

Porter
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After two years in medical school I began to have serious doubts about continuing on for two more years, since my original purpose in going to medical school was to obtain an education in biological sciences in preparation for a career in biochemical research. I had no desire to practice medicine and the final medical school years were principally devoted to clinical diagnosis and the treatment of patients. Not knowing who else to consult, I went to Dr. Hans Zinsser, the head of the bacteriology department, for advice. He was very understanding and advised me to take a year off to do graduate work in biochemical sciences in Cambridge, England, where he could arrange to have me admitted with the help of a professional acquaintance.

In June, 1926 I went abroad on the Dutch Line steamer Volendam, disembarked in Plymouth in order to register in Cambridge for the fall term and then went to Paris and on to Vienna by the Orient Express. In Vienna I went to a summer school for foreigners to improve my German, where I met other American, Danish, Polish and Indian students, and I lived with a Viennese family on Sievering Strasse. Life in Vienna was so very relaxed and easy going that I was not a very conscientious student neglecting the assignments that had to be done by those working for credits, and becoming a frequent patron of the Viennese coffee shops, where I acquired a taste for "Kaffeschlag," coffee with whipped cream. On weekends I went on "Ausflüge" (excursions) with some of the students; I took a Polish girl named Tamara

to the opera and fell in love with her, but she had so many admirers the competition was intense. One Sunday I invited Trude, the younger daughter in the family with which I was living, to go with me on an "Ausflug" to the Wienerwald, the forest near Vienna which is a popular place for outings. And on another occasion I accompanied Trude, along with her sister and brother, to a "Neurige" for an evening of revelry; a "Neurige" is an outdoor restaurant where "Neujahr"(new year) wine is served and where there is music and dancing. We all got very high, and I climbed onto a garden wall where flowers were growing to pick one for Trude. I think she wanted to marry me and go to America.

At the end of the school session a group of us went on a day excursion to Budapest by steamer down the Danube. In a sidewalk cafe a beggar woman asked for alms and when I gave her a handful of Hungarian coins, she threw them down and spat on them. They were apparently almost worthless because of inflation. She had spotted us as tourists and was hoping for foreign currency. We had dinner on the Margueriten Insel, in the Danube, famous for music and entertainment, and returned to Vienna by steamer at night. The trip upstream against the current took much longer; there were not enough cabins for all the passengers so the Indian student, Kival Kishan, and I spent the night on deck. He was an engineering student in a London technical school and entertained me with tales about India and about his employment as a servant of a British army colonel in the Punjab whom he hated; just as soon as he was told he had been granted a scholarship he walked out on the colonel without telling him

and always gloated at the thought of the colonel's cursing when he failed to respond to his ring for morning tea. He also illustrated how one communicated by calling in India, which brought the pilot out of the pilot house in a rage. Later in London I looked up Kival Kishan again and invited him to have dinner with me. We went to an Indian restaurant, where he would not let me pay for the meal because he spoke Hindi, claiming that I was more a guest in England than he, but in America he would accept my hospitality.

At Cambridge I was entered as an undergraduate again, enrolled in lectures in biochemistry and biology and assigned to a tutor, who gave me reading supplementary to the lectures. There was no laboratory work in connection with the courses, which would be available under the guidance of a lecturer only after I had established an aptitude for, and sufficient mastery of, the subject. I was assigned a room outside the college campus in a rooming house under the supervision of a landlady who was charged with the duty of keeping track of her student boarders. All undergraduates at Cambridge University are required to be in their colleges or rooming houses after a certain hour or they are subject to disciplinary action, which might include being "sent down"--in other words kicked out. The keepers of student rooming houses, as well as the gate keepers of the colleges, were required to lock their doors at the prescribed hour after which a student would have to ring to be admitted and would be reported for being out late. All these regulations, as well as the curriculum, made me feel that

I was being put back in school, and I began to think that this English interlude in my medical school education was a misjudgment of expectations. However, my association of an extra-curricular nature with some of the students was enlightening. I joined a discussion group in which the contradictions of the British Empire and Commonwealth and relations with America were discussed.

By the time of the long Christmas recess I had decided to return home and finish medical school. Before leaving, however, I went to Warsaw to see Tamara Morosovitch, the Polish University student with whom I had carried on a desultory correspondence. I stayed only two days during which I saw her twice and was convinced that she was embarrassed by my attentions.

After Christmas I was back in the United States and went home to Hubbard Woods for a short visit before entering medical school again following the midyear recess. While at home my sister and brother-in-law gave a party in their apartment in Chicago, and there I met Marian Brown, a Hinsdale girl home from Bryn Mawr College for the Christmas vacation. We met several times in New York after that first meeting, and I went to see her in Bryn Mawr. We became engaged and were married in her brother's house in Wilmett, a suburb of Chicago, in the spring of 1928. We lived in Boston during my last year of medical school and my first years of teaching and research following graduation. Our first child was a girl, Meredith, named for a sister of Marian's, who died of meningitis at the age of two. We had two more children, both boys; the first was named for me and

the second, Charles Anthony, for Marian's father. We first lived in an apartment on Lime Street in Boston and later in a house on Charles River Square. In summer we would go to Great Spruce Head Island in Maine for four to six weeks and lived in the big house that father had built for his large family at the beginning of the century; often my sister came, too, with her first child. Although the house was large enough to accommodate us all, my parents recognized that in-law relationships were not always the easiest and that as a permanent arrangement married children needed their own domiciles. For this reason father purchased a Hodgson portable house for us that could be assembled in a month. Hodgson houses are designed around 6 by 12 foot modules that can be put together in many different styles. The house father ordered had three bedrooms, a bathroom, living room and kitchen with adequate closets. Plans were provided for the foundation, which I constructed during our second summer. The house arrived on a cargo schooner that was beached at high tide near the boathouse and unloaded at low tide. The modules were hauled up to the site by tractor and the outer shell of the house was assembled in one day with the help of everyone on the island. Interior construction, painting, electric wiring, and plumbing kept me occupied for the remainder of that summer and much of the next.

After the first three years our marriage began to deteriorate and following a very trying period of unresolvable differences, we were divorced. Marian obtained custody of the children, and I was allowed to have them on the island for two weeks during the summer. I moved into an apartment not far from where we

had been living. Since my ex-wife obtained most of our possessions, I had to furnish the apartment from scratch, which led to my friendship with Peter Kilham, who had a workshop nearby. Peter was a very creative individual, an artist and inventor of great talent; he invented a tool for bending metal, built sporty automobile bodies and designed modern furniture. For me he made very original and utilitarian objects for my apartment. He lived a few blocks away in his family's house on West Cedar Street with his father, Walter Kilham, a widower and famous architect, a younger sister, Aline, and younger brother, Lawrence. An older brother and two older sisters lived in New York. Aline was acting as housekeeper for her father and Lawrence, who was a law student at Harvard. Their mother had been a painter of considerable talent, a faculty inherited by Aline, who besides having taken to painting as a major activity was also a gifted musician with the guitar and violin. When Aline was eleven her mother took the whole family to Paris for the winter, with the exception of Peter, who had done poorly in school and was left at home with his father. On graduation from the Windsor School in 1928, Aline received a scholarship to study painting abroad. She and her *Paris* mother went to the south of France for the summer, and in September her mother returned to America leaving Aline with a French family in Paris, where she spent the winter studying painting under Andre Lotte. This experience determined Aline's dedication to painting and the arts.

Through Peter I met his family and was invited to supper. The Kilhams had a summer house in Tamworth, New Hampshire, where I was invited to go with Peter in the spring. We drove

up there in an antique car he had remodel with an aluminium body. It was an adventurous trip during which several breakdowns occurred, but Peter was not at all dismayed; an automobile trip without mechanical trouble was very dull to him. From past experience Aline and Lawrence had wisely decided to go ahead. Lawrence was off in the woods most of the time looking for birds, and Peter was involved with his car, leaving Aline and I together most of the time. She showed me around the a house and large barn at the end of a dirt road surrounded by woods, not far from a woodland brook and isolated from the nearest neighbors. The wood frame house was a rambling structure with great charm that had been frequently enlarged. A small one room house with a bathroom nearby was a favorite sleeping place of Aline and her sisters. From that time on I began to see more of Aline and was often invited to supper. -m
Frequently we would have cocktails with her father and sometimes Lawrence in the library on the second floor and then go down to the dining room on the first floor. The kitchen was off the dining room and the room across the hall that had originally been the living room had been converted by Peter into an office. Aline did the cooking for her father, which was often a baked dish, and I remember one occasion while we were sitting alone over drinks I heard a faint pop from below whereupon Aline announced that supper was ready. She had put a whole eggplant in the oven to bake and it had burst open--a signal that it was well cooked. In the fall I invited Aline to spend a weekend with me at my cousin Margaret Clement's farm in Peterboro, New Hampshire. One afternoon we went for a walk

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in the woods, stopping to rest on a sloping rock beside a brook, and I told Aline I loved her and asked her to marry me. She said she would. We were married the following May, went to Tamworth for our honeymoon, and to Great Spruce Head Island for the summer. We rented a small house on Kirkland Street in Cambridge, where we lived until my fateful decision in 1939 to give up teaching and research for photography. 1938 was an eventful year locally and a momentous year politically: a tropical hurricane struck New England causing great damage to seacoast towns and inland forests, Hitler invaded Czechoslovakia, and Chamberlin returned to London from a conference with Hitler, waving in his hand an agreement and announcing with false assurance, "Peace in our time."