

B A L T I M O R E N U M B E R

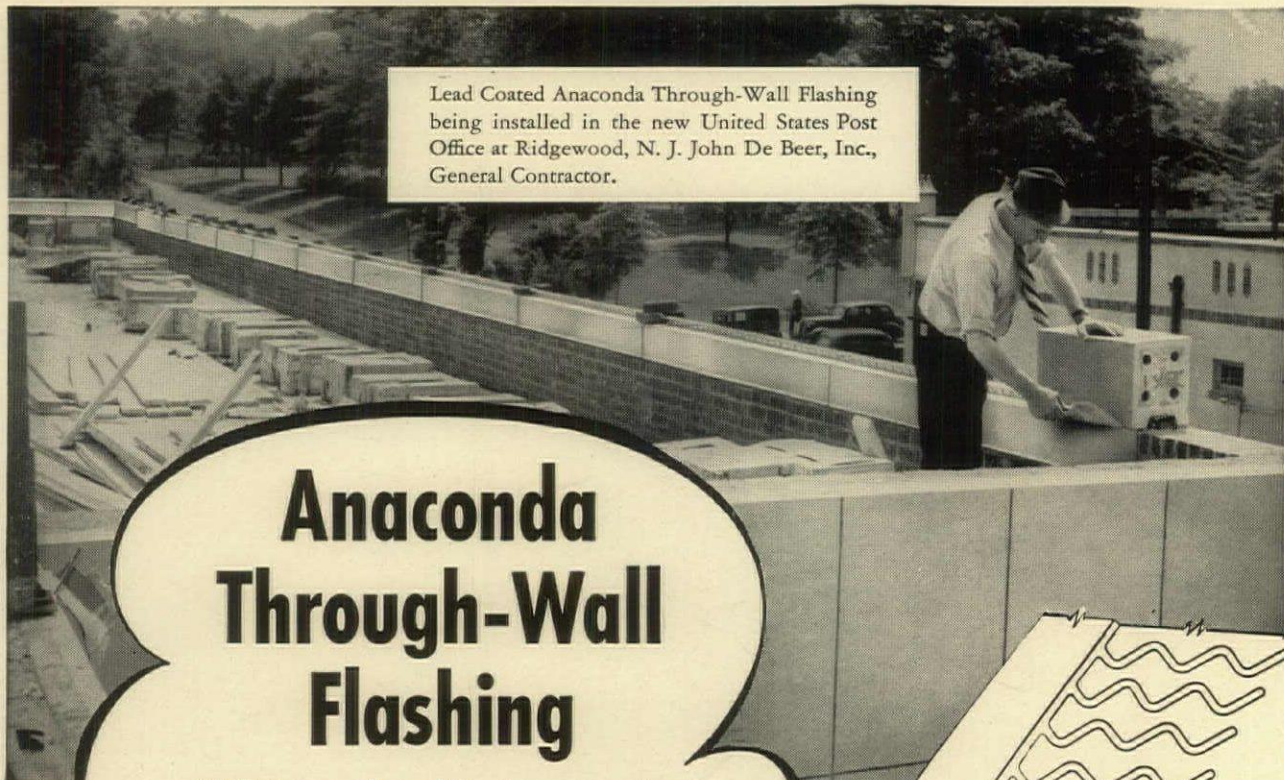


Homewood

THE FEDERAL
ARCHITECT

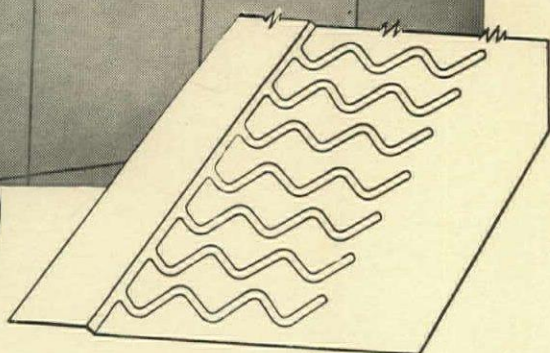
January, 1940

Lead Coated Anaconda Through-Wall Flashing being installed in the new United States Post Office at Ridgewood, N. J. John De Beer, Inc., General Contractor.



Anaconda Through-Wall Flashing

Efficient, durable, inexpensive, adaptable to almost every masonry or brick condition



Anaconda Through-Wall Flashing* has these worthwhile features:

1. Zig-zag corrugations, 7/32" high, provide complete mortar bond in all lateral directions.
2. An integral die-stamped dam, also 7/32" high, gives complete drainage in the desired direction. Flashing drains itself dry on a level bed, reducing possibility of wet walls and heaving by frost.
3. Flat salvage permits neat, sharp bends for counter-flashing or for locking to adjacent sheet metal.
4. Flashing is easily locked endwise by nesting corrugations. Such joints are water-tight, but, if desired, are

easily soldered because of adjoining flat surfaces.

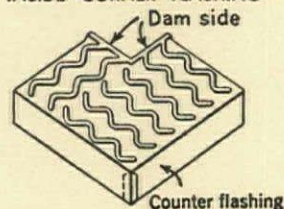
5. Tongue of dam is so designed that it may be placed within 1/4" of face of wall, protecting more of the wet portion of the wall, and still providing ample bed for efficiently pointing the mortar.

Anaconda Through-Wall Flashing, readily obtainable from Anaconda wholesalers, is made of 16-oz. copper—either plain or lead-coated. It is furnished in 5' and 8' lengths, in standard and special widths with various selvages, and corner flashing as illustrated for 8" and 12" walls.

Anaconda Publication C-28 contains complete description of and suggested specification for Anaconda Through-Wall Flashing.

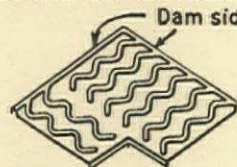
*Patent No. 1,906,674

INSIDE CORNER FLASHING



Standard inside corner flashing unit. Dam on inside; drains out.

OUTSIDE CORNER FLASHING



Standard outside corner flashing unit. Dam on outside; drains in.

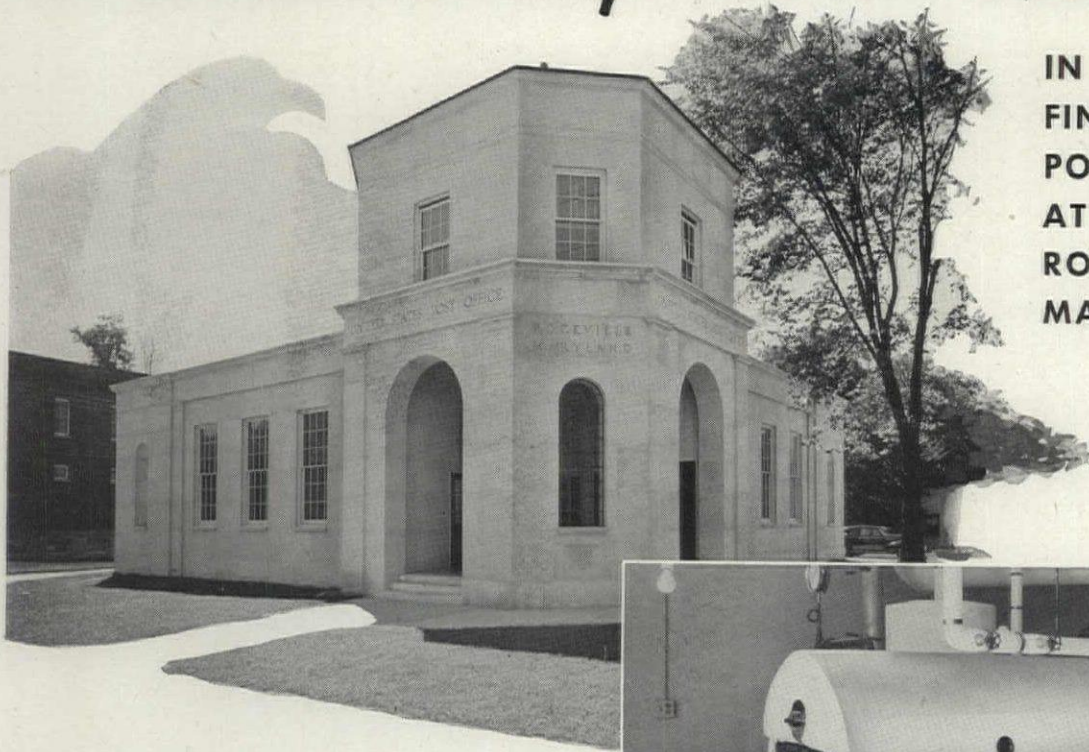
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Anaconda Copper

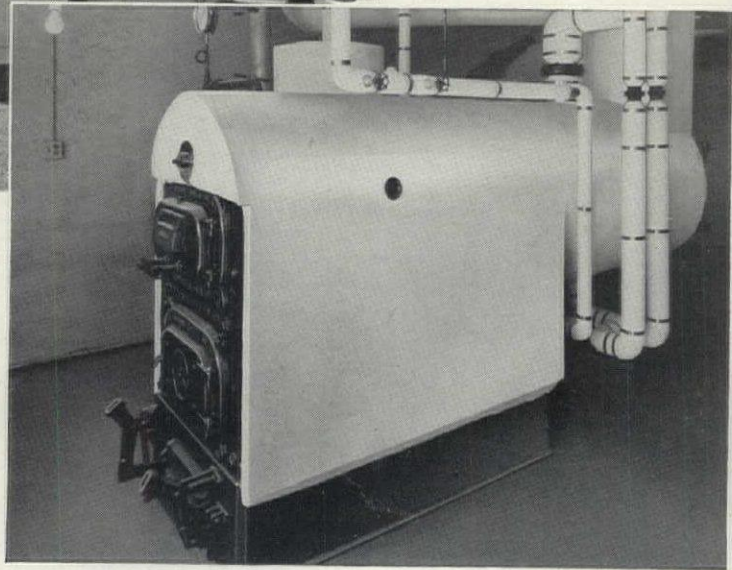
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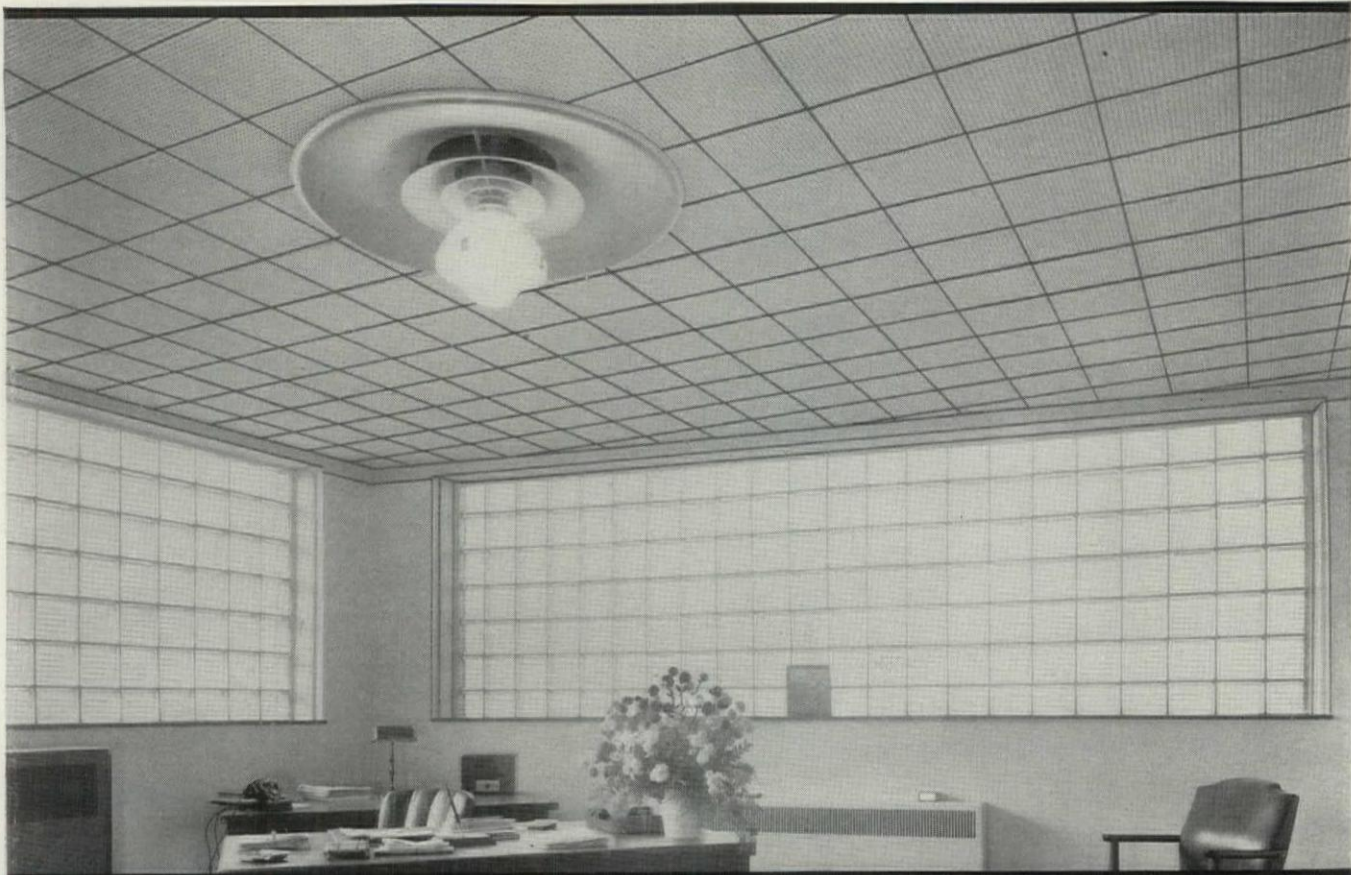
The completed Fitzgibbons boiler installation in the Rockville, Md. Post Office.

Architect: Procurement Division, U. S. Treasury Dept., Washington, D. C.

General Contractor: Seymour Ruff & Son, Inc., Baltimore, Md.

Plumbing & Heating Contractor: C. H. King, Bethesda, Md.





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*The word Acousti-Celotex is a brand name identifying a perforated acoustical fibre tile marketed by The Celotex Corporation.

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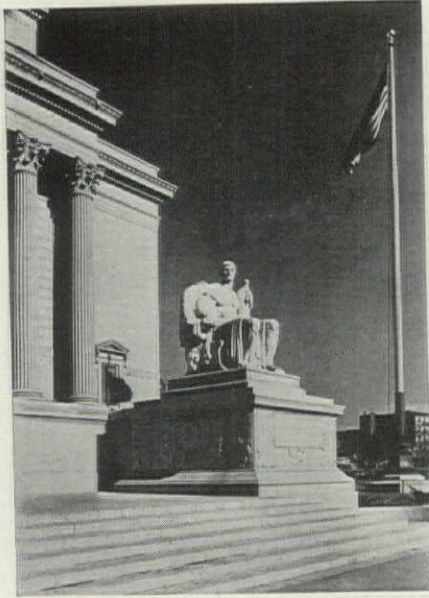
The Formica Insulation Co., 4620 Spring Grove Ave., Cin'ti, O.

FORMICA

F O R B U I L D I N G P U R P O S E S

The FEDERAL ARCHITECT · JANUARY, 1940

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OHIO

G-E BRINGS A NEW WEAPON TO THE WAR ON CANCER

"Air Conditioning and Refrigeration News,"
January 25, 1939.

THE SPLENDID development by Dr. E. E. Charlton under the direction of Dr. William D. Coolidge, Director of the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company, has tremendous significance in cancer research. For the first time million-volt X-ray apparatus is made available at a comparatively low cost for conducting deep X-ray therapy, which holds so much promise in the treatment of cancer. The General Electric Company through its X-ray Corporation is placing a powerful weapon in the hands of those who are fighting to cure the dread cancer disease.

We are glad to have contributed to this development by synthesizing a score of the gases which were among the many tested by G-E Research.

Although the safety properties of "Freon"* gases had been determined, nothing was known of their electrical stability and insulating value. The evaluation of these properties by the engineers of General Electric is a brilliant piece of research work.



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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

*"Freon" is Kinetic's registered trademark for its fluorine refrigerants

G-E workers assembling the new million-volt X-ray therapy unit.



G-E X-Ray Machine Uses 'F-12' as Insulator

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.—Using the refrigerant "Freon-12" (dichlorodifluoromethane) as an insulating medium, a new X-ray outfit designed to produce 1,000,000 volts peak at three milli-amperes or more and said to give 12 times as much radiation as all the radium possessed in this country has been constructed by General Electric Co. here for use in the Memorial hospital in New York City.

The apparatus is to be used in research work on the treatment of cancer. Heart of the system is a new X-ray tube designed by the G-E engineers. This tube is said to be equivalent in power to 8½ lbs. of radium (or \$90,000,000 worth). Radium is worth about \$700,000 an ounce, and there are but 11 ounces in the United States.

The "Freon-12" gas employed as an insulator was selected for being colorless, odorless, non-poisonous, non-corrosive, and chemically and electrically stable. In addition, it has high vapor pressure at ordinary room temperature.

At the pressure maintained in the new X-ray equipment, the gas has a dielectric strength several times that of nitrogen at atmospheric pressure, and only 100 lbs. are required to do the work of 12,000 lbs. of conventional oil in insulating the equipment.

The X-ray equipment itself is completely self-contained, including tube, transformer, metal housing. The latter is 4 feet in diameter and 7 feet long, and weighs 4,000 lbs.

KINETIC CHEMICALS, INC., TENTH & MARKET STREETS . . . WILMINGTON, DEL.



LETTER FROM JUDGE WETMORE

Coral Gables, Florida
January 22, 1940.

Dear Eddie:

Miami has a larger number of visitors this season than usual and I'll bet a thin dime that every last one of them is indulging in a jeremiad this morning because of the low temperature. If they had wanted to sit around the fire, or wear a top coat when they ventured out of doors, they could have done that at home. If it weren't for the rivalry between California and Florida I think most Miamians would "'fess up" to the fact that we have a few cold days every winter. On the other hand there are a number who will admit nothing. I noticed some of them running about the streets the other day, hatless and coatless, trying to jolly themselves and others into believing they were comfortable while our northern visitors were going about wearing top coats or furs, with disappointment written on faces that were long enough to eat oats out of a churn. So I am not writing this under the protecting shade of my own banana and palm trees. There is a chill in the north wind that makes a seat by the blazing log in the open fireplace both sensible and comfortable. When abnormally cold weather blankets the entire country from coast to coast some of it is bound to overrun the state line and roll on down here. Nothing can be done about it. We can't do like the fellow did who was stuffing newspapers into broken window-panes on a cold morning, explaining all the while that what he was doing would keep out the coarsest of the cold.

"A fellow feeling makes the whole world kin," and of course it relieves my ruffled feelings somewhat to know that you are having considerable snow in Washington. If there is anything that is worse than nothing it is a snowfall there. I recall the blizzard of 1888 which caused much inconvenience to the citizens as well as considerable mental distress to a portion of the Treasury personnel, including some of the employees of the Supervising Architect's Office. The fallen snow lay so deep along Pennsylvania Avenue that only a lane a few feet wide was cleared off for several days. The foreman of laborers with his "gang" made a valiant effort to clear off the broad expanse of pavement and steps about the Treasury building; but they succeeded only in making a dent in the drifts. What to do? There were scores of "laborers" on the Treasury payrolls, most of whom were doing clerical or semi-clerical work. Much to their chagrin the able-bodied males among them were ordered to turn out and augment the force of the foreman of laborers. The foreman himself had been a New York City ward politician, and he turned out arrayed in a silk hat and Prince Albert coat. You can imagine the motley appearance of the "gang".

Speaking of snow reminds me of "old man Moberly" of our old office as he was affectionately called. He was a native of Switzerland and I think his favorite book of fiction must have been Gulliver's Travels for he was something of a teller of tall tales himself. Under the influence of the 1888 blizzard, during the lunch hour, he had gathered about him the force employed in despatching the office mail and regaled them with a description of a snow storm in his native village. He said it snowed steadily for days until the village, which was built around a public square in the center of which was the town pump, had disappeared from view, except for the chimneys which protruded above the surface, marking the location of the several buildings. According to his assertion the residents tunneled passageways from house to house, to the stores, and to the town pump. Then they settled down to wait for a thaw. One of his enthralled listeners asked if the thaw had come soon. "No" said Moberly, "not so soon as it would have come ordinarily, because this time when the sun came out it was so hot that all it did was to burn a black crust on the snow."

Somehow, Eddie, I just can't get my mind accustomed to the fact that the construction branch, which at one time was a part of the Supervising Architect's Office—or what is left of it—is no longer a component part of the Treasury Department. True, it never belonged there logically, and although it was treated on that account more or less like a step-child, it was hale and hearty at the advanced age of a hundred years, and able to build anything, anywhere, at any time, and do it economically. And speaking of its age reminds me of a story which I hope I haven't told you before. A stranger standing at the corner of Fifteenth and F Streets was observing the heavily grilled windows in the huge building opposite. His curiosity was aroused and stopping a passer-by he inquired what that large building was. He was told it was the Treasury Building. "And who are all of

(Continued on page 41)

● In toilet rooms, Carrara provides beautiful and practical stiles, partitions and lintels, as well as polished reflective walls. Note the accurate reflections on the Carrara stiles.



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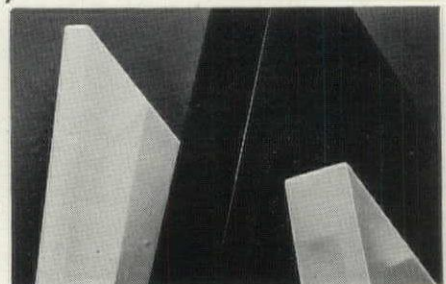
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THE FEDERAL ARCHITECT

Published for the Association of Federal Architects

■ THE Mechanical Engineering Section of the Supervising Architects Office is a very forward looking and progressive organization. It has for some time been giving thoughtful consideration to the height of toilet room closet bowls, or casseroles as they are sometimes elegantly called.

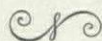
The section felt that too little thought through the ages had been given to this matter in its relation to health and comfort, in that manufacture simply followed a rule-of-thumb arrangement without essential research and proper study.

The Mechanical Engineering Section took a firm stand. Research and study must be started. A vitreous Gallup poll must be taken at once. Thereupon delay being abhorrent to these engineers, there were selected, by methods so supervised as to prevent any thought of favoritism or unfairness in the selection, twenty men and twenty women, who would agree to offer opinions.

The tests were held on two different days. The first flight being supervised by a mechanical engineer. The second by a woman versed in the design of plumbing fixtures. The first flight was composed of twenty men, the second of twenty women.

The investigating method devised was as follows: Three dummy—that is to say unconnected—fixtures of varying heights were erected, and the voters invited to sit thereon, and, after receiving impressions as to comfort and state of relaxation, to cast a ballot as to which seat was preferred.

All this was superficially more or less amusing. But the interesting and significant thing about the investigating was that only 5% of those invited voted for the standard height of fixture.



■ WE had a discussion with William Dewey Foster the other day as to

whether Government Buildings were designed on a more expensive basis now than two or three decades ago, which was really a discussion as to whether architecture generally is designed on a more expensive basis than formerly.

The argument was more interesting than smashingly conclusive, because the data was incomplete. We would, for instance, bring up a recent building which we thought was of costly and magnificent design. Mr. Foster would then bring up a building of the 1910 era which he thought was overly expensive.

It was somewhat like the military argument in the ancient musical comedy as to whether the army would find the ice at the top or at the bottom of the river. One general stated it would be on the top proving his point by the relative location of the ice in a high-ball glass. The other general was for ice on the bottom, citing the position of ice on a plate of oysters on the half-shell. And so on and on.

The interesting point about the discussion, however, was that in the buildings of the by-gone era the major cost centered on ornament and detail. Whereas in later buildings where detail is greatly simplified there is a tendency to reach out for sweet materials with a higher dollar coefficient.

It appears to be a quirk of the human mind that in eliminating ornamentation upon materials, it seeks for higher quality in the materials. If you recall the fine old Quaker ladies who wore the one-design dresses and caps without frills or ornamentation, you will remember the exceedingly high quality of the goods of which they were made.

A light-minded creature at my elbow brings up the further comment that this quirk of the human mind is also in evidence at the burlesque shows. When the cooperative lady successively discards furs and feathers and fine-sewn ruffles, coming nearer and nearer the

simple under surface, the demand is that the undersurface shall be of superior quality, texture and interest.

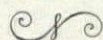
That, of course, is a light way of treating a deeply philosophic subject. But the fact remains that the human mind is a restless organism. It starts out with unornamented surfaces upon which, through generations, it demands more and more detailed ornament until at length, after years, it becomes surfeited with ornamentation demanding plain surfaces. Plain surfaces arrive, they invite close inspection of texture, which invites criticism, which in turn causes the interest to be kept up by a succession of newer and better materials.

Fickle man then, after more generations, begins to yawn at simplicity. "Carve some daisies on it," he says. And then the fight is on. Daisies go on and, as time rolls, more daisies and more. Material becomes less important, ornamentation all-important. Until along comes *again* the voice of one crying in the wilderness for simplicity, simplicity, simplicity.

Which is the better? It is a fine point. In the end it is the vote of the people on the street which decides. You can give them what you think they ought to have, up to a certain point. But when they get bored with either over ornamentation or lack of ornamentation a change is due.

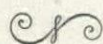
You can combat everything in connection with the public except their yawns. When they look at creative stuff and find that they neither are exhilarated nor greatly annoyed but are just too tired to bother, then that type of creative stuff is on the skids.

And so you have this cycle. Boredom with plain surfaces. Result ornamentation—with attendant expense. Then boredom with ornamentation—with resultant plain surfaces and finer materials with attendant expense. *Quod erat demonstrandum: If it's good it's expensive.* Which is the trouble we find with everything in life.



■ THE other day we became conscious of an architectural innovation. We had watched a building during construction and had approved privately and unofficially a quaint tidy little cupola which controlled and gave flavor to the design.

What was our surprise therefore to note after occupancy of the building that the little white cupola was really a chimney and to see smoke of the usual dark color emerging from under its graceful roof.



■ A WHILE ago we heard about a person upon whose walls hung five Piranesi prints. These prints were inherited from a relative, after whose death an appraisal of the personal property was made by a city appraiser.

The appraiser stopped before the Piranesi aqueduct drawing and remarked, "Ah, Natural Bridge, Virginia! Not very good!" His glance embraced the other four examples of the great delineator's work and he concluded, "Lump them all at \$15."

Thus would the business of appraising appear an aisy (look out, watch pun) profession to follow.



ERROR

In the October number of THE FEDERAL ARCHITECT we printed a picture of the annex to the Library of Congress, with the erroneous caption, "Prentice and Wilson, Architects."

In the text on an adjoining page we spoke of the building correctly as being designed by Pierson and Wilson. We regret that we let this error in the caption occur and are hastening to speak of it and offer proper correction.

The work of F. G. Pierson, as senior member of this firm, is known generally to the architectural profession; and the results obtained in this building, in the way of design and general workability, are a great credit to Mr. Pierson and to the firm.



Fairchild Aerial Survey

*A*IR view of the heart of the city. If you will place your hand over the lower part of the picture with the tip of your little finger on the open plaza at the right center in front of the War Memorial and the heel of your hand just below the octagonal-towered Lord Baltimore Hotel, you will block out the approximate area that was destroyed by the great fire.

The tall building in the center is the Baltimore Trust building, facing Light Street. The embroidered open parkway to the north is St. Paul Street, the same street as Light Street but differently named. As W. W. Emmart said, biblically, standing where the street name changes "Here is the spot where St. Paul sees the Light."

One block to the left of Light Street is Charles St. In the distance on this street is the Washington Monument shaft. Further on is the Belvedere Hotel and then, placed askew, the Pennsylvania Railroad station.

On the right side of Light Street, between the Baltimore Trust building and the harbor is a white-faced building with one diagonal wall. The diagonal represents one of the quaintest streets in Baltimore, the winding Water Street, which a long while ago was the shore line of the harbor.



Fairchild Aerial Survey

THE winding channel leads in to the city where is a fine harbor. It passes Fort McHenry at the upper right corner. Almost at the corner of the picture is the spot where the British ship lay, with Francis Scott Key aboard. The wide street adjoining the wharves is Pratt Street, which disappears behind the large bulk of the Candler Building, famous for being the place of business of Fleet-McGinley who prints THE FEDERAL ARCHITECT.

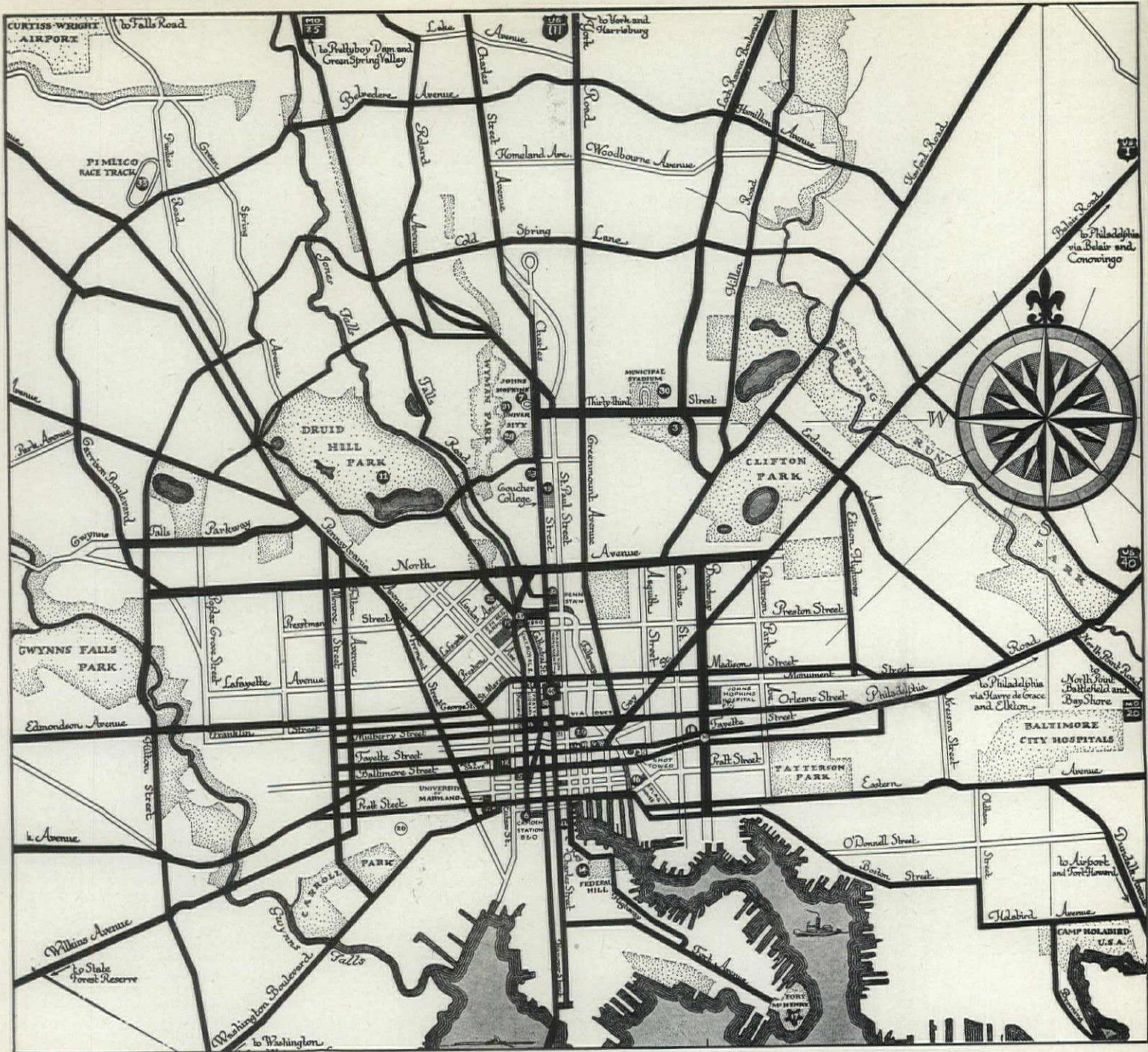
The two diagonal streets running out toward the left are the boundaries of the original city. The upper one is Jones Mill Creek, which stopped the progress of the great fire. The north boundary line of the old city was Fayette Street the street near the left margin, with a couple of bends in it.

Spread along this street is the Civic Center: first the Greek temple which is the War Memorial, then the open plaza, the City Hall, the Post Office building.

In the lower left part of the picture is the octagonal-towered Lord Baltimore Hotel, a well-appointed hotel. Try this some time: Stay at the Lord Baltimore. One of the evenings at about sun down stroll in the twilight up to the crooked Fayette Street nearby. A very individual type of restaurant, Miller's, faces the bend of the street. Enter there and when you have been fed walk a block further northward and there are all the movies. A cultural evening!

Growing out of the lower border line is the tower of a building. By looking closely you will see that it is crowned with a Bromo-Seltzer bottle, removed since this picture was taken. Thereby hangs a Baltimore success tale. A druggist named Emerson discovered this effervescent combination of powders, for years sold it locally as a headache remedy, was persuaded to sell it on a grand scale, and thereupon amassed a fortune. The Bromo-Seltzer Building, the Emerson Hotel and the Bromo-Seltzer name leave on the city the imprint of the once obscure pharmacist.

The lower diagonal street is the approximate line of march of Washington's army hurrying to entrap Cornwallis.



ABOVE is a map of Baltimore. Curiously enough it was found that the map which oriented the city best for everyone, except old residents of the city, was a map showing the automobile routes. Traffic from the south comes in on the Washington Boulevard at the lower left corner, turns around the white spot, which is Montgomery Ward's, past Carroll Park containing the Carroll House, and goes north on Monroe Street. Then if courageous, the driver proceeds east on Fayette and sees the heart of the town and plenty of traffic. Or else he tries North Avenue, the old northern boundary. Beyond North Avenue is the attractive Druid Hill Park and the Stadium, where the Annapolis football team plays one or two games each year. Straight up Charles Street one goes to Guilford, Homeland and Roland Park, the famous Baltimore suburbs.

The black square at Charles and Monument Streets is the Washington Monument, and at the corner of St. Paul Street (or Light Street at this point) is the Baltimore Trust building which dominates the Baltimore Skyline.

NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF BALTIMORE *by C. S. Emmart*



Battle Monument designed by the French sculptor Godefroy. U. S. Postoffice in left background.

The early history of Baltimore Town is closely identified with the grant of the territory called Maryland.

On June 2, 1608, Captain John Smith, having settled Jamestown, set forth on the first of two explorations of Chesapeake Bay and accordingly became the first white man to cast eyes upon the present site of the City.

George Calvert, the first of the Barons of Baltimore, obtained in 1632 from Charles I of England the original grant of the territory of Maryland but died before the charter was actually issued. The grant thereby devolved upon his son Caecilius Calvert (Lord Baltimore), from whom the town derived its name, in 1662, although he never visited the colony. Settlers however were sent out under his younger brother Leonard.

On August 8, 1729, an Act of the provincial legislature authorized the "erection" of Baltimore Town and on January 12, 1730 the Town Council met and officially surveyed 60 acres of ground. The original scheme divided the town into 60 lots of one acre each and this continued until it was found to be unwieldy, and smaller divisions were thereupon made. It is recorded that in 1775 Baltimore Town contained 564 houses, 5,934 inhabitants. In 1797 the town was incorporated as a city, having a population of 20,000 as of December 31, 1796.

At the outbreak of the Revolution, Baltimore trained several companies which made the long and difficult march to Massachusetts. That commanded by Mordecai Gist was to lead the bayonet charges that held off the British at Brooklyn Heights long enough for Washington to extricate the bulk of his continental army from the jaws of the British trap at Long Island.

It was about this time that Baltimore laid the keels of the clipper ships bearing its name that later proved so successful as privateers.

In 1768 Baltimore Town was made the County seat and a court house erected on the site where the Battle Monument now stands. Later, in 1851, Balti-

more City made an exception of itself among American Municipalities by establishing a government separate from the County in which it was situated. Not being the capital of its State, the City grew rapidly as a manufacturing and commercial and residential city, a fact that was reflected in its substantial residential development rather than in public structures so notable in its sister cities of the North.

The appellation "The Monumental City" came about and following the erection of the Washington and Battle Monuments, the latter erected in honor of the Baltimoreans killed in defending the city and in commemoration of the defeat of the British forces under General Ross on September 12, 1814, seeking the destruction of the Baltimore Town that they termed "a nest of pirates" following the burning of the National Capital. The death of its Commander-in-Chief resulted in the withdrawal of the land forces, only to be followed by the bombardment of Fort McHenry on the two following days during which the words of the "Star Spangled Banner" were set down by Key as the sun rose and he beheld the flag still floating over the ramparts. The corner stone of the Washington Monument was laid on July 4, 1815 and completed November 24, 1824.

By Act of the State Legislature, March 1918, the corporate boundaries of the City were extended to embrace 91.93 square miles, the present population of the City being in excess of 900,000 inhabitants.

On Sunday morning February 7, 1904, the great Baltimore fire started at Hopkins Place and Redwood Streets and fanned by a strong westerly breeze, burned for three days destroying 86 city blocks, covering 140 acres of the heart of the city and including a considerable portion of the early commercial structures and historic landmarks, at an estimated loss of \$125,000,000. Today this area has been entirely rebuilt.

Baltimore probably contains the greatest percentage of owner occupied residential properties of any American city of equivalent population. Its modern suburban development has served as a prototype for similar developments in many other cities.

Beginning with the pre-Revolutionary period, Baltimore encouraged or supported the greatest number of artists ever produced in a single family. The line began with Charles Willson Peale who joined the patriot army, attained the rank of Captain and served through the bitter winter at Valley Forge. At about this time he finished his second portrait of George Washington, having painted the first one at Mt. Vernon in 1772. Near Valley Forge in 1778 on February 22, Rembrandt Peale, the son, was born, and destined to finish the last of the Washington portraits, which according to John Marshall and others who knew Washington, was the most striking likeness of them all.

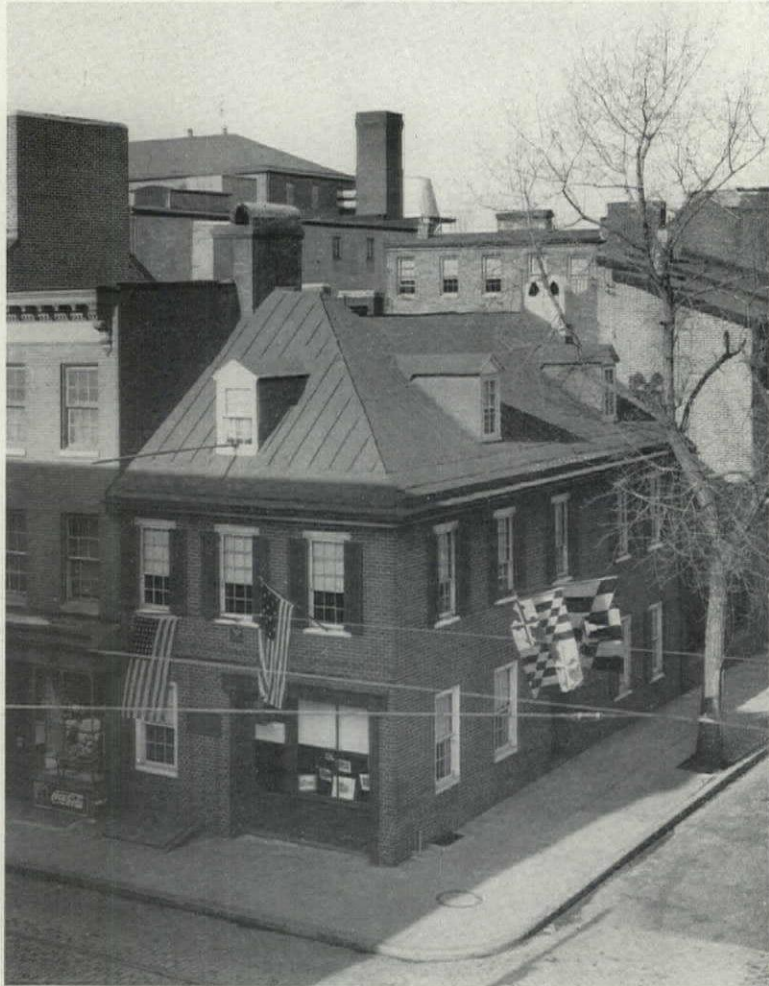


Above is the famous Fort McHenry, over which flew the flag that inspired the "Star-spangled Banner". The fort has recently been restored and is a charming and interesting place.

The statue in the middle of the grounds is a beautiful nude statue of a gentleman representing "Lyric Poetry," erected in honor of Francis Scott Key and sometimes mistaken for a portrait figure of the great poet in an absent-minded moment.

The figure is of heroic size, being 14 feet high. The story is related that in setting the statue, the wooden boom of the derrick broke just as the bronze came to rest on its base, averting disaster by a split second.

At the right is the so-called Flag House, where was made the flag that flew over Fort McHenry and was viewed by Key from the British frigate. The flag hanging from the first window at the right side of the house is the highly decorative Maryland state flag.



At the right is the famous Washington Monument. Beautifully placed in its landscaped plaza, it is one of the great works of the architect Robert Mills. Mills evolved his design, as was usual with him, after a long period of tireless study. One of the studies shows some four or five all-around balconies for observation purposes, an unpleasant scheme but indicative of Mills' eagerness to try out all possible ideas. The Monument is 180 feet high and was erected in 1824.



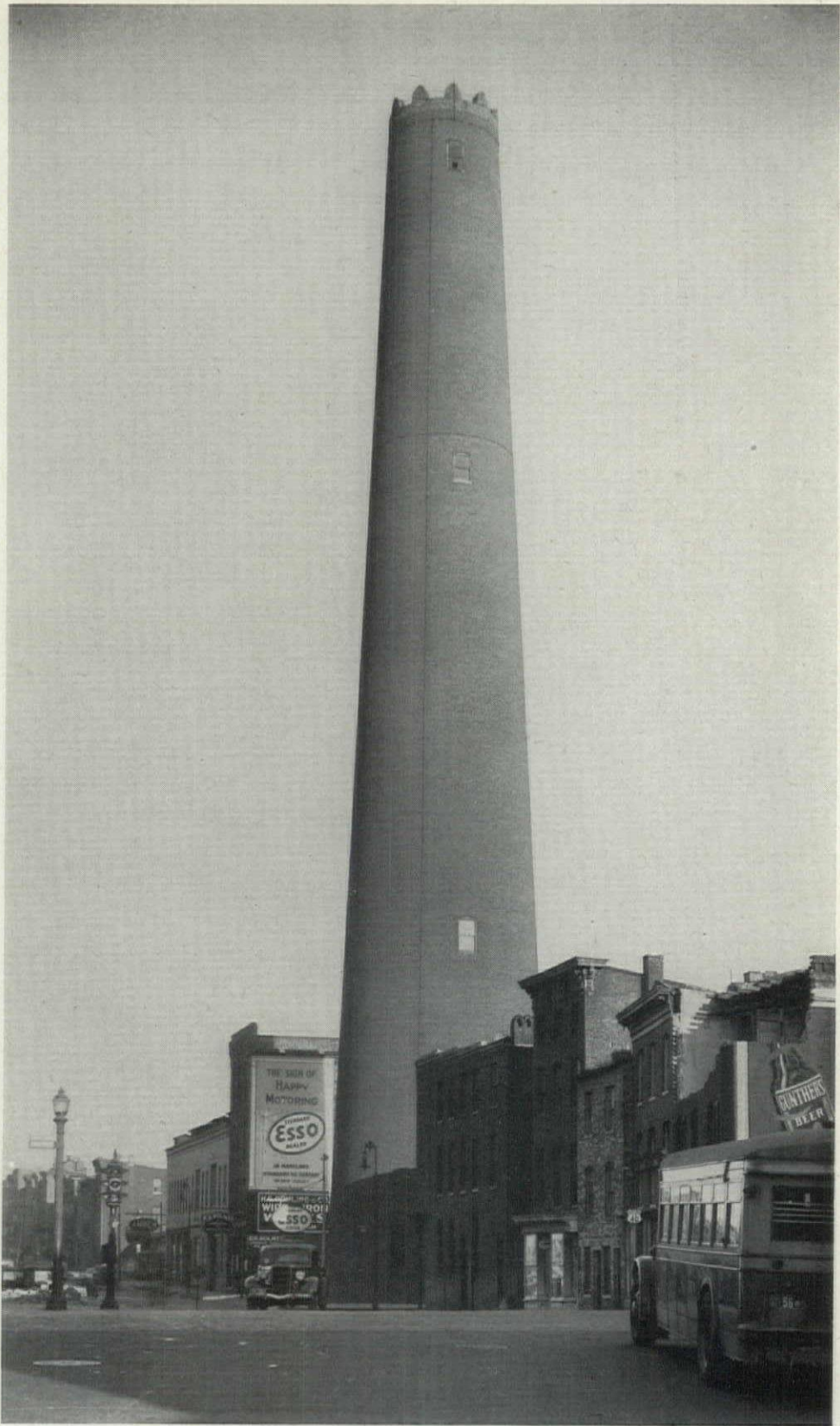
O say can you see through by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,
 Whose broad stripes & bright stars through the perilous fight
 O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?
 And the rocket's red glare, the bomb bursting in air,
 Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there,
 O say does that Star-spangled Banner yet wave
 O'er the land of the free & the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
 What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
 As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
 In full glory reflected now shines on the stream,
 'Tis the Star-spangled Banner — O long may it wave
 O'er the land of the free & the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
 That the havoc of war & the battle's confusion
 A home & a Country should leave us no more?
 — Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution.
 No refuge could save the hireling & slave
 From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave,
 And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
 O'er the land of the free & the home of the brave.

O thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
 Between their lov'd home & the war's desolation,
 Bless'd with vict'ry & peace may the heav'n rescued land
 Praise the power that hath made & preserved us a nation!
 Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto — "In God is our trust."
 And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
 O'er the land of the free & the home of the brave.

At the left is the original manuscript of the Star Spangled Banner.



Blakeslee-Lane

THE famous shot tower is shown here. It is probably the only one of the shot towers still in existence. The brickwork of the tower is beautiful in color and texture. Considerable uproar was occasioned in Baltimore some years ago when several cracks appeared and, as a result, some callous persons lightly suggested demolition. The structure is 234 feet high.



Hughes



Homer L. Mettee

Two great landmarks: Above, the building now used by the University of Maryland School of Medicine, which was designed by Thomas Jefferson and, below, the Roman Catholic Cathedral, designed by Latrobe.



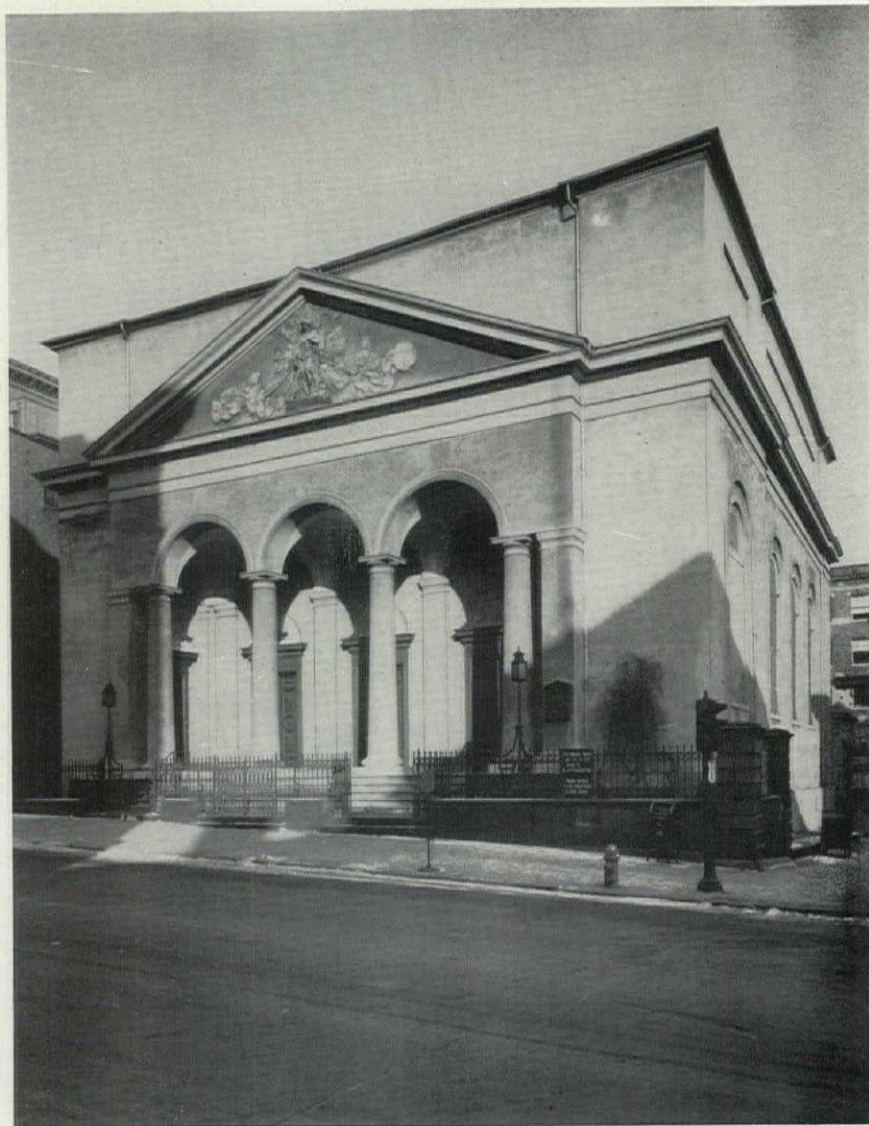
The Sun Papers

ABOVE

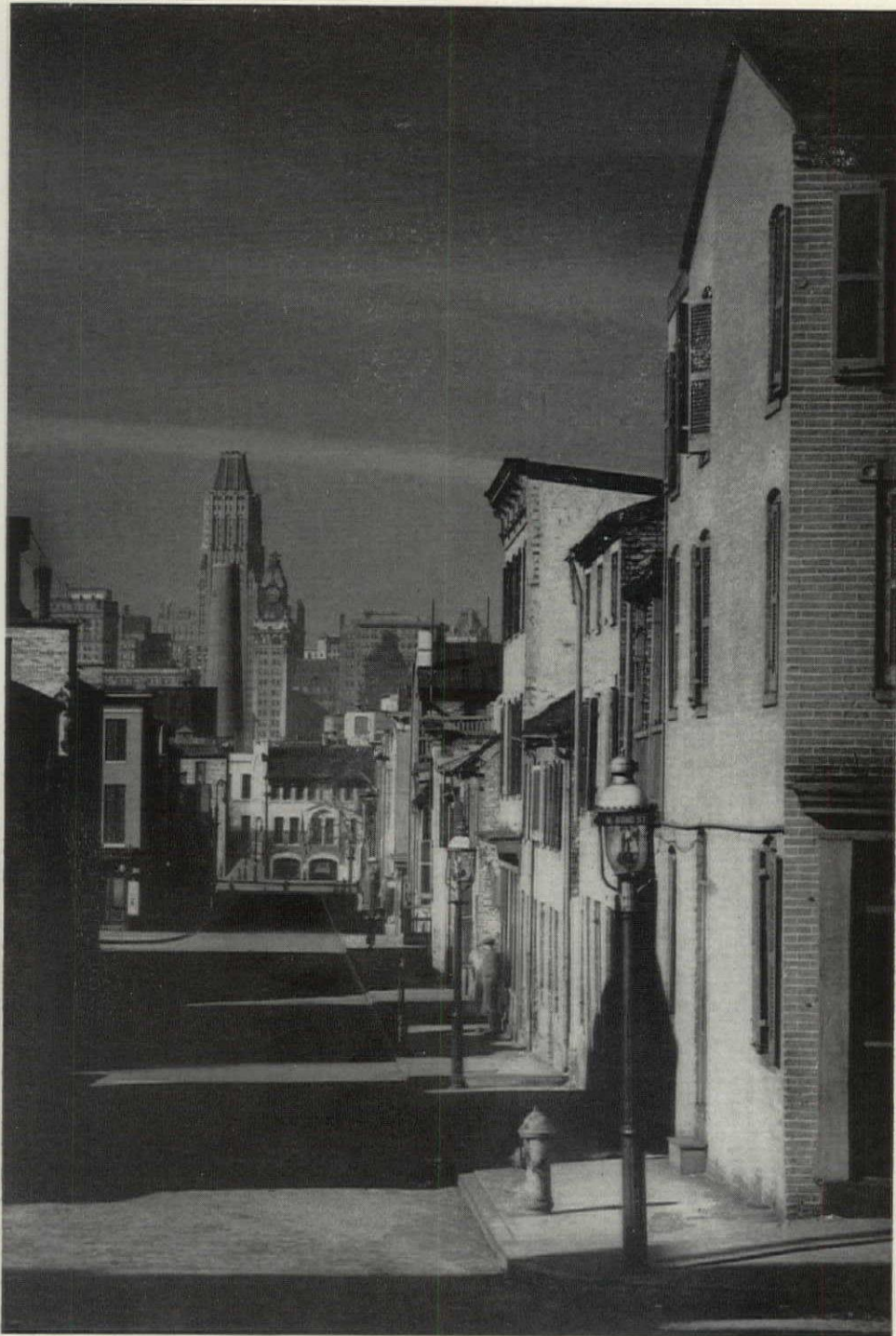
The well-known Carroll house, home of Charles Carroll, barrister—not to be confused with Charles Carroll of Carrollton. It was built in 1754, from plans sent over from England. The wings were designed by Wyatt and Nolting. It is located in Carroll Park. Not far distant is the monument commemorating the beginning of the B. and O. railroad in 1829.

BELOW

The First Unitarian Church.



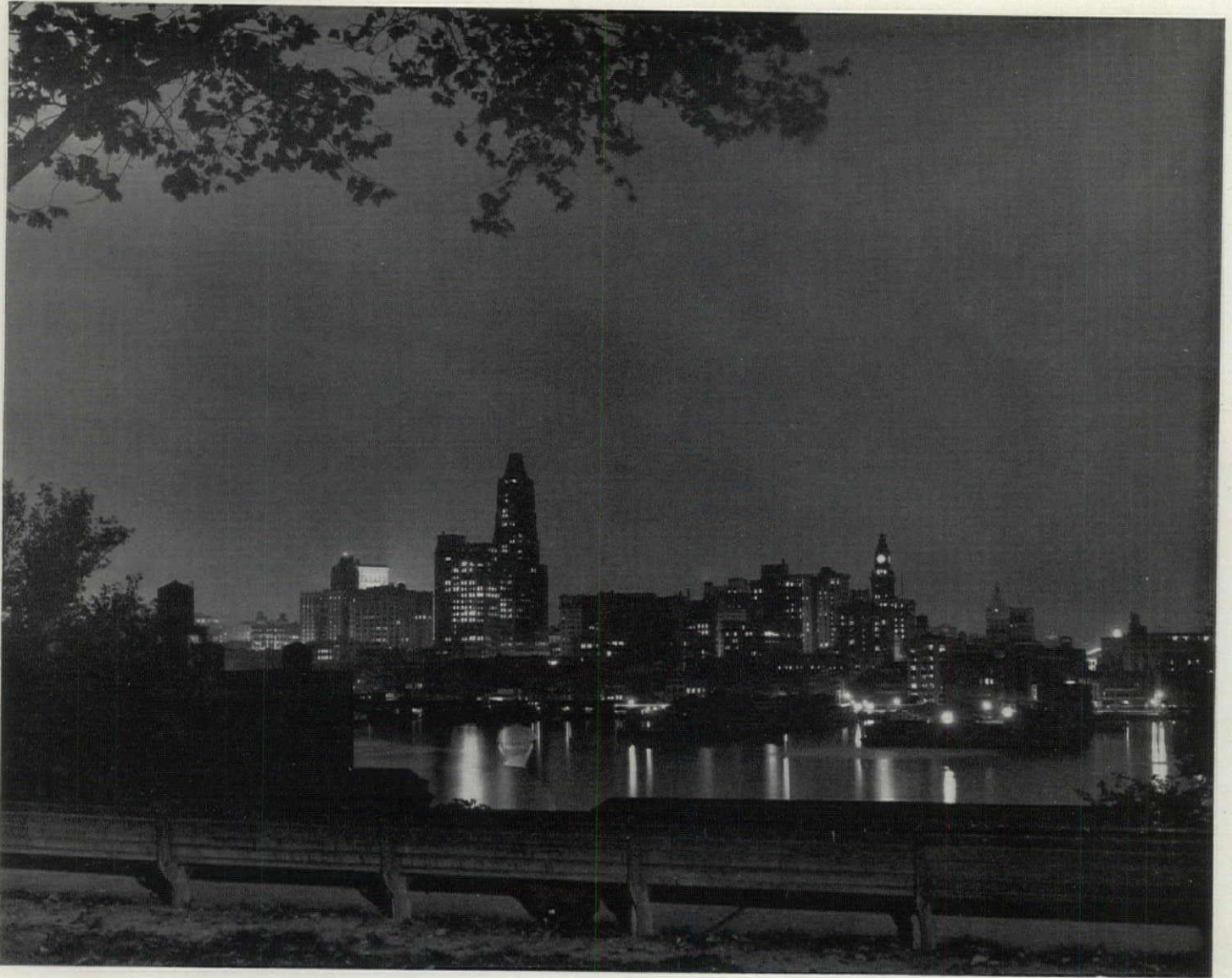
Blakeslee-Lane



A picturesque street, suggesting a European cathedral town rather than Baltimore. In the far distance is the inevitable Baltimore Trust building. Against it rises the precious Shot Tower.



A night view across the Civic Centre. At the left just outside the picture is the War Memorial. The tower at the left, on the axis that runs through the War Memorial and the open square is the Mansard-roofed City Hall. The centre structure is the Baltimore Trust building. At the right is the clock-tower of the former Maryland Casualty Company. Beyond the City Hall on the same axis is the Federal post office building. Just behind the station-point for this photograph is Jones Falls Creek, once the eastern boundary of the city, the physical conformation which stopped the great fire. It has now been covered over and runs, a silent, unsung sewer.



The Sun Papers

NIGHT VIEW ACROSS THE HARBOR

A view taken from near Federal Hill, a curious mound arising from the flat ground south of the city, which for years was used as a signalling point until the telegraph superseded that method of communication. The high structure is the thirty-story Baltimore Trust Company. The clock-tower is on the building formerly occupied by the Maryland Casualty Company. Across the water are the steamboat wharves. The Baltimore harbor is well suited to maritime commerce, as its tide change is only 13 inches.

The wraithlike figure in the foreground is that of either Cecil Calvert or Francis Scott Key, returned in spirit, to view the city.



A view of Baltimore Street looking east, taken after the great fire of 1904, which destroyed the business district, a catastrophe equalled only by the San Francisco fire a few years later. Hundreds of safes were found fallen from upper stories into cellars; and many eager owners anxious for the money and records within, refused to wait for them to cool, and opened them, only to see them spring into flames when the air struck the still-hot contents.

Alexander Brown and Son building, which was in the heart of the fire but was saved by a freak action of the flames. It still stands as a mute historian of the disaster. Note that the flutes and volutes have been completely spalled off the cor pilaster.



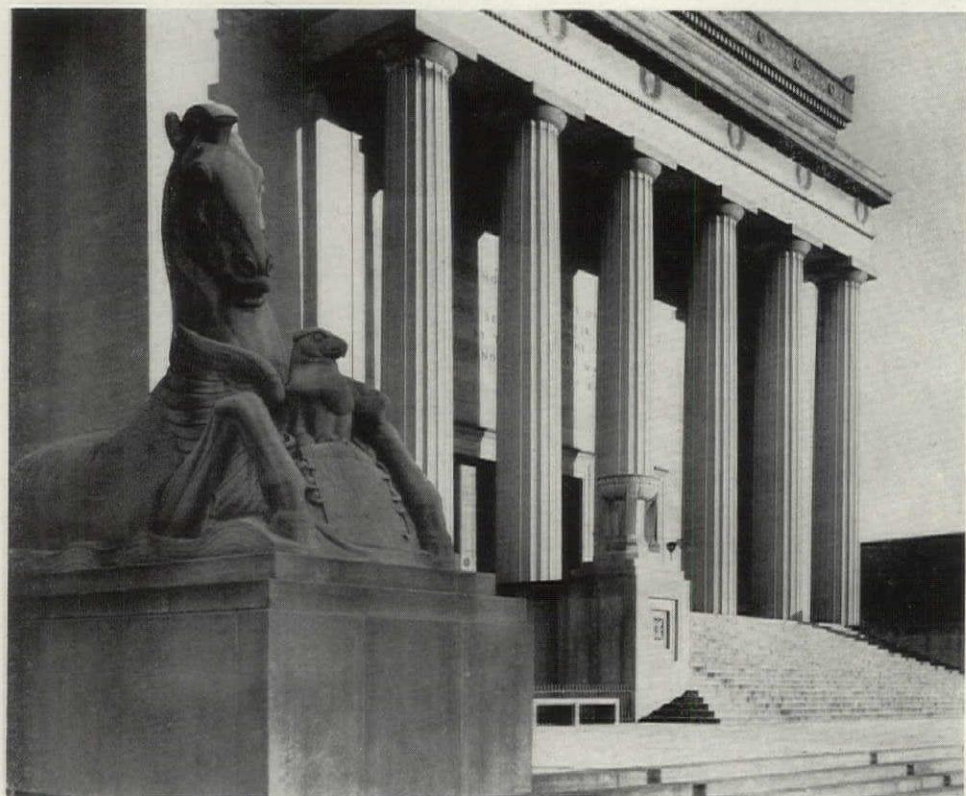
Brakslee-Lane

THE Baltimore Trust building, one of those that rose phoenix-like from the ashes of the fire. It was designed by Taylor and Fisher. Many persons think it was an error to have built so large a building, but it is a most decorative landmark.

We are looking down Light Street. A block or two beyond this point a curious construction freak took place. The concrete footings refused to set, remaining a stubborn fluid mass. They were torn out and replaced and still failed to harden. The architect in charge then had the brilliant inspiration of making a waterproof box for each footing, to keep out the ground water. The footing when poured in these forms set in the normal manner. It was then found that the wholesale drug building which had occupied the lot before the fire had been filled with carboys of acid, which pouring out had saturated the ground, and had eaten away the cement as soon as the concrete was poured.



Blakeslee-Lane



Blakeslee-Lane

THE War Memorial, designed by Lawrence Hall Fowler, who won the architectural competition for the building.

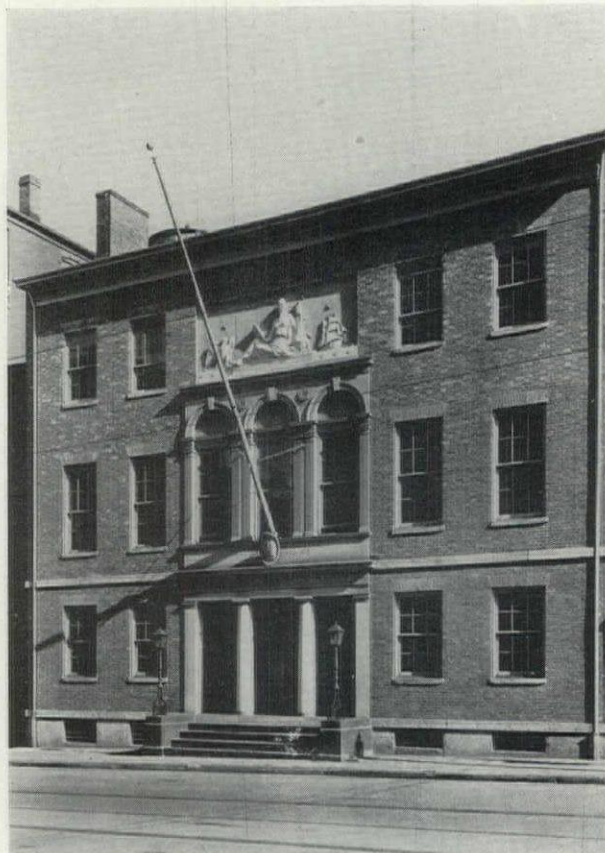
The sculpture is the work of Edmund Amateis.



Hughes

ABOVE

Old Saint Paul's Church. In the building to the left were the offices of the old firm of Wyatt and Sperry.



BELOW

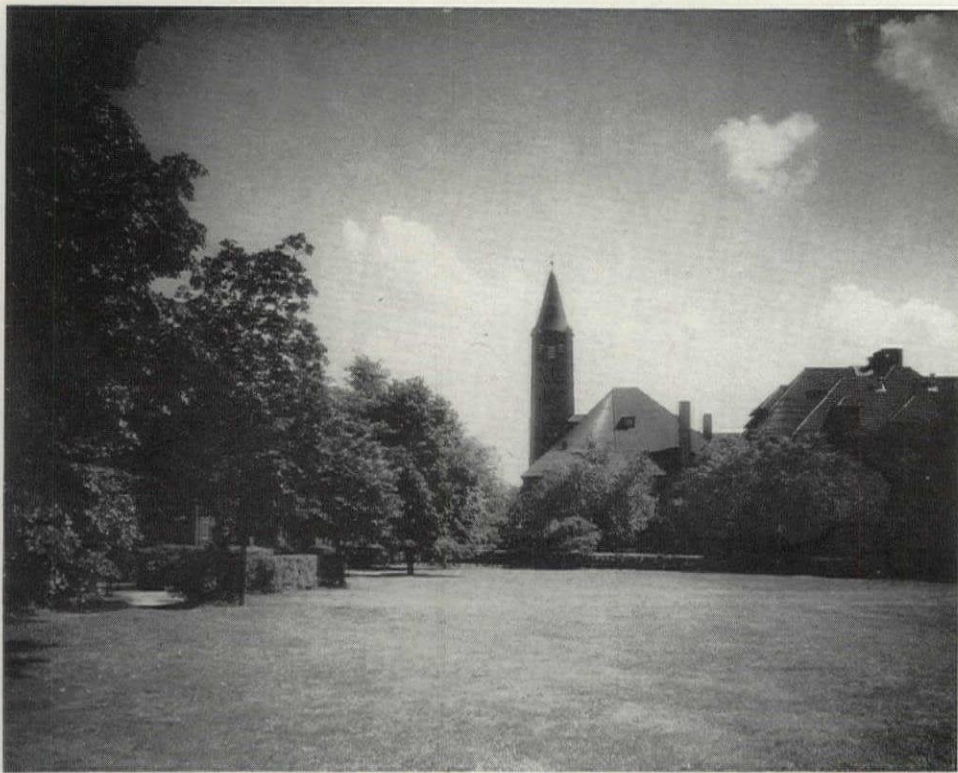
The Peale Museum built by Rembrandt Peale in 1815, and used as City Hall from 1830 to 1873. Rembrandt Peale was the son of the Peale who painted the Washington portraits and himself completed one portrait of Washington.

The interior of this building is a joy, being designed with the most careful and delicate detail. The exhibits within of objects of historic interest are absorbing.



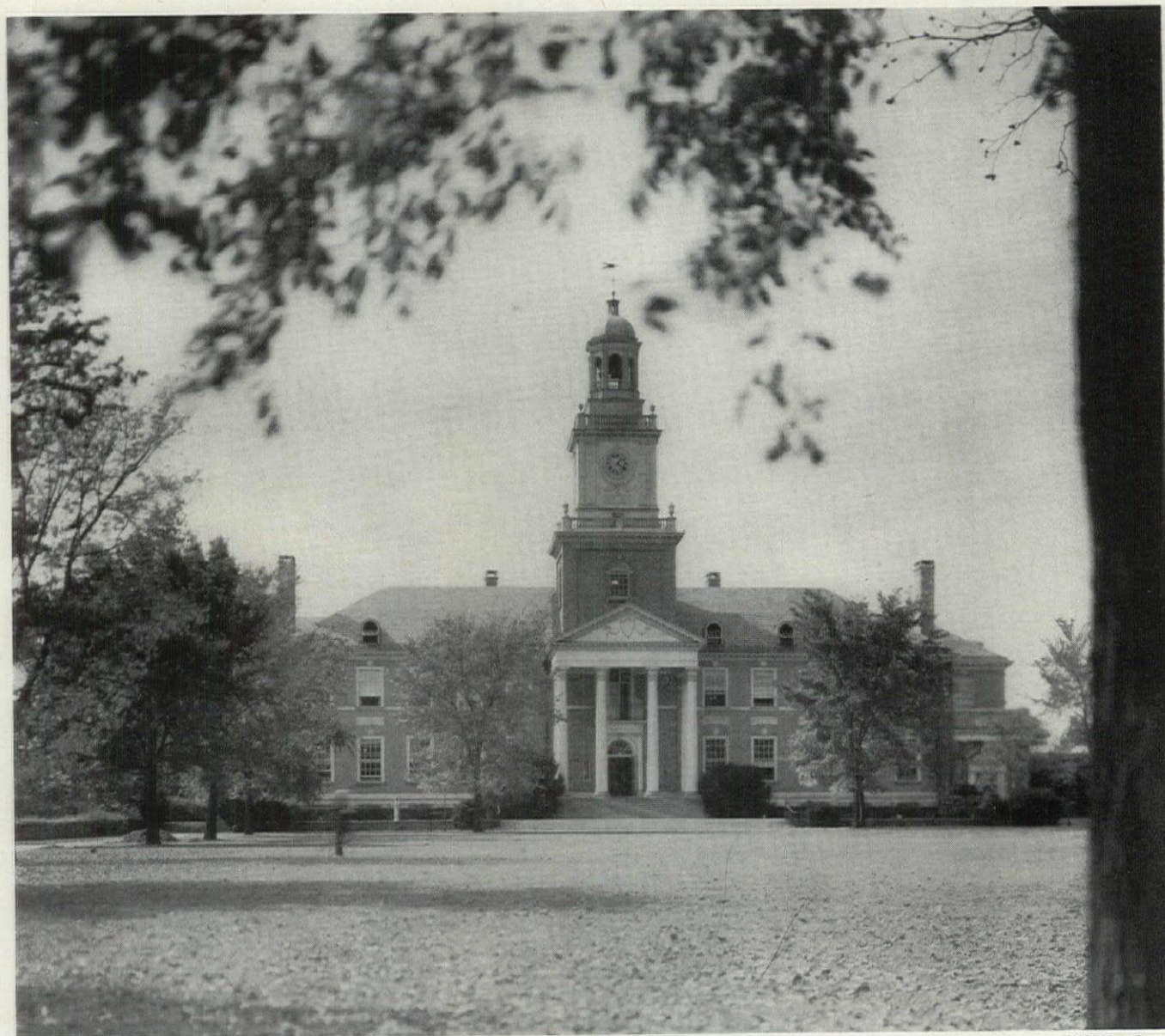
ABOVE

The Baltimore Art Museum, John Russell Pope and Howard Sill, Architects. In the foreground, Rodin's Thinker.



BELOW

A sunset view of the campus of the well-known Goucher College.



Blakeslee-Lane

VIEW of Gilman Hall, the main building of Johns Hopkins University, Parker, Thomas and Rice, Architects. At the right outside the scope of this picture is the famous Carroll house, Homewood, one of the best and most copied of the early Colonial Houses. It is shown on the cover of this magazine.

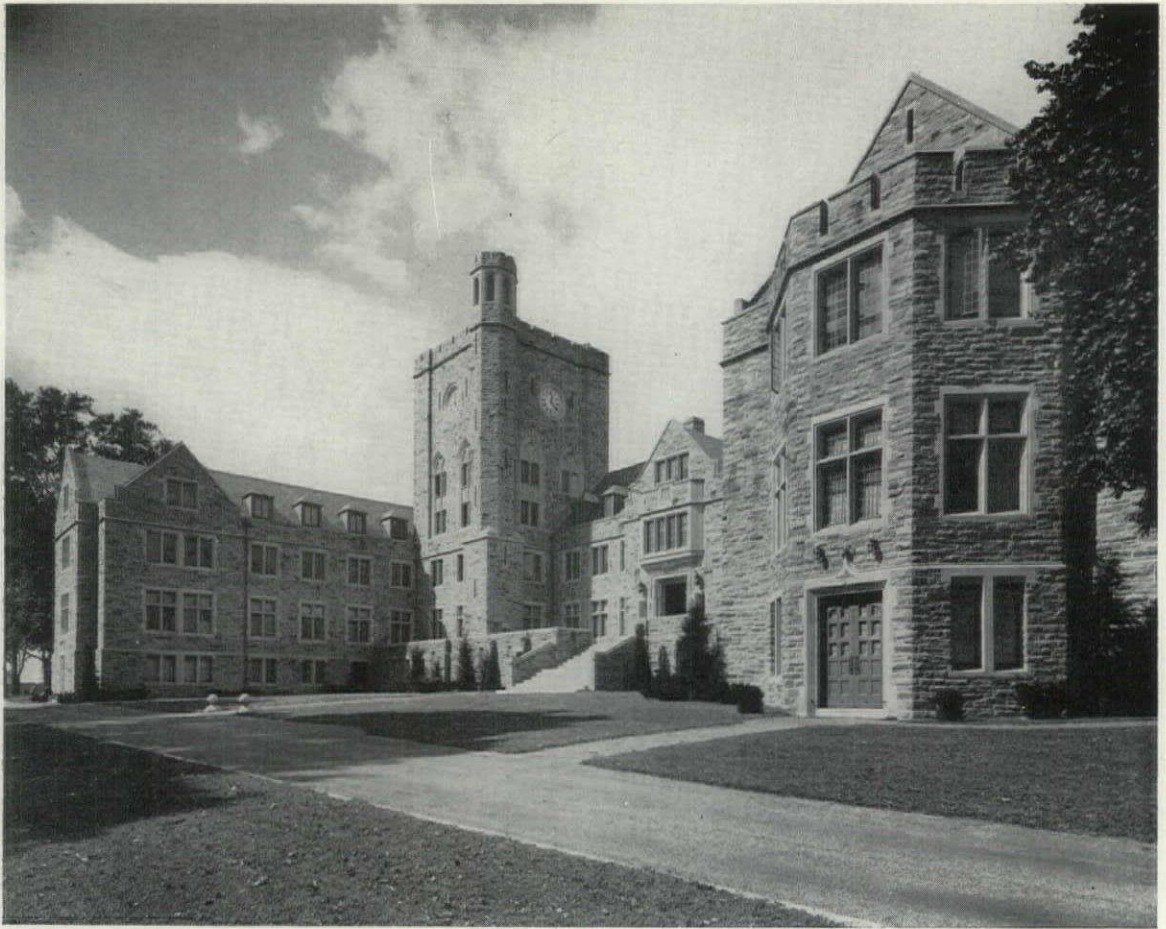
■ THE Editor is indebted to the Association of Commerce of Baltimore for their assistance in furnishing photographs. Where the photographer's name appeared credit has been given.



Hughes

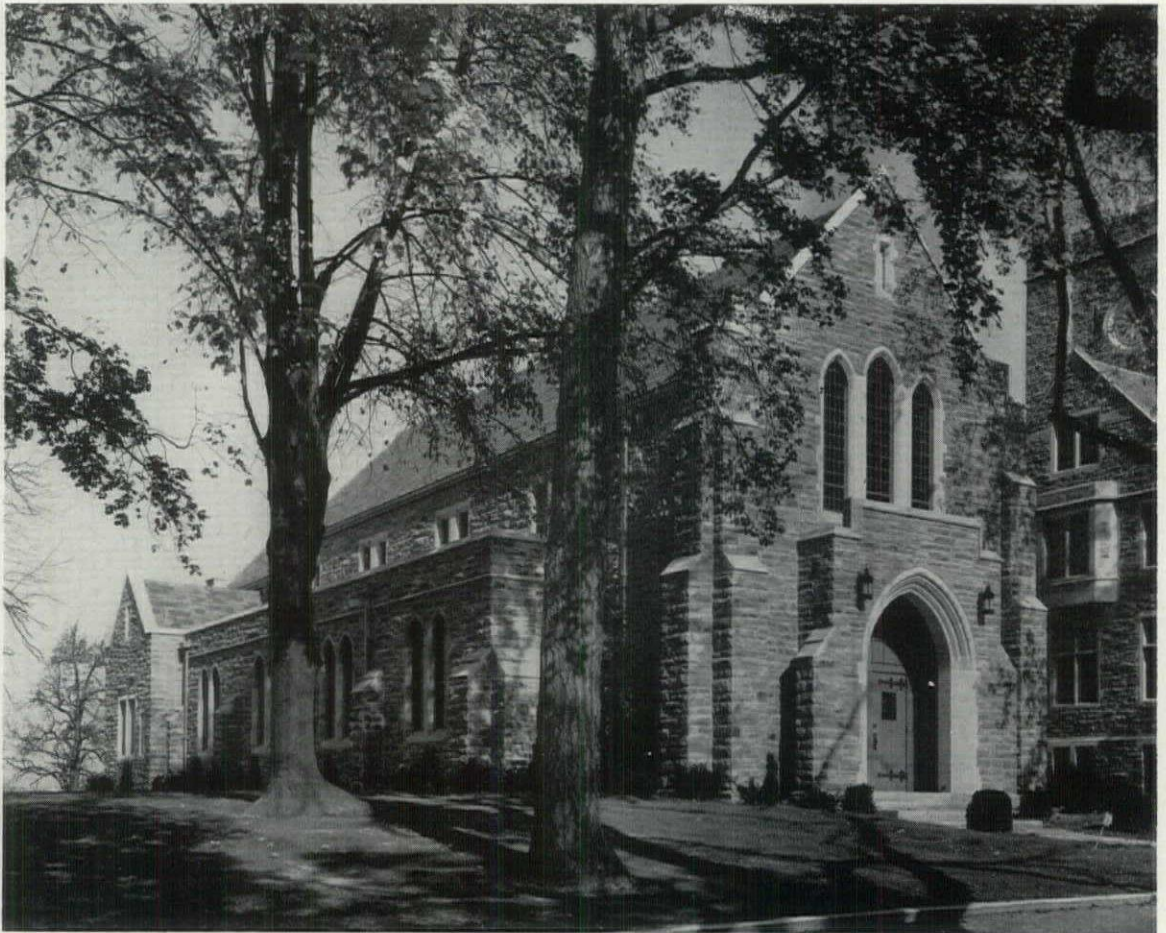
SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Palmer and Lambdin, Architects

■ THE Editor wishes to express his thanks to W. W. Emmart, an authority upon the history and development of Baltimore, for his interest and assistance in the preparation of material for this number.



TWO VIEWS OF THE MASONIC HOME

W. W. Emmart, Architect





Lower School

Upper School

Photos by Blakeslee-Lane



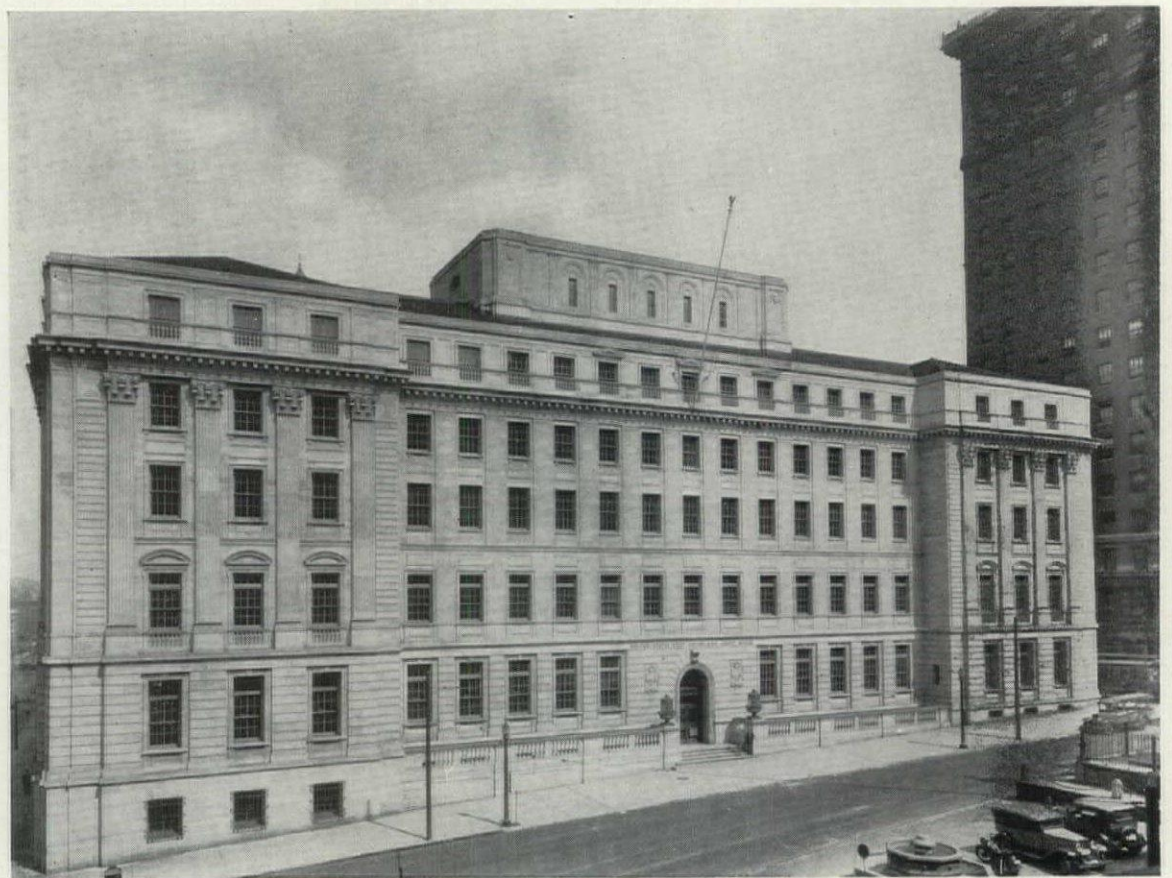
*The beautifully lo-
cated Friends School.*

Nursery and Kindergarten



THE ENOCH
PRATT
LIBRARY

*Clyde and Nelson
Friz, Architects*



THE UNITED
STATES POST
OFFICE AND
COURT HOUSE

*Designed by the
Office of the Super-
vising Architect. At
the right is the fence
of the Battle Monu-
ment.*

THE MCKIM
SCHOOL

*Designed by a physi-
cian, Dr. William
Howard.*



Blakeslee-Lane



Hughes

THE BELVEDERE
HOTEL

*Parker, Thomas and Rice,
architects.*

*Completed in 1904, the Belve-
dere was one of the new type
of hotel, the vogue for which
was started by the architect
Hardenburgh in the old Wai-
dorf-Astoria. These hotels
replaced the former haircloth-
sofa and pitcher-and-basin
type of hostelry and sought to
provide luxury equivalent to
that in a very wealthy home.*



BALTIMORE is given credit for being a forerunner in the matter of suburban housing. The suburb of Roland Park, from which grew also Guilford and Homeland, were built on strictly architectural lines, no house being permitted unless its design was first passed on and approved. Edward Palmer, now with Palmer and Lambdin, was for many years, the balance wheel and adviser in this suburban development.



Bakeslee-Lane

THE steam shovel had no recognized place in these suburban developments. Streets and lots were accommodated to existing grades. Priceless trees were made a motto and a creed, with the result that you have everywhere intriguing architecture, as above, in the midst of glorious natural surroundings.



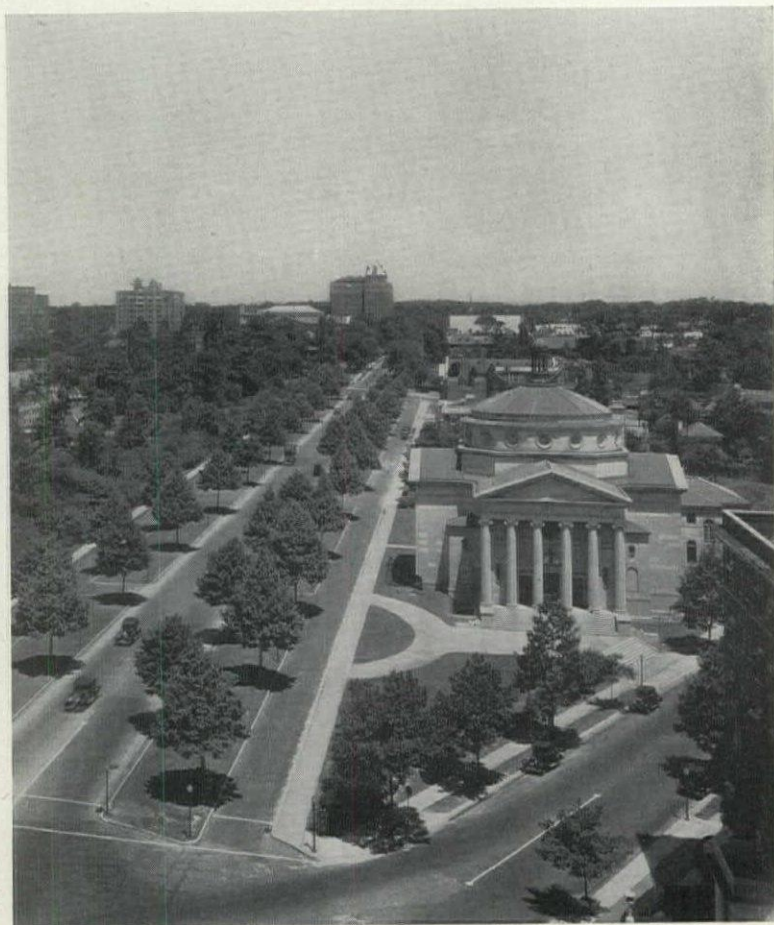
*THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS
MONUMENT*

*Located near the intersection of
Charles Street and Roland Avenue
shown in the picture below and adja-
cent to the entrance to Johns Hopkins
University.*

Blakeslee-Lane

*UNIVERSITY BAPTIST
CHURCH*

John Russell Pope, Architect





*The Newbold House
Mellor, Meigs and Howe
Architects*

WALTER
MELLOR

April 25, 1880
January 11, 1940

IN the early days of my college career there was a reserved, good-humored, earnest person who had taken a degree at Haverford and was entered for post graduate in architecture with us. In talking over the personnel of our class with a nice pleasant lady who was mother of one of my friends I mentioned this man, saying his name was Mellor.

"Is that Debby Mellor's son?" she asked.

I did not know but I inquired in the morning and discovered that he was Debby Mellor's nephew rather than son, which made no difference. He was "Debby Mellor's son" to us and later just "Debby".

He was the most careful draftsman I ever knew. When he had long lines to ink in with a ruling pen, he would write "look out" in pencil near the end as a warning to slow down.

He was full of steady drive. He was a lovely, smooth-complexioned girl in the Mask and Wig best chorus, a most distracting time-consuming activity, which, however, never interfered with the orderly routine of his drafting room procedure. All of his problems went in inexorably on time, with the same careful study, the same beginning with a fixed idea, the same ending with no change in the basic form of that idea. He would develop, alter, subtract from, add to, but no one, big shot or little shot, could jimmy him out of his idea into somebody else's idea.

He was slightly deaf and felt that he was growing deafer. This built up in him a desire to hurry. He feared that total deafness might come on, too soon.

With that in mind, almost immediately after graduation he hired an office and set up as an architect. A smart transformation of an old stone stable into a house was his first venture.

As he worked along he began to develop a philosophy of living which, as well as architecture, was an inherent part of his work, which was largely residential. He was fortunate in his partnership with Arthur Meigs, whose ideas were identical with his.

Together, they pushed their philosophy of gracious living. Comfort amid beauty, calmness, repose, relaxation, soft and studied compositions of architecture, gardens, garden walls, pleasant furnishings, to be a cool hand on the fevered brow—that was their aim and hope.

If they could help it they did not allow one note of discord to enter in. They would study and fret

and figuratively tear the hair if some minor thing, which they considered a sour note, was present. Whether it was a bush or a building they would not quit until they had removed it or assimilated it.

That is, of course, architecture and all architects follow the line of thought to a greater or less extent. But the Mellor-Meigs earnestness never stopped. The fire of their enthusiasm Christianized clients, made them join in carrying the banner.

Clients with completed houses would come into the office asking whether it would be proper for them to build a path here or install a red curtain there or hang a picture or buy a chair.

After one went around with Walter Mellor and saw a number of houses built on this careful, thoughtful principle which attempted to transpose life into living, one felt that here were documents. They were homilies on how to enjoy and appreciate the world, how to build that frame of mind that would make it possible for action to keep pace with responsibility. Or at least I used to think so.

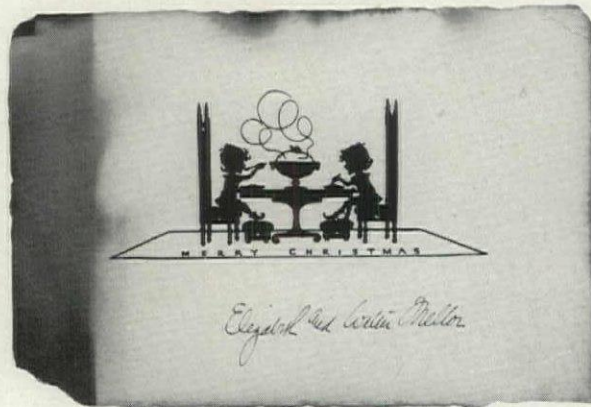
Possibly these houses may be falling out of date. I don't know. They were built at a time when the automobile had not fully taught people restlessness and the need for spending leisure by going to other spots and still other spots, when the gospel of the fourth cocktail, which improves all architecture, had been adopted by not so many persons.

I don't believe the houses will ever be out of date. I think they represent something almost as imperishable as the thing brought down to us by such houses as Wick, in Germantown, the Carroll House in Baltimore, Mount Vernon, Monticello. It is a history of cultured people living in gracious mansions.

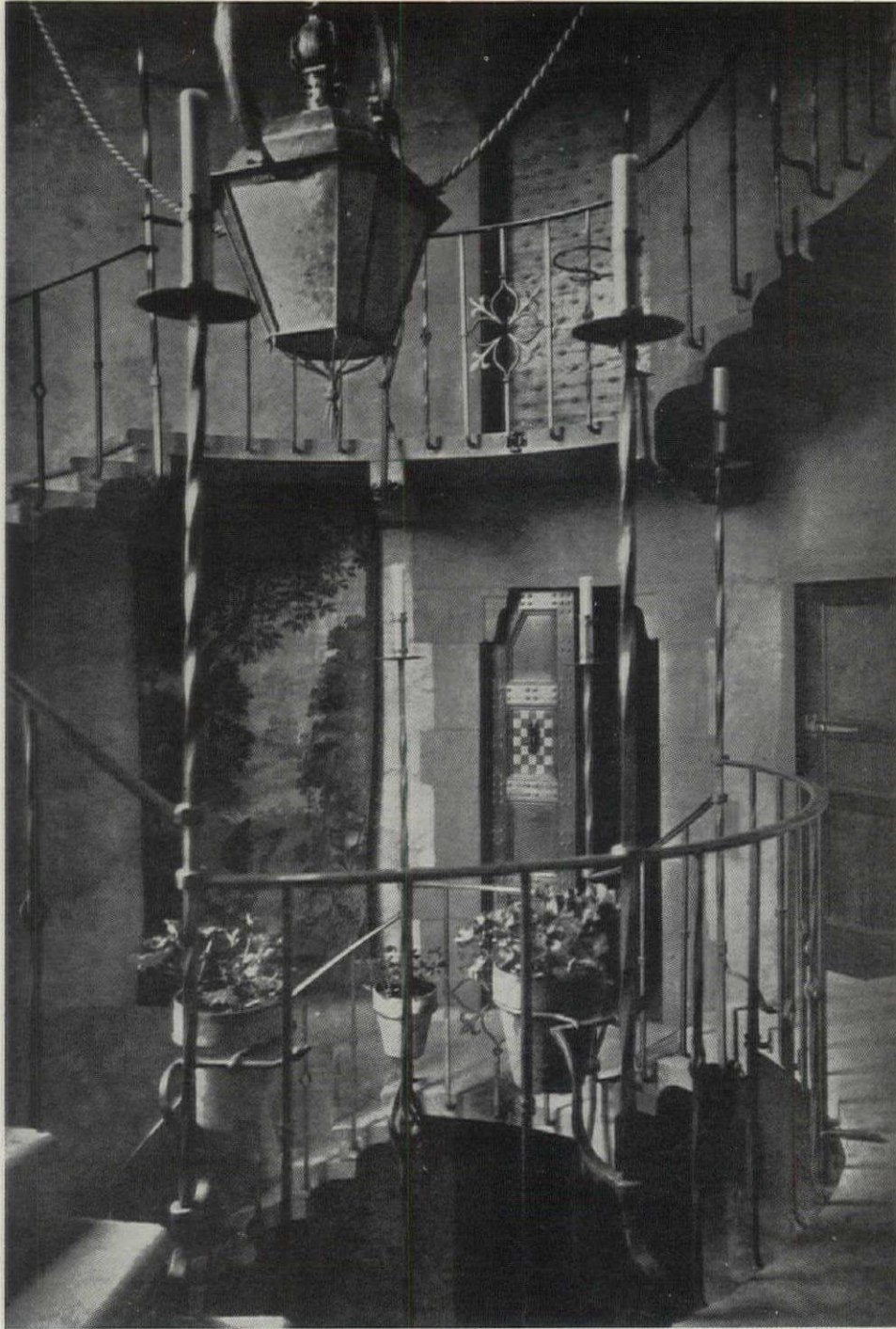
Walter Mellor died on Thursday, January 11th from a heart failure following grippe. He had apparently been unaware of the heart weakness. He is survived by his wife Elizabeth Mellor and by one daughter. He graduated from Haverford in 1901 and from Pennsylvania in 1904, and was a life-long resident of Philadelphia, a privilege felt by many to be one of life's great boons.

For a long while we have missed Mellor-Meigs architecture, which was too expensive for the Depression. To a much greater extent we shall now miss Walter Mellor himself.

E. B. M.



Christmas card made by Walter Mellor. The interesting border treatment is the result of having gone through a destructive fire in the Editor's house. Its unscathed condition may be symbolic of the indestructible character of the Mellor-Meigs work.



HOUSE OF ARTHUR E. NEWBOLD, LAVEROCK, PA.

Mellor, Meigs and Howe, Architects

This photograph and the one on a preceding page indicate in a way the restful poise, the air of unhurried leisure that is the flavor of houses done by Walter Mellor and his partners. Note the nice informality of flowers and candles and checker-board doors. The other photograph shows the exterior living-room, a delightful combination of sun-light, shadow and growing things, an attempt to put one's arms around the out-of-doors and hold it as a possession.



TOP ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT—Ezra M. Cornell, S. Warmolts, Chas. H. Stratton, E. J. Wilkins, Major Washington Haverslick, John Howatt, E. M. Hunt.

MIDDLE ROW—John Longworth, H. A. Webber, T. R. Maul, E. H. Klemroth, Thomas Appleton, Richard Fourchy, Wm. N. Collier, Neal A. Melick, Allyn A. Packard, Edwin Robinson.

BOTTOM ROW—C. F. Cramer, Edwin S. Hallett, Herbert C. Schofield, Herbert C. Caton, M. A. Dolan, B. A. Appleyard, E. S. Hesse, R. J. Wilson.

SOCIETY OF CONSTRUCTORS

Some thirty years ago a Superintendent of Construction in the Supervising Architect's Office, Thomas A. Appleton, stationed at Alton, Illinois, conceived the idea "that superintendents of construction could do better work and do it easier, if they could confer together and get ideas from one another as to the simplest and best methods of handling work" and in conjunction with L. R. Whitted, who had charge of the new St. Louis P. O. sent out a circular letter to all the superintendents they knew, which received so hearty a response that a meeting was called to be held in Chicago January, 1910. Thus started the organization originally known as "The Treasury Construction Society", later changed to "Society of Constructors of Federal Buildings".

The first meeting of this Society, as stated, was held in the Federal Building in Chicago on January 21st, 1910 and about twenty superintendents of construction, located in the middle west, attended this first meeting. The following officers were elected at this meeting: President, Thomas A. Appleton; First Vice-President, Allyn A. Packard; Second Vice-President, Richard Fourchy; Corresponding Secretary, W. D. Windom.

The personnel present at this first meeting was as follows:

Thomas A. Appleton, A. W. Archer, E. R. Austin, E. P. Boyd, Henry Brack, Wm. Y. Brady, Leo. Canman, Wm. W. Cooke, C. F. Cramer, C. A. Jordan, Neal A. Melick, P. J. Mullin, C. J. Murdock, H. C. Schofield, C. P. Sullivan, W. H. Thayer, E. H. Toomey, D. C. Trott, L. R. Whitted, Wm. W. Stevens, Geo. H. Graves, Allyn A. Packard.

The next annual meeting of the Society was held at the Marquette Hotel in St. Louis, Missouri, in January, 1911 and the photo reproduced herewith represents the membership attending this gathering.

Papers were submitted by H. G. Richey and F. P. Ward,

who could not come.

After this meeting the Society voted to hold the third annual meeting in Washington, D. C. and although a few of the Supervising Superintendents of Construction and some Superintendents of Construction were called in for conference, the majority of the men attending not only paid their own expenses but took leave to attend the meeting. From that time on, all of the annual meetings or conventions were held in Washington, D. C.

During the period of the war, the field work slackened considerably but after the armistice things picked up and the Society progressed and prospered up to about the end of 1931 or 1932 when possibly on account of the great amount of work undertaken by the office, it did not appear feasible or practicable to continue the annual meetings.

During the active years of this organization a small bulletin was published monthly at first, then later not so often, in which articles on various subjects were submitted by the members and a rather comprehensive bulletin after every annual meeting.

The recent meetings in the district known as "Concrete" meetings have been interesting and instructive but to most of the men they have been too narrow and too technical and it has been felt that the idea of Mr. Appleton's of having conferences in which all problems and all kinds of work can be discussed, pro and con, would be not only more enjoyable but instructive and beneficial. No amount of printed instructions can take the place of personal contacts and friendly and constructive criticism. It is to be regretted that the stress and complications of the present order render such meetings impossible.

ALLYN A. PACKARD,
District Engineer.



CANDID photograph showing President Monfalcone, of the Association of Federal Architects, presenting medal to General Seaman, of the office of the Quartermaster General. The Q. M. G. office was adjudged to have the best showing in Association's Spring Exhibition. The presentation was made at a dinner held November 30th.

At the right is the tame cast aluminum eagle, which is a drafting-room mascot in the Supervising Architect's office. For Christmas he was all dressed up and provided with appropriate background and everything. He is an abstemious old soul and remained cold sober, but he enjoyed his red pants and white vest.

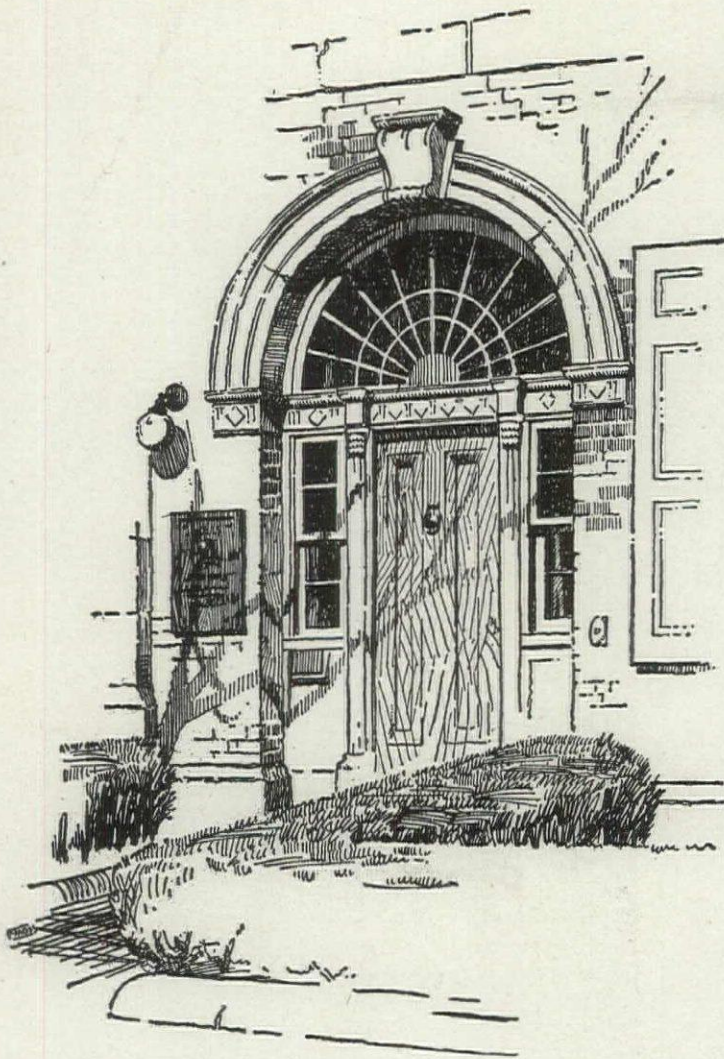


CHANGES IN ASSIGNMENTS OF CONSTRUCTION ENGINEERS

Rudolph W. Anderson Kansas City, Mo.	Guy B. Byam Midland, Mich.	Arthur A. Fletcher Wallace, N. C.	Harry D. Lackore Raymond, Wash.	James D. Owens Detroit, Mich.	Arthur P. Schulz Falmouth, Mass.
H. W. Olmsted Kansas City, Mo.	Robert J. Colgan Riverton, N. J.	Louis W. Friberg Hamilton, Mont.	Louis E. Langille Crossett, Ark.	Frank H. Parnell Lincoln, Nebr.	Emil C. Seiz, Jr. Camila, Ga.
William Nichol Dallas, Texas	Robert Coltman, Jr. Great Neck, N. Y.	Max M. Golder Eldon, Mo.	Charles E. Legris Caledonia, Minn.	Emmanuel vB. Perry Brockport, N. Y.	Robert E. Sellers Marshall, Texas
Joseph Arakelian Viroqua, Wisc.	John Paul Cooney Pasadena, Texas	B. H. Graff Hereford, Texas	Daniel J. Lix Manistique, Mich.	William T. Pierce Burns, Oregon	John P. Shea Belding, Mich.
George F. Baker Manchester, Mass.	Alfred T. Coston South San Francisco, Calif.	Hiram A. R. Gray Lewisburg, Pa.	Dana O. McComb Culver City, Calif.	Henry E. Quinn Hollis, Okla.	Donald T. Smith Geneva, Nebr.
David Beale Tylertown, Miss.	Walter L. Cronin Spring Valley, Minn.	Clayton R. Haden Plainfield, N. J.	R. A. McLarnon Washington, D. C.	Walter C. Rankin Kings Mountain, N. C.	Philip C. Smith, Jr. Greenwood, S. C.
Samuel J. Berman Newcastle, Ind.	Charles H. Dading Schenectady, N. Y.	Henry S. Hines Bangor, Pa.	William McLaughlin Galveston, Texas	Jerre T. Richards Nowata, Okla.	L. E. Tuli Windom, Minn.
Herbert A. Blogg Aibion, Ill.	Charles E. Darnall Lincoln, Nebr.	Edward J. Holahan Sheridan, Ind.	Frank W. Miller Arlington, Tex.	John H. Roach Dexter, Mo.	Edward P. Voegelin Selbyville, Del.
Harry S. Braun Safford, Arizona	Ernest G. Davis Montezuma, Ga.	Alfred R. James Covington, Ky.	Robert A. Miller Buhl, Idaho	Donnell Robinson Eldorado Springs, Mo.	Fred H. Wagner Clayton, Mo.
Archibald W. Brown Benton, Ark.	Joshua T. Davis Washington, D. C.	George L. Jensen Berestford, S. Dak.	Buhl, Idaho	Frank E. Ross Placerville, Calif.	Otto H. Wagner Alcatraz, Calif.
Raymond G. Brown Mount Carroll, Ill.	Reginald L. Dicks Easley, S. C.	Livingston L. Johnson Bishopville, S. C.	Caleb C. Motz New Haven, Conn.	Arno O. Rudolph St. Louis, Mo.	Charles R. Wilson Amherst, Ohio
William E. Brown Southington, Conn.	Eugene M. Dwyer Oxford, N. Y.	Clyde C. Key York, Pa.	Clinton J. Muncie Marietta, Okla.	Jay D. Rutledge Mount Ayr, Iowa	Jesse I. Marshall Died—11/30/39
Ralph S. Bubbs Tuscola, Ill.	Wm. E. P. Farnham Martinsville, Va.	Guy T. Kuntz Orofino, Idaho	James L. Murphy Medford, Oregon	Louis J. Schoefer Dolgeville, N. Y.	
			Chas. M. Neidelman Jefferson City, Tenn.		

WASHINGTON DOORWAYS

BY ANNABEL PAXTON



I. THE ARTS CLUB

THE beauty of Washington's Arts Club doorway speaks for itself. Only the records tell of the statesmen, artists and socialites that have passed through it. It is said President Madison galloped through the doorway on horseback to escape capture from British troops while he and his cabinet were in conference—the White House being in the process of rebuilding after destruction by the British in August, 1814. Another story declared the rider to be a British soldier in search of a spot of adventure.

Pre-eminent, the Arts Club house, with its semi-circular fanlight doorway flanked with narrow side lights, is in a neighborhood of old houses. Fronting on a triangular park on the north side of Pennsylvania avenue and bounded by I, K, Twentieth and Twenty-first streets, the site was originally part of a large farm known as Widow's Mite. It had been patented to Anthony Holmead, an Englishman. Before the cession to the United States by the State of Maryland of land for the site of the capital City, the farm of Holmead had been divided. The part which included the site of the Arts Club was owned by James Macub-

bin Lingan. Lingan was an officer in the Maryland line during the War of the American Revolution, a captive on the prison ship *Jersey*, a friend of George Washington and collector of port of Georgetown at the outbreak of the War of 1812.

On division between Lingan and the United States commissioners, appointed by President Washington for the purpose of laying out the city of Washington, the Arts Club property was allotted in 1791 to Lingan, Gen. Uriah Forrest and Benjamin Stoddart of Maryland, first Secretary of the United States Navy. All three were prominent investors in land in the Territory of Columbia, as the District was then called.

Lingan sold the west 25-foot front of the site for \$492.18 in 1802 to Timothy Caldwell of Philadelphia, who erected the building which now stands at the back of the main structure. In 1806 Caldwell purchased from Lingan for \$432.50, a small portion of land adjoining the 25 feet on the east and enlarged the house he had built by adding the front part of 2017 I street as it is seen today. In 1808 Caldwell sold the building for \$10,000 to Postmaster-General Gideon Granger.

Granger held title to the property for five years, reconveying it in 1813 to Caldwell, who retained ownership until 1840. Francis Markoe, jr., of Pennsylvania, president of Columbian Institute, purchased it in 1840. He and his heirs lived in the building until it was disposed of by the latter in 1877 to Prof. Cleveland Albee, who was practically the founder of the United States Weather Bureau. He owned the house at the time of his death, in 1916.

In its life of 115 years this house has been the property of only three families. It is now owned and occupied by the Arts Club.

Built in the early 1800s, the present home of the Arts Club of Washington is an excellent example of the late Georgian era of architecture in America—a period just previous to that of the Greek Revival. The house is two stories high and built of red brick, laid in Flemish bond, a favorite method at the time it was constructed. The facade is most simple, the beauty of its design being due, largely, to its well proportioned and well-located windows and wall areas, sparing use of stone trim, wooden shutters and the care and attention lavished upon the doorway as a center of interest.

The doorway has a finely molded achitrave and keystone. The solid paneled door is framed by delicately molded and ornamented mullions and transom bar. A well-proportioned fanlight with wooden muntins fills the arch above the door and narrow side lights flank the sides. The workmanship is exceeded only by the refined, dignified and stately classical character of its design. It is worth more than a hasty, passing glance.

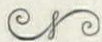
(Continued from page 6)

those people who are coming out of it?" he inquired. He was informed that they were employed there. "What!" said he, "not all those old people?" Upon being assured they were all government workers he shook his head and exclaimed: "My God; I knew our government was old but I didn't think it was that old." There would be less chance for a remark like that to stick nowadays. The incubus of aged employees in the government service seems to be lessening since the plank on which they walk out upon retirement has been greased by shortening the age limit for retirement and refusing to extend it in individual cases except where the incumbent is thought to be indispensable. I may have unwittingly contributed to the idea that few individuals are indispensable. On one occasion at a hearing the chairman of the Appropriation Committee asked me to identify the individuals in our old office who were indispensable. I told him that neither I nor anyone holding key positions were so indispensable but what their work could be carried on if they were absent and that this condition applied equally to members of the technical and administrative forces, but that when we came to the office in the morning and there was no one to put ice in the water-coolers, or distribute the mail, or clean the cuspidors, or put clean towels on the racks or perform other similar duties it became apparent that the messengers and laborers were the ones who were indispensable. And isn't it true Eddie, that the fellow who can least be spared is the ultimate one to whom the buck can be passed?

I presume that like myself you were the recipient of scads of Christmas and New Year's cards. There is an old saying that "if wishes were horses beggars could ride," and if this holds good I couldn't reasonably wish for more than my friends have seemed to think I deserve. But where does this custom come from? I have before me as I write a picture of a carved jade ornament, hundreds of years old, and known to the Chinese as the "Nine Prosperities." It is intended to bring to the owner peace, abundant harvest, good luck, plentiful blessings, felicitous times, eminent rank, auspicious omens, continued wealth and increasing fortune. However, wise as were the old Chinese philosophers they omitted two important ones—good health and contentment. So, if it isn't too late I am wishing for you and for my former associates in office all of the Nine Prosperities plus the two that I have added.

Sincerely yours,

"THE JUDGE."



Herewith follows a letter to the Editor from Tox Bronte Everman, Cornell 1900, master draftsman. It might be considered as a typical letter from one architect to another 30 years later; and is printed for that reason.

Dear E. B.:

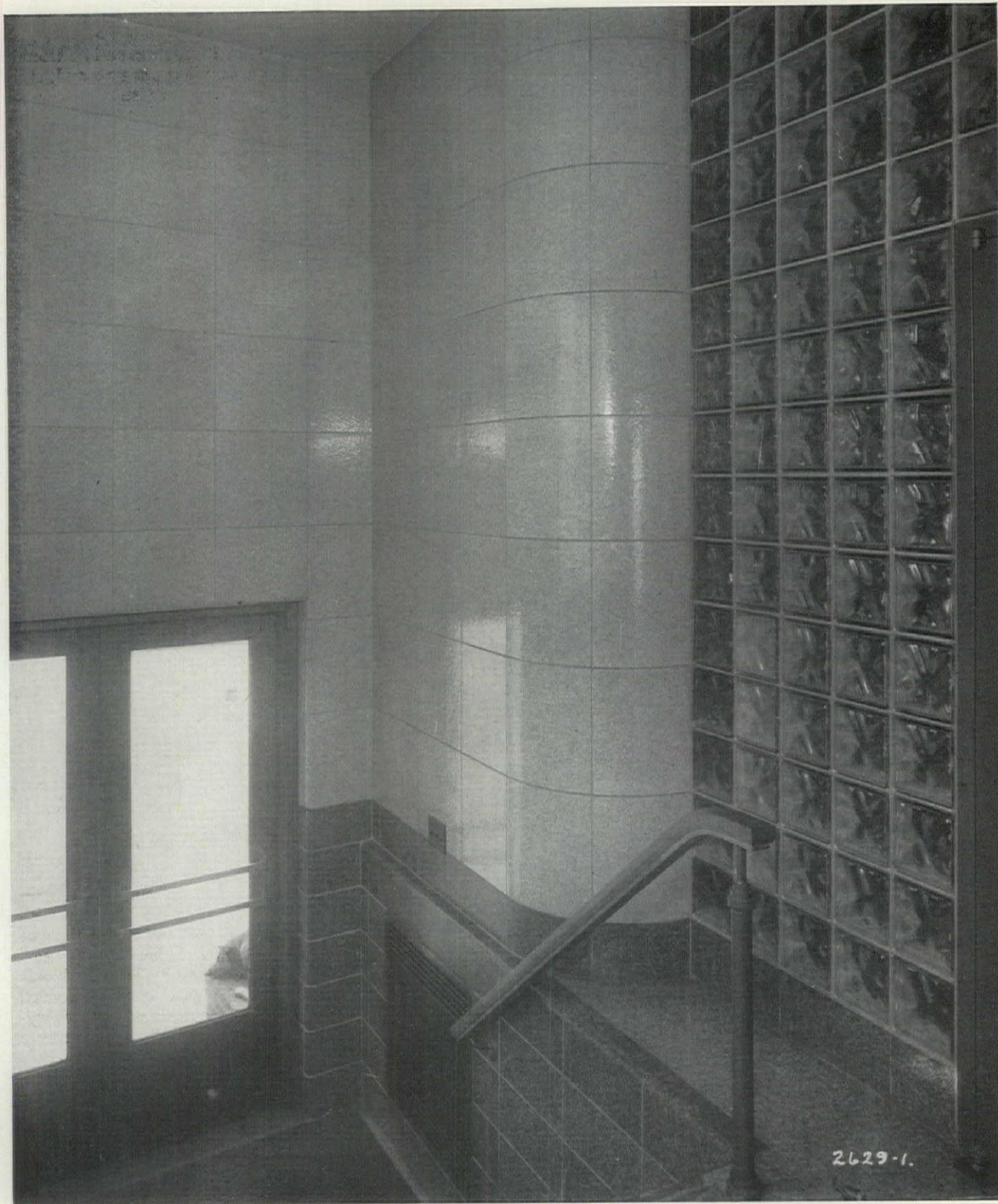
The given name of that Office Boy was "John"—had qualities in some ways similar to the "Fat Boy" in Dickens. He used to sit on a stool and go half (or more) asleep or perhaps it was only a form of gentle and general absence of thought—mental oblivion.

When called, it started his Life Stream and he would gently slide off stool to a standing position and, still asleep, enunciate (as you correctly state) the one monosyllable "Suh!" which was all that happened till further prodded into action of some sort or other. When last seen, with my own eyes, he was bedecked in the uniform of the City Police of Norfolk, Virginia, and (of all things!) a-horseback, evidently being a mounted police and was still asleep—the horse doing all the thinking done.

John was preceded by one Herbert Bucky—who had a more active mind and fertile imagination. Said Herbert once announced that "You know what I likes best to do?—Drink 3 chocolate milk-shakes and then smoke one of them Hygee Seegars." Laudable ambition in one so young. Herbert made a dicker with the soda counter boy in the downstairs drug store whereby he was to receive 6 milk-shakes and 3 Hygee Seegars for making some sort of a show card for the soda fountain. Herbert went to it with more energy and main-strength than artful ability, consuming all his "spare time" and some that wasn't so spare and a deal of the Boss's various draughting materials. Mr. Peebles (John Kevan Peebles of Norfolk) used to come bursting out of his private office with an intention of asking some slight service of Herbert but seeing him so busy would refrain and retreat. After some three days of this and meanwhile glimpsing the subject of Herbert's arduous labors, which bid fair to, as the French say, eternalize itself, finally lost patience and said—"Herbert, whenever you get that sign done to your complete and entire satisfaction I have a slight errand I would like you to do for me"—which was being quite drastic for John Kevan. I have no memory of this show card ever being finished nor do I know what became of Herbert or where the wheel of fortune dumped him off.

He antedated your arrival on the scene. He was "touchous," much to Glines' continual amusement and upon being properly "touched up" would throw whatever he had in his hands across the room, emit a wild yell and run blindly until he bumped into something, such as a wall, that would bring him up with a sharp turn. He was the office boy at the time of our moving from the Main Street office into the new "Law Building" and as he generally had his hands full of something during the moving this afforded Glines continued sport and much damage to everything. Glines once "touched him up" while eating a half watermelon and he promptly threw the whole half at old David Lowenberg, the city's first citizen, who happened to be coming in and we damn near lost a "job" that David had up his sleeve;—as the half melon damaged David's square topped light grey derby beyond repair; and David's temper, thereby, almost beyond John Keevan's power to soothe.

"Youth"—our long lost youth you say—youth and health—the two greatest boons one can have and you don't know you have 'em when you got 'em—except that you are half-way ashamed of the youth and try to get "old" quickly and by various artificial means such as mustachios and a stilted gravity upon occasion—and when one gets old you try to assume the vagueness of youth, an assumption of gayety, joining the Kiwanis and wearing school-boy clothes—Old



J. Sanford Shanley,
Architect

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Ponce de Leon set himself, I sometimes think, to the noblest task of all by trying to find the "Fountain of Youth"—success in that would beat smashing atoms, or travelling at high speed. But I digress.

The last I heard of A—— a vague and unsubstantiated rumor—he was keeping a 2nd-hand Book Store with Stamp Department in the back room in his home-town of Holyoke, Mass., and I can picture him, in my mind's eye, as he *ought* to look anyway—a Dickensish character, much stooped and withered, in carpet-slippers and a skull cap, with a tassel, puttering about in dim and dusty recesses looking for a book that is never found.

I did my level damndest to keep in touch with Otto but found it a hard job—and G——! the inimitable G——! Called me on long distance from Richmond some years ago—quite out of the blue—wanted information about getting a job here in Washington. I invited him to come down and visit a week and look over the field and prospects—(he said he was down to his last \$20)—then followed it up that night with a letter urging him to come, make himself at home, etc.—it was during the first depression—'31 and '32 I think and I haven't heard from or of him since. I've always imagined he died suddenly.

Henry Wainwright is married and has 8 (perfectly normal) children! Would you *ever* have dreamed of that? I think it was 8—maybe more—maybe less, anyway "right smart" children! But Henry was never an office boy and so does not properly belong in this treatise. Henry blossomed all at onct (or oncet) into a full blown Business Man, in the Building Material Line—toting half dozen packets of fawncy "tapestry" brick up and down the streets of Norfolk.

The Cap'n John Smith Hotel—lemme see—wasn't that the one in which I surreptitiously slipped into the plans a private and secret suite for myself—up in the gables—arrived at by a secret passage where I proposed living unbeknownst to the management?—and the hotel where John Keevan's comment was, "Well, Everman they can sure do a Land Office business in that bar." (Referring to size and straight-away run.) Yes! me lad them wuz the Days and I make no doubt that properly written out they could be made to vie with Mr. Pickwick's happy adventures—with as interesting characters. You will no doubt recall the opening of the "Lynhaven" Bar to which we all went with Colonel Forbes leading the band in that funny brown derby he inherited from somebody? and we drank all the Liquor List from Anisette to "Goldwasser"—that had tiny flakes of gold shimmering in it—and they afterwards shimmered and shown in you too! My word! but the Lynhaven *did* open with a Bang! with that Colossus "Webb" for manager and the Black Colossus for head waiter and 7 different Filet Mignons on the 18" Carte du Jour.

But I think the finest days were those when we all drove down by Tally-ho—14 of us on a nippy October morning though it was generally nearer noon owing to having to wait till one B. Morris ate "just one more last waffle."

For by and large I deem the memories of them days quite well worth while and worthy of keeping as green as the Bay Tree in the desert. I still have the

sketch I made for my costume when we two went to Hattie Page's surprise masquerade party and we damn near got arrested crossing Yarmouth Street bridge all because *you* had with that yellow wig and your free and easy manners a so-compromising appearance.

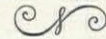
I did the Wearin' of the Green on the accordeen pretty slick for a novice if you recall, what?

Hoping to see you in the flesh and soon,

Believe me,

Yours to a cinder,

Tox.



January 29, 1940

Mr. Edwin B. Morris, Editor

THE FEDERAL ARCHITECT

Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Morris:

Once in awhile when reading that excellently edited publication, THE FEDERAL ARCHITECT, the thought strikes me that possibly a certain amount of money is necessary, or at least useful, in carrying on such an enterprise. And it is quite probable that the rarity of the occasions when I have been so stricken, and especially my failure as a subscriber in arrears to pursue the theme to its logical end, must have been before now a matter upon which your treasurer occasionally pondered. But there is something to be said on the other side.

It is not my intent, however, to attempt a defense of, nor offered a hackneyed excuse for, my apparent indifference to the relationship that should exist between a publisher and his clientele; but I think that you will have a clearer understanding of the case in question if I set forth a circumstance that seems to me to be pertinent. And, if the subject appears to enter the realm of the psychologic (a virgin field, so far as I know, for alibis of harassed debtors—and mayhaps a fertile one), yet the evidence is none the less clear by reason of that detail, nor can the conclusions found be other than logical.

As a sort of preface, it may be said that my nature is of that not uncommon sort that is prone to worry no more than appears seemly about the other fellows' troubles. And, inclining somewhat to Cain's viewpoint, it has never been my way to rush uninvited into a situation and offhand proffer advice, financial aid or what-not. For, while the advice possibly would be taken, and the financial assistance more certainly so, yet one feels, after all, that the whole thing is none of his business and the less he has to do with it the better. The existence of this trait in my mental make-up, although a minor point, is offered as perhaps having a small bearing on the subject in hand.

The primal source of my inhibition, however, lies much deeper than a mere reluctance to become entangled in the affairs of another. Its spring is, I suspect, the sub-conscious mind; that strange domain in whose shadowy recesses lurk faint but ineradicable memories of a time long past when, as a printer's devil on a country weekly newspaper, I was a witness

—a party, indeed—to a fairly successful attempt to run a paper without any money at all. And the recollection of that experience, sunk unaware in some murky well of my memory, feeds my conscious self with subtle and insinuating suggestions, as it were, to the effect that what once was done in the publishing field is still possible—that money is not really essential in such work.

In this way I try to explain what no doubt you consider to be my curious lack of interest in the financial aspect of your business. In the time and place of which I speak there were practically no financial matters connected with running the kind of a paper on which I worked. Sometime perhaps I shall write you again, touching on this phase of the subject and baring some of the details as to how such matters were kept so far in the background as to practically disappear.

But I do not suggest that you attempt anything of the sort now. It probably wouldn't work. Moreover, to encourage you in resisting whatever temptation you may encounter in that field of thought, and as evidence that the conscious part of my mind is in a measure, and for the time being, independent of the sinister propaganda by its other half, I am enclosing a check for five dollars, and trust that your heart is in good condition.

With best wishes,

WM. NEVILLE COLLIER.



CONSTRUCTION ENGINEER PUBLISHES BOOK

WELDED STEEL CONSTRUCTION — By Robert S. Hale, 170 pp. Published by the Pitman Publishing Corp., New York. Price \$3.

Concise information on the advantages of welded steel construction in building work and on current practices in the application of welding to such operations is given in this small book. It is not a textbook on welding methods but rather a guide to the structural engineer or architect who wishes to gain knowledge of how welding can be applied to his structural problems. A considerable part of the book is given over to the application of welding to structural design, pointing out how welding construction varies from riveted work. Also included is valuable information on estimating structural steel costs, a brief description of methods of fabrication and erection and a section on the inspection of welded work. An appendix includes tables of standard sections, the portions of the New York and Chicago Building codes that relate to welding, and the American Welding Society's specifications for highway and railway bridges by fusion welding.

Though the book itself is small it contains numerous references to fuller works on the various subjects covered.

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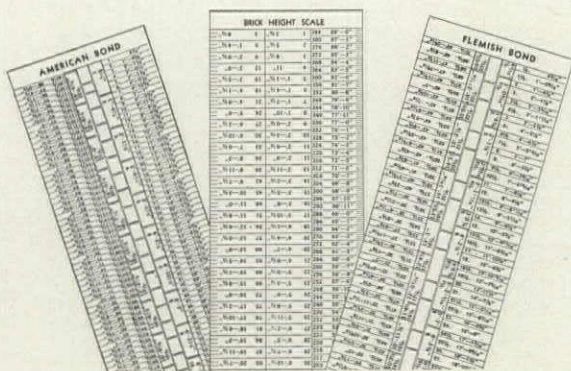
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REVIEW OF BRICK ENGINEERING

Plummer and Reardon

Published by Structural Clay Products Institute

Washington, D. C.

From time to time in Architectural and Engineering periodicals, there are published bits of useful data relating to brick work and brick engineering, but very rarely have attempts been made to compile in one volume all the available information on the subject. Because of these spasmodic efforts there is a real need for such a book—Brick Engineering by Harry C. Plummer and Leslie J. Reardon adequately fills this need.

The subject of Reinforced Brick Masonry is well covered and should be a valuable aid to the extension of the use of this old material in a comparatively new way. The results of many tests are given which lend authoritative support to the text. Many examples of good construction are given and the troublesome subjects of moisture control, staining efflorescence, flashing, spandrels, are well covered. The chapter on brick-sewers and sewer design furnishes a wealth of much needed information. The divisions of the book are very logical and any desired subject can be easily found and when found can be readily understood.

"FROM NAZI SOURCES: WHY HITLER CAN'T WIN," by Dr. Fritz Sternberg.

Published by Alliance Book Corporation, November, 1939.

The author presents statements gleaned from technical and trade magazines, from economic journals, from banking and financial statements and from every German Army publication since before Hitler's regime. His shrewd observations and significant conclusions are based upon years of training and research in economic and military matters. Comment is made upon the probable psychological effect on the nation under the circumstances of being subjected to another prolonged conflict. Facts and observations are set forth in such manner as to lead the reader to one logical conclusion, *i.e.*, that the Hitler Government, regardless of recent economic treaties, cannot hope to emerge victorious from the present war.

JESSE I. MARSHALL

Construction Engineer Jesse I. Marshall died in Washington on November 30, 1939, from a heart attack. Mr. Marshall entered the service about 1926, and among other buildings erected under his supervision were the Juneau, Alaska, Territorial Capitol; Kansas City, Missouri, Post Office; Saint Louis, Missouri, Court House and Customs House; Saint Louis, Missouri, Post Office. At the time of his death, Mr. Marshall was in charge of work on the Social Security, Railroad Retirement, and Census Buildings in Washington.

SAME NOW AS THEN

"When we mean to build, we first survey the plot, then draw the model; and when we see the figure of the house, then must we rate the cost of the erection which, if we find out-weighs ability, what do we do then but draw anew the model in fewer offices, or at least desist to build at all."

SHAKESPEARE'S HENRY IV,
Charette.

THE WIZARD OF TALIESIN

A recent example of industrial work has, no doubt, come to your attention, namely, the new Johnson Wax Company building at Racine, Wisconsin, by no less a genius than Frank Lloyd Wright. Clever as many of the innovations introduced may be, and however novel and brilliant, I question the wisdom of the continued acclaim of such radical efforts. Its author has my warmest admiration for what he has accomplished. There is no disavowing the fact that he is one of the outstanding figures in the architectural world, that his influence has been felt in it as perhaps that of no one else, and yet much of his work impresses me as clever feats, unrelated to actual needs and economically wasteful. To me, architecture implies the very opposite—first, observation and solution of practical requirements; second, care in producing the desired results with respect for economy. To me a straightforward, simple and direct solution of any

problem is infinitely more desirable than even the most brilliant stunt. At that, we need men to do the unusual, to set the pace, even though their influence for good be not always unalloyed. We need only think back of the leaders in the field, such as Richardson and Sullivan, to realize what harm their work did to architecture in general. Their idiosyncrasies rather than the good in their work were copied by followers of lesser skill. At that, there is no denying the fact that but for innovators, architecture would remain static.

—ALBERT KAHN
Reprint from Illinois Society of Architects.
Charette.

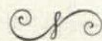
ALL IN A NUTSHELL

"Do you understand this building-loan scheme?"
"Sure! They build you a house and you pay so much a month. By the time you are thoroughly dissatisfied with the place, it's yours."

BATHROOM AND KITCHEN COLOR

The Formica Insulation Company announce the publication of a new booklet showing in full color numerous designs for bathrooms and kitchens making use of Formica.

This booklet will be sent to anyone who will write the manufacturers, The Formica Insulation Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.



\$200 PRIZE

The Master Builders' Association of the District of Columbia, wishes to have an Emblem which will be expressive of the aims and purposes of the Association.

The Emblem should be designed so that it can be used in several ways: As an engraved heading for the Contractors stationery; as a stencil for painting Contractors signs and equipment; and as a Decalcomania for the use on glass of the Contractors' office doors.

For this reason the Emblem should be of simple design which will be easily read and can be reproduced in any desired medium. It is suggested that the Emblem for engraving shall be in one color, for use in stenciling in two colors, and as decalcomania in three colors, with appropriate enrichment.

In order to obtain a suitable Emblem the Association proposes a Competition to be open to Architects, Engineers, Draftsmen and Designers of the District of Columbia.

Each contestant shall submit a design for the Emblem in a form suitable for each of the three uses mentioned above. It shall be presented in color and

shall have the name of the Association embodied in the design of the Emblem. All designs shall be submitted on white illustration board, size 20" x 30" with 1" border, containing all three forms in any desired arrangement. Scale for the engraving shall be 3 times actual size, for the Decalcomania actual size, and the stencil design must come within a 12" x 12" space. The name of the contestant shall appear only on the back of the drawing submitted and shall have a strip of paper pasted over it so that the names cannot be seen until after the judgment is made.

The Association offers a first prize of Two Hundred Dollars, several minor prizes and honorable mentions for the winning designs.

All designs shall be delivered to the Secretary of the Association on or before April 1, 1940. Judgment will be held and announced at the April meeting of the Association. The jury will be composed of several local architects and one member of the Association.

All contestants are required on or before March 1st to fill in entry blank which may be obtained from Mr. Frank J. Sheehan, Secretary, Master Builders' Association, 1719 Eye Street, N.W.

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- 4-5 What to Look for in a Door Closer**
- 5-7 Overhead Concealed Closers**
- 8-9 Floor Type Concealed Closers**
- 10 LCN Ball-Bearing Pivots**
- 10-11 Surface Type Door Closers**
- 12 Closer Dimensions, Specifications**
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2. You may not know much about architecture, but you know what you like. Prepare a scrap-book of all attractive plans.

3. Select nine or ten of your favorite plans from your scrap book and proceed to combine all the best features of each in a new and original plan. For this work you will need cross-section paper and a 6H pencil which must be kept very sharp.

4. If, in your plan, you find the stair running smack against a chimney, or if a bath room persists in remaining in the very middle of things without a window, or if there is no room for the kitchen sink, do not despair. A good manœuvre is to turn your plan upside down and start over. Always remember that the second floor is just above the first except in Southern California.

5. Do not be disturbed if your plan does not seem to fit your lot. The modern method is to engage a steam shovel to make your lot fit the plan.

6. Prepare a list of the many short-cuts and devices that should save you money—those unconventional ideas which the regulars in the building game never think of.

7. The next problem is the blue-prints. This is one of the silly fetishes in the building business.

8. Get some bids on your blue-printed designs. You do not need specifications since it is well known that all houses are built of just about the same materials. When you get your bids, don't forget that the even low bid is too high, and should be drastically deflated. Finally, when you are ready to go ahead, do not go to the expense and trouble of a written contract. A good verbal agreement is all that is necessary. There is a lot of nonsense about contracts, lien laws, building codes, and zoning ordinances, which can be ignored as superfluous.

9. As the job proceeds, do not hesitate to make changes and improvements. Your verbal agreement includes all this; anyhow, the builder will never think of charging for extras.

10. When you have your house-warming, secrete some dictaphones about the house. You will then secure fresh off-the-record criticisms of your work from your guests. You can then judge whether you are a success as a builder. Of course, you will not be present at this house-warming. You have by this time suffered a nervous breakdown and are on your back, muttering. You will soon owe the doctor the money you should have paid an architect, for there is no peace in store for you; every door and window in the house sticks, there is a big crack where one corner has settled; the cellar, like the great Salt Lake, has many inlets for water but no outlets; the front porch has parted company from the house at the roof line, and the sewer refuses to work because it runs up hill. Furthermore, the contractor has failed and you have nobody to fall back on except the fellow who told you you could do a professional job in your spare time and still live.

—L. W.
The Charette.

“With Designers who *know* facing materials
it's Terra Cotta everytime!”



New Orleans, La.
Jones, Roessle & Olschner, Archts.
J. Gordon Lee, Contractor

Woolworth Stores recently built with Federal Seaboard *modern* solid back Architectural Terra Cotta:

Buffalo, New York (2)
Union City, New Jersey
Hudson, New York
Grand Rapids,
Michigan
Schenectady,
New York
Jersey City, New Jersey
Niagara Falls, New York
Jackson, Michigan
Oneida, New York
Charleston,
South Carolina
Herkimer, New York
Columbus, Ohio
Charlotte,
North Carolina

Designers for America's great merchandisers—Woolworth, Green, Kress, Kresge, A. S. Beck, Lerner, etc.—are primarily interested in *color, scale* and *economy*.

That's why they specify the *new* solid back Architectural Terra Cotta. Color possibilities are unlimited. Designer of the above store combined mottled cream, warm mottled buff, rich mottled brown and pastel polychrome for the ornamental features,—all beautiful, impervious, washable glazes. Jointing scale is also illustrated by the above building where units range from squares 2'0 by 2'0 by 4" thick to pieces 4'6 $\frac{1}{4}$ " long by 2'0 wide. As to cost, the initial is the final cost of Terra Cotta since it is kept new by washing occasionally.

Add to this the fact that owners find a colorful, distinctive Terra Cotta front a continuous, permanent and free advertisement impelling passer-bys to enter and you have the reasons wise designers call for Federal Seaboard modern Terra Cotta.

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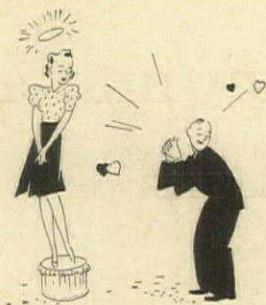
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Once there was a man who thought so highly of a girl that he was afraid to pop the question. She had an awful time catching him!



Aluminum Windows in the Hall of Government, George Washington University, Washington, D. C. Mr. Waldron Faulkner was the architect.

Aluminum Windows in Central School, Glencoe, Illinois. Armstrong, Furst & Tilton of Chicago, were the architects.



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