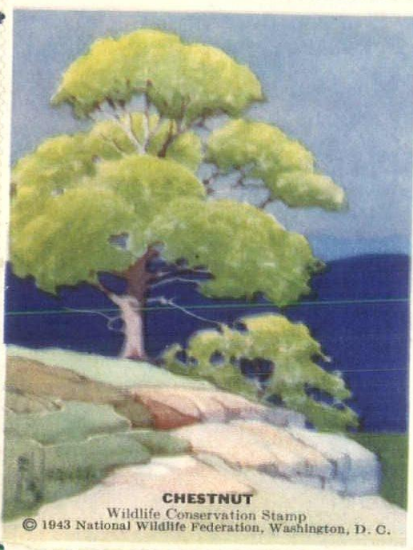


NORTHWEST ARCHITECT

Volume VII

Published By Minnesota Association of Architects

Number 5



On page 9 you will find an account of your Nation's good work now in progress for birds and animals.

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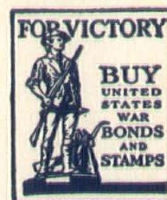
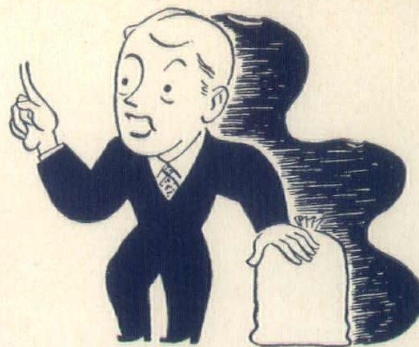
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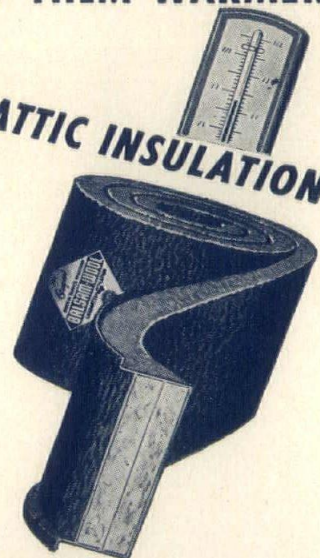
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Northwest Architect

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H. W. FRIDLUND, Editor

TRADITIONISM

The story of Billy Green is the fourth and last of a series in which we have tried to show that our contemporary architecture must find its material and inspiration in the American people and their circumstances.

To understand your fellow men and the motives by which they are impelled one must be in sympathy with them and have a detailed knowledge of their fathers, their forebears and so on to all the sources which made them what they characteristically are.

At this point appears the confusion which is some part of most discussions of Tradition in Architecture. For what architects ordinarily call tradition, is not a tradition in any building sense but largely a thinking bad habit. At best it is a graphic pattern sequence to be feebly reproduced in stone or other materials.

For tradition is only incidentally a continuity of appearances, and actually not that at all. True tradition is the Heritage of Skills. It is the continuity of the craftsman at work, not succession to a designer's personal property. The Gothic tradition in America is to be seen in an air plane motor not in college campus scenery. Tradition is present tense, first person, active case. It never *is* in measured drawings; it *was* in the buildings of which the drawings are a record.

Our "style"-complexed architectural designers and critics hold their cherished, specialized, graphic world of "Architecture" so close to their minds that they are unable to reach the great flowing life of American Building which is all tradition.

Conscious of his social responsibilities the practical architect is rapidly acquiring the competence to distinguish between words and things, between "stamp collecting" preoccupations and a genuine and enthusiastic concern for the sharp tools of American daily life actually at work "doing his stuff!" By utilizing and coordinating the special proclivities of the engineering professions and of the many exponents of the technical arts and crafts towards *one purpose* he is building his architectural organization to be capable of doing all things flexibly, competently and efficiently.

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BILLY GREEN— HAYWIRE ARTIST



The Island from
Iron River Trail

By William Gray Purcell

ONE OF LIFE'S basic satisfactions is "To Build." It is good to complete a work, even to construct order and cleanliness by reduction of disorder and litter. There is age-old, universal joy in making things. And so there was for William Green of Bayfield County, Wisconsin, way off in the great North Woods which formerly lay to the south of Lake Superior. "Uncle Billy" looked like the familiar "Uncle Sam," except that he was rather a slight man. His brush beard was white and his deeply furrowed Yankee features were softened with very blue, somewhat restless eyes revealing a gentle spirit.

When this energetic man of nervous walk first entered our small forest world on the island, he was in a state of happy expectancy, for in a few weeks he would be at work under a genuine "Old Testament Patriarch," a man fashioned after the very heart and soul of his dreams. To paraphrase his quaint speech: "As foretold in prophecy and engraved on the tablets of stone," he was to work for a newspaper editor at things a man could believe in, on a storybook island floating in a green bowl of water rimmed with pine. What "aforetimes and a time" he could only dream about had now come true. "A home in Beulahland" was to be his.

• PARDNERSHIP

During our absence, a nearby old settler, Lewis Ramsdell, was caretaker of the island. This wisdom and wit-radiating man of rich background in life before his aging in the wilderness was responsible for Uncle Billy's coming into our picture. One day Ramsdell found Billy in the woods half starved, and though he was inclined to think him "not quite all there" he still—fifty miles from the nearest town and in need of

company—coaxed him to stay the winter on the island, the domain of Dr. Gray.

The first time I ever saw Billy Green, he was standing upon a barrel, slightly unsteady on the sand shelving of the lake shore. He held his slouch hat crumpled in both hands like an amateur singer, giving us, returning to our forest home, a speech of welcome which Ramsdell said Billy had been practicing on him all through the winter.

It was a good speech. In some parts it had little developments inspired by Shakespeare, and others reflected his daily reading from the huge Bible my grandmother had sent when Ramsdell had written us something about how he had picked up the homeless old fellow. Uncle Billy was a "Find" not to be taken lightly, especially when Bible questions were to be settled or something was "out of whack." He had neatly covered the Bible with a flour sack, and like modern and better recognized scholars, he read the scriptures with very critical eye for historical, zoological, and astronomical accuracy, rather than for any particular relation to spiritual records.

• SIGNS OF SPRING

When not practicing his speech or hauling firewood, he would think up cordial sentiments in motto form, and paint them on smoothed shingles which he had split out with a jerk-handled, shake-splitting froe. These he nailed to trees along the paths of the island. Meantime he memorized theological questions he wished to ask Dr. Gray but said confidentially he proposed to check up later with Mrs. Gray on the same points, suspecting perhaps that a woman's views might ease him along on any answers that proved to be a bit too technical.

Although he did not shirk the work he was expected to do, it was evident that Uncle Billy had his own

views as to why he was present in the world. He made us feel the necessity of doing certain things which had not before occurred to us. We were obliged to assume that they were very important, and so they were. Billy was first, last, and all the time a maker of things that would work, a fixer of things that would not work, and not withstanding his zeal for the neat, the intimate and the poetic it was in the working quality with which his utilities actually did what was expected of them, that he anticipated the Arts and Crafts Movement long before Main Street began the worship of Mission furniture.

• ONCE UPON A TIME

Why Uncle Billy had been traveling the lonely St. Croix Forest Trail that cold October day when Ramsdell picked him up no one ever learned. His references to where he came from were always somewhat vague and uncertain. In years and in miles it was "way . . . 'way off." When he spoke about himself, it was as though he were about to tell a story, but his life story he never really told. He referred to his home as "that thar Green farm" that was "off thar south," and a place of holy memories it was. Looking at his wrinkled face and his thin old body, watching his blue eyes as he thought back through the years, it was not difficult to see, as we listened to the talk around the evening camp fire, how the legends and tales of the age-old races of man had grown.

Uncle Billy or Old Man Ramsdell would half recall some far off incident as they told of adventures and persons they had known, and so we pieced together a picture of the battles which had carved out the significant topography of their faces and hands. In just such a way ancient peoples, themselves active doers of work, makers of things, must have gathered with satisfaction around the fire along with other travellers who had also come from far away.

• LIKE UNCLE REMUS' TALES

In such councils the listening mind of primitive man was naturally impelled to invent color and texture by means of his own imagination concerning unvisited lands and unaccountable men, and out of a rhapsodical racial eagerness were thus begun the epics of a mystical but joyous life that was greater than any one

individual experience. All this luxuriant fruitage of man's thinking grew and regrew, was reaped, replanted, and enriched by the passing years and by countless repetition. The result is the well-loved legends of all the old races within whose structure facts are but the unseen framework.

Around our night fire, beneath the hushing sound of the pines, the atmosphere of once-upon-a-time, which colored most of the talking, was regularly broken into with laughter and by Old Man Ramsdell's dry pipe-smoked humor. He liked to retell, but always with fresh additions, the farcical antics of Ole Bjerke and his wild cat kittens—of how our big lumberjack, Gus, upset the birch canoe when paddling across with an open keg of green wagon paint—of tenderfoot Herbert, buckfevered in Dr. Gray's garden tree blind, closing his eyes to the bang of the big Bullard rifle, which promptly kicked him out of the tree into the very path of the equally frightened bear. Perhaps the most amusing were Ramsdell's reports of the previous winter's banter between these snowed-in old cronies.

"Take some of this here bottle for your bellyache, Billy, it might cure you."

"O! Mr. Ramsdell, that thar says 'Mosquito Lotion.'"

"Well, I see Mrs. Gray giving it to the children for most every-

thing . . . and if it's fatal, you'll keep 'till spring in the ice house."

• CARAVANSERY

In 1887, after a number of seasons hunting and fishing through the region, my Grandfather Gray* had set up a unique home and family life in the pathless old pine forest of Bayfield County in Northern Wisconsin, near the headwaters of the Eau Claire, which at that time were two days hard travel from the little town of Ashland in Chaquamegon Bay, on the South Shore of Lake Superior.

He was a figure out of the pioneer days of two generations before. We had an establishment of men and equipment housed in log cabins on an island the size of a small village. All that was done was influenced by the environment of untouched wilderness, still the natural home of the wild animals which had been liv-

*See picture of Dr. Gray in Volume VII, Number 1, of NORTHWEST ARCHITECT.

FIVE "SATISFACTIONS"

"Psychologists are not agreed either on the names or the precise nature of these inner demands and drives that motivate men. Veblen and others find varying numbers and descriptions . . . at least five deserve special consideration:

"FIRST, the satisfyingness of activity, mental or physical, at which one can succeed."

"SECOND, the satisfyingness of mastery."

"THIRD, the satisfyingness of submission to the right kind of man."

"FOURTH, the satisfyingness of company and cheerfulness."

"FIFTH, the satisfyingness of that feeling that one is somebody of consequence."

" . . . The last deserves to be ranked next to hunger, sex, physical safety, and intolerance of bodily pain as a motive of conduct."

"THE NEW DECALOGUE OF SCIENCE," pp. 166.

Albert Edward Wiggam
Bobbs-Merrill, Indianapolis, 1922.

ing there for ages. The delight of this life sprang from hunting, exploring, observing, building primitive roads and primitive houses, foiling bad men and untamed natured, absorbing sun, rain, flowers, snow, sounds, sights, Indians, forest, freedom. For us who had come from the city, the fresh, clean, unspoiled days were a joy and an inspiration, but for Uncle Billy it was a not-before-dreamed-of opportunity for his pent up idealism. As Billy climbed down from the barrel after delivering his speech of winter-long preparation, Dr. Gray made the first gesture in their friendship, by helping him to unload the crates and boxes from the "tote" teams into the old "dugout" boat, a scow burned out of a great white pine log, adzed and whittled into boat shape by Chippewa John Morrison and his boys.

• THE THIRD SATISFACTION

Two rare and sympathetic spirits had met, and they were really Crusoes and Fridays at heart. The one a nomad innocent of conventional education but well skilled in the world of little things and how they worked, the other a professional writer and philosopher, prophet of a new way of life, which should find its satisfactions in common needs and common deeds.

A froe is like a very stout, broad bladed carpenter's draw shave but with a longer handle at one end only and turned up instead of down, in order to secure leverage for the effective splitting of handmade shingles. Uncle Billy's froe had been busy on white pine billets all winter, making shakes for the new boat house, and the rhythmic ringing scrape of his grindstone was a frequent prelude to all the other things he was making. Soon there would be plenty of admiration for his new-made, fresh-wood churn. The first cow to see that wilderness was to pasture on the blue joint grass of the island shores the coming summer. He whittled out a supply of tool handles. He set up on an eight-foot post the two-bushel goblet made of iron bars which served as a pine knot torch, the kind that used to light the loading of Ohio river steam boats. He made birch pole ladders, built cupboards and repaired, equipped and improved every utility about the place.

• THOUGHTS TO THINGS

His place at "that thar Green farm" had been both school and laboratory, where, like the other pioneer farmers, he had hewed a home out of the forest clearing long before the swarm of logging locusts "lumbered" their way through the State of Wisconsin, winter after winter, and wrecked the land as they went. His background reflected the same skill in creative necessity which was common to all the early Americans, but he brought to the simple household crafts the added spirit of a sensitive artist.

Those American pioneers lived days of great satisfaction, making and using wholly handmade equipment which worked smoothly and right-handedly. Their daily needs blossomed into contrivances built with Yankee ingenuity and provided with clever mechanical parts which forecast the coming great Age of Invention. But more important, like the dwelling place of Robinson Crusoe himself, all these pioneering necessities were created with meager tools from what would seem to us ill suited bits of wood or metal. Even patching clothes became an imaginative art of thread and needle with thrifty comfort in both the looks and feel of restored holes or lopping places.

• HERO OF THE ATELIERS

A young French architect, César Daly, traveling through the United States in 1837, rejoicing in the primitive force and grandeur of both the people and unspoiled nature, arrived in Texas just after its Declaration of Independence as the Lone Star State. He found its first President, Sam Houston, just moved into a new built log cabin, which was capitol at one end, executive mansion at the other, the public lobby roofed over between—the conventional southern cabin from that day to this. But President Houston had not a stick of furniture. In a craftwork far removed from draughting table and Montgolfier's perfect drawing papers, this architect, César Daly, and Sam Houston spent three months making all the needed furniture with an axe, auger, draw shave and pocket knife, and no nails. It is probable that they also had a wedge and a "fro" to "get out" the boards by splitting from walnut logs.

Such was the American pioneer a century ago, and such also was the quality of thousands of other immigrant youths who came from the apprentice slavery of foreign lands to travel our forest and prairie trails as "journeyman carpenters, tailors, tinkers, cobblers, clock makers and such."

César Daly, 1811-1894, to whose scholarly architectural tomes our 1899 Americo-French professors of Beaux Arts Architecture regularly referred us, was the son of a Napoleonic refugette who fled to Ireland and married a Dublin lad. César's son, Marcel, French consul at Seattle, 1918-1932, was a good friend of mine. He laughed heartily when I pronounced his father's name with sophomoric correctness, as "Say-zar Dah-lay." "No!" said Marcel, "He was a true Irishman. Just plain 'Seeser Day'-lee, and his Celtic spirit colored his long and adventurous intellectual life." Daly was primarily an archeologist; he spent the years from 1853 to 1856 as the pioneer in research of pre-Columbian Mexico. In 1869 he excavated in Palestine. Marcel and his father established the Parisian trade journal, "Builder's Week," in 1876. His biography in Sturgis' Architectural Dictionary gives no hint of the lively creative spirit and unacademic philosophy revealed by Marcel's entertaining accounts of his distinguished father.

• REFRESHMENTS FOR SYBARITES

From what Uncle Billy did for us, it was easy to understand his hand-made home in the clearing. There stood his simple pine furniture colored with human use. He explained how he had built his bed, adzed from split puncheons, with pegs and rawhide thongs. Dr. Gray had slept in such a bed and knew that story in sound and smell, sound of splitting and shaving, smell of new wood, odor of the oily whangs, creak of mortised joints, squeaks of rubbing webs.

At "that thar Green farm" the window sash slid in well-worn grooves, with a little push cleat, finger-worn to comfort. We could imagine his satisfying collection of jars and a decade's line of old tobacco tins for nails, cartridges, fish-hooks, medicine, paint, buttons, and a hundred handy savings. There were the various food boxes, the lithographic shine from rows of pictured peach, peas, and corn cans. Always the ready lantern must hang with the shotgun behind the door.

His candles, as ours too, would stand in a section of round white birch. The work bench, the self-closing gate in the garden fence, the dog house, and the orderly stacked kindling wood, all spoke as dignified and self-sufficient units in a universal architecture, not because they were well proportioned or patterned, but because through sweet and living material they had risen at the joyful call of jack knife and axe and understanding heart, called forth to be what they inevitably had to be.

• TO RAISE YOURSELF, GET UNDERNEATH

Everything about his own old home, about the cabin homes of all those self-reliant men who built America, had come into being as a part of a single historic impulse and racial episode, completely expressed by a capable man or woman who understood not merely with his brains, but with his doing. And we now eagerly collect these living artifacts of America in museums where dwellers on the surface of life may mine its treasurers for aesthetic's passing show.

We Americans have chosen to look at life from a seat in the stadium; perhaps we may now learn to play the game ourselves. But with Uncle Billy, the artist and the work of art had made each other. The only possible critic must be another who could also do it all, be it all, live it all. And Dr. Gray could. From his pioneer boyhood in the Ohio of 1830, all his life he had done homely chores, made useful things, took good care of everything that had cost some man's time and labor, and set it all down on the printed page. "And his name shall be called Crusoe, Amen," said Uncle Billy, when, around the snapping iron range in the old lean-to kitchen on winter evenings, Old Man Ramsdell would refill his pipe and remark, "Well, Billy, that's jes' natch'elly the kind a man the Doctor is!"

• THE SAGA GROWS

Dr. Gray wrote each morning in the little library cabin among the birches at the far end of the island. What he wrote he read aloud by the campfire to the big family circle salted with woodsmen, Indians and teamsters, and in the later years occasional city visitors. Quick comment came from the outdoor men, wise on all matters of fact. Old Man Ramsdell smoked softly and chuckled; Uncle Billy was silent and thoughtful.

The following morning some of us, a man and a boy perhaps, would be up before dawn, eat a kitchen cabin breakfast together by lamplight, hitch up the little red-skin ponies, Coot and Tom, and hurry away along the Bayfield Trail with the newspaper "copy," through a wet forest pierced with long javelins of first morning sunshine, to the distant cluster of board saloons which in the later years surrounded the new railway station and post office at Iron River, sixteen miles away.

• "... IS NOW, AND EVER SHALL BE,"

And so the days went by. On winter nights when the thick ice of the lake cracked through the pine-boughed stillness of forest like rifle shots, I would step outside the low cabin door to catch the weather signs for snow, or clear, or colder, and to get a deep breath

of honest air. Often there were no stars, the trees blurred against the heavy sky, their trunks just black nothing where the snow was not, and the snow, luminous, grey-white, insistent, everywhere eerie and cold, seemed both symbol and source of the cold itself that was cracking the ice, snapping the trees and daring the red hot stove, whose tight little plume of smoke spiraled above the tin stack on the roof. Through an opening in the tree trunks, lay the lake below, more of the grey-white gunmetal snow stretching away to dark, winter-silent forest shores, and somewhere out there across that flat, denser field of North, a little wavering, winding path disappeared into nothing.

Into this icy area of utter loneliness and silent, uncertain fear, away off across the lake, out from among the trees would appear a little yellow lantern light bobbing and swinging with the walking rhythm of a man's legs as he chucked into the frozen footprints and gritted the crumbled spalls. Uncle Billy was coming back from feeding Coot and Tom. We boys knew well the evening chores across the lake at the old log barn. There were the ponies, warm and friendly to ripple out soft snorts, and snicker half-meant whinnies. The slamming of the oat bin lid would send up a smell of grain, the lantern bail was always a bit too warm when we picked it up again, the hay fork dropped into its accustomed hanger with a wooden tap of habit, the door squeaked and rattled shut, and its hand-worn peg slid into its hole to the chuck point, just so.

• "WE'LL BE SEEING YOU"

That winter the Spirit of Dr. Gray was still speaking everywhere about the Island although with the falling leaves, he had gone away forever to the Happy Hunting Grounds. Who now would understand with Uncle Billy the voices that he heard, voices of the spirit of mere dumb objects? His Crusoe had been the keeper of the little images of language. He knew the stories of all that Uncle Billy had whittled out. His pen could picture them in ingenious, colorful words. And he had understood the Living Word, powerful with inward potential, moving rigid men where feeble language words failed mere readers of The Book. To the modest primitive-minded loving old "Haywire Artist" his genial bearded Chief had been the only man he ever knew who could thus Listen, See, Read, not words, but the heart of things and those who made them. Now life had lost its meaning for Billy Green, and one spring morning when the blueberries were in blossom the old man wrapped his Bible and a few belongings in a blanket roll, walked quietly down the St. Croix trail to the West, and we never saw him again.





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Whatever we do to maintain the woods, fields and waters, we simultaneously do for preservation of wild animal life as well. Nature-saving thrift must become an American habit. From forest and farm, with water for growth and for power, comes our very national existence.

Wise establishment of strategically located, easily accessible forest reserves and sanctuaries for birds, animals, and fish, properly maintained by trained men, are needed. Such areas would function as experimental stations in educating the layman in the technique of coping with man-made problems in conjunction with those of nature.

No movement can succeed without the support of the people. The National Wildlife Federation wishes particularly to stimulate the interest of the school children of America, and has prepared a series of enlightening booklets for use in the schools, which are equally valuable to parents. Throughout America, numerous meetings are being organized to interest the people generally in conservation needs and methods.

Help your Wildlife Federation. Write to us for stamps and postcards for your boys and girls and ask for the booklets. Organize local interest, cooperate with all good sportsmen, and let us help you.

The most ardent conservationists are found among the true sportsmen in the ranks of the hunters and fishermen of America. They are the prime supporters of conservation agencies and are eager to do their part in aiding Nature to maintain the balance which modern civilization tends to destroy.

NATIONAL WILDLIFE FEDERATION

FOR PERPETUATING OUR NATIONAL RESOURCES
THROUGH ENLIGHTENED PUBLIC OPINION

1212 SIXTEENTH STREET, N. W.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

ARCHITECT

Roy Jones' Report (in Part) of the Recent Annual Meeting in Cincinnati

As one of the delegates to the Annual Meetings of the A.I.A. and the State Associations in Cincinnati, I will try to give you in this report as clear a picture as I can of what happened.

First of all, let me say that it was a good meeting. It helped mightily to renew one's faith in our profession. The attendance was much better than anyone expected. There was abundant evidence that the Institute is being gradually but steadily rejuvenated. Many more younger men than usual participated. There were plenty of fireworks on the floor and behind the scenes. Louis LeBeaume was toastmaster at the annual dinner. He couldn't resist another chance to wittily and elegantly bemoan the passing of what he is pleased to call beauty. According to him and a Cincinnati gentleman he introduced, there have been no good buildings since McKim and no good poetry since Tennyson.

The spectacular highlight of the meeting was a talk by the only general which the profession has so far contributed to this war—Brigadier General Henry C. Newton. He hails from Los Angeles and the Southern California Chapter. He entered the Army by way of the National Guard, has been rapidly promoted, and now commands a brigade of the armed forces. He proved to be masterful, confident, big in stature and in voice. Disdaining the microphone, he told us what was what for an hour and a quarter. If he can lead his brigade the way he led the meeting, he will rip right through to Berlin in no time at all. Seriously, his talk was "good stuff"—a timely plea to forget inferiority complexes, prima donna individualism, and arty isolationism—to remember that our claims to consideration as "master builders" can be justified only by real technical and business competence and a realistic facing of problems as they are.

I had several talks and sat in at several meetings with the present Washington Representative, Este Fisher. He impressed me as a very able chap—diplomatic, alert, forceful—a man who knows his way about. I've no accurate knowledge of all he's done or left undone. But if one thing I do know he has done is typical, he's definitely worth his salt. He formulated a definition of what the architect really does, which neatly clarifies the terminological confusion between the "architectural engineering" and "architecture," and which lays

(Continued on next page)

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State Association News

Tus Says

● WELL, HERE WE GO AGAIN. Much water has gone over the dam since the last publication.

First and foremost is the convention of the American Institute of Architects, at which we were so ably represented by Roy C. Jones and Reinhold Melander, whose reports are published elsewhere in the magazine.

The Minnesota Chapter of the A.I.A., as expressed in a communication presented to the convention, felt quite strongly that the Institute should be the Washington representative of the entire architectural profession, keeping them informed as to the activities of the various branches of the government where their work was affected and provide contracts where and when needed. They also felt that the publication of the American Institute of Architects should be more of a trade bulletin and, if possible, published weekly.



W. H. Tusler

be next year something can be done and some concrete plan will be forthcoming.

● Getting back to the local field, the appointment by the Governor of Dale McEnary to fill the place of Wm. W. Tyrie on the Board of Registration is one that will meet the approval of every architect. Dale should be a valuable addition to the Board and team up fine with Reinhold Melander and Ken Fullerton. It is to be regretted that we do not have more adequate and definite legislation to back up the Board in its work.

● On June 17 the Minnesota Chapter of the A.I.A. together with the Producers' Council, enjoyed the annual picnic on Nine-Mile Creek. While the number attending was less than in former years, the usual high quality was maintained. This event each year, while it does not bring out any remarkable golf scores, is enjoyable and is a promoter of good fellowship.

(Continued from Page 9)

to rest all those misunderstandings that have so often worked against us. And what's more, he got the Army definitely, and the Navy provisionally, to accept it, revise their printed bulletins, and to instruct all their various procurement agencies accordingly. To those of us who have had anything to do with the placement of architects and architectural students with governmental and military agencies, this means a lot.

Unification

More and more, everybody is swinging round to the idea of one inclusive organization, or "unification," meaning one group that includes at least a majority of all registered architects. It looks like such a simple thing to arrive at. But God! what rampant individualists architects are!

The State Association delegates met. They talked. The Pennsylvania delegation presented its resolution calling for an immediate "constitutional convention" whose sole job would be to "unify." But there were strenuous objections. Cost, adverse wartime conditions, etc., etc., were all urged

Minnesota Chapter Chit-Chat



R. N. Thorshov

● DURING THE PAST YEAR Harold T. Spitznagel of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, became a corporate member of the A.I.A. and consequently a member of the Minnesota Chapter which includes in its territory both South Dakota and North Dakota. Harold Spitznagel's work, by its quality, has added distinction to the architectural profession.

● THE ANNUAL CONVENTION of the A.I.A. was held in Cincinnati, Ohio, from May 26 through May 28. Roy Childs Jones and Harold Spitznagel, each acting as one and one-half delegates, represented the Chapter's three votes. We know they enjoyed the spirit of the Convention as well as the spirits at the Convention in true architectural fashion.

● ARNOLD RAUGLAND, instead of losing his shirt at the Annual Picnic, won a shirt for low gross score. Clarence Johnson, after keeping a New Year's resolution for thirty years, weakened, played golf and won a prize for the highest (bowling) score. Two prizes were awarded to the two most honest (is it possible in this game) golfers, Fred Gabbert and Hiram Livingston. The blind bogie prize went to Don Setter.

● OSCAR LANG, the only architect daring to play a game of poker with members of the Producer's Council, left them poorer although not wiser. (*Editor's Note: We could read that last sentence two ways!*)

● JIM BRUNET recently spent a ten-day furlough in Minneapolis looking as rotund and amiable as ever.

● AT THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Chapter, Arnold Raugland was reelected President; Robert Cerny elected first Vice President; Harold Spitznagel, second Vice President; Rollin Chapin, Treasurer, and R. N. Thorshov, Secretary.

● THE ARCHITECTS are well represented on the Minneapolis Ration Board. Robert Cerny, Arnold Raugland and Cyrus Bissell are members of the Fuel Oil Panel, and R. N. Thorshov is a Director in charge of all Footwear and Rubber Boot rationing in Minneapolis.

R. N. THORSHOV
Secretary.
Minn. Chapter, A.I.A.

against it. I believe the only resolution that finally reached and passed the convention was one recommending that the Board appoint a new committee of Chapter and State Association representatives to work out details of unification during the next year.

Governmental Relationships

The committee on Governmental Relationships made a most constructive report. It set up a scheme of local contacts with congressional representatives, rather than centralized mass contacts in Washington. Each chapter's legislative committee would function for the Institute's national legislative committee in its own region by direct contacts with its own local congressmen. The idea was received with enthusiasm, as likely to be much more effective than anything that could be done by one or two single committee men trying to get anything done by one or two single congressmen in the hurly-burly of Washington.

One whole day was devoted to a discussion of Postwar Reconstruction.

NORTHWEST

Art Gum Crumbs and Thumb Tack Holes

By Ken Fullerton

"Write me some stuff," he says, "like 'Do you walk to work or do you carry your lunch?'," so the ensuing is gleaned (cute for copied) from the strictly top class upper stratum of lowest grade corn—1942. But first we got an essay on poker—

"DRAW POKER PHOOEY—PFT."

We know that a lot of you readers get into a poker game now and then but don't grow old doin' it, any more'n you'd pipe your latest job for gas lights. If you play, you are in one of two classes—either (1) you like today's ramified games, the artistry and subtlety of which keep your brains burnished, or (2) you don't. If you can't play anything but plain 5-card stud or draw ordinaire without blanching or feeling like you're on a rubber raft, just because you have to form a new set of values—you only want to play with some cronies just like you and you belong to a dying. If you're that inflexible how're you going to apply plastics to your planning?

BUT—if you can take 7-toed Pete and 6-card cheater and low hole card and seven-thirty-two and turny-turny and 7 cards-duces and Woolworth and high Denver and baseball and maybe some special plague of your own, you're still alive. If you play any dealer's game with only a modicum of grouseing you're good company.

Now if you relish any of these plain but like 'em best at high-low, Shake Bo! We gravitate to your table! Not that the other guys aren't alright, yunderstand, but just because we like to put a little calesthenics on the old bean and get along with people.

If women can play that kind of poker, and they do and ask no quarter, who do men have to stickle for the traditional. We think it's skull scurvy. If you're going to be a sissy, we say, get off your ration board and join the commandos or the paratroops.

* * *

'Spose you noticed that squib in the *Minneapolis Star* by Norman Lodge. Tells a few about our South Pacific Yanks and their pastimes—but are their antics special—we think not. They just got a set of conditions that makes them a wee daft, but we've seen a few daftees in some of our local groups. At this work they are fearsome and with only two drinkys in but three players per group.

There is one in that article that's worth a try though. It's called "Shove it." Just play any one of your favorite stud games, give a man his hole cards, then a card face up. If he doesn't like it he shoves it along to the next player and gets another, *which he has to keep*. If he retains the first card the next player gets a fresh one and he can shove it or keep it but if his neighbor has shoved him one he keeps it or shoves it. If he shoves, always the next card he has to keep. When it comes to the last card down, keep it or shove it, face down. When everybody's happy, use money to find out who's the winner. Believe it—"Shove it" puts in just a few more laughs and some good ones.

If you don't play poker at all, Lord help you, this essay won't.

Well the corn's hot—

* * *

Riding home from the war plant that last hot day the back seat thorn, amongst a triad of roses, offered a remark: "I'm not feeling myself tonight."

Chatter of roses: "That's jest no jest, mister."

Some aspirants to secretariatia are very tenacious and hard to discourage, natheless subtle.

The boss said to one: "No miss, I'm afraid you won't do."

More chatter of roses: "I haven't said I won't, sir."

* * *

It was his penultimate day-day (had he but known) and he had had his penultimate drink at what he had reservedly called the penultimate bar and he was standing speculatively outside a revolving door in front of the hotel.

He knew pretty well that behind that barrier there was a bar—the ultimate bar. He was duly aware that such an intricate door would take some negotiating—a definitely cautious approach.

Just before the zero moment a gent went through the right side going in and within three quarters of a turn out came a dashing blonde on the left—very amusing to our bar commando and it brought out his best.

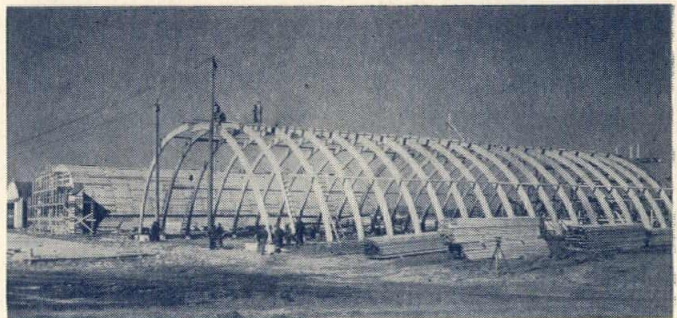
Chatter of four roses: "Shay! Tha's a darn good act—how'd she change her clothes so quick?"

* * *

Of course I tire easy and eat well but why should me pigeon say—"You great big fat, lazy, hulking, over-fed bum!! You weigh so much you're getting into a rut."

Last of the four roses and the chatter.

Hoping you are semper idem.



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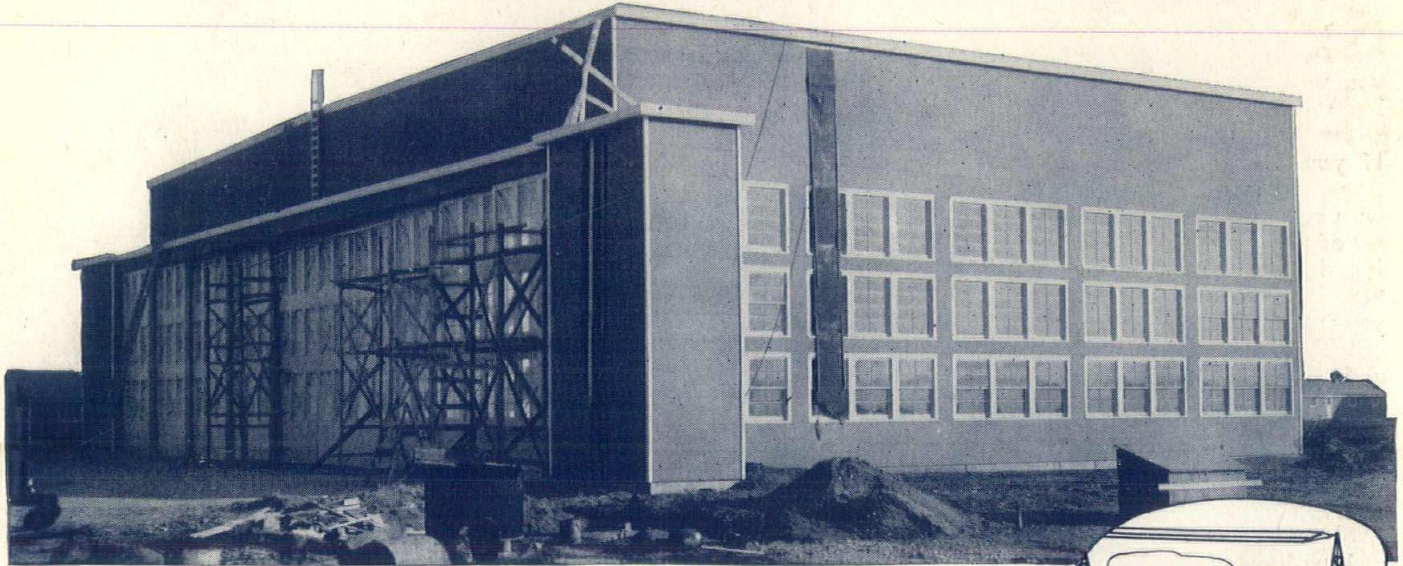
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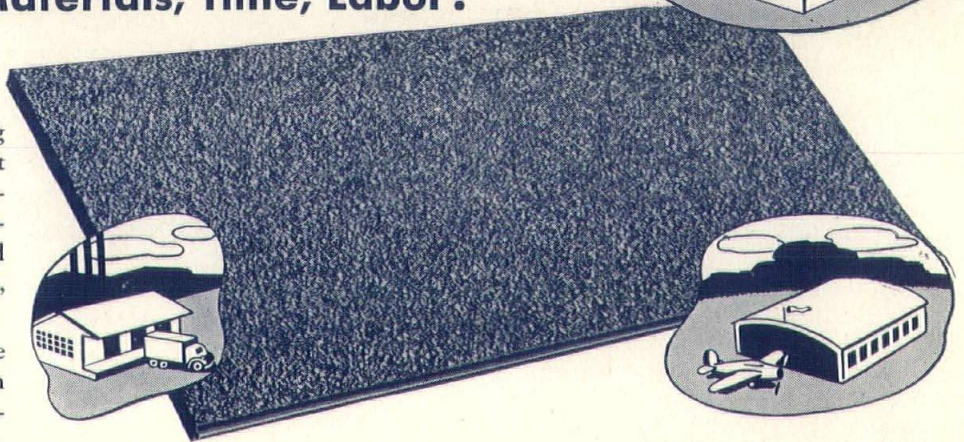
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