

Journal of The American Institute of  
**ARCHITECTS**



THOMAS JEFFERSON

September, 1948

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An Editorial by Ernest J. Kump

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President Orr's Convention Address

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Light, Color and the Human Machine

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In Memory of Paul Cret

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Before and After the 80th Convention

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Controversial Letters

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Memoirs of Centurian Architects—III

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35c

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# JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS

September, 1948

With the aim of amplifying, as through  
a microphone, the voice  
of the profession

Vol. X No. 3

## Contents

<p>Guest Editorial . . . . . 99 <i>By Ernest Joseph Kump</i></p> <p>President Orr's Opening of the Convention . . . . . 102</p> <p>Light, Color and the Human Machine . . . . . 105 <i>By Julian Ellsworth Garnsey</i></p> <p>In Memory of Paul Philippe Cret . . . . . 109 <i>By C. C. Zantzinger, F.A.I.A.</i></p> <p>Before and After the Eightieth Convention:</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">I—On the Convention Spe- cial . . . . . 112 <i>By Edwin Bateman Morris</i></p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">II—On Post-Convention Tour A . . . . . 117</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">III—On Post-Convention Tour B . . . . . 121 <i>By Catharine and Har- old R. Sleeper</i></p> <p>Union Internationale des Archi- tectes . . . . . 128</p>	<p>News from the Educational Field . . . . . 128</p> <p>A New York State Competition . 129</p> <p>Calendar . . . . . 129</p> <p>Memoirs of Centurian Archi- tects, Part III . . . . . 130 <i>By William Adams Delano, F.A.I.A.</i></p> <p>Architects Read and Write:</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;"><i>Forum's</i> Reporting of the Con- vention . . . . . 136 <i>By Edgar I. Williams, F.A.I.A.</i></p> <p>The Burchard Editorial . . . . 137 <i>By C. B. F. Brill</i></p> <p>The Burchard Editorial . . . . 137 <i>By Charles Dana Loomis</i></p> <p>The Professional Fee . . . . . 139 <i>By Charles A. Pearson, Jr.</i></p> <p>Church Design . . . . . 140 <i>By R. Clipston Sturgis, F.A.I.A.</i></p> <p>The Editor's Asides . . . . . 141</p>
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## ILLUSTRATIONS

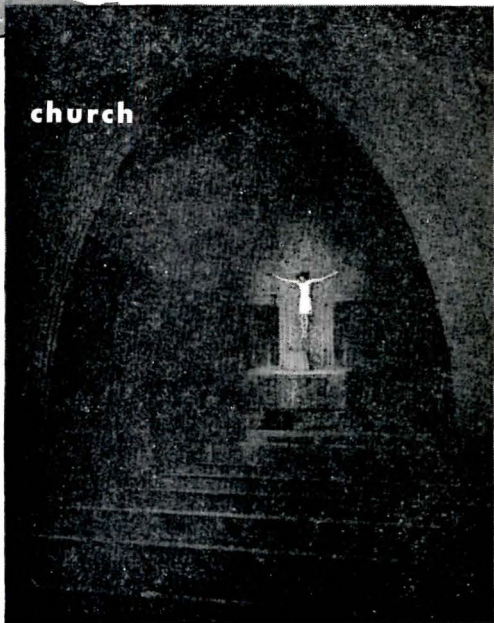
Oregon State Capitol, Salem, Oregon. . . . .	115, 116
<i>Trowbridge &amp; Livingston, architects;</i>	
<i>Francis Keally, associate</i>	
Outdoor Dining-room, The Royal Hawaiian Hotel, Honolulu, Hawaii . . . . .	125
<i>Gardiner A. Dailey, architect</i>	
Congress of the Union Internationale des Architectes, Lausanne, Switzerland . . . . .	126

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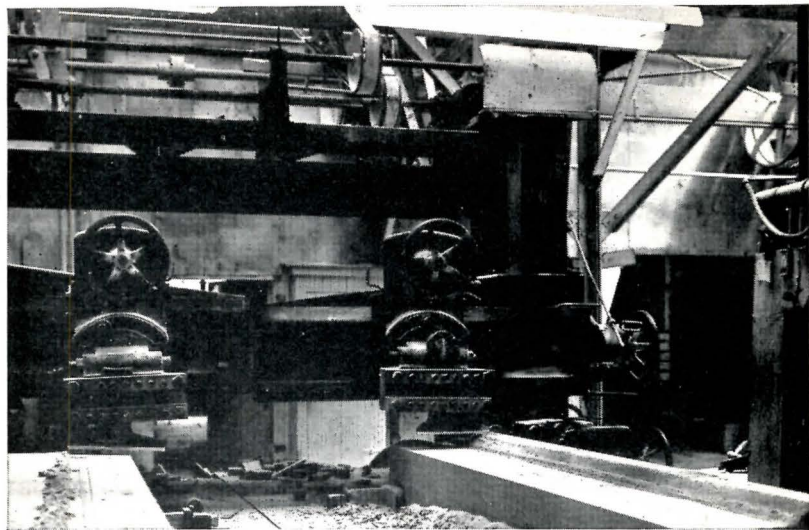
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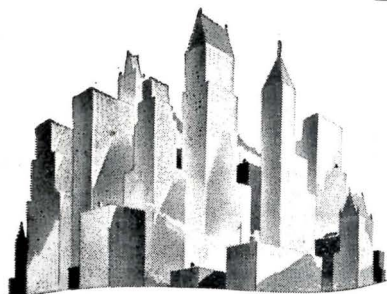
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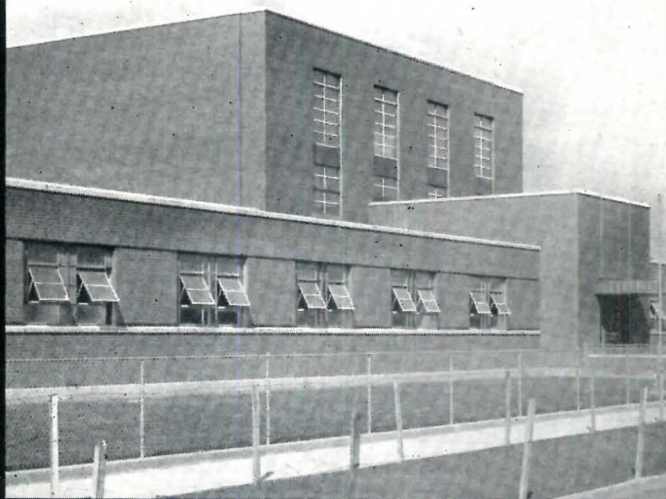
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*Here is the second in our new series of Guest Editorials. These have been instituted on the premise that a lot of conviction about various professional matters is bottled up here and there about us for lack of a convenient outlet. Our guest editorial page should furnish the valve that will ease this pressure. The opinions expressed will be the uninhibited ones of the Guest who occupies a particular month's driving-seat. If you would argue with him, please do so in the JOURNAL; if you feel that you must sue for libel, mayhem or whatnot, sue him, not the JOURNAL. This month's Guest Editor is that active practitioner of San Francisco—*

*Ernest Joseph Kump*

## Can We Separate Architecture and Planning?

PLANNING as an art and profession distinct from architecture is an idea that is nurtured by many distinguished architects and architectural institutions of higher learning, and is also an idea that is held by a large segment of the architectural profession as a whole. Nevertheless, it is extremely difficult to comprehend how the practice of planning can be thought of as distinct from the art of architecture—especially when one considers it in light of the true nature of architecture.

If architecture and planning are not basically one, then they pre-

sumably differ fundamentally or in principle. If they do not differ fundamentally or in principle, then their difference can lie only in process or particulars. Let us investigate both.

It is contended by many that planning is distinct from architecture in that its processes and solution depend upon the cooperative effort of a group of experts. This is said to be substantially due to the fact that the particulars involved are too numerous and technical for any one person to master in a normal lifetime.

With the fact that the particu-

lars of planning are too numerous to be mastered by any one person, no brief is taken. However, is there anyone able to master in a lifetime all of the particulars involved in the practice of architecture; and does not architecture also involve the cooperative effort of experts for the same reason? The answer, of course, is self-evident to those familiar with both.

Regardless of this, however, the important point to be considered is not the extent of the complexity of the particulars involved, but rather the identical nature of the underlying objective relative to both architecture and planning. This in essence is: "To organize the utilization of space and the expression of its general environment into an organic unity of efficiency, harmony and beauty." In addition, it is interesting to note that the process in achieving this goal is also fundamentally the same, irrespective of the scale of the problem. This in essence is: "The determination through a judgment sense—in this case that of the architect or planner—of the relationships of the particulars with respect to a desired composition or object in view." A difference in particulars, technicians or techniques such as may exist in

various types of space planning problems, whether involving a dwelling, a neighborhood, or a town, cannot change the fact that the objective and process is still basically architecture and should be understood as such.



Considering the nature of architecture further: it is generally regarded as an art primarily concerned with building, and restricted to the composition of "enclosed space." As such architecture can conceivably be differentiated from planning, generically understood to be concerned with the organization of the space outside of structures or enclosed spaces. Only within this concept of architecture and planning can there be any genuine basis for the separation of the two. If this is the case then, it is necessary for us to reconsider the meaning of the term architecture in the light of contemporary understanding.

Varied definitions notwithstanding, architecture is essentially the art of planning space environment for man's social activities or function. In addition, architecture manifests a basic creative principle: "ordered space environment drawn out of purpose

through attention to an object in view."

This being the case, and, since man's social activities by their very nature are related one to the other, it follows that the spaces in which man conducts these activities must also be related, whether enclosed, semi-enclosed or open. Thus, if architecture is concerned with the planning of space environment for man's social activities, it cannot be confined to the limits of structurally enclosed space, *per se*.

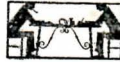
Architecture represents an organic unity of all space in planning considerations. The elements consisting of structurally enclosed, semi-enclosed and open spaces, in reality are parts of a wholeness or total space environment. It is apparent then that in this wholeness, the buildings themselves constitute merely particularized spaces in which it is desired to provide controlled environmental conditions, *i.e.*—visual, climatic, audio, in addition to shelter.

Since architecture, therefore, is concerned basically with the planning of space environment, whether enclosed or open, large or small, then planning resolves itself into

a specialized term denoting the scale of architectural effort. As both symphony and folk tunes among other things denote scale relative to composition in music, it could hardly be said that they are not both music and it would be rather unfortunate to separate a music school into a school of music and a school of symphony. It follows then that planning must be a manifestation of architecture on a grand scale, and that architecture is the mother art out of which has sprung the great symphonic efforts in space design that are now identified as planning.

In our consideration of architecture and planning it appears, therefore, that: we must think of architecture as the transcendent and generic art relative to planning space environment for man; we must think of planning and allied processes as manifestations of the working, in varying degrees of scale, of basic principles in architecture; and we must understand and teach the principles of planning space environment, regardless of scale, as conceived in a basic art form and philosophy—the art of architecture!

"There was no truth in the City Beautiful,  
and there is no beauty in the City Statistical."—  
HENRY R. CHURCHILL



## President Orr's Opening of the Convention

Now that we have been duly welcomed into the homes of our friends I invite your attention to the Board of Directors' Report and the Treasurer's Report. On the Mezzanine, directly opposite the entrance to this room, is a supply of copies available for your perusal.

I would like to take this particular opportunity, possibly the only one I may have, to speak of the loyalty and cooperation of the members of The Institute and the staff at The Octagon. I doubt if, during the past year, there has been one day during which I have been unmindful of their support. It has been an inspiration and I acknowledge now, with deep gratitude, the devoted aid and assistance which I have been privileged to accept.

I recall some years ago, during President Russell's administration, he made a statement to the effect that the programs of A.I.A. conventions are criticized because of the time consumed with organization or internal affairs and because the practice of architecture, as a profession and an art, received too

little attention. And this has been the cry of a great many of the members and delegates, too.

I think The Board has been conscious of that criticism during the intervening period, and various experiments have been tried. In this Eightieth Convention we shall make another. We have on trial a new form of program where the seminars are interspersed with the business so that all may participate in both. This is really a radical departure and we are changing the service from cafeteria to table d'hote. You are to have your dessert along with your roughage. It is most essential that in our meetings we parallel discussions relating to architecture in general with the business of The Institute. Architecture is the only reason for The Institute's existence!

I should like to remark briefly on a few matters that are important in the analysis of our objectives. Under its new structure, approved at Miami two years ago, The Institute has been operating with full personnel for just about one year. We feel that much ground has been covered during

this period, but realize that only the surface has been scratched and much remains to be done.

Yet we do feel that, so far as the organizational set-up is concerned, it has proven itself adequate to the affairs of The Institute, and with minor modifications and an adequate budget the new structure will serve our needs well. There is no limit to the work The Institute can carry on under this new structure provided the funds are available and the *membership* engages itself in the effort. Too much stress cannot be laid on the importance of individual participation and Chapter activity. As President Hunt said in Boston back in 1891: "On the vigor of the Chapters depends the life of The Institute."

The Institute now has more than 7,500 members, and at the end of 1948 the program of unification will have come to an end. I would like to emphasize that this program of unification of the profession is not aimed at architects banding together to develop and protect a fee schedule—which we have no desire to do and which is contrary to the laws of the land—but rather to secure better integration of the profession

through improved educational standards; better relations with and service to the public through increased understanding of what the architect can and does do; better ethical standards and practices and therefore better professional relationships between architects; and finally a *more competent* profession as a whole. This should be borne in mind, constantly. Oftentimes well understood things are taken for granted and overlooked. Continual emphasis should be on our *standards of practice* and on our *usefulness* to the profession and on our *service* to the public.

I would also like to stress the fact that the education of an architect is a life-long process. It must never cease. The membership should and must be ever alive and alert, ever competent, and prove by example the leadership of which it is capable. This is one of the aims of The Institute through its Department of Education and Research: To provide assistance to the architect in practice, that he may continue to study without surcease. Through just such seminars as we shall have at this Convention and other forms of information interchange—our technical bulletins, Regional and Chapter

meetings—this can be promoted. We are aided in these endeavors not only by members of this profession but by men of other fields who graciously and willingly take part in our discussions.

The changes in our lives since the founding of The Institute in 1857, caused by the development of the biological and physical sciences, to say nothing of the social sciences, have been so tremendous that the requirements of this complex organism of which we are a part cannot be met today by solutions whose general conceptions are determined by preconceived notions of any kind.

If, as is said, "mechanization has taken command," are we—as architects—using our faculties to the greatest advantage? Architecture should seriously attempt a reconciliation with our mechanized world. We should not be so intent on the development of the process that we neglect the principal issue: adequate living and human happiness.

The gargantuan tasks which we know lie ahead are challenging us to explore again our purposes in attempts to find better means of reaching our objectives. Geoffrey Scott expressed it succinctly when he said: "The Art of Architecture

studies not structure alone but the effect of structure on the human spirit." We must be cognizant of the tremendous problems confronting us and prepare ourselves to meet them competently.

Consulting the prognostications of the Department of Agricultural Economics we learn that by the year 1975 this country is destined to have a population of 170 million people, an increase of about 30 million over 1947. Think of the opportunities implied by that bit of information! The problems! And the obligation of the architect to prepare himself to meet this wave of increased demand, intelligently, capably and fruitfully.



The theme of *this* Convention, "Fundamentals of Design," grew out of the realization of a need to develop our concepts of the philosophies underlying our architecture. I hope we shall be exceedingly successful, as the seminars progress, in unfolding new ideas and traditions. It is our hope that this Convention and these seminars will foster a deeper philosophic approach to our problems; a stronger appreciation of

the underlying principles; a more tolerant understanding of each other's point of view. If we can agree on the fundamentals underlying our problems we will have greatly *simplified the whole approach* to present-day architecture.

It is in Convention that The Institute is revealed as the truly democratic organization it is. Its government and its policies are in the hands of the delegates, and the

Convention should exercise the privilege of expressing its opinions and helping to formulate the policy which The Board and the officers are to follow. There will be adequate opportunity for discussion of all matters. However, please keep in mind that we have a crowded schedule and there is much to accomplish. You can help by making every effort to be prompt in arrival at the sessions.

## Light, Color and the Human Machine

By *Julian Ellsworth Garnsey*

AT FIRST GLANCE, the human body resembles a machine. It transmutes fuel into power, requires lubrication, rest and repairs, is limited to maximum speed, output of energy and radius of action; it finally wears out and is scrapped. But it differs from the machine in respect to the working conditions with which it must be provided in order to perform its tasks well. The body must be housed in a relatively even temperature, say from 65° to 75° F., must be comfortably supported in a vertical plane, requires a continuing supply of fairly fresh air moving at slow speed, and a noise-level permitting it to hear easily and, above all, it

must be installed in an environment of color and light which makes possible sustained and comfortable seeing.

The architect has long been persuaded that the control of orderly movement and of heating, breathing and hearing facilities lies within his province, but he is not yet convinced that optimum conditions for seeing are also his responsibility if he is to produce a complete solution of his client's problems. One does not expect a client who has commissioned an office building, factory, department store or whatever to demand good seeing conditions as an item in his program. His mind is so full of

other requirements which, he thinks, have a more direct bearing upon the efficiency of the building that he may omit the one element without which all others are useless. In fact, he has probably been accustomed to such inferior lighting and color in his previous surroundings that the whole idea of planning for seeing is new to him. The executive officer who spends hours per day in reading black print, usually small, upon white paper against a background of a dark walnut desk-top, dark paneled walls and dark carpet, puts an undue burden upon his eyes without realizing it. His bad temper, which he prefers to attribute to a torpid liver, is more likely due to eye-strain. The reason is that the ratio of brightness between the paper, reflecting perhaps 75% of the incident light, and the desk-top, reflecting perhaps 8%, is too great. The executive's iris opens and closes so many times as the eyes move from paper to desk during the day that it naturally gets tired, and the resultant fatigue affects the whole body.

Down in the shop, the machine operator suffers from another form of eye-strain, with the result that his temper is no better than that

of his boss. He may be occupied in machining small, shiny steel parts against a steel bed-plate and lathe which present little contrast to the work in hand. His eyes are hard put to maintain their focus and to define the edge between the object in work and its background. Eye-fatigue takes its toll in headache, short temper and graver ills as it always does.

Human eyes, through which 87% of all sense-impressions are received and which govern about the same percentage of bodily movements, are wonderful instruments in their extraordinary capacity to compensate for abuse. Yet there is no excuse today for subjecting them to unnecessary strain. The technique of designing good seeing conditions has developed during recent years to the point where assured results may be predicted without qualification. While the architect will retain expert advice to design color and lighting, as he does for the engineering services, he will want to understand basic principles in order to check his experts.

He will note that, in this technique, color and illumination go hand in hand. Neither can be neglected, because one depends upon the other, but illumination is the



older twin. The first principle of illumination for good seeing is this: In any visual task, brightness contrasts within the object under scrutiny should be sharp and distinct, while brightness contrast between the whole object and its various surroundings should be as slight as possible. Returning to our executive's desk, this principle would require that the contrast of black print upon white paper be as strong as possible while the contrast between paper and desk-top should be very weak. Obviously, his desk-top should be lightened in value to the point where its reflection factor is in the neighborhood of 25 or 30%. Then the brightness-ratio between paper and desk-top would be about three to one and eye-strain would be lessened. (Anyone who questions the value of this statement may easily experiment by covering his desk temporarily with light gray paper or blotter and by observing the results on the eyes over a two-week period.) The same principle applies to wall and floor colors, and we are led to a second principle of modern planning for seeing, viz.: the luminous interior.

No architect need be afraid of having too much light in a space where visual tasks are performed.

He should be afraid of glare, disturbing specular reflections or distractions of movement within the worker's field of vision, but he cannot supply too much light if that light is distributed evenly. The proof of this is that many of the workers in the building trades, who construct his building, work outdoors without discomfort under illumination up to 8000 or 9000 foot-candles in midsummer, far greater than are likely to be achieved in any enclosed space. The ideal situation is an interior with plenty of light, no glare or disturbing contrasts of value, but with a progression of light-distribution so that work in hand is brightest and every other surface is subordinated in light-reflectance to the work. Accomplishment of this ideal is too complicated a matter to be described in this article, for each building differs in the problems to be solved. That they can be solved by scientific planning is the point made here.



Light's twin, color, requires equal study, for it not only should be planned to increase the distribution of light but it has qualities of its own which bolster employee morale, increase production, im-

prove workmanship, reduce accidents and promote continuity of employment. As correct brightness contrasts and luminosity are the primary considerations in lighting, so appropriateness and function are basic principles for color. Few architects would use the same scheme for a night club as for a university library or a cathedral, but such an absurdity points the way to much finer distinctions in appropriate color.

One sees, in a trip across the United States, every hue of the rainbow in all possible variations of value and intensity, used at random. This country has broken out in a rash of colors, but there is little evidence of intelligent planning for calculated effect. One sees a department store in which haphazard color effects attract attention to the exclusion of the merchandise for sale. Yet color can be used in any store to enhance and glamorize merchandise without disturbing the customer's visual reactions. (It is to be noted that the smart fellows who dress windows are seldom guilty of such a mistake. They are fully aware that their job depends upon making merchandise that cost \$29.50 to make, and is priced at \$49.50,

look as though it were worth \$69.50.) One sees a building and loan association's main office dolled up in exotic colors which give an impression of frivolity and impermanence, qualities the reverse of those which a prospective investor would expect in an institution to which he confides his savings. On the other hand, one sees banks where the choice of cold, dead color defeats the present-day emphasis upon cordial welcome to the small depositor. In a word, the proven functional qualities of color have been disregarded. It has been forgotten that a lady in an orange silk dress, a tweed suit, a white bride's costume or a flesh-colored negligee, presents four different aspects of the same person, each expressed in color.

Obviously, the choice of color for the lady's clothing or for a building exterior or interior, is a matter for careful thought. In the building, the objective of the architect's colorist will be to render exactly the architect's conception of his building. Just how formal or informal, dignified or playful, restrained or exuberant, advancing or retiring from its surroundings, shall it appear in exterior coloring? Within the building, what

impression is to be created upon customers and employees? How shall the purposes of various spaces, public and private, be expressed? What progression of interest is desirable to emphasize the circulation already indicated by the plan? Answers to these questions should not depend on hasty or uninformed choices made under pressure at different times and often by different persons in the architect's office. They should be thought out and defined in a color schedule, compiled as soon as definite information on the final form of the building is available, but before plans go out to bidders, and

should accompany the usual schedule of materials. Then each bidder knows exactly what color will be required for the material he supplies and this knowledge, even in normal markets, tends to reduce bids. The phrase "Color to be selected" becomes obsolete. The end results will be that the architect is relieved of the haunting fear that, despite his skillful planning and inspired creations in form, his purposes will be defeated by inappropriate color, and that the human machines housed in his brain-child will perform their tasks, exalted or humble, with maximum efficiency.



## In Memory of Paul Philippe Cret

*By C. C. Zantzinger, F.A.I.A.*

From a letter of Mr. Zantzinger's to Howell Lewis Shay, President of the Philadelphia Chapter, reporting on the former's address on the occasion of the dedication of the Philadelphia Federal Reserve Bank and its Garden to the memory of Paul Philippe Cret.

**Y**OU were good enough to ask me to speak for our Chapter at the dedication ceremony at the Federal Reserve Bank Building, where we had placed an inscription in memory of our distinguished fellow-member, Paul Cret.

That afternoon, you asked me to send you a record of what I had said.

Now, the occasion did not seem suitable to me for the reading of a prepared paper. I thought of it as a gathering of friends, recall-

ing their affectionate memories of a beloved and admired comrade. However, of course, I did make notes, to avoid the oversights—increasingly possible with the passing years. I can therefore write you of what I said, rather than tell you my exact words, and I may add something that I did not say, which should perhaps have its place in the Chapter records, should you decide to file this letter.

Paul's life was so full of interesting service to our calling, and brought him in contact with so many persons of importance in so many different spheres, that no remarks that could be made at the Bank that afternoon could be made to hold a reference to them all. I chose therefore, first, to be personal, by noting what to me was always the guiding principle of Paul's life, namely, his rectitude in his approach to and contact with his associates.

He came to Philadelphia in 1903 from his native France, and at once began to take a part in our life, a part which he continued to increase throughout. His success—that is, his welcome among us here in Philadelphia—was well established when he responded to the call to military service in the ranks of the French Army in the

First World War. He won an officer's commission, and the Legion of Honor and Croix de Guerre, as his country's recognition of his duty bravely and fully done. He had served as patriotism and honor dictated.

He returned among us free, to proudly become an American, and devote his mature life to the profession of architecture, which he loved, in the country of his adoption, where all joined to make him welcome.

He came to Philadelphia originally at the call of the School of Architecture of the University of Pennsylvania. As Critic of Design and full Professor of Architecture, he led our School to a dominating position in the teaching of our art. In due time, the University recognized his service by awarding him the honorary degree of Doctor of Science.

During these years, he served our City continuously as a member of the Art Jury, which service was crowned by his chairmanship of the Jury up to the time of his death.

He was given the Bok Award in 1931, and thus completed the cycle of honors that it is within the tradition of our municipality to award.

In speaking to our Chapter, I preferred to emphasize Cret's local recognition, in which we all rejoiced as time went on. We knew of his handicaps—his loss of hearing and voice—and we admired his courage and character in overcoming them. He was in active practice until the end, traveling to meet his clients and receiving them in conference.

He served on the Commission of Fine Arts in Washington. Indeed, on one occasion, when I had reason to appear before them, I saw him in full enjoyment of the respect and consideration of his fellow-members. He was for a long time on our State Art Commission. He served the Federal Government in many ways, as consultant or architect of great buildings, but it was as consultant to our National Battle Monuments Commission after the First World War that he performed his most outstanding and honored service to the country of his adoption.

As I have said, Cret was honored locally by those who knew him best, but the recognition of his great qualities was not confined to our City or State. His service became national, as did its recognition, when, at the Tercentenary, Harvard University con-

ferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Arts, selecting Cret and only one member of the University of Pennsylvania's faculty for this distinction.

Finally, let me say, Mr. President, that the ceremony at which you presided on the 14th, in itself marked a recognition of service and accomplishment which is unique in our tradition—for the dedicatory inscription, whose exact wording I append hereto, was, at the invitation of the Federal Government, ordered cut by us in the very fabric of the Federal Reserve Bank, on the east side, overlooking the garden.

I hold it an honor to have spoken for the Chapter on this occasion. The dedicatory inscription:

PAUL PHILLIPE CRET  
1876-1945  
ARCHITECT  
OF THIS BUILDING  
AND ITS GARDEN

LA TERRE RESSEMBLE  
A DE GRANDES TABLETTES  
OU CHACUN VEUT ECRIE  
SON NOM

—Fontenelle

INSCRIBED BY  
THE PHILADÉLPHIA CHAPTER  
AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF  
ARCHITECTS

1947

# BEFORE AND AFTER THE EIGHTIETH CONVENTION

## I—On the Convention Special

*By Edwin Bateman Morris*

THERE WAS a feeling of suppressed excitement in Chicago at approximately one o'clock of the afternoon of Sunday, June 20th as the Architects' Convention Special began to get ready to roll its leisurely way toward Salt Lake City. I say suppressed because there was an absence of music and fanfare. The mayor of Chicago was not there; nor were there bands and drum-majorettes.

Yet, despite what might have been termed a lack of enthusiasm on the part of Chicago's millions, there was more than a ripple of architectural excitement among the followers of the Seven Lamps as we stood waiting for the train gates to open. Slocum Kingsbury properly set the pace, looking dignified without, and having the appearance of being amused and world-enjoying within.

As the train knifed its way westward, the sunshine that had nursed us in Chicago disappeared but within the train sunshine among the architects and their wives and sisters-in-law and so on increased

and grew bright. This was exemplified in the person of Ted Coe. He was housed in a car entitled Cahoes, so that one feels that his biographer might well take advantage of this circumstance and call the volume "Coe of Cahoes." He sat very comfortably watching the scenery the Burlington Railroad presented for his inspection, a serenity someone stated came from the fact that his name in its abbreviated form appeared in the great business firms of the country, as Morgan and Co., Dupont and Co.

Mat Dunlap of Philadelphia was present; as were also two Wrights—Pendleton Wright of Richmond, and Frank Wright of Detroit. Frank Wright is in partnership with his son Lloyd, and upon their office door is reported to be the engaging sign

FRANK and LLOYD WRIGHT

Also from Detroit came the thoughtful and dry-humored Talmage Hughes. From New York came Mr. and Mrs. J. Edgar Willing, though I never succeeded

in finding them. They always seemed to have left the space in question for some different *Ultima Thule*. In my search I made many pleasant contacts. I said to one couple "Are you Willings?" and they replied "No, we are Stubbins."

Mr. and Mrs. Stubbins were excellent citizens, she English by birth, he an Alabama person, successfully transplanted to Boston and inserted into the architectural faculty at Harvard. A linguistic hazard certainly for their children! One can hear them in dialect melange saying "Fawncy! How extrawdinry that y'all should be expatiatin' architecture in the maable halls of Haavard."

The Sleepers of New York were swell persons on both the Mr. and Mrs. side. I am somewhat bound down by ethics, not knowing how far I may go without getting into the advertising zone, but perhaps I may say in passing, the Sleepers have written a book, "The House for You," of which I can say it is a well-conceived, level-headed and pleasant volume. (End of advertising.)

I enjoyed Ossian Ward of Louisville, whose writing in the JOURNAL has held our attention. Outstandingly companionable were

Mr. and Mrs. George Bain Cummings of Binghamton. And also the Keith Heines of Hartford.

Mr. Heine was speaking about the doubled and redoubled effort involved in the architecture of a residence, and referred to a very smooth, well-educated and widely travelled lady for whom he was once building an extensive house. This lady continually delayed progress by discussing points of construction with the various workmen, until the contractor was tearing his hair. Heine resourcefully suggested that the contractor change crews, bringing in only foreign-born mechanics, who were to be instructed to respond to the client lady with "No spika da English" or equivalent. But this ingenious strategy collapsed when it turned out that the well-travelled lady could do a skillful job of speaking the Mediterranean and Teutonic languages, Chinese, Japanese, etc., so that she came out completely victorious.

L. A. Waasdorp, with Mrs. Waasdorp, was also on the train. He emphasized, with his energy and brightness, the fact that much important and valuable life begins at Rochester, New York: some ending at Rochester, Minnesota. Mr. and Mrs. Francis Bulfinch,

of Boston, added to the general companionability. In addition to his interesting conversation, it was not without pleasure and appreciation that one thought of the torch of architecture passed on to his hand from a distinguished grandfather. That sort of thing does not often happen; though some time ago I did meet twins, both architects, of the name Hoban, who were descendants of the great Hoban; and were the only architects in the family in the intervening hundred years.

I liked M. H. Furbringer, of Memphis; the pleasant and old-school General Allison Owen of New Orleans; W. B. Huff, of Akron; Robert Naef, of Jackson, Miss.; and the talented young Brooks Cavin of Minneapolis.

Miss Jacqueline Neal, of Pittsburgh; H. L. Holman, of Ozark, Alabama; and the Louis Justements of Washington occupied the car I was in, and I saw them frequently. Young Louis Justement, who starts in at the architectural school at Syracuse this year, paced an informal Marathon at Greenwood Springs, arising out of a sortie from the train to get some food for the porter of our car, who had somehow failed in that matter, and a praiseworthy dash back.

Our Pullman car was prettily called *Clover Colors*—representing an inspirational low at the Pullman Yclepting Office.

The persons on the train had many and varied destinations after the convention—Los Angeles, Bryce Canyon, the Yellowstone, Grand Canyon. I seemed to be about the only one bound for San Francisco. This was felt to be a sort of aberration on my part, and I received sympathy for heading toward a work spot rather than a purely recreational zone. Suggestions were made as to whom I should see and what scandalous spots, the latter being ignored by me, since I try to make my life an example to the young.

I had for several months had in mind the project (since architects, in their hard lives of concentration, conference and labor, have few pleasures) of showing movies of a couple of standard films on the train. With this in mind I had, several months before, ridden in the projection booth of the C. & O. *George Washington*, the only train, I think, which shows movies.

In accordance with information thus obtained, I went into a huddle with the Burlington Railroad and the company which would furnish





THE OREGON STATE CAPITOL  
SALEM, OREGON  
TROWBRIDGE & LIVINGSTON, ARCHITECTS  
FRANCIS KEALLY, ASSOCIATE

*Photograph by Boychuk Studio*

In the series of  
architects' favorite details

*Journal  
The AIA*



ENTRANCE LOBBY, THE OREGON STATE CAPITOL  
TROWBRIDGE & LIVINGSTON, ARCHITECTS; FRANCIS KEALLY, ASSOCIATE

*Photograph by Esther Born*

equipment and operator, on the matters of current and the rigid mounting of the projector, which were eventually settled on a true architectural-and-engineering conference basis.

Notices of this event were then issued; and almost immediately, such are the workings of this imperfect planet upon which we live, the railroad came up with the sweet information that, since a given number of tickets via the train had not been sold, it was doubtful whether a diner for our special use could be provided; and the movies were definitely out. This gave me the distinction of

having invited many more people to the movies than is customary, and of having stood them all up. But that is architecture—many the preliminary sketch, not always the completed project.

At a surprisingly early hour preceding our arrival at Salt Lake City, the dining car at breakfast was full of architects and wives and sisters-in-law, all very jovial and happy, though it was but the beginning of dewy morn. And when we detrained, it was with pleasant regret—the trip having been, in a manner of speaking, a good smorgasbord for the Convention days to come.

## II—On Post-Convention Tour A

IT WAS a rather subdued and quiet party which boarded Pullmans at Salt Lake City on Saturday morning, June 26. The Convention days had been strenuous—one had hesitated to leave Hotel Utah for five minutes lest he should miss something of importance. Business and seminar meetings were dovetailed together like t. & g. flooring—even the luncheons were preëmpted, and one hurried through his dessert and coffee, fearful that the clatter of spoon on saucer might mar the

words of wisdom that were scheduled to follow.

Thus, most of the forty-odd members of Tour A settled comfortably into their seats and compartments and promptly set about catching up on sleep.

If the original plans of some of our Utah hosts had been carried out, the travelers would have had a rude awakening just before we reached Cedar City. Certain of the younger architects of the Salt Lake Basin had planned to stage a Western hold-up, halting the

train with all the pageantry of masked desperadoes, and temporarily relieving the passengers of their money and jewelry. Perhaps, thought the more cautious of the hosts, the hold-up might not be so good an idea after all; among the passengers there might by chance be a gun and it might be used.

So our party disembarked peacefully and still somewhat sleepily, taking to busses which carried us up and up the mountain roads until we gasped at the sight of the yawning abyss that bears the innocent name of Cedar Breaks.

By pre-announced schedule the Tour A party should have dined at Zion Canyon and spent the night in the cabins of its attractive Lodge. But the Tour B party was occupying most of the cabins and we were shunted off on a mountain road to Bryce Canyon instead. All would have been well if a cloudburst had not intervened. The clay of the mountain road soon became as slippery as ice, and the heavy bus slithered and skidded too close to the minor canyons that bordered the road, first on one side then the other. The inky darkness probably was a blessing, for what we couldn't see would

surely never hurt us. "Red," a University of Utah lad, was a good driver, but at last even he decided that we were in something of a plight, and that chains *might* help. There being no other means of supplementary light available, volunteers held burning magazine pages while Red and the younger and huskier passengers put on the chains. Putting on chains is enough of a job when one can jack up a four-wheeled car, but when working on clay gumbo at night, and trying to clamp chains on double wheels, with only two or three inches clearance below the fenders, backing and filling to get the chains under the tires—well, it has its seamy side.

Not that the chains, when in place, helped much, but we crawled up, down and along the narrow road, heartening ourselves with songs. Finally reaching a paved highway, we took off the chains, turned back a rescue party which had come out to seek us, and drove up into the welcome lights of Bryce Canyon Lodge singing the Doxology—and meaning every word of it!

After a long-postponed dinner and a good night's rest in the wide-flung cabins, the patter of rain on the roof was a dishearten-

ing morning call. Here we were on the brink of one of Nature's most awe-inspiring offerings, loaded with cameras and color film—and it rained! But the mountain gods were good to us, for after breakfast we walked out to a beautiful sunny day in this photographers' paradise, and, for good measure, a sky patterned in fleecy cumulus clouds.

After a forenoon of feasting on an offering of color that out-dazzles that of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, with rim trips, trail trips by horse or on foot—the yellow clay still clinging and slippery—we piled into our busses again and started on the drive to Zion Canyon by way of the famous Mt. Carmel Highway. But not before the undergraduate staff of Bryce Canyon Lodge gathered on the front steps to sing their traditional hail and farewell, with an invitation to return.

Zion is a lovely valley hemmed in by towering peaks and ridges—reminiscent, on a smaller scale, of Yosemite in that the valley floor is level and tree-shaded, with precipitous sides reaching into the sky. Zion held us only overnight, which was far too short a visit, particularly for the photographers, who were distrustful of late-afternoon

or early-morning light in the deep valley.

It was with a feeling of "This is where we came in" that we found ourselves back in Salt Lake City late that afternoon, but dinner was laid for us at the Beau Brummel, out in the Country Club neighborhood, after which we drove leisurely to the railroad station once more, bidding farewell to the Convention City, its residential section, its parks and its monuments.

Disembarking before breakfast at a Montana cross-roads staggering under the name of Victory, we cleaned out its only eating-place and piled into busses for a drive over the mountains and down into the Jackson Hole country. A typical frontier combination of restaurant, bar, dance hall, and gambling center had been pre-inspected by Bud Brazier and other Salt Lake hosts, to make sure that we would find for our luncheon the best cut of steaks and the freshest mountain trout. Then on past the glorious panorama of the Tetons, the lazy meanderings of the Snake River and into Yellowstone Park with its lakes, its bears, its geysers and its millions of lodgepole pine trees.

The marvels of Nature were

being rushed before us in bewildering sequence. After a sunset view into the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone, we spent the night nearby at Canyon Lodge, which apparently was big enough to hold two or three Hotel Utahs.

By this time the members of Tour A were becoming a rather closely knit family. Most of us stood in some awe of the large amount of high Institute brass among us—the president and his wife, the treasurer, a past-president and his wife, two regional directors, our technical secretary, two recently created Fellows and their wives. But the high brass was found to be no less human than the rest of us, if not more so. If any division appeared in the party it was as photographers and non-photographers. “Non-photographers” is not the word, either, for I’m not sure that any one of the party was entirely without a camera of some kind. Clarence Jones of Chattanooga had four, and when we reached Chicago he was shopping for another. Some had movies, others black - and - white stills, but most of us were color shutter-bugs. When we left Yellowstone Park, after two days of poking into mud volcanoes, hot geysers, bottomless pits and the

like, we had three busses, and the third had only six passengers—all photographers who *worked* at it. Each man had an end seat by an open window. The canvas top, laced on when it rained, hailed or snowed—we had everything—was rolled back in seventy seconds flat when clearing skies appeared, and heads appeared above the bare framework seeking always the “new angle” that is the photographer’s goal. A call by any of the six to stop was obeyed, and the time progressively lost was made up by the extra speed of our lightly loaded bus.

Leaving Yellowstone by the Silver Gate at the lower left corner of Montana, the party faced a bus ride of 125 miles to Billings, and settled down for an anticlimactic end of Tour A. What we soon discovered was that we were following the new Beartooth Highway up and over a divide nearly 11,000 feet above sea level. As a matter of fact, the road had been cleared of snow only two weeks earlier, and the climb and descent by way of the switchbacks was easily the greatest thrill of the tour. It was late when we reached Billings, so that the pre-prandial hospitality of ex-Regional Director Angus McIver and the Montana

Chapter was especially appreciated. After-dinner speeches, in which Messrs. Jones and Holman alternated with their traditional Southern wit and narrative, brought us to our last train ride, back to Chicago.

The Tour B travelers are said to believe that their choice was by

all odds the better of the two. Tour A members are as firmly convinced that nothing else could have measured up to the sights and experiences of their itinerary. This is one of those great questions of international import on which a final decision will never be reached.  
—H.H.S.

### III—On Post-Convention Tour B

*By Catharine and Harold R. Sleeper*

ON FRIDAY EVENING, June 25th, our group embarked for Tour B. Sidney Nyhus (United States Travel Agency) met us at the Union Pacific station. After seeing Sid wave off Pullmans that were not in accordance with our requirements and bring in Pullmans that fitted us exactly, we realized that we were in expert hands. He finally got us bedded down in the train which was to be our home for the rest of Tour B.

The next morning we arrived at Cedar City, Utah, two hours late. Mr. and Mrs. Robert R. Reid, Jr., of Cedar City, who had left the Convention early to prepare for our Cedar City stop, were at the station to greet us. They had brought a band and a welcoming committee with them to celebrate

the event. The Reids stood by till we arrived but the band had been forced by our delay to disperse as its members are in business and had to get to their offices.

At Cedar City we left the train for a three-day tour of the Utah National Parks by bus.

We drove first through the fruit country, with a stop to buy bags of delicious cherries and ripe apricots. The countryside changed from fruit cultivation to the steep pink cliffs of Zion Canyon, in Zion National Park. We reached the Lodge in time to find our individual cabins and stow our bags before lunch.

That afternoon we hiked up the Canyon along the bank of the Virgin River. A United States Ranger acted as guide for us. He pointed out the rare plants, the

strange assortment of trees, the rock formation, and told us the history of each. We were walking through the illustrated story of creation.

That night the Clyde Pearsons, from Alabama, celebrated their anniversary with the assistance of the workers at the Lodge plus architects. The Utah National Park Lodges employ college students who work, during the summer, as waitresses, bus boys, cooks. In the evening the Lodge staff puts on a show for the guests.

The next morning we were all on our own. Word was passed round that the trail to Emerald Pool was lovely and not too strenuous. Many of the architects, and some wives, tackled this narrow steep climb and those who made it were rewarded. We won't name those found sitting on rocks while the more sturdy passed by.

After lunch we boarded our busses and, before pulling out, were serenaded by the entire Lodge staff. The college girl waitresses pulled one man out of each bus and passed him up the line, carefully planting kisses which left a lipstick signature. Architect Stohldrier, from White Plains, blushed the rest of the afternoon. The young men of the Lodge staff

had their turn next and seized Mrs. Miller of The Octagon.

From Zion National Park we drove to Bryce Canyon, arriving in the late afternoon. Again we had individual cabins and the night was chilly enough to call for log fires in our cabin fireplaces.

The next day we drove to Cedar Breaks, passing through woods of Ponderosa pine and white-barked quaking aspen trees. We stopped to look at the Western farm which was the location for "My Friend Flicka." The picturesque old house and barn were just the quarry we had been hunting. We hurried to inspect it. Six feet from the front door we stopped in our tracks. The entire location was a fake Hollywood set, house, barn, planting!

Farther along the road we saw another picture location. The day's shooting was over, so we watched the stars ride off in limousines while the famous horses rode off in trucks.

We had dinner at Cedar Breaks after looking down at the stupendous chasm. Then we drove down 6,000 feet in 20 miles to Cedar City where we boarded our waiting train.

The next morning we woke up



in Las Vegas, Nevada (the last frontier).

Breakfast in the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas was a complete contrast to our recent cabin life. The Flamingo is *Luxury de Luxe*, spelled with capital L's. The gaming tables and bar in the main lobby were going full blast when we arrived at 9:30 A.M.

After a quick look at our luxurious rooms in the Flamingo we drove out to Boulder City. The white buildings and green trees of Boulder City create an oasis in the desert. Town planners can see here how a government-owned city operates. If a tenant does not maintain his house properly the house is moved out of town and dumped. Someone else can then use the land.

Each building is air-conditioned. Every block has a large area off the street planned for parking. Result: no congestion, no squalor. Every inch is maintained in the pink of condition.

In a government-operated theater there we saw movies of Hoover Dam's construction.

It was only a few miles' drive to Hoover Dam. This colossal undertaking now seems so natural a part of its setting that it is difficult to appreciate how it came

into being. We went down by elevator, hundreds of feet, into the very center of the Dam, and then through tunnels to the turbines on each side. The staggering scale of the entire project, and its good detail, defy description. After viewing those great freaks of Nature, the canyons, it was reassuring to see that man can harness the destructive Colorado River and use its power.

A boat ride on Lake Mead proved to be as hot as motoring on the desert.

Dinner in the gorgeous nightclub setting of the Flamingo revived us. Then we collected in groups around the gaming tables. We hope that the hotel owners had not counted on us architects to swell the house's take. Many of us tried the nickel and quarter machines until our pocketful of silver was gone. A few even claimed winnings. After that we were content to remain kibitzers.

Due to a wreck on the Union Pacific we could not leave Las Vegas on schedule. Some of our party took advantage of the delay to go swimming in the hotel pool. Katherine Kirlin, of The Octagon staff, looked very decorative sunning herself on the edge of the pool. The next day her pink

afterglow was most becoming but somewhat too warm for her own comfort, she said.

Our two and a half days in Los Angeles were all too short. But the energy shown by Tour B members got us around to a number of places. When scheduled trips stopped we started on our own from our Biltmore Hotel headquarters.

Our trips included Beverly Hills, Hollywood, the Hollywood Bowl, the Wiltshire District and out along the Sunset Strip to the Pacific. Then to Earl Carroll's Vanities for dinner, dancing, and the revue.

In Los Angeles we were impressed by the fact that architects have had a hand in practically every building from service stations and lunch wagons to the railroad station.

Sam Lunden of the Southern California Chapter, most thoughtfully arranged a dinner for us at the picturesque La Golandrine restaurant in the old Mexican shopping center. It was a gay, amusing evening and the setting was in direct contrast to Earl Carroll's place.

Our shoppers took in every store in the area (and what an area!). The gourmets sampled

food at Lyman's, the Brown Derby and at the famous out-of-doors Farmers' Market. Here shops specialize in certain products—some in cheese, others in cake or meat, corn-on-the-cob, or hot tamales. You can help yourself and then sit down at any of the many tables to eat what you have purchased.

One day we drove through the vineyards and orange groves of San Bernardino Valley to Lake Arrowhead. We lunched at the beautiful Arrowhead Hot Springs Hotel, designed by architect Paul Williams.

July 3rd we boarded the train for the Grand Canyon. Early the next morning we piled out of the train for breakfast at the El Tovar Hotel on the South Rim of the Canyon. In the morning we drove along the canyon in one direction; that afternoon, in the opposite direction. In the late afternoon we watched the Hopi Indians dance. That night we returned to our train.

Our next stop at Albuquerque, New Mexico, was only six hours long but our indefatigable sight-seers and shoppers made the most of it.

At every car end the architects, led by their fleet-footed wives,



OUTDOOR DINING-ROOM  
AN ADDITION TO THE ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL, HONOLULU  
GARDNER A. DAILEY, ARCHITECT

In the series of  
architects' favorite details

*Journal*  
*The AIA*  
125



FIRST CONGRESS OF THE UNION INTERNATIONALE DES ARCHITECTES, LAUSANNE



L. to r., MM. Gradman, Kopp, Tschumi, William-Olsson, van den Broek, Vischer, Ceas, Vago, Sir Patrick Abercrombie, Heikal, Toneff, Baranov, Bens, Ralph Walker and Piotrowski

brushed by the Pullman porter before he had finished dusting off the car steps. They were off looking for silver! Tales of bargains in bracelets, earrings, and other Indian trophies were traded at every chance corner meeting of our party. Foot-weary returnees to the train often made sudden sorties a few minutes before leaving time. All managed to catch the train, fortunately.

The next day we reached Colorado Springs, 'way up in the Rockies. Cadillac limousines spun us around the dozens of hairpin turns, up and up to 14,200 feet at the top of Pikes Peak. What a glorious view! The high altitude made us all slightly fuzzy and the drive down was no aid to our disturbed nerves. Our drivers boasted that they had been driving since midnight to get a previous party up to the top for the sunrise. We all reached the bottom safely, however.

We left that afternoon on the last trail—to Chicago. And we left our delightful companions, Ruth and Gene Williams of Atlanta, Georgia, who were making a visit in Colorado Springs.

This was our last night to celebrate all together, and also the birthday of Alonzo Harriman from

Maine. So Sid decided that we should have a private dining-car and a fine repast.

Mr. Kelley of the Santa Fé R.R. stopped the train for fifteen minutes at a small town. This allowed a brakeman time to shop for twenty-nine candles for the birthday cake. We had singing, toasts and fun. We serenaded the dining-car steward, the railroad, and all parts of the country; then we started with the colleges. The waiters had never had such a novel and musical dinner; we had never enjoyed a better time.

The A.I.A. can proudly boast that no similar group ever traveled together for twelve days with no misses, no strike-outs and few errors. Even the camera fans showed up as per plans and specifications. Now and then they lost contact with their cohorts, looking for that final perfect shot. But even David Baker, of Washington, always managed to get aboard.

Chicago came all too soon, for it was hard to part with so many friends from distant places. The Talmage Hughes of Detroit, the Edwin Greens of Harrisburg, the Pendleton Wrights of Virginia, nine-year-old Bunty Pearson and parents Idy and Clyde, of Alabama

and other charming Southerners went their separate ways from Chicago. The rest of us returned to New York. Now we look forward to the 1949 Convention—See you in Houston!

## Union Internationale des Architectes

THE Congress of the Union Internationale des Architectes at Lausanne in June last was attended by delegates from twenty countries. Elected to the Executive Committee were: Sir Patrick Abercrombie of London, president; Messrs. Baranov of Leningrad, Vischer of Basle and Ralph Walker of New York, vice-presidents; M. van den Broek of Rotterdam, treasurer; and M. P. Vago of Paris, secretary general. See illustrations from Lausanne on page 126.

## News from the Educational Field

TEXAS A. & M. COLLEGE has produced and made available a 16mm sound-and-color motion picture entitled "Building for Learning." It shows by means of models and actual school examples some of the newest thought in school and classroom design. The film, made under the direction of Professor William W. Caudill, Department of Architecture, is designed for showing to Parent-Teacher, service and other civic groups. It is available for loan without charge except for transportation costs both ways. For groups having no sound projector, a 2 x 2 color slide set with lecture notes has been prepared. Further information may be had from the Texas Engineer-

ing Experiment Station, A. & M. College, College Station, Texas.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS, College of Fine and Applied Arts, announces the appointment of John Walter Wood as Associate Professor of Architecture. Mr. Wood, who has been active in airport design since 1929, is the author of "Airports—Some Elements of Design and Future Development" (1940) and "Airports and Air Traffic" (about to be published.)

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, School of Architecture, tells of the establishment of a student branch of The A.I.A. At the present time,

sixty students have affiliated with the student branch, with promise of additional students being included as members for the coming fall. The student chapter will sponsor lectures by visiting architects from various sections of the country and will be responsible for the handling of exhibition material in the professional fields. The early sessions of the coming academic year will be devoted to the Seminars of the Convention of The Institute at Salt Lake City.

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON also

announces the reactivation of the Ion Lewis Scholarship on an annual basis for the first time since the war. The Scholarship has been awarded this year to Joseph H. Young, a recent graduate of the School of Architecture. Mr. Young's project will be a study of wood, its use in domestic architecture in America, both historically and in contemporary architecture. He will concentrate his interests in the Northwest area, but will also consider domestic architecture in other sections.

## A New York State Competition

OPEN only to architects licensed to practice in New York State, two competitions are announced by the State's Division of Housing. One competition is for a single-family dwelling for the average wage earner receiving from \$46 to \$58 a week. The other competition is for a multi-family housing development for

80 families of the above income group. William Lescaze is acting as Professional Adviser. A first prize of \$1,000, a second of \$500 and ten honorable mentions will be awarded in each competition. Closing date is November 15, 1948. Copies of the program may be had from Division of Housing, 270 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.

## Calendar

*September 20-23:* Fiftieth Anniversary Convention, American Hospital Association, Atlantic City, N. J.

*September 20-24:* Annual Technical Conference of the Illuminat-

ing Engineering Society, Hotel Statler, Boston.

*September 23-24:* Great Lakes District A.I.A. Seminars, Dayton, Ohio.

*September 26-28:* Twenty-first

annual convention, California Council of Architects, Yosemite Valley.

*October 11-13:* Nineteenth annual meeting of the Institute of Traffic Engineers, Hotel Warwick, Philadelphia, Pa.

*October 13-16:* Annual meeting of the National Association of Housing Officials, Olympic Hotel, Seattle, Wash.

*October 17-29:* Show of members' summer work and work of new members of The Architectural League of New York, 115 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

*November 29-December 4:* Annual meeting of the American So-

ciety of Mechanical Engineers, featuring the 18th National Exposition of Power and Mechanical Engineering, Grand Central Palace, New York.

*December 9-10:* Thirty-fifth Annual Convention of National Warm Air Heating and Air Conditioning Association, Hotel Cleveland, Cleveland, Ohio.

*March 29-April 1, 1949:* Third International Lighting Exposition and Conference. Sponsored by Industrial and Commercial Lighting Equipment Section of National Electrical Manufacturers Association. Stevens Hotel, Chicago, Illinois.

## Memoirs of Centurian Architects

IN FOUR PARTS—PART III

*By William Adams Delano, F.A.I.A.*

Written for the hundredth anniversary memorial book of the Century Club (Copyright, 1947, by The Century Association) and now published in the JOURNAL by permission of the club and the author

WHEN Charles Adams Platt was elected President of the Century in 1928, the architects felt that the profession had, at last, gained its rightful place in the sun; but Charles did not feel the sun's warmth. He was never happy on the throne; he was too modest and lacked the self-confidence to preside comfortably at our meetings. It was a relief to him, and a regret to us, when ill health compelled him to resign

from the presidency, as it did after a brief reign of three years.

Charles Platt was an all-round artist. First an etcher and painter of distinction, he drifted, so to speak, into architecture by way of landscaping country places for some of his friends in Windsor, Vermont. From garden benches it was an easy step to restoring houses and from that to designing them. His architectural years were spent in the heyday of

SEPTEMBER, 1948



American domestic architecture after the turn of the century, and to him fell a large share of commissions both in town and country. His work was marked by simplicity and a strong classical bent, developed by many visits to Italy—as his Freer Gallery in Washington testifies. He had great influence upon the younger men: functional architecture had not yet appeared above the horizon to cast its confusing shadow on the profession.

In 1938, the Academy of Arts and Letters arranged a comprehensive exhibition of Platt's work in its 156th Street gallery. It is unfortunate that this gallery is so remote that, I fear, many Centurions never saw the show. It included his etchings, dry points, water colors and oils and splendid photographs of his architectural work. It was a beautifully arranged and most inspiring display of the life-work of an artist. He was a good and loyal friend, much beloved by his fellows, and I felt privileged to enjoy his quiet friendship which grew stronger with the years.

There were three Centurions we all loved, whom fate did not treat kindly: C. Grant La Farge, James Monroe Hewlett and Eger-

ton Swartwout. All three made what seemed good starts but the Muse of Architecture did not continue to smile.

Heins & La Farge won the competition for the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, and were entrusted with its execution. The apse was built in a pseudo-Romanesque style (very impressive, I have always felt), when the Vestry awoke to the fact that it was not Gothic and, therefore, not truly religious. In consequence of this awakening, the work was taken from La Farge and placed in the more Gothic hands of Cram. Many architects, myself included, felt that an injustice had been done and I am sure this shift had a baleful influence upon La Farge's later career. Perhaps I came on the scene too late, but I never heard a word of complaint from Grant. He was too fine a person to grumble about his disappointments. He had a difficult time in his last years; without architectural commissions, he wrote and lectured. He was always a warm and cheerful friend, who added to the joy of life at the Century. He loved fishing and had a stream near Saundertown, Rhode Island, where I sometimes went, and marveled at his

skill; he could cast his fly right over the nose of a trout while I found my line entangled in the elder bushes behind me. At the end of the day his creel was full, mine empty.

Jimmy Hewlett and his associate, Lord, had thrust upon them a commission which, some of us felt, proved their undoing. The story goes back to Paris days. Kenneth Murchison, while still a student at the Beaux-Arts, met Senator Clark, the Copper King, who was contemplating a palace on Fifth Avenue. Ken saw visions and stuck close to the Senator. He was invited by the King to take a motor trip in Touraine, but the motor proved too small for all invited and Ken, not wishing to let his prey out of sight, followed on a bicycle. Later, he announced over aperitifs at the Deux Magots that the Senator had invited him on a yachting trip. "We know what you'll do, Ken; you'll follow in a rowboat," remarked George Chappell. Persistence, however, had its reward and Ken got the commission, but on condition that he associate himself with a well-known French architect in preparing the preliminary plans and with an established firm of architects in New York to make the

working drawings and to supervise. That was where Lord & Hewlett came in. It does not require much imagination to see the resulting confusion. The Senator's ostentatious nightmare, long since demolished, gave all concerned a rather black eye, even among the most devout followers of the Beaux-Arts. After Lord's death, Jimmy went in for murals and had a large studio in Brooklyn, where he strove to support an enormous family, which George Chappell once remarked "made shad roe look like race-suicide." We all loved Jimmy and threw his way what mural work we could, but he had hard going in his last years.

Egerton Swartwout had a great reputation among architects. The Elk's National Headquarters Memorial Building in Chicago was an ambitious performance, perhaps overcharged with decorations but the work of a sincere and able artist. Egerton's boast was that he did all the draughting himself, seldom employing assistance; but the demands of an exacting family, lack of work in his last years and strain caused him unhappiness and added still further to his always serious manner. His friends did what they could to make his last

days and illness as comfortable as possible but the end of this gifted architect was rather pathetic.

S. B. P. Trowbridge, better known as "Breck," was for many years a partner of Goodhue Livingston. They made a most successful team, which, among many buildings, designed the St. Regis Hotel. Since it was built before the turn of the century, it speaks well for Breck's conception that it still enjoys enormous popularity. Breck was a product of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, a very able designer, who had many friends in and out of the profession. He gave the impression of a *bon vivant*, and was! He belonged to that small coterie of architects who call themselves "The Digressionists." They meet once a year for dinner—of late years at the Coffee House—and display their skill in paint or clay, or talk about their hobbies. I remember with special pleasure Breck's talk, on one occasion, about bows and arrows, in the making and use of which he had great skill.

Lloyd Warren did not avail himself often of the joys of the Century. He was a shy man and not what we call a good mixer. He avoided clubs, but I knew him well and spent many pleasant hours

in his bachelor palace on Fifth Avenue where he entertained like a prince. Educated in Paris, he never practised architecture seriously. He was submerged by his brother, Whitney, of whose business activities he did not fully approve, and withdrew from the firm; but he was deeply interested in the art of architecture and did his best, financially and by personal service, to promote its welfare. He was largely responsible for the formation of the Beaux-Arts Society and the Beaux-Arts Institute of Design, composed of a group of architects that undertook to give young draughtsmen who could not afford a college or foreign education a part of these advantages. The Beaux-Arts Institute of Design did a great and useful work for many years, until new registration laws in the various States forced a change in character. Today it acts more as a clearing house for the universities that maintain architectural schools. It is now hoped that the Beaux-Arts Institute of Design may unite with the educational work of the American Institute of Architects, to the benefit of both. If Lloyd had lived, he would, I am sure, have continued to aid and inspire the young in all fields of art.

A man of quite different type from Warren was Fred Hiron. Like Jack Pope, Fred had an uncanny gift for reading the minds of competition juries; but his executed designs were not always so happy. He was a big blustering man, who fought shy of details, loved good food and drink, and was always ready for an evening with his boon companions; but, like Lloyd, he gave much time and energy to the Beaux-Arts Institute of Design and was active on its juries, where we often met and wrangled.

Walter B. Chambers I first knew in New Haven. Graduated from Yale nearly a decade before me, he came back often to reunions of our Senior Society. Since I hoped in those days to be an architect, and he was already an established one, I looked up to him with reverence. At the meetings in our Hall there budded a friendship that lasted until his death. In college he had, quite naturally, been dubbed "Potsy" by his classmates; but friendly as we were "Walter" seemed a more fitting name for the younger man to employ. He was a brother of Centurion Robert W. Chambers, the novelist, and had been educated in Germany and at the

Beaux-Arts and served in the militia during the first World War. Walter had a very dignified bearing and was a little stiff in his manner but he was at heart a friendly man, who loved the companionship the Century offered.

H. Van Buren Magonigle was a gay Centurion, who loved a good story and a good laugh. As a draughtsman, he was "tops." I remember, at Carrère & Hastings', watching him make the line drawings for the Public Library competition—which Chester Aldrich afterwards rendered so beautifully—and marvelling at his patience and skill. In the competition drawings, the façades of the Library were called for at a very small scale. Van drew every baluster with amazing accuracy. This seems to damn Magonigle as a machine, but he was far more—a good designer, as the Monument at Columbus Circle, whether you like it or not, testifies. He was a good friend and the Century lost something of real value when he died eleven years ago.

Let me jump from architecture to its handmaiden:

James L. Greenleaf, the landscape architect, served for three years on the Commission of Fine

Arts while I was a member, and I came to have a real affection for him as a man and admiration for his talents as an artist. He was distinguished in appearance, with an unpretentious, friendly manner. He was wise in his judgments, and the City of Washington profited much by his knowledge of landscape design and plant material. Greenleaf was responsible for the setting of Bacon's Lincoln Memorial, a magnificent piece of landscape work, worthy foil to the monument. He was succeeded on the Commission by another Centurion, Ferruccio Vitale.

Ferruccio was born in Italy and learned his art in Florence before coming to this country. I knew him intimately and found in him a kindred spirit. We were associated on the design of several country places, and if an architect and landscape architect can work harmoniously it speaks well for the landscapist, for the architect always imagines he is boss—I fear I did. We had a mutual interest in all growing things and loved to talk of them and their habits. His gardens were laid out with a vision of what the ultimate effect would be. Here he did not have the same range of material

that his native land offered but he adapted his designs skillfully to those trees and plants which flourish in different parts of our country. On the Commission of Fine Arts, he gave generously of his time and energy. When he died, in 1933, the art of landscaping lost an enthusiastic follower and the Century a most sympathetic member.

We lately lost another foreign-born Centurion and a most engaging member of the profession when J. André Fouilhoux was killed while inspecting one of his buildings, by a fall from a scaffold. Born in France, he came to this country, and, after gaining experience in our methods of construction, formed a partnership with Wallace K. Harrison. For too short a time he was a member of the Century—only three years—but during that time he made many warm friends. André gave himself freely, in many ways, to promoting the welfare of architecture—and his professional generosity is and will be greatly missed in all those groups where he took an active and enthusiastic part.

Julian Peabody also died too young and too horribly. He and his wife had started gaily on a

vacation trip to Mexico when their steamer, the *Mohawk*, collided on a bitter cold night with a freighter not far from New York harbor. Their steamer sank almost at once and in the panic that ensued both Julian and his wife were drowned. Most of his work was in domestic architecture, though he built a few schools and hospitals on Long Island. Whatever he designed had simplicity and charm. We lived not far from one another in the country and, because he admired my houses and sometimes mildly plagiarized, this subtle form of flattery pleased me; but, as Lewis Perry once said: "Flattery does you no harm if you don't inhale it." Julian's hobby was painting and his water colors improved with the years. He was a good friend and charming companion, whom I and many other Centurions mourn.

Richard H. Dana was a pupil

of mine when I taught design at Columbia. He was studious and serious, which is more than I can remember of many who came under my guidance in those years. When he graduated he came into our office as a draughtsman and there met Henry Killam Murphy. Together they formed a successful partnership. Much of their work was in China. Never having been in China, I can judge of the work only by photographs but these seem to show a nice adaptation of Chinese motives to modern needs. Dick Dana, who was New England to the core, had no inclination to become a Chinese but Murphy took to the Celestial Kingdom as a duck to water and spent most of his last years there. In the Century, Dick had many warm friends, who miss his reserved but friendly spirit, and I think of him with paternal affection.



## Architects Read and Write

*Letters from readers—discussion, argumentative, corrective, even vituperative.*



FORUM'S REPORTING OF THE CONVENTION  
BY EDGAR I. WILLIAMS, F.A.I.A., New York

SANDWICHED within the one-hundred-thirty-odd advertising pages of the July issue of the *Architectural Forum*, the editors devoted several paragraphs to a review of the 1948 A.I.A. Con-

SEPTEMBER, 1948

vention. Using the smarty-pants and somewhat worn jargon of the pseudo-intellectuals, they dismissed the proceedings with airy cynicism.

The officers and many members of The Institute responsible for the Convention program may not be as brilliant or as profound thinkers as the boys and girls of the *Forum* staff but, at least, they have the fun of practising their profession. Critics, by nature have the shortcomings of enuchs—all the fun they get is talking about it.

Occasionally members of The Institute do some hard work for their fellow professionals without recompense. Critics can be helpful when they are constructive and when they possess the character which makes them play the game. But when they resort to the old game of poking fun at something so impersonal as The Institute, they do not serve anything with honor.

As a *Forum* subscriber and as an old friend of Howard Myers I am ashamed of their performance. How the *Forum* must miss Howard Myers!



#### THE BURCHARD EDITORIAL

BY C. B. F. BRILL, New York

CONGRATULATIONS on publishing the guest editorial by John Ely Burchard in the August issue. Dean Burchard has given the most concise and penetrating appraisal of the weaknesses of our profession, and the most constructive suggestion for their elimination that I

have seen. It is to be hoped that this will stimulate discussion in every chapter, out of which may develop a realistic self-appraisal and positive steps for a solution. Otherwise we as a profession will continue to lose ground, relatively speaking.



#### THE BURCHARD EDITORIAL

BY CHARLES DANA LOOMIS, Baltimore, Md.

THE kindly Editor of The JOURNAL seems to have been almost too benevolent in placing Mr. Burchard's piece in the Au-

gust JOURNAL under the caption of "Editorial," way up in front, when the contents should so obviously have been labeled "ad-

JOURNAL OF THE A. I. A.

vertisement" and placed among the other bits of salesmanship.

However, perhaps Mr. Burchard has brought a message of importance to the profession even though it is quite the reverse of his naively apparent intention. As advertising for the professional Educator, and as a plea for making his field ever "bigger and better," the piece, to this reader at least, turned out a boomerang of fatal accuracy.

First of all, it is a dubious practice from the advertising point of view to begin by smearing up the Customer with a good rich coat of mud. For, in the final analysis, it is the patient, worried, preoccupied, generally good-natured architects who have made the architectural schools possible and their continuance assured. Everyone must realize that, lacking the architect's willingness to absorb the output of the schools, the youngsters would find themselves cheated of their expected livelihood, and the word "poison" would be nailed, like Martin Luther's celebrated documents, on the doors of the Temple.

Mr. Burchard's indictment of the profession should be taken seriously if not exactly as he intended. The architect's failure lies in the easy overconfidence with which he has turned over the infants to such foster mothers, purblind to the fundamentals of the calling which they profess. To teach a profession, not a trade, is to inspire and bring forth in the student a real love of thinking.

In this observer's short experience as a "faculty man," the "system" makes this either impossible or impossibly unpopular.

The inculcation of a technology and the propagation of a gospel are vanities, the giving of stones for bread. Both the technology and the gospel are become obsolete and *démodé* before the poor tyro can attempt applications. But today the poor tyro comes to us, not realizing his poverty, but convinced that he has sucked from the primal teat. The shock of contact with the architectural world as it is, and must be in a rapacious economy, all too often turns the victim's eyes inward, and he becomes self-consciously both bumptious and abusive out of self-defense.

What architects, and their clients too, really want is young blood which is both energetic and patient, loving the hard clean thought of synthesis as much as the methodical labors of analysis: youngsters with a real sense of proportion in its broadest sense, a high feeling of humanity and good humor, and above all an incurable habit of minute personal observation. It is a very rare and strong young person who can emerge from the present Halls of Truth with these priceless possessions still unmarred and untarnished.

It is about time that the practising, and not the preaching, architects learn a lesson from the medical and surgical brethren, and take the control of the educa-



tion of their young into their own hands, and away from the vicarious nursemaids who, by their very numbers, now dominate the scene. It would also make the result surer if the schools could be physically divorced from their present voluptuous and corrupting cohabitation with an Alma Mater. To say the least, as it is it smacks of incest. For teachers of architecture to become, as they needs now must, fellow conspirators with academicians of all stripes and colors in faculty politics, in the pulling and hauling for place and preferment, destroys our morale at birth.

As for the plea that the architect, whom we assume to be thought of as an individual, can somehow, by some academic mumbo-jumbo be made omniscient beyond the most absurd pretensions of men, could there be a more fatuous reason for giving the old "overhead" another upward push? Even the occasional excursions into omniscience by our clients fade away in the cold light of experience. The slowly ac-

quired ability to find the man who does know is an infinitely better working tool than any assumed omniscience. Universal geniuses are not very well thought of in the modern world.

It takes at least ten years to make even a fair architect, but deliver us from transferring three more of them to the tender mercies of the schools!

The architects of this county are not taking very kindly to the present output of the schools, but not for the reasons which Mr. Burchard hints. It is just that the boys cannot do much that is useful, while somehow somebody has got them to think that they are really great assets to the community. Ask twenty men who are employing these kids what they really think of them.

No national corporation trying to market its output could tolerate for long the kind of advertising that Mr. Burchard has given to the architectural schools of this country.



## THE PROFESSIONAL FEE

BY CHARLES A. PEARSON, JR., Radford, Va.

**R.** CLIPSTON STURGIS has something ("The Professional Fee," July JOURNAL). Why is not the entire profession shaking off the present archaic (to say nothing of it being nowhere close to appropriate) form of fees for

professional services? Who ever heard of any other profession charging on the basis of the cost of court proceedings, or the cost of remedy prescribed, and furnished (and frequently installed) by the druggist?

JOURNAL OF THE A. I. A.

Let us all get behind this method of charges Sturgis very sensibly suggests and let us have other

articles from him elaborating such in more complete detail—the one in the July issue cut off too short.



## CHURCH DESIGN

BY R. CLIPSTON STURGIS, F.A.I.A., Portsmouth, N. H.

**I**N ALL the interesting papers on church architecture it seems very strange that not a single writer has mentioned that the chief object of all Catholic churches, Roman or Anglican, is worship. The pulpit and the sermon are of little importance compared with the sacraments of the church. Therefore the church has always laid much emphasis on the chancel, choir and sanctuary. For the congregation, it is more important to hear the beautiful music, to see the glory of rood screen, choir stalls and altar than it is to hear the words of the music or what the priest is saying at the altar, for a good churchman knows what is being said or sung. The ritual, the music, the beauty of the setting are all an integral part of worship.

The church from the twelfth to the sixteenth century developed a constantly growing and changing beauty, and it was still growing and vital when the Renaissance became so much the architectural fashion that even in England, where ecclesiastical design was most vital, it failed to stem the tide. When men like Bodley in England, and Goodhue here, revived the church tradition it was

with no idea of copying a dead form, but it was to revive and carry on a very living form. Neither of the men I mention (and there were many others) copied the past. They naturally studied the past, but they designed to carry out the tradition of the past with its definite accent on worship as the true function of the church.

As far as I have observed, no modern church architect has ever succeeded in making a house of worship which could even vaguely compare in beauty with the innumerable parish churches of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in England.

One writer gave as a reason for not building in this beautiful style that it was very costly. This is not true. The lovely dormitories at Princeton are in this style and cost far less than the Georgian "Houses" at Harvard, i.e., less per student.

Personally I am all in favor of continuing to build along the proved and sanctified lines of church architecture that have for generations been hallowed places of worship.

SEPTEMBER, 1948

## The Editor's Asides

PRESIDENT TRUMAN recently told a gathering of high-school girls that they might reasonably look forward to seeing a woman elected President of the United States. The architects of Vermont might agree, for they have just elected as president of the Vermont Association of Architects, Mrs. Ruth Reynolds Freeman of Burlington.

THE HHFA estimates that one-third of the fuel used in heating our dwellings is wasted. Pretty poor economy, that, particularly as our fuel supply, in coal, oil and gas, is not limitless. One way of saving ten per cent of the fuel consumed would be to hold the indoor temperature to 68° instead of our customary 75°. Everybody but possibly a few of the thin-blooded old folks would be more healthful. But it can never happen here.

IN THESE SOMEWHAT HECTIC days when almost every activity of architects other than straight business is brushed aside, it is a relief to come upon the exception. Up in Spokane Ralph Bishop has brought together a group of drafts-

men who, under his unselfish leadership, meet weekly for sketching, reviewing architectural history and generally improving their individual appreciation of what constitutes the art of architecture. It is good to know that the old guild spirit has not altogether escaped our generation.

THE PROBLEM of catching the attention of architects through magazine advertising has long concerned the producers and their advertising agents. Of recent years the tendency has been to try to tell the whole story, and it requires many words. In the keen competition for attention among a hundred pages of advertising, experts are beginning to doubt that many of these words are being read. The latest efforts to break out of the rut depend upon a striking illustration, in color preferably, appealing to the architect's imagination. The picture may be closely connected with the objects advertised—as opera reminiscences with Capehart phonographs, or a state's varied products as used by the Container Corporation; or it may be conspicuously abstract, as in the drawings used by Structural Clay

Products Institute. In any case the picture and a mere word or two carry the burden of registering in the architect's consciousness a product or a service. It would be interesting and instructive to know whether this break with the main current of advertising is doing a better job.

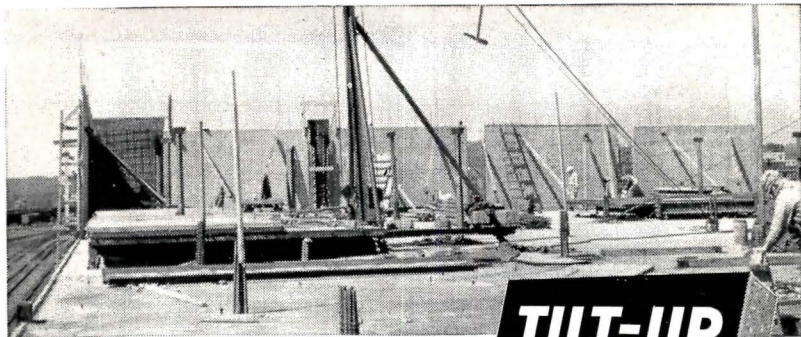
THE U. S. POST OFFICE has some curious kinks in its manner of doing business. For instance, if you mail a set of specifications that have been produced by blue-printing, it calls for third- or fourth-class postage. If, however, the specifications are typewritten originals or carbon copies, or mimeographed, you mail it only as first-class matter. If, however, you were to mail a minimum of twenty identical unsealed copies—which you never would—they would go as third-class matter.

In the second-class matter—periodicals specifically entered as such—there is one kink that will never cease to puzzle us: if we send a copy of the JOURNAL to be hauled across the continent to Tacoma, for instance, it costs about one-third of a cent and requires no stamp; if, however, the copy is directed to a subscriber in Washington, just across the street from

the Post Office, the envelope must bear a 2¢ stamp.

JUST AS we had bid a reluctant farewell to the cast-iron treillage used so bountifully in New Orleans and Charleston, thinking that present-day architects would have none of such frippery, comes news of an impending renaissance. A Chicago foundry is casting from the old patterns, which have been refined and modeled in the round, but casting in *aluminum*, within structural framing of steel. Maybe decorative detail is about to come back through this side door.

NEWS OF THE man-bites-dog category is found in an announcement that a Government agency, the Defense Homes Corporation, has just ended its activity and shows a profit of something over \$2,000,000. Created in 1940 to supply housing for defense workers, it built and operated 10,964 housing units, ranging from individual dwellings through such projects as Fairlington and McLean Gardens in the Washington metropolitan area. The reason for the profit is not hard to find: operating and liquidating on a rising market.



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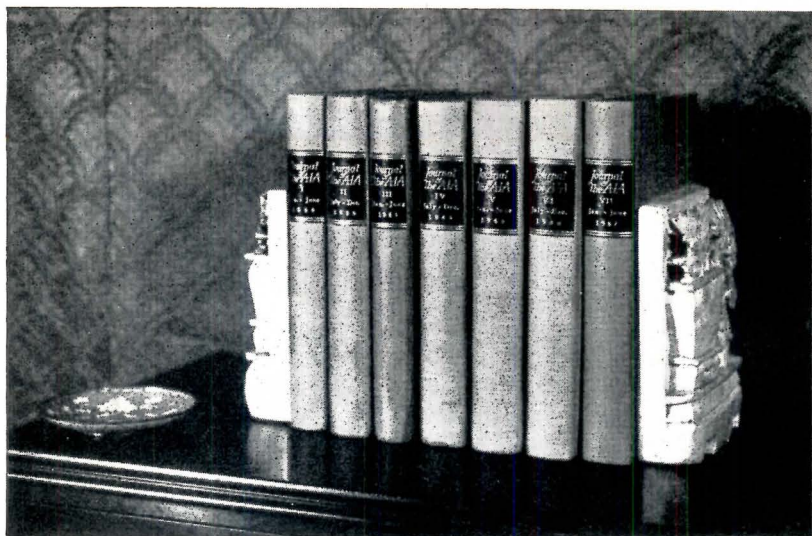
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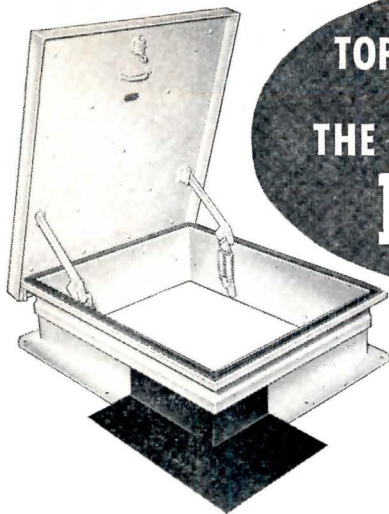


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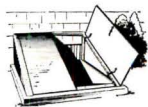
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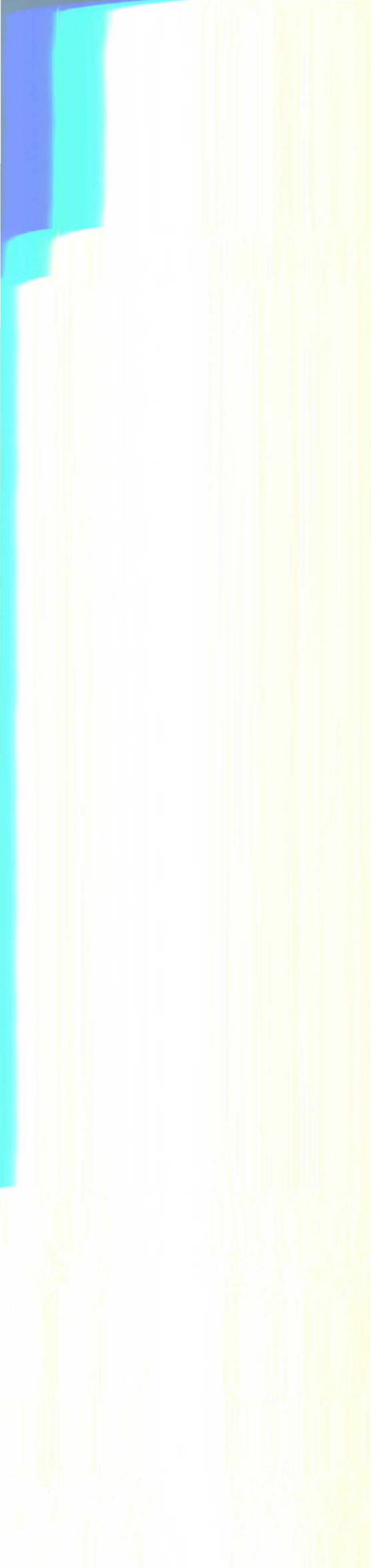


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