

THE
OCTAGON

A Journal of The American Institute of Architects



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Last Call for the Convention

Time—April 19, 20, 21, and 22, 1938.

Place—New Orleans, with headquarters at The Roosevelt hotel.

Program—Printed in tentative form in the March number of THE OCTAGON.

Indications are that the Seventieth Convention will equal in attendance and in attractions the conventions held in Boston and Williamsburg.

This should be sufficient reason to encourage and justify any member who may need a reason for letting somebody else run his office while he takes a few days for the relaxation afforded by meeting with his fellow architects from other states, enjoying the hospitality of New Orleans, and helping to settle the common problems of the architectural profession.

CHARLES T. INGHAM.

THE OCTAGON

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"What Is the A. I. A. Going To Do For Me?"

I HAVE had occasion recently to listen to some criticisms of The American Institute of Architects by its members; as chairman of one of its committees I have had letters reflecting such criticisms, and I am told by those best able to judge that this critical attitude is becoming more and more evident among the younger members of the profession.

The Institute, I have been told repeatedly, is asleep on its feet. It accomplishes nothing; it shirks the great issues in which its membership is interested. It ought to take a bold stand; it ought to tell the rest of the world where it gets off; it ought to make the United States Government do something about providing more jobs for Architects; it ought to step on the gas, turn on the steam, open wide the throttle, and go somewhere in a large way.

If it is true that The Institute's long record of accomplishments on behalf of the architectural profession—individually and collectively—and for the public at large are of no moment, then we may disregard all that The Institute has done with respect to Ethical Standards, Schedule of Proper Minimum Charges, Architectural Education, Public Information, Registration of Architects, Contract Document and Accounting Procedure, National Leadership and many other subjects.

If it is true that The Institute no longer serves the needs or advances the aims of its membership, there is no doubt that it is time to recast its activities along lines which will more clearly represent the aspirations of those who compose it. I believe it is very necessary, however, before undertaking such a reconstruction, to determine what these aims and aspirations are, because there are two possible alternatives: one, that the purposes of The Institute

no longer measure up to the ideals and aims of its membership; and the other that the ideals and aims of the membership no longer measure up to the purposes of The Institute.

My reason for suggesting this second alternative is that a very large proportion of the criticisms that I have heard, when boiled down to a brief phrase, amount substantially to the question "What has The Institute done for me?" or "What is The Institute going to do for me?". It was bluntly stated in the report of an Institute committee not long since that young men declined to join The Institute because they felt that it had not done enough to help them get commissions.

The aims of The Institute are set forth very clearly in the second paragraph of its By-laws:

To organize and unite in fellowship the architects of the United States of America; to combine their efforts so as to promote the aesthetic, scientific, and practical efficiency of the profession; to advance education in architecture and in the arts and sciences allied therewith, and to make the profession of ever increasing service to society.

I have studied this declaration of principle with great care and I am unable to see that anywhere in it is there the slightest indication of any intention on the part of the founders of The Institute to make the organization a direct means of putting money in the pockets of its members or of getting them jobs. It would seem rather that their purpose was, through The Institute, to give the architects of this country, as professional men, an opportunity to advance the interests of their clients, the public, and as artists to contribute to the development and perfection of the art which they practice, even though the advancement of their clients' interest

and the development of the art should be at their own expense.

Put thus bluntly, this purpose may seem to many to be absurdly idealistic and impractical.

Nevertheless, if the purpose of The Institute is not precisely that which is stated, and if it does not intend to devote its efforts to that end, then this statement of principles is a piece of hypocrisy and the sooner it is erased from The Institute documents and replaced by a frank statement of what our aims really are, the better for The Institute and the better for the individual architect.

True enough it is an idealistic statement, but if there is any place where practical idealism has its place it is in an organization composed of professional men and artists. I do not mean to suggest that an architect can disregard the fact that his profession is to him a means of livelihood. The point is that the existence of the architectural profession and the livelihood of the architect drawn from his practice of it depend entirely upon the fact that his clients believe that he will advance their interests even when they are in conflict with his own.

To indicate what I mean by this I would like to analyze the position of the architect first as a professional man and second as an artist.

As a professional man he is intrusted with the administration of the expenditure of his client's money. His only claim to have this trust reposed in him is the justified belief that he will administer this expenditure in the interests of the client even though those interests may be opposed to his.

To claim the title of an artist he must be prepared to pursue the highest aesthetic development of the buildings which he designs, even though in his research for this perfect expression he is obliged to devote a greater amount of time and money than if he had been satisfied with the first imperfect solution of the problem which presented itself to him.

In his private professional practice, therefore, he represents himself as willing to subordinate his own interests to those of his client and his work.

Just as long as his clients believe that these representations are true they will feel that it is in their interest to employ him. Whenever they believe that these representations are false and that the architect will look first to his own profit and secondly to

the interest of his client, the whole excuse for the existence of the architect disappears. So that just in the measure that the architects adopt a commercially-minded attitude towards their work, they are cutting away the ground from under their own feet and destroying their own reason for being.

This process, we must realize, has already gone far. There is no doubt whatever in my mind that the professional prestige of the architect is now declining in the public eye. I believe that this loss of prestige is due in large measure to the very fact that the public believes that the advice of the architect can not always be accepted as disinterested and unselfish, but is some times open to suspicion as an attempt to benefit himself at the client's expense.

It seems very strange that, just at the time when the world at large is beginning to feel an increased sense of social responsibility and to realize that the pursuit of the dollar is not man's most important purpose, we should find among some in our own body a tendency to revert to an out-moded philosophy of life.

It is curious also to observe how frequently this particular point of view is attributed to the younger men of the profession as if they, as a group, stood for a course of action mainly shaped in their own self-interest. It is among these men, if anywhere, that true idealism ought to be found; among men whose enthusiasms are still fresh and vivid, whose consciences are not yet dulled by contact with the cynicism of the market-place, whose responsibilities are not yet so staggering that they outweigh the claims of justice, honesty, and truth.

These are the men upon whom I believe we can depend to foster the most noble and generous view of their professional duties and responsibilities.

I believe that it is our duty when these men ask The Institute what it has done for them or what it will do for them, to tell them frankly, "You are missing the whole point of The Institute's purpose". The real question is, "What can You and what will You, through The Institute, do for the public good and for the good of your profession?"

It may be that conditions demand that there should be an organization which should be mainly concerned with the advancement of the material benefit of the architect. Even so there still remains room for an organization whose principal efforts

are concerned with those objects laid down in The Institute's present statement of principles. What we must clearly understand is that we can not carry water on both shoulders; that the two purposes are in a measure contradictory and that no possible organization can be framed which will accomplish both of them satisfactorily.

It is of course possible and indeed probable that I have misunderstood the meaning of these criticisms and have read into them something which they were not intended to express. If this is so the very fact that I have misunderstood them indicates the need for them to be stated more clearly.

If the members of The Institute responsible for them mean merely that they believe that The Institute should pursue the aims which it sets forth in its statement of principles with greater vigor and more earnest effort, and if it be true that we have in any way slackened in our pursuit of these objects let us, by all means, buckle down to the task with renewed earnestness.

If they mean, however, that the membership of The Institute desire to direct its actions toward a different goal from that laid down for it in the past; if they desire that The Institute should devote its efforts to pushing the pecuniary benefit of the architect, to getting him more and better jobs, to

making him commercially successful, let us know it and admit it and state it in plain words so that we and the public may know where we stand.

For the most important thing in life is for us to understand clearly what our own purposes are. A man who understands what destination he desires to reach, has some hope of getting there eventually even though he may reach it by a circuitous route, but the man who feels vaguely that he would like to go to Canada, and that on the other hand there would be some advantage in going to Panama, will in all probability never reach either place but will run out of gas somewhere in the neighborhood of Lincoln, Nebraska.

And the next most important thing is that we should adopt the means that are best adapted to accomplish the purposes defined. The man who has devoted his efforts to constructing an instrument of precision for scientific uses cannot reasonably complain if it is not efficient in breaking rocks. If we have deliberately built an organization which is intended to accomplish altruistic ends, to advance the public good, and to promote professional efficiency it is absurd to criticise it on the grounds that it does not at the same time directly promote our material interests and help us make more money.

FRANCIS P. SULLIVAN.

Nightowlseye View of the French Quarter

By ARTHUR FEITEL, A. I. A.

MANY authors have written of the famous French Quarter of New Orleans and many artists have also fallen under its Old World spell and have tried to depict its loveliness. However, unless one has visited this delightful and unique section one can never begin to imagine the charm of its old houses with their well planted court yards, their beautiful ironwork and very often their interesting people. This is America's great outdoor museum.

The name Vieux Carré sometimes applied to the French Quarter, derives from the fact that the original city of New Orleans was square in shape. Its fortifications contained five fortresses, one at each corner and one in the center of the side farthest from the river.

To speak briefly of its history, the city was founded in 1718 and remained in French hands until 1769 when it went under Spanish rule. Napoleon, who some Louisianians may condescend to term the Huey Long of his time, took it back from Spain in 1803. Not feeling able to hold it against the English, he immediately sold it to the United States with the rest of what was then Louisiana, extending to the Pacific, for the huge sum of \$15,000,000.00. This, the biggest real estate deal in history was completed in the old Cabildo which still stands on Jackson Square (Place d'Armes).

On this same square also stand the Cathedral, the Presbytery and the two Pontalba Buildings, which were the first apartment houses in the United

States. Nearby are the Arsenal, Pirate's Alley, Royal Street and many other picturesque sights, while Ole Man River recalls to mind old steamboat days and all their glamor.

Until about fifty years ago, the leading citizens of the city lived in the stately houses of the Quarter. But afterwards large sections were occupied by poorer Italians, French and Negroes. When a certain area of the city was closed during the late war, many of these ladies of the night moved in on the edge of the Quarter.

The atmosphere is very Bohemian and those who have resided in the Latin Quarter of Paris may be certain to feel at home in such surroundings. The whole French Quarter bubbles over with romance and the memories of the great and near-great of the past—Bienville the founder, Don Almonester y Roxas, Andrew Jackson who defeated the British here, Lafitte the pirate, Zachary Taylor, John Audubon, Adelina Patti, General Beauregard, Lafcadio Hearn, George Cable, Jefferson Davis, Paul Morphy and so on almost ad infinitum.

But there are other things less boresome than history. Don't bother your head about whether this was the house built for Napoleon or whether it was the one a few doors away, or whether Lafitte, the pirate, was a gentleman at times or a hoodlum always, etc. etc. Why not meander around with the same carefree attitude that the natives enjoy in this city of good food, good drink, carefree living, of Mardi Gras, hospitality and good cheer—"the city that care forgot".

Here it was that the first cocktail was made by a druggist named Peychaud. The word "cocktail" is said to be derived from "*coquetier*", the French word for "egg-cup" as mispronounced by the English-speaking residents. Peychaud, inventor of the well-known Peychaud Bitters, is said to have first served his cocktails in egg-cups.

The famous Sazerac, masterpiece of all cocktails, was also invented in New Orleans. Being much better drinkers than mixers of cocktails we can only tell you that this delightful appetizer contains rye whiskey, absinthe, lemon-peel oil and some sugar.

While we are talking about drinks don't forget to sample another great New Orleans concoction—the Ramos Gin Fizz. This drink, which looks like a milk-shake, makes such pleasant company with your tongue that you are liable to drink too many

of them. Think what a great genius Ramos must have been to have added so many things together with such good results. It contains milk, white of egg, gin, orange flower water, sugar, lemon juice, seltzer water, ice and vanilla, in fact everything but the kitchen stove. Shake well before drinking.

Now that you have sampled that one, how about trying a dripped absinthe or an absinthe frappé? The shrine of absinthe is the Old Absinthe House. So you might just as well go there where you can get your architecture and your absinthe at the same place—presuming that you will be in a hurry like everybody else from the uncivilized parts of the United States. It might be well to caution you that these absinthe drinks are served in glasses so cold that there is frost on the outside. Let the glass rest on the counter between sips. That way you'll be able to tell whether it is the drink or the glass that is making your hand feel so numb. Ojen or Spanish absinthe is also popular.

You'll soon find that there have been too many kinds of drinks invented here to hope to sample all of them. Some of the names of the drinks will make you dizzy even trying to pronounce them, as for instance—Tchoupitoulas Street Guzzle or Tangipahoa Planter's Punch or Roffignac Cocktail.

The visitors to the April Convention may be sure that they will be able to navigate safely under the hospitable guidance of the Louisiana Chapter. If they should imbibe a little too much in their exuberant enthusiasm for these liquid monuments, they may feel certain that we will always act the friend's part—even as the proverbial Scotchman did when he swore that his friend was not intoxicated as he saw him move his little finger. But if this misfortune of taking on too large a cargo should befall you, then it is suggested that you drink a Suisse, which is another drink, that is supposed to help you navigate in a fog.

Every saloon-keeper and restaurant-owner has a secret ambition to have a drink named after him, and like other great artists, who delight the senses of sight and hearing, these cater to a sense equally important—the sense of taste.

There are certain restaurants in the French Quarter which are world-famous. The two foremost are Antoine's and Galatoire's, which are the equal of any anywhere, while Arnaud's, La Louisi-

ane, Broussard's, Vieux Carré, Patio Royal and others are justly renowned. One may dine in courtyards with semi-tropical surroundings in certain of these establishments.

Antoine's was founded in 1840 and is now operated by the third generation. Our good friend, the late Jules, would often discourse with us on food with the same enthusiasm that an artist would have in discussing works of art. He was the inventor of a number of famous dishes among which "Oysters Rockefeller" is the best known. He said he so named it because there was nothing richer. After leaving the fire, the succulent bivalves are served on their shells which rest on hot rock-salt—just so they don't catch cold. There is also well-ground parsley, celery and other greens on each oyster and a delightful sauce, containing absinthe among other things.

The cooking of New Orleans, although at times inspired from the French cuisine, has also its own native dishes and flavors which are termed "Creole". The great number of fish of all kinds in nearby waters has likewise contributed to the epicurean tastes of the people. There are wonderful oysters, both lake and river shrimp, crayfish, crabs—trout, sheephead, red fish and dozens of other fish. Wild fowl is also abundant at certain seasons. Strange to say, there is fishing and hunting even within the city limits.

One of the most intriguing of the fish dishes is Creole Gumbo with filé. This is very thick dark soup made with one or several kinds of fish or meat or both fish and meat. It takes quite a while to prepare it, but the chef knows just when to add the crabs, the shrimp, the oysters, the okra, the tomato, the seasoning, the powdered filé—all of which is served in a soup-plate containing boiled rice. This mysterious Gumbo Creole is the New Orleans counterpart of the labyrinth of antiquity. Be sure to find your way through its surprises and delights.

Then there is Crayfish Bisque which Antoine's calls "*Bisque d'écrevisses à la Cardinal*". Another favorite Creole dish is Red Fish Courtbouillon. This is a red snapper baked with a delicious sauce built up from the flavor of the fish, and has onions, tomato, a touch of garlic and some rice.

There are also many tasty dishes made of meat or fowl and even the humble hen-fruit arrives on

the table glorified with a blue flame, causing all the restaurant lights to be momentarily extinguished in its honor.

That affable gentleman, the Count Arnaud de Cazenave, conducts the famous Arnoud's restaurant. Other restaurants may also serve Shrimp Remoulade but Arnaud modestly calls his Shrimp Arnaud. His particular reddish sauce makes this appetizer the perfect overture to a meal. After you finish these shrimp, you'll be licking up the sauce with a piece of bread like all the other well-mannered people.

Other favorite foods are the fish or fowl which are cooked in paper bags (*en papillote*), the artichokes stuffed with anchovies, the Crabmeat Ravigote of Galatoire's. Then there are dozens of French dishes cooked to perfection and with local flavors such as Coquille St. Jacques, Bouillabaisse, Trout Marguery, Soufflé Potatoes and Beefsteak Marchand de Vin.

Probably the visitor would like to top off the meal of the gods with Café Brulot. As we say in the mixed paint business, the base is made of strong New Orleans dripped coffee. This is coffee of a special roast prepared thick enough to be used on a brush. To this is added cognac, spices, sugar, orange and lemon peel each at proper time. Café Brulot is also served with a flame like a Mardi Gras parade.

Speaking of coffee, it is an old New Orleans custom to finish a night at the French Market coffee-stands before going home. We see people there who have been to the balls, parties, gambling houses, cabarets or just back from an auto ride or a-steamboat ride. Ladies and gentlemen in evening clothes may be seen riding the ponies alongside of the humble folk—each delighting in the aroma of coffee served in large thick china cups.

In this cradle of jazz-music, one sees precocious picaninies jiggling on the sidewalks to the accompaniment of music issuing forth from boxes and tin cans, or their calico-clad mummies selling those delicious candies called pralines.

The picturesque houses, lace-like ironwork, beautiful flowers, antique shops and the people who know how to laugh and to live—all of these will ever be the fond memories of those who have had the good fortune to enjoy this romantic city.

Modern New Orleans prizes its French Quarter as a great and glorious link with its Latin past.

Housing Committee Notes

THE Committee on Housing will present a report to the Convention on the morning of April 20, giving a detailed explanation of its activities since the 1937 Convention. One of the major activities of the Committee has been that of close cooperation with government agencies in Washington, and with various national organizations engaged in the housing field.

We think that one of the most important functions of the Committee is that of fostering cooperation between the architects and the Government Departments interested in housing.

U. S. Housing Authority, Nathan Straus, Administrator.

The Committee on Housing has established a cordial relationship with the United States Housing Authority, and has offered the complete cooperation of the Committee in Washington and the Chapter Housing Committees in the field.

The Committee has been particularly interested in the architects' place in the picture, and has requested the local architects to consider the matter of fees in accordance with the United States Housing Act (see page 17 of the March OCTAGON). The Committee wishes to state its belief that the United States Housing Authority desires to have the cooperation of the architects on a proper basis. We believe that the architectural profession is ready to do its part.

We have recommended that the United States Housing Authority start a program of education in the field.

Federal Housing Administration, Stewart McDonald, Administrator.

The Committee is at present engaged in a cooperative effort with the Federal Housing Administration to carry to the ten thousand architects of the United States, through regional and local meetings, an educational program to acquaint the profession with the possibilities of the new Act. In addition, the Federal Housing Administration, in cooperation with the local Chapters, is carrying on a program of clinics at which the architects will be made acquainted with all the details necessary in presenting projects for approval. At these meetings it will be possible for architects to discuss with the Technical Advisor of the Federal Housing Administra-

tion specific problems connected with the presentation of special projects. This is an especially valuable method of cooperation.

Federal Home Loan Bank Board, John H. Fahey, Chairman.

Quite a number of Chapters of The Institute are cooperating with the Federal Home Loan Bank Board in its program to educate local lending agencies as to the value of good architectural service, which includes drawings, specifications, and—most important of all—supervision. This is one of the significant programs now under way in the housing field and is of great benefit to the building public.

Technical Advisors from The Board have been in the field for many months discussing home building problems with architects, contractors, realtors, the lending groups, and the general public.

Central Housing Committee, Frederic A. Delano, Chairman.

The Housing Committee is supporting the Central Housing Committee, the Federal coordinating agency in the housing field, in its program for securing adequate appropriations for the investigation of building materials and methods of construction—the chief object of which will be the reduction of building costs.

National Association of Housing Officials, Coleman Woodbury, Director.

The Housing Committee has also been cooperating with the National Association of Housing Officials, and quite a number of architects are on the various committees of that body.

This association has been invited to join with the architects and the Government bureaus in discussion of common problems.

Letter to Planning Commissions.

The Housing Committee has sent out to about sixteen hundred Planning Commissions and Boards in the United States a letter which originated in its Sub-committee on City Planning—a communication calling attention to the advance planning required before large scale housing can successfully move forward. Copies of that communication were sent

to all Chapter Presidents and to the local Housing Committees, with the suggestion that they take steps to cooperate in this movement.

Report to the Convention.

The Housing Committee's report to the Seventieth Convention will also cover cooperation with labor and industry, building codes, taxation, industry statistics, investigation of completed projects, minimum standards for dwelling units, basic principles of the national housing movement, and any other items

which the final meeting of the committee may indicate as desirable for submission.

The Committee has been active in considering the small house problem, which is becoming an extremely vital question to the architects and the building public. It is anticipated that the housing program for the next few years will consist largely of the small house, either as a single dwelling unit or in multiple unit developments. A statement regarding this problem will be included in the report to the Convention.

Housing—Regional Planning Commissions

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The Committee on Housing of The Institute, at the suggestion of Charles H. Cheney, Chairman of its Sub-Committee on Relation of Housing to Regional and City Planning and Zoning, has addressed a letter to the Chairman of each regional and city planning commission in the United States.

There are approximately one thousand six hundred of these, and it would seem to be desirable to offer constructive suggestions to them, and to give assurance of the interest and cooperation of the architectural profession.

In order that every member of The Institute may be informed, a copy of the letter with its accompanying suggested draft of resolution is printed below.

March 17, 1938.

To the Chairman of Each Regional and City Planning Commission:

The Committee on Housing of The American Institute of Architects is engaged in the housing field—with the primary purpose of rendering such aid and encouragement to national and local housing programs as the experience and training of the architectural profession justifies.

Accordingly; on behalf of the Committee, I ask permission to offer, through you, some suggestions for early consideration by your Commission, or by a special committee appointed for that purpose:

The United States Housing Act which contemplates slum clearance and low-cost housing, the new program of the Federal Housing Administration which is intended to stimulate private building, and the program of the Federal Home Loan Bank Board to stimulate sound loans will greatly encourage both public and private housing without conflict. But these advantages are available only in those parts of your city, and of other cities, *which are found eligible.*

A most serious situation exists in nearly every city regarding privately promoted housing because in many areas *no mortgage insurance can now be obtained.* These areas are not properly eligible, because of wrong zoning, no zoning, lack of a real property inventory or a land use survey, insufficient or no neighborhood conveniences—such as parks, playgrounds, churches, and amusements—deteriorated neighborhoods, lack of proper streets, and transportation; bad special assessments and tax situations in some districts. In short, this lack of coordinated planning is the principal reason for giving low appraisals or preventing financing of new construction and alterations in these districts, a condition reported by banks, loan companies, insurance companies, and the Government agencies. These difficulties are bound to hinder the development of any slum clearance or private industry building program.

Probably few people know how bad the situation is in any city. Obviously, an accurate check-up should be made as soon as possible. Some parts of the city will be found easier to rehabilitate and will need less rezoning or other improvements than others. We suggest that these districts be worked

on first, without waiting for a general rezoning or other improvement plan involving the whole city.

In the field of slum clearance and better housing for the underprivileged, involving public aid, studies should be made now. This must be kept distinct, in the public mind, from the general volume of housing to be privately financed, mentioned above, which it is so important to undertake immediately in order to revive building and prosperity.

Determination of need and make-ready problems are planning functions. They are distinct from the administration of slum clearance housing projects, which can be organized with government aid only after the need for them is fully shown. A separate "Housing Authority" is required to manage and build a low-cost housing project, if government aid is to be obtained.

Attached hereto is a form of resolution which might be useful in putting these suggestions before your Commission. Such a resolution may at least be useful as a checking list on the items which should be included in any formal action by your Commission. It is, of course, merely a suggestion to be entirely disregarded if not appropriate for your purpose.

We would be glad to hear about your program as it may be developed, and wish to assure you of any cooperation which we may be able to extend.

Draft of a Resolution.

Containing suggestions for adoption by the Planning Commission.

Resolved, That Housing shall be a subject of study of this Commission in two fields:

(1) Housing for families able to finance their homes, by purchase or rent, whether multiple or single family dwellings; and the revisions in zoning, street planning, real property inventory, or land use survey, transportation, schools, playgrounds, parks, and social services such as churches, meeting places, and amusements, necessary to make as many districts of this city and vicinity as possible eligible for building and alteration loans or mortgage insurance, under the standards adopted by lending and insurance bodies—eligible for underwriting by the Federal Housing Administration (Stewart McDonald, Administrator, Washington, D. C.); or eligible for loans from member organizations of the Federal Home Loan Bank Board (John H. Fahey, Chairman, Washington, D. C.), and

(2) Housing for families without sufficient income to rent that minimum shelter which the community should permit; such housing to be eligible for Federal aid under the United States Housing Act (Nathan Straus, Administrator, Washington, D. C.)

United States Housing Authority

INQUIRIES received by the United States Housing Authority indicate that there is considerable misconception and misunderstanding of its powers and purposes and method of operation. The number of inquiries also indicates widespread public interest in slum clearance and low-rent housing.

In order to provide architects and the public with reliable information, the Division of Information of the United States Housing Authority has prepared a booklet setting forth the purposes, powers and functions of the Authority.

The booklet describes the manner in which the Authority operates and contains valuable statistical data on housing and slum clearance in typical cities throughout the country, and its several sections

treat of—agencies eligible for aid—local participation in development cost of project—forms of Federal subsidy—local subsidies to supplement Federal subsidy—elimination of unfit dwellings—limitations on construction cost—and low-rent character of project.

A specific example of a typical housing problem is explained in detail in order to illustrate how the Authority functions.

This publication should be of great value to the profession for reference, current information, and as a basis for articles for press releases.

Copies may be obtained from the Division of Information, U. S. Housing Authority, Press Section, North Interior Building, Washington, D. C.

A Successful Chapter Legislative Committee

The Legislative Committee of the New York Chapter of The Institute has established a reputation of accomplishment—in serving the interests of the building public and the entire architectural profession in New York State.

By request, the Chairman of that Committee, Charles C. Platt, has prepared the following statement which is published for the information of the other chapters of The Institute:

THE New York Chapter has a committee of nine members for legislative work and this committee is divided into three sub-committees for national, state and city work respectively.

Furthermore we have here in New York a Joint Committee of all the local architectural organizations, which is in effect a metropolitan association of architects whose duty it is to observe, and to speak for the city-wide profession on all local legislative measures. The chairman of the Chapter's sub-committee on city legislation is a member of this Joint Committee.

We have in New York State a State Association of Architects with a Legislative Committee whose duty it is to observe and to speak for the state-wide profession on all state legislative measures. The chairman of the Chapter's sub-committee on state legislation is a member of the State Association's Legislative Committee.

Then on national matters we have The Institute, which represents all of the Chapters and certain State Associations. The chairman of the Chapter's sub-committee on national legislation keeps in contact with the national body in this field. With the enlargement of the state association plan to embrace every state The Institute will be able to speak for the nation-wide profession and thus add to its influence in national legislation.

In this setup we have the machinery for effective legislative action in all localities, if counterparts of the committees of the New York Chapter and the New York State Association were organized and functioning in every state.

The metropolitan group or Joint Committee through its executive secretary scans the City Record for legislative measures of interest to the profession and word is immediately passed on to each local organization with recommendations. The respective legislative committees consider these and report back. The consensus of opinion is then formulated and the officers of the Joint Committee press the

matter with the legislative, administrative and political leaders. They enlist the support of the engineers and other professional associations and the civic and sympathetic trade associations, while the individual members of each society circulate the profession's point of view among their district leaders and representatives personally. Thus is built up a strong case backed by the voting power of the profession which the legislative, executive and political leaders must reckon with.

The State Association's Legislative Committee and the individual members of the profession function in a similar manner with respect to state legislation; and so also should national legislation be handled. The main trouble encountered is the apathy of the individual member and his failure to do his share; also the failure of the group organizations to press their work in all quarters and in a thoroughly organized fashion.

The key to the whole procedure is the prompt and efficient preparation of a brief, much like a lawyer's brief, setting forth the well-considered position of the societies. The brief should preferably be signed by the executive officers of the associated organizations to give it full weight and dignity.

This brief serves two purposes, it is used by the delegations appointed to call on the various public and civic officials and is left with them, and it is used by the individual members in calling on their district representatives and is left with them.

Now let it be understood that the New York situation is not quite as ideal as here pictured. The membership cannot be criticized, however, unless they have the tools to work with. The brief is an all-important document and it has not been readily forthcoming. It is too easy to talk rather than write the facts and reasons, but it is the written word that carries the most weight and it is the only means of unified and simultaneous distribution.

The writer wishes especially to commend the personal visit by each member to the legislators

representing his district, be it city, state or national legislation that is involved. From personal experience, he has found a uniformly courteous reception, a willingness to hear the presentation of the case, and an earnest effort to cooperate.

In many cases the legislator knows nothing of the measure before it is passed and may know little more thereafter; but the fact that you are a constituent from his district makes it a personal matter, and even under political pressure from above he will go a great way to maintain his personal prestige and shun an injurious action that he feels will hurt someone personally and at the same time might have embarrassing political consequences in his own particular bailiwick.

Our problem here in New York is to meet and frustrate an organized movement of the civil service groups to enact laws limiting the service of the private architect on public work to that of a consultant and advisor, the plans and supervision being furnished by a government agency. In the city such a provision is now contained in the new charter, due largely to the lack of concerted action by the architects of the city, though a broad construction of the provision may at least temporarily nullify the restriction.

A counterpart of such a provision in the State law is now being launched in the State legislature for the second consecutive year. It passed the Legislature last year and was vetoed by the Governor. This year it is being more effectively opposed with strong prospects that it will die in the legislature.

On the affirmative side of our legislative work we are sponsoring a bill in the State legislature to make supervision mandatory by the architect preparing the plans. In the New York City charter experienced supervision is required, but a building superintendent of 10 years experience may make the supervision affidavit in place of the architect. In the State, some similar provision is being sponsored by the State Association as a compromise measure, with the hope that a future amendment may more securely establish the architect's proper authority and responsibility.

The New York Chapter will shortly have a meeting devoted to these particular matters and their reactions, experiences and conclusions should be of further interest to The Institute at large.

EDITOR'S NOTE: It is hoped that this complete pattern and vigorous program will be of service as a guide, or at least as a valuable suggestion.

University of Pennsylvania

JOSEPH V. HORN FELLOWSHIP IN ARCHITECTURE—1938-1939

THE School of Fine Arts of the University of Pennsylvania announces the Joseph V. Horn Fellowship, carrying a stipend of \$1,000.00 to be awarded for the year 1938-1939. The holder of this fellowship will be selected by competition from candidates qualified for graduate study in Architecture.

The competition will be conducted from May 16th at 9:00 A. M. to May 28th at 6:00 P. M. by local supervisors who will issue the program and receive the problems at the appointed hours. Applications should be accompanied by statements from those agreeing to act as supervisors.

The competition will be judged by a special jury.

Applications must be made by letter, not later than April 16th to the Chairman of the Committee on Prizes, Professor Harry Sternfeld, School of Fine Arts, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia.

Applicants will submit, with their applications, credentials as to character, and scholastic attainment, at the same time applying for admission as students on regular application blanks supplied by the School of Fine Arts of the University of Pennsylvania; this act, of course, not committing them to attendance in case they should not be awarded the Fellowship. Address all applications for admission as students in the University of Pennsylvania to Professor George S. Koyl, Dean of the School of Fine Arts, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia.

The candidate selected shall agree to perform and complete at the University of Pennsylvania the full year's program in Design, and other subjects as may be required of him, giving full roster time to this program.

Regular tuition and other fees will be deducted from the stipend of the Fellowship.

Oregon Active in Public Information

ABSTRACT OF A REPORT BY MARGARET GOODIN FRITSCH, A. I. A., CHAIRMAN
OF THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION OF THE OREGON CHAPTER

THROUGH the offices of Mr. Jamieson Parker, past president of the Oregon Chapter, we have succeeded during the past year in ousting a "plan-factory" house design service that appeared every Sunday in the "Oregonian", superseding same with designs prepared by our membership. These have appeared weekly for the past twenty-five weeks and the "Oregonian" promises to continue them indefinitely as long as we furnish the copy.

Our Sunday feature usually consists of a three-column spread in the real estate section illustrating two floor plans and a perspective of a home, together with a six to eight-inch news column describing the design. A picture of the designing architect is included together with a brief note of his education and training. Each design is usually accompanied by a captioned heading clear across the page in bold-faced type. The name "Oregon Chapter" and "American Institute of Architects" usually appears once or twice each Sunday. This service is extended to Chapter members only and not to other registered architects, but the Oregon Chapter contains more than 65 per cent of all the practicing architects in this state. Several of our members have reported obtaining work directly from this source.

In addition to this weekly feature, Mr. A. Glenn Stanton, a member of our Committee, last summer edited a series of full-page weekly features of Oregon homes for the magazine section of the Sunday "Oregonian" which illustrated and described homes completed in the past few years. This series attracted such favorable comment that two

California periodicals have asked permission to reproduce cuts from same, which are to appear shortly after the first of the year.

We make it a point of always inviting and having as guests at our annual dinner the press representatives from each of the four local newspapers. In this way we keep on familiar and friendly terms with them.

We feel in this Committee that the weakness in publicity methods of provincial Chapters such as this one lies more in the direction of national publicity. Our members are very dilatory in preparing and sending material to the architectural magazines. As a result very little publicity appears in the "Forum", the "Record", "American Architect", etc., of the best work in cities like Portland, Seattle, Spokane, etc. This same criticism applies to all outlying Chapters except in California. As a result the national periodicals are filled with material from the large metropolitan centers and the provincial architects have little opportunity to enhance their own reputations in the profession. We feel, here in Oregon, that our residential work is on a par with the work done anywhere in this country, but no one knows it but ourselves, and that the best of our commercial work ranks favorably with that done elsewhere.

NOTE: The above is the first of a series of articles dealing with Chapter activities in public information. The A. I. A. Committee on Public Information, of which William Orr Ludlow of Madison, N. J., is chairman, invites other Chapters to submit similar reports for publication in THE OCTAGON.

Tennessee Chapter Invites Delegates and Members

THE President of the Tennessee Chapter, Charles I. Barber, on behalf of the entire membership of his chapter, extends to the delegates and other members of The Institute on their way to the Convention a cordial invitation to stop over in Memphis and visit with the Tennessee Chapter.

The meeting will be held at 10 A. M., on April 16, at the University Club, in Memphis.

Those from the north and east who are driving to New Orleans and those who can arrange stop-overs on their railroad tickets should not fail to accept this cordial invitation.

Advance notice of attendance, by postcard or note, should be addressed to Mr. Charles I. Barber, President of the Tennessee Chapter, A. I. A., at 517½ West Church Avenue, Knoxville, Tennessee.

An Architectural Competition

GOUCHER College, Baltimore, Maryland, announces a competition for the purpose of selecting an architect to prepare a *General Development Plan* for its land near Towson, Baltimore County, Maryland, and to design one principal building.

The College will choose, in the near future, a limited number of architects to whom it will extend invitations to make submissions.

The competition will be conducted in accordance with the rules of The American Institute of Architects. The College has constituted an Advisory Board of Architects consisting of three architects, Edward L. Palmer, Jr. (chairman), Richmond H. Shreve, and James R. Edmunds, Jr. This Advisory

Board will act as Professional Adviser in the conduct of the competition.

Architects who may wish to submit designs in this competition can obtain full information relative to the competition from:

The Advisory Board of Architects, Goucher College, St. Paul and 23d Streets, Baltimore, Maryland.

Those desiring information are asked to make their requests promptly, in order to expedite the selection by the College of the architects who will be invited to make submissions.

EDWARD L. PALMER, JR., *Chairman,*
Advisory Board of Architects,
Goucher College.

The Kate Neal Kinley Memorial Fellowship-1938-1939

BY authority of the Board of Trustees of the University of Illinois the Committee in charge announces the seventh annual consideration of candidates for the Kate Neal Kinley Memorial Fellowship.

This Fellowship was established in 1931 to promote advanced study in the Fine Arts, in memory of the wife of a former President of the University and in recognition of her influence in promoting these and similar interests.

The Fellowship yields the sum of one thousand dollars which is to be used by the recipient toward defraying the expenses of a year's advanced study of the Fine Arts in America or abroad.

Eligibility.

The Kate Neal Kinley Memorial Fellowship is open to graduates of the College of Fine and Applied Arts of the University of Illinois and to graduates of similar institutions of equal educational standing whose principal or major studies have been in Music, Art or Architecture.

Applications.

Applications should reach the Committee not later than May 15, 1938. Requests for application blanks and instructions should be addressed to Dean Rexford Newcomb, College of Fine and Applied Arts, University of Illinois, Urbana, Illinois.

The Pre-Marking of Trade Literature

THE many users of the Standard Filing System appreciate the convenience of having the appropriate A. I. A. file number indicated on the catalogs and other trade literature which they receive.

Failure to pre-mark such literature for convenience in filing is usually due to lack of familiarity with the Standard Filing System on the part of those publishing the literature.

This has been shown by the replies which a member of The Institute has received from pro-

ducers to whom he has written upon receiving copies of trade literature not pre-marked for filing.

It would be to the advantage of the users of the Standard Filing System if, upon receipt of trade literature not pre-marked for filing, they would call the attention of the producer to the pre-marking of such literature according to the Standard Filing System and the convenience of such pre-marking to those desirous of preserving and filing trade literature for future reference.

Structural Service Department

BY THEODORE I. COE, TECHNICAL SECRETARY, STRUCTURAL SERVICE DEPT.

Specification Difficulties.

In the early days of architecture in this country noteworthy examples of Colonial buildings were erected from a single sheet of specifications which reduced the opportunity for misinterpretation and misunderstandings to the minimum.

As specifications have become something more than sketchy recordings of the essential details of materials and methods of construction, the architect has been called upon to respond to an ever-increasing demand for more detailed information in drawings as well as specifications.

The competitive system of bidding, applying to a large part of construction work, has increased the necessity for detailed information to forestall the demand for additional compensation for some item or items not specifically shown or specified. As the result of the pressure under this competitive system there has been developed an incentive on the part of the contractor awarded a contract on a "low" bid to interpret the drawings and specifications literally and technically, and with little or no regard for the "intention" of the architect.

The continuing increase in the variety of building materials and mechanical equipment introduces new specification problems and construction techniques which open the door to misinterpretations and misunderstandings, unless specification requirements clearly set forth the character and quality of the materials and the methods of construction desired.

The formulation of Standard Specifications for many materials and devices, under the sponsorship of the American Society for Testing Materials, the American Standards Association, the National Bureau of Standards, and other groups with which The Institute is cooperating, has served to improve and standardize these products and simplify the preparation of specifications calling for the same. We are constantly reminded, however, that differences of opinion are likely to arise concerning even some of the most familiar methods of construction.

A case in point is contained in a letter recently received from a manufacturer of ready-to-install glazed wood sash. It related to the interpretation

of terms commonly used in the specifications for glazing, and stated that the millwork industry, generally, interpreted these terms as follows:

- (1) Glazing is "back-puttied" when the glass is placed directly in contact with the rabbett, sprigged in, and any spaces between the glass and the rabbett filled with putty.
- (2) Glazing is "bedded in putty" when a bed of putty is placed in the rabbett and the glass is placed on this bed, pressed in place and sprigged in and the surplus putty removed from the face of the glass.

This manufacturer's problem arises from the fact that he is called upon to estimate on many specifications calling for glazing to be "back-puttied" although he is of the opinion the writers of these specifications desire the glass to be "bedded in putty".

If his estimate is based on the latter procedure and the estimates of competitors comply with the specified requirements, as interpreted by the millwork industry, the latter will reflect the lower cost involved.

From an examination of a number of glazing specifications, some of which were not prepared by architects, it would appear there are differences of understanding as to the definition of "back-puttied".

In certain cases both bedding and back-puttying were called for, others called only for bedding in putty, while others referred only to back-puttying.

It may be that local custom has a bearing on the understanding concerning these terms. In any event, it would be of interest and advantage if we might have the opinion of members as to their understanding of the definition of these much used and apparently misunderstood terms.

Remittances for Documents from Office of Superintendent of Documents.

The office of the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., issues sets of twenty coupons for \$1.00 which are good until used for the purchase of Government documents.

These coupons offer a convenient method of making remittances for low cost Government documents.

Members Elected from January 16, 1938 to March 15, 1938

<i>Alabama Chapter</i>	SIDNEY WAHL LITTLE, EDWIN BURNS MIMS, CLYDE COLLINS PEARSON
<i>Arizona Chapter</i>	CHARLES J. GILMORE
<i>Boston Chapter</i>	JOHN EDWIN CARLSON, WALTER GROPIUS
<i>Brooklyn Chapter</i>	MAXWELL A. CANTOR
<i>Buffalo Chapter</i>	THOMAS WINFREY MILLER
<i>Central Illinois Chapter</i>	LEO H. PLEINS
<i>Central New York Chapter</i>	HENRY BENTON PRESTON, DONALD KENNETH SARGENT
<i>Chicago Chapter</i>	STANLEY D. ANDERSON, ALBERT REYNER EAST- MAN, RAYMOND A. ORPUT, NATHANIEL A. OWINGS, GEORGE TOWNER SENSENEY, FRED- ERICK J. THIELBAR
<i>Cleveland Chapter</i>	ANTHONY SALVATORE CIRESI
<i>Detroit Chapter</i>	RALPH R. CALDER
<i>Iowa Chapter</i>	HIRAM HEWITT OSTRANDER
<i>Kentucky Chapter</i>	WALTER B. RUEVE
<i>New Jersey Chapter</i>	OSCAR STONOROV
<i>New York Chapter</i>	HAROLD C. BERNHARD, VICTOR CIVKIN, OTTO TEEGEN, HOWARD F. VANDERBECK, JOSEPH DOUGLAS WEISS, LESSING WHITFORD WILLIAMS
<i>North Carolina Chapter</i>	QUINCE EDWARD HERMAN, JAMES BURTON WILDER
<i>North Louisiana Chapter</i>	WILLIAM B. WIENER
<i>Northern California Chapter</i>	DAVID BRIDGMAN CLARK
<i>Oregon Chapter</i>	FRANCIS BENEDICT JACOBBERGER
<i>Philadelphia Chapter</i>	*GERALD R. TYLER
<i>Scranton-Wilkes Barre Chapter</i>	JAMES A. BARRETT
<i>Southern California Chapter</i>	KENNETH S. WING
<i>Tennessee Chapter</i>	MERRILL G. EHRMAN
<i>Utah Chapter</i>	ALTON BRYAN PAULSON
<i>Virginia Chapter</i>	LEON WHITING BISHOP
<i>Washington, D. C. Chapter</i>	ALLAN STEWART THORN
<i>Westchester Chapter</i>	LENNART A. PALME
<i>West Texas Chapter</i>	†SAMUEL E. GIDEON, WILL NELSON NOONAN
<i>Wisconsin Chapter</i>	SAMUEL JOSEPH SUTHERLAND

* Reinstatement.

† Reinstatement effective January 1, 1938.

With The Chapters

EXCERPTS FROM MINUTES, BULLETINS AND REPORTS

Florida North.

The high point of the annual meeting of the chapter, held in Jacksonville, was the address of retiring chapter president H. J. Klutho. Mr. Klutho reviewed the chapter activities for the past year, calling attention to the large increase in membership, the completion of the revision of the chapter by-laws, and the activities of the various chapter committees—public information, housing, building ordinance, and others.

Chapter officers and committee members serving under Mr. Klutho were warmly congratulated for their part in the success of the various chapter activities, particularly Lee Roy Sheftall, chapter secretary, to whose untiring efforts the success of the chapter membership committee is due.

Mr. Klutho, in his address, dwelt at length on the subject of proper publicity for the profession, pointing out that the Publicist of The Institute and the various chapter publicity committees were untiring in their efforts to bring before the public through the medium of the press, and in various other ways, the value of architectural service.

Chapter secretary Sheftall, in his report for 1937, pointed out the great value of periodic exhibitions of sketches, water colors and photographs, such as were displayed by the chapter at its meeting last April and at the annual meeting just concluded. He expressed the hope that the incoming administration would see fit to foster these exhibits as an important feature of all future meetings.

New chapter officers elected for the year 1938 are as follows: President—Jefferson D. Powell; Vice-President—W. Mulford Marsh; Directors—Ivan H. Smith and Fred A. Henderich. Lee Roy Sheftall retained his office of secretary of the chapter.

New York.

Charles C. Platt has been designated by the executive committee to serve as chairman of the chapter legislative committee, which post was recently made vacant by the resignation of William H. Gompert.

The status of architects employed by the city under the new Charter was discussed, together with recommendations from the legislative committee on

this subject, and it was decided to allow the question of Charter amendments to remain in status quo for the present, and to let the situation develop further before taking any direct action.

Mr. Nathan Straus, Administrator of the United States Housing Authority, was the speaker at a luncheon meeting at the Architectural League on February 3. Mr. Straus spoke on federal plans and policies for housing, which was of exceptional interest to those present at the meeting.

Oregon.

Eighty-four members and guests attended the twenty-sixth annual meeting of the chapter, held at the Congress Hotel in Portland on January 18.

The following chapter officers were unanimously elected to serve during 1938: President—Leslie D. Howell; Vice-President—George H. Jones; Secretary—Roi L. Morin; Treasurer—Joseph W. Heiler; Trustee—John Schneider.

A number of sketches made by Hal Onstad, Linn Forrest and Abbott Lawrence while studying under the Ion Lewis Traveling Scholarship were exhibited.

Following the banquet, president Howell spoke and then turned the meeting over to Ernest Tucker, who acted as toastmaster for the evening.

Philadelphia.

More than seventy-five members and guests attended the joint dinner meeting of the chapter, the Department of Fine Arts of the University of Pennsylvania, the Pennsylvania Association of Architects, and the T-Square Club, all under the sponsorship of the Art Alliance.

The dinner was given in honor of Sir Raymond Unwin, international housing authority, and Mr. Charles Abrams. The meeting was opened by C. C. Zantzing, who introduced Judge Frank Smith, Chairman of the Philadelphia Housing Authority, who spoke on the housing situation in Philadelphia and the aims of the Authority to provide the best possible housing under the Wagner-Steagall Act.

Sir Raymond Unwin spoke on "Housing and the Development of the City Plan". He discussed steps which had been taken in England to provide adequate housing for the lower income groups as

a means of relieving unemployment. He showed lantern slides of the plans of various English cities and explained the reasons for selecting certain sites for housing developments. Diagrams presenting the many economic factors involved in the problem and photographs of finished housing developments were thrown on the screen. Sir Raymond stated that the government of Great Britain did not consider the sums expended for housing as an increase in the national debt.

After the lecture, Mr. Zantzing expressed the thanks of the sponsoring organizations for the interesting meeting.

Pittsburgh.

The annual meeting of the chapter was held at the Harvard-Yale Princeton Club on the evening of January the eighteenth. Thirty-two members and two guests were present. Cocktails were followed by an excellent dinner before the meeting was called to order.

The meeting was one of the best the chapter has seen in many a day. Everyone was in good spirits, the business of reporting the year's activities of the committees was carried out with dispatch and the seriousness of an ordinarily dull routine was favorably punctuated by song and the contribution of several impromptu limericks on various subjects.

Mr. Howard Leland Smith, Chief Architect of the Federal Housing Administration from Washington, one of the guests, spoke briefly. He was in Pittsburgh in the interests of the Federal Housing Administration and spoke to the public at the Fort Pitt Hotel the following evening. Mr. Smith is a former Carnegie Tech man, and his many friends in the chapter were glad to have him with them. The customary election was held and the following officers were elected to serve during 1938: Lawrence Wolfe, President; Charles M. Stotz, Vice-President; Rody Patterson, Secretary; and Allan Neal, Treasurer. Roy Hoffman was elected to a directorship until 1941. Ralph M. Reutti, and Raymond M. Marlier were given the approval of the chapter as representatives of the State Association for the coming year.

Mr. Marlier, the retiring President, presented a complete report on a proposed Research Laboratory for architects. This was presented at the request of the chapter after hearing him discuss it informally

at a previous meeting. There were many comments on the idea as presented. Mr. Ingham spoke briefly on present activities of this nature within The Institute, namely, the Structural Service Bureau. It was finally decided to circularize all chapters, sending each a copy of Mr. Marlier's report for consideration and comment.

An election for delegates to the National Convention to be held in New Orleans in April produced the following results: Delegates—Marlier, Button and Neal. Alternates—Sterling, Reutti and Franklin. There are indications that the Convention will be well attended by Pittsburghers this year. Pittsburgh may have six official delegates including the president and secretary and it looks like there will be no trouble finding six who are anxious to go. You know, spring sunshine in the Southland, southern accent and all that sort of stuff!

What the Pittsburgh Chapter needs is more gay meetings such as this one, where the architects may burst into verse and song and where business is transacted but not taken too seriously. Here's a good example for the new leaders to follow and to match if they can.

The Pittsburgh Housing Authority announced that Raymond Marlier, Edward B. Lee, William Boyd and Bernard H. Prack have been retained to render continuous and full architectural services in connection with the work of the Authority.

St. Louis.

The annual meeting of the chapter was held in the Steedman Memorial Room of the St. Louis Public Library.

Professor Lawrence Hill, chairman of the chapter committee on Education and Registration, recommended in his report that the chapter devote one of its meetings in the near future to the interest of the younger men in the profession, and that such meetings be held annually thereafter.

The suggestion was enthusiastically received and favorably acted upon by the chapter.

Officers elected to serve during 1938 are as follows: President—Benedict Farrar; Vice-President—Angelo B. M. Corrubia; Secretary—Arthur E. Koelle; Treasurer—William B. Ittner, Jr.; Director for Two Years—George W. Spearl; Director for One Year—Ewald R. Froese.

Washington State.

The Forty-third Annual Meeting of the chapter was held at the Olympic Hotel in Seattle.

An all day event, the morning session, the Educational Conference, was participated in by instructors in the Seattle high schools, members of the teaching staff of the Department of Architecture of the University of Washington, and members of the chapter. An attractive feature was an exhibition of drawings from the University Architectural Department and the high schools, which remained on the walls throughout the subsequent sessions.

The Conference was opened by former chapter president Lancelot Edward Gowen, who introduced Regional Director William H. Crowell, who spoke on the general aspects of education.

The afternoon business session was opened by Mr. Gowen with a brief review of his administration of the past two years, in which he expressed his gratitude for the able assistance of his fellow officers and the conscientious work of the committees. Before proceeding with further business, Mr. Gowen introduced N. Lester Troast of Juneau, Institute member from Alaska. Mr. Troast expressed his appreciation of being able to meet with his fellow chapter members, and referred briefly to the conditions of his practice in the far north, which require him to cover a great extent of territory.

The committee on exhibitions reported that the chapter this year inaugurated displays of drawings at chapter meetings which proved very stimulating, and the recommendation was made that such displays be continued. There was no public exhibition conducted by the chapter during 1937, but the committee favors the holding of one at the Seattle Art Museum in the fall of 1938.

Following a short recess, Professor Willcox gave an interesting and thought-provoking glimpse of his hobby in the field of economics, giving particular attention to the effect of taxation on the architect.

The report of the nominating committee was then brought up and all nominations for office were confirmed unanimously. President B. Marcus Priteca was then escorted to the chair to preside for the balance of the meeting.

The evening program was marked by many highlights, including an address by Regional Director Crowell, dealing with his experience as a member

of The Institute Board, some excellent singing by the University quartette, and was brilliantly concluded by a miniature dramatic presentation of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" by the University Puppeteers.

West Texas.

The St. Anthony Hotel in San Antonio was the setting for the regular meeting of the chapter on February 2.

Chapter president Harvey P. Smith made the appointment of standing committees the first order of business, and outlined the duties of the committees.

Bartlett Cocke was appointed by the president to write a history of the West Texas Chapter. Chapter secretary Glenn C. Wilson urged the immediate election of delegates to the Seventieth Convention, and that one delegate represent the Austin Branch.

The secretary was authorized to have printed a folder listing the membership of the West Texas Chapter and the Austin Branch for distribution to the members.

Westchester.

At the annual meeting of the chapter, held in White Plains, N. Y., Lewis Bowman, chairman of the chapter membership committee, reported that the chapter now has a membership of twenty-five; eight members having been admitted during 1937. He stated that the prospect of increasing the membership was excellent, and that about a dozen architects in Westchester have expressed their desire to become members.

All chapter committees were most active during the past year. The committee on small houses, of which Edward J. Smith is chairman, endeavored to establish a basis for computing proper fees for limited architectural service on small houses.

The preliminary studies of this committee show that the cost of supervision of houses ranging in cost from \$4,000.00 to \$20,000.00 was from \$3.12 to \$4.39 per hour. More time will be required before this committee can establish costs for production of drawings and specifications.

The publicity committee, of which William C. Stohldreier is chairman, has been most successful in its efforts in the dissemination of information concerning the profession to the public press.

Books

Glass in Architecture and Decoration.

The Architectural Press—9 Queen Anne's Gate, London S.W.1. Price £ 3-3s.

This handsome volume contains nearly 700 pages, 12½" by 9", profusely illustrated with photographs, line drawings, and construction details.

The first three sections of the book trace the history and the use of glass in all its forms from the earliest times to the present day, and treat of the making of glass and its use in architecture and decoration. Section IV is devoted to the nature and properties of glass, its durability, mechanical strength and hardness, the transmission of heat, its use in natural and artificial lighting, the ultra-violet transmissivity, and its properties in relation to the transmission and reflection of sound. Special properties of glass-and-concrete and glass-brick construction are dealt with in detail.

The authors, in the preface, state ". . . that of all manufactured materials glass alone appeals to that fantastic side of man's nature which selects such and such a thing as delightful in itself . . ." and ". . . that almost anything is possible with glass. . . . Glass has, in fact, reached a point where even its remarkable versatility almost ceases to astonish. . . . a point where its absence is more noticeable than its presence. . . ."

"The development of the window from the light aperture to the *pan de verre* has not been a purely structural matter. As the complement of the structural part of a building glass has at one time, by the inadequacy of its manufacture, retarded this development, and at another, by the improvement in its manufacture, been able to cope with a swifter development than structural considerations permitted. . . ."

"Its main application in architecture and its main indispensability will always be in the window, but so extensive are its other applications that when its service in this connection has been adequately covered there still remains a vast field in which this most versatile of all building materials has been employed by the architect and about which there is a corresponding amount of information to consider and collate. The architect may have had a considerable influence on the production of an im-

proved glass for his windows, but in this other field the initiative and the recognition of possibilities have been almost entirely with the manufacturer. . . . Perhaps the time may come when mechanization will have reduced the architect's part to assemblage and arrangement, but till then there will always be some justification at least for even an inadequate attempt to collect the relevant information in some such form as this book has taken. . . ."

Stained Glass of York Minster.

By CANON FREDERICK HARRISON, M.A., F.S.A.,—*Studio Publication, Inc., 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City—\$2.50.*

A presentation of eight of the more important windows of the York Cathedral, handsomely printed in full color—plates approximately 13" by 9", with a preface by the Very Rev. Herbert Newell Bate, Dean of York.

There are many pages of text devoted to the history of the Cathedral and the glass in its one hundred and forty-three windows, one hundred and thirteen of which contain medieval glass in greater or lesser quantities. Illustrated are Daniel in the Lions' Den; Five Sisters Window; Saints Stephen, Christopher and Lawrence; Stephen and Peter de Manley; Torture of St. Catherine; King Manasseh; Marriage of Zebedee and Salome; and Paulinus; and facing each plate is a description and history.

American Planning and Civic Annual—1937.

American Planning and Civic Association—901 Union Trust Building, Washington, D. C.—\$3.00.

This publication, edited by Harlean James, is a record of recent civic advance, including the papers read at the National Planning Conference, Detroit, Michigan, June 1937, and selected papers from the Regional State Park Conferences held at San Francisco, California, September 1936, and St. Louis, Missouri, November 1936, and from the National Conference on State Parks held at Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, June 1937.

The book contains papers and discussions on national and regional planning, national and state parks and forests, housing, regional and state planning, and county, city, and town planning.

Short biographical sketches of various contributors conclude this interesting document.

Six Blocks From Yesterday

By THOMAS SUGRUE

EVER since the day my grandfather told me how Dominick O'Mahaney was killed in a duel under an oak tree in New Orleans I have wanted to visit that city. Dominick was an ancestor of mine, and as such he was bound to wander on the face of the earth until some beneficent agent of fate sent him off on a longer journey. Grandfather said the early morning sunlight blinded him and spoiled his aim. It is my private opinion that, never having seen the sun before noon until that day, Dominick became confused and shot the wrong way.

I almost became confused, myself, getting off the train at 10 A. M. on a Sunday morning, filled with dreams of a by-gone day when gentlemen in lace collars and cuffs and tall beaver hats descended the gangplanks of Mississippi steamboats jingling gold coins in their pockets. I had just finished reading a great, thick history of the city, and I stared distrustfully at an ordinary taxicab, expecting a handsome cab.

"Where to, Buddy?" the driver inquired.

I told him—surly that he spoke no Anglo-Saxon, no Provençal French. We started down Canal Street, and excitement returned to my mind as I looked at its width, almost 200 feet. In the raised center, where once water had run, four streetcar tracks had ample room. It was even wider than Market Street, in San Francisco, and far brighter.

The driver was loath to release me at the hotel.

"How about later?" he asked. "Night life, pretty girls . . ."

"Forget it," I counseled. "Also the one about love and romance. That kind of life will come to no good end."

He retreated in fright, and I was allowed to register and invest my room in peace. From its window I could see the Mississippi lazily turning aside to avoid the city, head down in disapproval of the wide levees. On the levee tops Negroes walked, the girls pink and red in their Sunday best. Ships sat quietly at their piers, waiting to be loaded or unloaded. In a dry dock on the far side a trim tanker was completely out of water, and looked naked and shameless, with her keel and propeller showing.

It was lunchtime when I finished unpacking, but I had time for only a glass of milk. Then, clutching the notes I had written while reading the great, thick history, I hurried down Canal Street, turned into Royal Street, and headed for the old French quarter—the Vieux Carré, the New Orleans of Jean and Pierre Lafitte, Father Dagobert the Capuchin, Marie Laveau the Voodoo Queen, Dominick O'Mahaney, and all the caped and white-waist-coated gentlemen who lived before jazz and petroleum turned us into a nation of tap dancers and one-armed automobile drivers.

There is something about Sunday afternoon that makes all the world alike. Whether in Cairo or Keokuk, New Orleans or Narragansett, the quiet, the peace, and the undertone of relaxed humanity are the same. There are only lonely noises: a tired streetcar, the crow of a cock, the far cry of children at play. The rest of life walks in sandals, shuffling, weary, waiting for Monday.

In Royal Street the click of my heels was the only sound. The car tracks in the center of the narrow road were gleaming, as if happy. I wondered if on Sunday they raised themselves, glad of a breath of fresh air and surcease from beating wheels and feet.

With the smell of gasoline and carbon monoxide gone, the small, sweet odors of ancient buildings, worn pavements, and old shops came forth to greet me. And very suddenly, as if I had walked through a looking glass, I was back in my childhood, when the world was very large and things were known to a little animal in a sailor suit by their smell. And everything that had been inanimate was alive. On Sunday afternoon, I suddenly remembered, the shops and streets and sidewalks have their holiday, and become themselves again for a few hours, while the masters are away.

For a while I stood on the sidewalk at Iberville Street and Royal, not wanting to move. Near me a little shop with a green front played the flirt, throwing out the smell of magnolia perfume. The window was full of bottles and jars, all labeled

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magnolia, and I tried to be gallant and give in. It was sweet, like jasmine, but not so heavy or sickly. No wonder things happened when people stood under magnolia trees!

Next to it was another shop, another odor. Pale and cutting, the mixed incense was higher in the air, pushing the magnolia down. In the window were missals, prayer books, stoles, and statues of St. Jude, the saint of difficult things. There was to be a novena to St. Jude, a sign said, and after the nine days of prayer I knew I would read, in the personal columns of the newspapers, items such as: "St. Jude. Thanks for favor received. Mrs. J." It was a strange custom, an old custom. That was the way everything was here.

The old brown building across the street was looking at me kindly, and I read the name on its cornice: Union Bank. It was a very old building, I knew, and legend says the word "Dixie" was born there. In the golden days New Orleans was rich, and the ten-dollar note of the Union Bank was called a "dix." So strangers spoke of the city as the "land of dixies."

I moved across the street, leaving the magnolia and perfume behind. Antique shops brushed my elbow, pointing to the goods in their windows—the wreckage of the old families. I looked at them longingly, pityingly, but I did not want anything. The tall vases and dark oil portraits and heavy brandy glasses did not belong to me. They belonged to the past, when there were manners and leisure. Now they were on the street, begging for their impoverished masters.

Another smell, lovely and clean, came out and took my hand. In the window of the little shop was a chest of cedar, standing in a bed of chips. Gratefully I accepted the invitation, standing as I had stood before the carpenter's shop as a child, showering my insides with rarefied wine.

I was at Royal and Conti Streets, and I crossed to stand on the courthouse steps and look at the block of lovely buildings, each with a balcony, girded in wrought iron, hammered out by great Negro slaves who bent over forges two hundred years ago and roared songs to the beat of their hammers. Nothing, once it was gone, could replace it. One building was the Bank of Louisiana, where the cotton brokers and plantation owners kept their money. One was the home of Paul Morphy, the

great chess player. He had a secret room, in which he practiced, and he died in the house. He was a Creole, like all of the old residents. Somehow, I had always known that Creoles were not Negroes, but the descendants of the original Spanish and French inhabitants. But New Orleanians, I knew, were always angry at visitors for thinking otherwise.

Paul Morphy's house seemed to be a restaurant, called the "Patio Royal," and the door to the courtyard was open. I went in, thrilling to the sudden coolness of the arched entrance and the sight of yucca and palm in the yard. There were tall trees, too, and birds that chattered. No one was at the tables, and there were no waiters. It was all very quiet, except for the birds, and after a little I went away and left them to their gossip. Perhaps it was wrong to go in on Sunday. I did not know. But I was grateful to the city for keeping the French Quarter as it was, and for passing a law that no building could be demolished or another put up, without permission. And I hurried a little, so that I could see it all before dark.

At St. Louis Street I stopped. To my left was Antoine's, so holy to gourmets and trenchermen that I knew I would be frightened out of my appetite the first time I went in. To my left was a vacant space, with the tops of tall cornstalks showing over a wooden fence and a sign that told me it was the site of the old St. Louis Hotel. I was sorry it was gone. Once it had been the center of society, and the great balls were held there. Once the planters stood around the slave block in its basement, buying black wares. Once Abraham Lincoln stood there and made a vow. Then it was deserted, and John Galsworthy, walking through it, met a white horse ambling along the corridors.

Galsworthy was gone too, now, and there seemed no one left in the world but me as I walked on to Chartres Street. Napoleon, too, was gone, and the young bloods who built the fine house before me. They were going to rescue him from St. Helena and bring him to New Orleans to live in that house. But he died before they even finished the house.

After another block I was in the heart of the Vieux Carré, or "River View." All the friendly houses had balconies, over which once young ladies hung, fingering the wrought iron in their nervousness, wondering whether he would pass. I could peep at some of the courts, filled with flowers and

palms, and I could hear the drip of the fountains. I passed Toulouse Street, once the Wall Street of New Orleans, and the house where Adelina Patti practiced for her debut at the old French Opera House. On a Sunday afternoon when she was there I would have been forced to walk in the road to pass by, if I were so foolish as to want to pass by.

Another block and I stopped again. I was at the back of St. Louis' Cathedral, in front of the little garden called St. Anthony's Close, where duels were fought long ago. In the trees a great flock of birds were chattering incessantly, and I suddenly wondered if each might be the spirit of a young blood who fell in honorable combat. Now they were all together, fussing and quarreling all over again, because some lady liked one better than the other, and all had been imbibing too heavily. They must have been a little hot-blooded. Suppose a young man were to step up to me and say, "I do not like the way you are looking at my bird. Step inside and choose a pistol."

Inside the cathedral, the Masses were over for the day and Vespers had not begun, but a few women prayed, and some were making the Stations of the Cross. Votive lights flickered, and I walked quietly around, thinking how Father Dagobert, the French monk, traced the same path before me. Somewhere near the altar Don Andres was buried, but I found no marker. Were it Saturday at this hour there would be a Mass for him. Once a week, at twilight of the last day, a Mass was said for the builder of the church. And it would be so forever, "though his soul was surely in heaven."

The coolness of winter dusk washed away my weariness as I turned toward Canal Street, and the houses bent down with their balconies to help me along. But I did not reach Canal Street for a long time. There were no trucks or carts or automobiles to hush and break sounds, and I heard pots rattling, soft Negro voices talking in French, children singing nursery songs, fingers caressing piano keys and banjo strings, laughter, and the long uplift of a voice telling an old tale. I heard the scratch of a match, the shuffle of feet, the squeak of a rocking chair, the rustle of silk dresses, the clink of knives and forks and spoons. And there was the odor of that strange Creole soup, gumbo, and the smell of fish frying. There was the smell of laundered clothes, of perfume, of pipes old and beloved, of wood which

has stood between people and the street for a long time.

I walked back, then, to Antoine's, so sad that I forgot to be frightened by its reputation. The lights were soft and yellow inside, the tablecloth had been laundered many times. There was no menu. No condiments were on the table.

An old waiter bent over me, suggesting. His breath smelled of garlic and his mustache drooped. I told him I would have oysters à la Rockefeller, pompano papillote, and a pint of Liebfraumilch. He went away smiling and rubbing his hands, and I felt proud that my choice pleased him.

There was no music, no noise except the conversation, and I remembered that old Antoine Alcimore, who came over from France to found the restaurant in 1840, had decreed that nothing should ever interfere with the natural genius of his food. Music might ruin the chef's intent by exciting the diners' blood. Let them talk instead.

And they had talked: Henry Clay, Theodore Roosevelt, Sarah Bernhardt, Pavlova, and a thousand others, while they ate just what I had ordered—food that sent them reeling into the night, drunk with the joy of necessary things made beautiful. Presidents and ex-presidents had come, too, as a necessary part of the pilgrimage, and each had been served with his favorite dish. Calvin Coolidge didn't like his scrambled eggs. "Too spicy," he said. That was a sad morning for Jules, old Antoine's son.

Once a man, a Northerner, had asked his waiter for ketchup. The waiter had explained that no condiments were issued to patrons. The diner insisted. The waiter called for Jules. Patiently Jules explained that the food was seasoned in the kitchen, that to add anything would ruin it. The diner said he was used to ketchup and would have it. Sadly Jules told the waiter to take the food away. Then he asked the diner to leave.

The oysters, baked in their shells and covered with a sauce made of ten ingredients, including absinthe, sizzled on the hot ice-cream salt that held them. I felt a symphony of tastes, then a lingering, spicy warmth. The wine cooled it, but did not send it away.

I was ready for the pompano, having eaten it in the paper-bag fashion in Havana, but the sauce was a revelation. Intermittently I brought myself back

to reality with sips of wine, hearing the drone of conversation, catching the odor of other foods and of the old wall against which my table leaned.

Outside it was dark, and life, like an owl, had come out with the night. The more I walked the better I felt, and I could not, even when I stopped and concentrated, feel anything of the dinner I had eaten. It was all over me instead of in one spot. I felt neither full nor empty, simply well and at peace.

It was pleasant, in the following days, to escape reality by the simple process of walking six blocks. As soon as I passed Iberville Street I was in another world—through the looking glass, and people were as they used to be.

The old Negro woman near the cathedral who spoke broken English and perfect French came from a storybook, and the black giants who unloaded the ships might have come from a land at the top of a beanstalk.

At the end of Canal Street an old-fashioned stern-wheel river steamboat was tied up, and every afternoon it took people up and down the harbor. When it was sunny and warm I went along, sitting at a table by myself, drinking French drip coffee, smoking cigarettes, and listening to the florid man point out ships and storehouses and the Chalmette battlefield, where Andrew Jackson won a great battle from the British fifteen days after the War of 1812 was over.

The French Market was busy at dusk, with old women and men packing up their wares for the day and everyone drinking coffee. There was always a cool draft from the floor up to my ankles, a pleasant layer of air especially treated by sawdust and vegetables that lay in it all day, giving up slowly the dew that had come from the country.

And for dinner there was Antoine's, or Arnaud's, or Kolb's, perhaps, where a small orchestra of Hungarian men played old, very old tunes, that I remembered from the days when someone tucked a half-size violin under my chin and put a bow in my right hand.

Back on the other side of Canal Street life was as I knew it, and as all people know it today. People were rushing in and out of tall buildings, jamming themselves into elevators, darting across streets between speeding taxicabs, eating lunch at a standup bar while reading the afternoon newspaper. New

Orleanians, forced to make a living, could not live in the city's past, as I did. They hurried up and down and across the narrow, twisting streets—made to seem even narrower and more twisting by the shadows of the new, tall buildings—in quest of bread for themselves and their children.

New bank buildings, new office buildings, housed the commerce of the modern city, and I had to walk close to the building line to avoid being bumped. Leisure and manners and graciousness seemed to stop above Canal Street. I even caught the hunted look in men's eyes—that look so familiar to anyone who has walked the streets of New York. In the offices female secretaries spoke briskly, turned away from me in the middle of my interrogations, turned back and waited for me to say it all over again, and then looked up with that wonderful expression which says, in effect: "I would prefer to throw you out on your ear, you louse, but, because I am paid to do it, I will announce you."

All that was familiar, and not too likable. Drugstore clerks flung things; haberdashery salesmen oozed, reciting the inventory lists; newspaper boys screamed meaningless phrases. A man told me how the city had built its sanitary and sewage systems, answering telephone calls the while, until I almost wept in self-pity, yearning for the other side of Canal Street.

Yet these things, I knew, were more important than the Vieux Carré to those who lived in the city. The sanitation and sewage systems, and the water supply, meant that cholera and malaria were no longer menaces. The fine new sea wall along the shore of Lake Pontchartrain meant that the waves of the lake were no longer dangerous, and the land reclaimed by the wall was a new subdivision for homes and suburban business. The gangs at work widening and beautifying streets, the miniature skyscrapers with hurrying elevators, the 35-cent drugstore luncheons and the worry-eyed people who bumped me on the streets were necessary to the life of the city. New Orleans had to live. For half a century, after the Civil War, she was ill and dying. Now she was convalescing, coming back. There was no time for reminiscing, and office workers and stenographers could not afford two hours and two dollars for luncheon.

But, for all that I understood this, I did not love it.

Often I left the city, to walk under the great oaks at Chalmette, where Jackson gathered his troops, or the Pakenham oaks, where the British general gathered his men. They were older than even New Orleans.

There were the dueling oaks, too, in Audubon Park, under one of which I suspect Dominick O'Mahoney made his mistake. They were gay with children and nursemaids, and boys and girls from nearby Tulane University. In a grove I found a mound, one day, unmarked and seemingly for no purpose. I asked a nursemaid what it meant.

"That?" she asked. "Well, you see we have no hills or mountains here, or any place near by. So one of those NRA things, the PWA or something, put it up so the children of New Orleans would know what a hill looks like."

Then there was the Garden District with its old colonial houses and great yards, now falling into disuse and uncared for. Trade, creeping from Canal Street, choked them like weeds, and the people left. But the houses, those tall and spacious and beautiful beings, could not move. So they stayed, to be shamed and beaten and choked by a lesser civilization.

And every afternoon there was the race track at Fair Grounds, where young and old went in quest of wealth or excitement or something. It was relaxing to watch the horses run and to sit quite still, waiting for an animal over which you had no control to do something he probably couldn't do.

Nor could I always, in the evenings, putter for hours over dinner, deciding between bisque à l'écrevisse and Shadows of the Teche gumbo for a soup, and wondering whether fish or fowl would do better for an entree. It was the season of carnival, between Twelfth Night and Shrove Tuesday, when the big parades and balls of Mardi Gras take place, and all the ball organizations were holding their masques with tableaux and honoring the debutantes as queens.

So one Saturday evening I had to wedge myself into black and white and hurry around to the restaurant of Maylie & Esparbe for the bachelors' dinner at six with Ben, who had turned up from nowhere one day to remind me that he lived in New Orleans. We weren't asked what we wanted, so we took what was brought. First, there was shrimp, boiled and seasoned in shell, taken from

near-by Lake Pontchartrain. Then there was green turtle soup, made of turtles from the Gulf of Mexico. Into this the waiter poured a tablespoonful of sherry, while we sipped claret. After that there was beef, and then a fricassee of crayfish, and some fowl, and crepes suzettes, and coffee and brandy. After which we hurried off to the auditorium for the ball.

I had a vague idea as to what it was all about, thanks to Ben, and when a heliotrope-colored carnation was pinned on my lapel I understood that I was on the floor committee and would have to work. So I went to the sections of seats on the floor, just in front of the dance platform, and waited. The seats were filled with ladies, young and middle-aged, who were "callouts" for the evening. Their names were on the programs carried by the members of the organization, and when the tableau was over these men, in their costumes and masks, would rush up and shout, "Get me Miss So-and-So." Then I would, if I could, get Miss So-and-So and escort her to the gentleman.

First, though, the orchestra played and a trumpet blew, and the curtains parted on a scene in upper Africa, at a camp of the Foreign Legion. From the fort came, slowly, Riffs and Legionnaires, followed by the captain of the ball and, finally, the king and his queen. The balconies above roared approval as they recognized the queen, whose identity had been carefully hidden until now. Slowly she and the king circled the great room, bowing in response to the applause. Then they went to their throne and sat while the maids of the court were brought to them, and while the Legionnaires and Riffs went through intricate formations.

Suddenly the captain blew his whistle, and a wave of wild warriors rushed toward me. "Get me Miss Jones!" . . . "Get me Miss Smith!" . . . "Get me Miss So-and-So!" sounded above the clatter. I dragged a young lady from her chair and turned her over to a Riff. The music began, and the couples danced. When it was over the women returned to their chairs and the shouting and calling began all over again. When it seemed as if there would be no end to the dances I slipped away and went to the first balcony, to rest and watch the scene.

While I sat there a dance ended, the captain blew his whistle, and the king and queen again circled

the hall, disappearing into the fort in a last clamor of acclaim. Then the Legionnaires and Riffs took off their masks, and everyone danced. Somehow, the men did not look so interesting, or so romantic, without their masks, and it seemed to me a sad commentary on the output of modern industrial life that the faces of men are duller than masks.

Later the queen's supper was held on the roof of my hotel, and gallantry reached its height. Young men, bowing from the waist, drank from ladies' slippers, and I, sitting quietly with my eyes on the sparkling crown atop the queen's auburn hair, dreamed a fine dream of other days, a dream full of Spanish moss, courtyards, coiffed nuns, brass newel posts, purple wistaria, and scolding parakeets. It was fine to have manners and beauty and grace, I thought, and to keep forever what man has chosen to call his dignity.

There would be other balls, too, many of them, before the great ones of Rex and Comus on Shrove Tuesday, when Mardi Gras would come to a great climax with parades all day and a crescendo at midnight. Then all would be silence, people would hurry to church on Ash Wednesday, and the penitent purple of Lent would clothe the city for forty days. That was the way it should be.

I roused myself, to see people leaving, and followed them into the street, unwilling to stop at this hour. They were all going to the French Market for coffee, so I went too, by a different route. *The Last Roundup* and its partners in fun were still going strong, but I left them to head for Gallatin Street and the river.

Dawn had caught the ears of the streets with its first whispers when I reached the corner, and the pavement pricked up its ears at the sound of my feet, turning from black to gray. Suddenly someone else was with me, swishing his cape and telling me he was Dominick O'Mahaney.

"Yes," he said; "this was the wickedest street in the city, in that golden age from 1820 to 1850, when New Orleans was the richest city in America. Right here I saw a man killed, and there a woman was strangled. I was nearly killed, myself, here, many times, before they finally got me. A frame-up, pure and simple."

We came to the end of the street, and the huck-

sters' carts rolled past us. The market was ablaze with lights, and I caught the smell of country things—horses, vegetables, fresh earth, dew. There was fish, too, still covered with brine, and all about me the creaking of cart wheels and the cries of drivers guiding their animals in the tricky light.

"It was all over before the Civil War," Dominick said. "The railroad and the Erie Canal killed it. The Civil War just buried it. When Farragut was coming up the river in 1862 the people sacked their own city. That was the end."

"I don't care," I said; "I like it. It's better than what we have now. It has color and grace and manners and culture. I'll stay here."

He shook his head. "No; you had better go. You cannot live in the past."

"I don't want to live in the present," I said. "It's dull."

"The best of the past has been saved," he argued. "When I lived here we feared the river, we feared typhoid, we feared cholera, we feared our own tempers. Now the city has no sanitation problems, no drainage problems. Modern engineers have made life more peaceful, more safe. The manners and customs and grace still prevail. You have seen them tonight. Besides, you are of the present. You must live in it."

"No," I said.

"Very well," he shrugged. "But do me one favor first. Go to Charleston, South Carolina."

He vanished, and I was left standing on the curb, laughing at my fancy. Across the street the remnants of the ball were drinking coffee, and I joined them.

We walked to the cathedral then, stopping to chat with the market folk and shout encouragement to the fishermen. The gentlemen gave the ladies their scarfs for headdresses, and we slipped into the rear pews. Light came through the stained-glass windows, and there were men and women, old, who had been asleep already and were prepared to meet the day. I wondered about Dominick, and why he wanted me to go to Charleston. Would he meet me there?

There was only one way to find out. After Mass I went to my hotel and packed my bags.

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