One Chapter's Experience with TV
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Presentation to Auguste Perret
What About These Road Blocks?
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The Architects' 1952 Trek Abroad
Craftsmanship and the Artist's Equipment

35c

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT THE OCTAGON, WASHINGTON, D. C.
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HOPE'S WINDOWS, INC., Jamestown, N. Y.
One Chapter's Experience with TV

By C. M. Deasy

W hen television finally emerged from the laboratory and became a miracle commonplace in every living-room, its first impact on the architectural profession was the problem of furniture arrangement. This reaction was quickly followed by the realization that television provided a nearly ideal medium for presenting to the public the accomplishments of the architectural profession.

Apparently, architects in every area blessed (or afflicted) with television stations recognized this opportunity, and in greater or lesser degree have participated in programs about architecture. Those in the Los Angeles area were no exception, and as soon as the local stations went on the air, began appearing as guests and panel members on various shows. Since this coincided with the employment of a full-time public relations director by the Southern California Chapter, these appearances were numerous.

This type of appearance by architects on a mass-communication medium like television is undoubtedly beneficial to the profession. Still, it lacks the impact of a well organized and continuing program devoted to telling the story of the architect's role in the community. It is the good fortune of the Southern California Chapter that we have been able to present our weekly half-hour television program, "California Life" for a full twenty-six weeks' contract and are slated to return to the air for another six months.

Other chapters considering television ventures of their own may find the background of our program helpful.

Producing a continuous television series over a twenty-six-week period, at an evening hour competing with both local and network shows, is a project involving both time and money in large amounts. Since a local chapter is not apt to possess enough of either, some means of financing and producing the show other than chapter dues must be found.

In the case of "California Life"
these problems came already answered when, in the fall of 1951, the Southern California Chapter was approached by the head of an advertising agency with the idea of a commercially sponsored half-hour show about the home.

While this proposal took care of the problem of finance and production, it posed the question of the propriety of a professional organization engaging in a program with commercial sponsors. This point was seriously considered and many ideas proposed and discarded before a formula was evolved that made it possible for the Chapter to participate in an ethical manner.

Several things were stipulated in the agreement between the Chapter and Frank McKellar, the producer. Sponsors were to be only those acceptable to the Chapter. At both the beginning and ending of the program there were to be statements disclaiming any endorsements by the Chapter of the products advertised. The Chapter's Public Relations Committee was to have complete control of selecting the houses to be shown. Finally, it was required that an architect be selected to conduct the program each week as a sort of moderator instead of a professional TV actor. It was because of this last stipulation that the writer joined AFTRA, the union for the TV industry, and began spending his Sunday afternoons in greasepaint.

The program idea is very simple: a visit each week to an outstanding home. Nothing could give the viewers a better opportunity of seeing what an architect does and how much he contributes to the well-being of his clients. Unfortunately, a remote telecast from the house itself is abnormally expensive, subject to suitable weather, wide doorways, and lengthy set-up and preparation time. It was considered easier to bring the house to the studio.

That such a thing was possible is what made "California Life" a program with movement and life instead of just another discussion or panel show.

Actually, not one of the twenty-six houses shown ever left its foundations. The magic was performed by the use of rear-screen projection, a technique similar to motion-picture "process" shots. Photographs are taken of a house, both outside and inside, showing the most interesting views. The only limitations on what may be photographed are certain requirements as to eye level and foreground. The negatives are then

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printed as positive glass slides and projected through a powerful projector upon the back of a giant transparent screen. To the eye of the television camera a person standing in front of this screen appears to be within the setting depicted: a living-room, or kitchen, on the rear terrace or at the front door. It is against just such a background that you would have seen this writer if you were tuned in to Los Angeles channel 7 (American Broadcasting Co.) at six o’clock of a Sunday evening last summer. After the standard opening titles and credits, and the voice of the announcer telling the audience of the treats in store, it was my job to introduce the guest architect, the designer of the home of the day. If the owners of the house were willing and seemed to be able to manage some ad lib conversation without getting stage fright, they were also invited before the cameras. This made it possible to get some of the background facts about the house established in a brief discussion: how the owners happened to select the architect, what their family requirements were, and any other pertinent or entertaining information about hobbies, budgets, the site, and incidents during construction.

With about two minutes of program time consumed in establishing the background, the guest architect and I started on a leisurely tour through the house, discussing the most interesting points as we passed from room to room. Occasionally, we digressed to talk about various other ways of handling certain problems. The intent of the whole conversation was to convey to the audience, without blunt propagandizing, the manner in which an architect analyzes his client’s requirements, the time and thought devoted to every detail, and the broad background of experience and training from which he draws in creating a fresh and original solution.

Occasionally, on our tour through the house, the owners were asked to join us again to tell us how certain innovations had worked out in practice.

In addition to the large-screen pictures, we found it possible to use ordinary photographs as “inserts.” Standing in the living-room and discussing a particularly interesting detail (we seemed to show an unusual number of built-in bars), we could switch a camera to a close-up photograph of the de-
Frank McKellar, producer of the show, steadily experimented with production techniques in an effort to increase the illusion of reality and improve the pace. After all, the right of a television program to appear in any home is completely permissive. If for any reason, it drags or fails to entertain, the viewer has a dial with six other choices on it. Unless we put on a program that was fast moving, alive and informative, we would have wound up talking to ourselves. As the director and camera men became more familiar with our subject matter and the rear-screen projection techniques, the whole crew contributed to what was eventually a well-paced, quick-moving and highly professional production.

For those who have never seen a television show produced, it might be interesting to step back-stage and see how many people are involved in even a fairly simple production such as “California Life.” The producer is the number-one man, in complete charge of the entire effort. A script writer is also usually involved, although after the first month we abandoned a formal script and depended only on a cue script with all conversation ad-libbed. On the set there
is a make-up man, two camera men, one sound man, one slide projectionist, two grips or stagehands, two electricians, and, of course, the studio announcer who handles all commercials. In the control booth are the director, two more technicians, and whatever sponsors happen to be on hand. In some secret fastness of the studio, there is also a central control room which monitors everything going out over the air and performs the required surgery if anything has to be cut or if we run over our time. Not counting central control and the technical staff at the transmitter, it took approximately fifteen people behind the cameras to put on our one-half hour program. This will give a fair idea of why television is a costly medium, and why the Southern California Chapter could hardly afford to finance such a program unaided.

One thing that came as a surprise to the television people was the able and effective way many of the architects handled themselves before the cameras. Some got stage fright and had to be coaxed along, but, in general, the performance was good. There were no real boners pulled, though on a few occasions the guest architects were so pleased with the magnificence of their own work displayed on the screen behind them, that they kept the backs of their necks resolutely turned to the camera and the audience. Incidentally, almost to a man, the architects chose to wear their make-up home from the studio, which may indicate suppressed desires for the footlights.

Relationships with our sponsors were very cordial, and we considered ourselves fortunate for the restrained and tasteful manner in which they used their commercial time.

It was difficult for those most closely connected with the show to evaluate it objectively, but the reaction as we saw it was universally good. In the last audience survey made before the series ended, "California Life" had an audience of 80,000 people. This, of course, is microscopic for television in a large metropolitan center, but I know of no other way the architects as a profession could talk to so many people under such favorable circumstances.

It is our hope that as the program continues and improves the audience will grow. While "California Life" may be judged a suc-

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cess on what it has accomplished, the most exciting aspect is what it could accomplish in the future and what television itself could do to make the architect known for what he does for the community.

What About These Road Blocks?

By Elliott C. Spratt

President, The Producers' Council

The fact that the affiliation between The American Institute of Architects and The Producers' Council has endured some thirty years, and the further fact that the joint A.I.A.-P.C. Committee has functioned continuously for eight years must mean that this collaboration has been productive. Certainly we in The Council believe it has been, and we know a good many architects who agree.

The collaboration between The American Institute of Architects and what became The Producers’ Council had its inception in a Joint Conference on Better Advertising, held between the Board of Directors of The Institute and representatives of the building materials producers of the United States. This Conference demonstrated the desirability of a better understanding among architects and producers as to their common interest in the characteristics, presentation and appropriate utilization of products entering into construction.

The Structural Service Committee was authorized by the 55th Convention (1922) of The Institute to create a Producers’ Section of that Committee as a sustaining body to collaborate with the Committee. Later, in 1923, it was decided to form a separate organization of producers. This resulted in the organization of the Producers’ Research Council. As the cooperation continued, the name of the council became The Producers’ Council, and the Structural Service Committee of The Institute became the Structural Service Department, later the Department of Education and Research.

In 1923 The Institute and The Council entered into an Agreement of Affiliation, with the objectives of bringing about: (a) a closer and more professional relation between architects and the producers of materials, and (b) the issuance of trustworthy information regarding materials and their use.

The basic objective of this joint

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effort remains as sound today as it was in 1923.

The individual projects on which our Joint Committee is presently centering its attention seem to be meeting with general approval: furthering the adoption of modular coordination, developing a library of slide sets to acquaint architectural students with the uses and characteristics of the products with which they will deal in their future practice, increasing the effectiveness of The Institute's annual product exhibit, and improving the quality and usefulness of manufacturers' technical literature.

If we can agree that we are working in the right direction, the next step is to ask whether we are making really satisfactory progress toward our objectives. And at the risk of seeming impatient, I am going to venture the opinion that we are not.

❖

After three years of planning, there are only 14 slide sets out in the architectural schools. There should be three times as many by now. The Institute and The Council became joint sponsors of modular coordination 13 years ago, and modular design has barely begun to take hold. It is not exag-gerating to say that two-thirds of the architects probably have never even made a first attempt at modular design, and that three-quarters of all the builders and contractors haven't the faintest idea of what modular coordination is all about. The product exhibit is too new to permit critical appraisal.

As for the quality and down-to-earth helpfulness of the product literature which we manufacturers send to you architects, there unquestionably has been some improvement, thanks to the excellent advice and criticism forthcoming from the Juries of Architects which have judged the literature competitions and from members of The A.I.A. staff. But we have made no more than a good beginning.

These observations are not offered in a critical mood. Rather, they are intended to serve as a stimulant. The Joint Committee has worked intelligently and faithfully. Its members deserve high praise. It is not within their power to speed up progress, except as they can plan and exhort.

We in The Council have devoted much thought to the question of how to cope with the inertia which we are encountering, and have come to the conclusion that the solution lies largely in the
hands of the architects and their Institute.

Let me hasten to explain, however, that we are not saying that the architectural profession is more at fault than the manufacturers. The fault in some instances is much more ours than yours. The point is that you can do more than we can to speed up progress in these vital programs.

What can you do? For one thing, the individual architect can speak up. Let him reject technical literature which does not serve his purpose. Let him address his critical opinion to the manufacturer in question. If that happened often enough, results would come fast.

Let the architectural students and their instructors demand up-to-date product data from the manufacturers and producers' associations which are not providing it. A few hundred such demands would lead to fast action.

Let those architects who are designing on the modular basis speak up and provide practical evidence of its virtues so as to prod their fellow designers into at least giving the idea a fair trial.

Further, we believe that the Board of Directors of The Institute can give considerable impetus to our joint programs by taking forceful action, thereby serving notice that these projects are deemed truly important by your profession. For example, your Board very properly could endorse and put its official weight back of a list of official recommendations with respect to what is wanted and what is not wanted in product literature. It could go so far as to recommend that individual architects ignore manufacturers' literature which does not meet certain minimum specifications.

Your Board could compile a list of products not now available in modular sizes and officially ask that prompt steps be taken to provide them. It could call a meeting of the manufacturers who should be producing modular materials and ask for a firm commitment.

After consultation with the Association of Collegiate Schools of Architecture, your Board could issue a list of specific products for which suitable slide sets are not available, and ask individual manufacturers or associations to prepare them forthwith.

These are merely examples; there are other actions of a similar
nature which would be most pro-
ductive. Your Board is a body
of great prestige. Manufacturers
respect it and would heed its advice
and requests.

Backed with that support, The
Producers' Council would redouble
its efforts to inspire action. Be-
tween us, we could step up progress
considerably.

Now, let's look at our basic ob-
jectives and consider another spe-
cific objective in which we have a
mutual interest.

All of the programs just men-
tioned bear directly on one or both
of our basic desires for better qual-
ity and lower cost in construction.
Yet nothing really noteworthy is
being done, so far as we can see,
to create a greater public demand
for wider use of architectural ser-
vice as a step toward better design.
We of The Council have no con-
crete action to suggest, but we do
believe that our two organizations
can devise a suitable program and
we suggest that conversation be
arranged for that purpose.

The Council wishes to suggest
also that The Institute and The
Council adopt as another joint ob-
jective that of creating a loud and
insistent public demand for the
renovation and rebuilding of the
millions of aged and obsolete build-
ings in our towns and cities.

As my predecessor, Mr. A.
Naughton Lane, told your North-
ern Ohio Chapter last summer, no
organization is better qualified to
lead such a movement than The
American Institute of Architects.

The Council and its 33 chapters
stand ready to join The Institute
and its chapters in creating that
demand which would mean so
much to members of both organi-
zations and to the public. It might
seem presumptuous to advance this
idea as a challenge; so please view
it as a suggestion which, in our
eyes, has great merit.

It has been my great personal
privilege to meet many hundreds
of architects during my 28 years
in the construction industry and
33 years in the real estate business.
Through these close and extensive
associations, I have come to have
the highest regard for their good
intentions, their desire to serve the
public interest, and the great pro-
fessional prestige they have at-
tained in the eyes of the public and
of the men who make up the build-
ing industry.

These suggestions are advanced
for your consideration with the
promise that The Producers'
Council will do its full share in supporting any actions that may result. In turn, we shall of course be most receptive to any counter suggestions which The Institute may see fit to present.

The UNESCO Conference of Arts and Letters at Venice

By Ralph Walker, F.A.I.A.

Perhaps for the first time, a large distinguished group of men representing music, literature, the theater, the cinema, painting, sculpturing and architecture met in Venice last October and conferred for an all too brief week on problems, philosophic and economic, which affected them either nationally or across their homeland borders.

The Conference was a clear statement that all manifestations of the arts, letters and music—in all their aspects—were of common interest, not only to practitioners but also to the world at large; that the cultures of all peoples are important. Someone noted that the dance had not been considered and that this represented a serious omission in that the rhythmic qualities of dancing were essential to the understanding of all art.

The major value of the UNESCO Conference, as might be expected, was in the opportunity to meet distinguished people in other disciplines than one's own; but because the time of the Conference was so short, the utmost possible was not obtained from these meetings. However, brief as the time was, the qualities of the men attending were obvious and rewarding. This type of conference should be held in the United States but is stopped by unintelligent provisions of the McCarran Act. Every effort should be made to create a climate in the United States permitting a free interchange of ideas on international cultural levels.

Parenthetically, I also attended a brief session of the CIAM Summer School in Venice. This also is an idea which The American
Institute of Architects might pick up, to the mutual advantage of our own profession here in the United States and to its future practitioners both here and abroad. I suggest the A.I.A. Education Committee might well investigate the possibilities. I also suggest that such seminars be broadened beyond CIAM ideas into a more truly humanistic approach. One of the most interesting occurrences at the UNESCO Conference was a passionate disclaimer by Le Corbusier that he was an inhuman advocate of the machine, but on the contrary he was truly interested in human beings. To most of those who heard him he did not seem convincing.

To return to UNESCO, one of the most excellent ideas was proposed by the Danish Delegation, and that was to have in every government building budget a definite percentage to be used in enriching the building through ornament, sculpture, painting and better designed furnishings. This operates successfully in Copenhagen, where the annual civic budget also carries an item devoted wholly to art purposes and in furthering the enrichment of the city as a cultural center. The latter fund may be used even to adorn a private commercial building when it occupies a dominant position within the city. This type of budget in every city might well be considered as a goal—to be achieved by the combined action of the artists and architects who live in them.

Many resolutions were passed which then seemed important and were obviously desired by the separate disciplines which proposed them as, mostly, they were passed without opposition. To me, the one which might become a guerdon to all the professional men interested in the arts and letters—all of whom too often live socially in an ivory tower complaining that the world does not give them the recognition they deserve—was proposed by the French and Italian delegations and it was passed after eloquent remarks by Jules Romain and Gino Severini:

"The International Conference of Artists:
"proclaiming that for the full development of all creative activity, the respect of human dignity and of the artist’s freedom of expression is indispensable;
"declaring that these basic conditions are universal and form an integral part of those human rights which artists must help to defend, since it is upon the idea of freedom
for the artist and the intellectual that modern civilization is based; “conscious of the fact that the need to defend these principles makes it incumbent upon all free men, as well as free societies and states, to join in an international effort of close coordination and collaboration, since it is through such collaboration and freedom alone that the cause of culture can be furthered; “considering further that the examination of these vital matters is essentially part of the work of UNESCO; “urges that every assistance and consideration may be given to existing and future institutions in all countries which exercise an active influence in the fields of literature, art and science, whilst preserving that independence, both collective and individual, by which alone spiritual freedom throughout the world can be guaranteed.”

Presentation Ceremony of the 1952 Gold Medal

By Welles Bosworth, F.A.I.A.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO FRANCE, JAMES C. DUNN, PRESENTS THE INSTITUTES’ GOLD MEDAL TO AUGUSTE FERRET, OCTOBER 21, 1952

A formal notice, having the appearance of one of very many and with nothing of a personal nature about it, came to me, announcing that the Medal would be presented to Monsieur Perret at the 41, Faubourg St. Honoré branch of our Embassy. I made a note of it on my calendar with the intention and desire to go to it, but when the day arrived my wife said it would be difficult to get there on time, if at all, for her; perhaps I’d better go without her. She likes Perret and enjoys his somewhat caustic humor, so I proposed that we go in late, enough to have put in appearance and shaken hands. We managed to arrive not so very late, but I was surprised to have my good friend, Ambassador Dunn, come forward to welcome us and say that they had been waiting for me because I was the only member of The Institute to be there. I stupidly thought for the moment that he meant the French Institute, until I saw Tournon in the crowd and then, when the Ambassador drew me forward to be photographed with him and Perret, I saw what he meant. I felt much pleased to represent The A. I. A. on this occasion, although,
during the many years here in Paris, I have frequently had that honor at the International Congresses of Architects, and the like.

The ceremony was charming, Mr. Lawrence Morris, Cultural Attaché of the Embassy, had arranged it all agreeably in those fine rooms of the old Baron Edmond de Rothschild palace, now an adjunct to and very near our Embassy, with a long table of refreshments at one end, and seats for the Perrets at the other.

Among the 150 guests of particular interest were: the Director of Architecture, Mr. Perchet; the Chief of the Cabinet of the Minister of Reconstruction; Mr. Paul Leon, Membre de l'Institut and President of the Union des Arts; the Director of the Bibliotheque Nationale, Mr. Julien Cain; the Director of the Ecole Nationale des Beaux-Arts, Mr. Untersteller; members of the Conseil Superieur de l'Ordre des Architectes, the most important architectural group in France; members of the Ministry of Reconstruction and Urbanism; certain museum officials; officials from the French Cultural Relations service; journalists from most of the dailies—for example, critics from the influential dailies *La Monde* and *Figaro*, from the weekly *Arts*, and the editors of the two leading magazines: *Architecture d'Aujourd'hui* and *Architecture Française*. The Minister of Reconstruction, Mr. Claudius Petit, who takes a great interest in architectural problems and knows Mr. Perret, was in Southern France, but sent a personal letter of felicitation to Mr. Perret by his Chef de Cabinet, Mr. Chavanon.

I was momentarily embarrassed when a number of people crowded around me asking who the three faces on the Medal represented, for I had never seen it before, but I said to myself as I examined them that at any rate I know who they ought to be, and if they are not officially so, then it's no fault of mine. So I said, "Phidias, Ictinus and Callicrates," and everyone was satisfied. I told Ralph Walker about it later and to my great satisfaction he said I was right.

Following an introduction by the Cultural Attaché, we heard the admirable address of Ambassador Dunn who, you probably don't know, was once an architect which, as I said in introducing him at a lunch given in his honor by the University Club of Paris, is no
doubt the chief reason for his becoming such a successful ambassador.

I am told that Monsieur Perret is constantly mentioning this event with such satisfaction that it gives the impression of being to him the crowning event of his life.

Mr. Lawrence S. Morris:
Your Excellencies, Monsieur Perret, Ladies and Gentlemen:
We are gathered here this afternoon to honor a great French architect who is loved and respected both in France and in America. The American Institute of Architects invited Monsieur Perret to attend its annual meeting in New York City last June to receive this decoration, but he was unable to go. The Institute has therefore requested His Excellency the American Ambassador to act on its behalf. For, it still happens sometimes, even in this tormented world of today, that when a man does not seek an honor, the honor comes to seek him.

I present His Excellency, the American Ambassador.

Ambassador Dunn:
Excellencies, Monsieur Perret, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The President of The American Institute of Architects has asked me to express his own and his associates’ deep regret that Monsieur Perret was not able to be in New York last June, so that The Institute’s Medal could have been offered to him in person by the American architects who wished to honor their great French colleague. For the modern spirit in architecture, exemplified by the development of new materials and the use of old materials in new ways, which Monsieur Perret has represented in France, is one that is most congenial to the American temper. However, it is a great pleasure for me to represent The American Institute of Architects today in this tribute to a creator who has been an inspiration not only to his own countrymen but to builders in almost every nation. Like many innovators, he was subjected at the outset of his career to adverse criticism of the most vigorous nature. Nevertheless, the apartment house on the rue Franklin, which he built in 1903 and which was the first example of a building completely constructed from reinforced concrete (béton armé), has influenced builders throughout the world. His critics have long since been silenced, and today his ideas
are accepted and given wide acclaim.

I remember that the first time I attended a performance in the Theatre des Champs Elysées, I was struck by the spaciousness and simplicity of its structure. In the entire building functionalism and esthetic charm are happily married. The church of Notre Dame du Raincy, which Monsieur Perret constructed as a memorial to the dead of World War I, will forever remain one of his masterpieces. One of the first modern churches, it is visited not only by religious pilgrims, but by architects of all nations, who pay it tribute.

Almost daily on my way to the Embassy, I pass one of his buildings which never fails to give me keen visual pleasure, the Musée des Travaux Publics at the corner of Avenue d'Iéna.

Most men would have been satisfied, after more than forty years of building, to rest on their laurels. Monsieur Perret, however, insisted on helping France in its great work of reconstruction after the Second World War. In this connection, I should mention especially his plans for the reconstruction of Le Havre.

Monsieur Perret, your fellow architects in America have joined in honoring you as one of the great creative minds of your profession, both as architect and as teacher. It is an honor for me to present to you on behalf of The American Institute of Architects the highest decoration which that Institute offers. I take pleasure in reading the following citation from the President of The American Institute of Architects, which accompanies this Medal:

"Great Master of Architecture whose resounding fame echoes to honor all members of our profession; firm disciple of the creed of truth to materials, honesty of structure, sincerity of form; creative spirit whose career in architecture has ascended to ever higher levels, like one of your own staircases,

The American Institute of Architects
is privileged to recognize and award its
GOLD MEDAL OF HONOR
to you
AUGUSTE PERRET
of France

"Forces in the world today are leading building to new patterns of integration, allowing us to satisfy better man's immemorial but never more diverse needs for shelter. You have stepped forward to
grasp this architecture of the future, and where you have walked other architects will follow with gratitude."

Mr. Morris adds a few items of news in connection with the ceremony:

The French Radio carried the event on "Actualites de Paris" on October 22, at 12:30 P. M. (This program, because it is broadcast at the noon hour, is one of the most popular programs in Paris). The presentation was also announced in most newspapers, for example the influential daily Le Monde, the weekly Arts, the overseas edition of the New York Herald Tribune, etc.

On October 21st, the Press Attache’s office sent out a press communiqué concerning the event. USA also carried announcements on the same day.

Not only was Mr. Perret touched by the entire ceremony, but the French architectural world was deeply moved that America was honoring their great architect. Auguste Perret is a symbol in France and to the architects of France who are united around him. He is considered “the grand old man of French architecture,” and is revered in all circles. His architectural theories are no longer controversial.

Since the presentation, the Embassy has been informed by several architects that Mr. Perret speaks frequently about the ceremony, expressing his joy at this recognition from America, and that his office is filled with photographs of the event.

Erratum in Necrology

Lawrence Almon Kerr, whose name was included in the recent list of members who had died, is very much alive. His chapter, the Texas Panhandle, had reported him deceased in its annual report for 1952. His name was, therefore, removed from the active records of The Institute and from the roster, which has just been printed. When the chapter discovered its error and so advised The Institute, it was possible only to restore Mr. Kerr’s name in the list of members by chapters, and not in the alphabetical list of Institute members. Needless to say The Institute regrets exceedingly this occurrence, both for Mr. Kerr’s sake and The Institute’s.

March, 1953
At the Gold Medal Presentation Ceremony

Seated: Auguste Perret being congratulated by His Excellency James C. Dunn, then Ambassador to France; in rear, Welles Bosworth, F.A.I.A. and Mrs. Perret
The Inaugural Reviewing Stand
Washington, D. C., January 20, 1953
Design of Robert A. Weppner, Jr., Architect
Won in Washington-Metropolitan Chapter competition

Photograph by Harris & Ewing
The Inaugural Reviewing Stand

The reviewing stand erected in front of the White House, on which the President and Vice President reviewed the inaugural parade, was the subject of a competition held following a meeting of the Washington-Metropolitan Chapter, A.I.A. The national Inaugural Committee had asked the Chapter, as it did four years ago, to hold a competition to determine a satisfactory design for this temporary structure. Accordingly, Chapter President Dominick announced a one-hour esquisse-esquisse competition, each contestant being furnished by the Municipal Architect's Office with a black-line print of the suggested plan and elevation of flanking stands. A blank center space was left to be filled in by the competitors at a scale of \( \frac{1}{8}" \).

One member, having forgotten about this part of the chapter-meeting evening program, had brought neither paper, scale nor pencils and was limited to the use of his fountain pen until, ten minutes before the closing deadline, another member lent him a 6B pencil. Following the turning in of the drawings, our fountain-pen competitor accepted the offer of a lift home and left before the judgment. Shortly before midnight, President Dominick roused out of bed Robert A. Weppner, Jr.—he of the fountain pen—and asked him to dress and come down to the Evening Star building to be photographed as the winner of the competition and the $100 prize offered by the Inaugural Committee.

A Chapter committee had numbered the 35-40 drawings for anonymity, and the competitors and non-competing members balloted, by the numbers, for first, second and third places. The three entries receiving the most votes were put up and again voted upon by ballot to pick the winner.

Mr. Weppner received his architectural training at Notre Dame and Catholic University. After a summer in Europe, he returned to Catholic University as an instructor in architecture, remaining on the faculty while working in vari-
ous local offices. He placed third in the 1931 competition for the Paris Prize and won the 1934 competition for the Rome Prize, after which he spent two years at the American Academy in Rome and touring Europe. After service with the Air Force, he returned with the rank of Major.

Merrel Coe, Municipal Architect for the District, gave Weppner a day and a half to produce a final design and presentation drawing, which was then approved by the authorities and turned over to the Municipal Architect’s Office for final working drawings.

Mr. Weppner says the execution of the design varied only slightly from the drawings—to its detriment, he thinks. The landscaping treatment had to be curtailed, and the cornice projection was one of the carpenters’ contributions to the design. It was the designer’s intent also to close in the rear and sides as much as possible, probably with bunting.

The gilded eagles in front of the end elements of the design and the presidential seal in the center were made by sculptor George L. Giannetti of Washington. Flanking the structure and facing Pennsylvania Avenue were two 50-ft. flagstaffs.

Craftsmanship and the Artist’s Equipment

By Edgar I. Williams, F.A.I.A.


When Louis Skidmore asked me to speak, my first instinct was modesty, of course, prompting me to say no. However, to disappoint his expectations, I said yes, without any persuasion. So here I am and I am going to preach a sermon.

Please try to relax. I am not going to give you the history of the Piazza Navona in two-year jumps from 400 B.C. to 1500 A.D. I am going to speak about some of the things on my mind which relate to the arts in general and to craftsmanship in particular, since craftsmanship applies to the arts in general. For it is my conviction that expertness, dexterity, ability—abilité, as the French aptly call it—are the essence of an artist’s equipment. I am bored with the café-chair artists, the colored-photograph experts, the painters...
who really can't draw very well, the sculptors who are too blasé to model and play with wire instead, the architects who are above making full-size details but will give you a model, and craftsmen who achieve notoriety by promotion rather than dexterity. It is the craftsman alone who contributes to any art. If he be a philosopher as well, his contribution will have substance.

Last week I read an article in the evening paper about preparations for the forthcoming coronation in Great Britain. There was a picture of a woman putting gold ornaments on a tunic. The caption explained that she was practising a "dying art." I do not think anyone here believes that hand craftsmanship is on the rise, I think we could take a very gloomy look at it if we wished to do so, but I do not think anyone would wish to take a gloomy view. We should, I believe, not compare a man working in a highly mechanized weaving mill with one who made Paisley shawls, for example, and bemoan the fact that the good days have gone forever. Obviously the man pulling levers on a machine could hardly be called a craftsman.

So, while I may not be happy about the state of the world of the arts today, I cannot subscribe to the disheartening finality of a remark made to me by Dr. Bakeland, the eminent chemist. He said, stopping in his tracks one day: "I cannot think of anything more discouraging than being a sculptor. Think of practising an art that has made no progress in the last two thousand years." He took the sculpture of the Parthenon as the pinnacle of sculptural achievement. There is logic in his assumption—a sort of engineer's logic. For the life of me, I find it hard to dispute.

We cannot help making comparisons of one period with another. Inevitably the word "progress" raises its ugly head. I use it myself and, while it seems to mean something to me, I know its meaning can be disputed. So we quickly come face to face with the enigma of art, the enigma of our isolation one from another with its barriers which words, sentences and even books cannot completely break down.

A jury faces a problem of selection in looking at a display such as you see before you here. The group gets together and finally agrees that one thing is best. I am sure they make noises that sound like communication—jurors always do—and they come up with
an answer, a prize perhaps. But their agreement is a transient thing. It cannot be absolute. All you have to do is look back at other judgments in other years to find there is no absolute in the arts.

You can look back over the ages and see how wrong the critics have been. Wrong about most of the great artists in the past, including such men as Rembrandt, Beethoven and Wagner. This, my friends, is to say that maybe the fellow who didn't get a prize need not be downhearted.

All my life I have been moved by things that appear to me beautiful. As a boy of twelve I knew the Louvre as I know my own back yard at home. My brother and I used to roam the galleries at will. I cannot say that I appreciated Botticelli's "Tornabuoni Family" then as much as the canvasses of David or the landscapes of Courbet, but it was a great experience. The most memorable days were those on which copying was permitted. I can still enjoy the excitement I felt in seeing people painting even if they were copying. The smell of turpentine to this day still takes me back to my childhood at the Louvre with a feeling of exhilaration. But I cannot tell you today, any more than I could then, what beauty is. "The nearest thing to rationalization of what I know are matters beyond rationalization," is the statement of an old French professor. He didn't say, search for logic, honesty of construction, beauty or what have you, but "Chercher le character," "Look for character."

Now, can anyone define character? I can't, but I can sense it. It is something with life in it. Something that makes you turn around and look again. It is something that has a breath of the unconsciously creative about it—something that a copy has not. And when copies become copied and those copies copied again, there is gradually a boiling out of all the juice, and there remain just the bones and fibres which held the original together, a mass of almost unrecognizable essential parts.

I pass by an apartment building on Gramercy Park built in the days when Gothic ornament—a bastard Gothic at that—signified opulence. There are two knights in armor standing at attention flanking the entrance. These knights are made of concrete.

If anyone wants a lesson in the depravity in the arts, here it is. A total absence of character, a total absence of craftsmanship.

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My example is perhaps clumsy and too wide of the mark. The concrete knights are, of course, out of date now, and the thinking that made them, but I am not too sure but that the same lack of craftsmanship is in evidence today in other fields. I do not know how many of you feel as I do when I pass some of the shops that deal in what is called modern furniture. There are the vulgar colors, the shine, the harsh fabrics, and the same pretense of originality and individuality that gives them the same boring uniformity. There is, moreover, a lack of craftsmanship. Some of it is what I would call machine hand-made, a pretty poor imitation of something that was hand-made. I’ve seen imitation hand embroidery stamped in plastic! This is not a tirade against the elegant creations of an Alvar Aalto and the search to eliminate glued joints. Of course there will be change from the past. But contributions of value will come only by way of craftsmanship, not by tongue-in-cheek commercial opportunism.

In days not so long ago in Sweden hand craftsmanship was common. When two young fellows were courting a girl the choice often fell to the one who could produce the best made and carved trinket. A popular number was a sort of sabre or knife made of wood. It was used to break down the flax which in turn made linen thread, which in turn was woven—by hand—into many lovely things. A real craftsmanship cycle.

I cannot but puzzle to think of how times have changed. If two young men were to compete today for a fair lady I suppose they would try to show their prowess with a blow-torch or a screwdriver.

I said at the beginning I was going to talk about craftsmanship as the essence of the artist’s equipment, but strayed from my subject. I want to say, moreover, that I make no distinction between the major and the minor arts. It is as hard to design a good piece of furniture as a good building, and, for example, where would you put water color?

The Freer Gallery in Washington houses a miscellaneous collection of priceless pieces of art. Among them are Chinese ink drawings. I always pay them my respects when I go to Washington. I have missed very few occasions. Many of the drawings—paintings, if you will—are of a period when the training of an artist was as high as in any period in the world's
These Chinese drawings cannot be copied, whereas even a Rembrandt can be copied presentably. They are the fruit of training and a discipline which come only from years and years of practice. Among the many Chinese drawings is a sixteenth-century piece called, "The Plum Branch." The branch itself is one stroke about eighteen inches long. The expertness, the decision, the aesthetic quality of the wash is something that could not be imitated nor copied. It is the essence of craftsmanship, a gesture which has undying vividness. I would like to dwell on the idea that there is sore need for greater discipline in the arts today and in other fields as well, but I was warned to keep my remarks brief. And now while we speak, invidious time slips away.

Whatever you or I may feel about the things we see here, whether or not we agree with the jurors who will hold their report until a later date, I, for one, feel that whatever the worth of these works in respect to the ages, we should agree that the doing of them is the most worthwhile effort of civilized man.

The Architectural League was founded to pursue the esthetic objective. It has remained since its inception, solely and exclusively in what might be called the domain of the arts. The works of its members and of other contributors shown at the League Exhibitions may or may not have been the greatest in the world. I do not say that what the Architectural League does shakes the world. But I do say that its devotion to the arts is of an importance not exceeded by any other endeavor in a civilized and cultured state. Make no mistake about that!

**Wyatt's Folly**

*By George H. Herrick*

When a well known architect designs as formidable a structure as one three hundred feet in height and it collapses in a high wind, that's news. When the same architect supervises the reconstruction and the structure again slides to the ground, murmurings are heard throughout the architectural world. Nor are these murmurings likely to be diminished by the fact that the architect in question
is not merely a member of England's Royal Academy, but is also serving as president of that august body. Thus when Sir James Wyatt, temporary head of the Academy, designed Fonthill Abbey near Salisbury, and its central tower fell to the earth twice within twenty-five years, the architects of nineteenth-century England were both amazed and amused.

Despite his trials with Fonthill Abbey, Wyatt was one of England's foremost architects of the period. He designed the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich and was also the designer of countless colleges, churches, castles, clubs, and abbeys. As an exponent of Gothic architecture he was unmatched by his contemporaries.

In 1796 he was engaged by the wealthy and eccentric writer, William Beckford, to design a Gothic shrine. As a result of Beckford's extravagant caprices the shrine expanded whim by whim to form the colossal Fonthill Abbey. Essentially Beckford was striving for the picturesque through the effectiveness of a massive edifice viewed from a distance. The desired effect was achieved as a result of Wyatt's efforts.

Central in the Abbey was the Octagon, thirty-five feet in diameter and 270 to 300 feet in height. About 1800, the Octagon fell for the first time. Beckford was unruffled by the incident, expressed his regret at not having been present to see the fall, and ordered the tower rebuilt. This was done and the entire Fonthill Abbey was completed in 1807.

Extending southward from the Octagon was St. Michael's Gallery, 127 feet in length and crossed at its southern end by two large retiring-rooms. Northward from the Octagon, balancing the south wing, was King Edward's Gallery of similar length, terminating in the Oratory. The western and eastern wings were nearly as long as the northern and southern wings and included cloisters, drawing, dining, and reception rooms. Obviously structure and func-
tion were secondary to appearance in Fonthill Abbey. Nevertheless, Wyatt succeeded admirably in capturing the spirit of the Gothic in its turrets and towers. It was an awe-inspiring architectural adventure. However, had Sir James Wyatt escaped death in a carriage accident in 1813 and lived twelve years longer, he might well have suffered the mortification of witnessing the Octagon in its second and final collapse on December 21, 1825. It was never replaced, and only a mere shadow of the once magnificent Fonthill Abbey—Wyatt's success and failure—remains today.

Calendar

March 4-6: Spring meeting of the A.I.A. Board of Directors, The Octagon, Washington, D. C.


March 15-April 12: Charleston's Historic Houses, tours of private homes sponsored by Historic Charleston Foundation, Charleston, S. C.

March 23-April 4: York Course on Protection and Repair of Ancient Buildings. Details from Secretary, York Civic Trust, St. Anthony's Hall, Peaseholme Green, York, England.

April 8-10: Second Regional Conference, Western Mountain District, A.I.A., Broadmoor Hotel, Colorado Springs, Colo.

April 23-25: Annual Assembly of Royal Architectural Institute of Canada, Royal York Hotel, Toronto.

April 25-May 2: Historic Garden Week in Virginia.


June 9-12: 4th National Store Modernization Building and Maintenance Show, Madison Square Garden, New York, N. Y.


June 10-13: Annual meeting of the A.I.A. Board of Directors, Olympic Hotel, Seattle, Wash.


July 11-August 24: Creative Art Workshop and conducted field tour for the study of art treasures of France and Italy, under the direction of Andre Racz. Information from Margit Pinter, c/o British-American Tours, 542 Fifth Ave., New York 36, N. Y.
Memorial to Wilbur and Orville Wright
Kitty Hawk, N. C.

Alfred Easton Poor and Robert Perry Rodgers, Architects

Favorite Features of
recently elected Fellows:
Alfred Easton Poor, F.A.I.A.
J. Winfield Rankin
Administrative Secretary
The American Institute of Architects

Photograph by Gretchen Van Tassel
The Institute’s Headquarters Staff

By Clair W. Ditchy, F.A.I.A.

In each of the last six issues there has appeared a brief biographical sketch and photograph of a staff member. This has been at the direction of The Board of Directors whose thought has been that our rapidly expanding membership is not sufficiently acquainted with our excellent headquarters organization and its efficient personnel—who does what, and why. The series will be continued until eleven members of the staff have been duly chronicled. We regret that we do not have the space to more fully cover the background and service of these people whose ministrations activate, preserve and promote the prestige and effectiveness of The Institute.

J. WINFIELD RANKIN
Administrative Secretary

Although educated as a lawyer—and a member of the District of Columbia Bar—Winfield Rankin says that, since he has never practised his profession, “To laymen I’m a lawyer; to lawyers I’m a layman.” He believes that his legal training has stood him in good stead, not only in the discipline of the study itself, but in his work at The Institute, where he assists committees on by-laws, taxation, ethics and procedures. His employment by The Institute was a direct result of his study of law, since he had become interested in the membership-association field through a course in anti-trust law.

A native of Idaho, Rankin came to Washington in 1933. He worked for the Federal Housing Administration and the War Production Board, and its predecessor and successor agencies from 1934 to 1946, with time out for his term of service with the Air Force in those years of World War II. He joined The Institute’s staff January 1, 1947 as Executive Assistant to Edward C. Kemper, then Executive Director, and has continued in similar work under Executive Director Purves. He had attended school after working-hours and received both his A.B. and LL.B. degrees from The George Washington University, where he found time also to edit the University newspaper. He is married and has a young son.

Rankin’s work as Administrative Secretary is adequately described by his title. Administratively he is in charge of the maintenance of ou
headquarters building, the printing and sale of documents, the mail-room work, membership records (with Miss Gervais), departmental personnel, and a large amount of correspondence of varied nature. As a secretary, he is charged with assisting Mr. Purves in preparing the agenda for meetings of The Board and of its Executive Committee, the minutes of these meetings, and drafts of formal notices to be issued by The Institute's Secretary. As do other members of the staff, he acts as staff executive for Institute committees assigned to him. Until this year he has also had much of the detail of convention work in his charge. He receives and advises persons who, coming to headquarters, are not sure whom they want to see, or what problem they seek to solve. A busy man, Win Rankin is in a position where additional duties too frequently find a resting-place on his willing shoulders.

The Planner's Progress

By Gordon Cullen


On approaching a pair of double doors you reflect that there is a fifty per cent chance they will open toward you and a fifty per cent chance they will open away from you. This makes it one hundred per cent certain you will be wrong. This seems unreasonable, but consider: one leaf may be locked; it may be the left or it may be the right; if it is the left then the right leaf may swing both ways, or to you, or away from you. Repeat if the right leaf is locked. Again, one leaf may only open away from you whilst the other only opens toward you. (This is a particularly infuriating combinaison if you are wrong first time.) The chances of getting through on the first attempt are thus something like 1 in 100.

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In five parts—Part V

By George Bain Cummings, F.A.I.A.

Here in Paris Dick Walker has arranged a rich variety of enjoyment for us. One morning we visit new multi-storied housing, where we see many interesting examples of on-site prefabrication. A little way outside Paris we drive past SHAPE (Supreme Headquarters of the Allied Powers in Europe) where we are thrilled to see the flags of fourteen nations ranged before the unpretentious barracks, in token of the common faith and purpose of these equal sovereign powers. Then on to the very modern apartments that have been erected for the families of staff members of SHAPE. At least to the children playing around the pleasant grounds, all men are created equal. No barriers of nationality or language hinder them from having a good time together. And that doubtless is the effect upon their parents, of working together for peace and security.

In the afternoon we are taken to the Palais de Chaillot and the Eiffel Tower, on the site of the great exposition of 1937. Then to the Hotel des Invalides and the tomb of Napoleon surrounded by the trophies of his ambition. Then to the best known of French cathedrals, Notre Dame de Paris, with its familiar grotesques and gargoyles and flying buttresses. And finally to Montmartre and the wonderful view of the city from Sacre Coeur, and the quaintness of the old square, the resort of painters, of whom we watch several at work. Back to the hotel in time for our reception to the members of the national architectural societies and councils and their ladies, a distinguished group. Our guests are many and although we cannot all express ourselves fluently in the other's tongue, we have no difficulty in expressing friendliness. There are little speeches of mutual goodwill interpreted in both languages by Dick Walker, and we toast each other. With this final reception my duties as official spokesman are ended.

Another day is spent at Versailles. In the morning we walk through the courtyards and gar-
dens, around the pools and lagoons, past the Grand Trianon and the Petit Trianon, through Marie Antoinette’s miniature Austrian farm scene, and lunch out-of-doors at a café in the village. In the afternoon M. Racinais, architect in charge, takes us through the palace, and does so with a thoroughness that exhausts the subject and us. We literally go from cellar to attic—enjoying at the end of the tour the wonderful view of the gardens from the lead-covered roof. We return to the hotel and although fatigued are not too tired to freshen up and pile into taxis for the Folies Bergère. It surely is a lavish spectacle. Some of the loveliest and costliest scenes last so short a time as to seem hardly worth presenting. But they are certainly worth seeing. One uproariously funny piece is done by a monologuist who presents impersonations, one being the Frenchman’s impression of the American tourist. It gives us something to think about.

The last Sunday of the Trek we attended the morning service at the American Church, followed by a pleasant coffee hour in the parish house. The preacher was a visiting Bishop of the American Methodist church. The same day, as we afterward learned, Margaret Truman attended the American Cathedral and presented a flag of the State of Missouri to be added to its collection.

I shall always remember the walk I took down the Champs Elysées Sunday afternoon. The sky had grown cloudy and as I came to the circle on the axis of Ponte Alexandre and the dome of des Invalides across the Seine, I happened to look back just as the setting sun broke through the low-flying clouds and shone directly through the Arc de Triomphe! The effect was to send shafts of golden light through and around the arch, onto the trees and buildings nearby, as if it were the gateway to Heaven! And as I looked across the Seine, the sun at the same time was shining upon the dome of des Invalides, reflecting brilliantly from its golden ribs. It was a moment of rare beauty.

The next two days were spent in visiting the famous chateau country, and we packed overnight bags. We drove first to Orleans where we saw the famous statue of the Maid, which was damaged during the war and restored by a gift from the city of New Orleans. Elsewhere we saw the sad effects
of bombing, particularly in damage done to the lacy spires of the cathedral. We stopped at Chau­mont for lunch and had a glimpse of the chateau above the town, which had been Gen. Pershing's headquarters in the first World War. Then we visited the famous chateau at Chenonceaux, built over a river, the chateau at Blois, a living page from the history of architectural evolution, and, the most flamboyant of all, the chateau at Chambord. Then, in late after­noon, we came upon high adventure in Cheverney!

We had been told that this would be a great show, but were quite unprepared for what we actually witnessed. Cheverney is one of the lesser chateaux, over­shadowed in architectural impor­tance by many others, but it is im­posing and effective, especially on the broad front facing the orangery, to the rear of the great entrance courtyard. It is used and main­tained as the residence of the pres­ent Marquis de Vibraye, and the privilege of visiting and being en­tertained as we were is accorded to few. But Dick Walker evi­dently possessed the key. The Marquis was away, but his cousin, Comte de Bertier, acted as our host. We entered the estate through beautiful iron gates and proceeded straight up the allee on the axis of the chateau, a half mile or more, where we left our bus. As we were being greeted by our host, strange music arrested our attention. It was that of a brass choir, but of quite unusual quality; and seeking the source, we saw six musicians ranged on the steps of the chateau. Each was dressed with scarlet coat, white breeches and black hunting cap and boots, and each was blowing a French hunting horn of polished brass bent in circular shape a yard in diameter, held in a horizontal plane over the left shoulder, and played without valves. By lip and throat control they were able to play a full scale and the total compass of the ensemble was at least three octaves. The wall of the chateau acted as a reflecting surface and the tones were full and penetrating. They had a peculiar quality—of course brassy, but exceedingly clear and almost human in placement and vibrato. But the most striking effect was haunting quaver with which the tones were prolonged at the end­ing of a phrase. We did not recog­nize the tunes they played, but were told they were traditional and meaningful, depicting various
phases of the hunt, and some were original with the Cheverney huntsmen. They were serenading us in welcome, and kept it up intermittently all the while until we went in to dinner. Before that, we crossed the forecourt and were ushered into the entrance hall, the grand salon, the small salon, the library, the Guards’ Room, the stair hall and upstairs gallery, and the king’s bedchamber filled with historic furnishings. Champagne was served in the small salon, we walked out upon the terraces looking across the gardens to the orangery, and finally were conducted past the farm buildings into the Salle de Chasse for dinner.

The Salle de Chasse was originally a great coach house. There is a gravel floor and whitewashed walls and ceiling, which serve as background for countless antlers, horns, skulls, mounted heads and bodies of deer, bear, boar and other animals that have had the misfortune to meet the huntsmen of Cheverney. There are pictures, trophies and souvenirs of the chase — altogether a most remarkable setting for the excellent dinner that was served us. The host himself had lettered the menu cards which at our request he autographed and presented to us. Each was embellished with an original pen-and-ink and water-color sketch of the facade of the chateau. There were many unfamiliar dishes to tempt our appetite, and with plentiful liquid accompaniment a good time was had by all. Our thanks having been duly expressed in Sargent Lewis’ best French, and the hour of ten having passed, we prepared to depart. But no sooner did we emerge from the Salle de Chasse than the clear haunting music of the horns was heard, and there on the steps of the chateau, brilliantly floodlighted, were the musicians renewing their serenade! A bright moon and all the stars that ever were, hung listening in the sky; the wall of the orangery, also floodlighted, echoed the tones as we walked slowly and silently around the fairy scene, realizing that no one would ever believe this story except we who were experiencing it. When at last they played a soft good-night harmony of sustained major chords that floated and floated before they died away, and doffed their hats to us, we entered our bus and drove away clinging to the spell of the most eerie experience of our entire Trek.

En route to Tours, we passed

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again Blois and Chaumont and Amboise whose chateaux were dramatically floodlighted as Cheverney had been. Finally, at 1 A. M., aided by Arturo’s good humor, we reached our hotel in Tours and sank immediately to rest.

The next morning we visited the lovely little chateau of Azay-le-Rideau in company with M. Rose, promoter of tourism in the chateau area, and then caught a glimpse of Villandry and its famous gardens. But our principal destination this day was Chartres Cathedral. We saw it from afar, raising its lofty spires above the level countryside. Finally, we stood before it, listening to M. Manoury, the official architect, whom Dick had asked to guide us through this, the loveliest cathedral in France, if not in the world. (He recognized my Rotary button and told me he was a member of the club in Chartres.) You are familiar with the pictures of this great building, some of you have visited it. Recently Life magazine published full-color pictures of examples of the marvellous stained glass. There is no finer in the world. Pious people for 800 years have trod the aisles and worn the kneeling-rails of this great place of worship. The infinite number of carved stones, statues, bits of glass and mosaic tell the tale of devoted labor by countless people through all the years to create and maintain this symbol of their faith. We lingered here nearly three hours while our souls were restored.

Only two days are left. Wednesday noon Paul Gerhardt, Hi Salisbury and I attended the meeting of the Paris Rotary Club. I took Leon Chatelain as my guest, for while not a Rotarian, he is a past president of the Kiwanis Club in Washington. We enjoyed the experience of seeing how this large club, which next year will be host to the great Rotary Convention to be held in Paris, conducts its meetings. I was especially delighted to meet again Maurice DuPerry, who was president of R. I. when I was a governor in 1937-38. That afternoon Mother shopped for her Paris hat and we sipped lemonade on the sidewalk of the Café de la Paix and watched the world go by. Our dinner was a ceremonious offering of chateaubriand (filet mignon with delicious sauce concocted by the proprietor over an alcohol flame at our table) with

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appropriate accompaniments, at a distinctive auberge near the Opera. And it was to the Opera that we later turned our steps to witness the ballet. Up the grand staircase went the party, and into the plush red-and-gold interior that is the most famous in the world, except perhaps that of La Scala in Milan. Three ballets were presented, superbly, and with the promenades between we drew full enjoyment from this major attraction in Paris.

Thursday morning a group of us went to the Ecole des Beaux-Arts and were shown through the rambling establishment of one of our French architect friends on the staff. We saw the courtyard and the famous fountain, and imagined the clatter of the charrettes over the cobbles, and the pandemonium of the wild festivals. We saw the great library, the sculpture studios, the drafting-rooms for the nouveaux, the gallery in which are hung the Prix de Rome paintings of each year—a truly great display—and the flagpole presented by the American graduates of the great school. This was vacation time, so the usual cleaning and repair work was going on, and a new instructional unit was in process of construction. The students were present only in the atmosphere of the place and in the presentation drawings left hanging from the last judgment of the previous term in the big exhibition hall. It made us a bit homesick for college days. Later in the morning Mother and I visited the Louvre and looked at some of the choicest treasures in the vast collection, such as the Venus de Milo, the Winged Victory of Samothrace, the Parthenon marbles, and the Mona Lisa. The quincentenary of Leonardo da Vinci is being celebrated all over Europe, and the Louvre has assembled all its items done by him in a special exhibit, the focus of which is the Mona Lisa. The great historical canvasses in the Louvre collection interested us especially, and altogether we felt content with our visit although we could have walked many more miles in viewing all the Louvre has to offer. We recalled what Miss Lelli frequently said to us: "Don't worry about the things you didn't see—remember what you did see!"

That afternoon was gladdened by the visit of Lt. Col. Chet and Edith Brown, old Binghamton friends whom we had not seen for many years, now living temporarily near Paris. And in the evening we went to the fashionable Relais
de France restaurant for our last dinner together. The Hugheses had already left us to return to America. Mary Broad and Harmo Higginbotham and the Chatelains were to remain another couple of weeks. Dick Walker was to stay behind when we left London the following evening. So this was the moment of breaking up our congenial party, and we were all conscious of keen regret. But spirits were high, there were gay words and cheery farewells as we joined hands and sang Auld Lang Syne. We are sure to meet again.

Friday, August 1, finds everyone busily packing. With some time left, I walk up the Champs Elysées around the Place de l’Etoile and beyond to the Bois de Boulogne, some two miles, and rest for a while in the beautiful park.

Back to the hotel, and, after lunch in the pleasant sun-filled courtyard, goodbyes are said, we board a bus for the air terminal and bid Paris farewell as we fly away from Bourget airfield. Over the French coast, past the white cliffs of Dover, we put down once more at the London airport. Our B.O.A.C. Monarch is slightly delayed in taking off, so we are served dinner at the port, and Dick Walker, having attended to every last detail for us, eats with us and then says goodbye as the twelve of us—all that are left—pass the barrier. We are airborne at 10 o’clock and learn that we are to refuel at Shannon. So another country is added to the list of those we have visited, and Mother has a chance to buy a real Irish scarf. After refreshments we take off at 12:30 and settle ourselves for the long flight through the night to Gander. When we put down there we are asked to remain aboard during the brief refueling, and as the sun rises we leave on the last leg of the Trek. Flying above the clouds, we finally find ourselves over Long Island but are forced to circle for a while because of congested traffic. But it is good to know we are over the homeland. Finally, at 10 A.M. we stand again in our own country. It is Saturday, August 2, the 36th and final day of the Trek. We go through immigration and customs formalities and separate for our respective destinations. Mother and I find a Robinson plane will leave at 1:10 P.M. and we secure passage. Then there is time to call Binghamton and to eat our first meal where the menu is American, the language Brooklynese and the currency dollars and cents. And soon
we are at the Broome County Air-
port, John and family are wel-
coming us, and in no time at all
we are back home at 79 Front
Street.

It is so good to be home, so good
to be back with all of you. There
are great rewards in taking such a
trip. We architects receive great
stimulation and new ideas for our
professional work. We all increase
our store of knowledge, experience
and wisdom. We spend our money
abroad for full value received, and
that helps their economy. We gain
in understanding and goodwill to-
ward other people. We are con-
firmed in what we have always
suspected, that a smiling face and
a cordial handclasp, courtesy and
good manners are coin in every
country. And finally there is the
great joy of returning home—to
America—and loving it and being
proud of it and having renewed
faith in it.

They’re Piling Up!

T H E F O R U M
T H E R E C O R D
P R O G R E S S I V E A R C H I T E C T U R E
A R C H I T E C T & E N G I N E E R
S C H O O L B O A R D J O U R N A L
A R T S & A R C H I T E C T U R E
Like leaves in the autumn woods,
they drop into the mail chute—
“Have you seen this article?”
“What jerk would design that
tin can?”
“You got to hand it to those
Brazilians—”
J A N U A R Y
F E B R U A R Y
M A R C H
A P R I L—
“Hey, clear off this table—we’ve
got to find more room for these
mags—”

T H E Y ’ R E P I L I N G U P
T H E Y ’ R E P I L I N G U P
“Where’s that snappy shop of
Ketchum, Gina & Sharp’s—I’ve
looked for it for an hour—”
F O R U M
R E C O R D
P R O G R E S S I V E A R C H I T E C T U R E
“Dear Sir:
We are conducting a survey to
determine which architectural pub-
lication is best suited to our client’s
needs—Stamped envelope en-
closed—”

“Say, what does the lieber
Meister’s pupil do for the FORUM
to get all that fancy spread? Here
comes the mailman with the new
issue of PROGRESSIVE ARCHITEC-
TURE—”

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“Mac, when you get a chance, leave those shop drawings and fill out this questionnaire, it’s only ten pages—

“You say you don’t know the answers?

“Mmm-mmm, well, answer ’em anyway—”

JUNE
JULY
AUGUST
SEPTEMBER

“My gosh,—look at the size of that RECORD, and three-fourths of it ads—pretty soon it’ll all be ads—”

“Well you’ve got to keep up with modern materials—”

THEY’RE PILING UP
THEY’RE PILING UP
THEY’RE PILING UP. . . .

“They’re sliding off th . . . Get another table, quick—You going to save these forever?”

“Now, what the devil—Here the FORUM comes out with two mags each month instead of one—”

I GIVE UP—

“Fifteen hundred pages of architectural mags each month—If I read fifty pages a day, Sunday and holidays included, I might cover the field—

“Here, son, lead me over to my ophthalmologist—I think I need a new pair of glasses—”

HERBERT J. POWELL, F.A.I.A.

News from the Educational Field

WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY announces the appointment of George Edson Danforth as Professor of Architecture. Mr. Danforth has been serving as administrative assistant to Mies van der Rohe at Illinois Institute of Technology.

SALZBURG, AUSTRIA, is to hold a summer school of architecture, June 10-September 3, open to 30 American and 6 Austrian students of the junior and senior college level. All courses will be taught in English by a faculty under the direction of Hans Vetter, Associate Professor of Architecture at Carnegie Tech. Further information may be had from Professor Vetter at the College of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh 13, Pa.

WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY, School of Architecture, announces the acquisition of Cleveland architect Howard B. Cain, who will serve as a visiting critic in architectural design.
Architects Read and Write

Letters from readers—discussion, argumentative, corrective, even vituperative

OPEN PLANNING AS VIEWED BY A LAYMAN

By Elinor Haynes Ostrander, Hyattsville, Md.

As one of the millions of people who live in small homes, I would like to voice a mild protest.

It seems to me that in all this "open" planning which we hear so much about, one thing is being neglected, and that is quiet. I don't want to hear the chops frying in the kitchen, nor the clatter of dishwashing. I'd like to take a bath, or go to the bathroom without having the whole house know it. If someone wants to watch Roy Rogers, while I watch and hear Ed Murrow, it would be nice not to have the two programs intermingled.

Also, on the subject of kitchen planning, especially in small kitchens, may I state that there are disadvantages in the U- or L-shaped arrangement of utilities. They're fine for one person, but fiendishly awkward for two. In a small kitchen the steps used in going the whole length of it are not enough to worry about.

Since you are building for the public, I have taken the liberty of giving you the point of view of one small section of it.

ROYALTY READS THE JOURNAL

By Owen Fleming, hon. corr. A.I.A., Kent, England

Your Institute has honoured me for many years, but it is not often that this comes into practical use. However, in your December issue, Mr. George Bain Cummings' account of the architects' visit to London seemed to me a bit of writing that would interest our Royal Family, and so I sent it to the Princess Margaret. I received the following gracious acknowledgment, which would probably also interest your readers:

Buckingham Palace
January 16th, 1953

Dear Sir,

Princess Margaret desires me to thank you most sincerely for your

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letter, and for enclosing the extract from the Journal of The American Institute of Architects for December, 1952.

Her Royal Highness was very touched to read the account written by Mr. George Bain Cum-

mings, and has asked me to tell you how much she appreciated your thought in sending this for her to see.

Yours truly,
(S) Iris Peake,
Lady-in-Waiting

AN ARCHITECT WHO MAKES DRAWINGS
BY FRANK A. BARCUS, DETROIT, MICH.

As I sit without ease at my drafting-table in my ivory tower I laugh and laugh, and laugh. Harry F. Cunningham of Lincoln, Neb., loudly claims in the January Journal that "no architect, any more, makes all his drawings himself."

Allow me to upraise an unfamiliar raucous voice from the Detroit Chapter against such a paralyzing statement. That calls for a duel, or a bout with the flagon. Clair shall hear about this.

Naturally I have no innate flair for publicity or pageantry but I am impelled to tell Mr. Cunningham that here, in person, is one architect that just had a hospital dedicated, also a clinic, a sculptor's studio and two contemporary residences (not ranchy) finished; and all this without employing a single draftsman, specification writer, construction superintendent or lawyer.

My "mudpie" 36-bed hospital known as the Otsego County Memorial Hospital, Gaylord, Mich., was dedicated by the Governor of Michigan and is located 300 miles from my office. I not only made all the preliminary sketches and perspectives but every sheet of the working drawings, the details, the specifications, let all the contracts, designed the interiors and selected all the colors, signed all the certificates, raised all the hell, did all the supervision of construction and finally made the dedication speech in which I turned the keys over to the hospital board.

Apropos of that—with all the crushing weight of responsibility, the whole job on my shoulders—I am ready to make more and better "mudpies."

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Scholarships and Fellowships

Rice Institute announces the availability of three graduate assistantships for $900 per year, and three Houston Architects’ fellowships for $400 per year, both granting remission of all fees. An assistantship and a fellowship may be held concurrently. Applicants should contact Department of Architecture, The Rice Institute, Houston 1, Tex.

A committee of The Architectural League of New York will accept, not later than March 10, applications from artists and scholars of recognized accomplishment for grants of Arnold W. Brunner Scholarships, to enable them to pursue research or special study. Applications should be made to the Chairman, Scholarships and Special Awards Committee, 115 E. 40th St., New York 16, N. Y.

New York Chapter, A.I.A., custodian of the funds for the Arnold W. Brunner Scholarship, announces the grant for 1953 to Professor Paul Zucker of the faculty of Cooper Union, New York, for the advancement of his projected book, “The Square: Its Significance in City Planning.”

The Birch Burdette Long Prize is to be awarded as a result of a competitive exhibition of architectural renderings to be held at The Architectural League of New York, May 25-June 5. Details of the competition may be had from Chester B. Price, Chairman of the Jury, 115 E. 40th St., New York 16, N. Y.

Columbia University is establishing seven traveling fellowships in memory of William Kinne Fellows, F.A.I.A., the recipient of a traveling fellowship back in 1896. His widow planned to give other young architects opportunities similar to that which had meant so much to him.

Purcell and Elmslie Exhibition

It is announced by the University of Minnesota, College of Science, Literature and the Arts, that Walker Art Center of Minneapolis will hold an exhibit of the pioneer architectural work of William Gray Purcell and George Grant Elmslie, F.A.I.A. This exhibit will be on view from March 7 to April 24, and will consist of photographs, drawings, metalwork and furniture. There will be published a catalogue, obtainable from the Art Center.
The Editor's Asides

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA CHAPTER dangles a new enticement before its members. In announcing a splendid program for a forthcoming meeting, it adds: "We have been asked to withhold the name of the speaker until the night of the meeting."

On the other hand, the Washington State Chapter's Bulletin, in reporting their largest meeting of the year, concludes that "if you talk about architecture you'll have no trouble with attendance!"

We were recalling, some months ago, the technique of Dinocrates in approaching Alexander for a job, as Vitruvius tells of it. Walker Cain of New York improves enormously on Vitruvius and our feeble echo by illustrating the event in the New York Chapter's Oculus.

"Trusting to the gifts with which nature had endowed him, he put off his ordinary clothing, and, having anointed himself with oil, crowned his head with a wreath of poplar, slung a lion's skin across his left shoulder, and carrying a club in his right hand, he sallied forth to the royal tribunal." Astonished at such an appearance, Alexander asks who he is and what he wants. He replies: "A Macedonian architect who suggests schemes and designs worthy your renown. I propose to form Mt. Athos into the statue of a man holding a spacious city in his left hand, and in his right a huge vase, into which shall be collected all the streams of the mountain, which shall thence be poured into the sea."

Whether brought about by sun spots, the change of administration, or the eclipse of the moon, we know not, but happenings are flashing before our eyes in speed and quantity. . . . Four hundred hospital admin-
istrators got together and somewhat more than 50% reported that their hospital walls leak. . . . An authority on mortgages predicts that in the next fifteen years we shall find three out of four U. S. families owning their homes. . . . Dissecting the theory that the construction industry is subject to depressions in cycles of 18-20 years, Miles Colean and Robinson Newcomb say there ain't no such animal (a careful review of their book is coming, we hope). . . . Stanford University isn't convinced by all this talk of the H-bomb's potentialities; with air-driven pistons and a sort of abstract model of a four-story building, bomb blast is being simulated, and the model is wrecked: its abstract form permits immediate restoration—too bad the same result cannot be achieved in a real building!

NAHB's News Bulletin poses this thought for the day: "If you think you're going to be happy and prosperous by sitting back and letting the Government take care of you—look at the American Indian."

The Cornell Daily Sun brings us an interesting group of statistics related to the economy with which words are put together: Lincoln's Gettysburg Address uses 266 words; the Ten Commandments, 297; the Declaration of Independence, 300; the OPS order to reduce the price of cabbage, 26,911.

While our Institute President was attending the VIII Pan-American Congress of Architects in Mexico last fall, one of that country's cartoonists got him. Mexican architects have come in for so much enthusiastic praise for their University City that we are properly reminded that Mexico also breeds men who can draw. I wish we knew the name of this master of the line.

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This month...and every month

**House Beautiful**

publishes

**articles of professional interest**

The March issue features

- Architect Sam Marx's house for the Tom Mays—a finely-crafted, modern American palace combining 20th century engineering and Renaissance-like artisanship.

- Architect Ralph Zimmerman's own, gem-of-a-house for only $20,000.

- Designer Lois Davidson's demonstration that a one-room house can have design character.

- Architect Alfred Parker's fresh handling of a good kitchen plan.

and much more

in March's

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