember feeling resentful at the destruction of our secret places. There were two girls in the Metler family that moved into the nearest house; Marcella my sister's age and Barbara the same age as Edward. Their father was a retired doctor. In the Fentress family in the second house were three children, two girls and a younger boy. Mr. James Fentress was an excentric, delightfully entertaining southerner,

whose relationship with his children was exceptionally sympathetic and understanding. The second girl Louise was in the age group of my brothers Edward and Fairfield with whom she and Barbara Metler became constant companions. Their play took place mostly at the Metler's and the Fentrees and evolved into a continuous game about an imaginary country they called EDFALOBABY combining the first two letters of each of their names.

Besides having a group of friends with whom serious disputes seldom arose and fights never occurred, we shared a few enemies, some more threatening than others by virtue of age and nationality. One lesser skirmish I had with a belligerent tease who persisted in calling me Idiot and dared me to fight him because he was sure I didn't have the guts to stand up to him. When I did during recess he turned his back after the first blow and his peck order standing sank to zero. A more persistent trouble maker was Paul Owsley whose house I rode past on my way to school. He would threaten to knock me off my bicycle and wash my face in the snow. He didn't desist from his bullying until he was threatened with a beating by an older boy. The most terrifying danger came from across the tracks in the person of Tony Montenaro, older and bigger than any of us, who must have felt that his self-esteem and social status required that he show those rich boys from the east side who was the better. One day near the railroad track on my way to school I was confronted by Tony. It was a frightening situation but fortunately the MacIllvaine boy who had protected me once before from being beaten up by Billy Merrill came along at that moment and was about to fight Tony on my behalf when Tony whipped out a knife. My aunt Frances, father's sister, on her way to the station saw the drama unfold and with great dignity and authority told Tony to put his knife away



saying that we don't fight with knives in this country. Tony rebuked and humiliated sulkily went away.

How I became a friend of Fairbank Carpenter I no longer remember but we soon became inseparable and I spent more time with him than with any of my other playmates. He derived ~~the~~ as much pleasure as I did from the untamed wild world. We explored the woods and the Skokie swamps and hunted for bird's nests together. It was with him that I discovered that witch-hazel blooms in the fall after the leaves have dropped. The inconspicuous flowers that grow on the ~~appear on~~ bare branches would <sup>go</sup> appear unnoticed were it not for the four, ~~long narrow yellow petals~~ narrow yellow petals that give each blossom a spidery appearance. <sup>4</sup> The east porch of my house was enclosed in winter with plate glass panels replaced by screens in the summer. Plate glass <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ a death trap for birds to whom the porch appeared to be an open space through which they could fly. As a warning that there was an invisible barrier pieces of paper were taped to the middle panel of each but in spite of this precaution occasionally a bird would break its neck ~~by flying~~ against the glass. Sometimes we had the birds with the most colorful plumage mounted by a taxidermist in Chicago and sometimes father prepared skin specimens for me. Guns have a lethal fascination for boys because the temptation to take a shot at anything that moves is almost irresistible. Fairbank owned a beebe gun and on almost the first day after it was given to him - I believe it was a birthday present - we went hunting to try it out. It proved miraculously and shockingly efficient when Fairbank shot a sapsucker in his front yard. There we were with a dead bird, still warm, proof of callous wantonness that we could not <sup>Carelessly</sup> heartlessly discard, so we decided to <sup>ask</sup> ~~take~~ my father to skin it, telling him we had found it. During the skinning he found the lead pellet and not

suspecting us of being the killers said that the bird had been shot. I remember my uncomfortable feeling of guilt, not only for killing the bird, but for the deception we had practiced. That experience did not, however, end our hunting exploits which we were shamed into permanently giving up some days later. I had found a blue jay's nest in a bush at the foot of our drive on Sheridan Road. The female bird incubating her eggs was so fearless one could almost touch her. For some inexplicable reason Fairbank and I had the macabre urge to shoot her on her nest at close range. While we were taking aim a car came by and the driver seeing what we were up to stopped and gave us a terrific bawling out, <sup>saying</sup> that shooting birds was wrong and to shoot a <sup>disgraceful</sup> bird on her nest utterly ~~shameful~~, that we should be reported to our parents. That episode was the ray of truth that struck home, shamed <sup>unacknowledged</sup> us and much to our relief saved the birds' life. ~~After~~ From then on <sup>to be an attractive sport</sup> our interest in shooting ~~waxed~~ ceased except for sporadic target practice.

Before my father bought Great Spruce Head Island in the <sup>Coast of</sup> ~~Penobscot Bay~~, Maine our summers were spent in different places; one summer with cousins of ~~my~~ father's in Peterboro, New Hampshire and another camping in the Canadian Rockies. Ever since his college days father had gone ~~xxxxxx~~ camping and exploring in the Rockies, at first with college friends and later with mother and their married friends before <sup>old enough</sup> when my sister and brothers and I were ~~xxxxxx~~ <sup>xxxxxx</sup> too young to accompany them. When my father was a young man the Canadian Rockies were <sup>still a</sup> ~~xxxxxx~~ wild wilderness and ~~xxxxxx largely~~ unmapped and the Canadian Pacific Railroad had not long been in operation. Father tells of the time he and his companions on their return to civilization, bearded and <sup>carrying</sup> ~~armed~~ with rifles, flagged down a Canadian Pacific passenger train. The terrified passengers were convinced that they were being held up by train robbers.



The first summer we were taken camping in the Canadian Rockies was at the beginning of my friendship with Fairbank. He was being sent to a boys camp in Wisconsin and wanted me to go with him and I was torn <sup>or with</sup> between spending a month with him/father and mother and my brother and sister in the Rockies. I was permitted to make the choice myself but was urged to choose <sup>the Canadian west</sup> ~~camping~~ which fortunately I was wise enough to do. Fairbank was very upset and ~~was~~ ~~expected~~ our friendship came close to perishing on that reef of dispute but when we both returned at summer's end all differences were forgotten. Due to Fairbank's diplomatic ~~XXXXXX~~ <sup>In 1913</sup> and nonaggressive nature we never had another serious dispute. /When <sup>in 1913</sup> our summers on our Maine island began the Carpenters had a summer place at Northeast Harbor on Mt. Desert Island. ~~I was permitted to invite Fairbank to visit me for several weeks and after that he came every summer very much as a member of the family.~~ I was the oldest boy in my family with three younger brothers Edward, Fairfield and John with <sup>shared</sup> whom I ~~had~~ less common interest than with boys my age which resulted in their developing a rapport in their play that excluded me. In recognition of this relationship and my need for a summer companion, <sup>my parents</sup> encouraged me to invite Fairbank to the Island for a month. After that first year he was invited every summer and became very much a member of the family.

Fairbank and I did every thing and went everywhere together. We each had Brownie cameras with which we photographed the most approachable birds, gulls and terns on grass covered islets where they nested in dense species segregated colonies. At first we were taken to these places on expeditions organized by adults and our subjects were <sup>in crevices</sup> nests of speckled eggs and the mottled gray downey young wedged/for concealment and safety. With the acquisition of more sophisticated equipment, first kodaks having faster shutter speeds and ultimately, as

we became more proficient, Graflex Cameras, the sine qua non for the naturalist. With these we spent hours at a time crowded into a tiny canvass blind that I had designed and mother had sewed together, photographing gulls in their crowded colonies and, the most appealing and exciting of all avian subjects, ospreys or fish hawks. In those years of our youth ospreys were very abundant along the coast of Maine. They built their bulky stick nests, some in trees, but the great majority on the ground on rocky ledges and treeless headlands. On ~~xxxxixixix~~ Great Spruce Head Island where we lived only one of seven osprey nests was built in a tree; all the others were located around the periphery of the island on tidal islets or barren points of rock. At these places, <sup>ten feet from the nest after the eggs had hatched</sup> we would set up our blind and crawl in with camera, sandwiches and a thermos of water. We never had to wait long for the birds to accept the blind as an inanimate addition to the environment and to return to brood and feed their young. One adult would keep watch at the nest, staring at the blind ~~xxxxxxxexxxixthe~~ with its camera eye ~~xxxxxx~~ while its mate is off fishing. ~~xxxx~~ Its return with a fish was always an exciting moment both for us in the blind and the birds out side accompanied always with enthusiastic piercing whistles by the mate on the nest.

Fairbank and I during those first years ~~inxixix~~ on the <sup>were not attracted by</sup> Island/the passerines, the song birds, of the Maine coast. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ <sup>group</sup> They were a mysterious and difficult to identify ~~group~~ <sup>more</sup> unlike the birds of woodland and prairie of the middle west we were familiar with. We knew a few songs, those of the hermit thrush, the song sparrow and the white-throats whistle, but the wood warblers were a ~~xxxxxx~~ <sup>too</sup> confusing group whose songs and plumages were difficult ~~to distinguish~~ for us to



distinguish  
~~identify~~ without prolonged observation, ~~which~~ which we did not have the  
patience to do. We found a few nests of these species and marveled  
complexity at the ~~beauty~~ and delicacy of their construction and the beauty of  
tiny nestled the/speckled eggs/within them. With our bulky equipment ~~there~~ it  
was impossible to photograph them, least of all their creators. Not  
until years later, following an abortive period of research in science,  
with equipment especially adapted to the purpose did I return to  
photograph the <sup>to</sup> passerines, and then it was/the wood warblers in  
particular that I devoted all my time in the spring of the year.

Public school years up through eighth grade were not a  
very stimulating time for me; not until I took Mr. Boyle's chemistry  
course in high school did I enjoy formal education which probably had  
schools something to do with the quality of teaching in Winnetka/before they  
educational system was <sup>made more progressive</sup> reorganized. It must have been because of an ~~xxxx~~  
by my parents awareness/of this deficiency that I was sent to the private College  
School in the next suburb, from which I was rescued by an attack of  
Mr. Clark failed  
appendicitis. The eighth grade athletic director/~~was defeated~~ in his  
attempt to make an athlete of me. I remember him only as a big man  
who wore a red knit pull-over, <sup>In</sup> ~~and~~ a conference with my mother about  
my ~~deficient~~ athletic deficiencies, (in my presence) the details of which  
but do remember the discussion his  
I have no recollection, ~~but only~~ that it/ended with/comments on Charlie  
early being widely talked about,  
Chaplin ~~movie~~ whose/silent movies were/all the rage that he couldn't  
help laughing but kicked himself afterwards. The eighth grade music  
teacher also despaired at my lack of ~~talent~~ musical talent and kept  
me after school because I couldn't sing in tune. I was punished for  
being what she called tone deaf, unable to sing the notes she struck  
on the piano. In this case my mother, who was also tone deaf, intervened  
in my behalf.

In New Trier High School the only courses I liked were  
chemistry and geometry. Latin was my bete noire and I failed English

because I couldn't spell, an inability that threatened my education until I was admitted to <sup>Harvard</sup> college. After two years in high school my friend Fairbank was being sent to an eastern boarding school, Morristown School in New Jersey, for more intensive preparation for the college entrance examinations than was provided at New Trier, and of course I wanted to go there too and begged my father to send me. I had already passed my college examinations in chemistry and mathematics but because of my difficulty with English and a foreign language - German was the language I was most familiar with because my youngest brothers had a German governess - my parents finally agreed to enter me in Morristown. They probably realized that my chances for passing the other examinations would be enhanced by the special training/a boarding school the/function provided by principal of which was to prepare its students for college. \* The English teacher at Morristown, an elderly bearded ~~xxx~~ gentleman dressed always in a dark suit whom <sup>was nicknamed</sup> ~~we called~~ the whistling deacon <sup>in mockery of</sup> for his sibilant/speech, manner of <sup>man</sup> dourly predicted I would never pass the English examination unless I learned to spell. But I did pass. The first year I lived in the upper school dormitory but the second year as a prerogative of our senior status I shared a room with Fairbank and another boy, Piran Edgerton, in a faculty house across the road from the school. Chapel was compulsory but bowing our heads during prayer was not, ~~xxxxxx the~~ a demonstration of religious independence adopted by a group of the students. Fairbank and I were able to pursue our photographic hobby at athletic events <sup>for</sup> which <sup>we were granted</sup> ~~gave us~~ special privileges during inter-scholastic games.

in the  
World War I was drawing to a close/autumn of 1918, my first year at Morristown, and <sup>at the same time</sup> ~~there was~~ a pandemic of influenza that took more lives than the war but had little effect on the school, ~~where~~ which was isolated from the outside world by the restriction of students to the



school grounds, cancellation of athletic events, and by sending us to the infirmary at the first signs of indisposition. Nevertheless, early in November on the first announcement of peace in Europe, that an armistice had been signed, the upper classmen were allowed to go into New York to participate in the celebration. As it turned out the rumor of peace was premature; <sup>the</sup> Armistice was not signed until a week later on November 11, the true Armistice Day, when a less spontaneous celebration took place which we were not permitted to witness. Times Square, the traditional center of New York City, the only place we <sup>visited</sup> <sup>so</sup> went to, was jammed with people and soldiers and sailors on leave/that motor traffic was aimlessly milling about completely immobilized. My wallet was stolen. We had been instructed to be back in school early and returned by ferry to Hoboken and the Lakawara Railroad to Morristown.

I was admitted to Harvard in the fall of 1920 with a ~~which~~ and the requirement condition in English for bad spelling, ~~probably~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~given~~ ~~an~~ ~~opportunity~~ ~~to~~ ~~take~~ Freshman English. Since I was registered in the Engineering School all my other courses were in sciences and mathematics. ~~xxreading~~ facility knowledge in a foreign language was required for graduation which I knowledge fulfilled by passing the German reading/examination. As elective courses I took history and astronomy, the latter a great disappointment since I expected to learn about the latest discoveries regarding spiral nebulae and the formation of the moon, subjects on which father had talked at length. The course was devoted entirely to a description of the planetary orbits of our solar system. From photographs of the moon and from what was known about asteroids father proposed and wrote about what he of called the boloid theory ~~xxx~~ the formation of the moon. The craters on he maintained the moon/were not of volcanic origin, as generally assumed at that time, but were caused by the impact of meteors and asteroids which were during gradually swept up by the planets and satellites in the formation of the solar system. According to father's theory all the planets should show evidence of this accretion process if only they could be seen at through unmanned space probes that close range, as has now become possible, ~~and does~~ support his conjecture. ~~but failed~~ sought cofirmation He ~~tried to obtain evidence~~ ~~in~~ from the geography ~~of the earth~~ ~~but~~ ~~the~~ ~~evidence~~ failed, with the exception of a few recent meteor craters, because ~~it~~ would have been obliterated by ~~xxx~~ ~~the~~ dynamic processes of weathering to which the surface of the earth has been subjected for millions of years, and also by the now recognized mobility of the earth's crust.

By the end of my junior year I realized that chemical engineering  
for which  
was not the field of science/I had originally held such high hopes,  
that it was the chemistry of living organisms, biochemistry, not sterile  
industrial processes, that attracted me. To continue my education  
in that broader area of chemical science I decided I would have to go



to medical school and ~~xxxxxx~~ for admission to the Harvard Medical School a one year course in biology was required, which as an extra subject I added my senior year.

For ~~all~~ my <sup>entire</sup> undergraduate/and medical school years photography was a very minor interest but with all that behind <sup>me</sup> and after I had begun seriously to pursue scientific research ~~and~~ <sup>then</sup> again photography/become an important avocation.

I had been appointed to a minor teaching position in the Bacteriology Department under Dr. Hans Zinsser. A contemporary in the department, Victor Seastone, who had also recently obtained his MD, was an amateur musician and practiced photography on the side. He used the Leica camera, the 35mm German <sup>invention</sup> ~~invention~~ that revolutionized photo-journalism

and many other fields of photography as well. I was so intrigued by his ingenuity in adapting the camera to innumerable purposes impossible with more bulky equipment that I ~~immediately~~ bought one and immediately began experimenting with it. Because of ~~its~~ the Leica's top shutter speed of 1/1000 second one of the first things I tried was to photograph the splash pattern produced by dripping water. The pictures were remarkably successful in so far as they dramatically recorded the sequence of events, ~~xxxx~~ visually impossible, in a common phenomenon,

but otherwise were no more than curiosities. I soon began to photograph more conventional ~~xxxxxx~~ <sup>bridges and buildings</sup> structural subjects/around Boston and details of ~~plant~~ <sup>trees and</sup> flowering plants and barnacled rock on the coast of

Maine during my short vacations. One of the subjects I was especially proud of was a close up of blue berries enlarged to the size of tennis balls. My return to photography as a hobby became known to friends of the family one of whom Curtis Nelson's older sister Lois Wheelwright, who lived in Cohasset, Massachusetts, invited me to dinner and

suggested that I bring some of my photographs because another photographer <sup>of whom I had never heard,</sup> would be there. The other photographer was Ansel Adams/an acquaintance

~~whom I had never heard of~~  
of her husband's. After dinner I was asked to show my pictures which I did with a certain amount of self-satisfaction. Ansel Adams looked at them but said nothing and then showed his. That was a traumatic ~~experienxxxxxxxxxx~~ and embarrassing experience; I saw immediately how vastly superior his photographs were to mine and how little I knew about photography technically, or more generally what its potentials were for creative expression. The photograph of Ansel Adams that made the greatest impression on me and that I still remember from that day - I can recall none of the others - was his famous photograph of a frozen lake in the Sierra Nevadas. Sensing my embarrassment Ansel Adams tried to encourage me suggesting that my photography could be improved by using a larger format camera and recommended a much publicized recent Eastman product that used  $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$  film. Soon after that revelation I purchased a 9x12 centimeter Linhof.

Shortly after this experience I was introduced to Alfred Stieglitz by my brother Fairfield, who had settled in New York to pursue a career in painting. Stieglitz had introduced to America the works of several of the modern French ~~painters~~ <sup>artists</sup> <sup>was first to</sup> and exhibited in his gallery An American Place painting by Americans now recognized as preeminent in their time. Among those ~~who~~ <sup>who</sup> influenced Fairfield most profoundly were <sup>whose painting he saw for</sup> the first time at An American Place. Stieglitz exhibited also ~~the~~ his own photographs and those of a select group of photographers; the probable motive behind Fairfield's introducing me to him <sup>was his hope</sup> ~~that Stieglitz~~ that Stieglitz would be willing to look at ~~my~~ and constructively criticize my photographs.

Shortly thereafter ~~I~~ Stieglitz agreed to look at a group of my photographs. He treated me kindly, contrary to what I had been led to expect, but his comment were far from encouraging. He said they were all woolly but that it was not a matter of sharpness, a description