

# THE FEDERAL ARCHITECT

**M**ANY magazines have symbolized these parlous times by carrying full-color cover designs using the national flag as a motif or background. This magazine is unable by reason of expense to join with this demonstration, but wishes to say in lieu thereof that in spirit the flag waves over this cover and over every page.

APRIL-JUNE, 1942

## "Why settle for 75¢ when you can have \$1.00?"



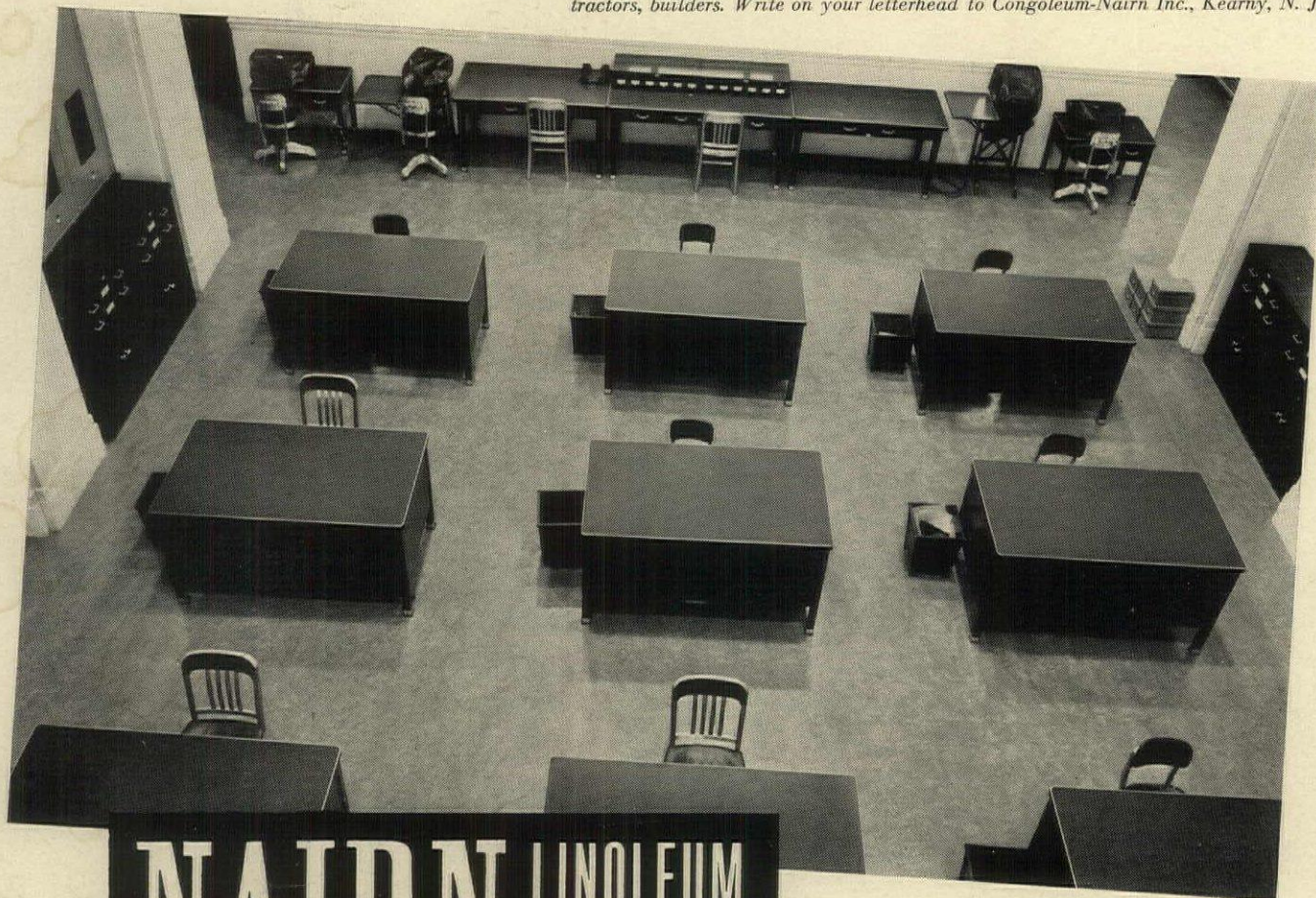
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# THE FEDERAL ARCHITECT

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EDWIN B. MORRIS, *Editor*

## Table of Contents

	<i>Page</i>
Editorials .....	4
The Simon Era in the Supervising Architect's Office .....	8
Temporary Buildings on Mall .....	10
A Trip to Pittsburgh .....	13
Mr. Cret as a Guest .....	16

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# CELOTEX Vapor-seal Sheathing Helps Me Meet Emergency Construction Needs By Replacing "Frozen" Materials



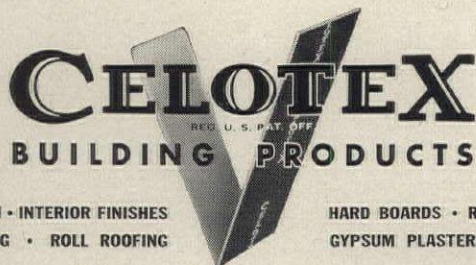
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Page 3



# THE FEDERAL ARCHITECT

Published for the Association of Federal Architects

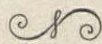
■ **M**R. GEORGE HOWE, the new Supervising Architect of the Federal Works Agency, has a homonym, if you know what that is—we didn't until a while ago. Not many people have homonyms. They really turn out to be more embarrassing than useful, in the long run, and do not justify any effort to obtain them. The other George Howe, in this instance, is also an architect practicing in Washington. His name is George L. Howe. After the announcement of the Supervising Architect's appointment, he received, as might have been expected, many misdirected congratulations.

He wrote the Supervising Architect a whimsical letter, which we were shown and which amused us:

"Congratulations on our appointment have been flowing in, and I am sure The President could not have chosen two better men for this important job.

"I shall probably be honored for one of your monumental post offices and you will get hell for a leaky roof in one of my hen houses. I can see that when you come to Washington life is going to be tough for me, like being Sir Christopher X. Wren in London, or William Henry Shakespeare in Stratford.

"The only way out, it occurs to me, is to have the government leave Washington altogether, so that there will be no confusion."



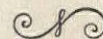
■ **I**N a letter from the genial and distinguished David Knickerbacker Boyd of Philadelphia in which he stresses the necessity and desirability of concerted effort to preserve some of the priceless buildings in the Philadelphia vicinity, he says, with much truth:

"In connection with my voluntary work as Chairman of the Committee on Protection of

Historic Buildings of the Pennsylvania Society of Sons of the Revolution, I recently climbed to the top of the clock tower on Independence Hall.

"This proved to be too much exertion for one who fails to realize that he is no longer a youngster (though not old by a d---d sight) and I have therefore been taking an enforced rest at home where I will probably be for another week or so.

"This has given me a grand chance to catch up on my reading—including back copies of your fine publication—especially your own editorials. You may not realize it but some of them make grand family reading which I have been able to do aloud with much enjoyment to all concerned."



■ **A** WHILE ago we were looking at a typical housekeeping unit in an apartment building called "Clinton Hill," as interestingly described and pictured in the March issue of Pencil Points.

The plan of this unit is more or less standard for housing developments of this kind, the basic idea being to take two hotel rooms, blow them up a little, provide closet space, refrigerators and cooking gadgets.

It is, in a sense, a place to live, and, as shown by the photograph of the model, can be furnished tastefully and even with a sort of crowded luxuriousness. But it is, rather, a stage dressing room, a place to make preparations to go out and live elsewhere, in a wider and more important stage, to show one's best face and manners, one's best smile, one's best frock or suit.

It is not a spot, this apartment, to which its occupant can point and say "This represents ME. When you are within these four walls,

you eat my food, sleep in my beds, recline in the comfort that I have made my own." The room and the facility to share are not there. The apartment has the exclusive privacy of a bath room.

It is a curious method of life. We wonder sometimes what it is: whether we witness an advance in civilization or a sliding back. Is it retrograding to be confined to a little area of your own where you couldn't possibly invite more than two to dinner or anyone at all to stay overnight? Or is that an improvement?

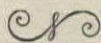
We think it is the former, but sometimes we have the harrowing suspicion that the trouble may be with us rather than with this new method of living. And that would be melancholy.

It is possible that the best way to meet your friends is at a bar. Or at a restaurant. Or at a night spot. We like the old idea of hospitality. We are sometimes told, "Nuts on that. You can't get a servant to serve a meal. You can't get a maid to keep a house for you. There is only one thing left in life. Have a small enough warren to live in so you can swish a vacuum cleaner over it yourself. And then buy your social events at clubs and hotels."

We murmur something about children, and the environment for them. That can be handled, we are told. There are so many modern ways and conveniences. Day nurseries. Kindergartens. Summer camps. Supervised playgrounds. Boarding schools. The child to keep step with the times.

Well, there it is. A planned life, which is easily adjustable to two slightly enlarged hotel rooms. A sophisticated life, in a crowded space. In the space you may bathe and shave amidst porcelain and chromium, you may relax in such attire as suits you in your living room secure in your locked door, you may adjust your white tie in privacy and close the door upon whatever disorder of clothes, food and glasses you please. But you do not bring your friends there to bump against each other and gasp for breath in its constricted cubicle.

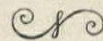
It is a method of life, a design for living. But we are happy to say we don't have to live it.



■ **A** WHILE ago we were helping with a little dinner for architects with a

tasty centerpiece for the table composed of blueprints, triangles, scales, etc. It was felt that radiating lines on the cloth would be effective, preferably red, preferably red tape.

In a Government office that should have been easy. But when we sent down to borrow some, the Supply Section said: "We do not carry red tape!"



■ **W**E have spoken before of the problem of moving the Office of the Supervising Architect and its attendant functions to other quarters than those now occupied, not that the movement of these offices is of any great general interest, but because of the element of frustration and repulse which is always dramatic, or at any rate entertaining.

It recently happened that the Architect's Office and its above attendant functions (being prodded by the seething Procurement Division to vacate the easterly end of the Procurement Building) in desperation began to infiltrate room by room into the Longfellow Building, as the Rural Electrification Administration, vacated the same, room by room.

The Longfellow Building is no bargain. It is a dull bit of architecture, with a trying plan. Each floor is a great loft space. The exterior walls are greenhoused, a hundred per cent glass. The glare makes drawn venetian blinds necessary so that work is at all times by artificial light.

However movement thereto was essential, since otherwise the organization would have had to park in the Mall or on a boat in the Reflecting Pool.

All went smoothly until a facetious columnist in one of the Washington papers blazed forth with this crack: "Please don't tell War Department—but Public Buildings Administration (Supervising Architect's Office) quietly is moving into that Longfellow Building on Connecticut Avenue as fast as REA moves out. And why not tell War? Well, twice now, at the last moment, War has jumped in to grab off quarters PBA had earmarked for itself."

That was good clean fun. Most everybody smiled, and thought what amusing fellows newspaper persons can be.

But some of the readers of the squib (not,

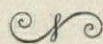
as it chanced, the War Department) got official about it. They withdrew into inner offices and placed fingers against foreheads. As a result an idea unconnected with the original humor of the situation budded and blossomed. Why not dehydrate the architectural offices out of the Longfellow Building?

The following morning representations were made asking that the architects be thrown back and out. The matter had been repeated so many times by then that there wasn't any humor left in it, so the architects were thrown back.

By so narrow a margin! Fate moves in a mysterious way its wonders to perform. A little joke saves an architect's office from the world's dullest and drabbest building.



■ **W**E were touched the other day by a very gracious compliment tendered us, without our seeking, by Dr. Leicester Holland of the Division of Fine Arts of the Congressional Library. Dr. Holland was required to state to whom, in event of air disaster, his remains should be shipped and he was considerate enough to name us.



■ **W**HEN we go to the theatre, we are impressed with the terrific lack of concentration of the American people. They have the appearance of not being able to focus on the job.

When we go to the theatre we want to sink smoothly into the cushion of make-believe. We want to get into that other scene and for a while have that delicious thrill of living those other lives. That is what the theatre is for. But it takes concentration. If you merely want to glance at the stage between entire acts, you get a pleasant picture, perhaps, of skilled mechanism and craftsmanship, you get isolated heart thrills, a drum-fire of laughs. But no existence in another life.

Our impression of the first part of every play is the same: of rising with our lap full of possessions, peering between figures at the stage, enduring the heels of pedestrians on our toes, trying to get the seat to go down

again, listening to them discuss where and whether they shall sit, hearing them chatter, chatter, whisper, whisper, waiting for them to become aware that there is a play going on, to stop coughing, to get done with their sneezing, nose-dabbing, hair patting, clothes shuffling.

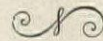
The adroit playwright, knowing this mental spinning round, at this point arranges his smutty crack. They realize then that they are in the theatre and calm down.

This calmness continues until the end of the act. With the dropping of the curtain, it is as if a current ran through the seats, at any rate most of the seats. The audience is on its feet again.

Again we rise with our laps full of possessions, with more feet upon our feet, with rear elevations majestically passing in review before us. We forget about our illusions and seat ourselves to await the return of the procession.

We are not averse to the rear elevations taking their owners to foyers, where visiting and pleasant converse may take place. These are fine and pleasant things. But they interfere with the fun of the theatre. They cripple imagination for the relaxation seekers and for the persons past whom they have to crawl. But possibly that is entirely their affair.

We wish they wouldn't, however. We like to slide down and down into this other existence, be undisturbed. This cup-and-ball existence, bouncing up and down from our seat distracts us. It is like curling up with a good book and having someone periodically push the chair over backwards. Nice clean fun but cuts the thread!



■ **W**E attended the annual meeting of the Association of Federal Architects the other night. Due to the fact that everyone in Washington is either working late, or taking First Aid, or studying to be an Emergency Fireman or fulfilling the obligations of an Air Raid Warden or resting up from any or all of the above, the meeting was relatively small.

But it was very happy and congenial and friendly. And there were many parliamentary problems, so that in a genial and off-hand way, the meeting practically rewrote Roberts' Rules of Order. There was accompanying



oratory and Latin quotations seasoned and flavored with large words. We have seldom enjoyed ourselves so much.

Out of this enjoyable confusion issued the following list of officers for the ensuing year:

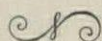
J. J. McMahon, Jr.—Public Buildings Administration—President.

C. J. Dorman — War Department — Vice President.

W. R. Seltzer—Public Buildings Administration—Secretary.

O. A. De La Rosa—Navy Department—Treasurer.

May the best of good luck and good fortune attend them.



■ **W**E have received a fine book devoted to the architectural work of Robert McGoodwin of Philadelphia.

This well-edited and well-printed volume is of great architectural value and, in addition, is a record of a mode of living now more or less edged out of the picture but, let us hope, culturally strong enough to return when repose and normalcy returns.

The book has photographs of that serene residential architecture underlined by the work of Mellor and Meigs, Brognard Okie and a few other contemporaries of McGoodwin's. It is a virile continuation of the Germantown-Paoli-West-Chester Colonial, an ex-

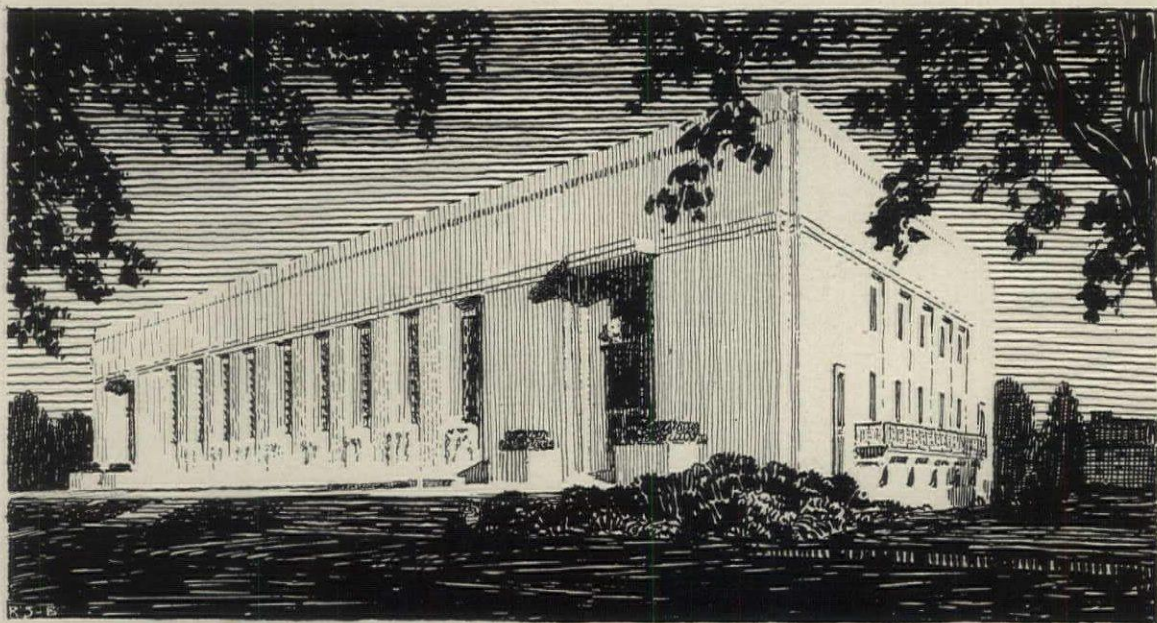
pression of the reticence in prosperity which resulted from the Quaker avoidance of splurge while possessing the wherewithal to splurge.

These Philadelphians were eager to obtain a serene enjoyment out of life. Their houses were like that. McGoodwin's houses have the spirit. They are full of quaint enjoyable scenes:—down-step rooms; graceful curving stairs, sparsely ornamented; gentle garden spots, urnless, statueless.

This residential architecture represents an effort to solve, even if incompletely, a problem of life, which never has been solved. One's working hours are not difficult to cover by a suitable philosophy. One works in the sphere of toil assigned him and strives to accomplish things, or if not that, at least to complete his tasks. The direction is simple.

But when one has earned leisure, what does he do with it? Is all his relaxation time spent chatting at his club, struggling at golf? Or is there a place where he can rest his body in quiet surroundings of his own and enjoy the world.

It is such places that McGoodwin and the others have striven to provide. They represent an era of our cultural development. The fact that we have possessed and do possess such a civilization makes us now eager to fight the influences that attempt to remove all our personal enjoyment of the earth, to regiment, to destroy culture and individualism. Anyway in this book are nice houses.



## THE SIMON ERA IN THE SUPERVISING ARCHITECT'S OFFICE

*The first part of this article, printed in the last issue, ended abruptly. This was due to a last minute shake-up in the paging of the magazine, arranged over the telephone to take care of some extra advertising space. A page therefore got lost, resulting in tremendous embarrassment, a magazine without one necessary page being possibly like a man without one necessary pair of trousers. We are now printing the remainder.*

To catch up with the thread of the narrative which went into blackout in the previous issue, it may be remembered that we were just in the midst of saying that Simon conceived the idea of a board of architectural consultants.

As a matter of fact, a check-up on that statement indicates that while he had such an idea in his subconsciousness, it was Mr. William Delano who presented the idea to Mr. Mellon and convinced him that such a consultant board was required.

The board as appointed (we rephrase and correct the paragraph that was beheaded in the last issue) consisted of E. H. Bennett of Chicago, William A. Delano of New York, Louis Ayres of New York, Arthur Brown, Jr., of San Francisco, Milton B. Medary of Philadelphia and Louis A. Simon. After the lamented death of Milton Medary, the vacancy was filled by C. C. Zantzinger of Philadelphia. John Russell Pope of New York was later appointed and, toward the end of the board's existence, Hal F. Hentz of Atlanta and William Ward Hopkins of Houston.

This Board of Architectural Consultants, individually and collectively put their united effort into the Triangle group of Washington buildings. Many persons have criticized it because of its adherence to tradition, regretting that it does not wear the attire of contemporary architecture. Others like the fact that it carries on the architectural expression of the earlier Washington buildings. Whichever of those viewpoints is correct, the essential point is that the scheme is studied, far-seeing, full of the results of inspiration and zeal.

A crisis in the depression situation which occurred in 1933 resulted in the cancelling of all funds for the residue of the building program, and the Board of Consultants then passed into history.

In the following year the necessity for employment of men in all branches of work was responsible for another large building program. About twenty architects were employed as consultants to help with the work. The office became a colorful institution. Among those appointed in the above capacity were: William Dewey Foster, Howard Cheney, Rudolph Stanley-Brown, Gilbert Stanley Underwood, J. C. Bollenbacker, Maurice P. Meade, Wyatt C. Hedrick, Don Anderson, Alan B. Mills, Lorimer Rich, Winthrop Wolcott, Harry Carter, Victor Abel, Eric Kebbon, J. J. McMahon, Walter Karcher, B. C. Flournoy and Wesley Bessell. Wesley Bessell was a picturesque character, conducting a series of weekly dinners to which were invited Congressmen, architects, and other interesting persons. Bessell's sparkling personality knit these occasions together.

Their grand culmination was a dinner attended by Mrs. Roosevelt. She was so amused by the spontaneous performance that she asked to have it repeated for the President. A second performance was therefore arranged in the White House at which Bessell was at his best. The President, laughing and in a relaxed mood, gave evidence of liking the informal and unusual nature of the proceedings.

A second advisory committee on design was appointed at this time, consisting of Charles Z. Klauder, Aymar Embury, Henry Shepley, Philip B. Maher and L. A. Simon. Philip Maher, after several years of service, left the committee and still later George Howe was appointed.

The Public Buildings Branch of the Procurement Division was permitted, by legislation enacted at this time, to take on employees without regard to Civil Service certification. This resulted in an organization very unusual in the annals of the office. It could be blown up to any size and then permitted to subside to keep pace with the work at hand, which was subject to considerable fluctuation.

This, of course, resulted in many heartbreaks, when separations from the service had to be made, heart-breaks that subsequent rehiring was not always able to heal.

Of later months, the organization has gone low-cost housing. Persons are discovered rushing about with papers concerning broom cabinets and linoleum. Intramural dissension arises over garbage cans. Mayhem is committed following difference of opinion anent clothes lines. Tears flow because of no gutters. Architecture becomes concerned with refrigeration, toasters, space heaters, plyboard and the painting of chimneys.

That sort of thing doesn't carry all the inspiration of monumental architecture, but there is in it a certain poetic excitement. It is human. One thinks of it in terms of homes, lights in windows, smoke rising from chimneys.

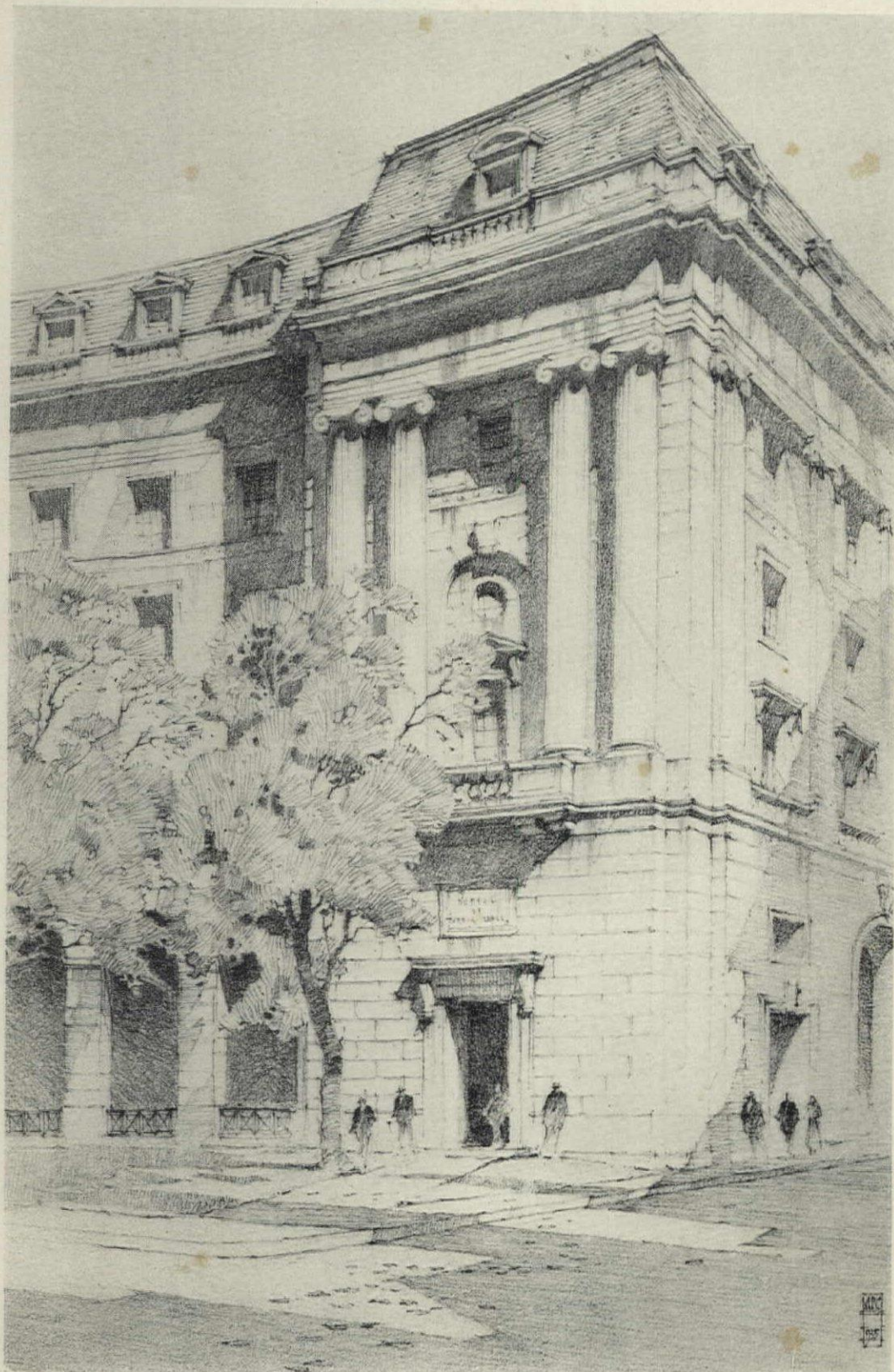
The organization has thus done many things—some of them well, some fairly well, some, if one may believe its critics, quite badly. But let it stand. If architecture is the result of an infinite capacity for taking pains, the Supervising Architect's office merits commendation. Under Louis Simon's control and leadership, unstudied, hurried design did not leave the office. The maxim he followed was the old one, which is a cliché but still good, that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well. If the mark was missed now and again, it was not the result of off-

Ellatt  
Pratt  
Boenish  
Gaarder

hand shooting. Always there has been the striving after decency and taste, and that is a good comment for the organization and for its leader.

Louis A. Simon will have a thousand or more buildings throughout the land, some bearing his name,

some not, which are tokens of his architectural ability. Words concerning that ability are relatively ineffectual. It is the buildings themselves which are the best commentary of his judgment and his service to the country.



*Drawing by M. P. Cameron*

**PAVILION OF INTERNAL REVENUE BUILDING**

*This pavilion and the circular plaza of which it is a part is a poetic and imaginative piece of architecture. It was the conception of William Delano.*



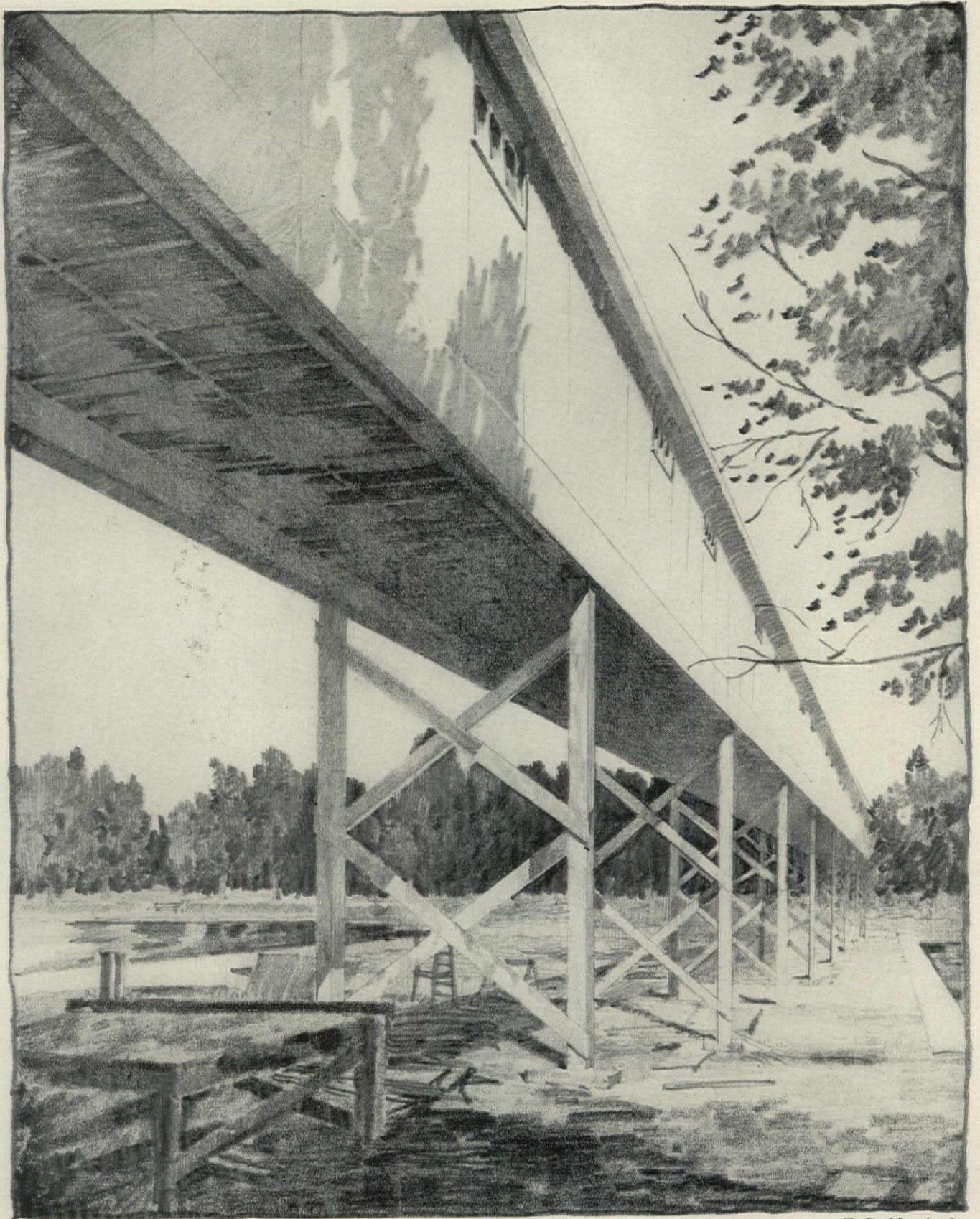
G. H. Buckingham

### TEMPORARY BUILDING ON MALL

UPON these three pages are reproduced sketches of war-time construction in Washington. Among the trees of the parks and the Mall, the buildings arise. They are not of monumental materials but they look efficient and blend with the landscape nestling among the greenery—the hand of iron in the glove of silk, someone has said. The sketch shows the endeavor that has been made to supply the space for the war effort and at the same time preserve the trees and the spaces which are an inherent part of the beauty of the national capital.



THE above sketch by Reis Weston is an interesting study in indication. There is a photographic realism to it, induced no doubt by the fact that there is this feeling that for a time we have to cover over our most treasured possessions with sand and pipe and the debris of war. At the same time we try to retain as much as possible of the background, so that it will not be too hard in that distant future to return to normalcy.



E. B. Morris, Jr.

*Sketch of the long bridge of sighs across the Mall connecting a temporary building of World War I with temporary buildings of World War II.*

# A TRIP TO PITTSBURGH

MARGINOLIA ARCHITECTURA DRAWN FROM THE WOOD

*Reprinted from the Charette, official organ of the  
Pittsburgh Architectural Club, by permission*

HUBERT G. RIPLEY

The William Penn Hotel in Pittsburgh is truly amazing.

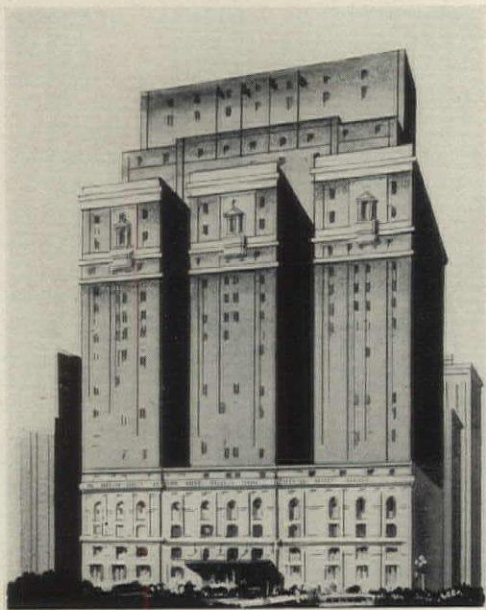
As the visitor enters the ground foyer, wide corridors and numerous stairways beckon to him from every direction. The bell-hop who is carrying your bag, darts down one of these estuaries and disappears. Trying to keep pace with him, you take the wrong turning and find yourself inside a circular temple, apparently dedicated to The Phythian Apollo, for its walls are banked with telephone booths. In the center sits a largish blond Priestess who says imperiously, "What number?" "I want to call up the office and find out how to get there," you reply timidly. The Oracle lifts a faultless eyebrow, a bell-hop appears and courteously shows you the way.

Half a dozen clerks, all wearing white carnations, and all looking like Clark Gable, stand behind the desk, while lines of guests await their turn to register. The head clerk sports a gardenia and looks like a slightly more portly Clark Gable. His smile is in-

glasses, also marked "sterilized," were wrap't in cellophane. I misdoubt Dean Hudnut would have approved of this, for he told me once that his chief complaint with public housing was its antiseptic elimination of all life. There was a built-in radio on one side of the writing desk, as I discovered trying to open a drawer, when a deep voice shouted, "THAN ANY OTHER CIGAR MADE IN THE UNITED STATES." This seemed like insidious propaganda to me, in a city famous for its stogies. In the old days the Pittsburgh stogie was a long, black, loosely-rolled, rough-looking cheroot, cut off squarely at either end. You could smoke 'em or leave 'em, as you preferred. You could even cut them in the middle and make two cheroots. The modern stogie, and very good it is, too, is smoothly shaped, streamed-lined like a panatella and wrapped in cellophane, with a red and gold band around its middle. No good Pittsburgher is without a handful in his pocket, which he buys every morning for the day's consumption.

The architects of this huge caravansary, Jansen and Cocken, have produced a combination of Arnold Bennett's Grand Babylon Hotel and the tower of Babel. The ground floor, built on different levels to accommodate the terrain, has numerous entrances and exits. It covers acres and acres of ground. As it shoots up story after story, into the empyrean, it becomes lost in the smog (smoke and fog). It's so vast that the elevators run only in one direction, half of them up and the other half down. How this is done is one of life's mysteries, but it's so, nevertheless, as one discovers when one tries to go down the way he came up. One needs a guide to find out where he came from or where he is going to, as he steps out, or into an elevator. Even the good burghers of the town get lost trying to find the bar. I, a veteran architect, trained to read blue-prints, never did find it. If you want a newspaper and a package of cigarettes, the simplest and quickest way to get them, is to return to your room and telephone down to send 'em up. Life in the William Penn is a series of exciting adventures.

Pittsburgh, as every schoolgirl knows, is situated at the confluence of three mighty rivers. These great inland waterways with their canalized channels and locks, lead to the Atlantic, the Mid-West and the Gulf States. For seventeen miles or more, the banks of these streams are lined solidly with smelters and blast furnaces, all working 24 hours a day, seven days a week. When the smoky pall produced from these countless fires of Mulciber lifts, as it occasionally does if the wind is in the right direction, the city has what is technically known as a clear day. As the



THE WILLIAM PENN HOTEL

gratiating as he recognizes your name even before you've finished writing it. "We have a nice room reserved for you at \$4.90, larger ones at \$5.65, \$6.85, and up if you prefer." The \$4.90 one turned out to be very satisfactory, one reed wide and two reeds deep, about twice the size of the little chamber of the Prophet (Ezekiel). The toilet seat had a band encircling it marked "sterilized," and the drinking

train on which I was a passenger slowed down a bit as it neared the Union Station, a fellow traveller in the smoking compartment asked; "Do you know what that plant is we're passing?" I looked out the window expecting to see an *Ilanthus* or maybe an early *Crocus* pushing its little snout up through a patch of snow. Nothing like that. Instead, we were gliding by an interminably long factory like structure whose windows badly needed washing.

In consequence of all this industrial productivity, the normal atmosphere of the city contains large quantities of carbon mingled with an excess of  $H_2O$ . This forms a blend the townsfolk call "smog." It's not allergic to the respiratory organs; in fact the inhabitants of Pittsburgh seem to thrive on it, like ordinary folk do on Hexapan, for a sturdier race of fine upstanding men and lovely women would be difficult to find any place. In a relatively short time, the exteriors of all buildings turn a velvety black. Then a heavy sou-easter partially washes off the soot, restoring the original colors in locations exposed to the fury of the storm. The action of the elements produces those picturesque effects one observes in London and Liverpool and Oxford where soft coal has been burned for centuries. Charley Ingham told me they turn the hose on his Planetarium every day or two during the summer, keeping it fresh and sparkling.

Pittsburgh has a proud history, full of romance and adventure. It began about the time Colonel G. Washington was sent there from Virginia by Governor Dinwiddie, and this romance was still going strong in January, 1942. Charley Stotz gave me glimpses of it, leaning through the windows of his Buick as we trundled hither and yon, up the hills and down the valleys, rushing along the speedways and rolling gently through the Parkways. Time was limited so we only touched a few of the high spots, occasionally stepping out for a view, driving slowly past some of the notable buildings, and stepping out for longer stops at Carnegie Tech and the Tower of Learning, finally finding ourselves at the University Club just at the Cocktail Hour. The trip was well planned and the cocktails well mixed.

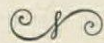
Speaking of Romance, one must not miss Old Fort Pitt which still stands in the heart of the City. Unless my 1913 Ency. Brit. is misinformed, the first structure on this site was named Fort Duquesne by Capt. Contrecoeur, (c. 1753) and was the locale of "Braddock's Defeat." Wraiths of mist and smoke arising from the river banks enshrouded its blackened timbers, obscuring a fair view, and one has difficulty in picking out its detail from a hurried glance through Charley's windshield. Then there's that famous mas-

terpiece of H. H. Richardson's the Allegheny County Court House, (1884-1888), almost smothered amongst tall buildings, its noble outline and rock-faced granite have turned the velvety of velvety blacks, but it's an inspiring monument, nevertheless. Another romantic structure is the Stephen Foster Memorial, nestling in the shadow of Charley Klauder's huge Tower of Learning. Stephen was Pittsburgh's fair haired boy and his memory is still green. The Tower itself is a fine example of French Gothic, adorned with enough buttresses and pinnacles, lancets and crockets, sweeping ogees and lush ogives to furnish half a dozen Cathedrals.

"Why did Klauder plunk a Florentine fountain in the middle of a Jacobean terraced entrance?" Some one asked. "Do you want a Latin quotation on that?" answered Bob Schmertz, the authority on fluorescent flight. "Well, here it is," he said hastily before we could stop him, "Quondoque bonus dormitat Homerus!" Aside from this seeming anachronism, the Architect has produced a building which displays scholarly adaptation of the spirit of Medieval French Gothic, a Tower which floats upward like a Gregorian chant.

Just across the campus from the Tower is the exquisite little Heinz Memorial Chapel, the Sainte Chapelle of the University of Pittsburgh. To many, this is Klauder's masterpiece—dynamic, dramatic, compelling. The lovely interior, enriched with great beauty by the score or more windows from the workshop of that master in glass, Charles Connick, arouses a near sense of aesthetic emotion. The walls and the groined vaulting fittingly enframe the jewelled lancets, each complementing the other with subtle skill. The whole structure reverberates with unheard melodies, music in space.

A short stretch away, within nodding distance, almost, is Carnegie Tech, its terraced buildings crowning a series of banks and braes, with now and then a plateau. Henry Hornbostel designed many of the buildings but his masterpiece is the shrine of Fine Arts; an imposing structure, simple and dignified. Wide corridors and marble Halls lead to the various departments and ateliers where students work and frolick. There's also a Little Theatre, handsomely designed the abode of Oratory and the Drama. Students in the Architectural Department number some 100 or so, a tithe of the total enrollment. The whole School of Fine Arts pulsates with activity. Grouped as they are in one great building, each art is developed in close harmony with the other. Perhaps a race of super-artists and craftsmen will result from this system of mutual infiltration. P.S. The School is co-educational.



Edwin B. Morris, Esq.

Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Morris:

I have just received the last copy of the *FEDERAL ARCHITECT* and was delighted at the send-off you gave Simon; his light has been "hid under a bushel" too long and it is very nice to see him given the credit he deserves.

I appreciated being mentioned in the nice way you did and as a friend of Simon's.

The "Simon Era" was very interesting to me—as far as it got—evidently your printer lost some of his copy as it seems to stop in the middle at the bottom of page 13 and, by the way, it seemed that Billy Delano's name had been omitted from the Triangle board. My recollection is that he was on from the very first.

I hope to read the balance some time.

Very sincerely,

LOUIS AYRES.





*Photo by Highton FWA*

*One of the two recently unveiled sculptures which flank the Federal Trade Commission Bldg., at Constitution & Pennsylvania Avenues.*

*Sculptor Michael Lantz, of New Rochelle, N. Y., was awarded the commission in 1938 by the Public Buildings Administration, Section of Fine Arts.*

## MR. CRET AS A GUEST

A little while ago Mr. William Jones Smith, Chicago architect now serving time in Washington, discovered that Paul Cret was coming to the capital city for a meeting of the Fine Arts Commission. He therefore arranged a little dinner party at the Cosmos Club on the night before the Commission meeting. At this party were a few former architectural pupils of Cret's: William Groben, architect of the Forest Service; Lawrence Wolfe, Leland A. McBroom and Smith, of the War Department; Frederick Bigger, of the Pittsburgh plan committee and E. B. Morris, editor of this magazine.

It was a quiet, pleasant evening. It would not be worthy of mention were it not for the fact that the conversation was recorded. Due to an operation upon his vocal chords, Cret is now what he refers to as a "strong, silent man." He writes his conversation upon bits of paper and finds it difficult to find time to eat.

Cret wrote as we sat down, "The silver lining to my present physical condition is that I don't feel faint with the idea that I may have to say 'a few words' and yet, I enjoy the evening a lot and still more your idea of asking me."

Cret sat at one end of the table and Morris at the other. The latter suggested that for the occasion he was "mama" and Cret "papa." Cret, alive at once to the grave responsibilities, repercussions and reprimand possibilities of such a situation wrote, "You signal when I do or say something I ought not to." As a wise husband he said *when*, not *if*.

It was recalled that back in the dear old college days, when a student brought forth a rendering and proudly exhibited it, convinced of its epochal excellence, Cret would reach out his hand saying, "Have you a sponge?" and soon the masterpiece was a memory. Asked if he still used this classical question, he wrote, "No water color in our office! (Or so seldom). But we do 'Tempera' (for the R.R. trains' interiors). The ceremony of the sponge had become a ritual, so much so that a clever boy was bringing it before I mentioned it *might* do some good."

Mention was made of Cret's Naval Hospital outside of Washington, its commanding position, its glorious response to backgrounds of dark skies, to evening skies. He philosophized that his buildings were "never better than when there is a whole lot of nature and only a pinch of architecture." Further illustrating that he wrote:

I did ~~do~~ <sup>was</sup> a monument in France which is successful because, on a terrace, I put a frame on each side, and in the center, the wonderful evening sky!



Some of us, hoping to prove our ageing fingers could still perform feats of draftsmanship, began to draw self caricatures. Cret said that was no forte of his but wrote this:

I had in the office an assistant who had become my "official portraitist." He has my profile at finger ends.



We referred to this claim of being a strong, silent man and he explained that the principle involved was that it is "always better to let people think we did on purpose what was an accident." In the quaint old elevator of the Cosmos, lowering us with the deliberation of ocean tide, Cret wrote good night, expressing it thus: "It is said that teaching is an 'empty job' because it leaves little trace.

"I never felt it to be that way. Besides the passing of what we know to our successor which in itself is important enough, there are some positive satisfactions out of it, such as I have this evening.

"My time was not lost if I have made some friends."



THE ARCHITECTURAL SOCIETY OF THE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, 1887-1888

- |                      |                      |                      |                  |                   |                |                 |
|----------------------|----------------------|----------------------|------------------|-------------------|----------------|-----------------|
| Lyman A. Ford        | Vernon A. Wright     | G. C. Kaufman        | A. W. LaRose     | Frank A. Moore    | Edw. A. Crane  | George W. Stone |
| Henry B. Pennell     | Dwight H. Perkins    | H. C. Dittrich       | Geo. C. Shattuck | Theo. W. Pietsch  | H. W. Fainkin  | C. R. LaRose    |
| Arthur V. Edwards    | Walter H. Kilham     | Prof. Eugene Letang  | C. Howard Walker | John W. Case      | Julian Millard | E. A. Manny     |
| Elbridge S. Carleton | David A. Gregg       | Arthur Wallace Rice  | Henry D. Bates   | Prof. F. M. Clark | J. E. Fuller   | Paul H. Tracy   |
| John Lawrence Mauran | Ernest M. A. Machado | Henry Forbes Bigelow | Frank Goodwille  |                   |                |                 |
| Thomas H. Yardley    |                      |                      |                  |                   |                |                 |

**T**HIS interesting piece of architectural lore came to light recently, a photograph of the Architectural Society of the School of Technology of 1887-88. It contains numerous persons later distinguished in the architectural world. The faculty members Gregg, Letang, Walker, Clark, are well known. In addition, Crane, Pietch, Kilham, Mauran, Rice, Bigelow, Yardley, and others will for a long while stand out on the uncared tablets of our memories. George Stone for years was in the Supervising Architect's Office. H. C. Dittrich had an architect son, who until recently was in the Veteran's Administration. He is now a captain in the Army engineers.

## TO BUILD A PRAYER

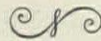
BY OWEN RHODES,  
*Construction Engineer, P.B.A.*

They may not know just how to pray,  
The words to use, the things to say,  
But they can figure stress and strain,  
Compute, design and read a chain—  
The men who sketch and draft and trace  
And gouge out scars upon the face  
Of Mother Earth; but words are rare,  
The suave and pious words of prayer  
That might arise to intercede,  
When war and hatred, death and greed,  
Stalk forth across the world today—  
So few of them know how to pray!

But they can make of stone and steel,  
Alloys and plastics things so real,  
So clothed in menace, steeped in dread,  
And patterned to the measured tread  
Of marching armies everywhere;  
They can erect with zealous care,

Colossal fortresses so strong,  
So wide and deep and high and long,  
With walls of bristling, rumbling tanks,  
Or battlewagons, rank on rank,  
With roofs of planes, taut wings of men,  
That hover, dive and rise again  
Up through the tortured, screaming air—  
How can they find the time for prayer?

And they can measure, calculate,  
Deduce, propound and estimate  
The size of guns, the weight of shell,  
Or proper way to sink a well,  
Or set a hen, or fly a kite,  
Or walk barefooted in the night,  
Or write in fire against the sky  
The ancient, deathless battle-cry  
That read of old, "They shall not pass!"  
And modernly, "Keep off the grass!"  
And by the slide-rule guarantee  
Our blessed land's security  
From all the hordes of hell, for they  
Can build a prayer, who cannot pray!



What has become of the clay pipe we used to see in the mouth of the mortar mixer or hod-carrier; the clay pipe white or yellow in the beginning, but black or brown when ripe and at its best, and a familiar thing in the mouth of the workman? This old clay pipe had a short stem. It was a "hot" smoke. Can you remember with what loving care and deliberation the brawny man filled and patted the pipe with chips of tobacco whittled from a big black plug? Can you remember how the man lighted the pipe with blue head sulphur matches and how the man with his hairy hands shielded the match till the sulphur fumes burned off and the flame came bright and red? And then the content of such a smoke!

The old clay pipe was the pet of the laborer; the pride of the working man; and we miss it along with the man in the red flannel shirt with rolled-up sleeves and bristling arms who used to give a day's work for a day's pay. That old clay pipe was the pipe of a man who did a man's work.

The clay pipe is gone and in its place we find the briar pipe, a cigar, or cigarette, and the price of labor from the day of the clay pipe has increased in the same proportion that the price of a briar pipe has increased over the price of the old clay pipe.

The old clay pipe is not the only thing we miss. Where is the laborer, the mortar mixer or the hod-carrier who so lovingly cared for the old clay pipe? In their place we now find the mortar mixing machine and the power hoist. Where is the mason who used to lay twelve hundred bricks a day? Where is the carpenter who fit and hung a door each hour, or who could turn out any piece of work from mortise and tennon door to a spiral flight of stairs? Where is the painter who was always able to mix his own colors? Or the plasterer who could run mouldings and cast ornamentation? And where is the plumber who could wipe or burn a lead joint and beat out a lead trap? We call them but they do not answer—they have gone along with the old clay pipe.

And the old-fashioned contractor, who started the job and employed all mechanics and labor to perform and complete the work under his direction and supervision; where is he? Also gone, and in his place we find a broker who takes the contract and then sublets the work to various sub-contractors and material dealers.

H. G. RICHEY

On January 24, 1942, an amendment enacted by Congress to modify the Federal Civil Service Retirement Act, was approved by the President. This amendment liberalized the retirement law so that employees reaching the age of 60 years can retire on a much higher annuity than could be obtained prior to the passage of this amendment.

The amendment provides that the annuity shall be computed by multiplying the average salary for any five years of service by the total number of years of service (not less than 30 at age of 60, and 15 at age of 62), and then dividing by 70. Thus an employee at the age of 60 years and with 35 years of service can retire on an annuity equal to half salary. Prior to the enactment of this amendment the highest annuity any employee could obtain, regardless of salary or term of service, was \$1500 per annum.

When preparing the amendment, however, that group of Federal employees who had already retired under the provisions of the retirement Act of 1920, as previously amended, were overlooked or forgotten, and the benefits of the new amendment were not extended to this group.

Previous general amendments to the retirement law were always made retroactive by specific wording of the amendment, as shown by the following, contained in amendments of July 3, 1926 and May 29, 1930:

"Sec. 8. In the case of those who before the effective date of this Act shall have been retired on an annuity under the provisions of the Act of May 22, 1920, or said Act amended, or as extended by Executive orders, the annuity shall be computed, adjusted, and paid under the provisions of this Act."

This omission of the rights of employees who had retired prior to January 24, 1942, should be corrected, and can only be done by Congressional action. In order to bring this matter to the attention of members of Congress, it is possible that readers of the *FEDERAL ARCHITECT*, especially retired Federal employees, may wish to write their representatives in Congress, calling attention to the amendment of January 24, 1942, and request the benefits of the amendment be extended to employees who had retired prior to its enactment, which would be following precedent set by former amendments.\*

H. G. RICHEY

\*As we go to press we learn a bill has been introduced in House of Representatives to correct situation.

Tiny robot sentries, many times more efficient than men in storm, fog and darkness, are now aiding human guards along the miles of high wire fences that enclose some of the country's greatest war-production plants, the Du Pont Company discloses.

Six months of tests under every conceivable condition were said to have proved the new sentry system to be the most efficient yet devised, with the robots "hearing" even the whisper of a person, the snip of a wire-cutter or the sound of a pick, and relaying these warning sounds instantly to the human watchman at his post or to a central guard station inside the plant.

Engineers said that the "acoustic fence" apparatus, as it is called, has the effect of multiplying by many times the number of guards on duty in adverse weather and at night. During heavy fog, blackouts, and night storms visibility is often zero and guards would have to be placed almost elbow to elbow to provide absolute protection along fences that often are 15 to 20 miles long.

But the robot sentinels can keep an alert 24-hour watch over every foot of fence, regardless of weather, enabling the human guardsmen to hear what is going on for blocks or even several miles along the fence line, and to tell instantly the location of any disturbance. Actually the fence itself serves as the robot's ears, capable even of overhearing voices speaking in whispers.

The new robots were said to be so sensitive that during tests the twittering of a sparrow and the sound of wind blowing through the fence were clearly heard in a guard house a mile or more distant. In use, however, the system is adjusted to screen out these extraneous sounds and to pick up only those likely to be important.

In addition to extending the hearing range of guards, the robots provide an ever-ready checking-in system. A watchman can also use the "fence-line telephone" to call for help. And he doesn't even have to lift up a receiver—the line is always open.

Mr. Edwin B. Morris,  
Washington, D. C.

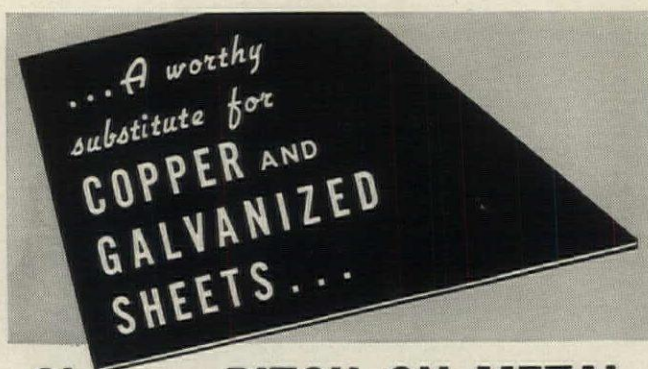
While perusing your very interesting article on the "Simon Era" in the recent *FEDERAL ARCHITECT*, I came to the last line on Page 13—" . . . and toward the end," and assuming that this was not the end of the article I turned over page after page but failed to find any continuance. What happened? Did your printer leave out a page?

This article was especially interesting to me, as after my first year as a Superintendent of Construction of the "out buildings" at the Chicago Marine Hospital, 1899-1900, I was called into the Office for a conference, and I remember very well going to the basement you speak of and into Mr. J. K. Taylor's office with fear and trembling, not knowing what I was called in for, but after a few moments I was quite relieved and realized that he was quite human and sympathetic like most human beings.

Later, I called on Mr. H. A. Taylor, the Assistant Secretary at that time, who was a friend of my family, and much to my surprise he asked me how long I was to stay. I replied that I did not know; then he called up Mr. J. K. Taylor and said he would like to have me stay in Washington a week—another great surprise. This week gave me an excellent opportunity to get acquainted with the whole office, which was not so very large at that time. Old man Sutherland was in charge of the Repairs Division, with a Mr. Flynn as his Assistant, and several clerks and stenographers, amongst whom were Julia Foley, Julian Morton, H. G. Sherwood, and Mr. Von Nerta, Mr. Plant and Mr. Ginder were also around.

*Very truly yours,*

ALLEN A. PACKARD.



## Cheney PITCH-ON-METAL

This newly developed material consists of ferrous sheet metal which is completely protected by a heavy baked-on coating of coal tar pitch enamel. CHENEY PITCH-ON-METAL has the strength of steel and the flexibility of copper. It is not affected by weather, moisture, lime, or cement mortar and is resistant to most acid conditions.

Our experiments carried on with the government departments at Washington and with the Bureau of Standards definitely convinces us that our new product, CHENEY PITCH-ON-METAL, will prove a worthy substitute during the emergency.

**CHENEY BLACK FLASHING** is a new product identical in shape and form with the original Cheney Copper Flashing except that it is made of CHENEY PITCH-ON-METAL instead of copper.

**CHENEY BLACK REGLET** is made of CHENEY PITCH-ON-METAL and costs of both Black Flashing and Black Reglet are much less than copper.

**CHENEY PITCH-ON-METAL SHEETS** made in 24 x 96, 30 x 96, and 36 x 96 only, for use as counterflashing, downspouts, gravel stops, valleys, termite shields, ducts, etc.

**CHENEY PITCH PAINT** is necessary as a field coat after shop fabrication of CHENEY PITCH-ON-METAL SHEETS to seal any damage to the PITCH-ON coating.

We are now in production and complete stocks will soon be available at warehouses of Sheet Metal Distributors throughout the United States. Get in touch with your sheet metal distributor and if he has not yet received his stock and price information, communicate direct with us.

### SPECIFICATIONS (Private Work)

**THRU-WALL FLASHING** shall be provided below parapet copings, for counterflashing in masonry parapets, where low roofs abut the superstructure, wherever flashing is set between two courses of masonry, and elsewhere as indicated on drawings. Thru-wall flashing shall be placed in the wall with mortar below and on top of flashing so that a mechanical bond is obtained both vertically and horizontally. All counterflashing shall be bent to shape by the manufacturer. These flashings shall be CHENEY BLACK FLASHINGS and shall be furnished and installed according to the standard specifications of THE CHENEY COMPANY, ARDMORE, PA.

After all roofing and sheet metal work is completed this contractor shall paint all exposed thru-wall flashing with one brush coat of CHENEY PITCH PAINT.

**FLASHING REGLET** (for flashings in concrete) shall be CHENEY BLACK REGLET as manufactured by THE CHENEY COMPANY, ARDMORE, PA. The counterflashing locked into the reglet shall be CHENEY PITCH-ON-METAL.

**SHEET METAL.** CHENEY PITCH-ON-METAL 26 (or 24) gauge shall be used for counterflashing, gravel stops, valleys, downspouts, facias, termite shields, ducts, roof pans, roof scuttles, and for all sheet metal work that can be formed by locking or riveting. All sheet metal shall be painted with one field coat of CHENEY PITCH PAINT after fabrication to seal any damage to the Pitch-On coating.

**Pitch-On-Metal** can be satisfactorily painted any desirable color provided one coat of shellac is applied after all fabrication is completed.

### SPECIFICATIONS (Public Work)

**THRU-WALL FLASHING** shall be provided below parapet copings, for counterflashing in masonry parapets, where low roofs abut the superstructure, wherever flashing is set between two courses of masonry, and elsewhere as indicated on drawings. Thru-wall flashings shall be formed with dovetail or undercut sawtooth corrugations spaced three inches apart, and shall be placed in the wall with mortar below and on top of flashing so that a mechanical bond is obtained both vertically and horizontally. All counterflashing shall be bent to shape by the manufacturer. Thru-wall flashing shall be formed of 26-gauge Pitch-On-Metal.

**FLASHING REGLET** (for flashings in concrete) shall be formed of 26-gauge Pitch-On-Metal with groove at not less than a rising 45 degree angle with serrated cross section for locked insertion of a Pitch-On-Metal counterflashing.

**SHEET METAL.** Pitch-On-Metal shall be used for counterflashing, gravel stops, valleys, downspouts, facias, termite shields, ducts, roof pans, roof scuttles, and for all sheet metal work that can be formed by locking or riveting. All sheet metal shall be painted with one field coat of coal tar pitch paint after fabrication to seal any damage to the Pitch-On coating.

**PITCH-ON-METAL** shall be 26 (or 24) gauge iron or steel and shall be factory coated with a baked-on coal tar pitch coating compounded to proper viscosity with suitable bituminous solvents. The coating shall be such that it will thoroughly bond to the metal, not run at summer temperatures, or crack at winter temperatures. The coating shall be such that the metal can be bent at a 180 degree angle around the circumference of a lead pencil without cracking.

**METAL PAINT** shall be a coal tar pitch paint homogeneous, free from water, extraneous matter, or sediment which cannot be readily incorporated by stirring, and shall be of such composition that, when brushed to a thin film on a metal plate, and exposed at a temperature of not less than 60 degrees F. it will dry to a glossy black surface in not more than six hours.

**Pitch-On-Metal** can be satisfactorily painted any desirable color provided one coat of shellac is applied after all fabrication is completed.

**THE CHENEY CO. ARDMORE, PENNA.**

Now...

*A distinctive plastic dividing strip for terrazzo floors....*



This is a heavy-top type dividing strip with an extruded top member of cellulose-acetate-butyrate. This top member is 5/32 inch thick and has a bottom member made of a paper-laminated lignite plastic. The top member is available in black, white, and reddish yellow. In temperature tests of this strip imbedded in terrazzo floors, softening began at 300 F. Under a 3000 F. flame, melting occurred, but no combustion. The water absorption of this strip is less than one half of one percent by weight. The Rockwell hardness is comparable to that of low brass.

Both in actual service and in unprejudiced tests Manhattanite strip has performed satisfactorily and seemed to have qualities matching metal dividing strips. Manhattanite grinds exactly the same as brass and zinc do in terrazzo floors. There is no splaying or "feathering" over the terrazzo along the edges of the strip. Since these plastics are organic chemical compounds, they withstand floor cleaning fluids and finishing waxes completely. The colored top member is opaque, not translucent.

For samples and further information, write to our home office . . .

**MANHATTAN TERRAZZO BRASS STRIP CO., INC.**  
**1915 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK, N. Y.**

## MINNESOTA DOLOMITIC LIMESTONE

A sound durable stone, produced in color shades of

**GRAY, CREAM,  
BUFF, and PINK.**

*Fine and Coarse  
Texture Stone*



Ample production and milling facilities for any project.

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**Minnesota**

### STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of **THE FEDERAL ARCHITECT**, published quarterly at Baltimore, Maryland, for October 1, 1941.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Edwin B. Morris, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of **THE FEDERAL ARCHITECT** and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Association of Federal Architects, 1700 Eye St., Washington, D. C.

Editor, Edwin B. Morris, 1700 Eye St., Washington, D. C.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Edwin B. Morris, 1700 Eye St., Washington, D. C.; Association of Federal Architects, 1700 Eye St., Washington, D. C.; H. A. Magnuson, President, 1700 Eye St., Washington, D. C.; I. D. Miller, Secretary, 1700 Eye St., Washington, D. C.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

EDWIN B. MORRIS, *Editor.*

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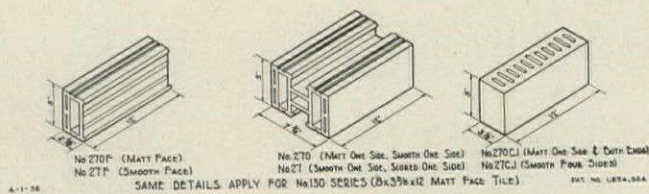
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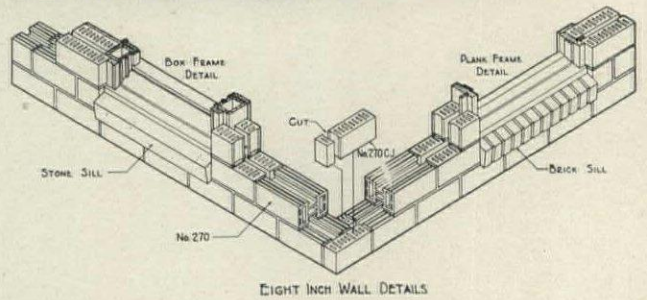
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### MICHIGAN

LANSING: Brick & Supplies Corp.

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Page 22

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The Department of Architecture of the University of Pennsylvania is offering the Albert Kahn Scholarship in Industrial Architecture to that applicant who has the best record in both Design and Construction at the end of the first four years of an architectural course. This is a part tuition scholarship which will afford a student the opportunity of becoming more proficient in a field of importance in the war effort as well as in the post war period. The students who will have the equivalent of the Bachelor's degree at Pennsylvania may work towards the Master's degree, and those who have completed four years may qualify for the Bachelor's degree. Further details may be had by writing to Dean George S. Koyl, School of Fine Arts, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia.

HEADQUARTERS HAWAIIAN DEPARTMENT  
OFFICE OF THE DEPARTMENT ENGINEER  
Honolulu, T. H.

Mr. Edwin Morris,  
Washington, D. C.

June 3, 1942.

My dear Mr. Morris:

Today the January-March issue of the Federal Architect came to my desk after a devious trip to Hickam Field and way points. It was as a note out of the past, reminding me of the old days of our sketching trips to Annapolis and our other many happy meetings. The magazine has improved tremendously from those early days and I can't say how happy I have been to receive it.

My address is no longer Hickam Field. Little did I think, when I first came to the Islands to help in its design, that I would witness the day when it would be so ruthlessly attacked by a treacherous foe. Later, when Colonel Nurse, the first Constructing Quartermaster for Hickam Field, returned to the Islands, I took him for a little tour of the Field. Neither spoke a word during the time we rode around. I can't speak in detail, but it was a unique experience, to put it mildly, to see the results of war (or rather dastardly treachery) injure what one took pride in building.

Again thanking those responsible for sending me the magazine, and in order to insure its continued acceptance, I am inclosing a check for \$2.00.

Yours sincerely,  
F. W. McCARTHY,  
Major, Corps of Engineers.



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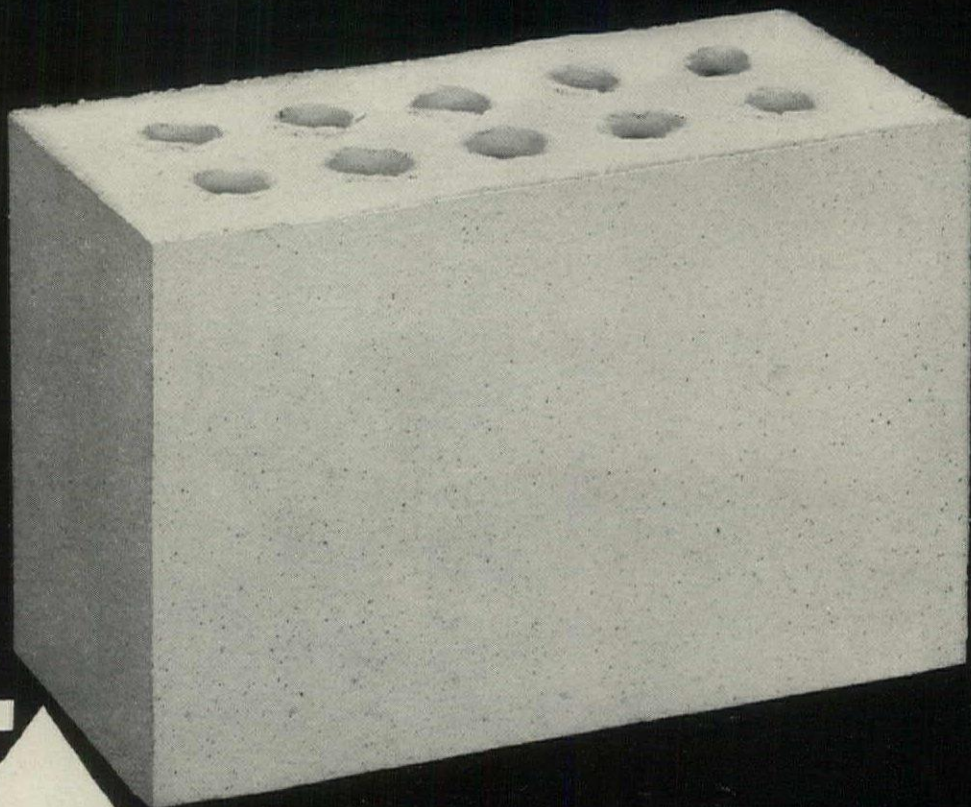
Upper View—Heimann's Tavern, Manitowoc, Wis.  
Lower View—Linton Restaurant, Phila., Pa.—Architect, I. Demchick

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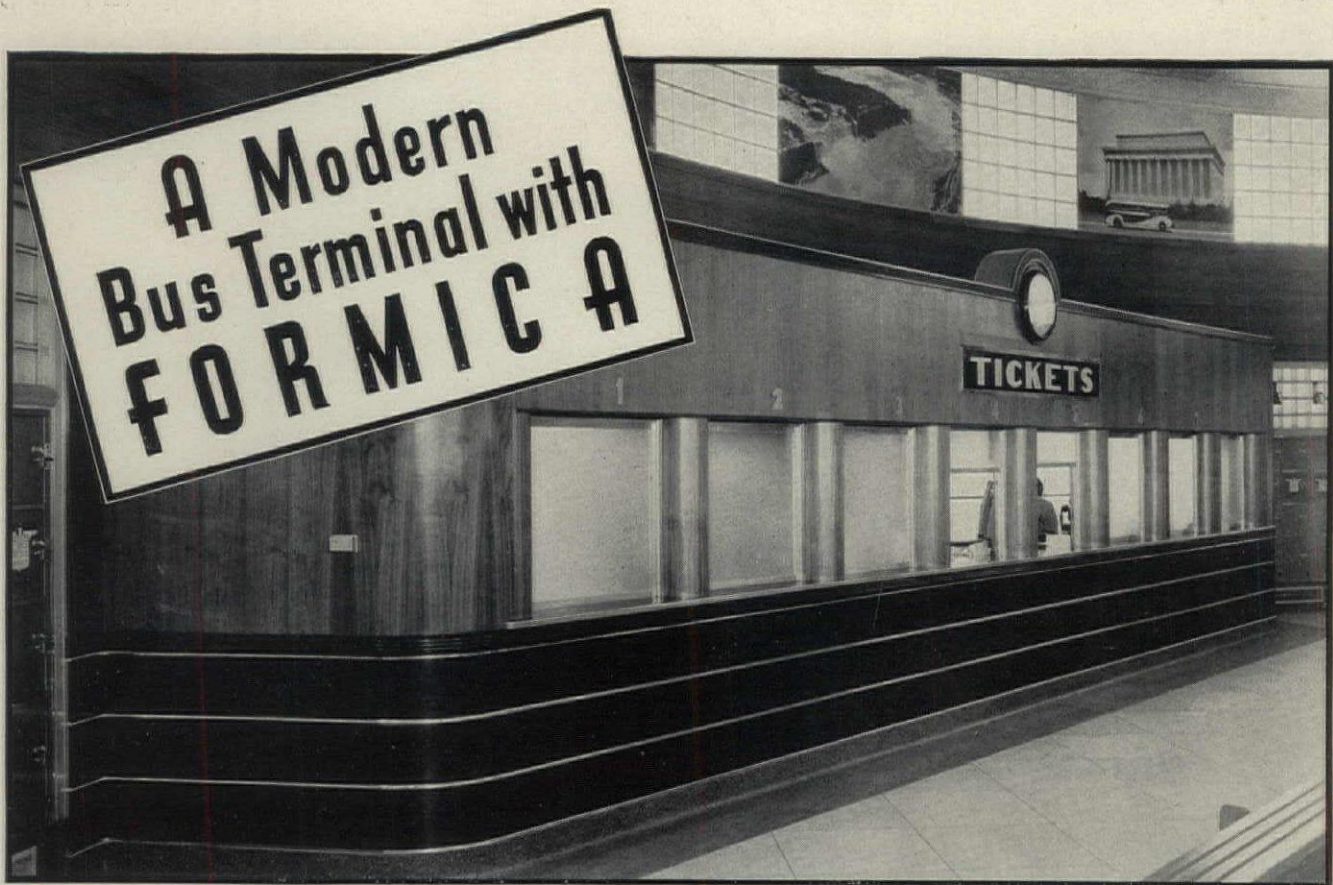
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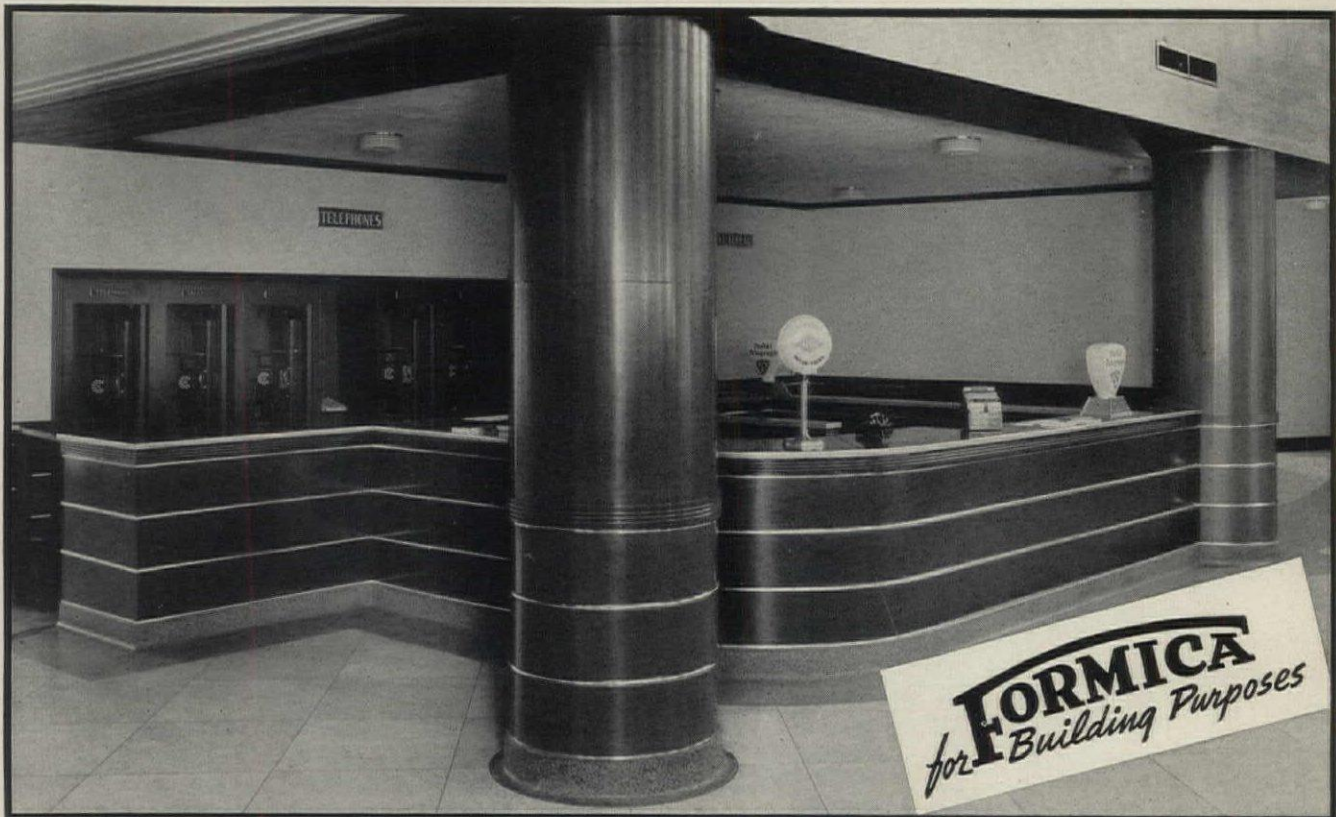
**F**ORMICA column covering, wainscot and counter tops in the Greyhound Bus Terminal at Washington, D. C., contributed a great deal to neat, modern appearance of this unusually good-looking station, designed by Wischmeyer, Arrasmith & Ellswick of Louisville.

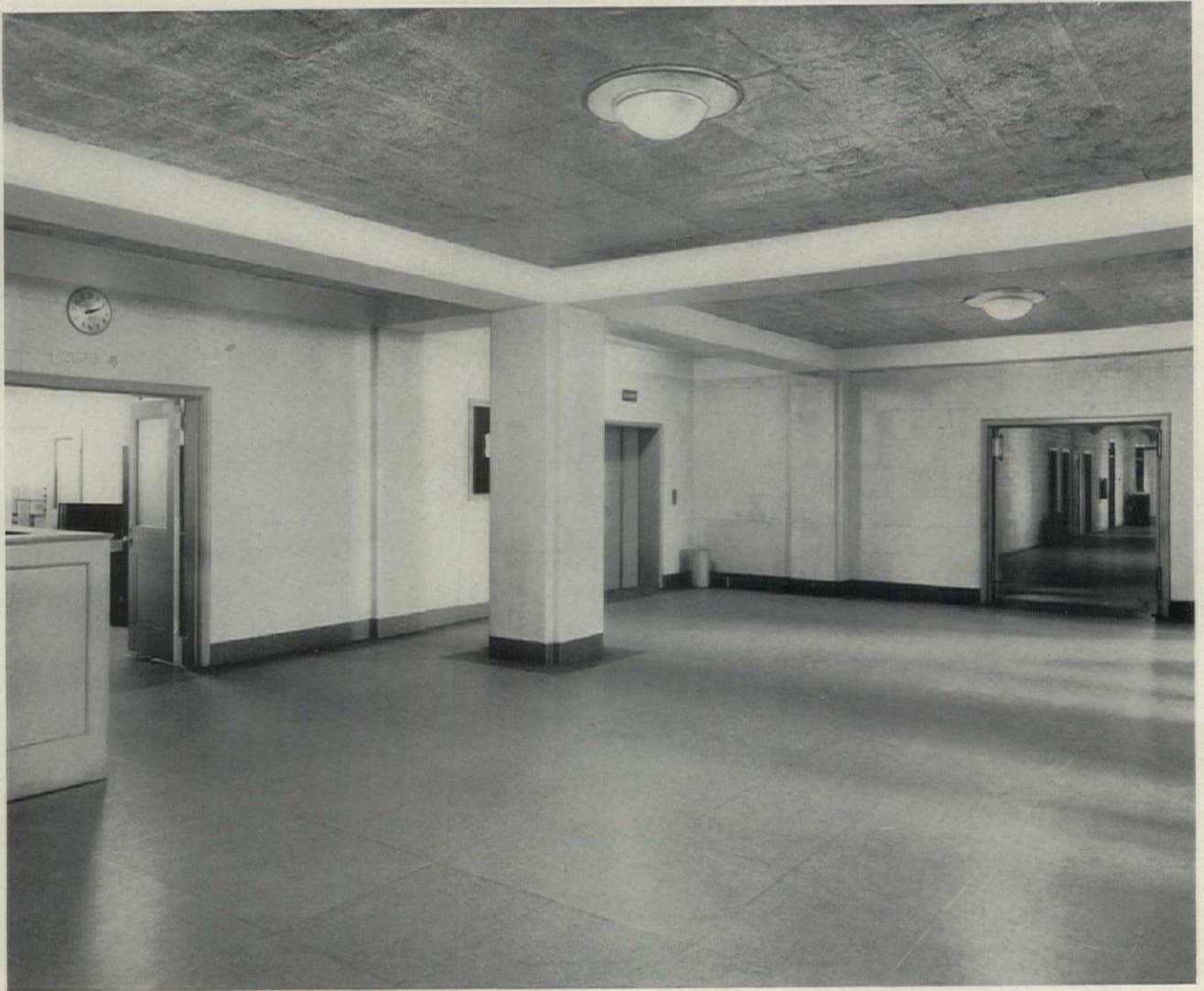
In the upper photo the lower part of the wain-

scot is brown Formica with metal trim, and in the lower photo the counter front is the same material, the column covering is dark red Formica, and the counter tops dark gray.

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Page 27



*Annex to the Bureau of Printing and Engraving,  
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*Designed under the direction of Louis A.  
Simon, Supervising Architect, Public Buildings  
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*The*

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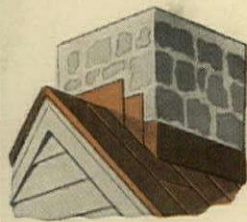
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