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CALIFORNIA ARTS & ARCHITECTURE



Mountain Sheep

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JANUARY, 1937

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Editorial

STRIKES

SINCE the gold strike in '49, California seems to have been beset by strikes of one kind or another, but the first is the only one that has done us much good. Through striking, labor has pulled itself up to a place of comparative dignity. Collective bargaining has been a help to both employers and labor and neither side of the present controversy would care to return to the old system of securing the service of labor by the catch-as-catch-can method.

When plumbers, carpenters, and button-hole makers conclude that their working conditions and pay are intolerable it is only fair that they should register their protest by striking or any other fair means. Such strikes are local and involve the persons directly interested more than they do a larger group or those in no way affected by the interests of either side.

But when labor becomes so organized and autocratic that it can call a strike that may threaten the food and even the lives of a million people or possibly the entire nation in order to attain their ends it is time to call a halt. When such a condition obtains it is not a question whether labor or capital is right. There is only one right, and that is the right of 120,000,000 citizens of the United States.

When conditions such as those that are developing arise it is the duty of government or some other agency to step in and see that the supply of food, fuel, and medicines necessary for the existence of a million or more people shall not be cut off or curtailed while a few thousand laborers fight out their differences with their employers.

This is no brief for or against labor or capital. The question of whether one side or the other is right is beside the point. But it is a brief for the people themselves whose rights have been footballed around the national lot until there is hardly a breath of air left in them and hardly a crumb of anything else, and it should be stopped. How to do it we do not presume to say. But that is the problem. Let the fight go on if it must, but see to it that the supply of necessities for the people is not threatened.

FISH STORIES

"PACKED in like sardines" may become a forgotten proverb of yesterday unless a conservation measure, initiated by the Fish & Game Development Association, is favorably considered at the January session of the California legislature.

The proposed law is designed to re-establish the state's control of the sardine fishery and would prohibit operation in state waters of fishing boats which deliver fish outside the state.

At the present time, eight floating reduction ships are operating off the California coast, anchored outside the three-mile limit, in order to escape state regulation and tonnage tax. The planned legislation will prohibit the operation in state waters of fishing boats which deliver fish beyond the state. Thus if the floating reduction plants want fish delivered to them for reduction purposes, they will have to submit to state regulation and control.

The measure is based on what is regarded as the inalienable right of the state to regulate and control the "take" of its own natural resources. Without that management, depletion of this valuable fishery is inevitable. Not all "fish stories" are acceptable.

A BENEFACTOR

THE President and Board of Directors of the San Francisco Art Association announced the opening of the Anne Bremer Memorial Library, another institution founded by the generous Albert M. Bender. This is the most complete reference library for students and artists in the West. Reference material is available on the history, philosophy, and esthetics of art, chemistry of painting and technique in all phases of art expression.

There are eleven lunettes in fresco above the

CALIFORNIA ARTS & ARCHITECTURE

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cases of the room. They were commissioned by Mr. Bender and executed by Victor Arnautoff, Ralph Stackpole, Ray Boynton, William Hesethal, Gordon Langdon, and Frederick Olmsted.

San Francisco can thank its lucky stars that such benefactors continue to develop her artistic resources. She can also pat herself on the back in gratitude for such men as Tim Pflueger, President, and the Board of Directors of the San Francisco Art Association.

THE UNDER DOG

WHAT is the under dog? Is he the dog that is under the dog that is under the dog, or is he just that ephemeral person, out of luck, or weak, or a drunk, that we call the "under dog" because we are too busy or lazy to think up a better cognomen?

If you want our opinion as to who is the under dog it is that he is neither the laborer nor the bum. He is the under-paid, under-appreciated, misunderstood, struggling architect, engineer, draftsman, or doctor who has spent years on study and training, whose remuneration is generally a pittance, unchiseled only when it is so small the debtor cannot see it.

The architects are getting organized, but slowly, very slowly. At that, there is little or no effort made to convince the public that "the laborer is worthy of his hire" applies to the architect as well as to the riveter. But as for the draftsman, little or nothing is being done.

Isn't it about time that the public be awakened to the fact that the services of a good architect will save twice his fee in safer construction and reduction in costs?

THE CALENDAR

Announcements of exhibitions, concerts, clubs, college events, lectures, dramatic productions, sports, for the calendar pages are free of charge and should be mailed to CALIFORNIA ARTS & ARCHITECTURE, 2404 West Seventh Street, Los Angeles, at least ten days previous to date of issue, the fifth. Edited by Ellen Leech.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

CURRENT TOPICS form the basis of all talks included on the lecture course given at the Community Playhouse, Pasadena, on Monday afternoons at 4:15. The current speakers and dates are:

- Jan. 11, Captain Albert W. Stevens, "Adventures in the Stratosphere."
- Jan. 18, Edward Corsi, "America and the Foreign Born."
- Jan. 25, George E. Vincent, "The Pain of Thinking."
- Feb. 1, Hans Helfritz, "Skyscrapers in Arabian Deserts."
- Feb. 8, Negley Farson.
- Feb. 15, John T. Flynn, "What's the Matter With Us Now?"

PACIFIC GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY, Globe Trotter Division, offers a series of illustrated lectures by well known travellers at the Shrine Auditorium, Los Angeles, and at the Civic Auditorium, Pasadena. On January 12 Martin and Osa Johnson present "Wild-est Borneo" to the Pasadena audience, and on January 14 to Los Angeles.

ADVENTURE SERIES, comprising illustrated lectures, is sponsored by Peter Conley at the Opera House, San Francisco, and includes Martin and Osa Johnson, January 21, and Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, February 3.

THE MODERN FORUM, Herman Lissauer, director, favors no political or economic philosophy but presents speakers of independent mind. The series is offered at the Philharmonic Auditorium, Los Angeles, and the speaker of the month is Baroness Ishimoto, author of "Facing Two Ways," January 25.

COMMUNITY FORUM, held in Science Hall, Mills College, the first and third Mondays of the month, presents topics of general interest, discussed by well informed citizens and visitors.

THE GREENWOOD REVIEWS have become a vital part of the winter seasons in California. Current events are interestingly interpreted by Aline Barrett Greenwood. She gives zest to an outline of a new play, and reviews a book clearly and concisely. Miss Greenwood's dates are Hotel St. Francis, San Francisco, January 11; Shakespeare Clubhouse, Pasadena, January 20. Miss Greenwood also speaks at Los Angeles, the third Thursday of the month, and at Long Beach, the third Tuesday.

AT HOTEL HUNTINGTON, Pasadena, two series of reviews are offered; Mrs. Jack Valley presents an analysis of current topics, interprets new books and drama. Her dates are January 12, February 9, March 9, and April 13. Mrs. Edana Ruhm continues her series of lectures at the hotel under the caption, "Events of the Hour," and is heard, January 14, February 11, March 11, and April 8, at 10:45 a.m.

LA FIESTA DE LAS ARTISTAS, an outgrowth of the art ball held last year by the Junior Chamber of Commerce of Pasadena, is held January 30 at the Vista Del Arroyo Hotel. The function is colored by memories of the "Days of the Dons," with a queen and her court reigning during an evening of pageantry and gaiety.

THE ANNUAL NAVY BALL, sponsored by the Navy Ball committee, is planned for January 16 at the Biltmore ballroom, Los Angeles. These balls have been held each year since 1931 and provide an occasion for the renewal of friendships between the officers of the Fleet and the civilians of Los Angeles, Pasadena, Beverly Hills, Santa Monica and Long Beach.

MARGARET HARRISON, journalist and world traveller, uses the title "There's Always Tomorrow" for the series of talks she is giving at the Hotel Huntington, Pasadena. Interviews, world trends, personal experiences, and general comments form the center of these interesting programs. The dates are January 11 and 25, February 8 and 22, and March 8 and 22.

COLLECTING ANTIQUES. These talks are given every two weeks, on Mondays at 1:30, by Alice R. Rollins, at 1617 North McCadden Place, Hollywood. The current date is January 18.



In the spirit of early California yet with a distinctly modern touch is this group from J. W. Robinson Company in Los Angeles. The framed prints are in tones of brown, rosy beige and light sand beige. The coverings of the chairs repeat these colors and on the table with a revolving top, the lamp picks up the brown and natural tones with its shade of rough beige fabric bound with brown cord.

FINANCIAL COMMENT

By CARLETON A. CURTIS

AT THIS time of the year one reviews the market performance of the preceding twelve months to obtain a perspective for the coming period.

We find a substantial increase in the price of securities, as the total value of those listed on the New York Stock Exchange has increased from forty-seven to sixty billion, but these same securities are selling at a lower ratio of price to earnings, and still lower ratio of price to dividends than at the beginning of the year. In other words, the earnings and dividends that were anticipated have fully materialized.

When we look ahead for 1937 we find that the demand for the products of industry still seems insistent, and that sales volume should show substantial increases; the most difficult factor to evaluate is the future ratio of net to gross volume. Increased production costs are definitely ahead, for labor is certainly going to be higher in the coming year, and the commodity markets, both future and spot, have made remarkable advances in the past six months. That the commodity prices should hold seems evident for the world supply of almost all of them is at the lowest level for several years.

So, with industry facing higher costs in these important fields, it will be more difficult to maintain the same spread between the production cost and the selling price, because too sharp an increase in the latter always slows up consumption. Thus we come back to this all important ratio of price to earnings, which is the real measure of value. Barring a major catastrophe, the securities market should continue upward in the coming year but in a more selective and less accelerated rate than 1936.

The two most significant backgrounds for stability in the market are a large supply of money seeking investment, as shown by the year's increase in time and demand deposits of Member Banks of one and one-half billion dollars; and the unheard of situation where security prices have increased in value by thirteen billion dollars while the borrowings against the securities have increased only fifty million dollars.

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GRIFFITH OBSERVATORY, Los Angeles, announces the hours have been changed and the Observatory is open to visitors from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. On Sundays and major holidays the hours are from 2 to 11 p.m. The planetarium program on week days is at 3 and at 8:30 p.m. On Sundays and major holidays three programs are given, at 2:30, 3:30, and 8:30 p.m.

LESTER HORTON DANCE GROUP appears at the Community Playhouse, Pasadena, Sunday evening, January 17, in the Playhouse Association programs.

SENIOR PLAYERS of the School of the Theater, Pasadena, present "Black Swans" by DeWitt Bodeen, directed by Ralph Army, January 18-23. Evenings, 8:30. Matinee, Saturday, 2:30.

CHARITY LEAGUE of Santa Monica gives the annual dinner dance, February 6, at the Riviera Country Club for the benefit of the hospitalization of under-privileged children and the Day Nursery.

JOINE ALDERMAN'S Salon Group presents "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp," January 31, as the first attraction at the new KFWB Radio Theater on Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles. The pantomime is under the direction of Mrs. Stanley Lupino, who played the title role in London. This is given as a benefit for the Philharmonic Orchestra.

WINTER SPORTS CARNIVAL is held at Big Pines, January 23-24. Miss Frances Gilmore, member of the Assistance League Auxiliary, bears the title, "Southern California Winter Sports Queen" of this, the eleventh annual winter sports carnival, sponsored by the Los Angeles Junior Chamber of Commerce.

CLUBS SPONSORING winter sports are: Placerville Ski Club, activities at Sexton, Pacific and Kyburz hills, skiing and tobogganing. Snow play area for children near Pacific; Truckee Outing Club, to skiing and tobogganing is added ice skating on rink illuminated at night. Tahoe Ski Club, grounds near Tahoe City, ice skating on Truckee River, depending on weather. A new skating rink is opened at Truckee, circular, 150 feet in diameter, floored with concrete.

GOLDEN GATE KENNEL CLUB holds a dog show in all three halls of the Civic Auditorium, San Francisco, January 23-24. Any dog may enter, whether it is registered or not. Pedigrees are not essential but the dogs must show evidence of type and breed. The breeds will be judged by four New York experts.

OPEN TOURNAMENT at Los Angeles, the twelfth annual, is scheduled for January 8-11 at Griffith Park. A new set of valuable trophies and amateur prizes has been created for the \$8000 event.

OUTBOARD ASSOCIATION of Southern California announces an extensive program for both inboard and outboard racing craft for 1937. The current event on the list for the speed boat pilots is the Desert Sweepstakes, conducted January 23-24 on the north shore of Salton Sea. Dates have yet to be established for the annual fifty-mile Pacific Coast Marathon; and the fifth annual Gold Trophy Regatta, both at Long Beach. A. L. Cline is the Commodore.

THE LOS ANGELES TURF CLUB continues the Santa Anita Park racing season until March 6. Races are announced rain or shine but there is no racing on Sunday. The Santa Anita Handicap is run on February 27, and the Santa Anita Derby on February 22.

HARNESS RACING is a favorite sport at Palm Springs, entertaining residents and visitors alike. To amuse Eastern guests a rodeo is scheduled for February 6-7 at the Field Club.

HORSE SHOW AND RODEO, sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce, is held January 9 at San Jacinto.

THE FINALS of the Will Rogers Memorial Tournament are announced for Sunday, January 10, at the polo fields of the Uplifters.

PRINT MAKERS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, sponsored by the Print Makers Society of California, is held in March at the Los Angeles Museum. Open to all artists in all media except monotype. No fee; jury; awards. Last day for entry cards and arrival of exhibits, February 7. For information address, Ethel B. Davis, Sect'y, Room 12, 45 So. Marengo Ave., Pasadena, California.



THIS YEAR EVEN FINER!

The 1937 GOLDEN STATE LIMITED to Chicago will be an even finer train than heretofore. It will carry, in addition to the Pullman observation car, a new type, full-length deluxe lounge car, featuring deep rugs, heavily upholstered sofas and chairs, radio, refreshment nook, and phone connections at station stops. It will carry Standard Pullmans exclusively, and operate on the same fast, convenient schedule. All cars are completely air-conditioned, of course, and still *no extra fare*.

Among various other improvements in our service east is the shortening of the SUNSET LIMITED's time to New Orleans by nearly a full hour. The SUNSET will leave Los Angeles at 10 a. m. daily, instead of 9:10 a. m.

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Tamara Toumanova is a lovely exponent of the superior art of the toe dance, and is seen with the Ballet Russe of Monte Carlo at Pasadena, Los Angeles, and San Francisco this month.

BULLOCK'S, LOS ANGELES, announces: Saturdays, Jan. 16, 23 and 30, at 10:30 a. m. Dr. Bruce Gordon Kingsley presenting symphonic interpretations of orchestral music of the Los Angeles Philharmonic orchestra, 10th floor, Hill Street; Wednesday, Jan. 20, at 10:30 a. m. Alice Grannis Botsford presents another series of drama reviews of theater and stage, 10th floor, Hill Street; Saturdays, Jan. 16, 23 and 30, at 1:00, 2:00 and 3:00 o'clock, the Olvera Puppeteers, a delightful program for children, 5th floor, Broadway Bldg. "The California Caravan" programs are given at 2:30 p. m. on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, in the following sequence: "Death Valley," "National Parks of Canada," "Switzerland, the Engadine, Its Culture, Flowers and Villages," "Caravans of the Sky," "Western Vistas from Desert Dunes to Alpine Meadows," "Chats on Deserts of Central Asia," "Why Mexico for the Motorists," "Natural History of Palm Springs Desert Area," "Wild Life in Winter," "Our Priceless Heritage," "The Arabs and Their Deserts," "Death Valley Scotty's Castle," "Bryce, Zion, Grand Canyon, Grand Teton, Yellowstone and Mesa Verde Country," and "Australia in Color."

THE PARILIA, the annual artists' ball, is scheduled for February 5, at the Civic Auditorium, San Francisco. This year the motif is "Barbaric Oceania," including islands of the Pacific, seldom visited but often visualized. These islands of the South Pacific, not of Asia or America, will be depicted in pageant costume and scenic effect. The Oceanic legend of Maui, the recapturer of fire, is to be presented as a reason for the fore gathering of all islanders. The Art Association group, led by Zygmund Szevich, will represent the Solomon Islands. All Bay artist groups are deep in preparation for the gay event, and research in costume effects, dances, and decorations consume the hours. The function is in an excellent cause, as all proceeds go to the support of the San Francisco Art Association and the Museum of Art.

MUSIC

NOACK STRING QUARTET, Sylvain Noack founder, gives a series of three Friday evening subscription concerts at the Women's Athletic Club, Los Angeles, January 8, February 12, and March 12.

CIVIC ORCHESTRA of Pasadena, under the direction of Richard Lert, opened the winter season in December and continues the usual monthly schedule, with concerts, January 16, February 27, March 27, April 24, and May 22, at the Civic Auditorium.

PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA of Los Angeles, under the direction of Otto Klemperer, and sponsored by the California Symphony Association, provides twenty weeks of symphonic music in twelve pairs of concerts and ten Saturday events at the Philharmonic Auditorium, Los Angeles. Two special events are offered at the Shrine Auditorium in March. The soloists for the season include Rose Bampton, contralto, January 7-8; Guiomar Novaes, pianist, January 21-22; Erica Morini, violinist, February 4-5, and Nathan Milstein, violinist, February 18-19. The orchestra is also heard at Pasadena, Claremont, San Diego, Santa Barbara, and at Westwood.

CLAREMONT COLLEGES arrange an artist course program each season for the students, and their friends. The Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Otto Klemperer, provides the January concert. Sergei Rachmaninoff, pianist and composer, and Nathan Milstein, Russian violinist, are the February artists.

WOMEN'S COMMITTEE of the Philharmonic Orchestra, Mrs. Cecil Frankel, chairman, holds a series of Philharmonic salons this season. Hostesses are members of the committee, and the group meets, January 5, at the home of Mrs. Harvey S. Mudd; January 19 with Mrs. Gordon C. Hair, February 2, at the home of Mrs. William Howard Daum, and February 16 at the Beverly Hills home of Mrs. Harry Tipton Steck.

THE ARTIST SERIES presented by Peter Conley at the Opera House, San Francisco, includes notable vocalists, pianists, and two ballets. Nelson Eddy is heard, January 13; Rachmaninoff plays February 5-7, and Marian Anderson, Negro contralto, sings February 24.

SAN FRANCISCO ART COMMISSION presents the Ballet Russe at the Memorial Opera House on Thursday and Friday evenings, January 28-29, Saturday afternoon and evening, January 30, and Sunday afternoon, January 31. The Commission sponsors three Municipal Symphony Concerts during the season, February 26, March 23, and April 20.

COLEMAN CHAMBER CONCERTS, organized by Alice Coleman Batchelder, prove the value of chamber concerts to a community through the universal interest. The concerts are presented Sunday evenings, at 8:15 at the Community Playhouse, Pasadena, one each month. The third concert is given, January 10, and the artists are the Budapest String Quartet. The Abas String Quartet, under the direction of Nathan Abas, Dutch violinist, will be heard, February 7.

THE WOMEN'S SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, under the direction of the new conductor, announces the first concert of this season is given in January. Elsa Duquette is the new manager.

THE MACDOWELL COLONY LEAGUE of Southern California is fostering a radio festival of MacDowell's music, opening January 23 and to continue to January 30. All funds accruing from the sale of the music of this first American composer are used to continue the colony in New Hampshire, which provides great opportunities for creative artists.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY CONCERT series, sponsored by the Pasadena Junior League, is given at the Pasadena Civic Auditorium, and includes, Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, Otto Klemperer, directing, January 15; Vienna Boy's Choir, February 5; Junior College Symphony Orchestra, March 12; Pasadena Civic Orchestra, April 23.

THE ELMER WILSON ARTIST SERIES brings to Pasadena the best artists of the concert world. Sergei Rachmaninoff, pianist, plays February 1, and Richard Crooks sings, February 11. All concerts are given at the Civic Auditorium.

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY of Los Angeles, Mrs. Cecil Frankel, president, hold their concerts at the Biltmore Hotel, generally in the ballroom, giving one and sometimes two concerts a month.

FEDERAL MUSIC PROJECT of Los Angeles is sponsoring a series of string ensemble programs in the project's home auditorium, 635 South Manhattan Place. The current date is January 14.

PRO MUSICA of Los Angeles, Mrs. Philip Zobelein, president, has several unusual concerts planned for the late winter season.

BEAUX ARTS CONCERT SERIES, presents concerts and special attractions at the Polytechnic Auditorium, Long Beach, under the management of I. D. Morgan. Ross Bampton, contralto, is heard, January 19; Nathan Milstein, young violinist, plays February 26. The San Carlo Opera Company presents "Hansel and Gretel" at a matinee, and "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci" the evening of February 11.

ITALO MESCHI, baritone and guitarist, gives a recital of rare songs, Sunday evening, January 10, at the Scottish Rite Auditorium, San Francisco.

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SAN FRANCISCO STRING QUARTET gives the third concert of the series, January 27, at the Veterans Auditorium.

PETRIE ARTISTS SERIES presents the Los Angeles Civic Chorus, under the direction of J. Arthur Lewis, as the final program of the series at Trinity Auditorium, Friday evening, January 8.

THE WHITTIER COLLEGE Community Civic Orchestra gives the first concert of the winter season, Sunday afternoon, January 17, at the Whittier Woman's Clubhouse auditorium, under the direction of Miss Ruth Haroldson. The Women's Glee Club appears with the orchestra, singing Pergolesi's "Stabat Mater."

EBEL CLUB JUNIORS present "Florodora" at the Wilshire-Ebell theater, Los Angeles, January 18 and 20. Proceeds will apply toward the senior welfare projects. Mrs. Karl Barton Rodi is president of the Juniors, and Miss Gladys M. Wentzel, general chairman of the production.

MUSIC FESTIVAL at Pasadena in the spring features a full stage performance of the opera, "Orpheus and Euridice" by Gluck. This is promised as a real community enterprise, with the Civic Orchestra, under the direction of Dr. Richard Lert, and the Festival Chorus. Dr. Lert's first musical association with Pasadena was as music director of the Pasadena Music Festival Association, when he trained the Festival Chorus, which presented the concert performance of "Fidelio" last May.

COMMUNITY OPERA ASSOCIATION of Riverside, under the direction of Marcella Craft, presents grand opera in English, using local singers in the cast. "Daughter of the Regiment" is announced for February 4. Barton Bachman, of the music department of the University of Redlands, directs the orchestra, made up of musicians of the community.

MERLE ARMITAGE presents Moriz Rosenthal, January 11, and Erica Morini, February 9, at the Philharmonic Auditorium, Los Angeles.

REDLANDS continues the winter series of free concerts at the High School Auditorium, Tuesday evenings. This is the thirteenth year of these community programs.

THE BEHYMER CONCERT COURSE offers unsurpassed entertainment in January, at the Philharmonic Auditorium, Los Angeles. January 5, Nelson Eddy popular American baritone, sings; and January 15 the Ballet Russe opens an engagement, continuing through January 23. Matinees as well as evening performances on January 16, January 20, and January 23.

FOR THE ARCHITECT

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These dancers of the Ballet Russe seem to exemplify Zhizn, or life, a Russian designation for an abundance of spirit. They will entertain at Pasadena, Los Angeles and San Francisco during January.

WINTER SERIES of four concerts is announced by the Lobero Theater, Santa Barbara. The dates and artists are: January 15, Oscar Colcaire, tenor, and Maurice Zam, concert pianist. February 12, Leonard Pennario, concert pianist, and Wynne Davis, lyric-dramatic soprano. March 12, Ish-Te-Opi, baritone, Ho-Te-Ma-We, mezzo-soprano, Margarite Bitter, pianist. April 9, Mme. Sugi Machin, soprano, Russell Horton, tenor, and Edith Knox, concert pianist.

SILVER JUBILEE SEASON of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra lists ten pair of Friday afternoon and Saturday night (repeat) concerts, under the direction of Pierre Monteux. The season opens with the pair of January 8-9 and closes April 23-24. Monteux will conduct all concerts with Willem Van den Burg as assistant conductor.

GUNNAR JOHANSEN, pianist-composer, gives a pair of recitals, January 6-7, at Steinway Hall, San Francisco. He has spent the fall at his ranch near Point Arena, completing a new composition, "Theme, Variations and Fugue".

THEATER NOTES

COMMUNITY PLAYHOUSE, Pasadena, has selected four outstanding plays for the late winter season, offering entertainment to suit all moods and tastes. Two plays are given each month, running for two weeks, approximately, opening on Tuesday, with no performance on Sunday or Monday. Matinees are given on Saturday only.

To Jan. 9, "The Chalk Circle", delightful comedy-drama of old China.

Jan. 12-23, "Money", a new play by Aurania Rouverol.

Jan. 26-Feb. 6, "We Dress for Dinner" by Aben Kandel.

Feb. 9-20, "Murder in the Cathedral" by T. S. Eliot.

Feb. 23-March 6, "Emma" by Jane Austen, dramatization by DeWitt Bodeen.

March 9-20, "Lost Horizons" by John Hayden. (Not the Hilton novel.)

The Laboratory Theater, a branch of the Playhouse, organized for the benefit of the playwright, functions in the Recital Hall. January 11-16, "Beach House" by Robert Chapin, directed by the author. Evenings, 8:30, Matinee, Saturday, 2:30.

AT PADUA HILLS THEATER, near Claremont, the Mexican Players revive one of their most popular productions, "It Rained in Ixtlan del Rio" opening with a matinee, January 6. Juan Matute is associate director of this group and plays the role of the bandit in this play. The regular schedule followed at Padua is both afternoon and evening performances on Wednesday and Saturday; evening performances only on Thursday and Friday. Mrs. Bess Garner is the organizer and supervising director of the Mexican Players.

GATEWAY PLAYERS, 4212 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, continues "New York Success" by Mildred Katherine Smith, through January 30. Francis Hickson is the director and assumes the role of a Broadway theatrical manager in this production.

PALO ALTO COMMUNITY PLAYERS, Palo Alto, follow a year-round schedule and provide six major productions from January to June. The first play of the 1937 series is "Blind Alley", followed by "And So to Bed" in February. Plays for production in the Workshop include "Charley's Aunt" for January, with several under consideration for the rest of the season, "The Concert", "The Copperhead", "The Music Master", "Cradle Song", and "Ladies of the Jury".

CIVIC THEATER of Portland, Oregon, under the direction of Gordon Davis, announces the production schedule from October through May, includes "Ceiling Zero", "Winterset", "Cradle Song", "Kind Lady", "Judgment Day", "Twentieth Century", "The Weavers", and "The Petrified Forest".

BEACHWOOD PLAYHOUSE, Los Angeles, opens "Curtain" a play by Raymond Lee, January 4. The story is woven around a Little Theater and the attempt of an actress mother to cast her son in the mold of an actor.

LITTLE THEATER of Beverly Hills for Professionals, under the direction of Golda Madden Craig, plans to open the winter season with Keith Winter's "The Shining Hour", featuring Claire Windsor, the first week in January.

THE WAYFARERS, 1749 Clay Street, San Francisco, have advanced another step, having produced an original play by the director, Jack Thomas, titled "The Bishop's Wife".

BILTMORE THEATER, Los Angeles, presents "Boy Meets Girl" by Bella and Samuel Spewack, opening January 10. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

EL CAPITAN, Hollywood Boulevard, is showing "Tomorrow We Live" by Michael Sheridan, featuring Genevieve Tobin.

STAGE ATTRACTIONS of note are promised for 1937 at Los Angeles and San Francisco theaters. Announcements include the appearance of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, Jane Cowl, Katharine Cornell, Alla Nazimova, Leslie Howard, Walter Hampden, Fannie Brice, Eugenie Leontovich, and the probable return to the stage of Edward Everett Horton.

THE BALLET RUSSE is seen at the Philharmonic Auditorium, Los Angeles, January 15-23, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday. The Ballet is seen for one night only, January 14, at the Civic Auditorium, Pasadena.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE MOTION PICTURE through significant examples and outstanding masterpieces from Lumiere's first pictures to the perfection of sound in 1930, will be given in eight weekly programs of American, German and French films at the San Francisco Museum of Art beginning January 11. Admission is by subscription only, for the three series separately or for all eight programs. Programs are given twice and the audience is limited to 250.



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A panel of opus sectile designed by Marian Simpson for the Alameda Court House in Oakland. This is one of the numerous art projects being carried on in northern California under the Federal Art program.

ART CALENDAR

CARMEL

CARMEL ART ASSOCIATION: Paintings, sculpture and prints by members.

CORONADO

AINSLIE GALLERIES, Hotel Del Coronado: Selected paintings from the New York and western galleries.

CLAREMONT

REMBRANDT HALL, POMONA COLLEGE: January 3 to 17, Eli Harvey's animal sculpture.

DEL MONTE

DEL MONTE GALLERIES, Hotel del Monte: Paintings by California artists.

HOLLYWOOD

ASSISTANCE LEAGUE, 5604 De Longre Ave.: To January 9, Henry Hesse Landscapes. PRINT ROOMS, 1748 N. Sycamore Ave.: An unexcelled collection of old and modern prints.

LAGUNA BEACH

LAGUNA BEACH ART GALLERY: Through January, exhibition by members of the Laguna Beach Art Association.

LOS ANGELES

ART COMMISSION, Room 351 City Hall: Paintings by Ralph Hammeras, Duncan Gleason, Emil Kosa, George M. Olsen and Ralph Holmes, members of the Painters and Sculptors Club. Two models for statues of saber-toothed tigers, the work of Robert Paine, sculptor.

EBELL SALON OF ART, 4400 Wilshire Blvd.: Paintings by the Women Painters of the West; sculpture by Pierre Ganine; paintings by Orpha Klinker.

FOUNDATION OF WESTERN ART, 627 S. Carondelet St.: January 4 to 29, Fourth Annual Exhibit of California Water Colors, includes the work of fifty artists from the north and south.

LOS ANGELES MUSEUM, Exposition Park: Annual exhibition of Pasadena Society of Artists; tapestries designed by Lorentz Kleiser; international exhibition of photographs under the auspices of Camera Pictorialists of Los Angeles.

LOS ANGELES PUBLIC LIBRARY, 530 S. Hope St.: To January 29, National Academy of painters in California featuring work by Hugo Ballin, Colin Campbell Cooper, Paul Dougherty, Will Foster, Arthur Hill Gilbert, Armin Carl Hansen, Frank Tenney Johnson, Dewitt Parshall, Douglass Parshall, William Ritschel, Carl Runquist, W. Elmer Schofield, Maurice Sterne, William Wendt, under the auspices of the Los Angeles Art Association and the National Academy of Design. Open daily Monday to Friday, 12:00 to 4:30 and 7:30 to 9:00 p.m.

PUTZEL GALLERY: To January 16, Paintings by John Ferren, who was born and reared in Los Angeles but now lives in Paris.

SOUTHWEST MUSEUM, Highland Park: Permanent exhibition of American Indian arts and crafts. Open daily 1 to 5 except Monday. Casa de Adobe, in the immediate neighborhood exemplifies life in an old California ranch house, identified by authentic furnishings throughout. Open Wednesdays and Sundays from 2 to 5.

STATE EXPOSITION BUILDING, Exposition Park: Annual exhibition of the Women Painters of the West.

STENDAHL GALLERIES, 3006 Wilshire Blvd.: January 4 to 16, Abstractions by Katherine Clements and Fern Lovell. California Surrealists and Post-Surrealists continued.

FRANCES WEBB GALLERIES, 2511 W. 7th St.: To January 15, Cyril Aldritt flower paintings.

ZEITLIN'S BOOK SHOP, 614 W. Sixth St.: To January 15, Decorative maps by Jean Swiggett.

MILLS COLLEGE

MILLS COLLEGE ART GALLERY: To Jan. 13, exhibition of Chapin Oriental collection in which Lamaist paintings predominate. Ranging from the 17th century to the 19th century, these "temple banners" include many unusual specimens. The balance of the collection is mostly Chinese, including paintings, landscape rolls, pottery, bronzes and rare books. Opening Jan. 17, exhibition of paintings by Remisoff and Rauschnabel.

OAKLAND

OAKLAND ART GALLERY, Municipal Auditorium: To January 28, sculpture and drawings by Jacques Schnier, guest of honor, 1936 Annual Exhibition of Sculpture. Open daily 1 to 5.

PALM SPRINGS

DESERT INN GALLERIES: Prints by Glen Stirling.

PALOS VERDES

PALOS VERDES ART GALLERY, Public Library: To January 29, an exhibition of paintings and drawings from the Otis Art Institute. Gallery open daily from 1:00 to 6:00 except Saturdays; open Wednesday from 7:00 to 9:00.

PASADENA

JOHN C. BENTZ GALLERIES, 27 S. El Molino Ave.: Japanese prints, old, authentic, very fine collection.

GRACE NICHOLSON GALLERIES, 46 N. Los Robles Ave.: Exhibit by California Art Club. Three new paintings by Hovsep Pushman. Paintings by Jessie Arms Botke, very decorative.

SOUTH PASADENA WOMEN'S CLUB, Fremont Avenue, Through January water colors by Ruth Anne Youngblood Loxley.

SACRAMENTO

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY: In the print-room throughout January, etchings and dry-points by American artists from the library's collection.

SAN DIEGO

FINE ARTS GALLERY, Balboa Park: Fine permanent collection augmented by new graphic arts acquisitions.

SAN FRANCISCO

AMBERG HIRTH GALLERY, 165 Post Street: Modern Handicraft by California craftworkers.

THE ART CENTER, 730 Montgomery Street: January 4 to 16, Frank Bergman water colors. Works by members, noon to 5 p.m., daily.

ARTIST'S COOPERATIVE GALLERY, 166 Geary St.: Paintings by Maynard Dixon and Francis Todhunter.

COURVOISIER, 480 Post Street. Permanent collection on view, including several portrait heads by Renoir, landscapes by Monet, as well as the work of Pissaro, Sisley, and Andre. 144 Geary Street (pent house) Carolin Martin oils, American water colors.

CHILDREN'S GALLERY, 465 Post St.: Public School children's work.

M. H. DE YOUNG MEMORIAL MUSEUM, Golden Gate Park: Period rooms. Federal Art Project exhibit. Early Japanese figure prints. Foreign Invitational Salon of Photography.

EAST WEST GALLERY OF ARTS & CRAFTS, 609 Sutter St.: Water colors and etchings of the northern Pacific Coast mountains, Redwood forests and shoreline by Alfred Schroff of the University of Oregon.

GUMP GALLERIES, 250 Post St.: Paintings of floral subjects by various painters. Associated American Artists prints.

PALACE OF THE LEGION OF HONOR, Lincoln Park: Throughout January, oils, water colors and drawings by Homer E. Ellerton. Saturday art discussions for children. Organ recitals every Saturday and Sunday at 3:00 p.m.

SAN FRANCISCO MUSEUM OF ART, War Memorial, Civic Center: To Jan. 24, annual exhibition of the California Society of Etchers; throughout January, drawings, studies for sculpture by Maude Phelps Hutchins and paintings by Dewey Albinson. Opening Jan. 12, paintings and prints by Paul Klee.

SHELL BUILDING ART GALLERY, 100 Bush St. Carl Seigel and students, photographs.

WOMEN'S CITY CLUB, Berkeley: Water colors by Doris Miller Johnson.

SAN GABRIEL

SAN GABRIEL ART GALLERY, 343 South Mission Drive: To January 16, pen and ink compositions, reproductions depicting Indian lore, by H. Remlow Harris. January 17 to 30, Desert paintings by Karl Albert.

SAN MARINO

HUNTINGTON LIBRARY & ART GALLERY: 18th Century portraits. Flemish and Italian primitives, also several new installations of interest. William Blake's water color drawings illustrating Milton's "Paradise Lost" continued. The galleries are open each week day except Monday, 1:15 to 4:30, and every Sunday. Reservation for cards of admission may be made by telephone, Blanchard 72324, Wakefield 6141.

SANTA BARBARA

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE ART GALLERY: Paintings and sculptures by artists of Santa Barbara city and county. The exhibitions are changed every six weeks. Hours 9 to 5, except Sundays. Saturdays 9 to 12.

SANTA CRUZ

SANTA CRUZ ART LEAGUE, Beach Auditorium: Tenth annual state-wide exhibition, February 7 to 21. \$260 in four prizes this year. All work must be received by January 31.

STOCKTON

HAGGIN MEMORIAL GALLERIES, Victory Park: Paintings by American and European artists. Californiana. Open daily except Mondays from 1:30 to 5, Sundays, 10 to 5.

MISCELLANY

UNDER the Federal Art program Mrs. Simpson designed the mosaic decoration at the main entrance to the lobby of the new Alameda County court house in Oakland. The work is not truly a mosaic but follows the technique of inlaid marble, known as Opus Sectile in Roman times. Twenty colored marbles will provide a duplication of the original color scheme which had been planned as a fresco.

STATE WIDE Junior College Art Exhibitoin is planned for March at the Mills College Art Gallery. Paintings, drawings and prints will be shown, with a limit of ten examples from each school. In addition each school is asked to submit two examples of craft or sculpture. Prizes will be awarded to winners in the various fields. Mills College desires that all Junior Colleges cooperate and make this a representative showing of the finest work being done throughout the state.

THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 West 53rd Street, announces the Exhibition of Fantastic Art, Dada and Surrealism opens December 9, having been postponed one week. The exhibition remains on view, with the exception of Christmas Day and New Year's Day, until Sunday evening, January 17. The Show will then tour the country.

GLEN STIRLING whose Mountain Sheep adorn the front cover of this issue is exhibiting this month right across the face of the United States: Washington, D. C. at the Water Color Club, Wichita Kansas at the Art Museum and at Palm Springs in the Desert Inn galleries.

THE FIRST Associated Amateur Art Club was founded in Chicago fifteen years ago and there are now fifteen affiliated clubs in the larger cities of the United States. The purposes of the Associated Clubs are to encourage the study and practice of painting and kindred arts among business and professional men, to assist in the formation of such clubs for amateurs, and to bring these clubs into contact by means of exhibitions, distribution of helpful information and advice, and in various ways to assist the members.

ARTISTS throughout the country are being urged to join in a campaign to demand royalties from all sales of reproductions of their work. Primarily institutions buying or owning the works of contemporary artists are asked "to acknowledge that the right to reproduce a work of art is lodged with the artist alone and is not attached to mere physical possession of a painting." It is as works of art for use in the home. Newspaper and magazine prints are not objectionable; they are necessary to foster the growth of public interest in art.

ARTHUR F. MATTHEWS, one of the oldest and best of California's mural painters, visited Los Angeles the latter part of December. He lives in San Francisco, where he taught with Emil Carlsen. He has murals in the Oakland Library, the State Capitol, University of California Library, Stanford Library, and the Masonic Temple, San Francisco.

LORENTZ KLEISER exhibited twenty-three tapestries of his design and woven by him and his weavers of the Edgewater Looms at the Los Angeles Museum in December, thus marking his permanent removal from Connecticut to southern California. Mr. Kleiser is now established at Palos Verdes, where he designs and carries out tapestries in any historical style, from Gothic to contemporary.

MERRELL GAGE, sculptor, and a native of Kansas, is recognized as an artist in his own state. His sculptured figure of Lincoln is in the Capitol grounds at Topeka, and his last commission, a heroic Pioneer Mother, with son, baby, dog and gun, is now being cast in bronze and will ultimately be seen at Topeka. Merrell Gage did the three reliefs, so much admired, on the Long Beach Veterans Memorial, and three in the South Pasadena High School auditorium. All showing his use and understanding of the possibilities of concrete as a sculptural medium.

AMONG the notable sculptors in California is Eli Harvey, who, since 1928, has, with Mrs. Harvey, made his home at Alhambra, adjoining the studio home of the Frank Tenney Johnsons, friends of long standing in New York. Mr. Harvey recently opened his studio to the members of the Art and Travel Section of the Shakespeare Club of Pasadena, who had seen and admired examples of his work at the Los Angeles Museum, abroad, in private collections and at the Hotel Huntington. Mr. Harvey is especially well known as a portrait sculptor of animals. He has made portraits in bronze of famous race horses, of "Adonis," a beautiful greyhound, and a lifelike bronze reproduction of "Dinah," the pet gorilla at the Bronx Park Zoo. Every lover of animals must delight in his many small bronzes.

AMERICAN ARTISTS GROUP, INC., sponsors the current travelling exhibitions, showing in more than four hundred cities of the United States. The members of this group furnish evidence of the extent to which the leading artists of today are American trained, and one artist, Mabel Dwight, offers an inspiring example to women past their youth, as she did not take up art seriously or make her first lithograph until she was fifty-one. Miss Dwight was born in Ohio but spent her girlhood in San Francisco, where she studied at the Hopkins School of Art. She gave up all thought of a career for marriage until 1927, and since then she has worked with enthusiasm and determination, and is represented with works in the permanent collections of many Eastern Museums, including the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the Whitney Museum of American Art, New York.

RAYMOND G. BARGER, a graduate of the College of Fine Arts at Carnegie Institute of Technology and of Yale University, has been awarded a special sculpture fellowship by the American Academy in Rome for 1937. Barger studied in Europe last year under a Winchester Travelling Scholarship, a Yale award. He has recently finished a commission for three Madonnas from Lady Barclay of London. This year, along with his studies he is working on a large bust of Abraham Lincoln for the Republic of San Marino.

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"Trees and the Sea" by Aaron Kilpatrick.

BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES

Robin Lampson

ONE of the newly-risen suns in the bright firmament of western poetry, and author of "Laughter Out Of The Ground", brought out last spring by Scribners, and already in its third edition.

"Laughter Out Of The Ground", a novel in cadence, is a highly dramatic story of the days when gold was discovered in California. Metrically it harks back to such old Anglo-Saxon poems as "Beowulf", being done in what Mr. Lampson calls "free hexameters". Among other American poets employing cadence are Robinson Jeffers, Walt Whitman, Carl Sandburg.

Mr. Lampson is also author of a book of terza-rima sonnets, brought out by Wilder Bentley, at the Archetype Press, Berkeley. The terza-rima is a beautiful and extremely difficult sonnet form.

"To Keep Our Scorn Immortal" is here reproduced through the courtesy and permission of Mr. Lampson. It is one of six sonnets written to his wife, Margaret Fraser Lampson, who has herself done some very nice things in verse.

Frank M. Moore

AN Englishman without a trace of accent. Frank M. Moore, artist, was born in Somerset, England, of an English father, a physician, and an American mother. He was reared largely in New Zealand, educated in England and yet spent most of his business life in America. In New York he drew his friends from three circles, the busy marts of trade, the musicians and the painters. Frank Moore knew all along that he wanted to be an artist but various commercial affairs had to be adjusted first. Gradually these shaped themselves and he found himself in Honolulu, where he possessed his first studio, known as the Cross Road Studio, and from which he went to the Museum of Hawaii as director. Now his studio is in the tower of the Hotel Huntington in Pasadena, and his paintings are on display in a gallery near the famous Bridge for which he painted the panels.

John Boles

IF, while on one of their occasional sojourns at New York City, John Boles goes down the street one bright morning and fails to return to the hotel until the next morning, Mrs. Boles never becomes somewhat quizzical, as a wife is naturally and legitimately apt to do on such an occasion. She knows he's undoubtedly just been having a quietly

riotous good time at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where, after probably forgetting to eat both lunch and dinner, he got locked, quite by mistake, into the Early American wing, after closing time—and was thus required, not exactly unwillingly, to linger there over night.

"I never go to New York that I don't go through the Metropolitan Museum," John Boles tells us. "I want to go there often enough to photograph it entirely in my mind." The Early American wing is the section he especially prefers. "I'd like to build Early American homes," he says. And he could quickly sell them, too—not for a song but with a song.

Boston's beans aren't famous with John Boles—but Boston's antique shops are. "And when we spent summers in the Adirondacks," he recalls, "I'd devote as much time to rummaging as to lying in the sun." Last summer Mr. and Mrs. Boles and the children—Marcelite and Janet—visited in Baltimore, Washington, and Virginia. He spoke of Robert E. Lee's old home in Virginia and of a doctor's home at Baltimore, where he enjoyed discovering some old pieces with the shipping marks still upon them.

It may take years to make an antique out of a piece of furniture, but it doesn't take at all long to make a fervent antique collector out of, shall we say, a normal human being.



CALIFORNIA POET'S CORNER

TO KEEP OUR SCORN IMMORTAL

By ROBIN LAMPSON

This day, so crowned above all other days,
Becomes a challenge to the calendar,
A threat to Time and his destructive ways:

For we have taken a thing he cannot mar
With change or death, nor steal from us again.
Deathless by this one perfect hour we are:

This little hour beyond both joy and pain,
Has paid the subtle fee that bribes the Fates.
It does not matter now with what disdain

The snow of centuries blankets faded dates
Of kings and nations; nor for us how deep
And permanent the insensate Naught awaits;

Have we not this one timeless hour to keep
Our scorn of death immortal when we sleep?

"BEFUDDLED ART"

By LEO S. GOSLINER

THE most widely discussed art exhibition of last year is the display of Fantastic Art, Dada and Surrealism, currently showing at the Museum of Modern Art in New York and to be shown on the west coast later this year. It is well that this collection is receiving the momentum of notoriety which it has already gathered. This publicity has appeared not only in magazines customarily devoting space to art, but in such widely read publications as *Time*, *New Yorker* and *Life*, which happily will reach the layman as well as the artist. For one as thoroughly contemptuous of "artistic" drivel as is your critic, this statement requires an amplification going back one hundred years or so.

Just about a century ago the world saw the beginning of another renaissance. Whether it was caused by or produced intellectual giants is immaterial. The important thing is that Science changed from a laboratory toy to a reality of life. Art, forever reflecting its own era, became an art of sciences. With this new outlook great men produced great things. Cesar Franck, Monet and Manet, Renoir and Rodin, Walt Whitman and Frank Lloyd Wright all dared do things never done before. Because they were truly great the world recognized their merit, though perhaps failing to discern the reason for it. Since each newly discovered principle led to countless innovations, progress became the watchword and this false formula was set up; "To achieve immortality, do something that has never been done before and good, bad or indifferent you will reap your reward." The world, deluded by this same sad credo which influenced artists, did accept and shower admiration on these false works.

Once the doors were opened, deluded "genii," frank charlatans, genial practical jokers, yes and even acknowledged maniacs poured through the gap. Then enters Dada and Surrealism—the supreme hoax. It is of little importance whether Max Ernst has his tongue in his cheek or Salvador Dali is truly sincere or merely an admirable publicist. What is significant is that the effect which they have wrought is of tremendous benefit to Art. The world which has borne so much because it dared not laugh has now received the "reductio ad absurdum" or to translate freely "the blow which killed father."

From here on befuddled art patrons will quietly unhang their framed paper dolls which they have purchased so dearly and loved so little and substitute genuine art on their walls. They will laugh a little at the fraud and sigh remorsefully for the dollars they lost on their wildcat ventures.

So it is a happy vision to look forward to a return of sanity in which art training consists of hard work and study and not merely in the continual hitting of one's head with a hammer.

(Continued on Page 39)



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When Cecil B. De Mille goes to the movies he doesn't have to park behind some mountainous feminine millinery. Here you see Mr. De Mille even farther front than the bald-headed row—viewing a pre-preview of "The Plainsman," his newest picture, on the projection screen at his home. Gary Cooper is Wild Bill Hickok and Jean Arthur portrays "Calamity Jane."

BACKSTAGE HOLLYWOOD

SOUTHERN California people are often a trifle dismayed to discover that their dear old friends from the East make a trip West not so much to assuage a tenderly touching longing to be with them once more, as of yore—but rather to fulfill an overpowering ambition to see a movie star, at least from the back.

Tourists exert all manner of cajolery to get by the studio gates—from wheedling a truck driver into smuggling them through beneath a load of sawdust to demanding official intercession by the Governor.

In the early silent days guests on a studio set were not greatly minded. They didn't come by squadrons, and if their shoes squeaked or they were troubled with whooping cough it didn't matter. But now the microphone can pick up more infinitesimal sounds than the human ear at a keyhole, and no chances can be taken on even a pin suddenly dropping off a visitor.

Today, generally, only the higher and lower levels of society can barge onto a studio set—royalty and Hollywood columnists. Out of my adventures as one of the latter, I am glad to submit some of my notes which you may refer to your guests in partial recompense for not visiting a movie studio.

If Cecil B. De Mille couldn't contrive to put a Roman bath into "The Plainsman," at least he does have a river boat plowing through water hardly wider or deeper than a tub.

At the Paramount studio I find the "Lizzie Gill" at a dock on the Missouri river, during the days of Buffalo Bill and Wild Bill Hickok. Built to complete size, the boat is grooved on tracks laid under four feet of water. After all the excited hankie waving and final farewells, the long journey Westward Ho abruptly ends up a yard or two down the "river"—at the end of the tracks. Both the boat and the people are just spoofing that they're going away. And maybe that's more fun than really going.

Boat and dock are crowded with extras. De Mille, with the cameraman, is mounted atop a "boom"—a swinging steel crane. He speaks both out into the ozone and into a loudspeaker, through which, on a clear day, he can probably not only be heard by the mob extras but by movie stars bathing at Malibu Beach.

The set is close to the old Lasky Studio on the Paramount lot, where, about 1914, De Mille filmed "The Squaw Man."

The time now is just after lunch. "Is Mr. Cooper back?" De Mille inquires through the loudspeaker. A yes man says, "No, but he's on his way over." Soon Gary Cooper arrives, so simply and quietly that hardly anyone noticed he'd come. In a Civil War uniform, he's smoking a cigarette which he tosses aside before coming into the scene.

It must have rather irked the housewifely instincts of Heather Angel, wife of Ralph Forbes, to be settled in the midst of dust and cobwebs, as I discovered her at Paramount on a set of "Bulldog Drummond Comes Back." And what good housewife could enjoy seeing a man deliberately spreading more dust and cobwebs, like a husband tossing cigar ashes all over the rugs?

The scene is a room of an old deserted mansion where Miss Angel is a captive, awaiting the ultimate rescue—after some difficulty, to be sure—by "Bulldog" Drummond. The villain's put her into an antique chest in the attic, but she manages to emerge finally and comes up for air—whatever air the supposedly dusty place contains. A statue beside the chest is covered with dust, "prop" dust—shaken out of a bag by a technician. Miss Angel fakes a sneeze. "Sneeze right at the statue," says the director, "so we'll get some dust off it." She fakes another sneeze, which is much more effective—dust flying so generously that the technician needs to "dust" the statue considerably more for the subsequent "take." I look for Miss Angel to sneeze naturally from all the dust, but she doesn't.

The cobwebs, composed of stringed rubber cement, are sprayed on the furniture and walls by a machine which spins like an egg beater. Rubber

(Continued on Page 38)



Mario Valle as Scarpio in "La Tosca" is heard during the engagements of the San Carlo Opera Company at Los Angeles and San Francisco.

THE PASSING OF THE ROAD SHOW

MANNERS, customs, conditions rarely revive intact. Things come back to be sure but always with mighty if subtle differences. Occasionally a critic, a reviewer, or an old time theater-goer laments the lack of the road show, and duly expresses his appreciation of that company of traveling actors who visited the larger towns of the United States twenty, thirty and even forty years ago. Those valiant and inspired artists suffered all manner of inconvenience, the greatest discomfort, yet were strengthened and succored by the desire to take the theater to people who otherwise would be deprived of such entertainment.

It is amazing to learn that the great actors of—not only their day but of all time—came to San Francisco and Los Angeles in the years from 1884 to 1894. The records of the old theaters in both cities, many of them now demolished, show the dates of the visits of Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Frederick Warde, Louis James, Richard Mansfield, Sarah-Bernhardt, Mme. Rhea, Emma Abbott, Fay Templeton and Lillian Russell. Gradually however the territory of such luminaries lessened until they played only in the dramatic centers of the East, resulting in the custom of keeping a popular play in New York for an entire season, or several seasons, as demanded.

To fill the interim between the visits of the great artists, stock companies were organized and very excellent ones developed on the Pacific Coast. These theaters and an occasional road show supplied the dramatic flavor to life until about 1916 when the so-called Little Theater began to be heard from. This movement has developed until there are at least two thousand groups of people banded together as "Community Players" throughout the United States. In California alone there are more than two hundred, and while the titles of the groups vary, the object is the same, to present the best plays available and according to the best traditions of the theater.

Early in 1900 the movie industry had begun to creep, and as it grew and walked it filled the theaters in all centers of the country, large and small. With this growth the names and faces of the players began to be familiar to more and more people and somebody suggested sending film favorites to the hinterland to make personal appearances. This custom is hardly a close analogy to a road show but it gives the audience of the smaller towns some personal contact with the sirens of the silver screen. The majority of the people who see pictures made from great plays are not even familiar with the names of the artists who made the roles famous on the stage before the sirocco of the cinema blighted their memories. They can have no regrets. When any number of young men and women have never seen a legitimate play in their lives, not because they cannot but because they do not make the effort, it is no wonder they are satisfied with shadows, even if the shadows do speak.

There is still one traveling company of artists, crossing from Coast to Coast again and again, providing delightful entertainment, not dramatic in the strict sense of the word but giving drama set to music. This is the San Carlo Opera Company, which under the direction of Fortune Gallo, fills approximately sixty engagements in the United States and Canada during each season. It is the sincere purpose of Fortune Gallo to give good opera to the people, and to give it at a reasonable cost to them. He claims they appreciate his effort and he will not disappoint them. Thus his road-show opera carries on.

With the introduction of sound to the films and the rapid improvement in that medium, many stage stars were lured to Hollywood and the advantages of Los Angeles as a theatrical center became more apparent. Of course all through the years various popular plays came to the Coast, but as a

(Continued on Page 39)

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LOS ANGELES

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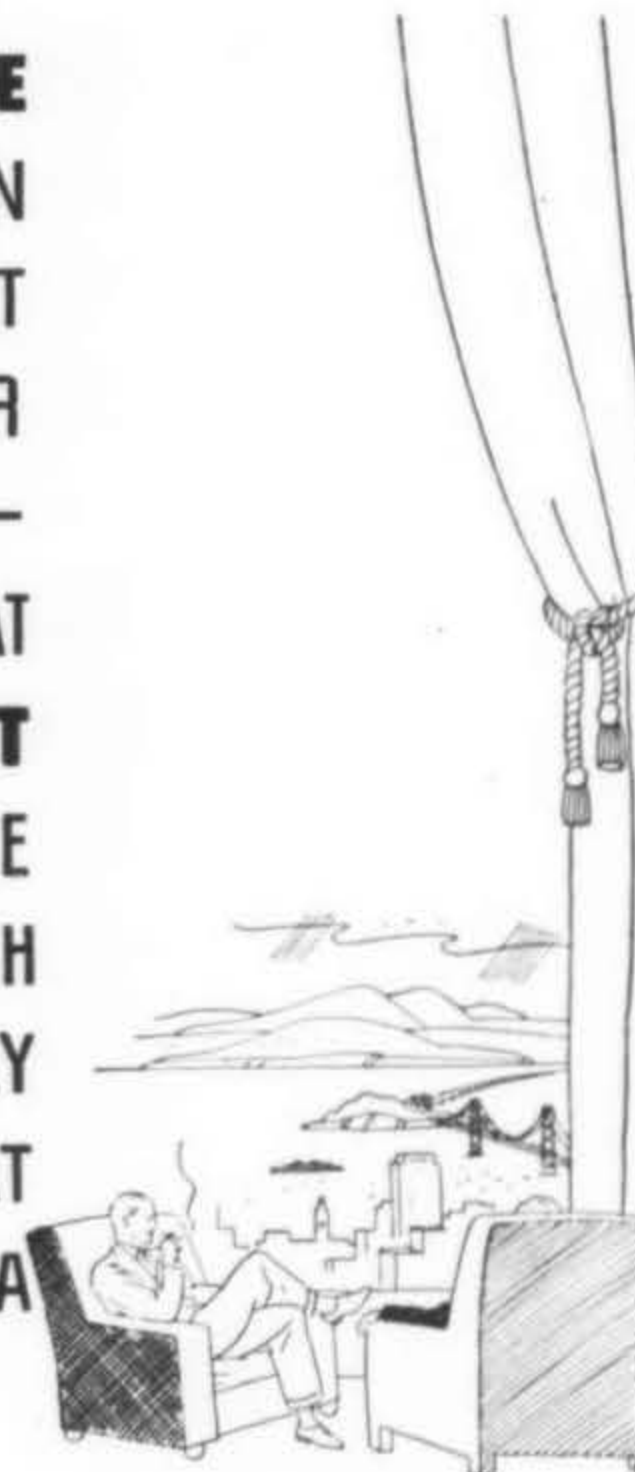
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ANTIQUES

By ALICE R. ROLLINS

WHENCE CAME THE BLUE-DASH CHARGERS?

THEY have been called the mystery dishes for no one has been able to say positively where or by whom they were produced. The mystery surrounding this old earthenware is a good part of the fascination it has for collectors. Added to that is the fact that less than two hundred of these treasured heirlooms are known to be in existence, and of this number a dozen or more are in museums.

The name "Blue-Dash" has been given to these pottery plates for the reason that the decoration on many of them consists of dashes of blue round the edges. All of them, however, are not so decorated. Some are without decoration while others have merely a conventional border and there are green, yellow and purple-brown rims. The glaze on the inside of the plates is thick and white with an iridescent quality, while the backs are covered with a green or yellowish glaze. They have no maker's marks which adds to the uncertainty of their origin.

The designs in the center of the plates are crudely drawn and nearly all refer to the Stuart kings, to William and Mary, Queen Ann, and the early Georges. Flowers and fruits, noticeably a conventional design of the tulip, Jacob's Dream, the Prodigal Son and various other subjects are characteristic decorations. Some have been found referring to the Jacobite cause. The tulip charger is most familiar and those having scriptural quotations are next. The chargers vary in size from seven inches to twenty-one inches and the dates are approximately between 1680 and 1730. Several places have been suggested for their manufacture—Lambert, Staffordshire and Wrottingham, but nothing definite can be said for any of them.

An early charger painted in green, yellow and blue, with Adam and Eve and the serpent is dated 1635. The plate is nineteen inches in diameter and sold in a London auction room for \$400. Another one depicted King George II in coronation robes. This brought \$150.

The plates were not used for carrying food, evidently wood and pewter served that purpose. They were hung as ornaments on the walls of their houses, especially those who favored the Stuart cause.

Chargers are attractive to collectors of the unusual as examples of very early pottery and for their quaint decorations. The political significance of a particular period in English history is another cause of interest in them.

SLIP-DECORATED POTTERY AND SGRAFFITO WARE

Dear to the heart of every American collector of early pottery is that made by the Pennsylvania Germans whose fathers came from



Sgraffito design of a mounted Continental soldier. Pennsylvania tulip ware.

the Rhineland. To them we owe the first decorated pottery in America—the slip-decorated pottery and the sgraffito ware. The name is taken from the liquid cream-colored clay or 'slip' which was applied to the base. The method differed slightly in the sgraffito pottery. On this the design was made by scratching away the slip-coat from the base instead of tracing the design in slip.

The process of slip-decorated ware is described by Professor Church as follows: "Sometimes white and red clays were marbled upon a red or brown clay base, but more frequently the white or light-colored clay was used in the form of a slip, that is, a thin, creamy mixture of clay and water, dropped or trailed from a spouted vessel upon the surface of the piece to be decorated. The slips were not always white but buff, yellow, brown and even nearly black, while the ground or body was frequently of a light color."

The early settlers coming to Pennsylvania from Germany continued the customs of the home land. They brought with them many of their own handicrafts which were carried into the new life and the new home in America. Potteries were established, no doubt at the demand of the good housewives who needed various articles of pottery for use in the home. The natural native yellow clay answered the purpose well and we find such articles as pie-plates, bacon dishes, bowls, crocks, milk containers and many other pieces of practical use for the home.

The pottery was rather coarse and the glaze crude, often having an unfinished appearance, but the colors were harmonious and the decoration showed a feeling for line and form. The heart and tulip designs are noted on the pie-plates. Others have the pomegranate conventionalized, also birds, and quite a few carried quaint inscriptions. Some of these maxims read like those of Benjamin Franklin and some have a religious sound: "Out of the earth with understanding the potter makes everything."

"To paint the flower is common but God above is able to give fragrance."

"Sing, pray, go on your way, per-

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form what thou hast to do faithfully."

And listen to the philosophy expressed in this one: "I like fine things even when they are not mine and cannot be mine, I still may enjoy them."

This Pennsylvania pottery was made from the middle of the eighteenth century to well into the nineteenth and collectors consider themselves lucky when they find a piece to add to their collections.

There is a personal appeal in the early pottery made in America for it represents the work of the pioneer. His ingenuity and craftsmanship were applied to the products at hand and were made to serve his purposes. To many of us these homely crafts have a value that exceeds mere beauty.



Cross Roads of the World
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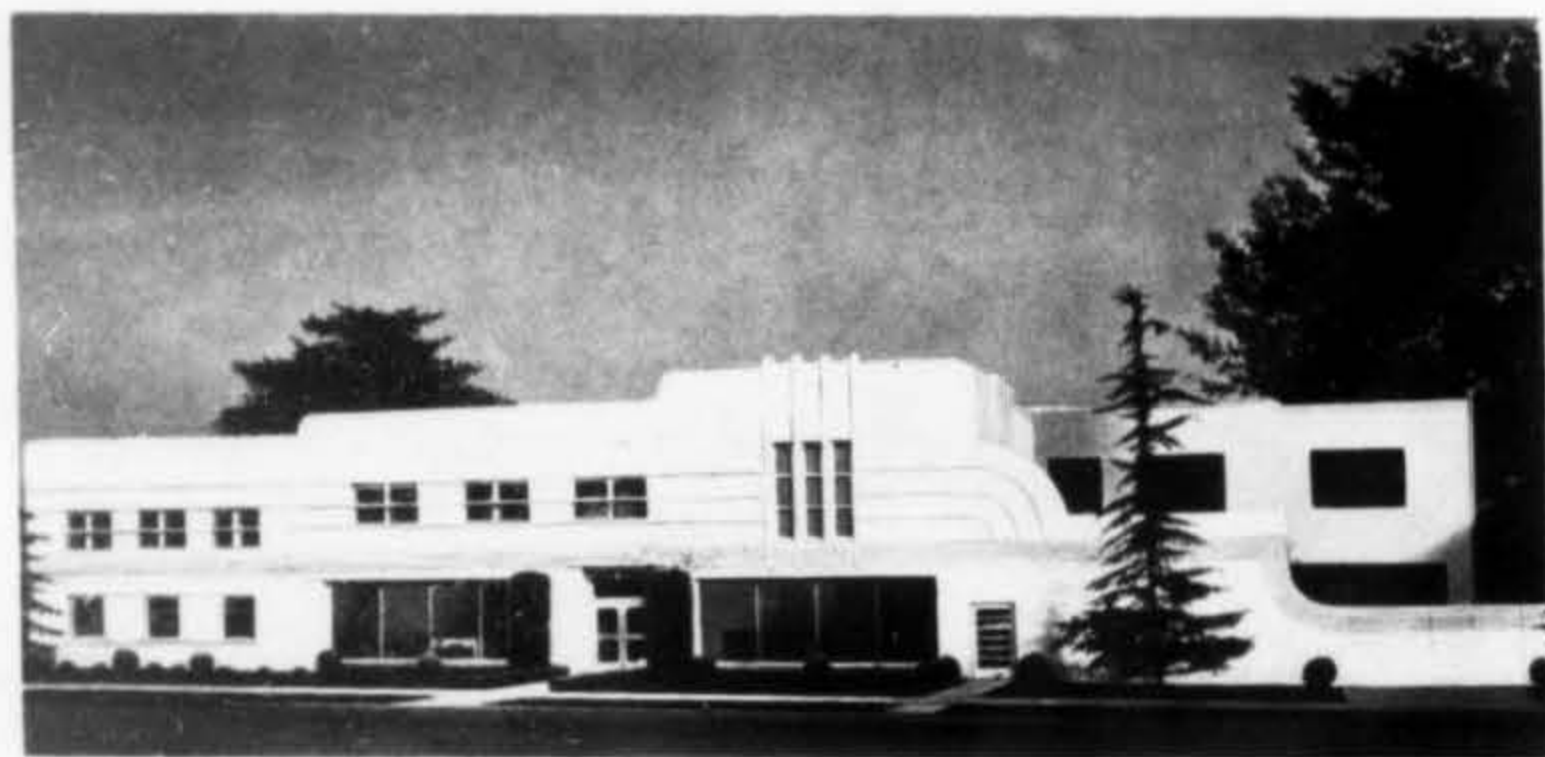
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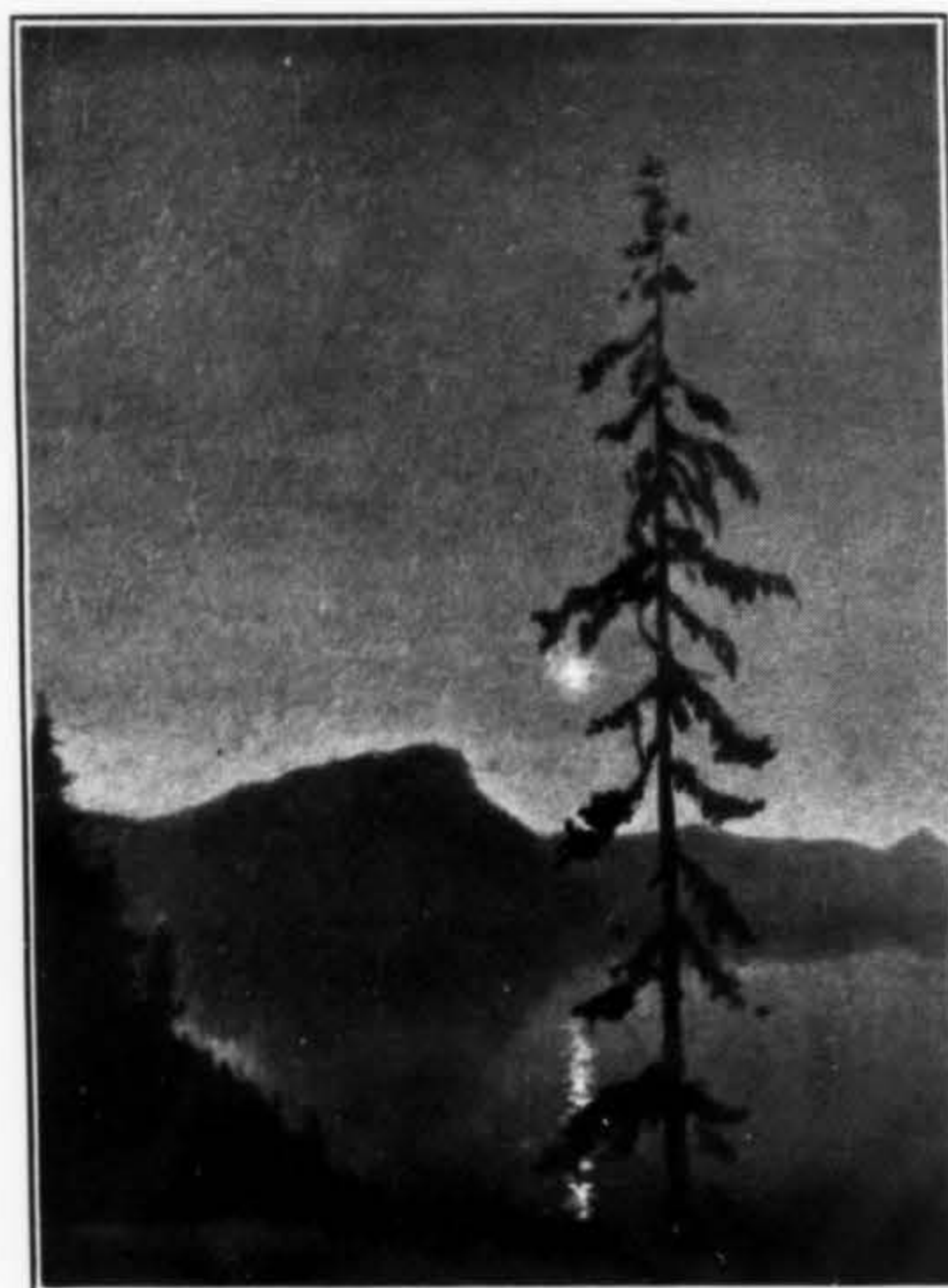
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"Evening Star, Crater Lake"

A SKETCHING TRIP

By FRANK M. MOORE

*Let us fray the rainbow into multicolor threads
You take the cheerful yellows and you the sultry reds
You keep the regal purples and the green and orange hues
But I will spin a web of dreams with my beloved blues . . .*

from Don Blanding's "Dream in Blue"

TO SPIN a web of dreams in blues, that was what I wanted to do, so, "Ho" for Crater Lake, the Diepot of all the Blues, as Don would say.

And what a parade of blues. To stay a week and watch the thousand azures shift and skim along the surface of the lake, under clear cobalt skies, cloud flecked skies, sunset skies and moonlit skies. . . .

Friends at every turn—the head ranger (Crater Lake is a National Park) placed the Park photographer at my disposal as guide and friend and allowed me to take the Park launch and cruise at will around the lake at high moontide so that I could see the far famed "Phantom Ship" by moonlight. An eerie, ghost-inhabited, pinnacled islet. I was also allowed—breaking precedent—to spend all of one glorious moonlight night poking around "Wizard Island," I the sole inhabitant as no one camps there.

Yellow-green, moss-covered trees, moon-paled, great jagged rocks tumbled wildly together in fantastic heaps, spooky caves, the exquisite "Witches' Pool" (which has never known a bathing suit), the distant pale flicker of the giant slides around the rim with unmelted snow blots dotting the silver ledges, the whole bathed in brooding silence of some mysterious past. . . . all of this for Me, that one night.

From Crater Lake to Klamath Lakes, seen as luck would have it, the afternoon of a clearing storm, foreground great bunches of golden sage, shoulder high, accenting the blue of the lakes and echoing the gold of the afternoon sunbursts.

To Mt. Shasta, eternally snow-crowned and seen easily from the very rim of Crater Lake in full moonlight, 120 miles as the crow flies. . . .

To Mt. Lassen, dressed in the first white of the season, with "Reflection Lake" at its foot, all begging to be painted. The charming, though fractious "Helen Lake" 8,000 feet up, with its changing moods. A lone egret of purest white takes off ever and anon like a slow movie, alights again to resume its primping before a liquid mirror.

Across country, then, to Clear Lake, so reminiscent of old Lake Windermere of Walter Scott's romantic region in North England, on to the Redwoods with their smoky blues. . . . San Francisco and the Oakland Bridge in moonlight, arching superbly over a city of a myriad lights, repeated in tiny, sparkling zig-zags in harbor waters. And, finally, our beloved Carmel and its Point Lobos, meaning, "Point of the Wolves." You can hear them howl from the surf on stormy nights. There, a night of dissolving and resolving fog-blues which alternately shroud and reveal the silver-tipped rock sentinels whose feet are massaged by foam-suds, with an occasional sound slap from the quick-tempered surf in sudden resentment of their solid obstinacy. . . .

Could I squeeze any more on my mental palette? No. Back to the Huntington Hotel Tower and try to get something nailed down in the quiet of that elevated lookout before memory is blurred by further experience.

AT BOOKS AND WINDMILLS

By EDWIN TURNBLADH

PARADOXICALLY, perhaps, "carefree" youth never writes the world's carefree verse—and I am sure I prefer that they don't. What a waste of something precious to be flippant when they, and they almost alone, can recall so breathlessly, with such downright loveliness, the sudden skip of a heart-beat, or when, to them, life quickly reaches with a kind of depth never again to be known. Poems by young people are, because of that nature, always enjoyable, where phrased from a genuine gift and a firm sincerity. I never fail to find pleasure in them, although reading them generally gives me one of those very rare moments when I am at helplessly melancholy odds with the clock.

The other evening I picked up my copy of "Wings Against the Sun," by Luella Reynolds Mead, a Claremont girl of seventeen—seventeen when the book was published a year ago, but plainly of a wiser heart than many people I know two and three times seventeen. A slender little volume of shy fancy, "Wings Against the Sun" was printed by the Saunders Studio Press of Claremont, whose work is some of the finest now being done in America by a small publishing shop, where on the shelves of type finely carved letters are more cherished than dollar signs.

I shall want to see Miss Mead's work as time goes by, when she has lived even longer than she already has in her brief space of chronological years. Her evident powers are logically certain to grow, her phrasing take even more graceful ways, and her uncommon understanding deepen even further than may be noted in "Pattern Thread"—

The weathered features stay the sweeping years,
And she is selling violets that blend
With Broadway's purple dusk, and daylight's end
That hides the streaming threads of tragic tears.

Streaked gray has crowned her wrinkled face
And in her weary smile her play of life
Is seen, but is there more to endless strife
Than fragrant violets and ravelled lace?
Her hopes were gathered close until she felt
A swift invasion she could not prevent,
And all the dreams that she had held are spent,

And in the crucible of Time they melt.
Now there is nothing left but one small sigh
To fill the void when violets must die.

* * *

The coming of the new year recalls to mind how poetry, like music, belongs possessively to no time or place. Of all literature, poetry is the last to come under the rush of change or material progress, the least touched

by mechanical invention or current modes. I was reminded of that timelessness when I read an ancient Japanese verse printed in Mark Van Doren's newly revised and expanded "Anthology of World Poetry," which covers in time from the 35th century B.C. to the 20th A.D. "and in space from China and Japan around through India, Persia, Arabia, Palestine, Egypt, Greece and Rome to Europe and America." Van Doren's Anthology is, to me, the most worth having of all the comprehensive poetry collections, because the choices are the combined desirable judgments of a scholarly mind and an unscholarly heart. The Japanese verse runs—

How can one e'er be sure
If true love will endure?
My thoughts this morning are
As tangled as my hair.

Now could you find a more immortal verse—or a more "modern" one? I can imagine the lines were written by a Japanese Dorothy Parker. Surely there must have been one, at least a "mute and inglorious one" in the very long history of the Japanese Empire. Or, not impossibly, there has been only one Dorothy Parker, excluding the unrecorded feminine humor of Cleopatra or Helen of Troy. The verses of Dorothy Parker, at any rate, are resolutely nobody's but hers—her own private insurrection, merry and sad, savage and gentle. Now at large is a collection of her rhymed mischief to date—"Not So Deep As A Well." The hopelessly unlegislable errantry of human nature is nowhere in any literature I've seen more adeptly expressed than in her polished diamond—"The Thin Edge"—

With you, my heart is quiet here,
And all my thoughts are cool as rain.
I sit and let the shifting year
Go by before my windowpane
And reach my hand to yours, my dear . . .
I wonder what it's like in Spain.

* * *

After reading Don Marquis' new collection of short stories, "Sun Dial Time," I tried to make up my mind which I fundamentally preferred—the man's prose or verse. But I concluded I couldn't make a decision—any more than I can determine which I like most about my new Christmas suit—the pants or the vest. The prose and verse of Marquis are cut from the same cloth—no custom make, no orthodox design, not what is *the* thing to wear, *the* thing to think. Anyhow, while idly trying to settle upon a preference, I turned back to "Savage Portraits" and found that my enjoyment of the one on "Gilk" is eternal. Marquis' divine disgust with the Gilk ilk rages like heavenly thunder—

Gilk is sincere. He lets no chance get by
To tell me so, and I've no doubt he is.
Deceit moulds not nor moves that osseous phiz,

Nor ever fancy lights that opaque eye:
No bone, unhelped of brain, creates a lie.
Saints fall, and stars; erratic comets whiz
Through space; but that dead rectitude of his
Will never fail till mummies chirp and fly.
Such virtue blights my nature worse than crime—

Gilk makes me long to scream and plunge in sin!

I'd sooner writhe, outcast of Hope and Time,
Brain-sick, midst nether Hell's most impious din,

Than sit and hold Gilk's hand beside the throne,

A fellow-angel to that godly bone!

I'd like to see more verse—much more—from Don Marquis. And from Christopher Morley, whose new book, "Streamlines," is almost wholly, but never holy, essays. With a Morley essay on the plate, to ask for a verse besides sounds practically gluttonous. There are some verses, a chapter of "Translations from the Chinese," in "Streamlines," but none of those can half compare with the verses Morley could indite when he really bent an elbow over them—like "Nursery Rhymes for the Tender Hearted"—

I knew a black beetle, who lived down a drain,
And friendly he was, though his manners were plain;
When I took a bath he would come up the pipe,
And together we'd wash and together we'd wipe.

The final rhyme explains satisfactorily why the black beetle refuses to come up the drain anymore, but surely Morley has other beetles up his sleeve.

* * *

The *New Republic*, on December 9, published a list of "One Hundred Notable Books: 1936"—with the attached editorial apologia—"This list, compiled by the *New Republic* staff with the help of our reviewers, is intended to cover the hundred books of 1936 that have the most interest for our times. The 'best' books, the 'eternal' books, will have to be chosen by posterity."

I'd entirely rather see the *New Republic*, or anyone else, come out and swear under oath that "these are the *best* books—dammit—I love 'em!" One's beloved books are like one's cherished friends, deserving of unreserved affection. "Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel"—defend them against all comers. What is best to each man is best—a book, a friend, or a faith.



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RUNNING FIRE

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By MARK DANIELS, A. I. A.

FREEDOM

There is no such thing as freedom in the sense of being utterly free to do anything we please whenever we want to. We think we are not our brothers' keeper, but we are. We think we will go to the movie tonight but the telephone rings or we miss the boat and we can't go. We would like to express our hatred for existing conditions, our rebellion against injustices of the system, but we are afraid to, which is tantamount to saying that we can't. The man who has the least freedom of all is the working man with a family.

When a king decides that he needs a night off to shoot a game of Kelly pool at the corner pub all he has to do is call his *valet de chambre* or secretary (it's been so long since I was a king that I've forgotten which) and say to him, "Convey my respects to her Majesty and tell her that I am going up to the Bodleian Library for an evening with Chaucer." Even if he doesn't get back before three a.m., nothing is said. You can't throw crockery at the crown, particularly when it is on the king's head. But just let a common man without a crown, other than his anatomical one, say to his wife, "By the way, dearie, I'm going to run over to the lodge for a little while tonight," and he is likely to hear, in good old American, "Says who?", and to receive a crown of cranium cracking crockery that will make him regret that it has no diamonds in it.

Many of us jump from the county jail into the penitentiary in search of utter freedom, the freedom in which no one is free.

RADIO

Why in the name of a bleeding and suffering Savior do these manufacturing plutocrats continue to torture the air with those banal announcers and their programs filled with the rhyming of cat with hat, mouse with house, and man with can. One of them is on the air now with the announcer reading golden words of the declaration of beauty and genius that will follow with all the unctious of a high school boy reciting for the first time the "Lady of the Lake." Prizes are given for patter songs of the first years of this century that would make Frank Pixley turn in his grave. Paid claqueurs encore mechanically at such jokes as "I'm your match. Strike and see where you light." Music follows, confined for five minutes to a major chord and a chord of the seventh. Cowboys, who wouldn't know a cow if she bit them on the leg, sing melodies with that twanging nasal tone that sounds like nothing so much as a pig scratching on a barbed wire fence.

There are three general kinds of announcers: the domineering, threatening, I-dare-you-not-to-listen kind; the wise-cracking, see-how-clever-I-am kind; and the palsy-walsy, now-let's-everybody-get-into-this-kind. Couple these with the statements of direct commercial announcements of tooth pastes that will turn black teeth white before you can get the brush out of your mouth, cold cures that will dry your nose to dust in the middle of a sneeze and foods that will replace all other forms of nourishment from sawdust to sirloins and you have one reason why many people are using their radios for the exclusive purpose of setting their watches.

The radio is one of our greatest institutions and there are some programs that are glorious, but you will blister your thumb dial-dodging around to catch them without having to listen to a lot of rot and exaggerations. Just a minute, Jack Benny is coming on.

THE CHISELER

SAN FRANCISCO has a long chain of great artists. From studios in her "Latin quarter" canvases have been sent out that are hanging on

noble walls in nearly every country in the world. In the halls of the Bohemian Club are masterpieces of sculpture and painting by such men as Arthur Putnam, Jo Mora, Haig Patigian, Earl Cummings, Jules Pages, Charles Peters, Maynard Dixon, William Keith, Thad Welch and Charles Dickman.

Of those still living Charlie Dickman is the dean, at least in point of years. A few nights ago a friend said to him, "Charlie, I hate to do this, but times have changed. When I could have paid you the honest price of one of your paintings that I have admired during the thirty years of our friendship I was too busy to remember to do so. Times have changed but I still want the picture. It is the one on the floor behind the door. I want it more than I did the first time I saw it. I'm ashamed to make the offer but I'll give you a hundred dollars for it."

"Aw, now, look here," Charlie stuttered. "That picture has been in my way for thirty-five years. It's yours right now and I'm glad to give it to you."

"No," said the purchaser, "I won't take it unless I pay you something for it."

"Aw, say now. I've stumbled over that damn thing until I'm about ready to throw it out of the window. I'll send it over to-morrow," said Charlie.

"Not unless you say you will accept my check for a hundred dollars."

"My, you're stubborn," said Charlie. "How about making it five dollars."

"One hundred or nothing," said his friend.

"Gee," Charlie said, finally. "You're hard to deal with. Let's make it a drink and a cigar and call it quits."

"Charlie Dickman," cried his friend, "I've known you for thirty years and this is the first time I've known you to try to Jew anyone down."

And there the matter stands. Charlie sent the picture, all wrapped and ready, over to the club but the man who wants it will not take it until Charlie consents to accept payment.

I, myself, have known Charlie Dickman for thirty years and, while I hate to say it, I fear that he has become just another chiseler.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

ASHBURTON AVENUE in San Francisco is a scant six feet wide between curbs and less than a hundred feet long but I would not have the city change a scratch or crack in its pavement or walls. It is a lone link with the past.

The treatment that age metes out to men is reversed with cities as they grow older. Wrinkles deepen in men's faces, furrows come between brows as time carves character, or the lack of it, around the mouth and eyes. But with cities, old places are torn down and new and beautiful ones replace them so that the old is finally lost or replaced by a new and younger character.

Nor would I like to have the name changed to Ash Alley or Burt Lane, which might be more in keeping with its dimensions. I like to pause on the corner and picture the days of the early settlement when "Ashburton Avenue" meant a lot to an ambitious community, when some adventurous fortune-hunter dreamed of returning from the gold fields with enough money to build a brown stone front astride it. No, let it remain for all time Ashburton Avenue.

TOO LATE

I WANT to go to some place where men whistle while they work. I want to hear "Hya, Bill," "Hya, Joe", ring with gusto in the streets. I want to go where children roll hoops in the parks and where well-dressed men and women stroll together of a moonlit evening on the public walks. I want to go to a city where church bells are music to the

ear, where there are trees in the streets, full of singing birds, where ruddy-checked riders trot by on well-kept horses, where children ride bicycles and where men still know how to smile.

I am tired of parks so full of bums too lazy to work that there is no room for women and children. I am sick of strikes, brick throwing, cursing, kidnapping, tobacco chewing, snarling men, barren streets, perfumed cocktail bars, slot machines, radios and screaming automobiles. I want to find some place in this world where men carry heavy burdens for old women, where children are not taught to shoot song birds and where slander is taboo, but I guess it is too late.

A HOUSE TALKS

"OH, LORD, there goes a single layer of cheap building paper on my roof. And over sheathing with a lot of knot-holes in it, at that. I'll have a cold in the head with the first rain. And there goes horizontal sheathing on my ribs. How the devil do they expect me to stand the strain? I won't be able to last through the first winter wind. Gosh, they certainly expect a lot of a fellow. And no flashing around my windows, nor weather stripping either. If I'm not full of rheumatism before I'm a year old, it'll be a miracle. No double studs at the corners, bracing all cock-eyed, no room for plumbing stacks in my walls, spiked construction in my roof trusses, not enough sub-floor ventilation. If dry rot doesn't get me, the termites will. With the scant cripple studs that old contractor-designer is using, all my arches will be fallen by the time the family moves in. I wish that contractor were going to live here—I'd like to drop my first piece of ceiling on his head. And such detail! Why couldn't he hire an architect? Who wants to stand here and have everyone laugh at him? Oh, well, it won't be for long." The house sighed and slowly settled down.

FEET OF CLAY

IT GRIEVES me to learn that an idol can be wrong now and then, but I fear that it is true. I have been reading J. Henri Fabre for some years. His "Hunting Wasps," "Life of the Bee," "Life of the Spider" are marvels of charm and accuracy. But in his "Life of the Fly," which I am now reading I have found an error which pains me.

He variously estimates the length of a fly's life as very short, but he has never been in my favorite restaurant.

In that café, where I eat my lunch about three times a week, there is a table near a window which gets a bit of sun. For three years I have, as I say, gone there about three times a week. A fly, of no unusual attraction, was there the first time I sat at that table. He has been there every day since. He does not grow in girth, evidence of temperance, nor can I see any change in him, or perhaps her. So he is a well-bred fly. Also he is a celibate, for he is always alone, another evidence of his powers of restraint.

Several times the first year I tried to swat him with a napkin. Then I began to be glad I failed. If I should go in and find no fly at my table I would feel deserted. We have our lunch together in peace and quiet—peace for him and quiet for me. I wonder if he has the secret of perpetual youth. My hair grows thin, but I can see little change in him. Each day he welcomes me with the same old familiar buzz and takes an occasional nip from my butter or custard, then perches on my ear, using a stray lock for his serviette. Yes, it is a French restaurant. Perhaps that is one reason why it is so sad to learn that Henri Fabre is wrong about the length of a fly's life.



INTERIOR DECORATION THAT OFFERS CHANGE OF MOOD AND COSTUME

Dining Room of Mr. and Mrs. Allan Chickering, Piedmont

William W. Wurster, A. I. A., Architect

Ursula Sawyer and Montgomery Knowles, A.I.D., Decorators

Varying its mood with the occasion and time of day, this dining room presents the modern formula of the decorative theory. Eighteenth century furniture is placed against a background so sensitive to light that it records each variation in value and color of the daylight. During the day, wide windows and tall mirrors merge the room and the garden. At night, silken hangings and the mural panels transform the interior into a contemporary fantasy. Through four full height glass doors, opening east, the trees, flowers and lawn reflect in a wide ceiling-to-floor mirror. North through

a broad low window, another view of the garden is the daytime decoration, while at night two sliding doors drawn together become a mural by Esther Bruton, an imaginative scene in the high Sierras. The paper was designed for the room and is painted in pearly white on a blue field, graduating to a very pale tint which carries over the ceiling. At the glass doors are hangings of loose, hand-woven satin. The doors and mouldings are of cedar, whitened, but showing the grain and rubbed very smooth. The chair seats are of white leather and introduce an interesting variation of texture in the room.



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STAGE SET, MUSEUM, JUNK SHOP OR HOME

By BEN DAVIS, A. I. D.

UNLESS a professional decorator has "jelled", he analyzes his clients and places them in one of four general classifications: You are seeking a dramatic background for your personality; You have a definite reverence and love for antiques; You are a "collector" (with or without discriminating taste); You want to live comfortably within the limits of good taste—in style—but not conspicuously.

Today interior decoration is definitely establishing a regard for individual interpretations rather than the submissive following of a fetish or fashion. Vogues, crazes, extremes of styles are avoided in the contemporary technique of decoration. The becomingness of the room itself and the comfort of the occupants are given primary consideration before that of fashion. Increasingly popular has become the idea of decorating a room around particular hobbies or fancies of the owner of the household. This method has created decoration that is as individual and personal as an old glove or pair of riding boots.

Individual expression deserves encouragement and stimulation as it is the basic principle of decorative styles. Styles and fashions of architecture and furniture often have resulted from the self expression of strong personalities. But the desire to follow one's own inclinations and preferences has definite limitations and can very easily become tedious and lacking in character.

A room that is decorated with obvious attempts at creating "effects" will sometimes react in another direction. The desire to be different will many times result in a room that is made monotonous by its eccentricities. Decoration that strives to achieve the effect of a "knockout" will frequently, given time enough, have that disastrous result.

It is important to remember that the spectacular and dramatic are something that needs subtle handling to retain the identity of good taste.

The methods of the scenic artist working in the theater or on the movie set are well suited to their particular needs, but it is not conceivable that the same methods can be resorted to in furnishing a home. Theatrical effects are too high-pitched, too transitory to provide anything like a restful background that is required of a home.

There are occasions and places where dramatic contrasts have to be employed to give character and interest to a room. But the whole room decorated from the standpoint of the dramatic and bizarre will eventually wear out its stimulus and become tedious and vulgar. The effort necessary to live up to such

a scheme of decoration would in itself become wearisome and devitalizing. Interior decoration as visualized by the scenic artist, is designed for momentary effects and as background for dramatic actions. A home is of a more permanent nature and the dramatic events of life are very few and need little decoration to make them memorable.

Another type of decoration that is equally ineffective and lacking in appropriateness is the house that becomes a museum by its contents and decoration. The beauties of archeology are the distinguishing characteristics of a museum, and are intensely interesting to view in a roped-off section devoted to the household arts of the past, but when that same scheme of existence is adopted into the contemporary scene the result is cold and formidable. Interior decoration of the past, like the interior decoration of the present day is in part a result of the need of the day. Remove the necessity and there is little need for recreating the past.

The instinct to collect is a human characteristic, but it is an instinct that allowed to run riot in the home soon becomes a social evil. The beauties of old silver, the fine arts, oriental rugs, rare glass and porcelain, cannot be denied by any contemporary theory of decoration. But in the home these rare and precious things need the proper place and setting. They cannot be haphazardly put into a room without a definite attempt to place them in the right environment and background. Once allowed to assume the major interest in the room by their numbers, they have a fashion of making the home no longer a home but a museum for the housing of precious objects. Too many old masters become so important that the wall loses its identity. Rugs and furniture become so dominant that human desires and needs are dwarfed in such an environment.

A house should not lack this interest in the past, but it must be so subtly introduced into the scheme of decoration that it does not dominate the scene but rather contributes to the beauty and the charm of the room. It is well to remember that all great collectors from the time of the Roman emperors, who prized the rarities of ancient Greece and the Orient, to the present day when everything is collected from snuff boxes to spectacles, that the effort has been to limit the quantity while striving for the perfection of quality. In this way good examples are acquired and become important. It is a good idea to remember when the temptation becomes great to add another item to the decoration of a room. A taste for eighteenth century glass can be made a

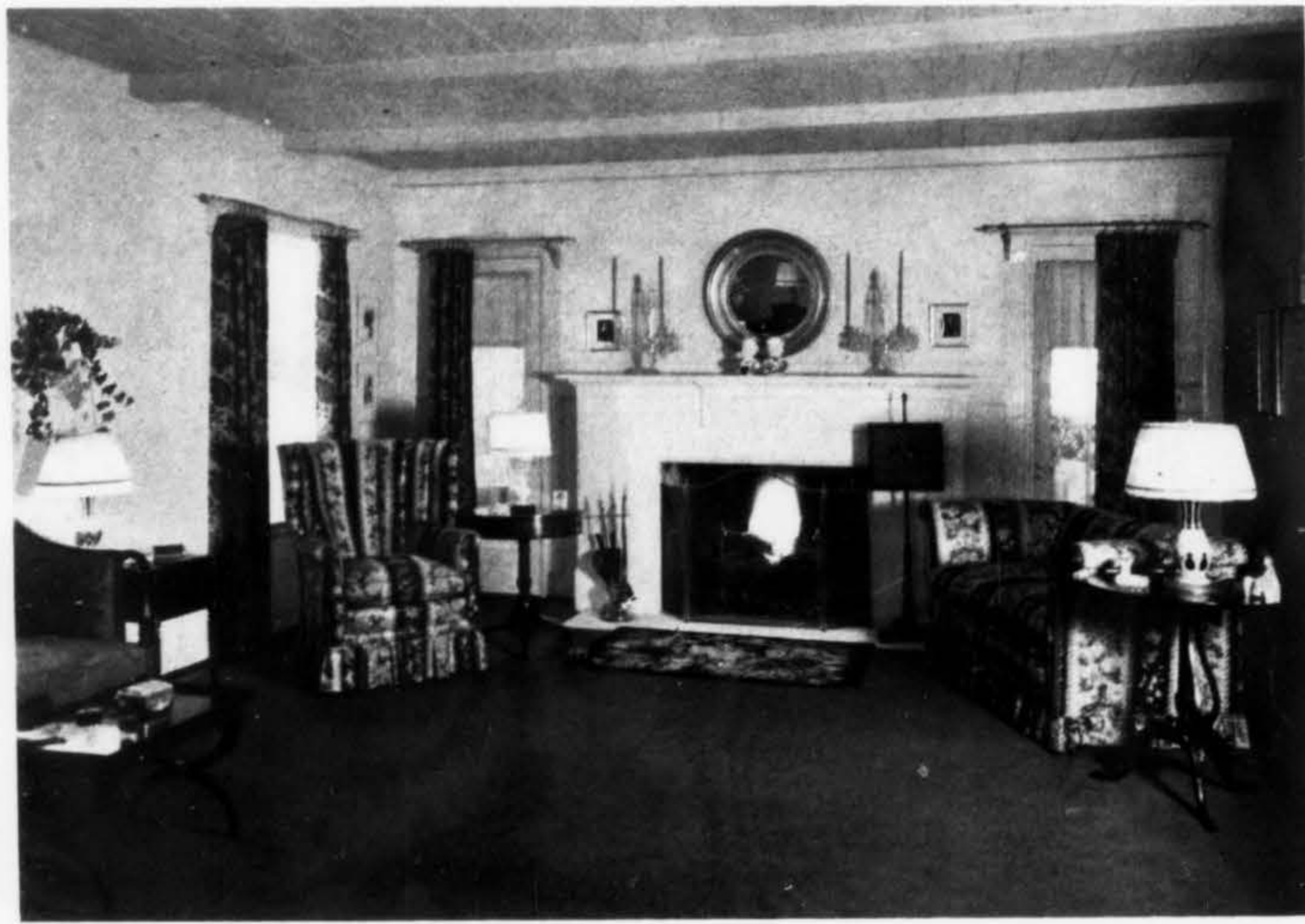
charming and fitting adjunct to the decorative scheme of a house but the moment the glass becomes the most important thing, the home automatically becomes a museum.

After the war the passion for antiques increased overwhelmingly and the result in bad taste was disastrous to the decorative arts of the period. Lacking examples of the earlier arts and stimulated by the opening of the American Wing of the Metropolitan, America began to discover its inheritance. From Maine to California, attics and cellars were scuttled for examples of cherry and mahogany. Museums and great private collectors acquired the good examples and the remainder was foisted upon an unsuspecting public. Farmer wives were besieged by their city neighbors in an effort to find odd pieces of old glass and rusty iron. In many cases the results were not appreciably bad as the public was encouraged to become absorbed in its surroundings and there was an increased interest in literature and history. But the intrinsic value of "Early American" which its sturdy strength and individuality, was lost sight of in the rush for possession, of something, anything from the past. Whale oil lamps were not numerous enough to supply the demand and coal oil lamps were sought to take their place. Those fortunate enough to possess good examples as family inheritances smiled superiorly at their less fortunate neighbors. The longing for the patina of age was not to be denied. Dealers in old junk became accustomed to a trade dressed in sable and Persian lamb and they smiled knowingly while extolling the virtues of a sugar bowl, circa 1885, or a rocking chair with cane back and seat, circa 1890.

The charms of Ezra Meeker and American Gothic are quaint and interesting, but they lack any real merit as works of art or craftsmanship. In the west we pride ourselves on our "Around the Horn" furniture as much as an European values the beauty of his fifteenth century wood paneling, or our eastern neighbors the lovely lines of the American School of Chippendale, but history cannot be confused with interior decoration.

Family inheritances are made precious by sentiment, but too liberally distributed they become annoying chattels. Good furniture of the past or the present is beautiful and important and belongs in the modern scheme. Family inheritances of good furniture are few and as such have a definite place in the decoration of a room. However, the chair that belonged to Aunt Jenepher and she sat in all the years of her life, glowers like her daguerre-

(Continued on Page 40)



Photographs by Mott Studios



THE HOME OF
MR. AND MRS. JOHN BOLES
Beverly Hills, California

PHYLLIS C. KAISER, DECORATOR

The living room in the Boles' residence extends the full length of the south side of the house. It is large enough to accommodate a gathering of friends, small enough to be intimate and private. All of the colors are cheerful and bright, but blend into each other in a subdued and harmonious whole. The walls and ceiling are an off-white giving the room a Colonial atmosphere that serves as a perfect background for the Early American furniture and fine antique pieces which the Boles have collected. The rug is a soft green broadloom and in front of the fireplace is a small colorful rug of French gros point. The love seat and wing chair are not only colorful but unusually comfortable. On the mantel is a pair of delicate looking Meissen heads and on either side hangs a very old miniature, beautifully mounted. Over the Sheraton sofa, which claims to be an original, is a portrait of the Boles' elder daughter, Marcelite, done by S. Lautman. The sofa is upholstered in green as is a valuable old rosewood tub chair which can just be glimpsed at the left of the picture. A portrait by S. Lautman of Janet, the younger daughter, hangs between original Sheffield sconces over the sideboard in the dining room. At the other end of the living room is an ebony grand piano as Mr. Boles takes his singing seriously and no doubt is called upon often to render a ditty for the delectation of his guests.



The dining room in the Boles residence viewed at night is a maze of flickering candles, beautiful old Sheffield silver and a very splendid crystal chandelier, brought to this country from Mexico. The walls are a deeper Adam's green—the broadloom rug a rich maroon. The drapes are hand-painted linen—the furniture highly polished mahogany Sheraton and Duncan Phyffe. Miss Marcelite's bedroom is a dream in seafoam green and peach, a combination of colors that is essentially feminine. The curtains are filmy point d'esprit in peach with pale green binding. The chaise lounge is upholstered in peach and is covered with Duchess lace pillows. The master bedroom is more dignified with its four-postered, canopied bed and its knee-hole desk in the corner. Two pieces which do not show in these pictures but which are special prides of Mrs. Boles are a fine Queen Anne mirror which hangs in the entrance hall and nearby a very, very old clock with the original wooden works. After a long tiresome day, a home filled with lovely old furniture, and beautiful treasures, soothes and relaxes jangled nerves and many are finding this peaceful quality in the traditions of our forefathers and in the simple, dignified furniture of Early America.





Photographs by George Haight

RESIDENCE OF MR. AND MRS. H. H. PATTERSON

West Los Angeles, California

H. ROY KELLEY, ARCHITECT

SIMANK-SEARCY, A. I. D., DECORATORS





Constructed of wood frame and plaster with brick veneer painted a soft green and all the wood trim painted white, the Patterson home has pleasing, gracious lines that savor of old hospitality intermingled with modern entertaining. The terraces and walks are of red brick laid to pattern. The shingle roof has been stained a neutral brown. In the living room furnished in a simple English style, the walls are of soft green forming a pleasant background for the beige, pale yellow and green tones of the home-spuns and chintz materials. Bits of blue and cherry red add brightness to the more somber tones. The breakfast room is refreshing in brown, citron and white. The curtains are glazed white chintz with a wooden ball fringe. The cute little chairs are upholstered in a yellow chintz with brown criss-crosses. A couple of cheerful zinnias complete the setting.



Photographs by Mott Studios



RESIDENCE OF
MR. AND MRS. J. G. LEONE

Flintridge, California

KEMPER NOMLAND

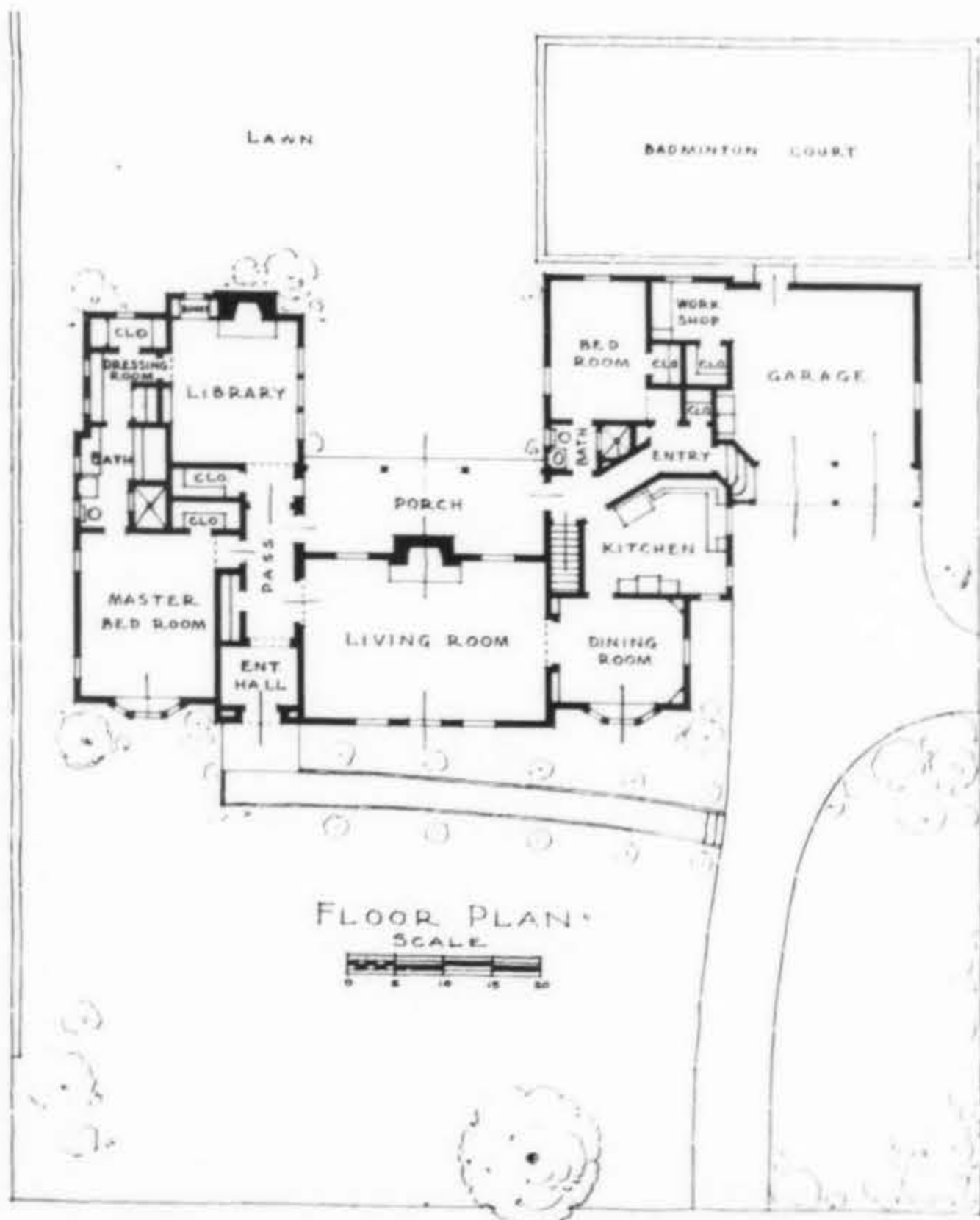
Architect

Of the greatest simplicity, this is a type of house that has a host of admirers. In the east it is called Cape Cod, but on the coast, it is better known as California Colonial. White with green shutters, the shingle roof has been left to weather. The brick chimneys are white-washed and the redwood channel boarding and redwood gables are painted white.

In the rear the brick terrace looks out on a pleasant lawn and behind the garage is a badminton court, a game which continues to grow in popularity.

The dining room with its oak plank floor is blue and white with mahogany furniture and brass fixtures. The organdie curtains and the Venetian blinds are white—the wall-paper gray with blue flowers.

The den or library is often the real living room of a home. In the Leone residence the den is paneled with knotty pine finished in antique white. The rug is a soft brown, the wingback chair is upholstered in a hand-blocked linen of tans, the lounge chair is a cheerful yellow, the furniture mahogany.





Photographs by W. P. Woodcock

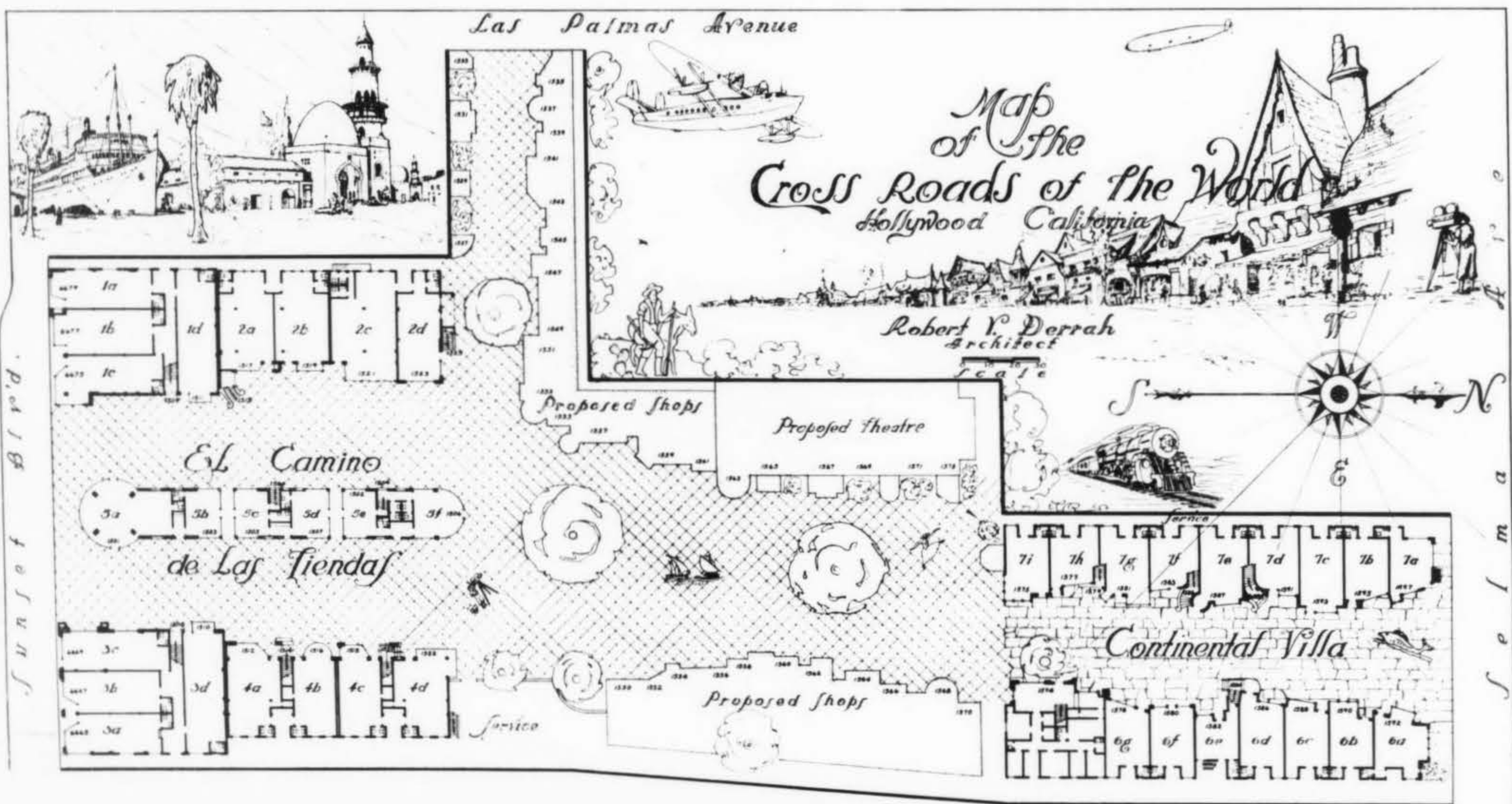
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CROSS ROADS OF THE WORLD

Hollywood, California

ROBERT V. DERRAH
Architect

CALHOUN-HASTINGS, Ltd.
Builders





East is East and West is West—but that the twain may meet architecturally is beautifully evidenced at the Cross Roads of the World, Hollywood's new cosmopolitan shopping center, where may be found merchandise from across the seven seas.

At Sunset Boulevard, on one side of the street are Italian and French architecture—on the other, Spanish and Mexican. Centered at the entrance is a marine-modern structure surmounted by a sixty-foot tower, which, like Atlas, supports a world eight feet in diameter.

Northward up the street are buildings remindful of Moorish, Turkish, and Mohammedan design, while further northward, paralleling geography, stand buildings of Northern European style. From Las Palmas Avenue, the shopper walks through a narrow, crooked street of Cape Cod and Early American shops.

A problem was the marriage of commerce and history—to get modern show windows into the Old World styles. But bay windows of various shapes and patterns shed the desired light on the difficulty. An effect of masonry was preserved without sacrifice of glass.

A continental cafe and a theater of modern classical design further suggest Old World philosophy of pleasure before business.



Photographs by Don Milton

A PROBLEM BETWEEN ARCHITECTURE AND INDUSTRY

By WILLIAM J. GAGE, ARCHITECT

THE modernizing of the plant of the Payne Furnace & Supply Company represented what at first seemed almost a riddle, but has now been completed with such satisfaction that all connected with it are justly proud of their efforts.

Limited ground space, a structure composed of a number of units which had been built at various periods, and production departments working full capacity to meet shipping dates on orders, were all handicaps necessary to be overcome without cessation of operations.

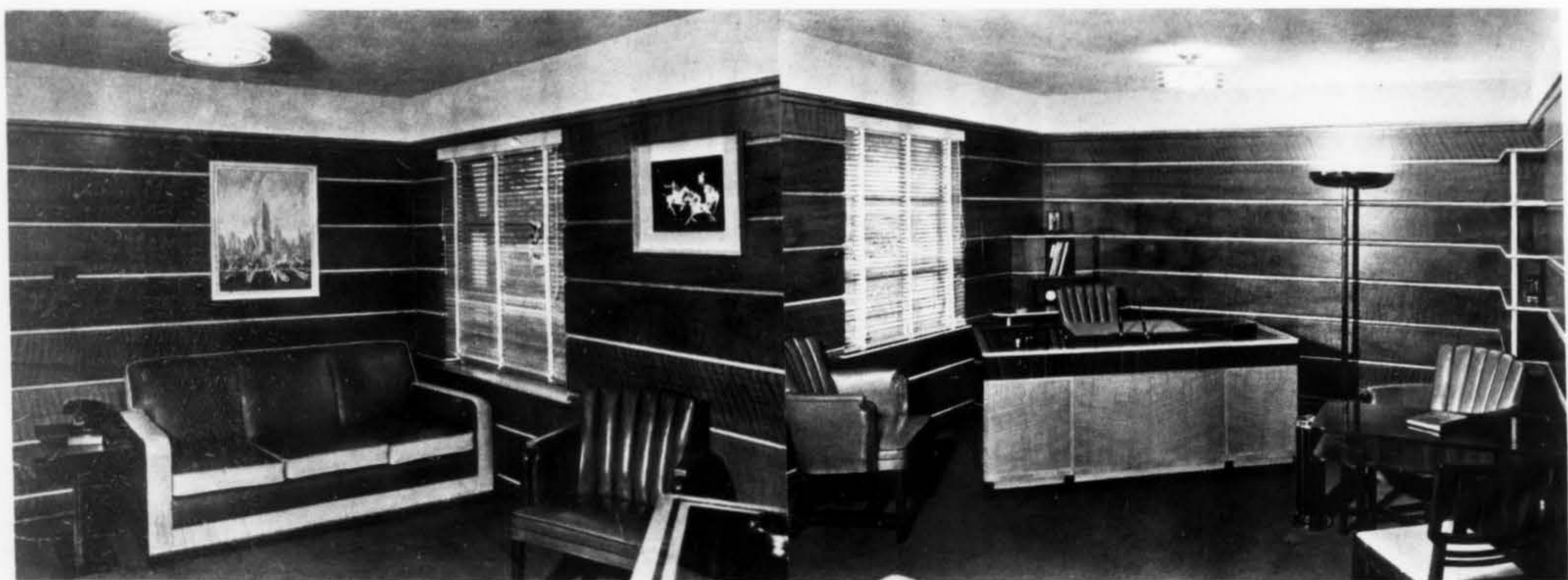
Before any work was begun a complete survey was made of the various departments

and the added requirements of each to accommodate the greatly increased activities of this growing organization. Manufacturing facilities were reviewed, new machinery spotted, in order to coordinate and somewhat condense the area required for manufacturing while some of the major structural changes were made.

Principally due to the small amount of unused land owned by the company it was found desirable to build a second floor over a portion of the existing factory to accommodate the light manufacturing, such as the sheet metal department. This left the space below

for conversion to painting and assembling departments. With slight rearrangement throughout the plant generally, materials now follow through into the paint shop, are assembled, crated and shipped with the least amount of handling.

The outstanding revisions in the factory structure was the building of this second floor space and revamping the paint and assembly departments, together with the installation of an electric freight elevator. The painting department as now laid out consists of three sections: a spray room, graining room, where natural wood grains are applied, and the



modern bake ovens for processing the enameled products of the factory.

As well as additional production space it was also necessary to provide for office expansion. Included in the plans was a new, two-story addition of reinforced concrete, which was placed in the only available plot on Foothill Road.

A display room occupies one-half the depth of the first floor and extends its entire width. This room was finished in modern bone-ivory, with concealed lighting. This allows a display of the colored units without their being affected by their background. A service and installation department occupies the remainder of this floor.

On the second floor is an assembly room with lecture platform, this room being made to accommodate about three hundred persons in seating arrangement and around one hundred twenty-five at tables. The acoustical properties of this room are exceptionally good, and the scheme of decoration with touches of blue against the solid shade of ivory in the wall finishes, has produced a very pleasing effect.

A model kitchen adjoins the assembly room and is attractively done in modern butter yellow and fitted with modern fixtures. A sheet rubber drainboard with chrome edging and a two compartment, dish-washing sink, together with the newest models of gas-fired equipment; range, urns and refrigerator, form a part of the equipment in this kitchen.

Offices and a reference library comprise the additional rooms on this floor.

When this portion of the building was completed the office personnel was moved into it and the renovation and modernization of the existing offices begun. The executive offices, in the front portion of this building have a very interesting treatment of curly redwood, wide boards placed horizontally with a maple strip between, giving a striking contrast and very pleasing effect. These rooms are furnished in excellent taste and provide the proper dignity, which is further accentuated by the sound-proofing and acoustical treatment.

The façade of the combined new and existing office buildings presents a restrained modern type of architecture. The exterior

(Continued on Page 39)

The new plant of the Payne Furnace and Supply Company in Beverly Hills is not only modern but very efficient. The executive offices have been designed to inspire deep thought—they are paneled with redwood, with horizontal bands of maple, and are lighted indirectly in the most approved manner. Even the polo scenes are conducive to brilliant ideas. A large drafting room is supplied salesmen for laying out complete and efficient heating systems. Different equipment is effectively displayed throughout the building and even in the behind-the-scenes departments a modern, pleasant, and up-to-date atmosphere is achieved. William J. Gage, architect. L. D. Richardson, builder.





“ . . . BUT
I HAVEN'T A
MORRIS CHAIR”

By CHESTER MORRIS

A STUDIO biography tells me that I am the “famous son of a famous father.” While I think the publicity department in referring to me sacrificed truth to euphony, I can confirm that my father was famous. He was William Morris, the stage star. Mother was Etta Hawkins, a noted actress.

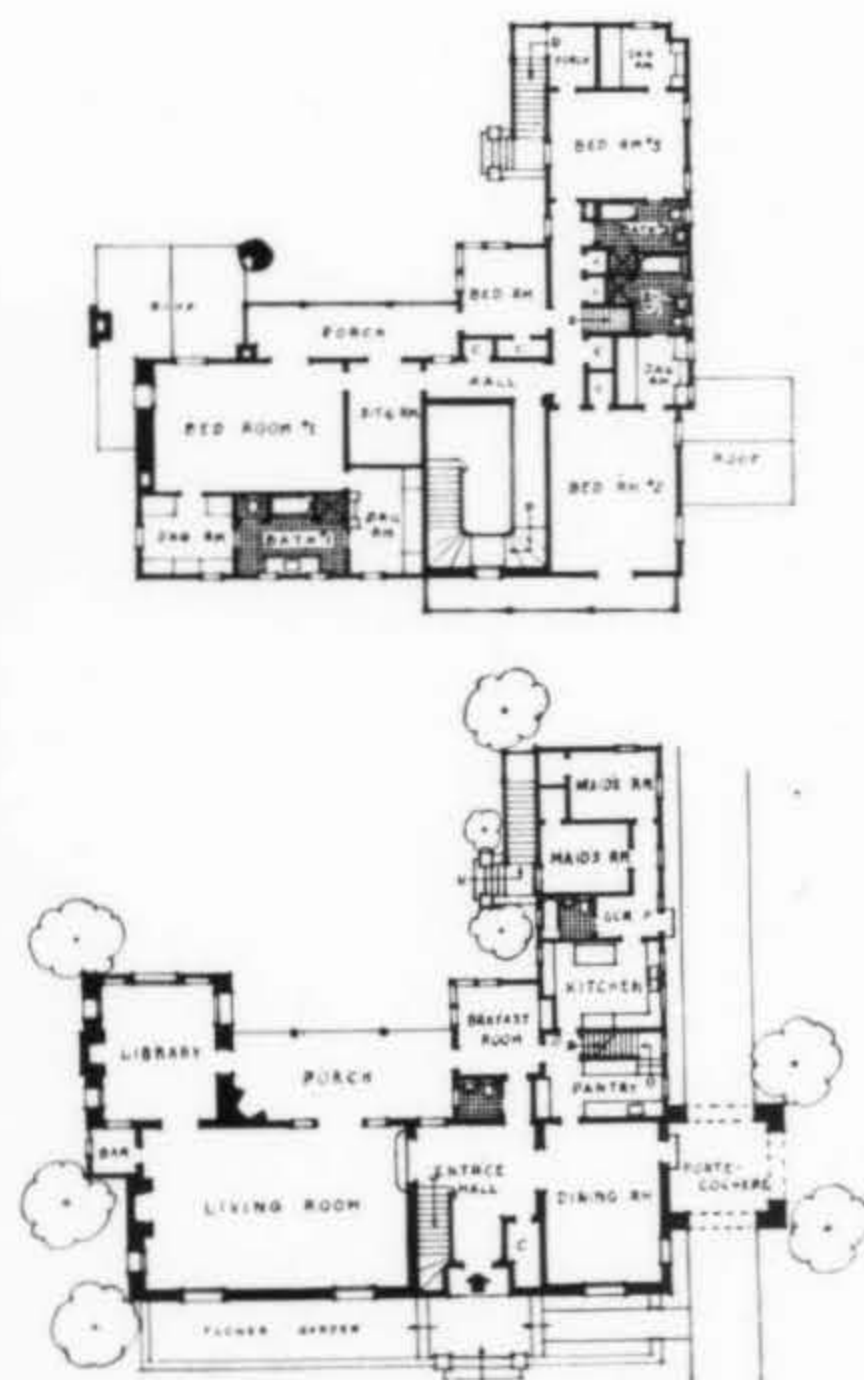
I was born at New York, but instead of playing with a rattle, I listened long evenings to the rattle of train cars, as my cradle was mostly an upper berth. I saw America first—before I saw a schoolhouse. The American stage was at a high reach of glory, and Mother and Dad were popular the country-wide.

Their tours afforded me an extensive survey of American grade school education, from New York to San Francisco. I did my reading “home work” on time tables, my arithmetic on counting telephone poles, and my geography by looking out the window. But I received my high school education in a more stationary manner—metamorphosing from the simplicity of a freshman to the sophistication of a senior at the Mount Vernon High School in New York.

My own ambition was, quite naturally, to be an actor like Dad. Even while at art school, I played hookey to go into vaudeville, as the “Mysterious Morris,” magician—doing

sleight-of-hand. Dad finally diagnosed my footlight fever and found me an engagement with Lionel Barrymore in “The Copperhead,” on the New York stage. After that I played in “Home Towners” and took my turn at the title of “Broadway’s youngest leading man”—at seventeen, in “Turn to the Right.” I was young, at least, if not too good.

After “Thunder,” “The Exciters,” “So This Is London” and some other plays, I started in pictures with “Alibi”—a role for which I was recommended by D. W. Griffith. Whether he commended me to that for the sake of the stage or the screen, I don’t know. At any rate, I’ve been in pictures since—really





Upper left: looking towards the fireplace in the living room. The large mirror extending from the floor to the ceiling makes the room brighter and more spacious. The upper right is a view of the dining

room while below are the master bedroom on the left, and the guest bedroom on the right. The charm of the old-fashioned canopied beds is brought up-to-date by nothing less than Venetian blinds.

"getting my feet wet" in "The Big House," with Wallace Beery and Robert Montgomery.

I was married to Suzanne Kilburn in 1927 and we are now super proud of our two youngsters—Brooks and Cynthia. I have one sister, Willy, and two brothers in Hollywood—Adrian, an actor, and Gordon, a writer.

My chief crony is an old "cellmate," so to speak. Bob Montgomery and I met while we were making "The Big House," a prison picture. But we're "going straight" now, "trying to keep the right aims in life"—particularly at golf, skeet shooting, and tennis. I find that the studio biography says "Chester is an expert golfer, a fair pianist, plays a good game of tennis. . . ." The author of that has apparently only actually seen me playing the piano.

Naturally we are quite proud of our new home in Beverly Hills. I suppose you would call it Monterey on the outside, but the inside we know is modified Georgian. It is situated on an acre of ground in the center

of the district that was at one time Will Rogers' favorite stamping ground. In fact the plot was originally purchased from Will Rogers and the garage in the rear has been converted from the old stable.

They say every movie star in Hollywood has to have a swimming pool, but we don't have ours for appearances only—we really use and enjoy it. We think the original builder and owner of our home, Ray Stahmann, did a good job, especially by the pool.

The editor informs me that everyone always wants to know just what color everything is. Bill Haines who is responsible for colors, materials and whatnot has helped me out. The theme of the drawing room is Classical with white columns on either side of the gray velvet sofa. The mural above the sofa is not wallpaper, but an Italian scene done by Victor Durando.

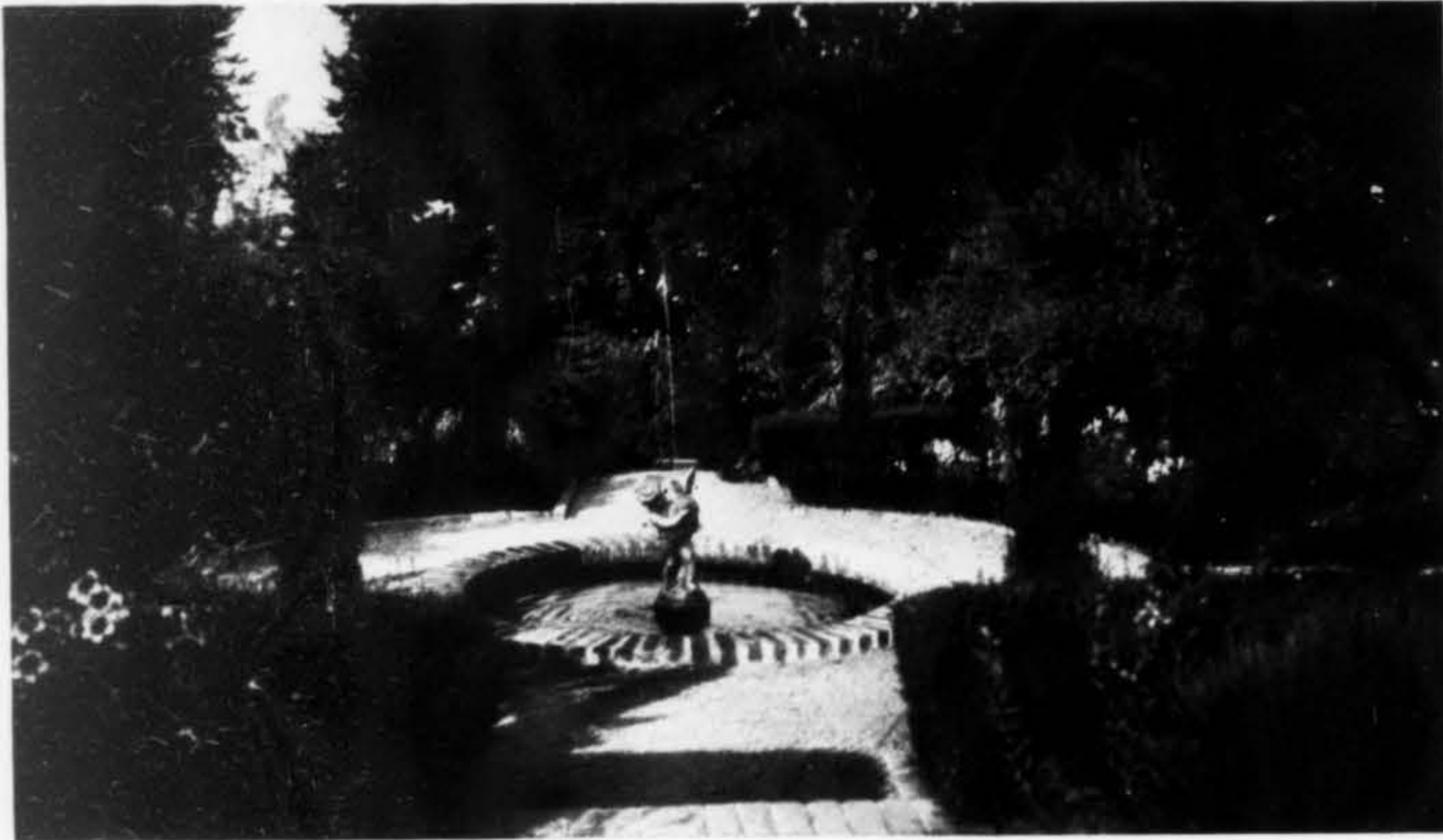
The dining room is Regency—a Sheraton sideboard—Hepplewhite table—Regency chairs with white leather seats. We think the

floor is a little different and we think, too, that besides being lovely to look at it is extremely practical—it is white linoleum with a black border. No—it is not a bit funereal, but fresh and modern. Oh yes—I almost forgot, the drapes are blue taffeta trimmed with white silk rope.

In the guest room the Colonial motif is predominant. The flowered wallpaper and ruffled curtains make this room one of the most charming rooms in the house.

Our bedroom is more Colonial with draperies of white voile trimmed with a ball fringe. The mahogany four-poster beds have canopies of white voile and more ball fringe. The sofa is upholstered in a white silk rep.

All in all, we don't believe that California is such a bad place in which to live, nor do we think that Hollywood is half as terrible as the headlines would indicate. It's pouring rain today, but there is plenty of "unusual" weather just around the corner—so I guess we'll stay.



THE FUNCTIONS OF LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTS

By HOWARD GILKEY
Landscape Architect

"The axis within the house . . . should carry into the garden." Estate of Mrs. Carrie B. Tait in Oakland.

IN A DAY of orchid, jade and ecru-tinted tile bathrooms; when prizes are being offered for the design of kitchen sinks; when everything in the home must be beautiful; it may well be conceived that much thought should be given to the design of beautiful gardens.

The whole former conception of the garden has passed; in our early childhood a spacious front lawn, dotted with a miscellaneous assemblage of single trees and shrubs, provided vistas from the front porch and served practically as the sum total of garden design. Of course there were exceptions, but you will recall the mansion built in the nineties with the driveway passing entirely around the residence, placing it within an island, so to speak, and gracing the sward were more or less elegant cast iron deer, dogs and a Venus upon a pedestal.

With the awakening to a realization of the imperative importance of beauty, not as a trimming, but as the vital essence of all things furnished for human use and enjoyment, the garden is at last coming into its own. It is one of the many phases of design comprehended in the rather new profession of Landscape Architecture.

This may be considered a highly specialized type of architectural practice, in which it must not be inferred that the type of design is necessarily formal, for the materials used are to a large degree the free, informal materials of nature herself. Its field overlaps that of architecture in matters of construction; its separate field is found when garden design achieves the role of imitation of nature, or is performed in the spirit of the Landscape Painter who might be conceived as using the actual surface of the earth with its rocks and rills and templed hills and forests primeval. Here the work of the Landscape Architect reveals the heritage of the original highly professional "landscape gardeners" of the early part of the nineteenth century.

May I interpose a word in behalf of the correct denomination of our profession? As you know, the study of words reveals their eventual debasement; an alley was once allee, a beautiful tree-lined mall; boulevard is now becoming a synonym for red and green lights, road-hogs and inchers, and the fetid breath of a myriad motors; and our friends of the realty profession have utterly spoiled the word "home". The title "landscape gardener" has come to mean ornamental horticulturist, open-air man whose forte lies in fostering the growth of plant life. We would appreciate on the part of the public an understanding that the term "Landscape Architect" should be applied to a profession in which the matter of ethics is a prime requisite, in which professional training is basic, a profession noted for artistic achievement such as to entitle it to be ranked as a fine art along with architecture, sculpture and painting.

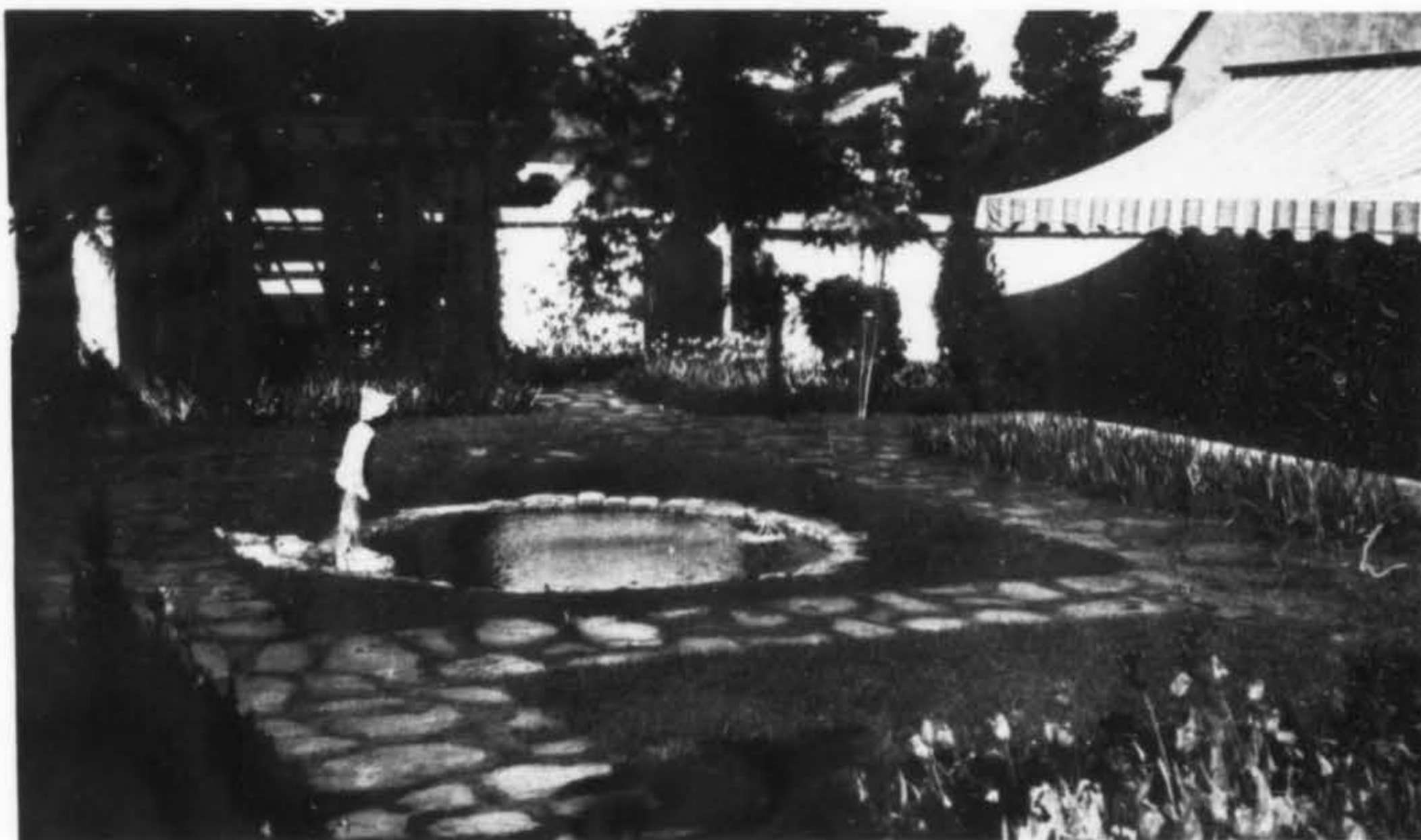
In what departments of our communal life does a Landscape Architect assist? He makes plans for a potential city upon lands which at present are useful only for agriculture. Herein he may devise the thoroughfares upon which the future teeming throngs may pass in the hurry of modern life. When it is considered that the life and comfort of countless persons are at stake, the promiscuous subdivision of land should no longer be tolerated. His plans will provide for the division of the blocks into lots, the reservation of certain areas as civic centers, others as parks with connecting parkways, school grounds, and areas for public and semi-public recreation, such as golf courses. As the lots are sold and the city grows, he may elaborate upon the plan of the civic center, providing for elegant formal gardens, and the schools will be built upon the sites properly provided, and he will collaborate with the architect in the correct placement of the school buildings and design the layout of the athletic fields, play courts and the beautification of the grounds by plant-

ing. The detailed design of the parks and parkways will then follow. How remiss most of our communities are in this regard; so seldom does one see a well planned park, and so rarely a well joined park system.

The Landscape Architect may then assist you in the location of your house upon the site. Few people are aware of the fundamental nature of the services of the Landscape Architect. Much will be gained by bringing him into consultation at the time of the purchase of the lot; information as to winds and thermal conditions, geological formation and soils, the possibilities of garden development and the economical use and disposal of excavated material.

In proceeding with the plans for your garden after the house is placed upon the lot, he will undoubtedly seek to secure for you an economic arrangement, reserving a portion of your usually limited area for your creature comfort and enjoyment. To this end he will seek to group your utility features as compactly as possible, preferably near one boundary, and wisely adjust the distance of the house from the street so as to provide for ample rear gardens where that first essential to all gardens may be secured, namely: the quality of seclusion.

Seclusion should be the prime desideratum of a garden. In fact, it is interwoven in thought with all that the word garden means. The old Anglo-Saxon root words give us a sense of that which is "girt-in". The first essential, then, will be the screening of the boundaries of the lot in all directions whence prying eyes might search the privacy of sequestered regions. The front lawn is no longer the main feature. It is embellished to form a setting for the most conspicuous facade of the house, and to express the owner's compliment to his neighbors for carrying out a harmonious type of beautification, but in the rear garden, which is now emphasized, privacy should be the first principle always in mind.



"The living room should look out on the loveliest portion." The garden of Mrs. L. S. Scott in Piedmont.

However, distant views may be framed through openings in the surrounding plants, and often, indeed, the sense of limitation of boundaries may be entirely obliterated by making use of the principle of landscape design called "appropriation." By this means the eye may carry from the foliage in the foreground, insensibly, to more distant foliage, not sensing any physical gap between the two masses, so that the extent of the property seems to reach to the farther group, the merging having been done so cleverly.

It is highly important to recognize that the garden and the house are complementary components of a larger unit. The subdivisions of the garden may rightly be considered to be outdoor rooms. We have grown accustomed to the relationship between the different rooms within the house. There is likewise a mode and manner of relationship between the elements of a garden, and in their liaison with the house and its various elements. No house may be considered to be well designed unless it has a definite garden entrance. Too often, in the modest type of home, the entrance to what may be really a charming garden is by way of the laundry room, past hampers of soiled clothes, stationary tubs, mops, brooms, buckets. I would like to stress the point of securing a graceful connection between house and garden. Perhaps a window in the living room might be changed to a French door, opening out upon a paved terrace. Very often the breakfast nook or dining room may be slightly modified to provide the necessary opening into the garden. Where possible, the living room should look out upon the loveliest portion. This may be a miniature scene, prepared with almost the same basic concept as that of the artist in contriving a beautiful landscape painting, or again it may be more or less highly formalized and be in actual essence a derivative of the architecture of the house. In any case, the artistic mood of the house should determine the type of the garden. If

there is a pronounced axis or axial treatment within the house, this axis should carry on and into the garden, finding as its terminus an objective that worthily recalls its unity with the house. There is a wide range of possibilities in the matter of garden design, each solution, however, satisfying the basic requirement that when the visual attention is focused definitely in a given direction, something worthy of that attention should be found at the end of the vista; this is basic to both formal and informal design, and is often completely overlooked by the client. The vapid results of failure to provide the proper termini to vistas has so impressed itself upon me that my tendency in present day practice is to make every effort to secure the initial installation of the necessary feature; the rest will come.

I have in mind a number of disappointing instances where vistas have been contrived, and after three or four years growths have attained real charm; when I visit the places originally intended, and as it passes up the glade of greensward, restrained on either side by towering silhouettes, it arrives at—nothing—where a fountain, a sun dial, a seat, or a choice work of sculpture, had been intended in the original design.

At this point we might introduce the subject of style. There has been a seemingly mad scramble in the field of architecture for definitely stylistic results. So many of our friends have homes which are utterly Spanish, unalterably Italian or ineffably English, that the attitude of the owner must be that of one on tiptoe lest he perpetrate a faux-pas and hang the portrait of his great-grandfather where should repose a near-Gobelin tapestry. The same sort of thing is happening in our gardens, although I feel rather hopeful in saying that a bit more sanity is accompanying the effort of late.

Gardens can express the racial sentiments of a people, their religious predilections, the

character of a race, whether stern or gracious; but to an absolutely rigid degree they bespeak the necessities of climate and the restraints of topography. It seems to me altogether false to assume that we might slavishly copy gardens from all parts of the world. The desirable thing is that the practitioner of the art of garden design may enrich his mind with all that the study of various regions of gardens afford, and with this mental background solve the problem in hand. I need but cite to you that upon their return from the Holy Land in the Dark Ages, the Crusaders brought back the lore of the East. They did not bring back as a contribution to the art of the western world definite objects to be copied, such as the intricate arabesques and towering minarets of the Moslem, but rather they brought back the airy grace of thought, the penchant for the fantastic, the bewildering delight of lofty pointed arches. The result woven anew in the loom of western thought was that stupendous achievement—Gothic architecture.

Such a thing is taking place today in California. The homes we are building are not actually English nor Spanish nor Italian; they have more in common than they have affinity for their prototypes. I hope that our gardens may here acquire a new glory, a wide appreciation.

The importance of good construction in the garden should be stressed. We have seen the usage of better construction in our dwellings not only enforced by laws, but insisted upon by the builders of homes themselves. Why should we not keep pace with this progress in the materials used in our gardens? Adherence to this ideal would preclude the use of temporary material of all kinds. Paths would be more frequently made of stone, brick, slate or tile, less frequently of gravel, and never with flimsy board edges. In like manner, too, the very trees and shrubs would partake

(Continued on Page 40)

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(First Alley East of Figueroa)**THE AMATEUR BOTANIST**

OUR ideals are being shattered right and left. Our pet kings are abdicating. Our pet dogs are shedding. Our canaries are molting, and they are beginning to tell us that there is no Santa Claus. In a manful effort to combat this campaign of iconoclasm, and to urge the world to retain its belief in the efficacy of faith, we are going to kick Botany into the ash-can for one issue, and compete with Hans Christian Anderson and James Stevens in the glorious field of legends.

After all, knowing the stories and the background of places, persons and poses that we see, to say nothing of pot houses and public buildings, contributes no small amount of pleasure to that which may be had by mere observation with no knowledge of the background. One of the most delightful phases of the knowledge of plant life is familiarity with some of the legends that surround it.

The Birch

We look upon the Birch tree and think of it as a "virgin" of the forest. We admire the silver trunk and the trembling leaves, but most of us let it go at that. It is much nicer to know that from its bark was made the paper upon which Numa Pompilius wrote seven hundred years before the time of Christ. That the ancients loved the Birch as deeply as we do is testified by their considering it as a safeguard against lightning, gout and caterpillars. Now it has been brought down to date by Mussolini and his fascists, for the fasces of the Roman lictors were bundles of Birch with battle-axes in their centers.

There is a German legend, which I am sure all of us should believe, that the Wild Woman of the Wood made herself visible to a shepherdess, and asked her to dance. The shepherdess, being of a kindly and obliging nature, as all shepherdesses are, complied with the Wild Woman's wish and together they danced for three days, the Wild Woman stepping meanwhile so lightly that not a grass blade was bent. When their dance ended, the shepherdess' pockets were filled with Birch leaves and when she reached home these leaves had turned to gold. I know this is true, because I have seen Birch leaves turn to gold myself.

The Acanthus

You will find the Acanthus planted in innumerable gardens in California. Their bluish blossoms of a nondescript color-character are not the feature

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Wild natural gardens, to be found "somewhere in California"—unexpected little mountain pockets, steep-walled and flat-floored miniature canyons, "Suntraps" with the mossy cliffs oozing moisture in the Spring and every slight break in the rim providing a glimpse of a tiny waterfall. A composite of a myriad such choice spots will be this year's garden show. A special location will be arranged for greenhouse plants, including Orchids, to give the effect of a tropical canyon.

Everything will conform to a natural type of planting. Exhibitors are advised to start collecting interesting and appropriate materials and accessories—such as mossy logs and rails, lichen covered stones, redwood bark and dry leaves, pine needles for cover, etc., as well as suitable plants.

Howard Gilkey, landscape architect, is designer of the show.

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LOS ANGELES

of the plant. Most people look at them and exclaim over the lovely dark green color of the leaves and pass on with little further thought, other possibly than their knowledge that these leaves supplied the motif for the capitals of the great Corinthian columns of Greece. The truth of the matter is this, if I am not betraying a secret.

A young and beautiful girl died in Corinth. Her faithful nurse carried her toys and precious trinkets in a basket to the girl's tomb and set it on an Acanthus plant. Naturally the leaves that grew from beneath this basket were curved from the weight of the basket. Callimachus, the great Corinthian sculptor, saw these curved leaves with their deep and beautiful notchings and perpetuated them in stone for the first Corinthian Capital. This I also know to be true, because I have seen that stone Capital.

The Cactus

With the present fad for Cacti running as riot as does the plant itself on the mesas of Arizona and in the deserts of California, it should be of interest to those who employ the plant for decorative purposes to know something of its background.

The Voodooists of the Carribean Islands have no exclusive right to the practice of accomplishing the death of their enemies without getting closer to them than a half mile. In Peru, years before we had any record of the Island sorcerers, the practice was common. It was identical with our better known procedure, for they made effigies in rags and clay of the person to be destroyed and stabbed them to the heart with Cactus thorns.

I excavated in the ruins of the Cliff Dwellers of Mesa Verde National Park and other places in the Southwest, and found needles made of the Cactus thorn with bits of cotton thread attached to them. These relics were from the period of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

The Aztecs began a pilgrimage from the place where they were, if you know where that is, in search of a kind of milk and honey. Their seers told them that the place would be where they should find a cactus, an eagle and a snake. It seems strange that it took them so long to find that area now known as the Plaza of Santo Domingo, but that they did is evidenced by the present city of Mexico which they began building about 1312.

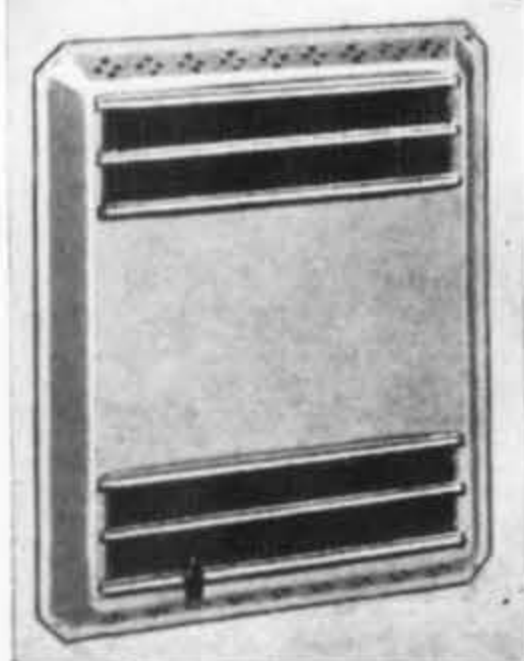
You cannot doubt the truth of this if you will examine the arms of Mexico, for on them an eagle is perched upon a cactus and is holding a snake in its beak.

JAPANESE FLOWER ARRANGEMENT for Modern Homes. By Margaret Preininger, Little, Brown, and Company, Boston. \$5.00.

Bound in a white mulberry Japanese binding of Inamachi, Miss Preininger has written a book that will bring a great deal of pleasure to a host of people. In her introduction she quotes an Oriental proverb: "Customs and manners may differ, but the love of flowers is common to all peoples." We are becoming more conscious of the place the Orient can have in our homes, of the beauty it can bring us, and on the Pacific Coast especially we are turning more and more to the other side of the great ocean for inspiration in decorating our homes. It is not unexpected therefore that we look to Japan for guidance in flower arrangements where the art has been practiced for over 1200 years. She states that "It is the purpose of this book to acquaint its readers with a sound basic theory of an art which will make it easier for the individual to create. . . . The fundamental principles as taught by the Ikenobo and Misho schools are presented in this book by line drawings. The five styles that seem to be most adaptable to our needs are taken up in separate lessons. It must be understood that this study could not possibly begin to be a complete résumé of the art of flower arrangement as known in Japan, but rather is the application of sound principles that should serve as a key to more creative work and a better understanding of this ancient, yet modern, art."

"The producing of a cheerful atmosphere, the bringing of tranquillity and peace to the mind, the promoting of spiritual growth, and the beautifying of the home are emphasized by the Japanese as benefits of flower arrangement."

A book that serves to illustrate and present to Occidentals the principles of an Oriental art, it will be an inspiration to artists, students, who wish to study this art; to homemakers who wish to add a new charm to the flowers in their homes; to florists, gardeners and members of garden clubs in the achievement of original effects in flower arrangement.



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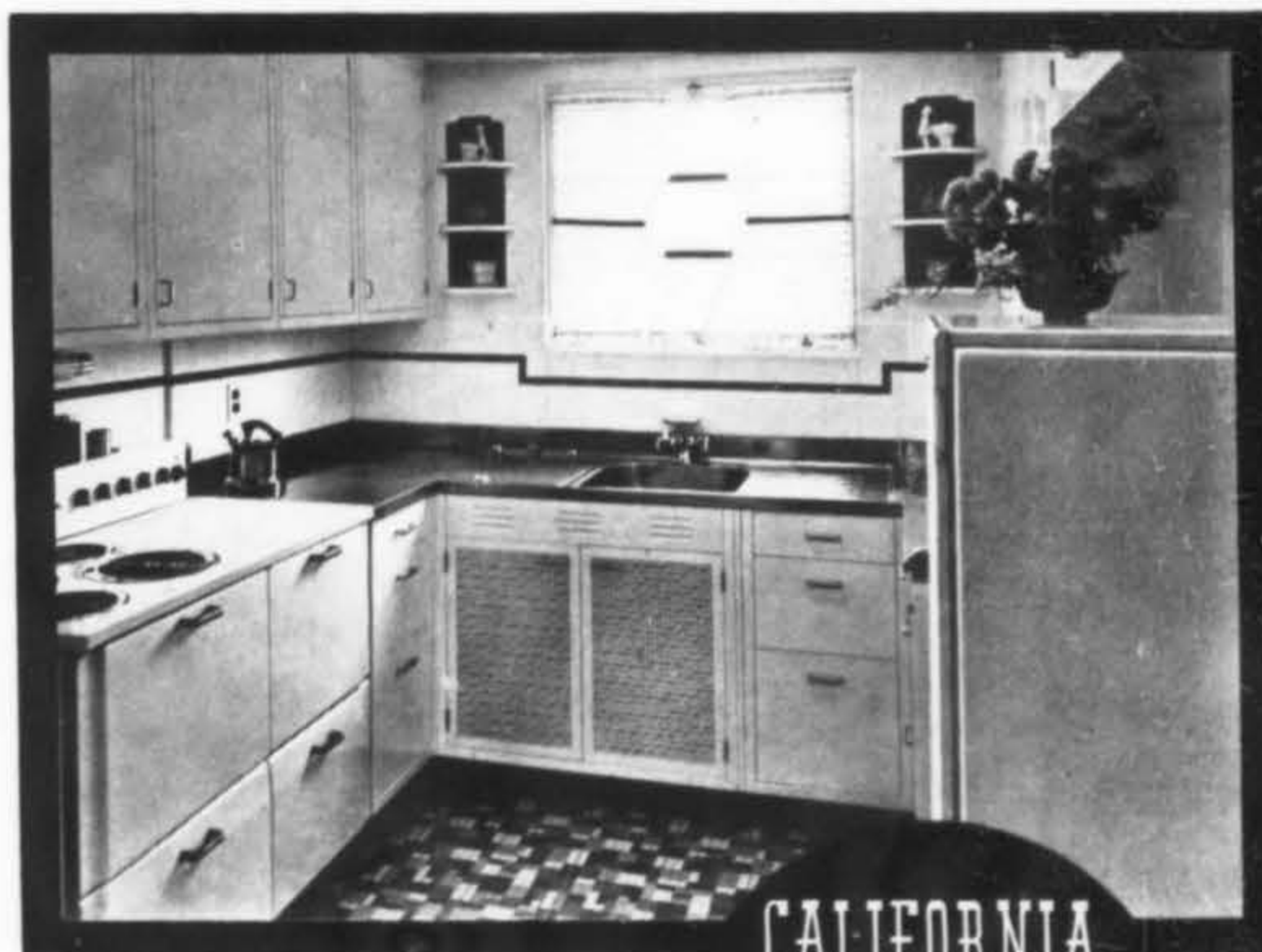
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All-electric kitchen in the new home of Dr. Harwood, Santa Ana. Photograph courtesy of General Electric Kitchen Planning Department.

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Homes and landscaping, all except the horses, have been designed to desert architecture—and at Rancho Mirage, the desert's charms strut unchecked.

* * *

When Mark Twain commented that "people talk about the weather, but do nothing about it," he didn't know of Valley Crest, at La Canada, where people "do something" about the winter fogs at Los Angeles—that is, they leave them behind, by a half hour. Valley Crest is also just a half hour from the heart of the Sierra Nevada.

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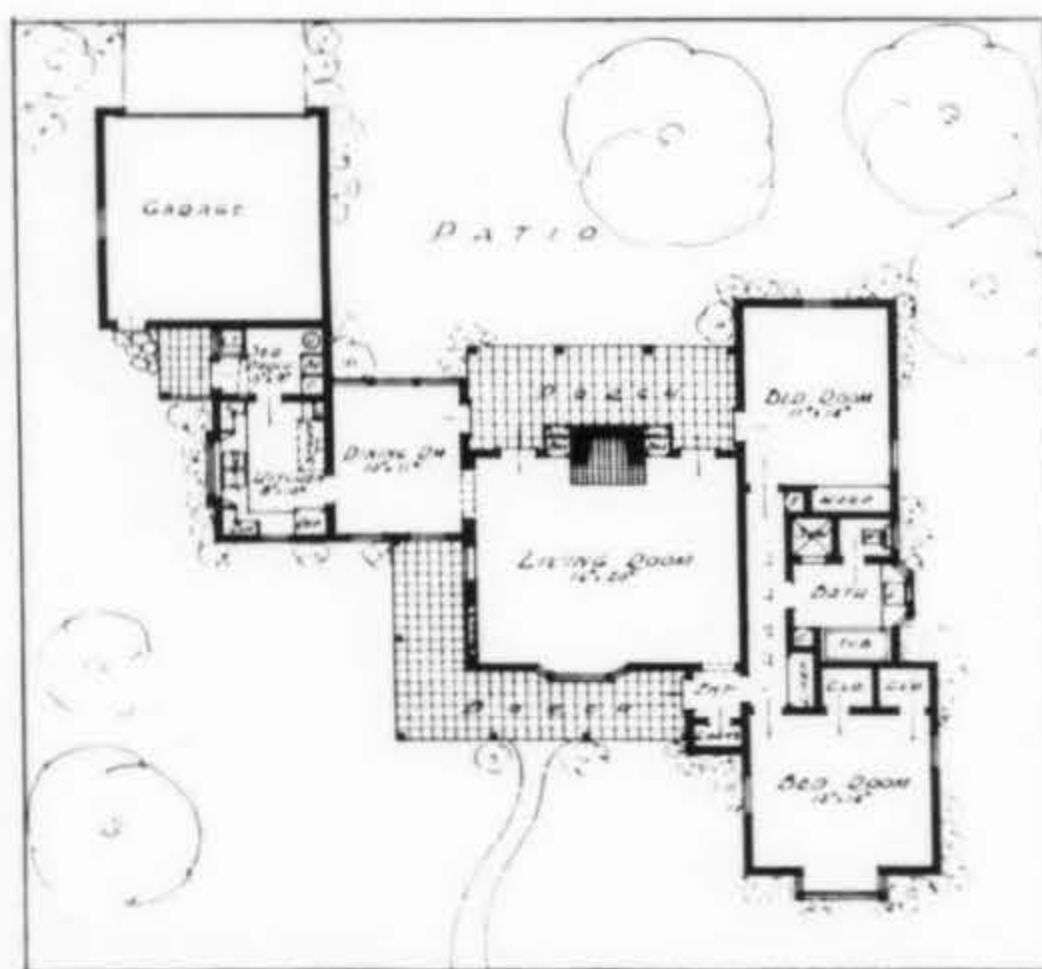
Photographs by W. P. Woodcock

RESIDENCE OF MR. AND MRS. CHALMERS O. STOUT

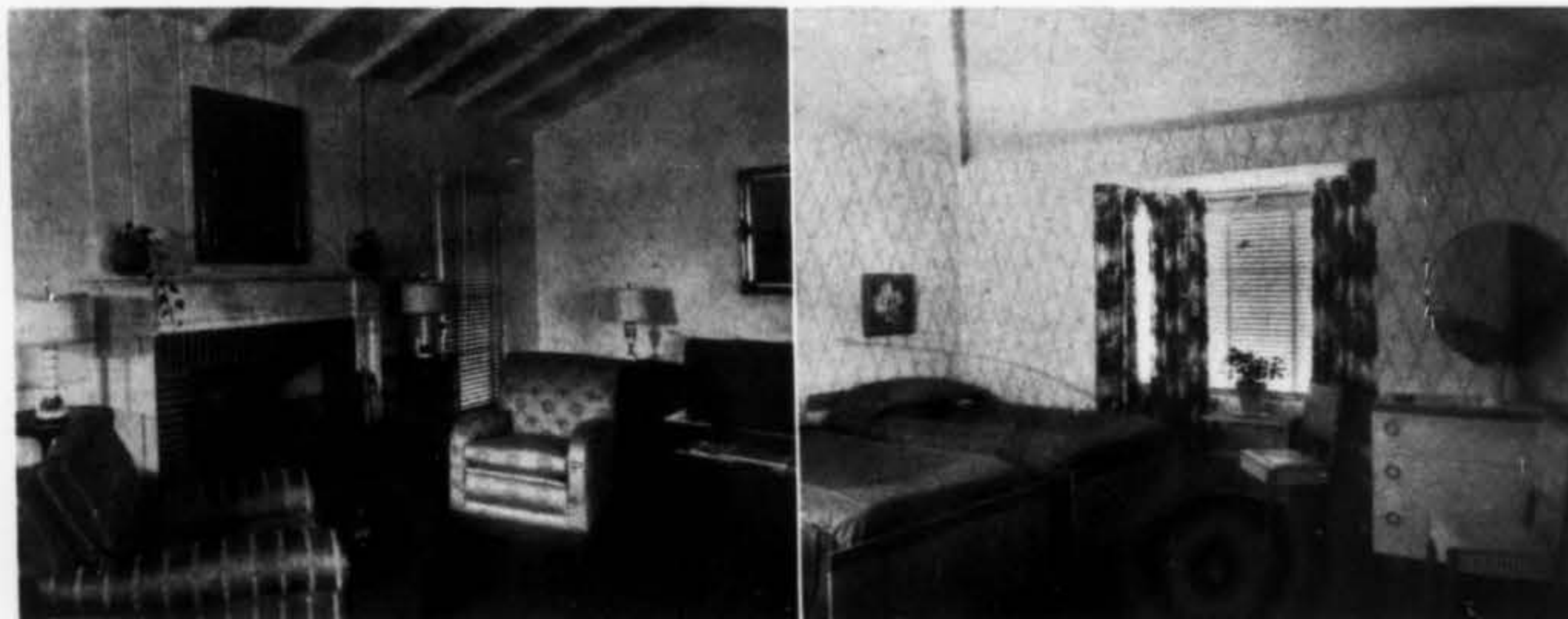
North Hollywood, California

LEO BACHMAN, ARCHITECT

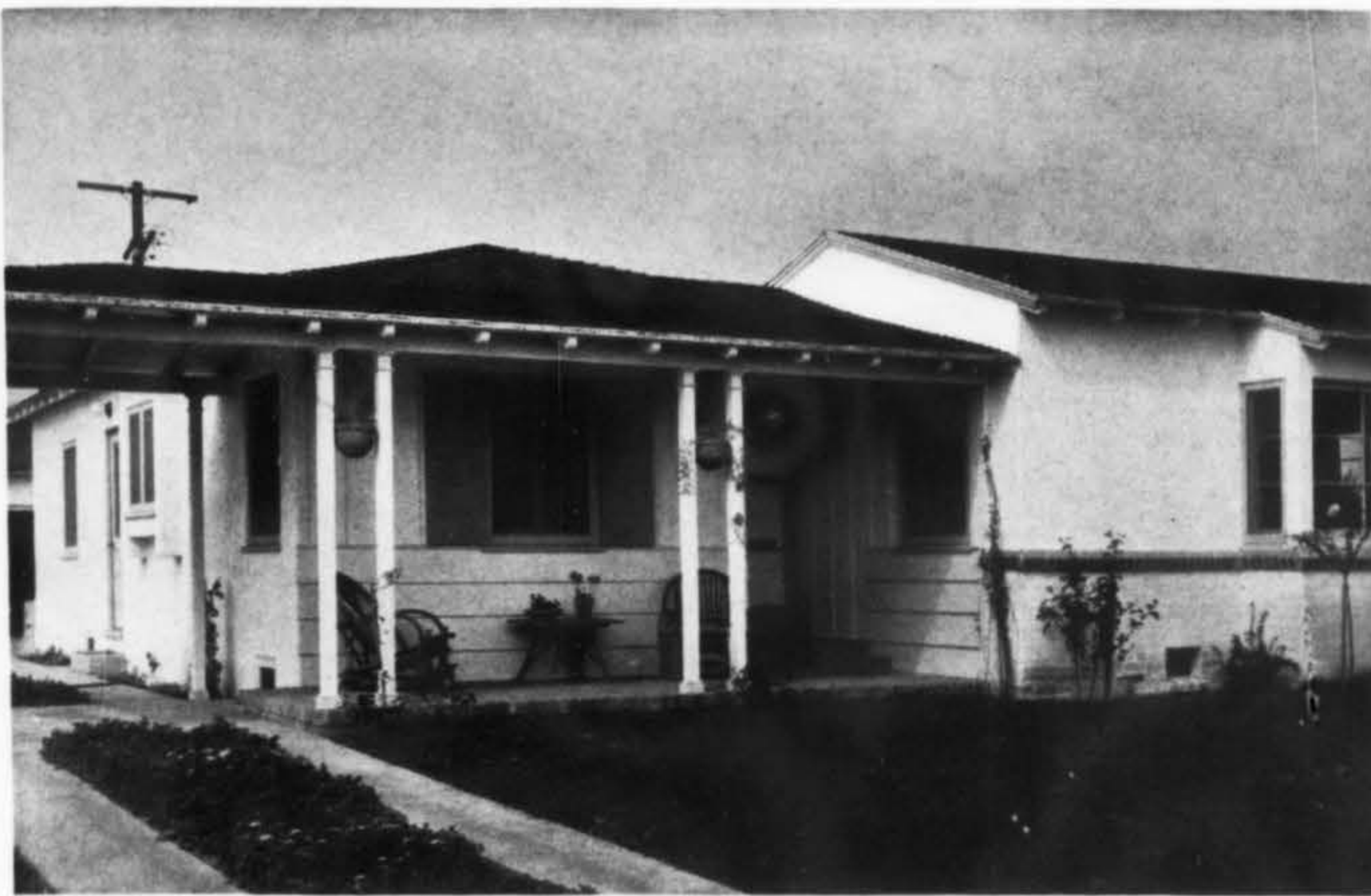
WM. MELLENTHIN, BUILDER



Typical of the houses that are rapidly filling the San Fernando Valley, this home has a distinction and charm that are often lacking in many of the smaller places. A comfortable floor plan affords a cross circulation that is especially desirable in this locality. And with doors and windows opening out it links the outside and the inside, thereby increasing the living space of a small house and bringing the garden into its own, for many little houses fail to capitalize on their greatest asset: a terrace that looks out on a beautiful lawn and garden. The exterior is stucco painted white with brick trim, a shingle roof stained a natural color, and Colonial yellow shutters. The interiors are fresh and cool in oyster white with many modern contrivances to add to the pleasure and comfort of the wife living in the suburbs.



BUILT IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



Photographs by W. P. Woodcock

RESIDENCE OF MR. AND MRS. MELVIN DEIBELE

Long Beach, California

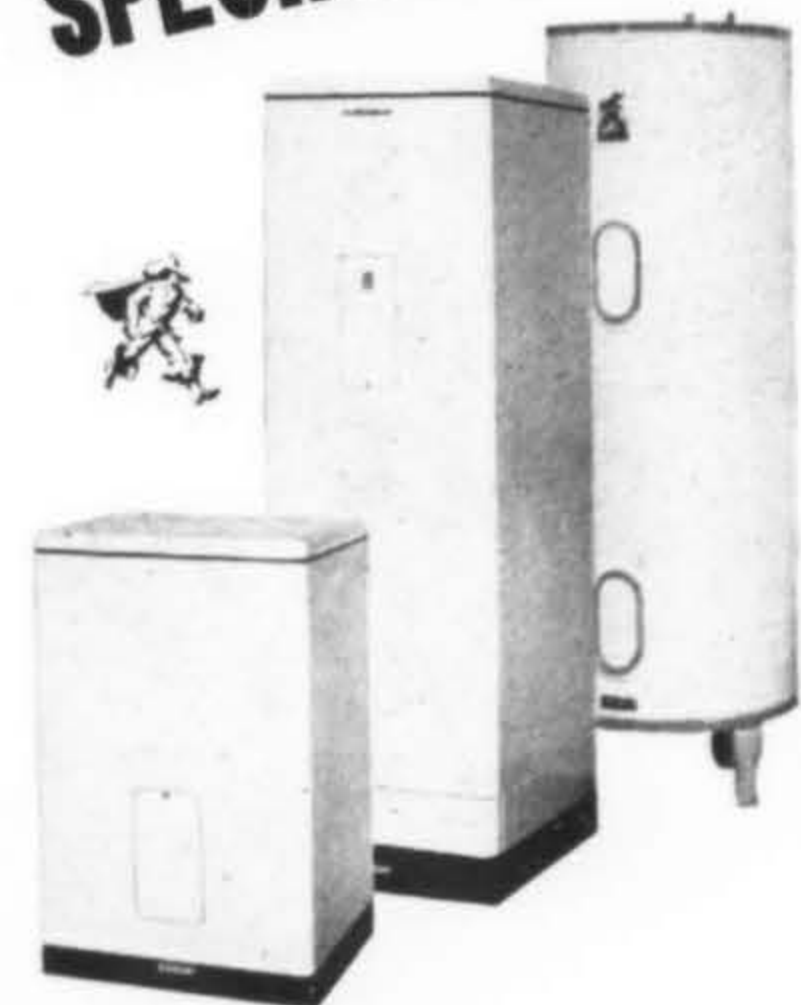
LEO BACHMAN, ARCHITECT

WM. MELLENTHIN, BUILDER

Little houses are also greatly in demand in Long Beach and here is one that can open up on a warm day or withdraw into the sheltered privacy of the patio when the wind from the ocean blows too hard. It is painted white with roof a silver gray, and shutters and trim a light blue. The patio is near enough to the kitchen for dining al fresco, and the sun room serves occasionally as a third bedroom. The interiors of a little house like this should be simple and uncluttered so as to take full advantage of the charm of small spaces. When the shrubbery grows and the protection of a beautiful tree is added, then this little house will truly feel at home and settle down to enjoy life when poorly designed homes of the neighborhood will have sunk into mediocrity if not actual ugliness.



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Right—Payne Winter Air Conditioner.



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Copies of booklets or descriptive literature describing the products mentioned on these pages can be secured by sending a request to CALIFORNIA ARTS & ARCHITECTURE. Please give index number as well as name of manufacturer or product.

142. Painting on Metal

A new Armo galvanized sheet metal is Paintgrip—readily paintable without special acid treatments or weathering. Protection from rusting is assured by a full-weight pure zinc coating—the fine textured surface can be painted immediately. Forming qualities, soldering practice, welding, cleaning and finishing operations are described in a folder obtainable by writing to California Arts & Architecture or to the San Francisco office of the American Rolling Mill Company, 540 Tenth Street. Paintgrip is available in base metals of Armo Ingot Iron, copper-bearing steel or plain steel.

143. Ozone Zoned

Ozonated air where and only where desired is now possible, in contrast with the two former types of units—either one connected with a central heating plant or a portable type plugged into an electric light circuit. The new Ozonator just announced by the Electroaire Corporation, 1455 West Congress Street, Chicago, can be attached to any air duct and thus ozonate the air going into a single room or section of a building.

143. Data on Roofing

A time saving data sheet on Monel as a roofing material has just been prepared by the International Nickel

Company, 67 Wall Street, New York City. It contains detailed technical information of value to the architect, builder and roofing contractor. The sheet is illustrated and in convenient size for filing in standard architectural filing systems. It is available without charge on request to California Arts & Architecture or to the Editorial Department of the International Nickel Company.

145. Tile Tale

Acoustone is a new fireproof acoustical tile with a textural stone finish—details of which are explained in a brochure just published by the United States Gypsum Company, Chicago.

146. Counter-edge Moulding

The current and deserved popularity of stainless steel is further evidenced now in a new counter-edge moulding presented by the Pyramid Metals Company, 455 North Oakley Boulevard, Chicago. Stainless steel is said to be the only chromium metal that can never rust, tarnish, or corrode. To trim and protect the edge of counters, table tops, etc., this attractive moulding is made to fit varying thicknesses—from three-fourths of an inch to two inches. It is announced that samples in either bright or satin finish will be mailed on request.

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BACKSTAGE HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from Page 8)

cement is even more realistic than genuine cobwebs, and one half wonders why the more progressive spiders have not adopted the newer material.

While the heroine is struggling with the villain's dusty work, Ray Milland—"Bulldog" Drummond, is quite indifferently playing cards with some bit players off the set. 'Tain't time yet for the rescue.

Like Charlie Chan, "Bulldog" Drummond is a movie character endlessly popular. Reginald Denny is Algy this time.

Attic furnishings vary at Hollywood—from players who can not only recite a whole Shakespearean play backwards, forwards, and sideways, but understand the lines, besides—to others who think histrionics are a form of spasm. By and large, Hollywood's best minds seem to have come from the stage. Alan Dinehart is one. He didn't fall into pictures by winning a beauty contest. Instead, he arrived at Hollywood, rationally—on both feet, after years on the stage.

Today a veteran of both stage and screen, Alan Dinehart raises oranges on a five-acre ranch at Riverside, when he isn't at work on a picture. The oranges pay taxes and the water bill, anyhow. But the making of about twelve films a year diverts more of the actor's time to cinemas than citrus.

When I saw Dinehart he was doing a picture called "Reunion," with Jean Hersholt, Dorothy Peterson, and the Dionne Quints, at the 20th Century-Fox studio. After working on a story featuring five babies, he'd hurry home to one, whom, needless to say, he liked five to five quintillion times more. The little fellow is five months old now, and "he found his foot the other day," Dinehart told me. Mother of the pedal discoverer is Mozelle Britton, stage and picture actress.

Dinehart and I got to talking of television. "I've given the subject quite a little thought," he said, "because it affects my business. And I can't see that popular development will hurt the theaters. Going to a movie is an excuse to go out—a festive occasion."

Although Dinehart enjoys film work, he does feel that pictures are a radical change to stage actors. "We can't use the tools of our trade," he expressed it. The technique is too different.

I see Preston Foster and Ida Lupino making a scene for "Coast Patrol" at the RKO studio. The set is a living room. Foster is seated, sailor uniformed, nursing a bleeding nose—with the profuse help of Miss Lupino. She's furnished with ice cubes, a towel, and a sympathetic heart, by way of curative materials. But Foster's really not so battered as he looks—indeed, an artistic technician just previously daubed a perfectly intact nose with deft touches of scarlet paint.

Director Ben Stoloff is ready to shoot the scene. "Got enough ice?" he asks the technician. "Better put some more there," he winks. "This is a big production—we need a lot of ice." The technician fetches more.

Ida Lupino, in a flowered house dress, takes the "accident" too seriously, thinks Stoloff. He asks her to smile more. She brightens up. "Loopy," he calls her.

Off the set relaxed Victor McLaglen, the cause of it all. He's Miss Lupino's film father and the explosive gentleman who gave Foster the frontal push. But he looks a perfect picture of the innocent bystander, which, after all, he is. It must have been a heavy day on the set because now, close to five o'clock, McLaglen looks tired—too out of pep to punch anyone on the nose, even if he wanted to.

The man's huge, of course, and I can't figure out how he ever got into that canvas studio chair. There's something contradictory to the actor's screen characters in the quiet voice and positive gentleness, almost shyness, about the fellow. In the frame of a lumberjack I'll swear he carries the heart of a long-haired artist—and I'd not be surprised if he reads poems about spring.

He tells me he'd like to see "The Informer," having only seen the preview of both that and "The Lost Patrol." As everyone knows, McLaglen won the 1935 Academy Award for his great performance in "The Informer."

When Will Rogers said that all he knew was what he read in the papers, he surely couldn't have been referring to those newspapers which are used as "props" in a movie. On a set of "Happiness Preferred," at the Major studio, I picked up a "prop" newspaper, the Orchard Fork Gazette, from a library table at the home of an Orchard Fork lawyer, Lewis Stone. The town is supposedly in Wisconsin, where an Eastern physician, played by Warren William, is seeking refuge from entangling circumstances. Karen Morley is the heroine.

On the Orchard Fork Gazette, across which is a streamer headline, there is no date—an omission spectators may be curious to observe when the picture is shown. Aside from the main story, which the camera shoots on a closeup, the rest of the edition is merely a potpourri of newspaper type, apparently from the press rooms of the New York Times—the headline makeup exactly resembles that newspaper. Lines have been taken and put together at random to prevent any total duplicating of an actual news story. Lines containing the name of a person are left out to avoid any possible suit. A sample story reads—"In the bouncing cab, rain splashed is done here is emergency work—automobile accidents, and cases like that gaged in the wholesale distribution of has shrouded her union with the late can find out by reading this story." But can you find out!

The item sounds quite "pixilated"—or "elfinated," as two village sisters are termed by the citizens of Orchard Fork. Next time you see someone reading a newspaper in a movie look very closely and you may detect the purposely mixed up makeup of film prop journalism.

A PROBLEM BETWEEN ARCHITECTURE AND INDUSTRY

(Continued from Page 27)

finish is a light, warm green, emphasizing the light and shadow desirable in the design and at the same time eliminating the glare experienced in white brush finishes. The ornamentation for the façade was cast homogeneously through the use of wooden forms lined with hard-pressed masonite. Main portions of the existing structure had to be shored in place while portions of the building were removed and replaced with earthquake-proof members.

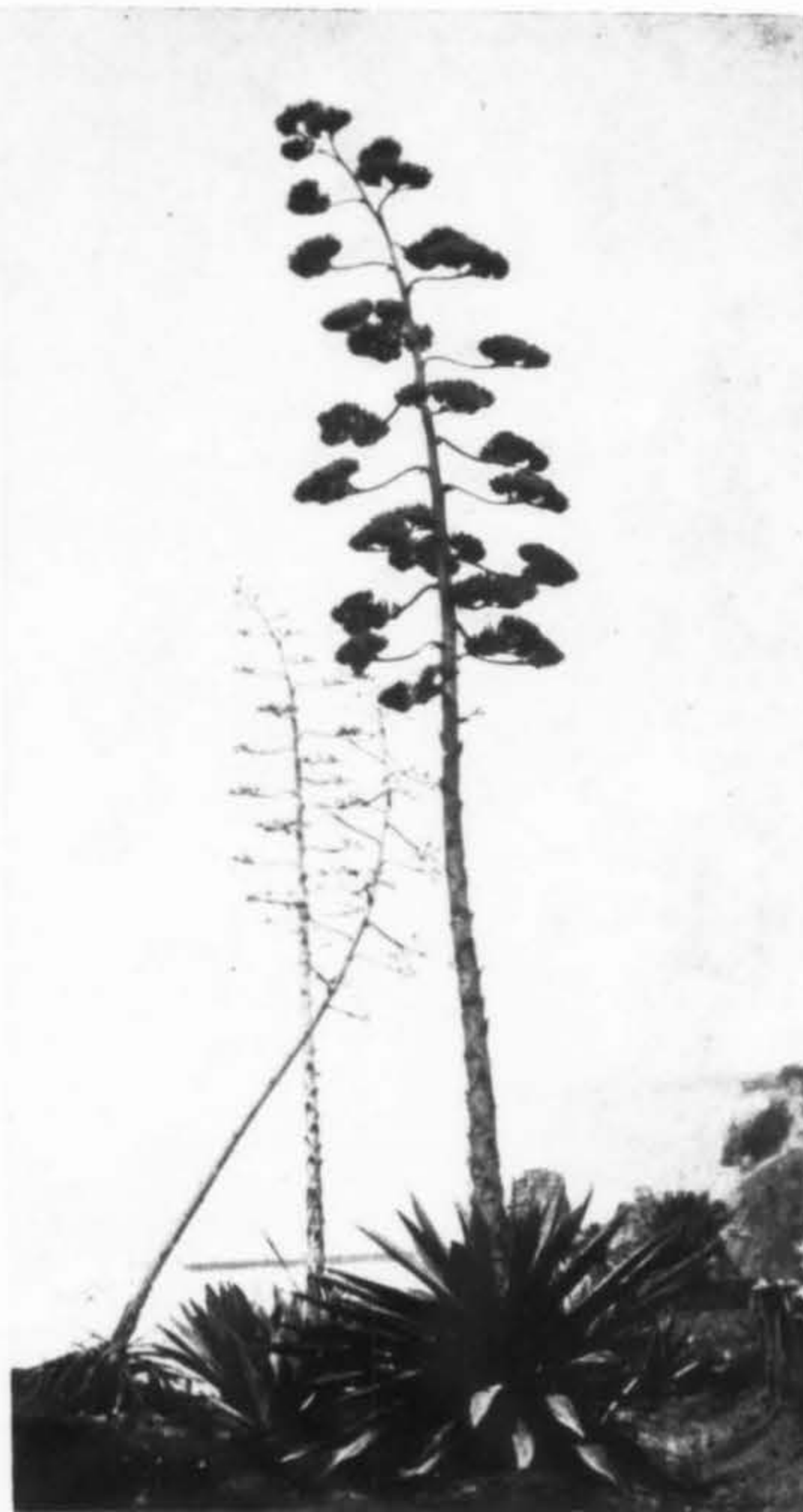
Robert L. Gunter, resident engineer for the Payne Company, assisted in the survey of the existing buildings and attended to the coordination of the construction program, as well as to the design of the modern desks for the retail sales engineers. These desks are notable in that they combine the features of the ordinary office desk with an adjustable drawing board. The finishes on these desks were accomplished in the Payne paint department.

Structural plans were prepared by S. B. Barnes, the entire structure being made to comply with existing earthquake laws, and L. D. Richardson was the general contractor. An entirely new wiring system was installed throughout the plant and offices.

A great deal of the structural work, as well as the finishing and decorating, was carried out on a schedule involving late hours and during periods when this work would not interfere with or interrupt the operation of the plant. It is interesting to note that through this difficult and hazardous reconstruction program there were no accidents of any nature, rather surprising when considering the amount of construction work carried on above and around a plant of this size in full operation. And, it might be well to say here that during this period the plant production was approximately forty per cent greater than during the same period in the preceding year and yet, there was no evident confusion. Another remarkable thing is that the entire program, with only minor changes, was carried through as originally planned.

Various types of the latest models of Payne heating devices are used to heat and condition the air in the different parts of this building, with a thought to combining the utilitarian with the demonstration factors.

The Payne plant, situated as it is in the center of a very beautiful residential district, required in its modernization a harmonious treatment to meet the architectural development in its environs. This, while it has given much pleasure and satisfaction to the author of this article, is aside from the fact that this is the largest manufactory of exclusively gas-fired heating equipment in the world. Everyone interested in the latest developments in heating practice; every prospective owner of either a home or commercial structure, may visit the Payne Company's new plant, and see scientific methods used in the manufacture of modern-day heating and air conditioning equipment.



A Century plant in bloom

"BEFUDDLED ART"

(Continued from Page 7)

"Art for a Buck a Month Club" might well be applied to the San Francisco organization fostering the art rental plan. For twelve dollars a year they will furnish a painting, sculpture, or two drawings or prints of the patron's selection, subject to change or retention at each month's end and complete with suitable framing and delivery service and with a purchase option.

What a haven of refuge for harassed architects and decorators whose clients are timorous of their own art judgment and rebellious of their advisors! Such names as Dixon, Dunphy, Todhunter, Post, Strong and Little already are available for prestige. The review gallery at 166 Geary Street, San Francisco is the harbor in which you may find oils for your troubled waters.

It is merely a coincidence that "Rembrandt" is appearing on local movie screens at the present, but

it should not be overlooked as a timely warning to San Francisco. For as the "Night Watch" controversy forever spots Amsterdam's record as an art center, so the present San Francisco Art Commission—Beniamino Bufano feud *may* forever damn that city's reputation for hospitality. Bufano has offered San Francisco a huge statue of St. Francis to be executed in enduring metal and to surmount Twin Peaks as a monument to its namesake. The Art Commission has refused it. If their refusal was based on the impropriety of the project as a whole, or even the undesirability of tampering with one of its seven hills, they are within their jurisdictional rights. With such noted art authorities as Drs. Neumeyer, Heil, Moreley, and Neuhaus within our calling the commission would be wise to avail themselves of such aid and not run the risk to which they are at present exposing themselves. Some day England may choose to produce a cinema called "Bufano."

Boondogling is slowly being eliminated in the post election scheme of social justice. Artists perhaps come under that classification for they are too being "turned back into industry". The art of WPA artists needs no defense nor excuse; on the whole it is of high caliber and more often rises above mediocrity than it sinks below. The employment of artists as artists rather than ditch diggers is a recognition of art which will inure to our everlasting credit when the 1929 *et al* panic is written into history. The question now arises as to whether the "art industry" is yet ready to re-absorb the established technicians and to welcome those younger men to whom the depression has been an opportunity diligently to study art and eat three squares a day at the same time. The answer may be found in a permanent governmental art subsidy based upon the experience gained through the WPA. Maintenance of cultural standards seems at least as worthy as that of the merchant marine.

THE PASSING OF THE ROADSHOW

(Continued from Page 9)

whole the companies came with depleted ranks. Probably the only show which came intact was "Green Pastures," for which gratitude arises as it is something to recall having seen the original "Lord God Jehovah." Katherine Cornell may be credited with having brought excellent support on her several visits.

With the coming of each New Year the theatrical managers of San Francisco and Los Angeles announce a coalition whereby many stage attractions will visit the Pacific Coast, and this year is no exception. The announcements are varied and include the Lunts in that successful play "The Idiot's Delight"; Jane Cowl in "First Lady," and Alla Nazimova in Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler." It is likely Leslie Howard will be seen in "Hamlet," and Walter Hampden in a series of portrayals, "King Lear" and "Coriolanus" among others. Katherine Cornell may bring "Wingless Victory," and Homer Curran promises to produce "Tovarich," starring Eugenie Leontovich.

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TOMORROW

"In today already walks tomorrow"

WHAT tomorrow holds for us no one may know, but certainly some of us have premonitions now and then. The sudden death of George W. Kelham, whose work at the University of California and the two expositions has created for him a place in the memory of all western lovers of beauty, recalls a prophesy he made sometime ago. The officials for the 1939 Exposition were casting about for a chairman for the Architectural commission. When they offered it to Mr. Kelham he answered with the comment that he did it against his better judgment because he felt that he might not live to see the project completed.

This in turn recalls similar prophesies on the part of those consulted for the Architectural commission of the 1915 Exposition. Clinton Day, Albert Pissis and William Curlett all refused to act on the Architectural commission of that unforgettable Exposition. They said that they did not think they would live to see the opening of the gates. None of them did. The officials then turned to Daniel H. Burnham, who refused on the same grounds but recommended that Willis Polk be appointed as chairman of the commission. Mr. Burnham died before the exposition was opened, but Mr. Polk had been appointed in accordance with Mr. Burnham's recommendation.

These are not prophesies, they are statements of level headed conscientious architects trained to look facts in the face and honestly to act accordingly.

MORE MODERNS

IN that classic of magazines, *American Architect and Architecture*, for December, are photographs of many studies for the New York World's Fair. All of them are extremely modern in design. None of them is even remotely reminiscent of any great structure of the past few centuries, with the exception of what was done at the last Chicago Fair which, judging from the average of comment upon it, did not set up the noblest of patterns.

On the page following those upon which the plans for New York are depicted is a bird's eye view of the general plan of the San Francisco Bay Exposition to be held in 1939. Not with any thought of making a comparison, particularly as there is no general plan of New York's, the plan of the former presents a definite feeling of unity without being in any way decadent, old-fashioned or un-modern.

And so, while the modern style is irresistably on its thundering way, there is evidence aplenty that it need not be extreme nor too much of a wrench for those who feel that the modern style is barren of charm.

A NAME FOR A PARK

THERE is an old reservoir on the top of Russian Hill that sits in an area known as Lombard Park. It is hardly a park but it is acquiring fame and yearly grows more dear to the citizens of San Francisco for in it is a bench dedicated to George Sterling, the only monument, if it may be called that, to the great poet of "The cool gray city of love."

Many times we have sat there and wandered down the halls of memory, hand in hand with George; sat on the bench designed by Gardner Dailey, executed by Gladding, McBean & Company in ceramic tile and dedicated to the memory of George Sterling. This bench, with its bronze plaque bearing a quotation from George's "Poem of Friendship" and a few bars of the music that Uda Waldrop set to it, is the only monument in the city to one of her greatest poets.

There are Lombard Streets and Lombard Alleys but there is only one George Sterling. If the park is to become a real park it should be named George Sterling Park.

SILENT RADIOS

TWISTING a radio dial today is like twisting a lion's tail. The subsequent roar is a pandemonium of strange and assorted sounds somewhat resembling the combined automobile horns, factory whistles, brake screeches, and ambulance sirens of New York City. It was therefore, with pleasure, that Mayor La Guardia recently accepted into his "official family" of metropolitan anti-noise devices and regulations, the "silent radio," a product of Dictograph.

This latest advancement in radio technique is "silent," only in the sense that it no longer makes a public act, or rather, a public offense, of turning on the radio. Hereafter, if he "just can't get the cards," a bridge player may retire to a corner and listen to the radio—annoying no one in the room but himself.

THE FORGOTTEN WOMAN

WHILE today we have been confronted with "the forgotten man," Tomorrow's economic world may see "the forgotten woman," an even more definite reality. This future likelihood may arise unless an early amendment is made to the Social Security Act—by which there would be protection not only for the working man but also for his wife after death.

As Henry H. Heiman, executive manager of the National Association of Credit Men, points out—"Under the present set-up, the husband can receive his benefits after he has reached 65. But upon his death his wife is not protected for the rest of her life except in such states as maintain an old-age pension system, which in contrast to the old-age benefit system is more of a charity than an earned payment. If the sum to his credit is not entirely used up by the time of his death, the balance is scheduled to be paid, in a lump sum, to his estate. The history of lump-sum payments to estates and widows, however, is too full of cases in which the assets were dissipated through unwise management."

The suggested amendment would cover both the husband and wife, under the provisions of the old-age benefit system—without any additional payroll tax or additional deduction from the worker's pay envelope. The necessary reduction in the amount of the monthly check would be more than balanced by a greater feeling of security.

STAGE SET, MUSEUM, JUNK SHOP OR HOME

(Continued from Page 17)

otype upon the modern scene. Better that the piece adorn a less important part of the household if it must remain out of deference to Aunt Jenepher.

Today architects do not design houses that are distinguished by their timeless quality. A house of twenty-five or thirty years ago is not an appealing rental or purchasing prospect. The life time of a building today is estimated at thirty-five years. Elevators, stairs, new materials, electrical and service equipment create fresh demands and needs. We enjoyed reminiscences of the past in many of the things that surround us in the home, but the inconveniences of the "good old days" are rejected. Implying the traditions of the past in the present and creating the homes that will permit further enjoyment, is the modern trend in interior decoration.



THE FUNCTIONS OF LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTS

(Continued from Page 31)

of this new note of permanence, so that instead of the transient "nouveau" of acacia, broom, privet, veronica, speckled euonymus, we would have the intrinsic merit, durable worth, and recurrent pleasure to be found in the use of holly, camellia, rhododendron and azalea.

While upon the subject, let us consider *honest* construction, by which is meant the use of materials in the frank and free manner that the inherent qualities of a given substance would dictate. Avoid imitation. It would seem just as appropriate to imitate a clod of dirt, as to imitate a stepping stone in cement. Yet on every hand we find imitation stones "ad nauseum". When natural field stones are used, there is one simple rule for their disposal which should seldom be violated; as nearly as possible, the stone in its new position should lie as it formerly lay in nature. Such a position is usually almost horizontal—the angle of greatest repose. What do we see in thousands of homes in our cities? Paths edged with sharp pointed stones set in as rigidly vertical position as possible; that ubiquitous abomination, a row of vertical stones around a tree; and slippages of steep earth prevented by embattled arrays of rocks stiffly erect and apparently ready to fall out of place. We have veritably sown the teeth of the dragon.

Streets afford opportunities for the achievement of beauty. They are potentially tree-lined vistas, but actually they are ruined as decorative compositions by the ever present poles with their entanglement of wires. It is hard to understand why the better residential sections of our cities should tolerate wires above ground. Have you ever tried to photograph some lovely spot, and upon the development of the negative discovered the unsuspected intrusion of a nest of poles? Continued repetition had battered down your sensitive recoil from ugliness, the presence of an ugly object had so seared a spot in your consciousness that you became callous to its existence. Our physical environment "Does something to us." We are ennobled in the presence of beauty, debased before the ugly.

It is axiomatic that nature most quickly heals any transient scar upon the universally beautiful face of the earth. Ugliness is the spawn of unworthy thought. By and large the sole perpetrator is man. What a sorry mess we have made of things! The challenge comes to this age to retrieve our spiritual heritage, and atone for an offering of straw in the temple of beauty.