

# NORTHWEST ARCHITECT

Volume VII

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Number 4

*April 1943*

SHOULD YOU ASK ME, WHENCE THESE STORIES?  
WHENCE THESE LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS  
WITH THE ODORS OF THE FOREST  
WITH THE DEW AND DAMP OF MEADOWS  
WITH THE CURLING SMOKE OF WIGWAMS  
WITH THE RUSHING OF GREAT RIVERS  
WITH THEIR FREQUENT REPETITIONS  
AND THEIR WILD REVERBERATIONS  
AS OF THUNDER IN THE MOUNTAINS

I SHOULD ANSWER, I SHOULD TELL YOU  
"FROM THE FORESTS AND THE PRAIRIES  
FROM THE GREAT LAKES OF THE NORTHLAND  
FROM THE LAND OF THE OJIBWAYS  
FROM THE LAND OF THE DACOTAHS  
FROM THE MOUNTAINS, MOORS, AND FENLANDS  
WHERE THE HERON, THE SHUH-SHUH-GAH  
FEEDS AMONG THE REEDS AND RUSHES"

I REPEAT THEM AS I HEARD THEM  
FROM THE LIPS OF NAWADAHA  
THE MUSICIAN, THE SWEET SINGER

*"Song of Hiawatha," Longfellow, 1855*

WABUN'  
East Wind

OPEE'CHE  
The Robin

MAHNAHBEE'ZEE  
The Swan

KENOZHA  
The Pickered

MONDAMIN'  
Indian Corn

KOKO-KO'HO  
The Owl

GUSH'KEWAU  
Darkness

ADJIDAU'MO  
The Squirrel

NENEMOO'SHA  
Sweetheart

DUSHKWONE'SHE  
The Dragon Fly

MINNE WA'WA  
Wind in the Pines

OWAIS'SA  
The Blue Bird

MI'SHE-MOK'WA  
The Great Bear

SHAWON'DASEE  
The South Wind

NEPA'WIN  
Sleep

KEEWAY'DIN  
The Northwest Wind

KABIBON'KA  
The North Wind

MINJEKAH'WUN  
Magic Mittens

PAHPUKKEE'NA  
The Grasshopper

MUDJEKEE'WIS  
The Westwind

MUDWAYAUSH'KA  
Sound of Beach Waves

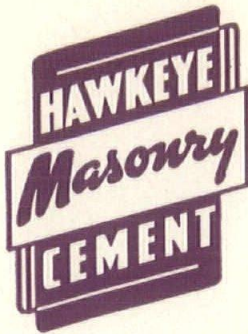
... and Blueberry Pie

ENINMUSHKEEGIMINIBOSHKIGIMINISEGUNIBAQUAYSHEGUN



## SPEAKING

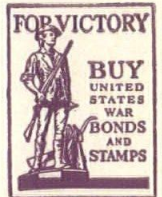
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## POST-WAR PLANNING BY CONSTRUCTION

The state legislative session just adjourned failed to designate any agency of the state to follow through on a program of post-war planning of public works. An interim commission was authorized to survey the state institutional building needs only.

Coördination and programming by the Minnesota Recourses Commission, if it is undertaken, will be handicapped by the limited funds appropriated for the Commission.

All construction industry groups must, therefore, turn their attention now to a unified industry program to attempt to do the programming, which it now appears the state itself has failed to provide.

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# Northwest Architect

Volume VII

Number 4

APRIL, 1943

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State Association Member of the American Institute of Architects.

H. W. FRIDLUND, Editor



**M**ANY ARCHITECTS are now giving their practical attention to work that is far removed from the world of building. And their thoughts do not easily return to specifications and clients and private construction. But the Architect never loses love and respect for his profession and now more than ever is he likely to turn for emotional release to the poetic and esthetic qualities of building.

The well-known buildings of the Historic Past have been pawed over from so many angles that their controlling ideas have lost much of their intellectual penetration. And so it has seemed to me that architects and many others with a continuing interest in the Building Art would find the liveliest interest and the best kind of recreation in a review of the more primitive sources of our power to build.

If you believe that craftsmanship is the very heart of Architecture and if you feel that those buildings which move on wheels, or on wings, are indeed a vital expression of that American Spirit which made its first great contribution in the full rigged clipper ship, then I am sure you will agree that the birch-bark canoe — the boat that is built like a bird — is the best indigenous contribution of the Western Hemisphere to the Fine Art of Building.

But the gifts of the American Indian to our good life are not limited by a single great work. All that the American Indian did was conceived in a spirit of organic beauty which was a very part of the Great Universe that was growing around them. Their dwellings, their clothing, their tools and weapons and talismans were all made in beauty. Their dances and festivals, their altars, songs, and stories are patterns from which architects can best learn where to look for the significance of the American People of this day, and how to say it with things.

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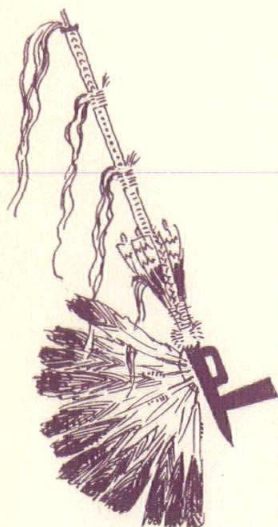
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# MEDICINE TALK

RECOUNTED BY WILLIAM GRAY PURCELL



**A**S WAS THE CUSTOM there were gathered with us about the camp fire the half dozen men and women who helped with the work and the various visitors who were always coming and going. Here were woodsmen and city men, lumberjacks, lawyers and merchants, Indians, Kennucks, Scotsmen and Norsemen. One told of the then distant lands from which he had just returned, another repeated a famous lecture he was to give throughout the country that coming winter, a "Forty-niner" told of his hair-raising adventures on the California trail. The men of the forest talked of hunting, of rough work and rough fun, and the fiddle and banjo were ready for a tune or a song.

That scene in front of the old cabin, before the pile of blazing logs, was full of human interest. Behind the circle of people, young and old, talking or smoking, stood the ruddy columns of the pine trees, and back of them the dark. The firm quiet rhythms of the voices, varying from Dr. Gray's virile English speech, to the suppressed passion of the Indians' clipped sentences, the northern night air, and the firelight on thoughtful faces, so different in race and character, all made an indelible impression.

## Visitors in Buckskin

One evening in July, 1895, Chippeway John Morrison came to our forest home at Island Lake, on the old St. Croix trail. It was his annual midsummer visit to see his wife and daughter and this year planned so that he could take home Mrs. Boshky's other sister, who had been visiting at the Indian Village on the north shore of upper Eau Claire Lake. Every night for a week we had heard the drums beating their dances, although the distance was about five miles across heavy pine forest. After the feast was over, Mrs. Boshky's sister arrived on foot. She was a very aged Indian, brown and wrinkled like an old wallet. Her hair fell down over her eyes, and she spoke low and very seldom. She had with her a grandson of

eight or nine, proudly carrying a new blanket which the old men had given him for his fine dancing in the style of their ancient days.

Conversation naturally turned to the recent dance feast at the Indian Village, and from that to the vanishing tribal life of the Indians.

Mrs. Gray would say, "Ask Mrs. Boshky if she ever saw this Island when she was a child." The Ojibwa or "Chippewa" words would flow in answer between the two sisters, modestly talking behind their cupped hands.

"Yes, she say, she come 'long here when she was six or seven year old — come along when the Chippewas was retreating from the Sioux after the big canoe battle way South on Lake Minnetonka. They made camp right over the ridge there — west of the lake. She say it all looked just as it does now — all heavy woods just the same as now. She say, that battle on Minnetonka was the last in two hundred year war between the woods Indians and the plains Indians. The Sioux, they won it. They fought out of their birch bark canoes. It was the only big fight on water between Indians."

## Original Americans

To draw him out, Dr. Gray, powerful and grizzled patriarch of our clan, said to bronze-skinned Indian John:

"This land of yours, then, is really your lost paradise, in which the life of the Indians was happy and good. A person can see that from your own daily life of only a generation ago. The popular descriptions of Indian life were plainly the work of enemies seeking to justify the cruelties and wrongs inflicted on your people by the white men. Have you seen that fine book by explorer Catlin about the American Indians as they were? About two generations ago he spent many years visiting the tribes, all through the West.

John does not know about Catlin.



"Well, in this book he says that in his journeys he met over a hundred different tribes and perhaps a hundred thousand Indians, and not only was he never threatened with any physical violence, he was invariably treated with courtesy and friendly respect."

John is thoughtful for a moment before speaking. His wife turns to look at him. Mrs. Boshky does not move her eyes from the fire.

"Before the white men came, we were men. Our fathers always did what was right, and they punished bad men. As this traveler Catlin says, they were kind and true to their friends, and terrible only to their enemies. We were great warriors, and we fought for our own a long time. It was not the white men's arms, but their vices which ruined us."

"How did your fathers punish crimes committed by one of their own people?"

"It must be made even. A thief must restore what he had stolen, and after that he was held to be a 'bad man,' a suspect, not respected, without friends. In our kind of life, that was sufficient punishment."

#### Cooperative Justice

"How did you punish murder?"

"The kindred of the murdered man went to the kindred of the murderer and said he must be killed. Then the murderer's kindred asked all about it. They must satisfy the friends of the dead man that it was not a murder, if they could, so that vengeance would not be asked for. If they could not do that, and if they were convinced themselves that their own man had done murder, then they would say: 'We will do it ourselves. We will punish our own. If you do it, if you touch our kindred, that way it will leave something here'—they would put their hands on their hearts—and it may make war. We will do it ourselves, and then there will be satisfaction.' A murderer was considered a public enemy, because he provoked war between clans of the same tribe."

"How did the enmity originate between you Ojibwa people here in the North Woods and the Sioux, so far distant on the Plains to the Southwest?"

"Oh, that was long ago, and no one knows. Probably it came of difference about a murder. If the dead man's friends took vengeance, then the accused's friends would take vengeance, and when that was started, it never could stop. There was always vengeance to take on both sides."

"But our writers say that you would take vengeance on an innocent Sioux, one who had never harmed you."

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

**T**HE WORDS of the dialog reproduced in part on these pages were taken down at the time by Dr. Gray and printed in his Chicago paper "The Interior," August, 1895. I also have awaiting publication a 200-page autobiography of Mrs. Eliza Morrison, in her own handwriting, a life story of great interest.

The paintings of Indians by Frederick Remington are from copy No. 211, *Song of Hiawatha*, Longfellow, deluxe edition, 1891, by Houghton Mifflin and Company, Boston, and are printed by permission.

"That is not so. When war existed, a Chippewa and a Sioux would fight if they met, just as two white armies would fight if they met when war between their people existed. Every warrior was a regiment by himself."

"How about polygamy? Did you allow it?"

"We allowed it. We did not punish it directly; but a man who had two wives was a 'bad man,' he was classed with the thieves. We were not friendly with him."

"That is to say, he could not rely upon others for protection, or for the punishment of wrongs done him?"

"That is so. An Indian without friends is not safe. He must have friends."

"But did not this idea come in with the missionaries?"

"No, it was always so. In old times a man might have women slaves if he captured them from the enemy, but not two wives of his own tribe."

#### Origin of Night Club

At this point Yu'ne comes up from the cook shanty with a five-gallon crock of "lemonade" and a basket of "ginger snaps." Indian George, the hay maker, cups his harmonica in brown hands and echoes the old ballads and jig tunes to the accompaniment of the advertising man's banjo. The old sailor Ramsdel who learned his compass on a slave ship, throws logs on the fire, and in comfortable deliberation relights his pipe—tonight he listens, tomorrow he will spin another of his sea yarns.

"What makes you think that the old times were so much better? You now have good laws, no wars, and the government will not let you go hungry. Is not this better than the old precarious and dangerous ways of living?"

"We did not go hungry. We had more than we wanted. You can see for yourself what we had from what is left after so much destruction. There was no end to the deer, moose, caribou, beaver, lynx, and all the smaller fur animals, and as for the fish, you said there was no fun catching them when you came here, they were too plenty—

trout, bass, pike, pickerel, sturgeon—the waters swarmed with them. Then look at our wild rice, our hazel nuts, blueberries, wild plums. And then we had cornfields, and for smoking, the kinnikinnik. There were buffalo right in these North Woods here, all along just south of Gitchie Gumme, Lake Superior, you know, when my father was a young man. We had no hard work to do. What we did was mainly sport, while it provided us with food and clothing.

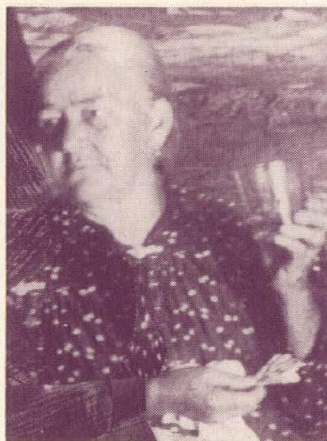
"And then we were free, the freest people in the world, with a whole continent in which to enjoy it. We are not now what we were. Our people have become drunkards and beggars and cowards. The white man has destroyed us, along with everything else.

#### Man Shadow Makes History

"You have among your photographs the picture of a Chippewa grave. That is the grave of the last of the 'Five Brothers,' the great warriors.



MARGARET BOSHKY  
1837-1910



ELIZA MORRISON  
1836-1920



"The Seven Brothers were Tekumseh's best men. They were known all over the Mississippi Valley, and the Five Brothers who came after them were as good. They adopted me when my father died. The last one died thirty years ago, a very old man."

"That must have been about the time of our war between the States," said Dr. Gray and thought of his own pioneers days in an Ohio cabin, and the old Harrison election campaign of 1840, with its log cabin, torch light parades, and hard cider.

"I suppose you think the Seven Brothers made a President of the United States because he beat them at the battle of Tippecanoe."

But John also knew some history. "Yes, they made two presidents of the United States, and the Cherokees made two. The white men thought it was a great thing, when four or five to one, they could whip an Indian, and they made heroes of those who did it. That is what the white man thought of the Indian."

#### Newscasts and Advertising

"What about your sign language and picture writing?"

"That is nearly forgotten. Only a few know anything about it, and they are old men. The sign language was what deaf and dumb people have, only it was simpler, and all the tribes understood it. For example, if you came a stranger to a wigwam or a village, a stamp of the foot on the ground meant that you were welcome, two or three stamps that you were very welcome. Hunting signals were made with the hands. Four fingers and the thumb down meant a bear, with the thumb up, a deer, if a lynx or other climber, climbing signs; if the animal were running, the hand with fingers down made bounding motions; if a man, the forefinger was held up; if the man were hiding, the finger was closed down to the hand. Picture writing was done on bark. It was a map with various signs and animals here and there upon it. A circle meant a yell — by which the reader was meant to call when he reached a certain point."

"You had a free-masonry for your families, did you not?"

"Yes. I can recognize a relative though I never met him before. The use for this has died out, but we can not give it to anyone not entitled to it."

"What was your totem?"

"The alligator, that can live in the water and on the land. He lives to be very old. It means long life and good luck in hunting and fishing. It was the totem of the Five Brothers, and they gave it to me when they adopted me. The Indians would have developed a true civilization by this time if they had been let alone. They were already cultivators of the soil, and no longer tended to roam about.

#### No Bleachers — No Fans

"One thing which made them so good in war was their endurance and speed on foot. I can tell you, when I was not much more than a boy, only a couple

years older than your grandson here, I led a dog-team, on the snow, sixty-five miles in one day. Once I walked from the St. Croix River to Bayfield, on Lake Superior, seventy-two miles, in one day and one morning — going all the time, of course."

"That would be, say, twenty-eight hours travel?"

"Yes," said John, "about twenty-eight hours — but this was not exceptional among us. This endurance by everyone made us very good for sudden attack and swift retreat. We were very hard to beat. We were beaten at Minnetonka by the Sioux, but we made a good retreat and brought away safely all our people and all our men who still lived. That was a very long retreat — two hundred miles, with the women and children. Mrs. Boshky here, she was with them, only eight years old.

We all looked at her. She said nothing. Just looked into the fire with her hand across her mouth.

#### Good Medicine

And so they talked, all the long evening. We boys hung on every word of the stories, and before the younger children were put to bed, we asked the little Indian boy to dance. He consented on condition that we dance, too, in accordance with their customs. He got himself a stick about a foot long, and started his dance with quaint steps around in a large circle, keeping pyrrhic time, tum-tum-tum-tum-tum. Then, leaping in formal bounds before one of us, he would touch the chosen one with the wand — a signal for that one to begin. One after another, we were saluted

until a dozen were working around the circle with our best imitations of his steps.

At last, all retired through the dark trees to the cabins, Uncle Charley took his stogie out from among his square whiskers, lifted himself off his comfortable stump seat, on which he had fixed the top of an old parlor chair, dipped water from the rain barrel, and doused the incandescent logs. The dark boles of the pine trees glowed in the red coals and then slowly retired into the dark forest. The plummy branches far above grew velvet black, making billowy patterns against the luminous metallic black of the star-sprinkled sky, and with the charred logs cracking and snapping against the silence of the old forest, and a faint odor of pipe tobacco floating through the pungent smell of pine, the last of the moccasined foot-falls padded away down the needle-carpeted paths to scattered tents and cabins.

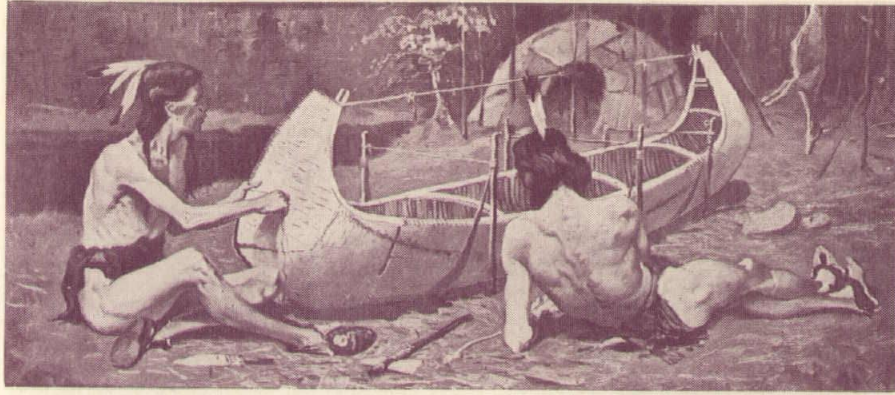
WILLIAM GRAY PURCELL

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

Excellent accounts of the making of birch-bark canoes are given in "Penobscot Man," by F. G. Speck, Philadelphia, 1940 and "Canadian Aboriginal Canoes" by F. W. Waugh, Canadian Field-Naturalist, Vol. 33, Ottawa, 1919. Illustrated articles on the subject have also appeared in various issues of "The Beaver," published by Hudson's Bay Company.







*"If you can't do what you know you are not educated"*

A tenderfoot from the city was walking near a lake with Michel Boshky.

"What is the name of that strange bird standing in the reeds?"

"Shu-shu-ga," said the Indian — "great blue heron."

"Oh, yes!" . . . said the city man, satisfied.

But now that he knew the name, what better off was he? If he had sought even a small part of the Indian's knowledge of this remarkable legend-carrying bird, instead of being satisfied with a name, how much he might have learned.

In "education," we may simply get a lot of labels memorized. In art, for example, we know Rembrandt, Phydias, Picasso; then we get some subtitles — Gothic, Georgian, Cubist, and under that some quality stickers — line, form, nuance,

realization; then we tie them all up with lovely little sentence chatter, and not one thing do we really know about the whole mighty river of accomplishment by artists, nor could we tell an eager child one romantic and truthful thing about it.

So much passes for learning that is nothing but lists. With well educated and really experienced people like the Chippeway Indians, their names even have meanings. Did you ever hear a startled heron begin its flight? "Shu" "Shu" . . . "(ga)"! The word is a soundtrack. Many Indian words are. "Ko-ko, ko'-ho," great northern owl, dramatically records the shuddering basso of this threat out of winter's dark.

Mrs. Boshky, the unlettered Chippeway, was a livingly capable person, an artist and craftsman, never without a resource.

W.G.P

### Andreas R. Larsen—His Stained Glass Drawings on Exhibit

Drawings of stained glass windows designed by a Minneapolis artist, Andreas R. Larsen, will be on display in the Minneapolis Public Library for six weeks. The designs purchased by the Minneapolis Athenaeum earlier in the year will be housed in the art department of the library.

Mr. Larsen, who died last year, was born in Norway in 1877. After studying art in Norway, Germany and France, he came to America in 1903, where he became an interior decorator at Marshall Field's.

He found that this gave him no outlet for his training or talent so he answered an advertisement in a Minneapolis newspaper for the head of the art glass department of a large plate glass concern.

After several years of study and experimentation in the stained glass field he opened his own studio.

Known throughout the country for his old-world artistry, Mr. Larsen had designed windows for many churches as well as for private homes.

Among the designs on display at the Library are some for the Swedish Tabernacle, Minneapolis, St. Luke's and Saint Paul's on the Hill in St. Paul, for

Hamline University and Saint Olaf College as well as for churches and homes in other cities.

The exhibit will continue on the third floor of the library during May.

### Tribute to W. W. Tyrie

William Wallace Tyrie, a learned, cultured gentleman of the highest ideals; distinguished and honored in his profession; an active friend of registration for architects and engineers, and for many years the efficient, loyal secretary-treasurer of our board of registration has become registered in eternity.

Therefore, be it resolved by the State Board of Registration for Architects, Engineers and Land Surveyors, that we hereby express our appreciation of his excellent services, his graciousness in all our associations, and acknowledge our reverence of his memory; and that this action be recorded in the board's proceedings and published in the NORTHWEST ARCHITECT and the FEDERATION BULLETIN.

From Board Minutes, March 22, 1943.

—Thos. F. Ellerbe, Secretary





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## The Editor Says—



H. W. Fridlund

Those of us who have devoted time and effort to NORTHWEST ARCHITECT during the past seven years are dedicating our efforts during these trying war-times to maintaining in the face of many obstacles a publication which will continue to be a credit to us all.

Now, when our men are scattered far and wide, it is especially important that there exist a means of uniting us all in spirit and word so that when victory is won and we all return to peacetime work we will have retained a high degree of unity. When that time comes we will have to be truly united in both word and deed since our competition for the consumer's dollar will surely be organized.

Membership dues to the Association have been suspended for the duration of the war but subscriptions to NORTHWEST ARCHITECT at only \$1.00 a year are solicited from every member and friend of the publication. One dollar mailed to NORTHWEST ARCHITECT, 2642 University Ave., St. Paul, Minnesota, will help defray the cost of bringing your publication to you and to our men in active duty.

Why not do it now!

## "Tus" Says—

The architects of the Northwest sustained a very material loss this past month in the death of Mr. Wm. Tyrie. Bill, as he was known to all the architects, was always a gentleman, a good competitor, and a friend of all members of the profession. His death while working at Eau Claire was a surprise and a shock to every one.



W. H. Tusler

strange as it may seem, it was the rural legislators that killed the bill.

The Engineers carried the brunt of trying to have this bill enacted and, even if the bill did not pass, it has drawn the engineers and the architects closer together and made both realize more than ever that we have common problems that can best be worked out together. I want to thank the architects for the time and effort they gave, particularly Melander and Fitzgerald of Duluth, Pinault of St. Cloud, Ellerbe and Hausler of St. Paul, and our old standbys of Minneapolis, Chapin, Raugland, Johnson, Bissell and Bersback. Palmer and Beaubien carried the majority of the load for the engineers.

The calling for architectural and engineering "bids" for the hospital addition at Willmar was rather unfortunate, and it was surprising that some architectural firms would submit a figure on the unprofessional basis that was first called for. It was also surprising that in the second "letting" some architects in spite of the A. I. A. and the State Association recommendation of a reasonable fee put the low value they did on their services. The number that did was not large, but it always raises a question in the minds of the committee that is sometimes hard to overcome.

Our treasurer, Frank Jackson, has departed for Edmonton, Canada, and when last heard from was flying to the Yukon, where he expects to be for several months. He has turned the torch and also the funds of the State Association over to our secretary, Hal Fridlund, for the duration. This year we could almost hold the State Association convention in Canada as so many of our members are there.

The Association is not charging any dues this year. Members who were in good standing in 1942 will remain as members without payment of further dues until the war is won and we come out of hibernation.

The Association has some money in the treasury, which is being conserved as much as possible. Directors' meetings have been stopped and the few questions that come up are settled over the phone.

The architects are collaborating with the Associated General Contractors by serving on a joint post-war committee to study and give publicity to projects that should be developed after the war. Bob Jones is chairman of the architects' committee, and Clive Naugle of the contractors'. We should have a representation from the engineers to make the picture complete.

## North of North

A nice note from Frank Jackson who is now somewhere north of North. We quote,

"Here is a list of Minnesota boys up here with us, Hugh Perry, Ed. Lofstrom, Milt Leadholm, Merle Abbott, L. J. Lindstrom, Bill Townes, John Belair, Stowell Leach, Hugh Eaton, Al Meinicke and Hugh Vincent Feehan (Chief Site Planner). You can see we are not lonesome and working conditions are very good as these jobs run."

Greetings, fellows, and who knows, we may be seeing you. Your NORTHWEST ARCHITECT will follow you wherever you go.

## Fullerton Appointed to State Board



K. M. Fullerton

Kenneth M. Fullerton, St. Paul architect, was recently appointed by Governor Harold E. Stassen to the State Board of Registration for Architects, Engineers and Land Surveyors to succeed Thos. F. Ellerbe.

Mr. Fullerton has been a practicing architect in St. Paul since 1924 and at the present time is with the War Department, U. S. Engineers. Fullerton is a member of the Gargoyle Club and has been an active member of the State Association having served as a member of the Board of Directors. "Ken" is a regular contributor to the columns of NORTHWEST ARCHITECT.





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## William Wallace Tyrie

On March 19, the architectural profession lost one of its eminent members in Minnesota with the passing of William Wallace Tyrie.

Mr. Tyrie, born in 1874 in New Hampshire, was the son of a prominent Scotch New England minister. He studied at Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, New York, where he graduated in architecture. Prior to coming west to the Twin Cities in 1908, Mr. Tyrie worked in several of the leading Eastern architectural offices.

In 1908, in Minneapolis, Mr. Tyrie and Mr. George Chapman formed the partnership known throughout the Northwest as Tyrie & Chapman. Some of the outstanding school buildings were designed by them as they specialized in educational institutions. Such buildings include public school structures in Minnesota, at St. Cloud, International Falls, Chisholm, and Chatfield, and in South Dakota at Brookings and Watertown.

In 1928, Mr. Tyrie became associated with the firm of Long & Thorshov, Inc., and was actively connected with the design of such buildings as the Minneapolis Medical Arts Building, Fairview Hospital Nurses Residence, the Water Pumping Station at Faribault and the factory building of Strutwear Knitting Co.

Mr. Tyrie was an active and progressive leader of the Minnesota Chapter of the American Institute of Architects and a member of the Minnesota Association of Architects. At the time of his death he was Treasurer of the Minnesota Chapter and he had previously served as President and as a Director. Several years ago he was elected as a Fellow of the Institute in recognition of his outstanding contribution to the architectural profession. Mr. Tyrie was also one of the founders of the Architects Small House Service Bureau of Minneapolis.

During the past 12 years he served as a member and as secretary of the State Board of Registration for Architects, Engineers and Land Surveyors and at the time of his death was Secretary of the Board.

Mr. Tyrie, a modest man, was very reticent in letting the world know of his capabilities. His ability at analyzing and solving difficult problems in planning was uncanny. He always maintained standards of ethics and practice which were a realization of idealistic standards set up for the profession.

The architectural profession has lost a member whose integrity, whose youthful outlook and keen interest in life, should be an inspiration to each of us.

—ROY NORMAN THORSHOV

## Art Gum Crumbs & Thumb Tack Holes

By Ken Fullerton

Fellow Associationites and Associationated Knights, Knightesses and Knighties:

Tonight ve are bringing up de rear and satting down—put it dar (and dar, and dar)—for vey are spanding a night in a night school for our fouran born faller Americans.

De principle of de sassion is Socratican—de peoples dat are de pooples are inter ogated until dey are just so-crazy-an den dey are raquested to write de answers. While ve vill probably be enlightened by de buildup for de answers ve may have to resort to a subvay. Sh! De baal! De ticher; De pooples! De ticher takes over.

\* \* \*

"Well folks we've just had Easter so who can tell us what has long ears and four legs and when he hears you talk about troops and boats and so on, he runs



like a baby rabbit? You Mort, with the Snerdian pan—give out."

"Who me? Yes'm, yes'm—I mean yessir. Lessee!—Lessee! Couldn't be a fifelemist—fifelemist only has two legs and he crawls like a snake. Lessee! Couldn't be nass. No! Nass won't run like a baby rabbit—special ef'n you want him to. I know'd nass once—wanted him to run after Congress—Congress's my dawg—but he sat right down on his—on the top of his back legs and wouldn't run like no baby rabbit. Nope! Couldn't be no Congressman. Lessee!—Lessee! Hm! I got it. Could be a ..... (1) ..... Thankye mam.

\* \* \*

"Hyman have you got a question?"

"Yesmam! Vots iss it a Bake depottment?"

"A — — Oh I see! Well you know Dayton's. Dayton's is called a department store and in different departments they sell different things. You must mean the b-a-k-e-r-y department."

"No! No! Bake depottment! Bake depottment!"

"Well—then—in this same store they sell ties and shirts and sox and suits and all kinds of men's clothing and believe me, it's a *big* department."

"Ticher pliz—you iss knots. Such depottment en't big. You should be seeing mine brudders store on de North Side. I am giving you his card mit address. Dot's *big* store, vit fine merchantise. Nu! Vot I'm minning iss—Valtmann iss sitting in Missus Fengle's kitchen; he is knocking off de table a pot gefulde fisk; he iss hollerink 'bake depottment! bake depottment.' Now ticher pliz vots iss 'bake depottment'?"

"Oh Hyman you mean ..... (2) ....."

"Class, who can finish this sentence?"

A fool and his money .....

"You Maisie."

"..... (3) ....."

\* \* \*

"Now Limey, what is your trouble tonight?"

"Hi sy teacher, hay bloke's tellin' me what thys goin' to do with hall these vegetables thys risin' hin these victory gardens hall habout the country. Hi can't hundrestand is hexplanation."

"Well Limey, it's very simple—they eat what they can and what they can't they can."

"Gore blimey miss hif you wasn't a lydy hi'd smock yer nose! 'E tells me hexactly the syme—'Thy heats what thy can and—'"

"No Limey—they don't heat—they will eat what—"

"Hi gets hit. Thy heat what thy can and what thy can't ..... (4) ....."

"Sam Wong it seems that the Japs think your people are pretty tough and that they will always be troublesome and warlike, always fighting, fighting, fighting—very bellicose—what have you to say?"

"Me say for all China people—helly mit de belly close, missy. China people need more airplane and more artery so don't have to come ..... (5) ....."

\* \* \*

"Swan, you're next. How are you getting along?"

"Vall ay ban having liddle trouble vid grocery man. Ay gat plenty sugar and planty coffee but no use. Ay ask him have he got use from dis and use from dat and use from dose and he never have any use for dem. He gif me meat and butter but no use."

"But Swan what do you mean? Of course he has no use for things except to sell them to you. When you get them you get to use them. What more do you want?"

"Ay am pretty easy goin' faller but by yimminy vunce in a while ay lake liddle ..... (6) ....."

"MacPherson here is a problem.—Six men are adrift in a boat with no food, no water. They all wish for a Camel. They have a package of Camels but no match, yet in a few moments they are all smoking. How did they get lit up?"

"Weel mom, they tossed a Camel into the water and made ..... (7) ....."

\* \* \*

"Any one—a Gremlin is a Gremlin, but a female gremlin is a ..... (8) ....., and a baby gremlin is a ..... (9) ....., good."

"And finally class we see we have some distinguished visitors tonight. Some very smart registered Architects from the Minnesota Association. It is very smart of them to be registered and to belong to the Minnesota Association but smart for being Architects—I wouldn't know. I am going to ask one of them to answer a question so that you may see what may result if you all study hard."

"Mr. Tusler would you kindly tell these future citizens the difference between 'cacoëthes loquendi' and 'cacoëthes scribendi.' Greek-Latin combination you know, Mr. Tusler."

"Why—er—yes, Mr. Secretary will you please give them the answer —"

"Ticher! Ticher! I, Guiseppe will give answer, I spika one language and liva right next door to Griks. Da firsta you ask is ..... (10) ....., and odder is ..... (11) ....., Some pipples thing is good menia, is find out after is bad menia. Guiseppe be architect pretty soon now—no?"

1. Poppa rabbit. 2. Beg your pardon. 3. —is some party. I'll say. 4. —thy tin. 5. —So belly close. 6. —orange use, tomato use, lime use, clam use, etc. 7. —the boat a cigaret lighter. 8. Finella. 9. Widge. 10. —crazy for talk. 11. —crazy for write."

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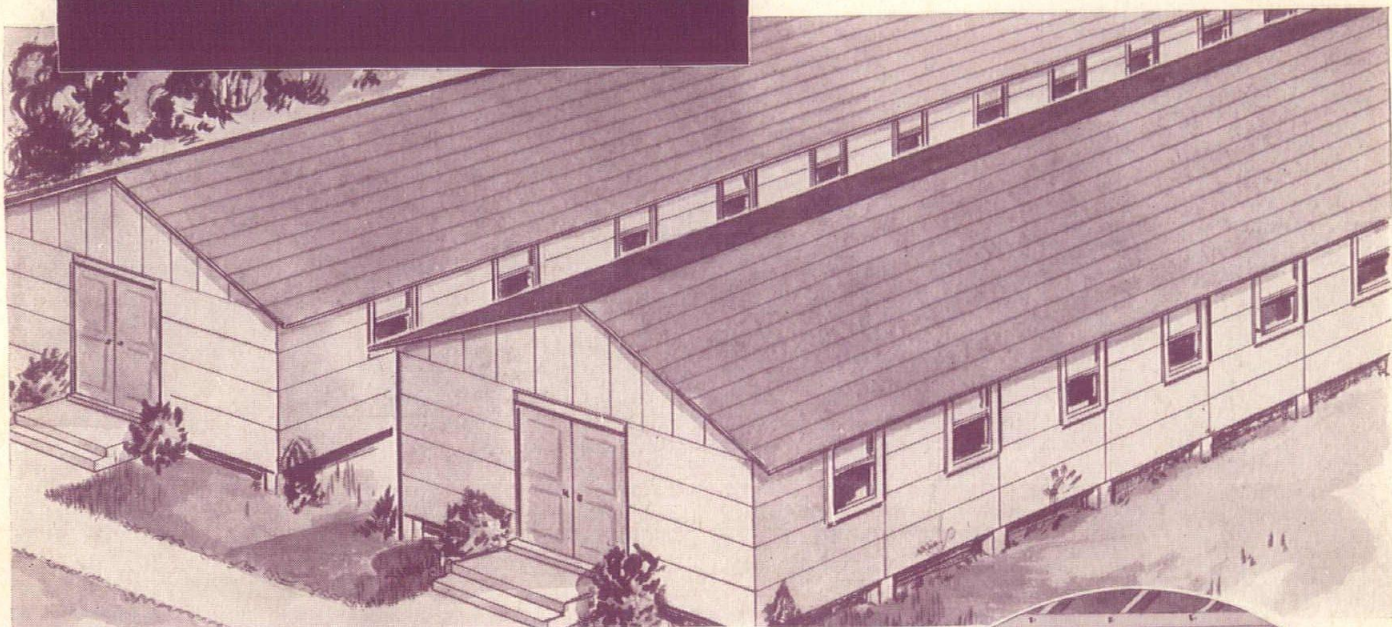
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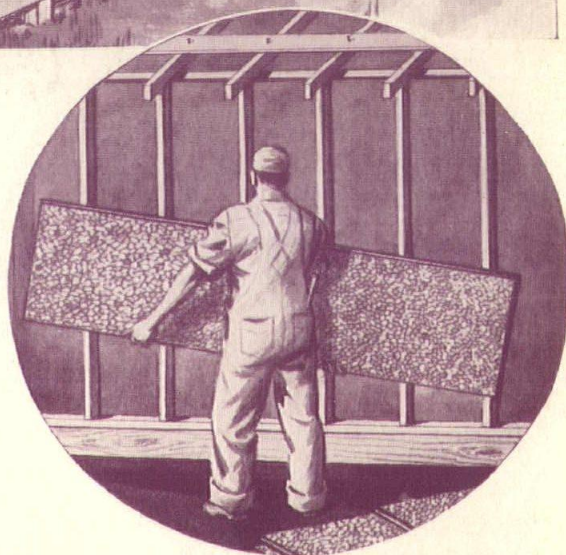
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