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H. ROSS WIGGS DE BAS CANADA

SOME NOTES ON AN ARCHITECT WHO DRAWS

BY SAMUEL CHAMBERLAIN

SHORTLY after the War, while confusion still reigned in the minds of a younger generation just emerged from Army transports, mess halls, and triumphant home-coming parades, a group of such slightly dazed young men joined together in Boston with a Common Purpose. No, they were not going to establish a fraternity or a veteran's lobby; they were in search of Shelter. Some of them were draftsmen, some were architectural students, some were just beginning a practice of their own, about to hook onto the building bandwagon which swept along in the Triumphant Twenties. And *some*, I regret to state, had already drifted away from the paths of architectural rectitude and were doing window cards and advertisements for bath salts and lingerie.

The group had two interests in common: architecture and gastronomy (and don't they tie up well together?). These were enough, coupled with the desire for a place to sleep, to join them together in an informal, nameless, charterless, duesless club, with headquarters in a four-story brick house in not quite the best Beacon Hill manner. Care was taken to choose a site which would be within walking distance of the succulent steaks at Durgin-Park's market eating place and the sea-food delicacies of the Union Oyster House.

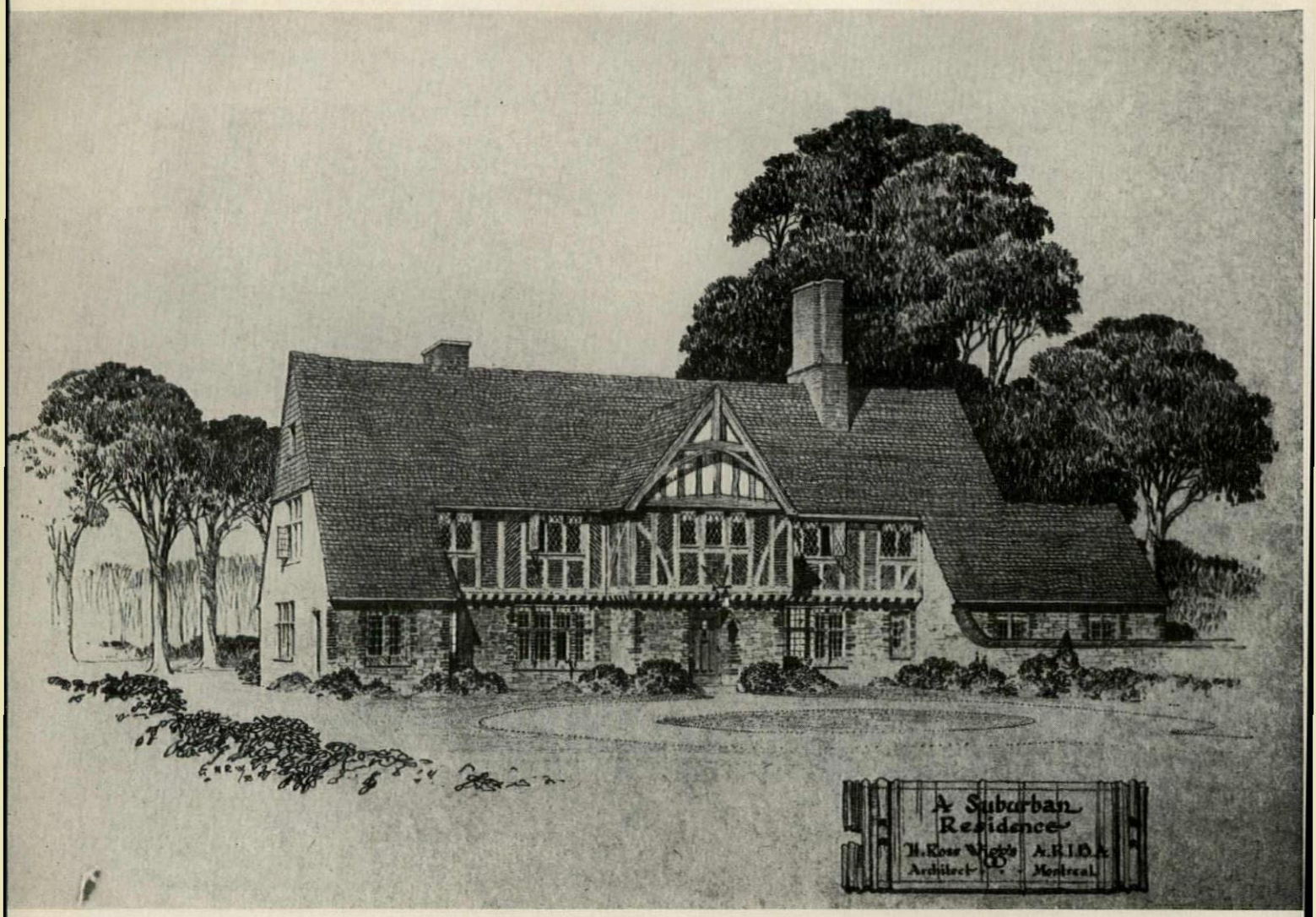
Thus, No. 9 Walnut Street, under the patient organizing genius of Dave Reed, came to be a second architectural club on the Hill, and a highly entertaining one. Its high-ceilinged parlor, draped in the most mournful of curtains, lost its funereal air and rang with music and loud laughter and collegiate whoops. Pianists and violinists, and yes, an ocarine player, turned up in the assemblage of fifteen young architects, as they always will. Such talent seemed to call for an occasional open house, and the coarse male guffaws were soon joined by the discreet laughter of Boston young ladies in lavender tweed suits, and sometimes by the giggles of Jeanne Désirée Fontaine (alias Ethel Mott), artist's model extraordinary. Tea parties at 9 Walnut Street became something to talk about, and the weekly tea attendance chart went up by leaps (why put in the bounds), until the pastry bill became a serious club item.

Of course, the music, the water colors plastered about the walls, the winning personalities of the lads, and the quality of the "tea" had a lot to do with the club's increasing visitors' list. But nobody seriously doubted that the "pièce de résistance" which acted as a magnet for the influx of guests was a series of sketchbooks of the war which, if proper persuasion was used, could be wheedled out of the lock box of 9 Walnut Street's most modest lodger. They were exquisite little sketchbooks, dexterously done in India ink and water color, and abounding in Army humor of the more printable sort. They charmed the visiting debutantes long after the music and the witticisms of the boys had gone flat. Their author was a cheerful chap who had just moved into a top-floor room, and his name was H. Ross Wiggs. On the flyleaf of his sketchbooks, apparently for the edification of his French-speaking colleagues in Quebec, was this identifying verse, in classic French:

Quand vous voyez cela,
Pensez à moi,
H. Ross Wiggs (pronounced Osh Ross Veegs)
De Bas Canada!

Osh Ross Veegs and his sketchbooks became immediately the feature attraction among the hall room boys.

It was at 9 Walnut Street, while an inmate, that I knew Ross Wiggs, a fact which has brought me the pleasant assignment of appraising his work. Some of us wondered then if he wouldn't follow his cartooning tangent and make this his profession. We should have known better. Architecture had always been his goal, and in the intervening years he has never wavered in his loyalty to it. In fact, he *looked* too much like an architect to ever be

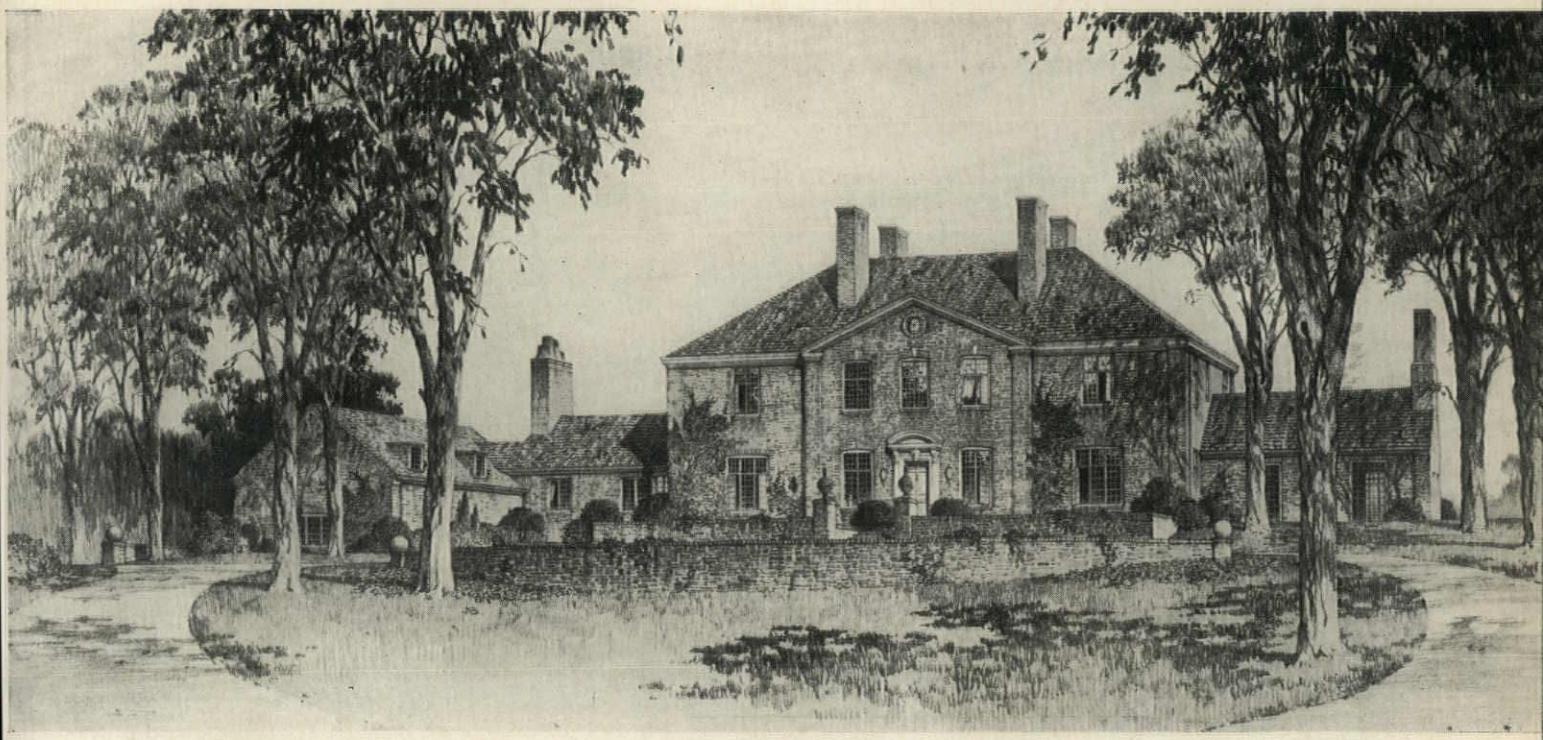


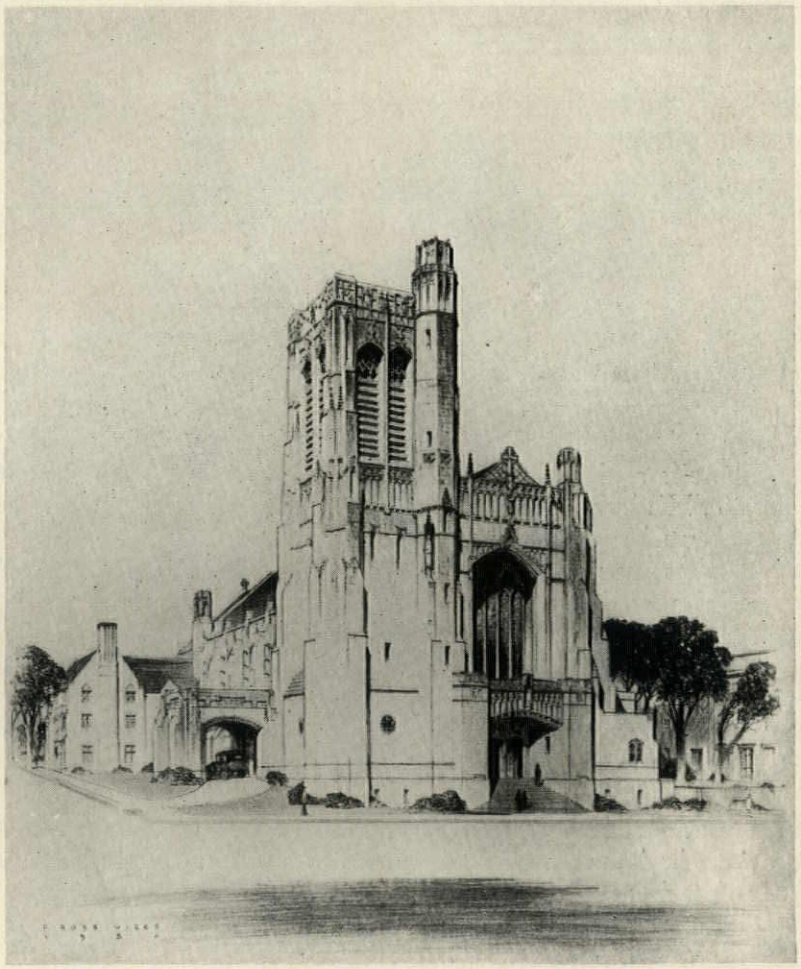
A particularly handsome piece of delineation by H. Ross Wiggs of one of his designs for a suburban residence is impressive in detail and ensemble. It was done with pen-and-ink on brown paper and also tinted with crayons

anything else. Something about the clip of his moustache, the elongated shape of his face, the choice of his neckties marked him unmistakably. He had that indefinable manner, that quality of voice, that cephalic index, which one encounters in an elevator at 101 Park Avenue. Architecture had claimed one of its own, but in the meantime the world has missed some very good cartoons.

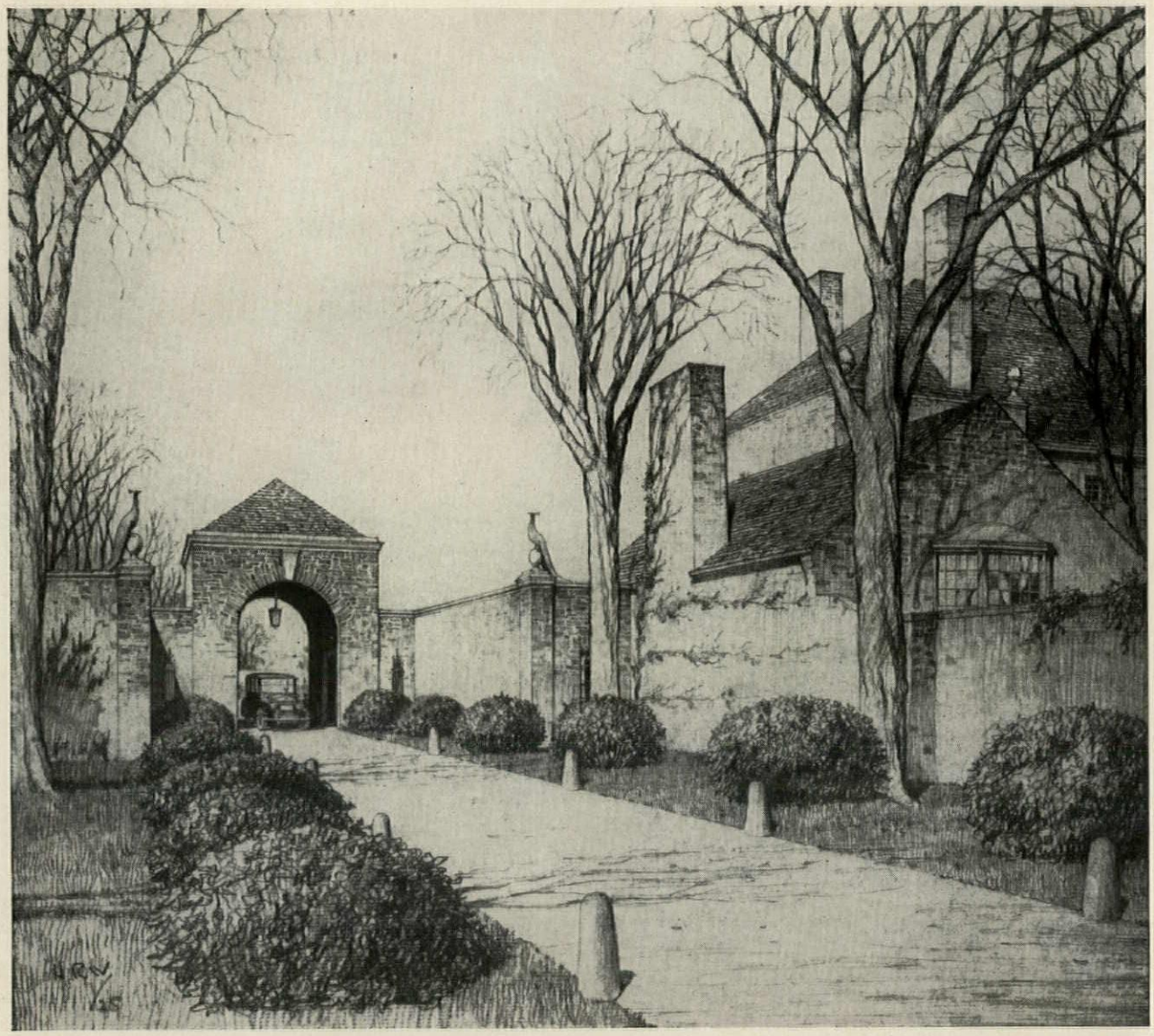
At that time, in 1920, Wiggs was in the architectural school of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, having transferred from McGill University. On one of his very first projets he had caused something of a sensation. The problem was an "Open Air Market," and it did not provide much outlet for architectural exuberance. But Ross Wiggs was one of those rare souls, an architect who could draw figures that looked like figures, and not like broad-shouldered, footless shrouds with a knob on top. So, to atone for its architectural sparseness, he populated his elevation with figures, scores of them, making his market teem with life. Here were bickering housewives and haggling vegetable vendors, butchers and bill-posters and cab drivers. And of course a mischievous gamin throwing a ripe tomato. It was a three-ring slap-stick circus at ⅛-inch scale, and it stole the show. The jury couldn't keep away from it.

From the time he was a youngster in Quebec, where he was born in 1895, Ross Wiggs has found his relaxation in sketching and painting. He was fascinated by the glamour of Quebec in war time, and his schoolboy sketches of its warships and military camps had won him several prizes by the time he had enrolled in the department of architecture of McGill University. Before his studies got well under way he enlisted in the Canadian Army for service overseas, and architecture was pretty well forgotten until the close of the





Above is a drawing made by Wiggs for Harrie T. Lindeberg to show a house by Mr. Lindeberg at Biltmore Forest, North Carolina. At the right is Wiggs' rendering of the winning design in a competition for the Church of St. Andrew and St. Paul in Montreal, Que., which he won in collaboration with H. L. Fetherstonbaugh, F.R.I.B.A.

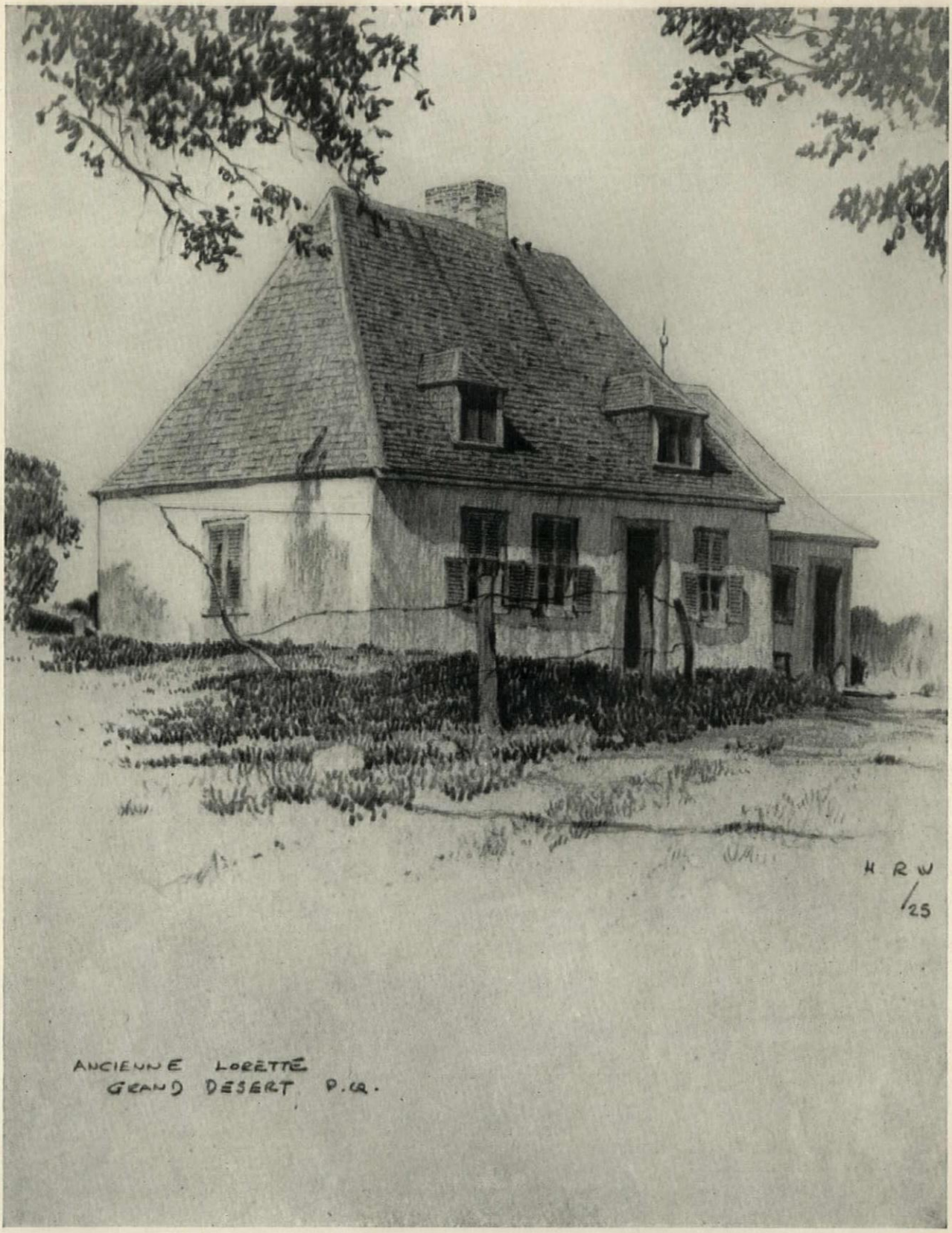


"Gray Craig," at Newport, R. I., designed by Harrie T. Lindeberg, gave Wiggs a splendid subject for a fine bit of pencil rendering of both architecture and landscape

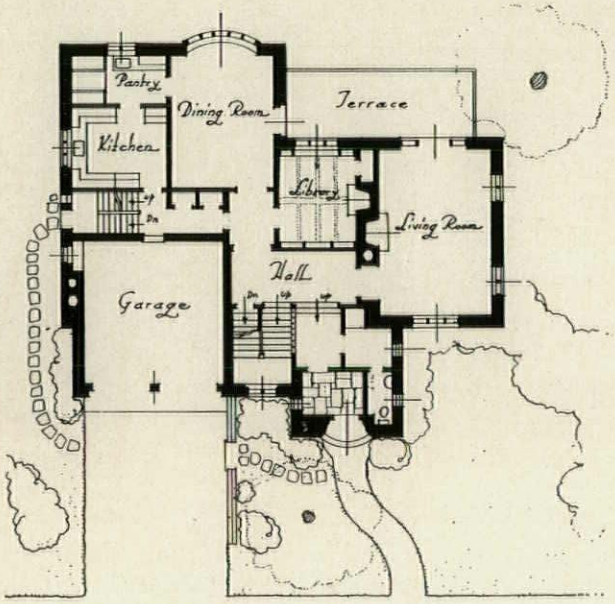
war. Luckily he didn't get out of touch with his pencils and brushes during those years in France. His humorous sketchbooks, made during leisure hours, were the result. They made a priceless war souvenir, and they have been worn almost dog-eared by numberless people besides the fair visitors at Walnut Street.

After the war he returned to McGill for a year and then took up his studies at Technology with a group of Pronounced Personalities of the Class of 1922. Mathematics proved a snorting monster to him, but he slew the beast and graduated amid blushes in June. Meantime he had won a prize or two for his summer sketches and had studied with profit the fascinating drawings which Louis Rosenberg, then on a Tech Traveling Fellowship, was sending back by the boxful from Europe. At about this point the cartoonist begins to pack up his bag and Wiggs, the pencil sketcher, enters the picture.

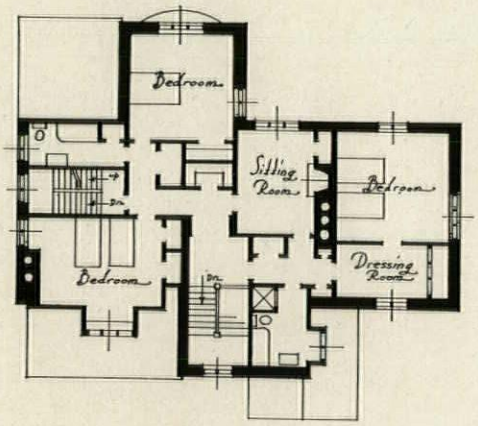
Armed with a letter of introduction from William Emerson, the new graduate went straight to the late Cass Gilbert: object, a job. The architect was unimpressed with his student work, but lingered long and intently upon the famous sketchbooks of the war. Finally he turned to the applicant and said "I wouldn't give you a hack-horse job in my office when you can draw figures like that." For once those sketchbooks did their author no good! But within a few days Wiggs was playing the rôle of Green-Draftsman-Fresh-From-College in the office of H. T. Lindeberg, under whose sympathetic guidance he rose to be one of the designers of the firm. This was the era of nice lavish spending, and the young designer had the opportunity to let his imagi-



An old farmhouse at Ancienne Lorette, Que., as sketched delicately and accurately by H. Ross Wiggs. The drawing was at about this size, which shows full command of the pencil

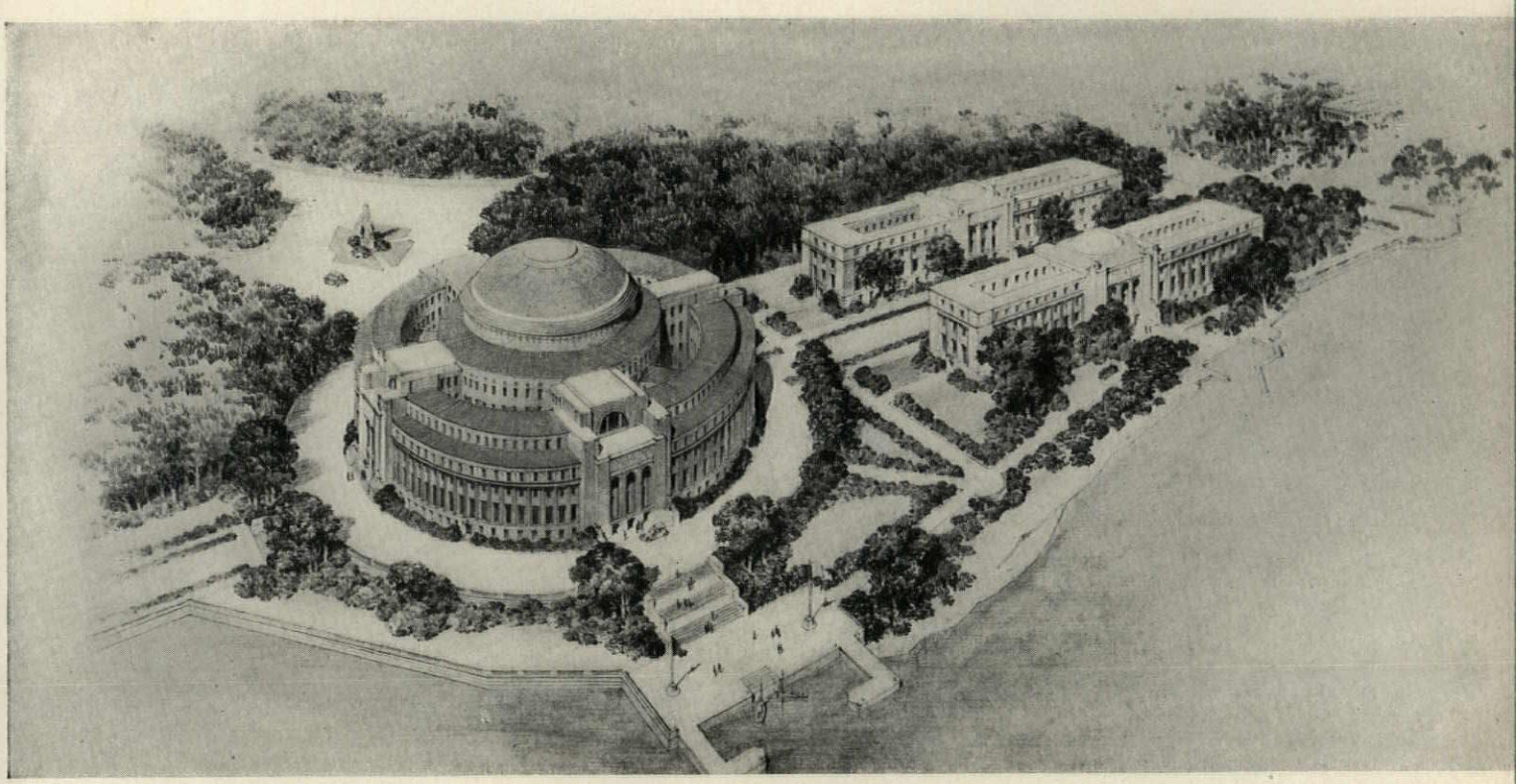


GROUND FLOOR PLAN

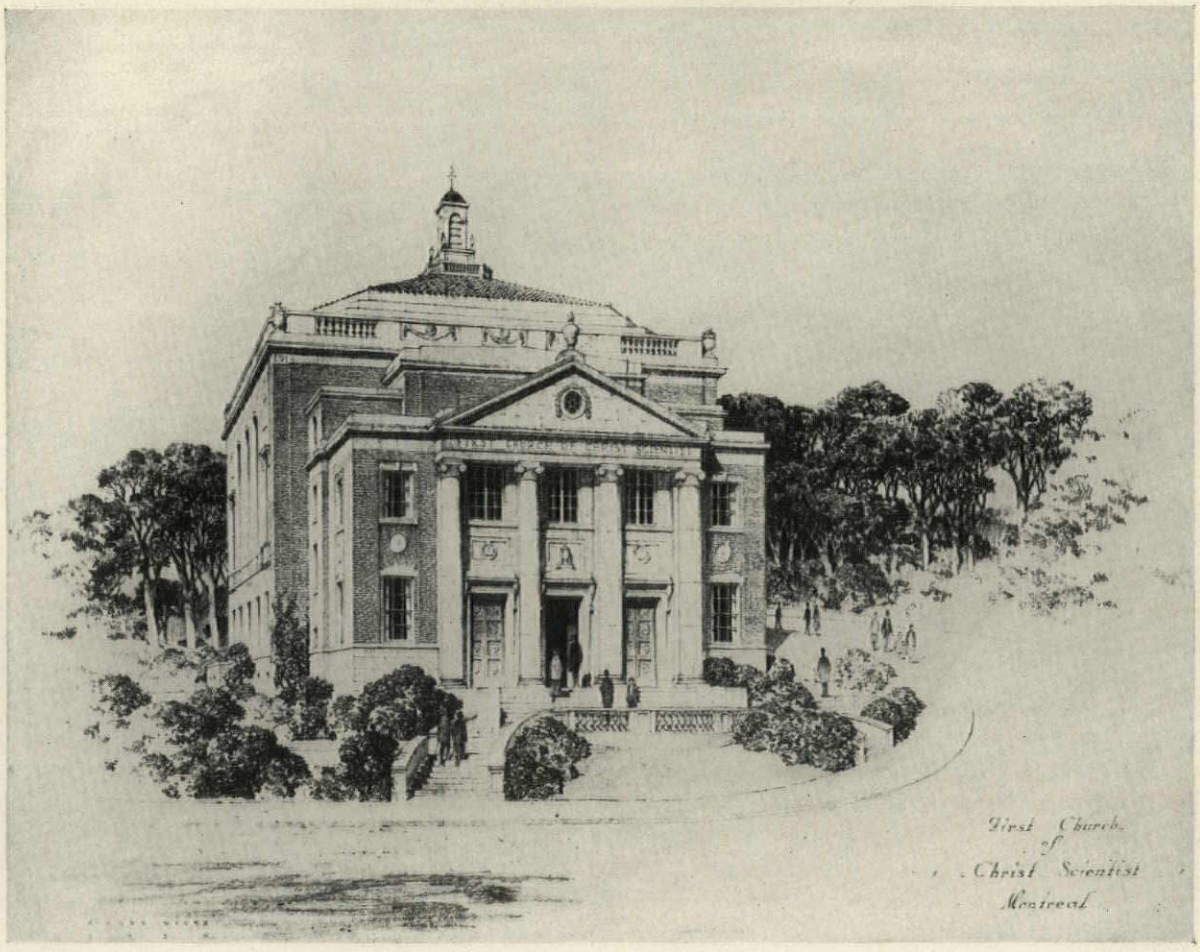


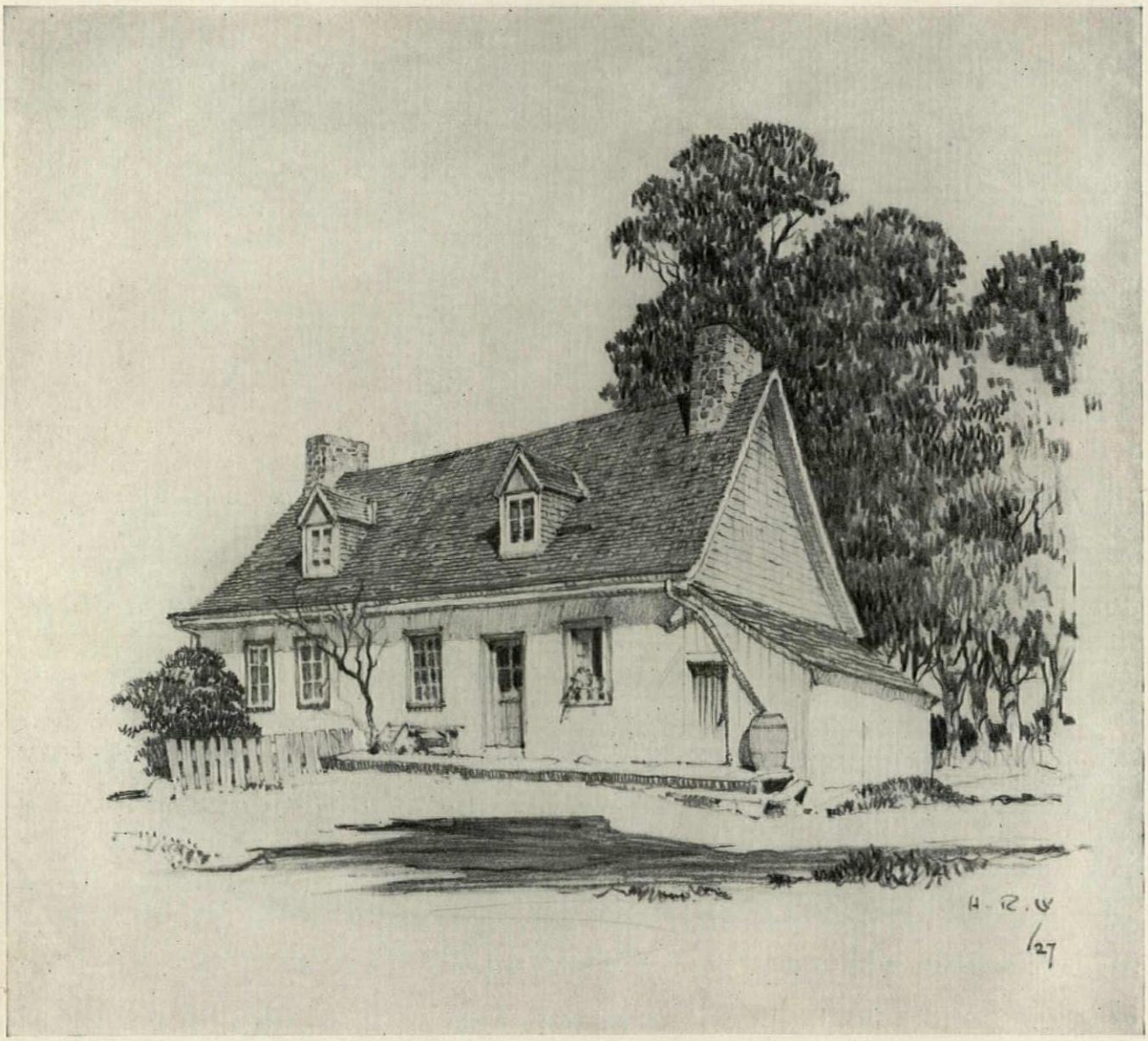
SECOND FLOOR PLAN

A proposed house in Westmount, Quebec, designed and rendered by H. Ross Wiggs, Architect. Note realistic expression of textures



Two drawings by H. Ross Wiggs show his skill with larger subjects. Above is a competition design by Hutchison and Wood, Architects, for the League of Nations Building at Geneva. Below is shown the winning design by A. D. Thacker, Architect, for the First Church of Christ Scientist at Montreal





Pencil sketch by H. Ross Wiggs of an old house at Beauport, Que., slightly reduced from its original size

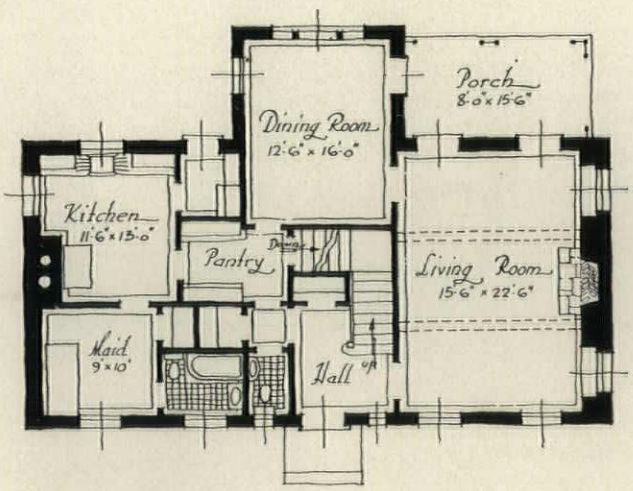
nation run riot on some house designs where cost was absolutely no object. Perhaps now, as he rocks before the fire in his slippers, blowing smoke rings, he lets his mind wander back to those marvelous days . . . .

While in the Lindeberg office he began to make perspective renderings, and in spare hours he also found time to enter a few small house competitions. One of these netted him a third Honorable Mention in "COUNTRY LIFE'S" country house contest in 1925. After four years crammed with activity in New York, he broke away and returned to Montreal, there to take charge of the drafting room of David R. Brown. This led to a junior membership in the firm of H. L. Fetherstonhaugh, and four years of very active work in the building heydey, which was capped by the firm's winning the competition for the new Church of Sts. Andrew and Paul, in Montreal.

Ross Wiggs was not spared by the Depression. It hit him right amidships, and he had to start from scratch again in 1933. During the most despairing days he spent his enforced leisure in drawing up small house plans and elevations and sending them to the magazines. One of these produced a commission to design a house, right in the middle of the Great Building Pause. That was enough to hang his shingle on, and it has been hanging securely ever since, embellished by an A.R.I.B.A. An increasing number of projects, mostly residential in nature, have taken form from his plans in the last three years, and bustling is the word for his office at the moment.

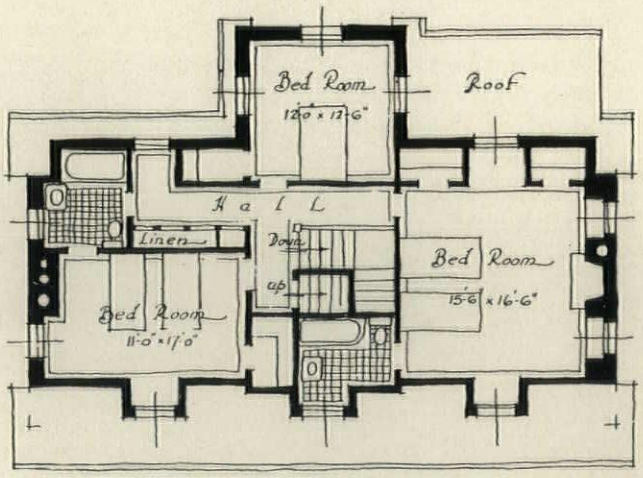
Aside from his practice, perspective renderings have always taken up much of his time.

A house in French Canadian style, as designed and drawn by H. Ross Wiggs, Architect. An indigenous type in "Bas Canada"



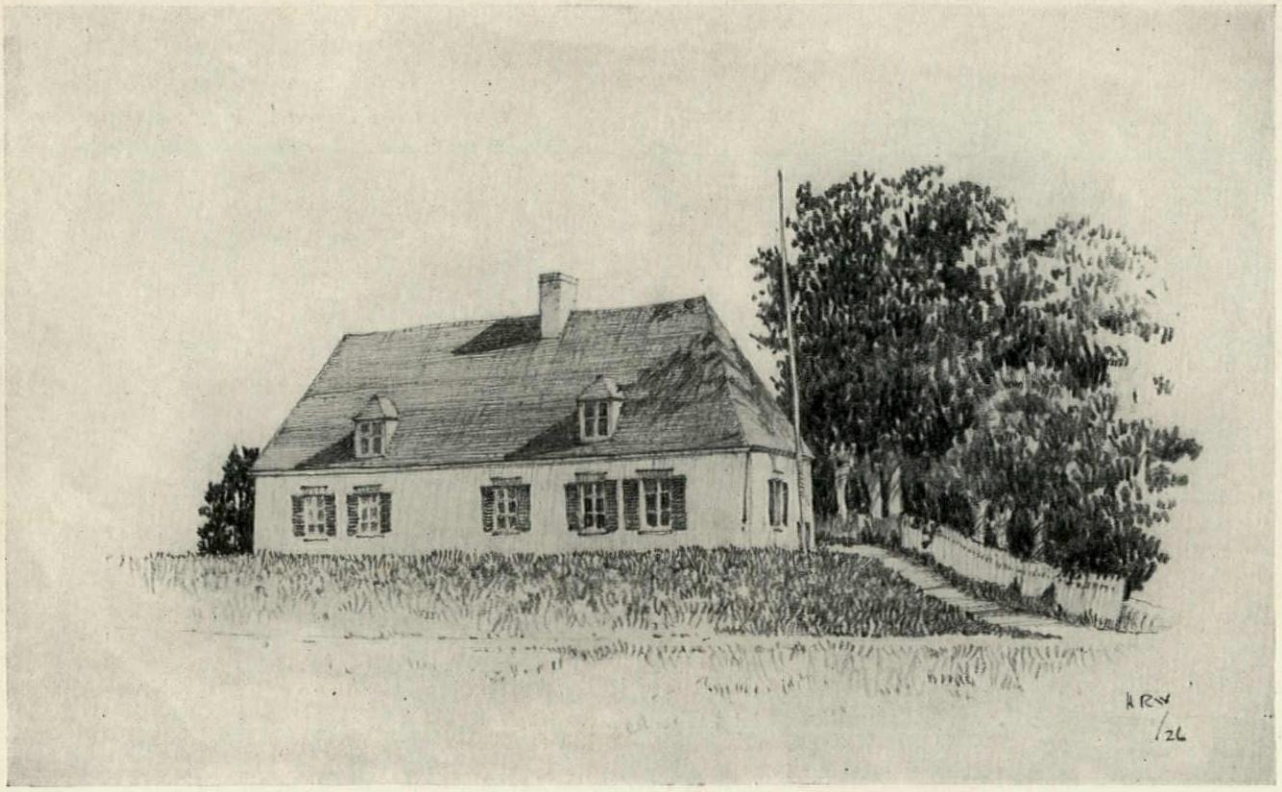
GROUND FLOOR PLAN

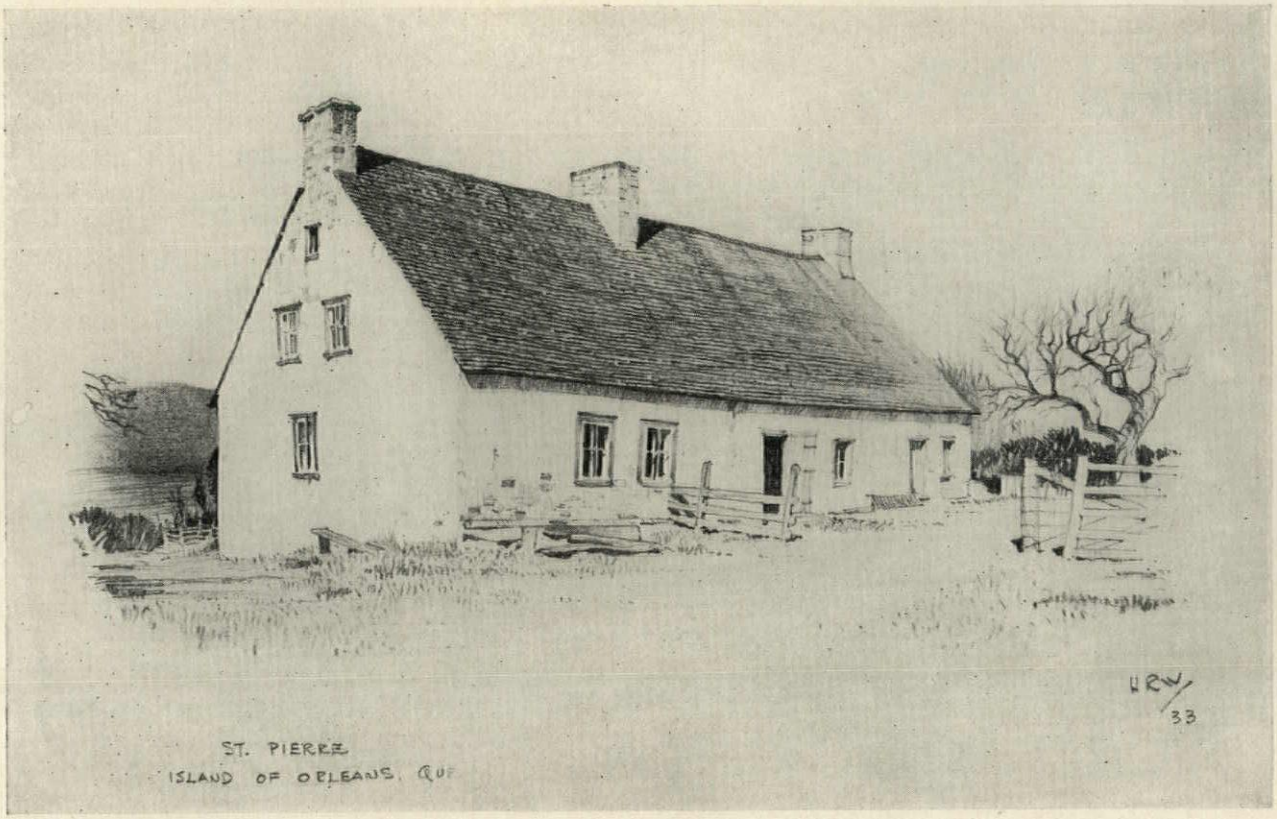
Scale in Feet



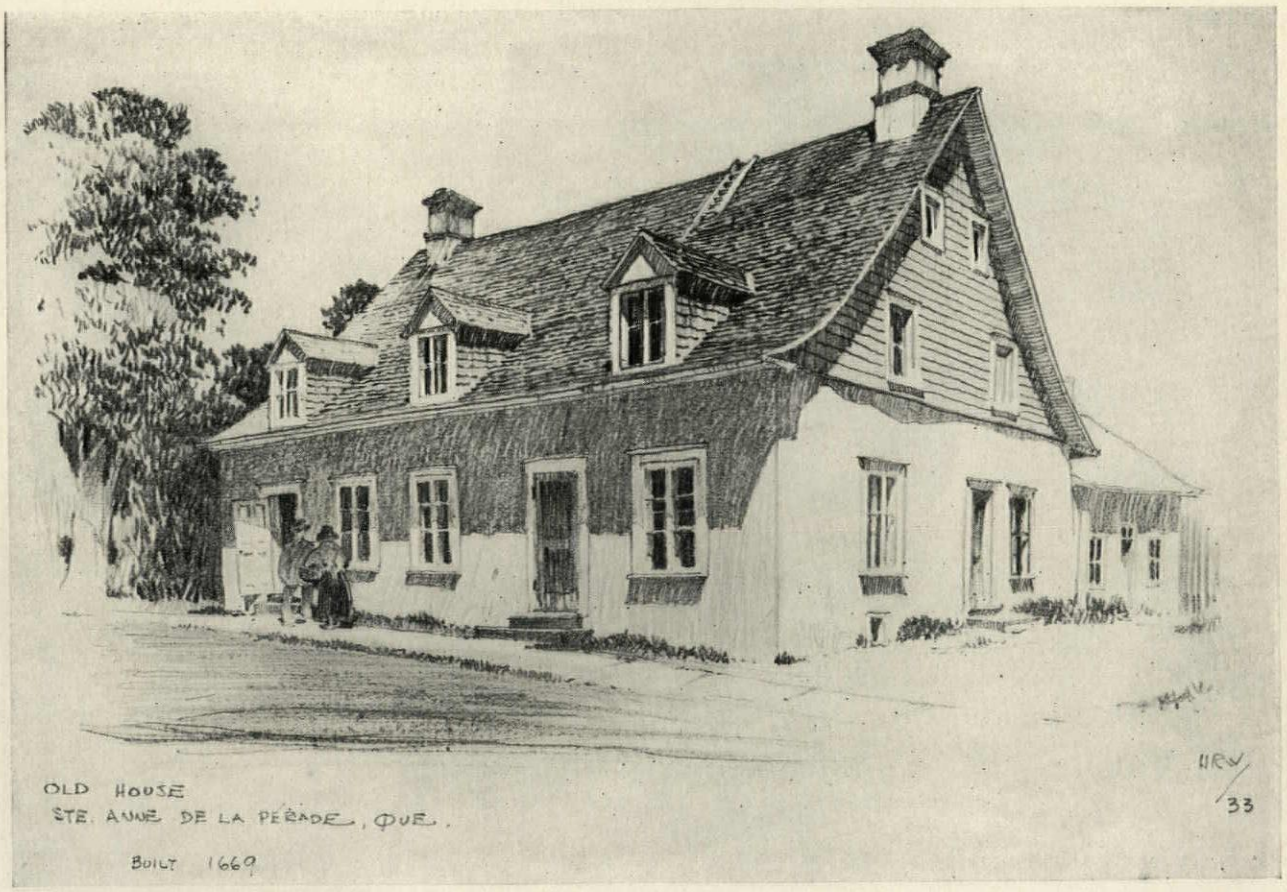
FIRST FLOOR PLAN

Handling the pencil with the delicacy ordinarily achieved only by the etcher's needle, yet with full command of the broader aspects of composition, Ross Wiggs has here recorded an old house at Neuville and a farmhouse at St. Foye, both in P. Q.





Two more old provincial houses in Quebec have yielded their charm to Ross Wiggs' persuasive pencil. The originals were hardly larger than these reproductions



He has made scores of perspectives since the first one in Mr. Lindeberg's office, and they range from cottages to competition drawings for the League of Nations building. In this connection, the work of Otto Eggers has served as his particular inspiration. The Eggers influence, always a beneficial one, can be seen in many of these reproductions, particularly in the matter of stone and foliage texture. The effect of Louis Rosenberg's gifted "coup de crayon" can be noted also in Wiggs' line work. Added to these is a personal touch quite his own, a crisp freshness which is very agreeable to contemplate, and most effective in reproduction. His usual procedure in tackling a rendering is to lay out the geometric perspective on tracing paper, using special wood curves of proper radii to simplify the problem of distant points. Stretching another sheet of tracing paper over the perspective layout, he next blocks in a very rough drawing to get an idea of his layout, values and entourage. Then, for his final drawing, he lays a fresh sheet of tracing paper over the geometric perspective, sharpens up a squad of soft pencils, and starts right in at the upper left-hand corner, finishing each part of the picture as he goes. In this way, he has a clear conception of the finished drawing from the start, and avoids the danger of hesitant or worked-over lines. Sometimes he works directly on illustration board, and again on the rich, exacting surface of Cameo paper. He has his little bag of tricks, too, many of them based on the elastic abilities of the photostat. A very small perspective layout, "blown up" to large proportions, often provides him with a convenient frame upon which to delineate a robust, unfettered soft pencil sketch of large dimensions. Frequently he works with colored crayons on the photostats themselves, and he handles the familiar black-pencil-and-white-chalk-on-gray-paper technique with a nice sparkle. Nor is he afraid of work. Look, for example, at his painstaking pencil rendering of stone texture. Trees he does best of all, never losing a sense of their structure.

Outdoor sketching has always been one of Ross Wiggs' favorite pastimes, and he is fortunate in being able to spend much time in summer sketching the cottages and landscape of the Province of Quebec. How well he does them may be seen from the sensitive sketches reproduced on these pages. Nothing quite so French exists on this Continent, and those francophile architects who bemoan their inability to cross the Atlantic this summer might derive much comfort from Quebec's enchanted countryside. If any of you *do* travel there, you are urged to keep a weather eye open for a roadside pencil sketcher with that telltale 101 Park Avenue look. And if you find him, pounce on him, and make him show you those sketchbooks of the war!

HOW YOU GET THAT WAY

THE GREAT ARCHITECT'S SUCCESS SECRET

BY EUGENE RASKIN

PERHAPS it was because of flawless blue of the spring sky, the cheerful chirping of well fed Riverside sparrows, the self-conscious bouncing of recently de-fur-coated damsels, or the meaningful tooting of amorous autoists. Or perhaps it was something else. But anyway, the Great Architect was in a reminiscent mood.

"This brings back my student days in Paris," he exclaimed, sniffing the heady gasoline fumes enthusiastically. "Ah, Paris! Youth! The *Boule Miche, rue Bonaparte, Montparnasse,* the *quatorze,* evenings along the banks of the Seine . . . "

"Forgive me for interrupting you," I said. "But you're standing on someone's Pomeranian."

With surprising agility, considering his bulk, he removed himself from the yelping creature, and we fled, before the animal's matronly owner could gather breath for what would undoubtedly have been a monumental bit of oratory.

"You were saying . . .?" I asked, when the danger had been left behind. But his rapturous spirits were gone.

"I was about to say," the Great Architect resumed, darkly, "that those happy years in Paris were more than balanced by the lean times that came my way when I returned to New York. We were suffering from a post war slump at the time—I don't recall just what war, offhand—and there were no jobs for architects or draftsmen. Many's the night I slept right here, on one of these benches. Sometimes I managed to get work. But what work! For instance, I spent three months behind the scenes of an Automat . . . to this day, my most frequently recurring nightmare is of sandwiches being snatched by ghostly hands out of a million compartments, to the accompaniment of endless clinking nickels . . . "

The Great Architect bowed his head and walked in silence for a few minutes. I didn't mind the pause, for the sound of his voice had made my throat feel dry, and I eyed his hip pocket speculatively. Was that bulge what I thought it was, or was it just another manifestation of the Great Architect's unique personality?

Presently he looked up and gazed across the river at the Lux sign.

"At last things picked up a bit," he continued, in a brighter tone. "And I was lucky enough to get into the office of the biggest architects of the era—McMugg, Bugg & Zaraproujenko! I need not tell you about that firm! Four out of every five public buildings in any sizable Eastern city you care to name came from our drawing boards. The reason was simple: we had the best façades in town. There was our four-column special, for banks. That couldn't be beat. And our twelve-column model! It was—and still is—unsurpassed. Also, of course, we had other stock numbers to suit every purpose. Naturally, we had many second rate imitators, patronized by clients whose purses were limited. But for those who wanted the unquestioned best, there was only one firm of architects—McMugg, Bugg & Zaraproujenko."

"Did you stay there long?" I wanted to know.

"Much too long," he replied, sinking to a bench and removing his hat. Gratefully, I followed his example, for keeping up with his long strides had been no easy task.

"Though my advancement was fairly rapid," the Great Architect went on, "after reaching the post of job captain I couldn't seem to get any farther. The pay was good, and the work fascinating . . . but I had ambitions of stepping out for myself. Year after year found me still at my board. Until one day, I caught a bad cold. That was the real beginning of my career."

"Did you say . . . cold?" I thought I hadn't heard him correctly.

"Yes," he chuckled. "A cold, and a fool roommate, started me on the road to success." He stopped.

"I'm afraid you'll have to explain that," I

said, as he showed no inclination to continue, but sat smiling smugly to himself in the sunshine.

"Explain? Oh, of course. Gladly. You see, this chap I roomed with was a research chemist. Splendid fellow. Had some grand ideas, but entirely too—well, you know—visionary." The Great Architect winked at me confidentially, as from one practical man to another.

"He kept the apartment eternally cluttered up with his confounded experiments. And on the day I was talking about, when I had that furious head cold, I used one of his nameless bottles by mistake, instead of the stuff I had bought to cure my dandruff. I couldn't smell the difference. Heh, heh. Pretty good, what? Couldn't smell the difference!"

I stared at him in reproach, and he squirmed uncomfortably for a moment. Then, raising his voice in sheer bravado, he resumed.

"Well, anyway, whatever the fluid was—and I never found out—I rubbed it well into my scalp with my finger tips, put on a skull cap, and went to bed. Next morning, when I looked in the mirror, I was horrified to discover that my hair had turned completely white! Just as white as it is now." He gestured towards his magnificent snowy mane.

"You can imagine how I felt. I woke my roommate and confronted him with the situation, demanding that he do something about it. But all the ninny did was squint at my hair, murmur 'How interesting,' and jot something down in his notebook. Vaporizing idiot!"

For a moment an ancient rage seemed about to overcome the Great Architect, but by breathing deeply, he managed to regain his habitual calm.

"I soon learned, however, that the event was far from being the tragedy that it appeared to me at the time. Everyone thought I looked too distinguished for words. Anything I had to say was listened to with gratifying attention and respect. Strangers who came into the office thought I was the boss. At conferences, clients seemed to address themselves instinctively to me, rather than to Mr. McMugg, or Mr. Bugg, or even Mr. Zaraproujenko. I don't think Mr. McMugg and so forth liked it much. I began to receive invitations—dinner, theatre, week-ends—from important people, to whom such things would never have occurred if they had met me before my appearance was changed.

"Presently commissions began to arrive, too. I suppose the rumor got around that I was the guiding hand behind all the magnificent façades we had been turning out. At any rate, I opened my own office, and did very well, as you know." The Great Architect smirked modestly, and for a moment I felt a mad urge to twist his nose. Perhaps it was the spring.

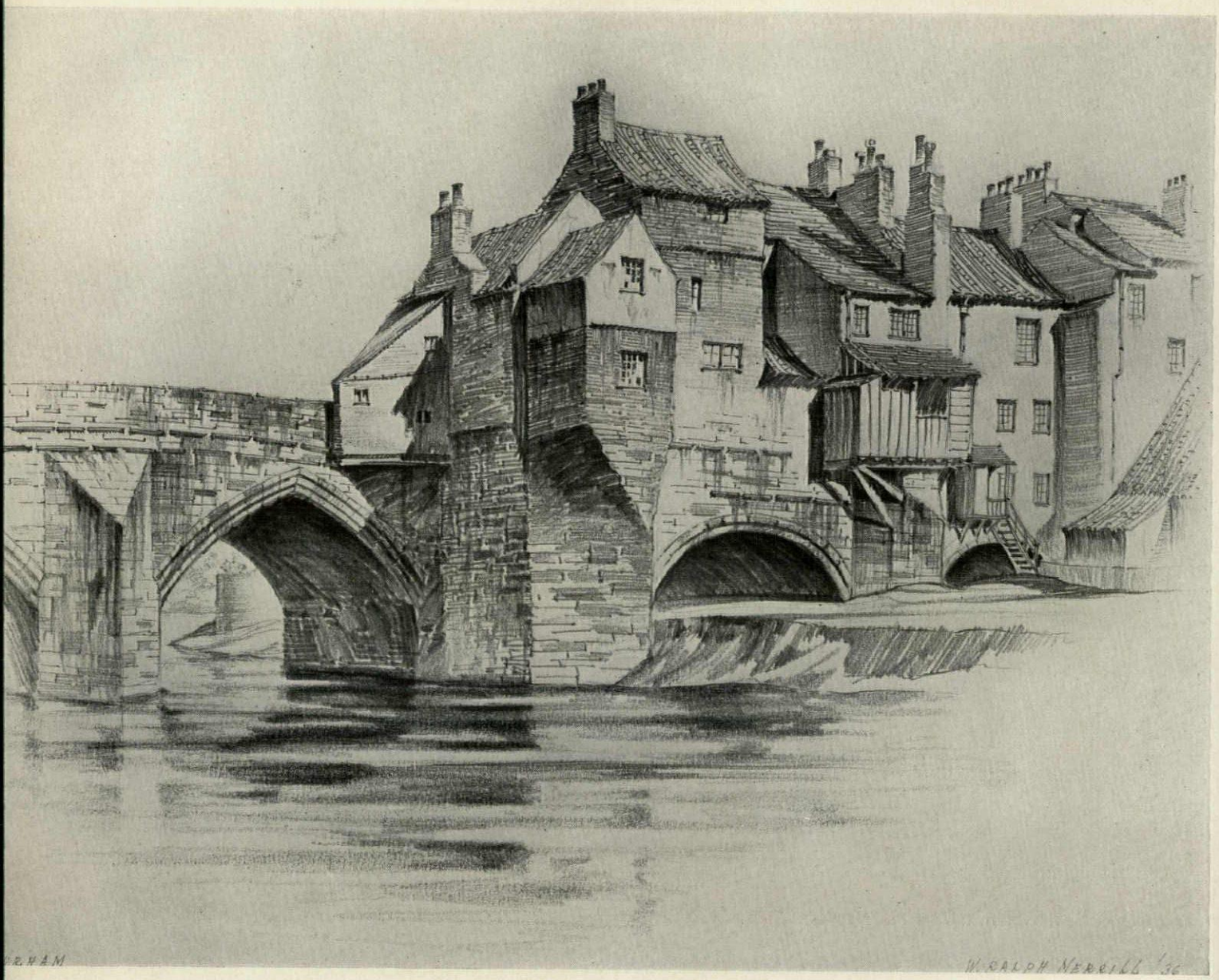
"Whenever I stepped on or off a train or ship," his voice was gleeful, "the press assumed that I was a celebrity. They interviewed me, ran my photograph in their papers. The difference between being thought a celebrity and actually being one is nil. To make the story short, honors rained upon me. I must admit, though, that I proved worthy of them. Isn't that so?"

"Yes, indeed. Most assuredly," I muttered, carefully averting my eyes from his nose.

"Quite." The Great Architect reached for his hip pocket, smacking his lips in anticipation. As his hand came away without the famous flask, a look of shocked dismay spread over his features. He leaped to his feet.

"We'd better be getting home now," he said briskly. "I'm sure I must be expecting an important call or something."

"L'Après Midi d'un Faune"—Sculpture in bronze by Bryant Baker, shown at the recent Annual Exhibition of the Architectural League of New York



Another pencil sketch by W. Ralph Merrill, made at Durham, England, during a recent bicycling trip abroad

MERRILL PALMER HOUSE COMPETITION

RESULTS AND REPORT OF THE JURY OF AWARD

JUDGED MARCH 8, 1937

On a level, interior lot 100′ wide and 150′ deep, facing west on an important boulevard, it is proposed to build a residence with attached two-car garage. The front building line is 40′ back, and the side building lines are a minimum of 10′. The Basement is to include a Recreation Room. The usual rooms are to be provided on the First Floor. The Second Floor is to include four Master Bedrooms, two main Bathrooms, all necessary closet space, and two Maids' Rooms and Bath.

The cubic contents of this building shall not exceed forty-four thousand (44,000) cubic feet. Practically complete freedom is given the competitors in regard to style, design, and the materials and methods of construction, except that same shall come within the provisions of the local building codes. It is requested, however, that the use of stucco be eliminated, and that frame construction shall be limited to portions of exterior walls.

REPORT OF THE JURY OF AWARD

The members of the Jury were gratified to find that forty-three designs were submitted and that so many were of excellent quality. It was encouraging to learn that local architects and draftsmen responded so enthusiastically to the invitations to participate in this noteworthy competition.

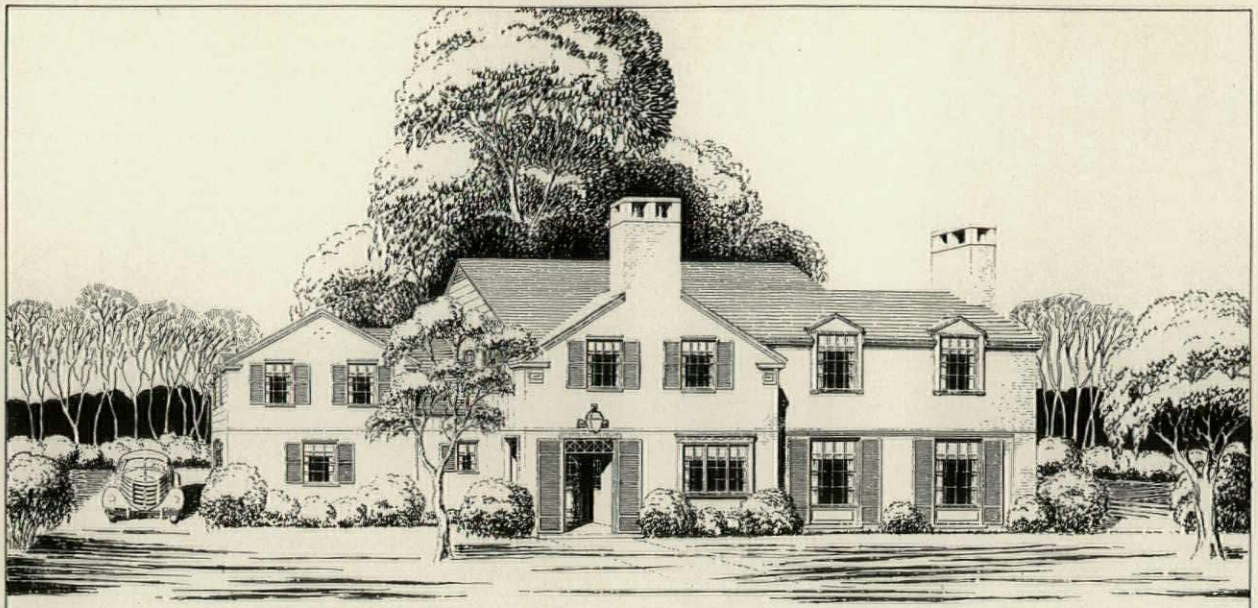
There was evidence, although fortunately very little, that some competitors did not realize that all the drawings were to be carefully checked. Several designs were rejected because the cubage requirements were disregarded. Some competitors, through lack of experience or carelessness, overlooked important factors such as orientation, headroom for stairs, turning space for cars, building code and construction problems. A few were careless in regard to perspective, draftsmanship and lettering.

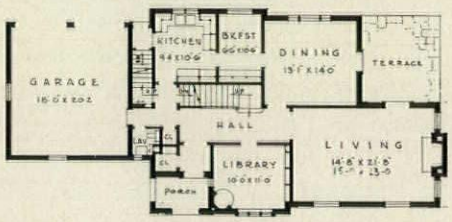
A number of competitors displayed talent and ingenuity in developing solutions of the problem. It was observed that in some cases one floor plan was not as well studied as the accompanying plan, and in other cases good floor plans were not developed into more successful exteriors. A number of the designs were beautifully rendered and were commended for good draftsmanship.

The members of the Jury expressed their appreciation to the sponsors of this competition for their recognition of the value of good design and the importance of securing competent architectural advice and service. The liberal awards which were offered were an incentive to participate, and the results have been even better than anticipated. The sponsors will immediately negotiate with the first prize winner in regard to preparing plans and specifications for the residence which is to be built this year. The authors of the other prize winning and mentioned designs will be recommended by the sponsors and will be given every opportunity to serve as architects of other homes which may be constructed according to their designs.

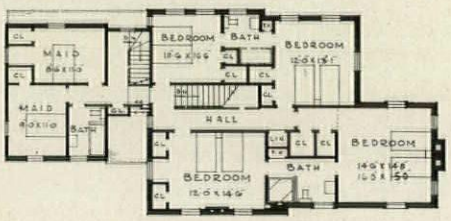
First Prize Design *by Harold H. Ehlert*—The design placed first was so placed unanimously, and is especially commended. The unsymmetrical elevation is handled in a charming manner, and results in a most attractive and hospitable appearance. It is regretted that the other elevations are not designed as successfully as the front. The rear entrance to the Garage is questioned from the standpoint of facility of access, but this method was employed frequently by competitors.

The rendering is most effective but the method of silhouetting the house against the tree is unfortunately obvious, and the black tree background is not successful.

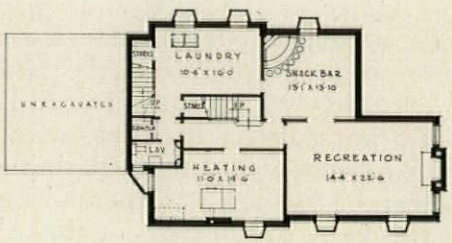




FIRST FLOOR

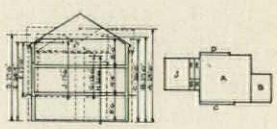


SECOND FLOOR

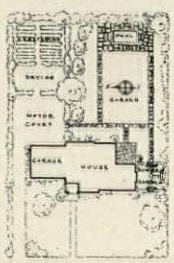


BASEMENT

GARDEN



A	33.6 x 30.0 x 24.0	28275
B	16.6 x 12.0 x 27.0	5346
C	3.6 x 6.0 x 36.0	778
D	16.6 x 6.0 x 27.0	445
E	14.6 x 3.3 x 24.0	1127
F	14.6 x 2.4 x 17.0	955
G	7.6 x 2.4 x 13.0	549
H	7.6 x 3.3 x 30.6	500
J	21.6 x 16.0 x 17.6	9020
TOTAL CUBAGE		43246



SIDE

MERRILL PALMER HOUSE COMPETITION

First Prize design by Harold H. Ehlert, 423 Stormfeltz-Lovely Building, Detroit, Mich.

SECOND PRIZE DESIGN *by Earl W. Pellerin and J. F. Dworski*—A simple, restrained design of pleasing character. The two circular bay windows could have been improved considerably by increased height. The use of a single opening for Garage doors in this style of house is unfortunate, as there is sufficient width for two openings. The treatment of rear elevation is a trifle monotonous. The connection between the service and the master's part of the second floor plan is not desirable.

THIRD PRIZE DESIGN *by Amedeo Leone*—Similar objections can be raised, namely the connection between the service and master's portion of the second floor, and the rear entrance to Garage. The four elevations are equally well designed, and the rendering is good.

FOURTH PRIZE DESIGN *by Edgar D. Giberson*—The second floor plan could have been improved by decreasing the size of front hall, and a better relation of the northwest bedroom to the bathroom near it could have been arranged. Again the rendering is commended, and the Jury noted a similarity of delineation to that of the third prize design which suggested a partnership, in fact if not in name.

FIFTH PRIZE DESIGN *by Talmage C. Hughes*—The placing of the Breakfast Room to the northwest is considered unfortunate, and some doubt in regard to the headroom of both stairways is also expressed. There is a good possibility of providing a small pantry and eliminating a service entrance hall of doubtful value. The design is one of the most stimulating of those submitted, in its freshness and vigor. The pleasing treatment of the entrance feature is commended.

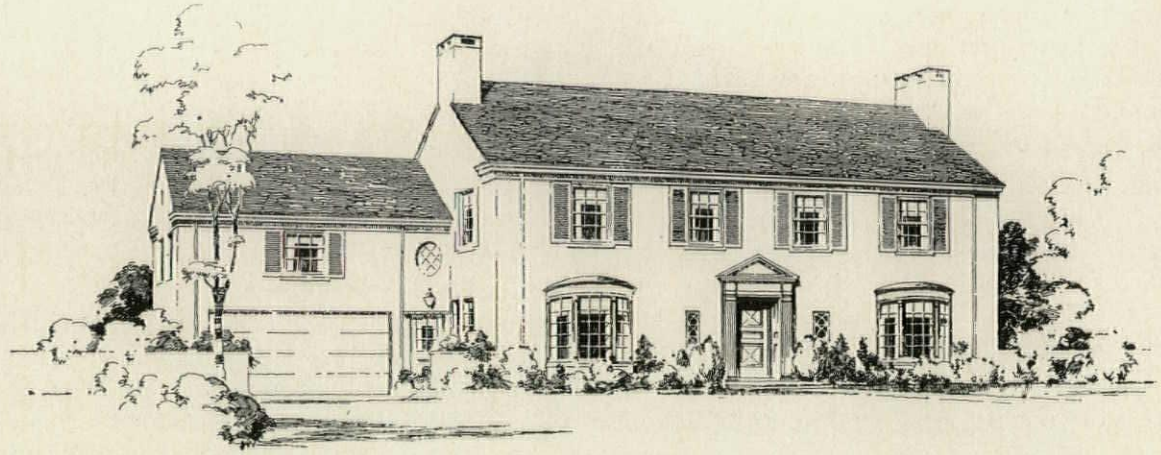
LOTA B. BACKUS
GUY S. GREENE
GEORGE B. DUFFIELD
GEORGE D. MASON
WIRT C. ROWLAND
Jury of Award

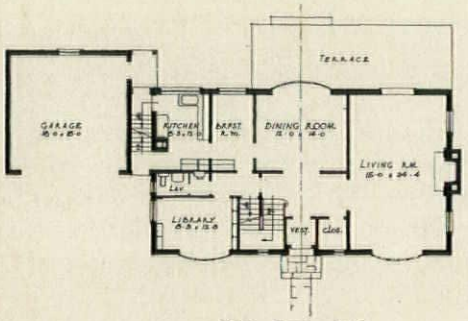
The sponsors, the Merrill Palmer School of Motherhood and Home Training, take this opportunity to express their thanks to all who participated in this competition.

Drawings will be returned by mail to all those contestants who sent them by mail. All others who delivered their drawings may have same by visiting the office of the undersigned at 3500 Union Guardian Building, Detroit—on and after April 5, 1937.

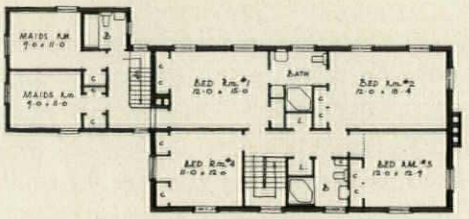
BRANSON V. GAMBER
Professional Advisor

The competition was authorized by the Hannan Real Estate Exchange, Inc., and was conducted by Mr. Gamber in cooperation with the Detroit Chapter, American Institute of Architects and the Michigan Society of Architects.

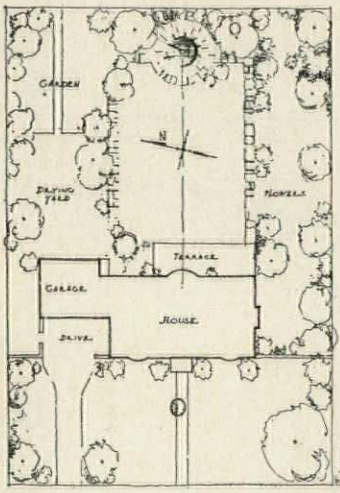




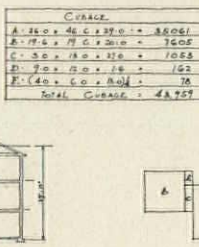
FIRST FLOOR PLAN

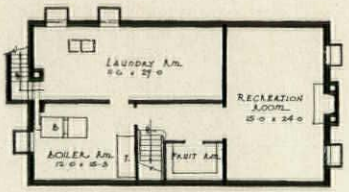


SECOND FLOOR PLAN



PLOT PLAN





BASEMENT FLOOR PLAN

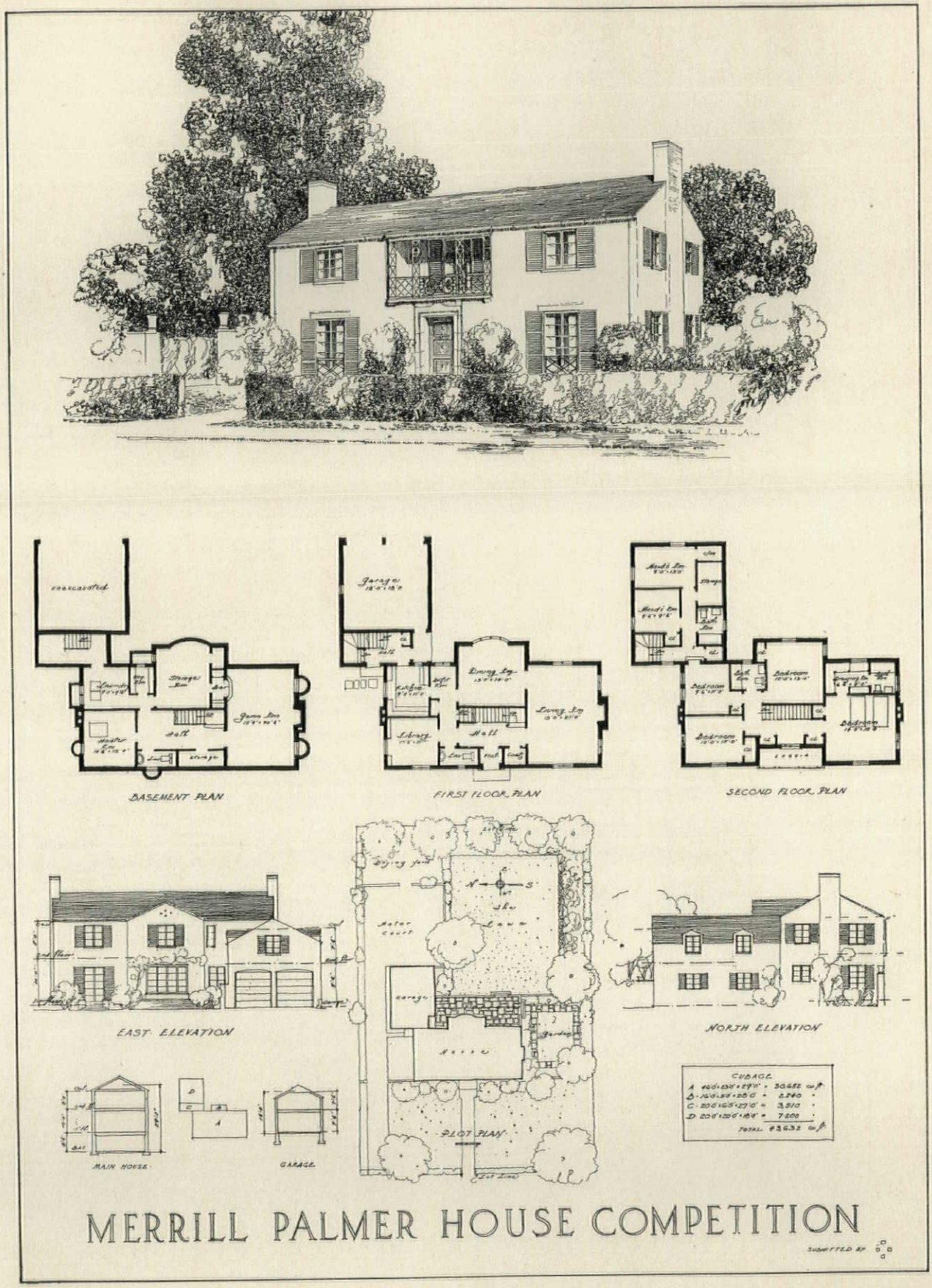
EAST ELEVATION

SOUTH ELEVATION

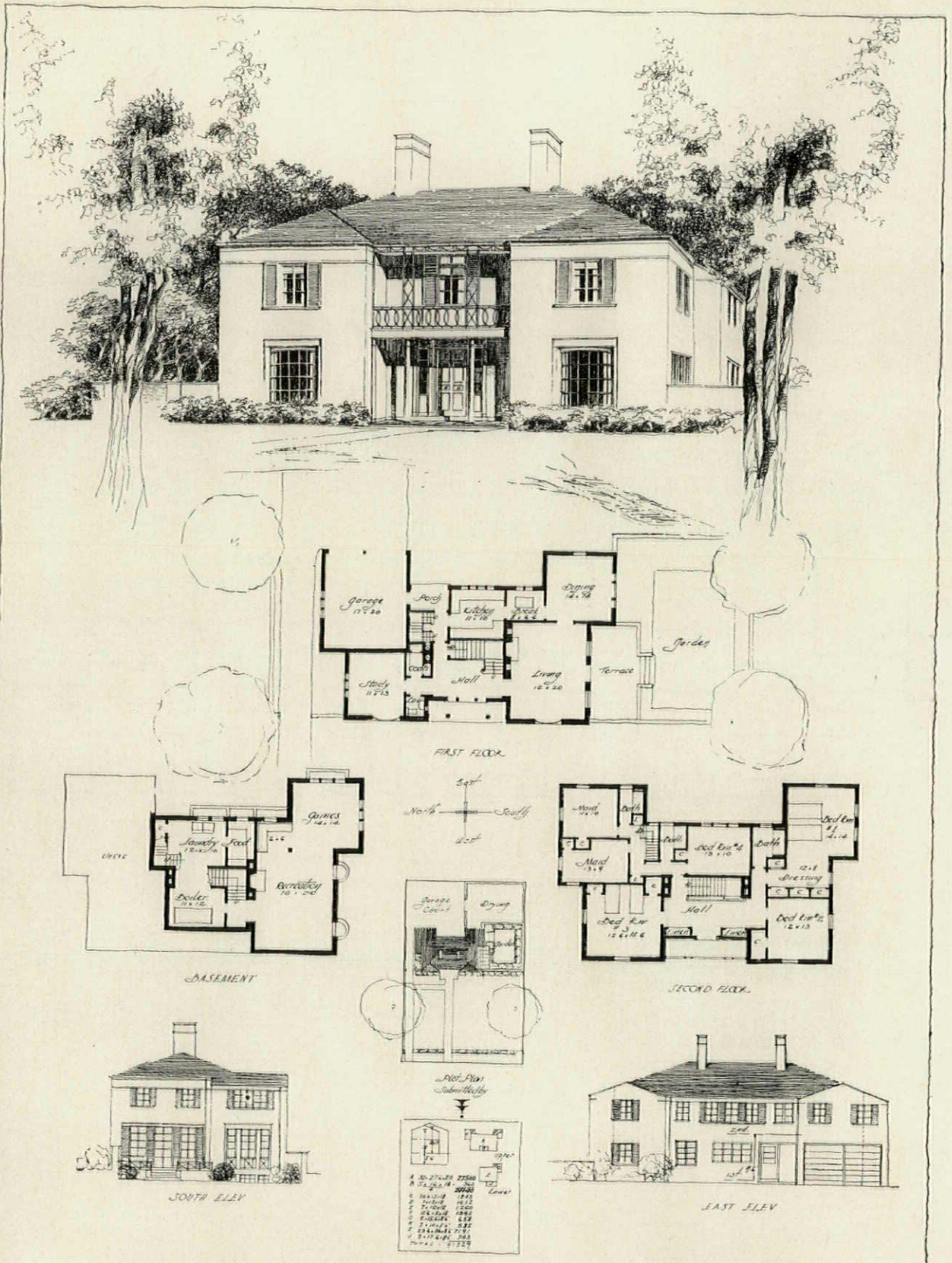
SUBMITTED BY

MERRILL PALMER HOUSE COMPETITION

Second Prize design by Earl W. Pellerin, 16855 LaSalle Blvd., and J. F. Dworski, 19453 Hull St., Detroit, Mich.

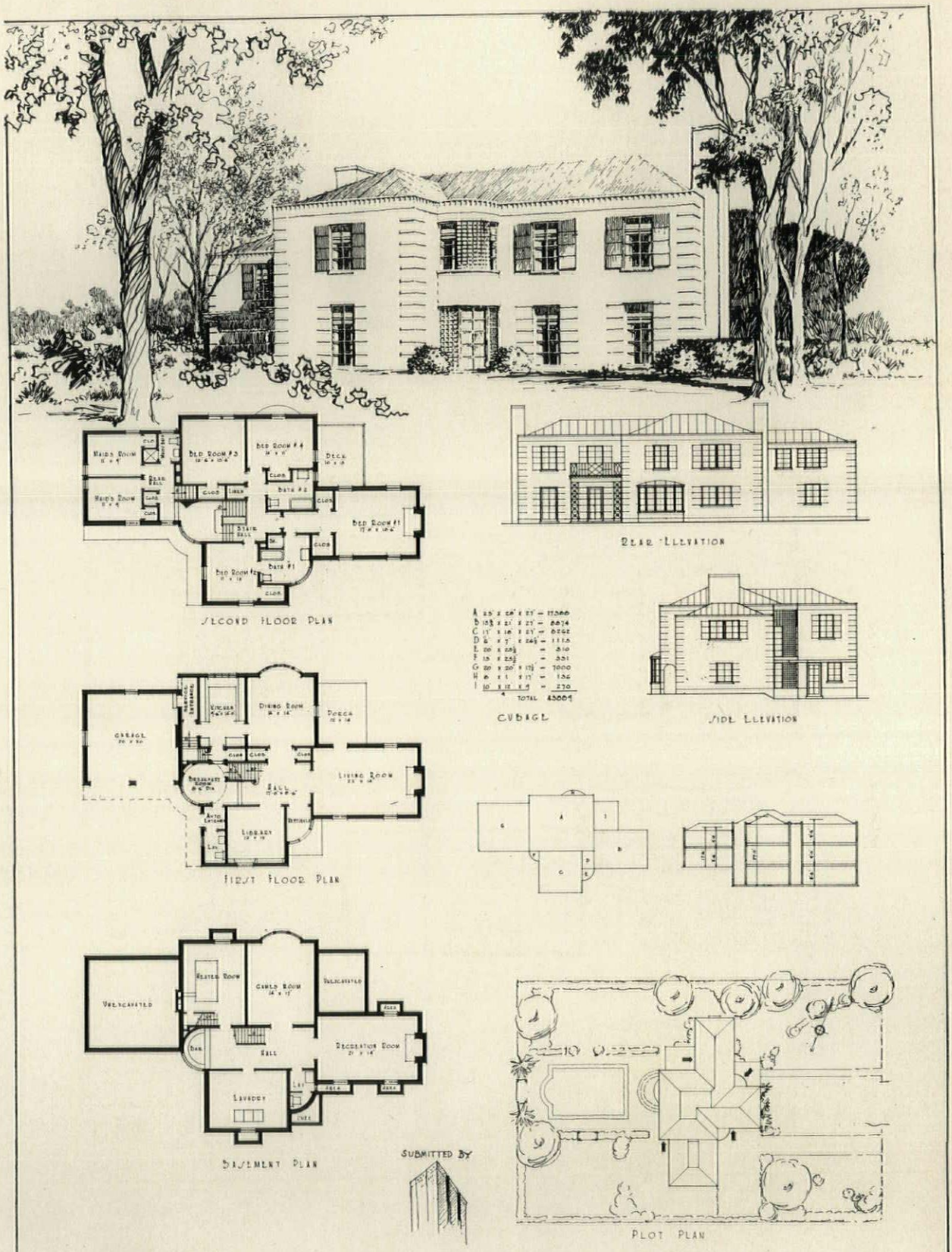


Third Prize design by Amedeo Leone, 800 Marquette Building, Detroit, Mich.

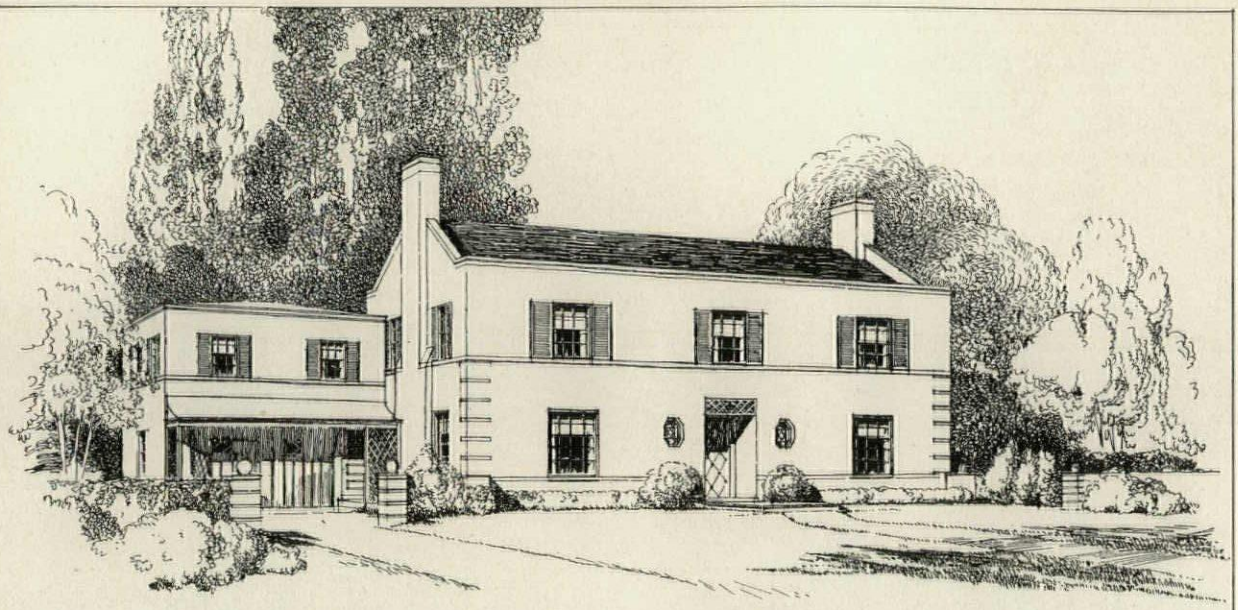


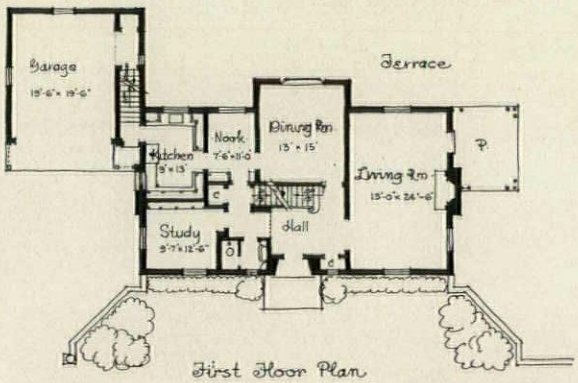
Merrill Palmer House Competition

Fourth Prize design by Edgar D. Giberson, 800 Marquette Building, Detroit, Mich.

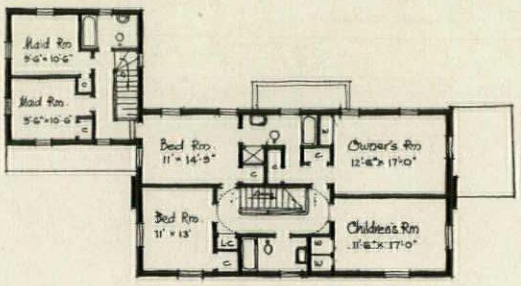


Fifth Prize design by Talmage C. Hughes, 120 Madison Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

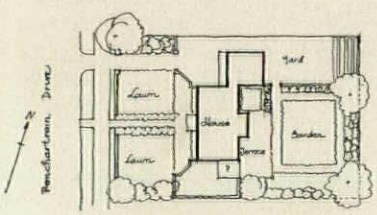




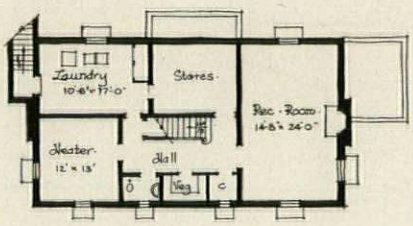
First Floor Plan



Second Floor Plan.



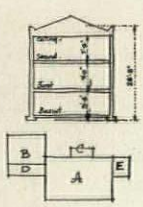
· Plot Plan ·



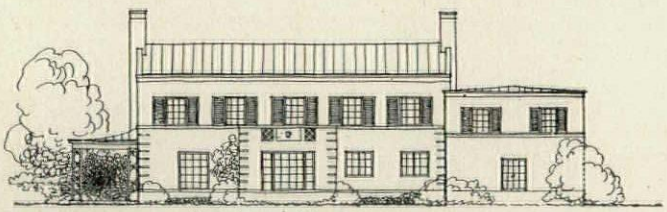
· Basement Plan ·

Contents		
A	47'-6" x 24'-3" x 28'-3"	34909
B	21' x 21' x 18'	7938
C	4' x 14'-6" x 9	522
D	20' x 4' x 8' ÷ 4	160
E	10' x 13' x 9 ÷ 4	292
	Total	43881

· Painted Brick Veneer ·
Submitted by



· Cubage Diagram ·

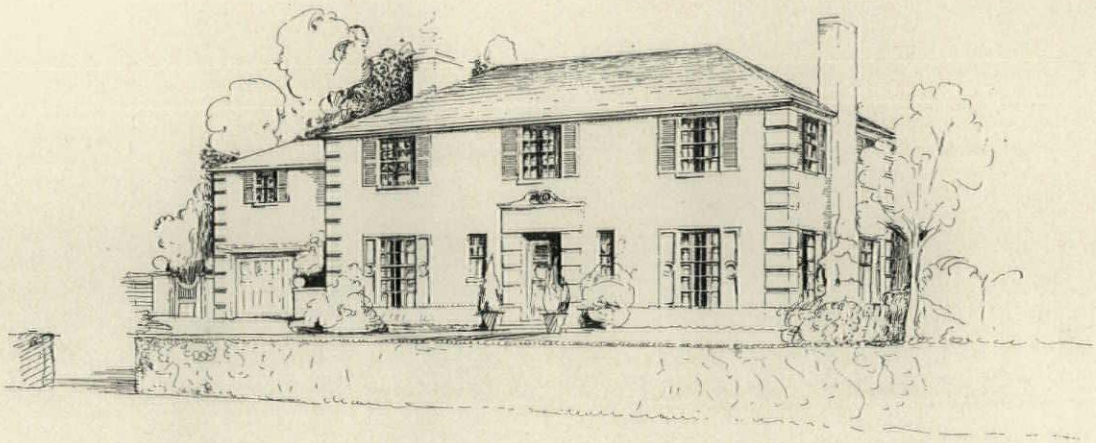


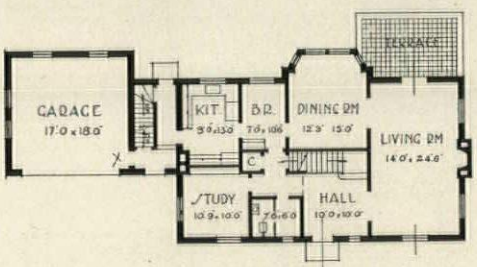
· Garden Elevation ·

· South Elevation ·

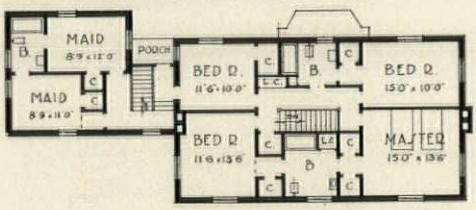
MERRILL PALMER HOUSE COMPETITION

First Mention design by R. W. Tempest, 2170 E. Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

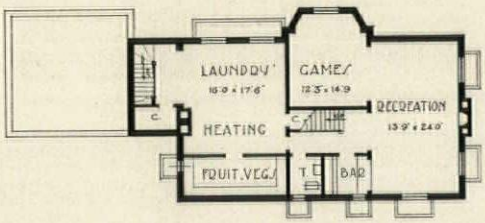




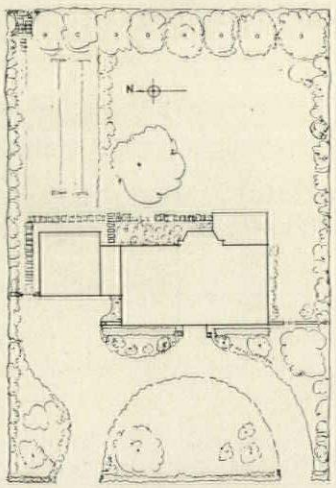
FIRST FLOOR PLAN



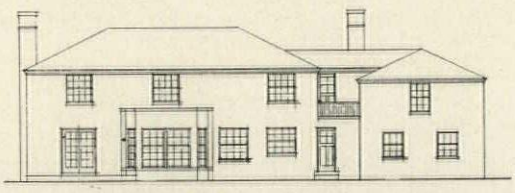
SECOND FLOOR PLAN



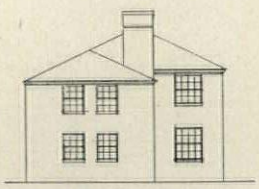
BASEMENT PLAN



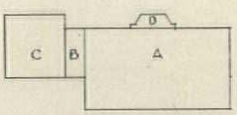
PLOT PLAN



EAST SIDE ELEVATION

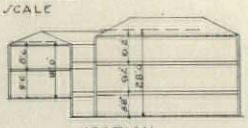


NORTH ELEVATION



PLAN DIAGRAM

A. 45'9x26'0x28'0. 33306
B 66'x 156'x 26'0 2626
C 19'0x 20'0x 18'0 6840
D. 14'0x 4'0x 18'0 1008
TOTAL CUBAGE=43780

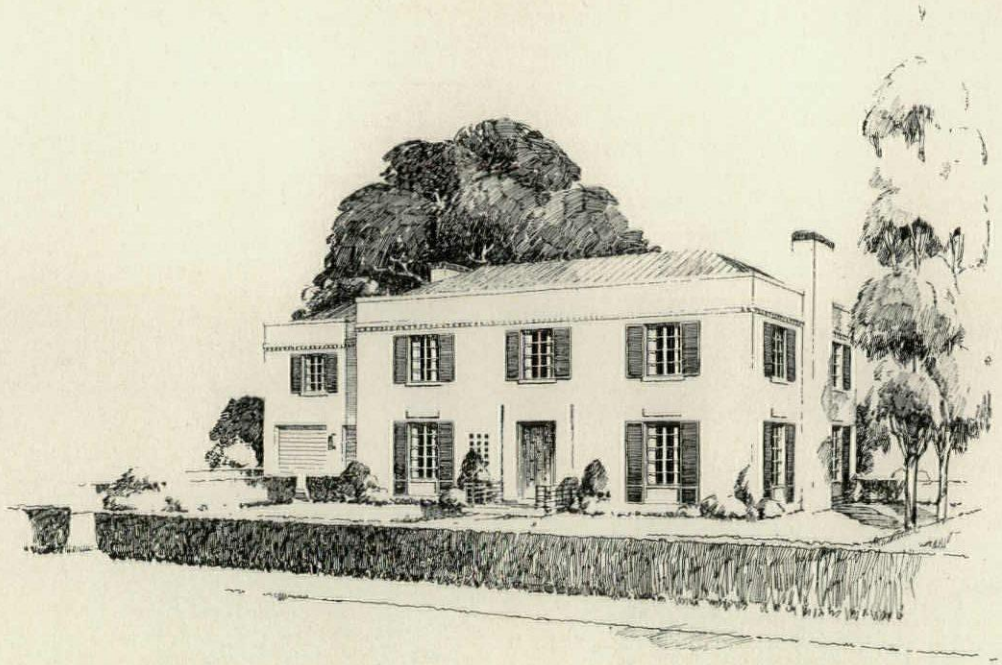


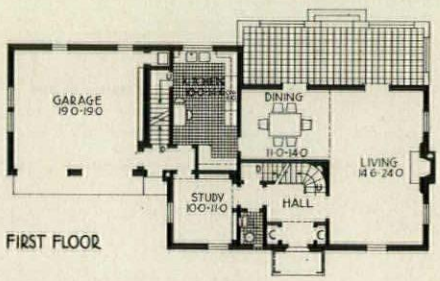
SECTION

SUBMITTED BY

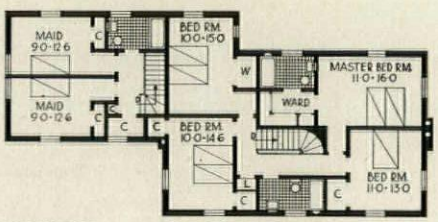
MERRILL PALMER HOUSE COMPETITION

Second Mention design by Albert E. Williams, 801 Kresge Building, Detroit, Mich.

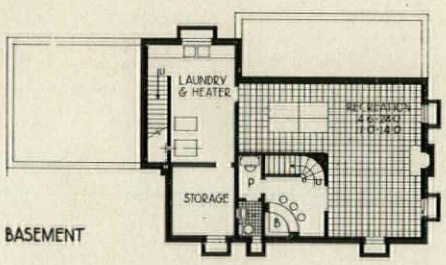




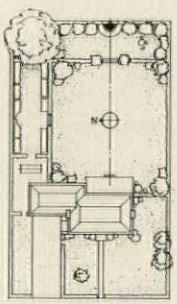
FIRST FLOOR



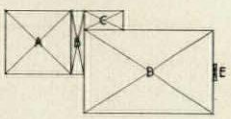
SECOND FLOOR

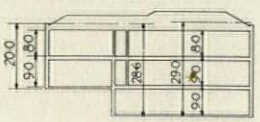


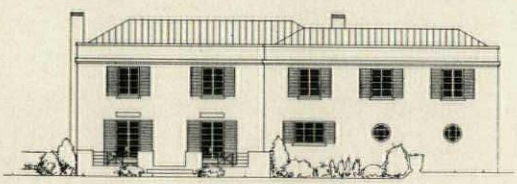
BASEMENT



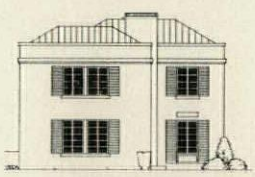
PLOT







EAST ELEVATION



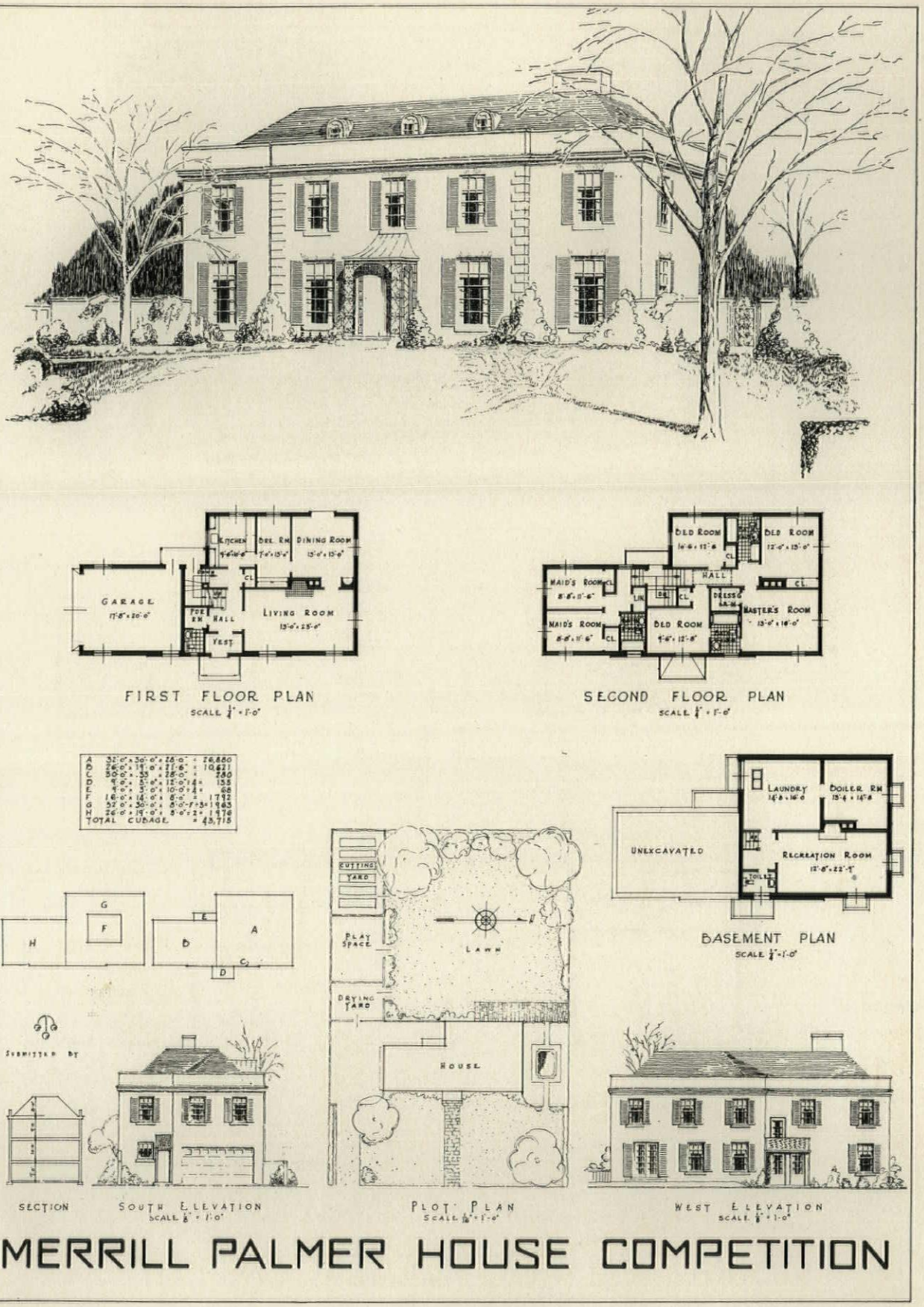
NORTH ELEVATION

A	20⁵ · 20⁵ · 20⁰	8400
B	20⁵ · 4⁰ · 28⁵	2340
C	11⁵ · 6⁰ · 28⁵	1970
D	40⁵ · 26⁰ · 29⁰	30900
E	1⁰ · 5⁰ · 30⁰	150
	TOTAL CU FT	43760

CUBAGE

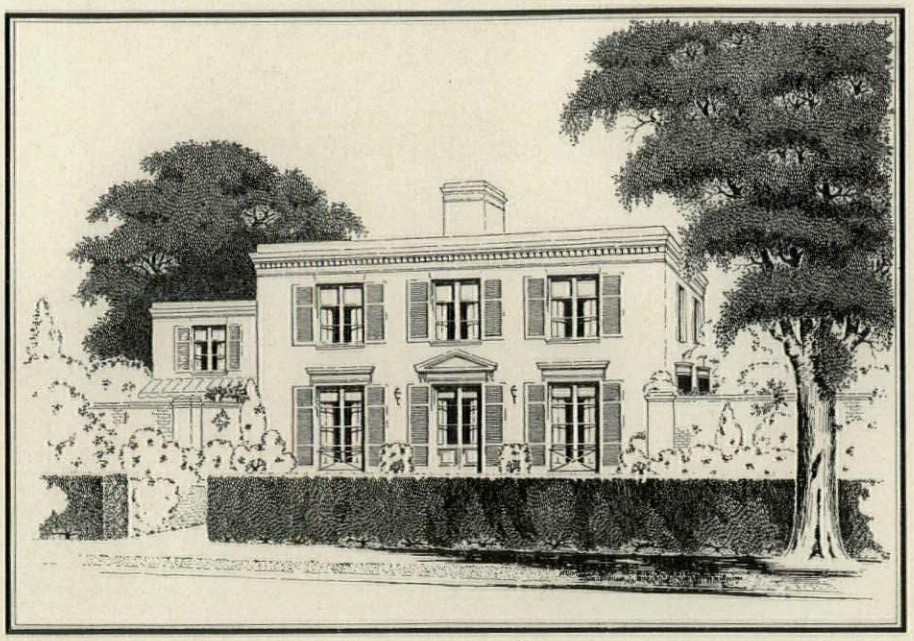
MERRILL PALMER HOUSE COMPETITION

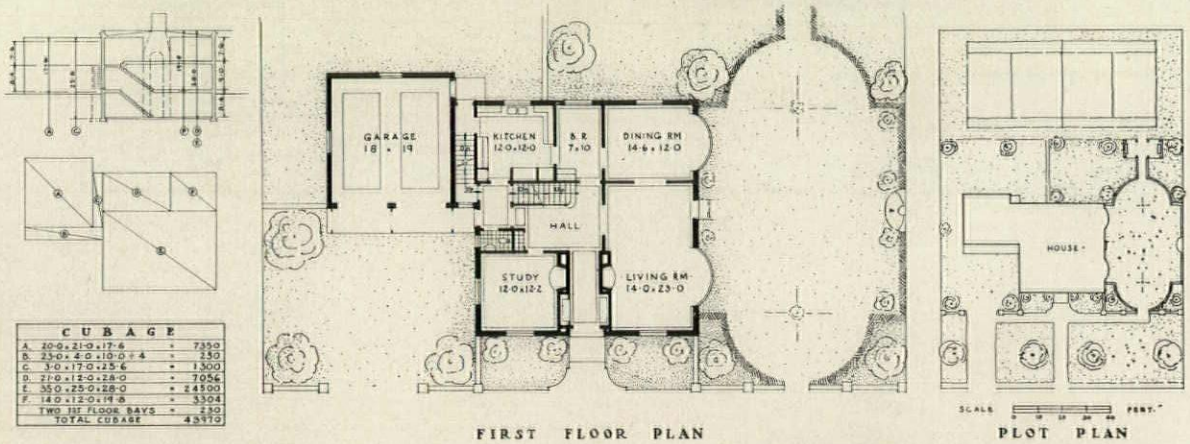
Third Mention design by W. R. Holt, 100 Pallister Street, Detroit, Mich.



MERRILL PALMER HOUSE COMPETITION

Fourth Mention design by J. Harvey West, 2618 Buckingham Rd., Berkley, Michigan, and George A. Golchert, 4616 McDougall Ave., Detroit, Mich.

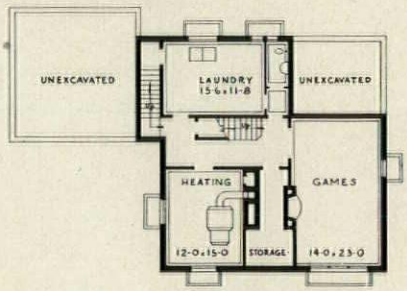




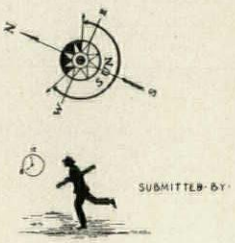
CUBAGE		
A. 20·0×21·0×17·6	=	7350
B. 23·0×4·0×10·0÷4	=	230
C. 3·0×17·0×25·6	=	1300
D. 21·0×12·0×28·0	=	7056
E. 35·0×25·0×28·0	=	24500
F. 14·0×12·0×19·8	=	3304
TWO 1ST FLOOR BAYS	=	230
TOTAL CUBAGE		43970

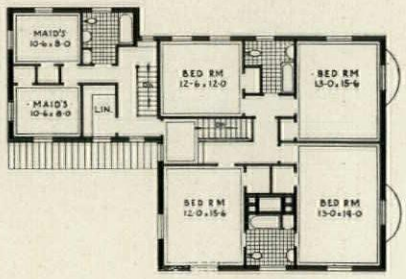
FIRST FLOOR PLAN

PLOT PLAN

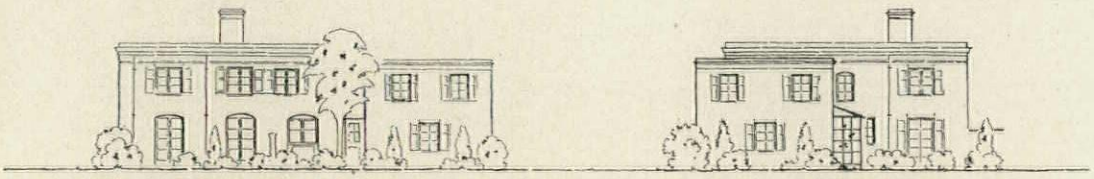


BASEMENT FLOOR PLAN





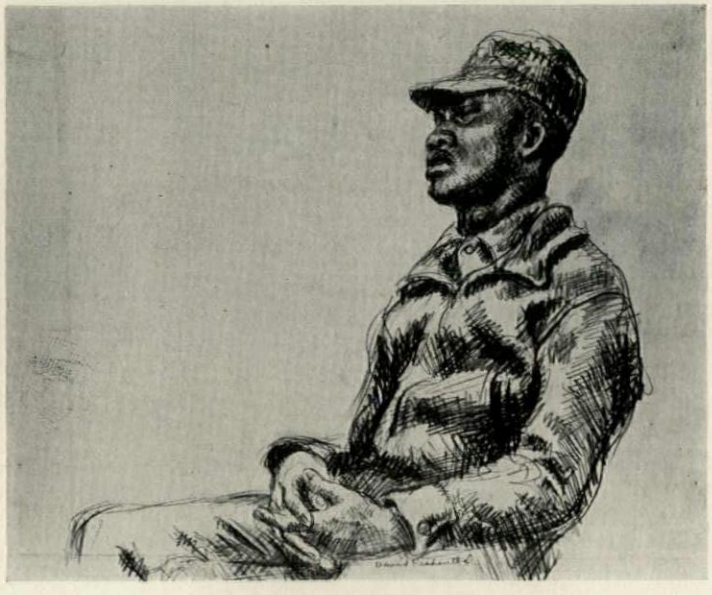
SECOND FLOOR PLAN



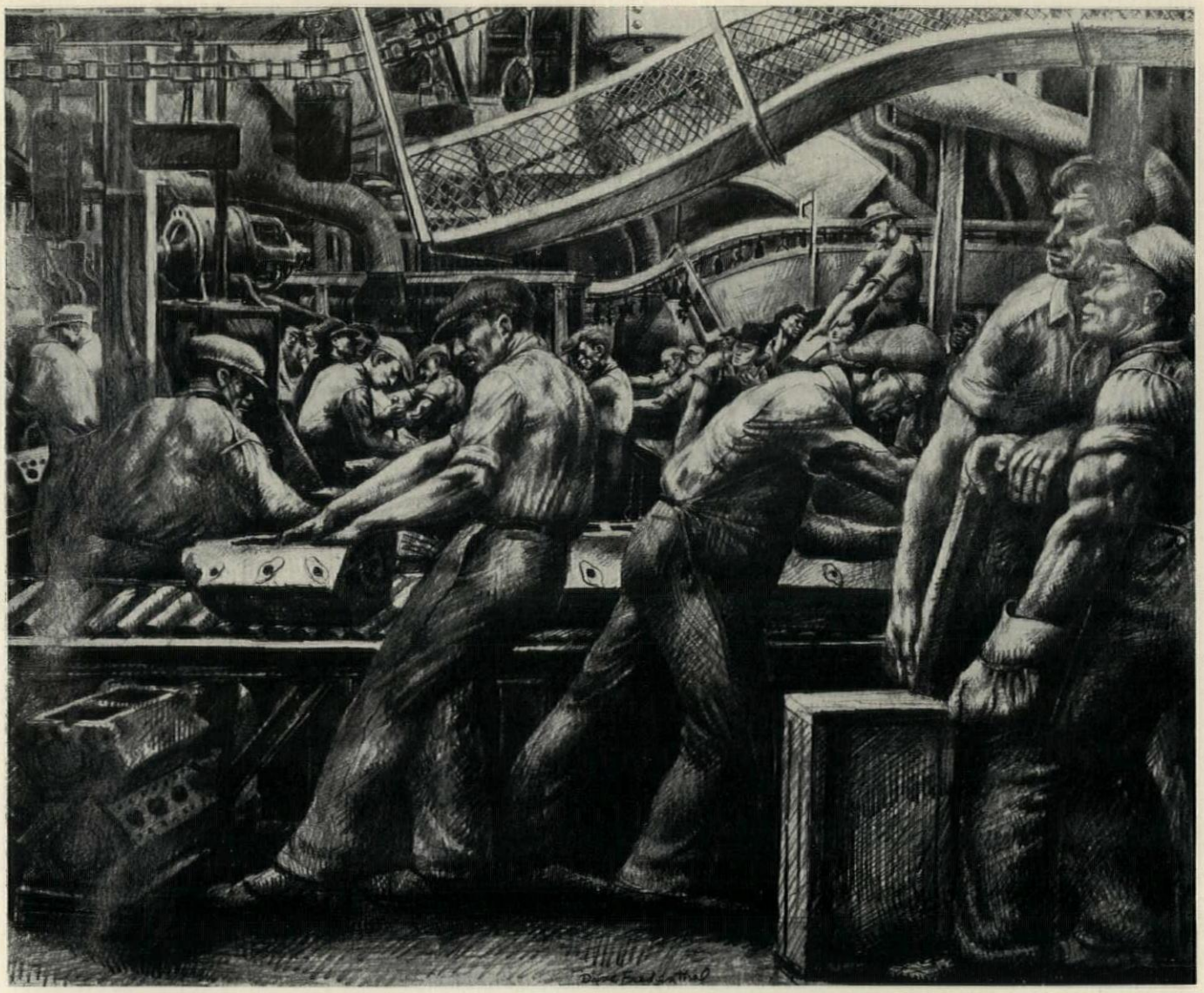
MERRILL PALMER HOUSE COMPETITION

Fifth Mention design by Elmo K. Lathrop, 4891 Hillsboro Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

A robust study of form and action by David Fredenthal, a talented young painter now studying at Cranbrook. This sketch shows evidence of his fine sense of design

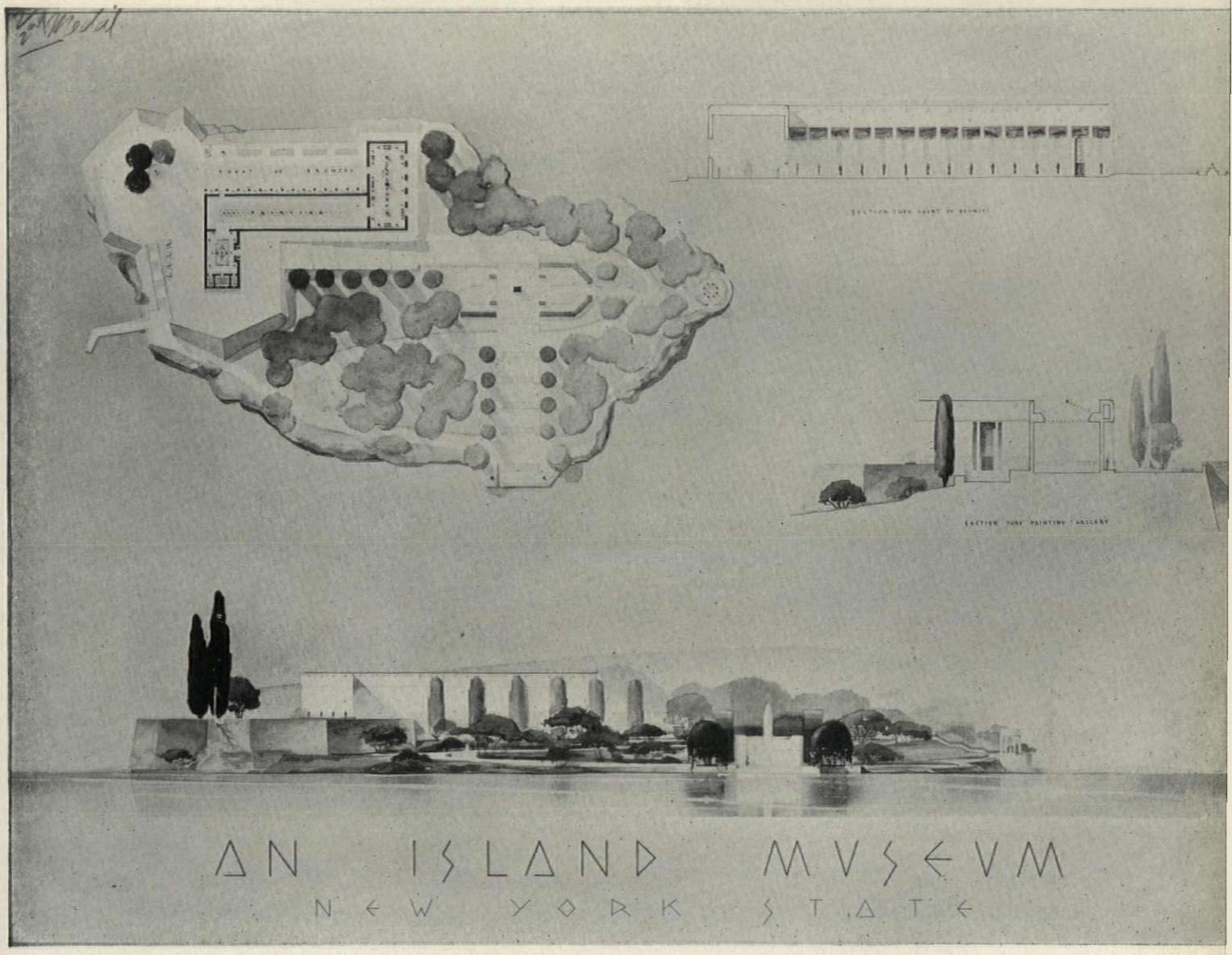


His fellow workmen in the Ford automobile plant made admirable models for David Fredenthal's rapid and searching pencil studies. We venture to predict that his talent will one day find expression in significant mural paintings of modern American life

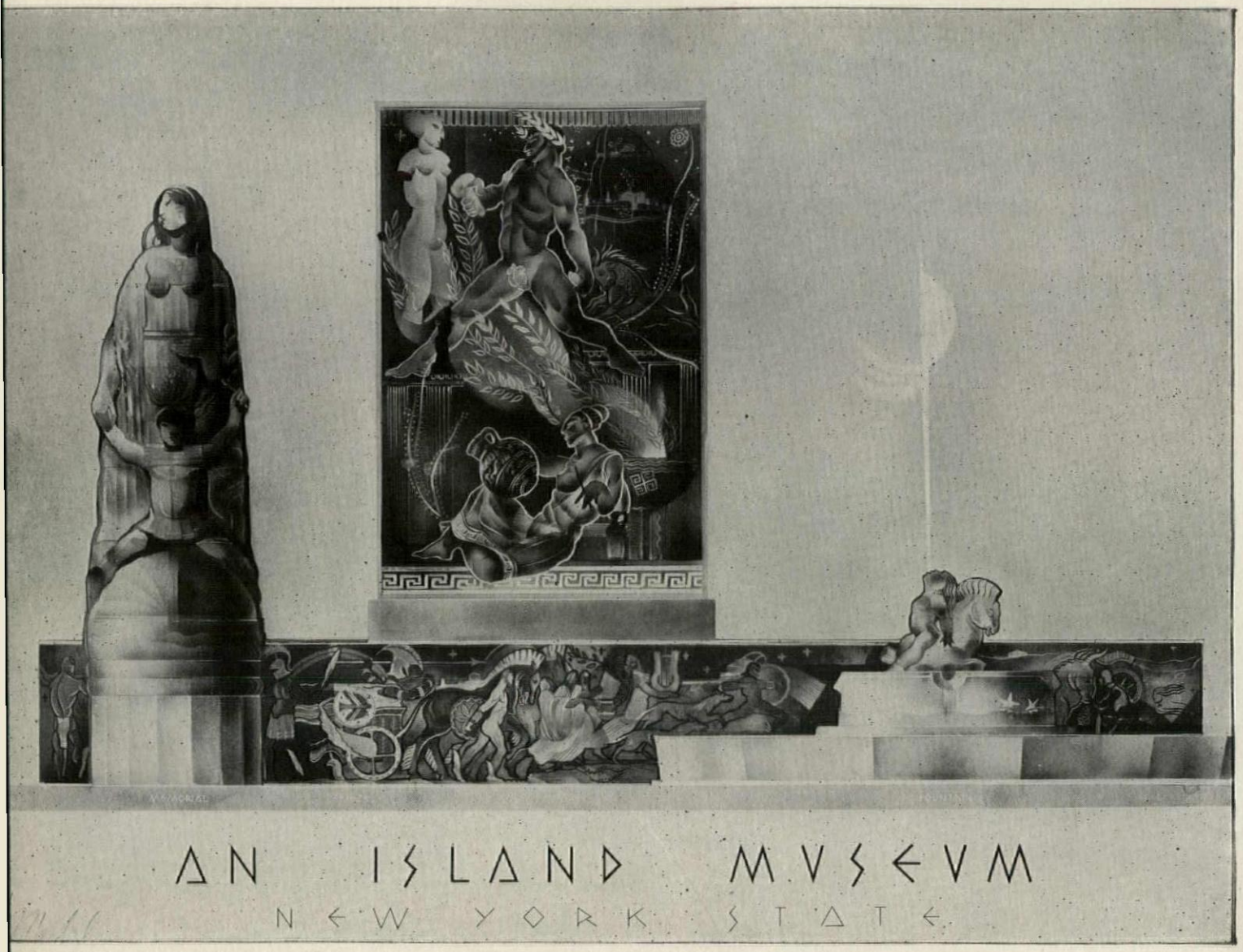


While a worker in the Ford factory in Detroit, young David Fredenthal made many drawings of the individual types of men to be found on the assembly line as well as compositions built from actual scenes in the plant. He did these during lunch periods and other off duty hours. The study for a painting shown here was composed out of the material thus gathered and gives evidence of the artist's understanding of design and form

Whether his subject be landscape or humankind, Fredenthal renders form and builds his patterns with a sureness uncommon in one so young—or even among his elders



Plan, Elevation, and Sections of a design for An Island Museum, awarded a Second Medal in the 1937 Collaborative Competition held by the Alumni of the American Academy in Rome. This design was submitted by a team made up of Walker Cain, Architect, and William Weichelman, Landscape Architect, both of the Cleveland School of Architecture of Western Reserve University. Collaborating were Sigmund Purwin, Painter, and L. Regalbuto, Sculptor, both students at the Cleveland School of Art



Painter Sigmund Purwin and Sculptor L. Regalbuto composed their contributions to the collaborative design shown overleaf into the sheet reduced to black-and-white above. The memorial group is placed in plan at the head of the monumental steps leading up from the water while the fountain is on the upper terrace adjoining the Court of Bronzes. The frieze is indicated on the section through the Court of Bronzes while the panel, reproduced herewith in color, was designed to go in the lobby

NEVER-NEVER LAND IN SAN FRANCISCO

FIRST SHOWING OF DESIGNS FOR THE 1939 FAIR

BY PAUL CONANT

WHEN you come right down to it, a great World's Fair is the architect's form of that good old American custom, the Binge. He can cut loose and let down his hair and eat wild honey and do what he always wanted to do ever since he was able to draw parallel lines. He can work in the realm of almost pure fantasy, without worrying much about his client's idea of how a building ought to look, because he is using (perhaps happily) impermanent materials, and because his real client is the general public, and what the general public wants is not utility, but romance and beauty and drama. For a World's Fair is, no matter what the brochures and the prospecti say about it, a big show: it creates an illusion, and it has to be emotional, dramatic, and possibly dyed with the deep but uncertain dyes of mysticism. The walls of most World's Fairs bear the imprint of the cloven hoof.

With at least some of these things in mind, the Architectural Commission of the Golden Gate International Exposition, which is San Francisco's World's Fair in 1939, has gone ahead frankly to create a Never-Never Land, a world which does not exist, but which is nonetheless charming, and which, for the moment, is more real and more desirable than the world in which we live, the world which is, alas, so often too much with us.

This æsthetic keynote was sounded at the very birth of the Exposition's design by the late George W. Kelham, A.I.A., who, up to the time of his death, was chairman of the Architectural Commission. Said Mr. Kelham:

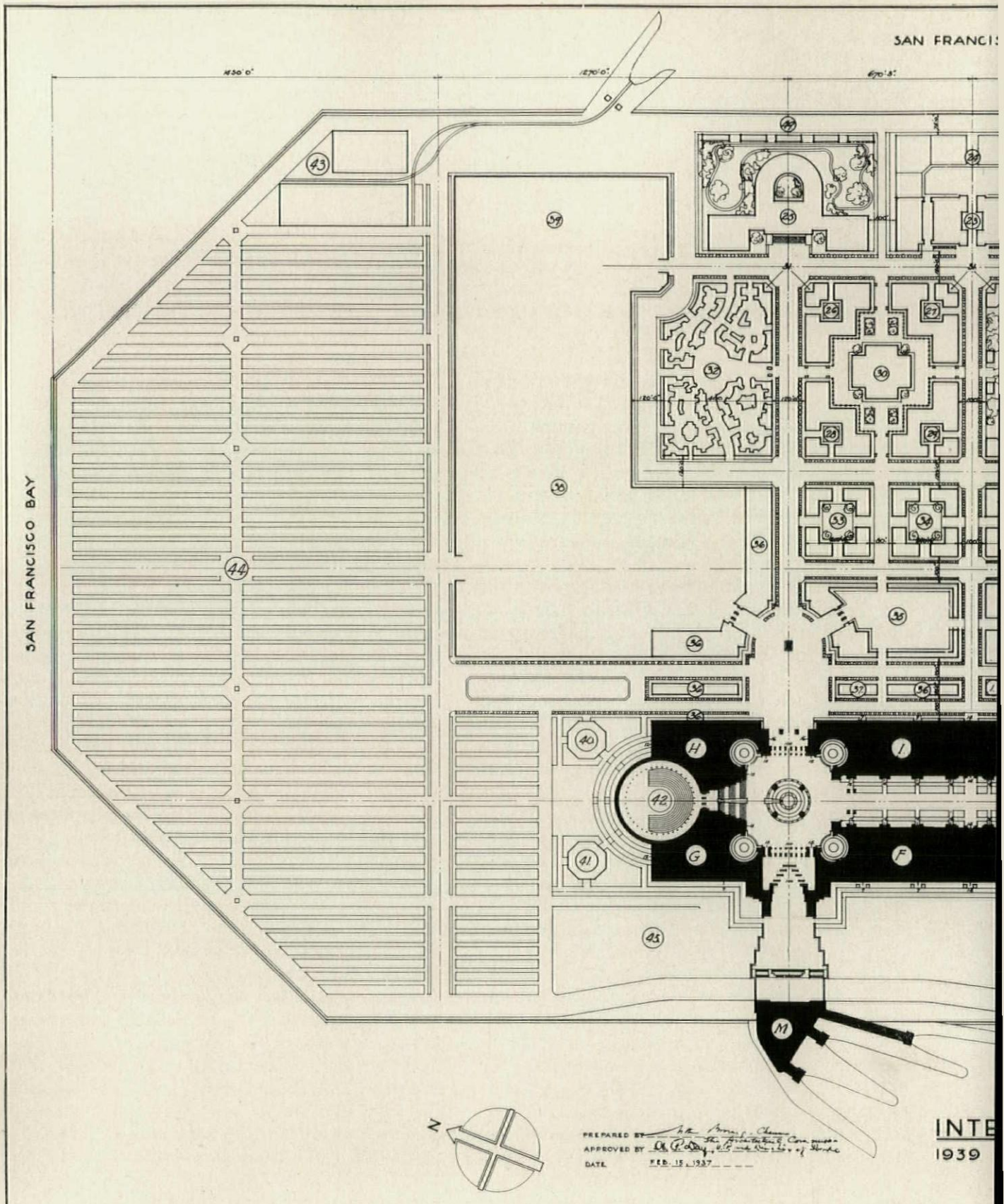
"A great many people think of an Exposition, and rightly, as a great educational and intellectual achievement, showing the world's serious thought and progress. From the standpoint of its exhibits and from many other angles this is true, but to me, its architecture must always be an appeal primarily to the senses. People will not play about, spend their money, and generally get into the spirit of a great Fair unless they are physically and mentally at ease and happy, and, in order to be happy they must be comfortable. They must not be asked to walk too great distances, they must pass easily from one attractive area to another, and to turn quickly from serious sightseeing to the lightest form of amusement; and, above all, they must be safeguarded in every possible way from physical annoyances if they are to come again and again.

"Its architecture must, on the other hand, make a far higher sensual appeal than this; it must transport them into another and more joyous world where the everyday worries and problems do not, at least for a time, exist. It must stir in them a love of beauty, must make them appreciate that beauty—both of form and of color—can and does make life more worth while. It must do what great music does for the majority of music lovers—touch the emotions and the heart.

"I think all of us have tried to design our work in somewhat this spirit, and my hope is a very fervent one that at least some part of this message will carry over to the people who visit this show, for that is what it really is—an idealized, glorious show, as Expositions have always been; but a show which I hope and believe will make every man, woman and child who visits it come away with an added and keener appreciation of what, to me, are the fine things of life."

This is probably a fair statement of the considerations which have been in the minds of the Architectural Commission since Mr. Kelham's death. The chairman of the commission is now Arthur Brown, Jr., F.A.I.A., architect for the Department of Labor and Interstate Commerce Commission buildings in Washington, D. C., but there is no reason to believe that the design has departed from its original purpose: to create a romantic Never-Never Land, an illusory world emphasizing grandeur and mystery rather than the stark and box-like austerity of extreme modernism.

Two prime influences were brought to bear on the architectural plan for the Golden Gate International Exposition. The first was the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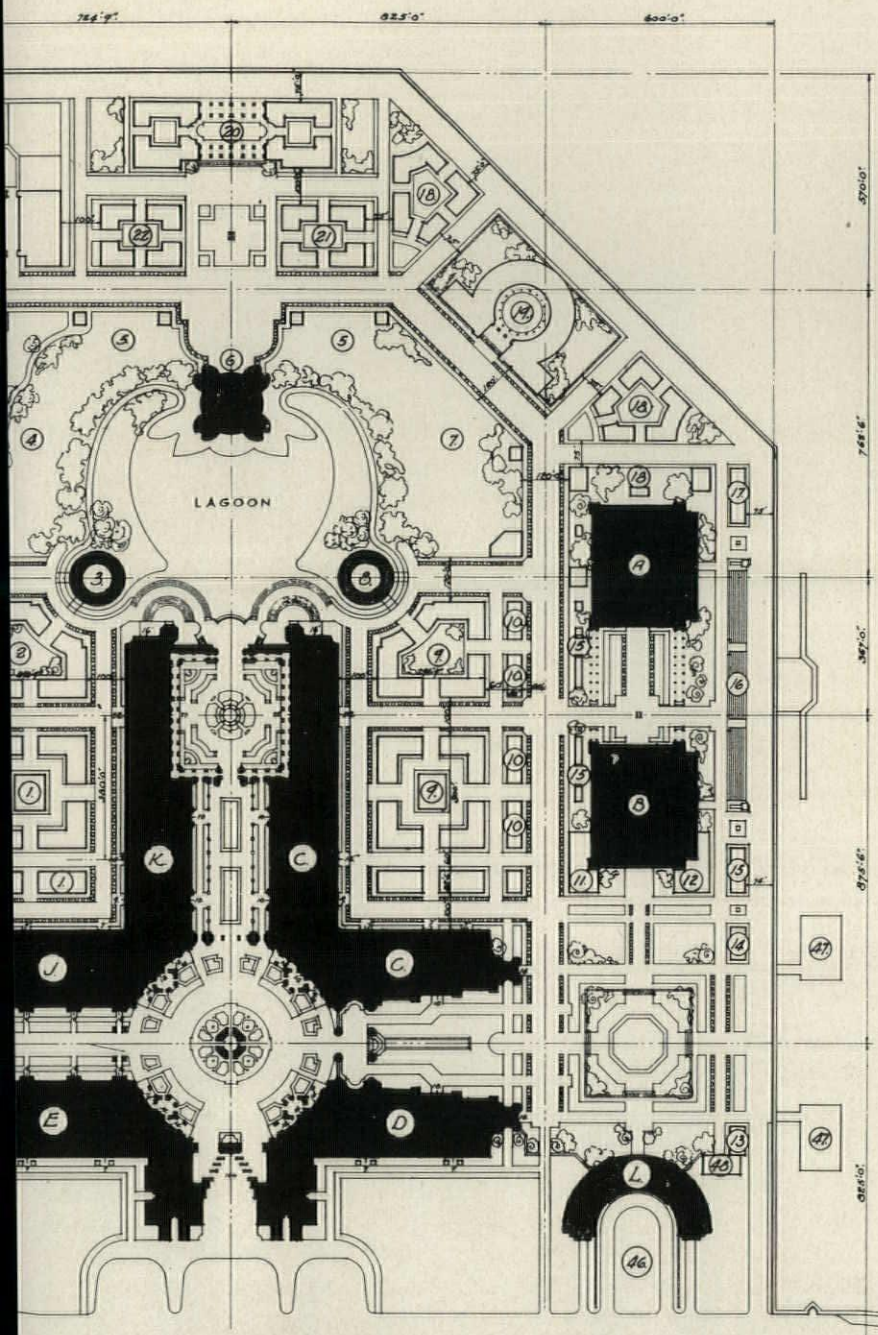


MAIN FEATURES.

A. INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITS.
B. FINE & LIBERAL ARTS.
C. HOMES & GARDENS.
D. MINES, METALS & MACHINERY.
E. ELECTRICITY & COMMUNICATION.
F. BUSINESS EFFICIENCY.
G. UNASSIGNED.
H. UNASSIGNED.
I. VACATIONLAND.
J. HEALTH SCIENCE & EDUCATION.
K. FOODS, BEVERAGES & AGRICULTURE.
L. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.
M. FERRY BUILDING

PROPOSED FEATURES.

1. AGRICULTURE, DEPT OF NATURAL RESOURCES.
2. MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY.
3. RESTAURANT.
4. SPORTS & WILD LIFE.
5. EVENTS & CEREMONIES.
6. TEMPLE OF MUSIC.
7. RECREATION.
8. RESTAURANT.
9. HOME GROUNDS.
10. INTERNATIONAL COLLEGIATE VILLAGE.
11. RELIGIOUS EXHIBITS.
12. RADIO & PUBLIC ADDRESS.
13. CONCESSION.
14. CONCESSION.
15. UNASSIGNED.
16. GRAND STAND, AQUATIC THEATRE.
17. UNASSIGNED.
18. FOREIGN PAVILIONS.
19. WESTERN STATES.
20. U.S. GOVERNMENT.
21. STATES & TERRITORIES.
22. INDIAN VILLAGE.
23. STATE OF CALIFORNIA.
24. COUNTIES OF CALIFORNIA.
25. INDUSTRIAL EXHIBIT SITE.
26. INDUSTRIAL EXHIBIT SITE.
27. INDUSTRIAL EXHIBIT SITE.
28. INDUSTRIAL EXHIBIT SITE.
29. INDUSTRIAL EXHIBIT SITE.
30. INDUSTRIAL EXHIBIT SITE.
31. CONCESSIONS.
32. FOREIGN VILLAGES.
33. INDUSTRIAL EXHIBIT SITE.
34. INDUSTRIAL EXHIBIT SITE.
35. TERRITORY OF HAWAII U.S.A.
36. CONCESSIONS.
37. INTRAMURAL TRANSPORTATION TERMINAL.
38. AMUSEMENTS.
39. HISTORICAL PAGEANT.
40. RESTAURANT.
41. RESTAURANT.
42. AUDITORIUM.
43. WAREHOUSES.
44. PARKING AREA, PRIVATE CARS.
45. PARKING AREA, TAXIS & BUSES.
46. TEMPORARY PARKING SPACE FOR OFFICIALS.
47. BOAT LANDINGS.
48. PRESS BUILDING.
49. BARRACKS.

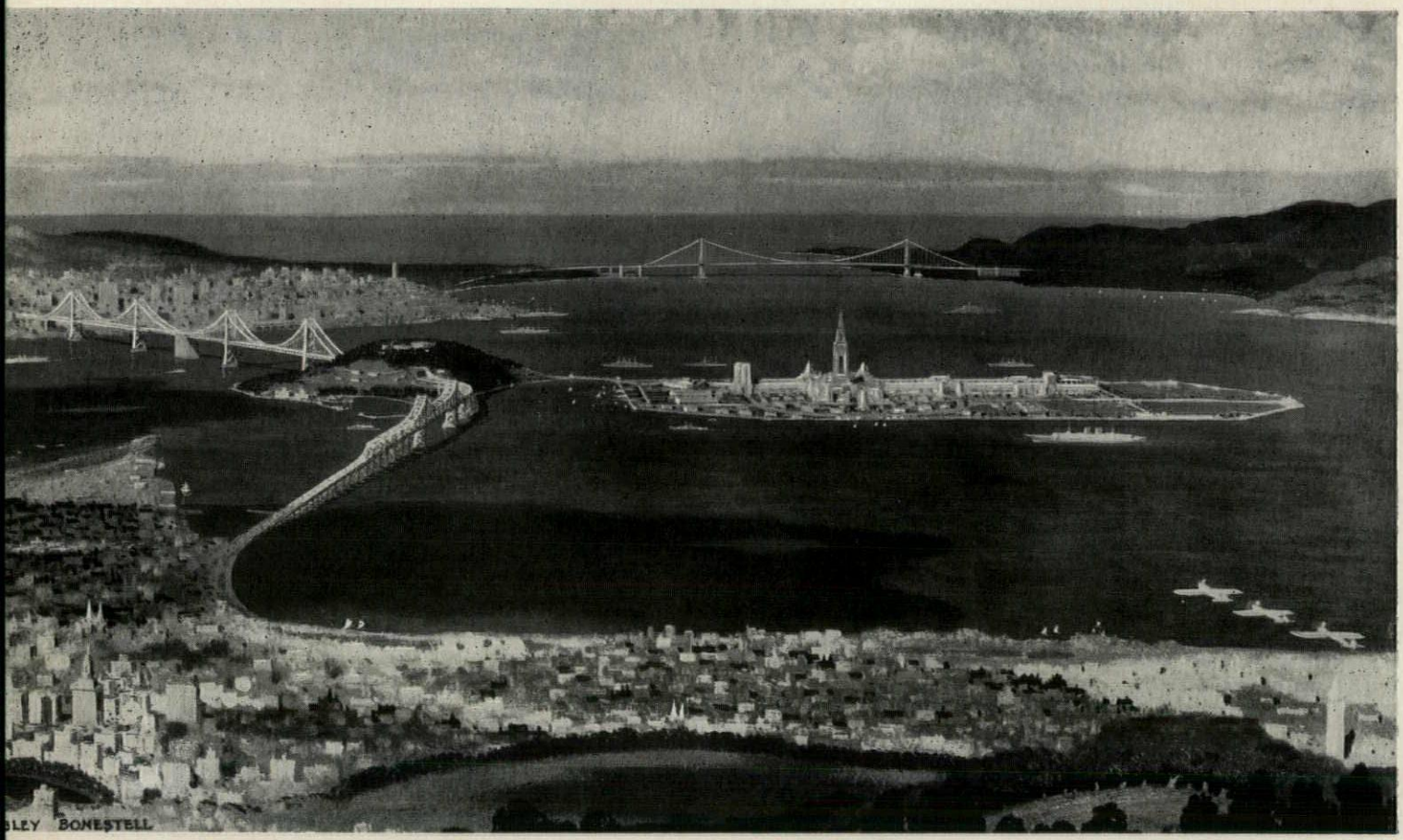
GOLDEN GATE
NATIONAL EXPOSITION
A PAGEANT OF THE PACIFIC 1939

EY PLAN OF THE GROUNDS

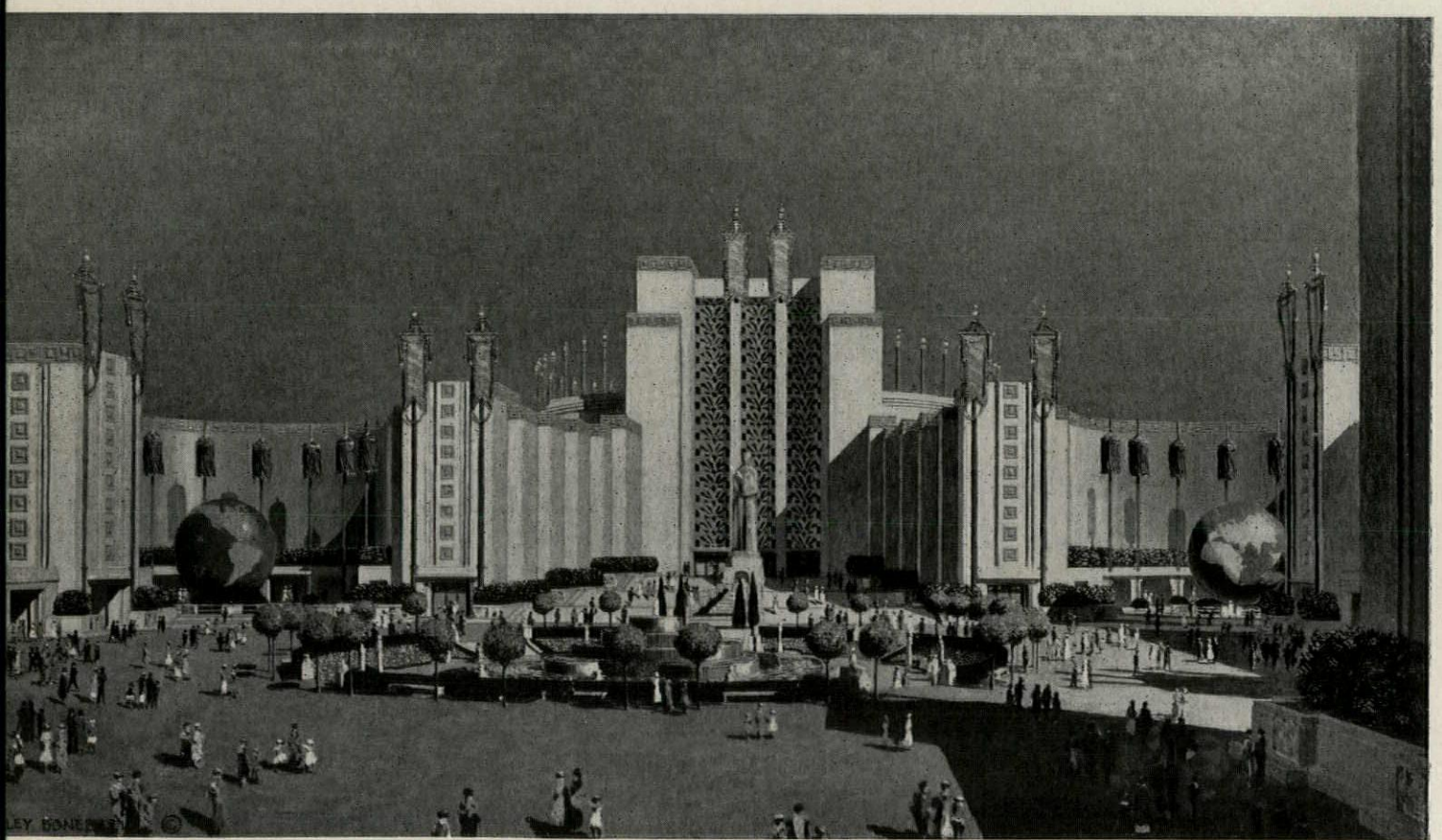
100 200 300 400 500 600 700 800 900 1000 1100 1200
GRAPHIC SCALE

REVISED FEB. 15, 1937.

FEB. 10, 1937.
PR. 246



Two paintings by Chesley Bonestell showing a general view of the Golden Gate International Exposition and, below, the Court of the Hemispheres designed by Timothy T. Pflueger with its gateway to the Theater of the Sky



site, which is a man-made island in the middle of San Francisco Bay, and the second was the Fair's subtitle motif: "A Pageant of the Pacific."

The site had its advantages and its disadvantages. On the credit side was the fact that the island, being completely isolated, permitted of an "ideal" plan. All could be orderly and, if desired, symmetrical. Nothing interfered. There were no nearby buildings, no conflicting street systems, and, moreover, the island was regular in shape, since man is not so wanton with his design as Nature. All that stood around this ideal site was water (plenty of it!), the majesty of the Golden Gate, and the two greatest bridges in the world.

And here was something which the commission soon discovered was on the wrong side of the ledger, presenting them with their first challenge. The site had been selected for its unique grandeur—and it was *too grand!* Alas, cried they, no architectural scheme in the world can compete with this setting; the Exposition will be lost in the center of the canvas, as though an exquisite miniature were stuck in a frame for a life-size portrait. How will we design a World's Fair to compete with the natural architecture of the largest and one of the most beautiful land-locked harbors on earth, to match the immense stature of these bridges whose towers rise more than 500 feet above the water?

The answer to Consideration No. 1 was partly contained in the requirements of Consideration No. 2.

To carry out the idea of A Pageant of the Pacific, which immediately lent itself to the initial feeling of the commission that the design ought to have a mystical quality and a warm emotional tone, the motifs of far Pacific lands were called upon. Since the Pacific is an Oriental as well as an Occidental ocean, it seemed that some of the characteristics of East and West might be combined and blended to achieve dramatic effects which would emphasize the theme and also offset, in some measure, the staggering scale of the two great bridges.

The employment of Oriental motifs in the grand manner is particularly evident in the western façades, which face the San Francisco skyline and the Golden Gate. In fact, the entire architectural accent is on this side of the island, since this is the Exposition's "front door." The general effect of the western façades is one of long horizonal lines, carried parallel to the shore, and cut boldly by two deep chasms, which are the main gates and the ferry entrance. The towers of the main gates are distinctly evocative of the heavy-lidded East, and are built up on a set-back pyramid scheme toward the climactic elephant heads and howdahs, which further emphasize the Oriental idea. Furthermore, as Mr. Ernest E. Weihe, A.I.A., the designer of the western façades, has noted: "Elephants are the largest living sculptural form, and have been associated, from time immemorial, with pageantry and pleasure." Mr. Weihe's towers have become known as the "elephant towers," and the name may stick.

These towers, which, with their flanking masses and planes, strike the haunting mystic note of the Far East for the entire design, are built up with a multiplicity of small forms, which, in turn, build up to major forms. They are to be developed in nebulous color masses, giving an indistinct—and distinctly mystical—effect. The plan of illumination will also assist in the development of the idea of fantasy, of the strange and poignant Never-Never Land which the commission has wished to achieve. Moderated floodlighting is to be used on the towers, with possibly a brilliant vermilion at the doorways, and it is also planned to have vapor rising from the howdahs, which also will be lighted, in various colors.

The long wall of the western façade is approximately half a mile long, 80 feet high and 200 feet deep, the interior area housing exhibit halls and providing an adequate break against the summer breezes. It is entirely unbroken by windows, since artificial lighting will be used throughout the Exposition. A system of "baffles" is ingeniously employed in the main and ferry entrances, which, standing like a giant stack of offset dominos, provides a winding ingress and egress, and for a complete shelter for the inside courts and gardens. These baffles also develop and enhance the effect of broad light and shadow planes.

In its general scheme, the San Francisco World's Fair is that of the ancient walled city, connecting with interior courts. The plan, because of the "ideal" island setting, has unusual cohesiveness and unity, something not always apparent in the designs for Expositions, with form and balance, and a logical sequence and inter-harmony. It is built on two great axes, which intersect at the Central Court and Tower, just inside the main gateway. This central court is a circle 550 feet in diameter, forming a setting for the 400-foot tower, which is a spire, again suggestive of fantasy, and competing in stature with the pillars of the bay bridges.

To the left, on the north-and-south axis, a long court or esplanade, tentatively named

"The Avenue of the Seven Seas," leads into another court, called "The Court of the Hemispheres." This, in turn, is terminated by the entrance to the Theatre of the Sky, which is an open-air amphitheater. Against the walls of the north court, which is more festive in treatment than the others, it is planned to have a giant Japanese harp effect, through the installation of large metal bangles, which will swing in a slight breeze, and continually emit musical notes.

To the right of the Central Court, and on the same axis as the Avenue of the Seven Seas, are the South Court and Gardens, which will be luxuriously but not formally planted, striking the thematic chord of the Pacific Pageant of Flowers, the Fair's $1,300,000 horticultural program. Leading away on the east-west axis is an avenue opening into the East Square Court, which is decidedly South American in character, and whose walls will be covered by a mass of brilliant scarlet roses, cascading from the roofs. This the landscapers like to call the "Flowers From Heaven" Court, although its official name will be decided upon later.

Flowers From Heaven opens directly onto a great lagoon, about 600 feet long, which will be used during the Exposition for sports, water pageants, fireworks and other shows. Here, again, the Oriental thread is picked up and emphasized by a terminal temple or pavilion, 165 feet high, whose lines are fraught with memories of the Shwe Dagon or the Ankor Wat. The pavilion, tentatively called the Temple of Music, is flanked by three 50-foot pylons or monoliths on each side. These may, on festive nights, be used as flambeaux, streaming illuminated vapor.

The two systems of avenues and courts, intersecting at the Central Tower in an offset T shape, with the lagoon as the T's base, form the main part of the design. The buildings in this portion of the Fair are the main palaces, housing such exhibits as the Electricity and Communications, Homes and Gardens, Foods and Beverages, and so on. Outside of this main group, to the north, the east, and the south, are the buildings housing the special exhibits: international, governmental, the arts, and special industrial groups. Also, on the north, is the Amusement Zone, accessible to the main part of the Fair and a mere step from the parking area, which will accommodate 12,000 cars. The south side of the island forms a harbor, locked on three sides, which is 50 feet deep and will be used for marine pageants and boat races. This is tentatively known as the Port of the Trade Winds.

In the entire plan, unity and simplicity have been earnestly sought. Of this desire, Arthur Brown, Jr., the present chairman of the architectural commission, says:

"Here we have thought of unity in the materials of the main palaces, and in simplicity of arrangement, the theory being that unity is necessary in view of the special problem presented by this Exposition. In order to attain this unity, the main palaces have been placed in close physical relation, one to the other, arranged around formal courts, with a further relationship in uniformity of style and height.

"Naturally, in an Exposition many exhibitors will have their individual buildings. An effort will be made by simple avenues and streets to give order to this essentially heterogeneous group of buildings. The Director of Color, Jesse E. Stanton, who will control the color effects as a whole, will be able by a co-related plan to intensify the unity of form.

"A simplified scheme of arterial circulation is another powerful means of unifying the Exposition. The fact that the Fair is solely to occupy the artificial island will in itself give a unity since it excludes all features not directly connected with the Fair."

The task of creating this unified Never-Never Land was divided among a group of architects, as follows:

West Façade and Entrances: Ernest E. Weihe, A.I.A.

North Square Court and Auditorium: Timothy T. Pfleuger, A.I.A.

Circular Court and Central Tower: Arthur Brown, Jr., F.A.I.A.

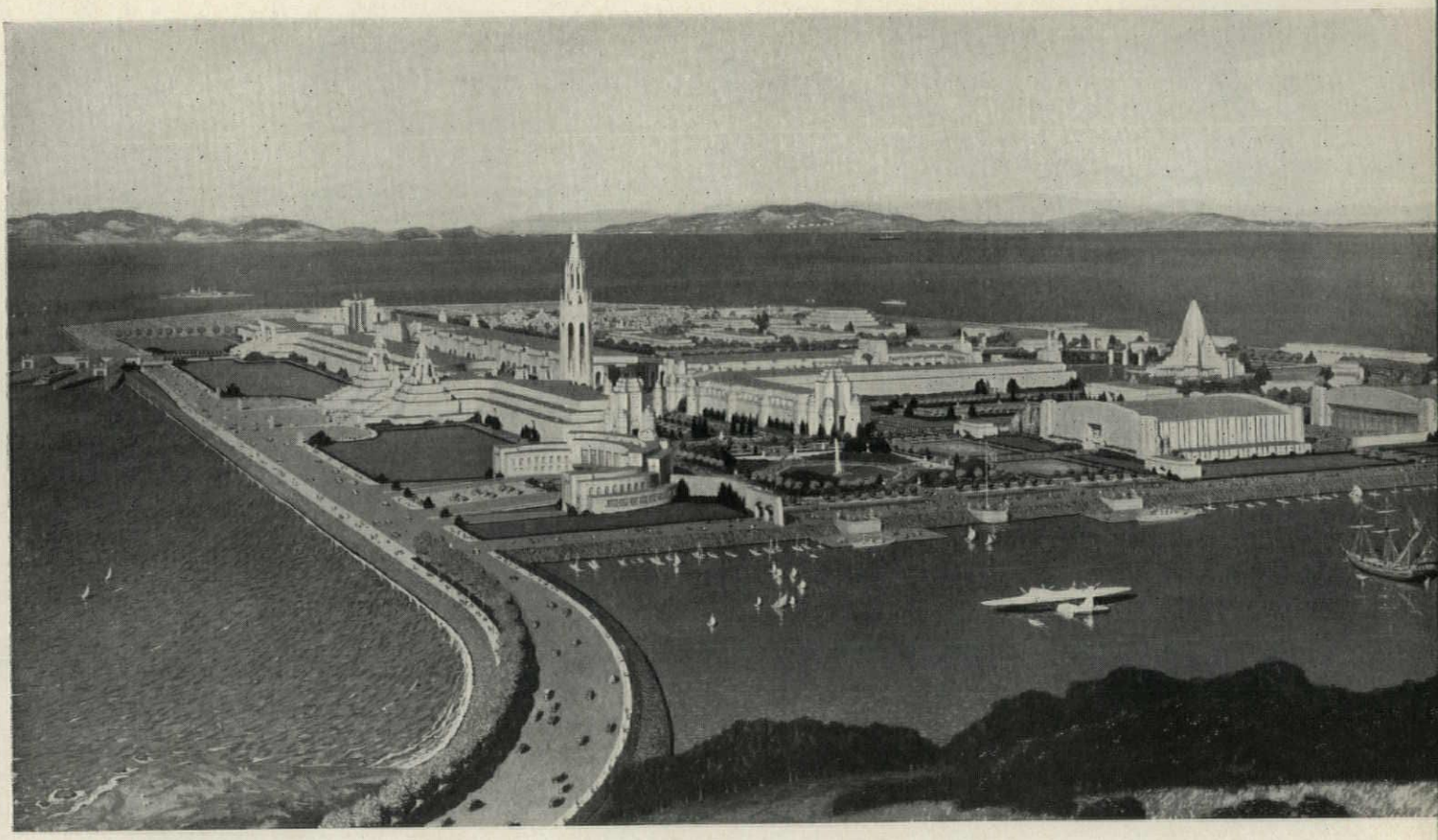
South Court and Gardens: George W. Kelham, A.I.A.

East Courts: Lewis Hobart, A.I.A.

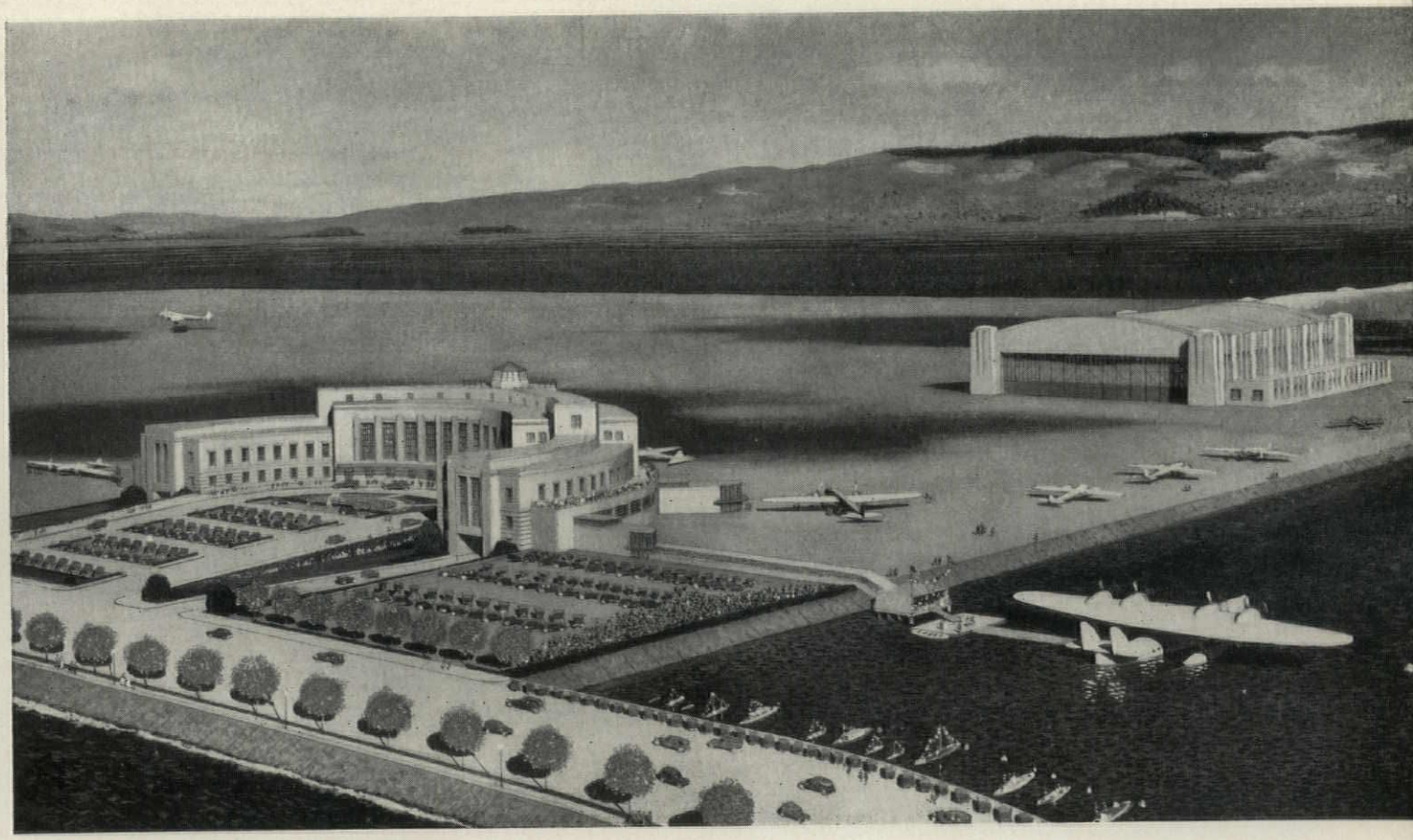
East Towers, Lake, and Temple: William G. Merchant, A.I.A.

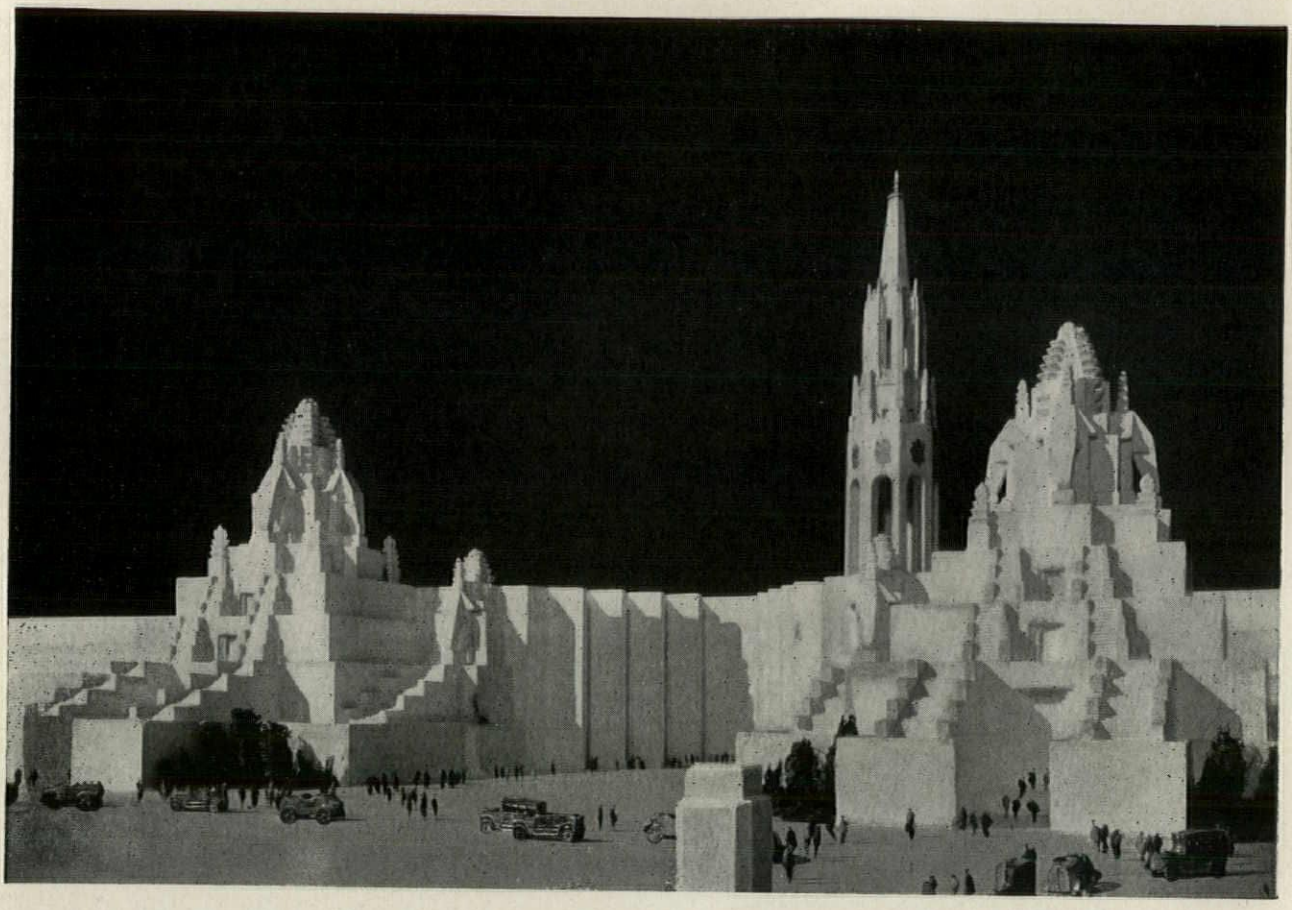
W. P. Day, an architect and engineer, is the Exposition's Director of Works, and Edward L. Frick, A.I.A., long an associate of Mr. Brown, is Chief of the Division of Architecture.

Their problem was influenced, aside from the general considerations already mentioned, by two necessities imposed by exterior conditions. The first of these was the fact that, since this man-made island is to be used as a municipal airport after the Fair closes in December of 1939, three permanent buildings, two hangars and a terminal, had to be placed at the south side of the island. The second was the course of the bay tides, which, for proper landings, caused the ferry slips to be placed farther north than they otherwise might have been. These necessities had their effect mainly on the proportions of the two main axes.



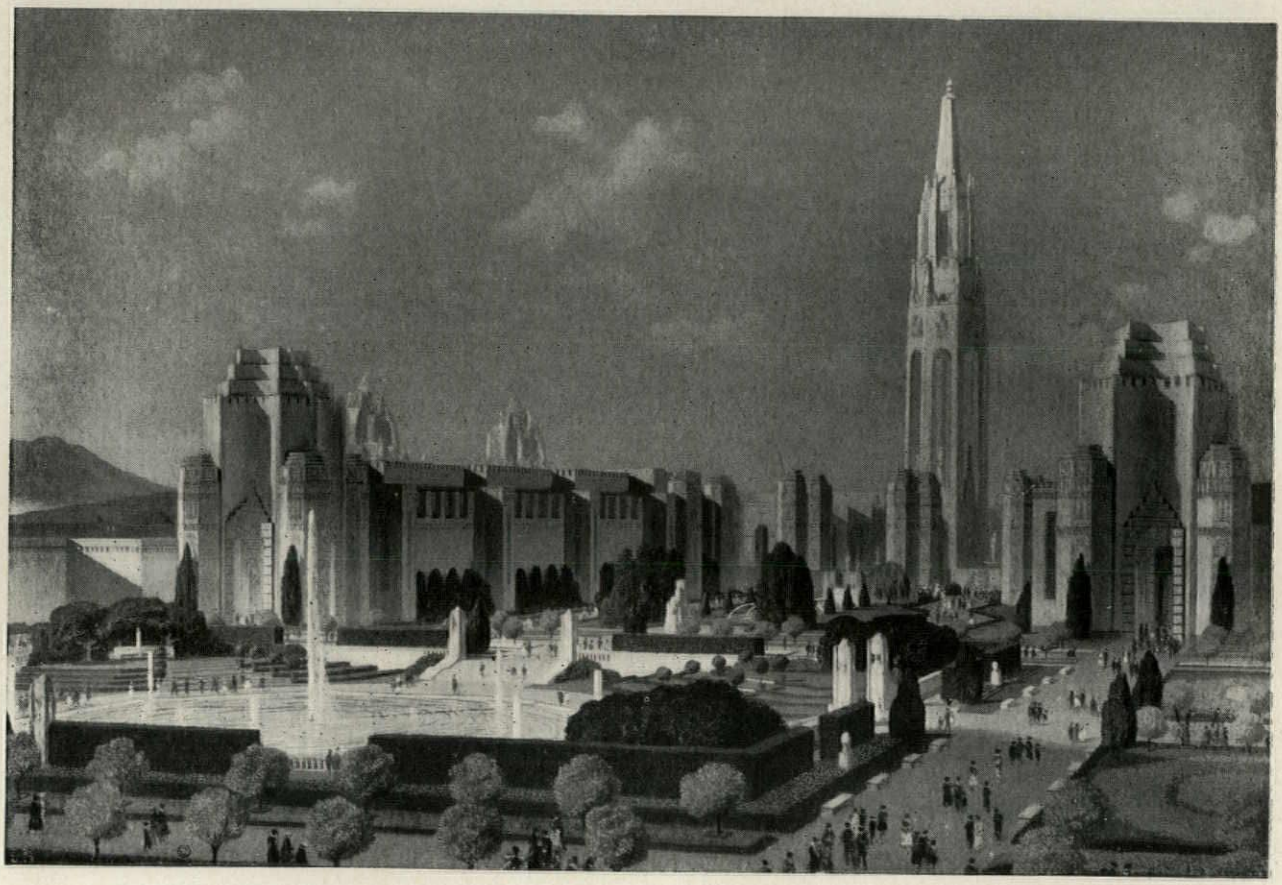
Two paintings by Chesley Bonestell, showing, above, the view of the Golden Gate International Exposition as it will appear in 1939 looking north from Yerba Buena Island and, below, the new San Francisco Municipal Airport to develop from the Fair in 1940. The hangar will be, we are told, one of the largest in the world





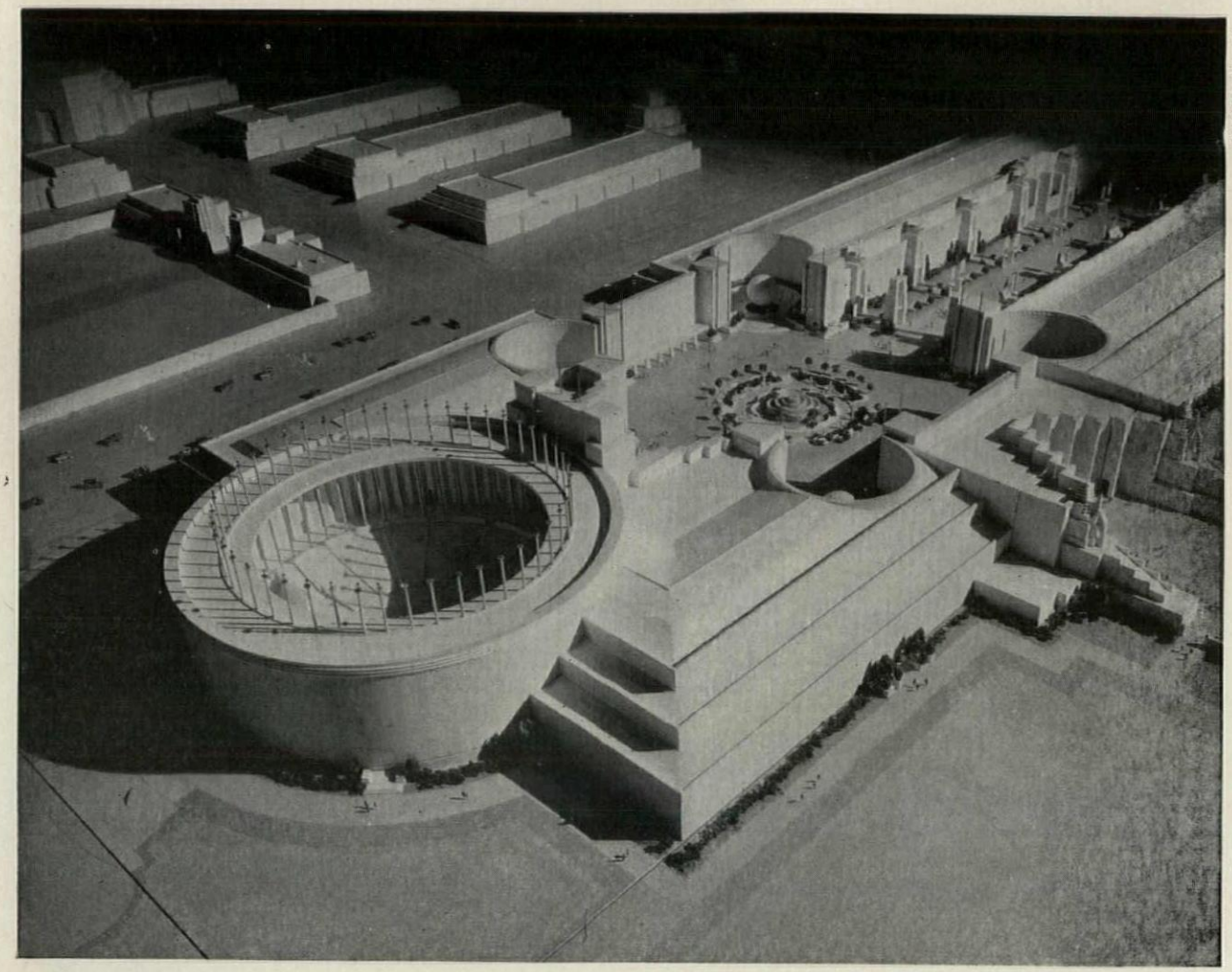
Gabriel Moulin

Model of the Main Gateway of the 1939 Golden Gate International Exposition which, with the western façade, was designed by Ernest Weihe. The 392-foot central tower is by Arthur Brown, Jr. Below is Chesley Bonestell's painting of the South Court, designed by George W. Kelham and shown also by the model photo on page 388



Gabriel Moulin

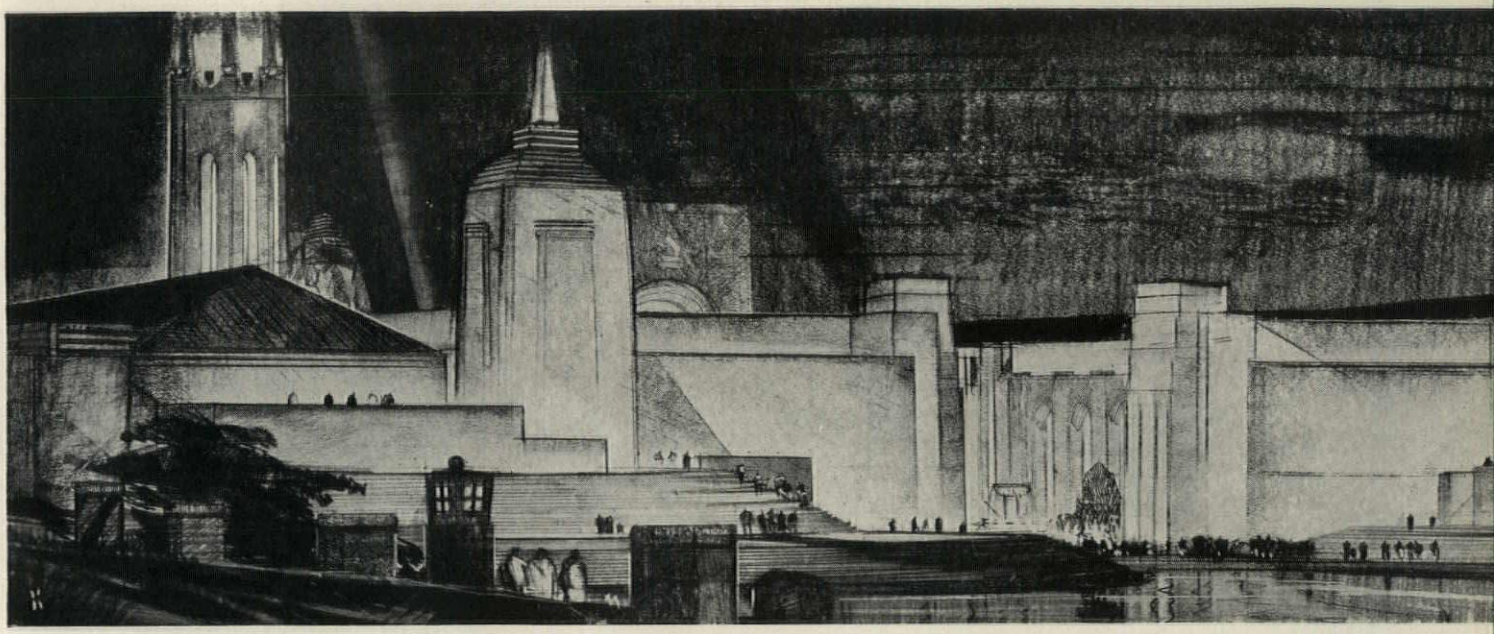
Golden Gate International Exposition. Aerial view of Model, showing the Lake of All Nations and the Temple of Music in the foreground. The Central Tower appears in the upper left corner with the East Court between it and the lake which will be a center of attraction



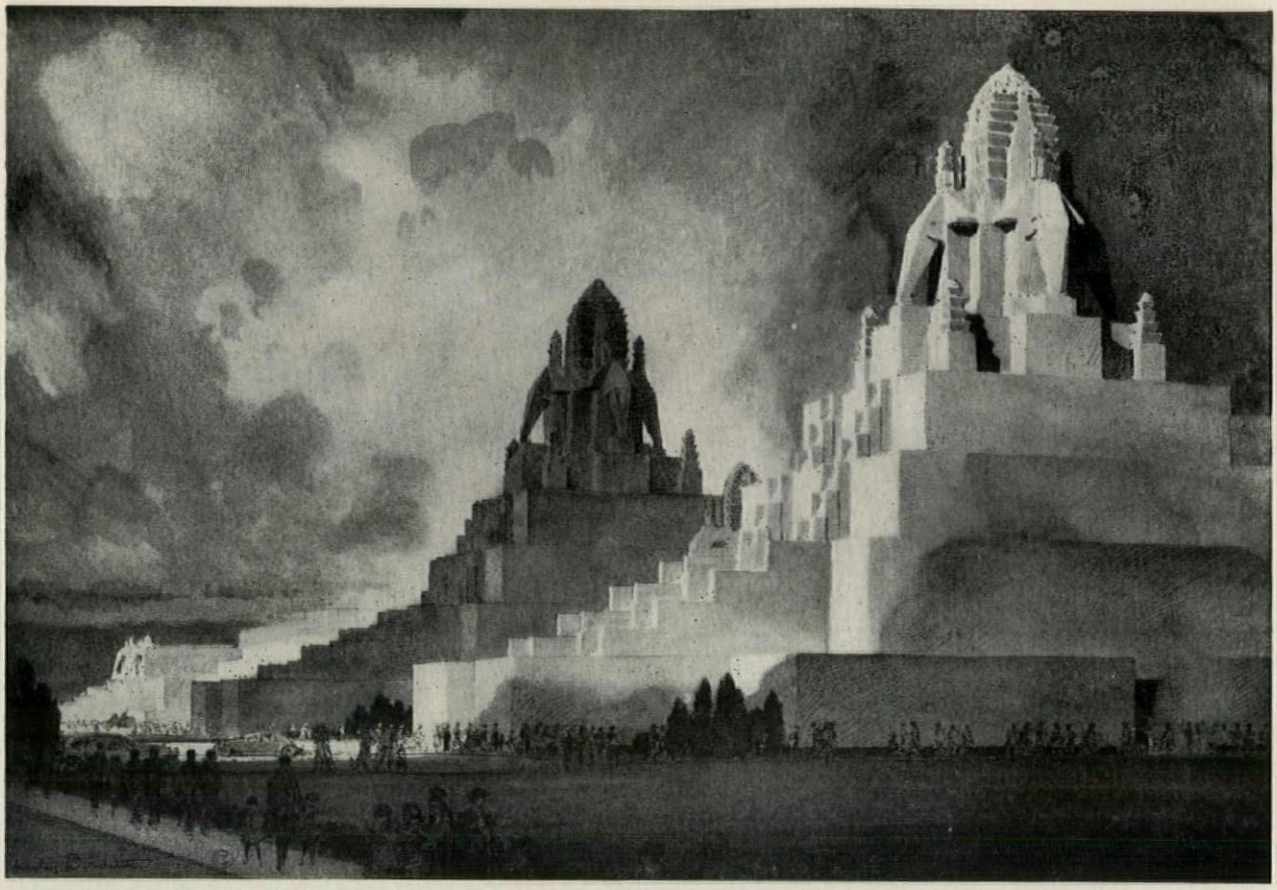
Gabriel Moulin

Gabriel Moulin

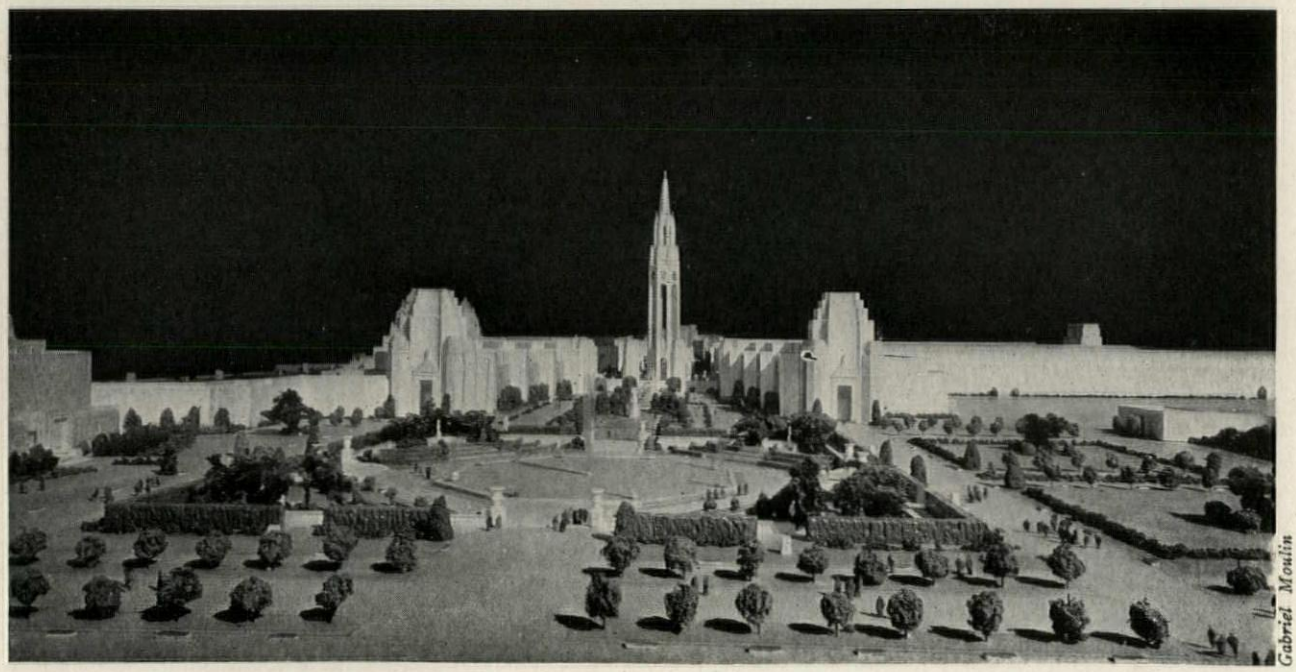
Above is an aerial view of the Model of the Golden Gate Exposition showing the proposed Theater of the Sky at the northern terminus of the mile-long esplanade. Timothy T. Pflueger was the architect for this portion. Below, is Lewis P. Hobart's East Square Court, looking from the Lake of All Nations towards the Central Tower



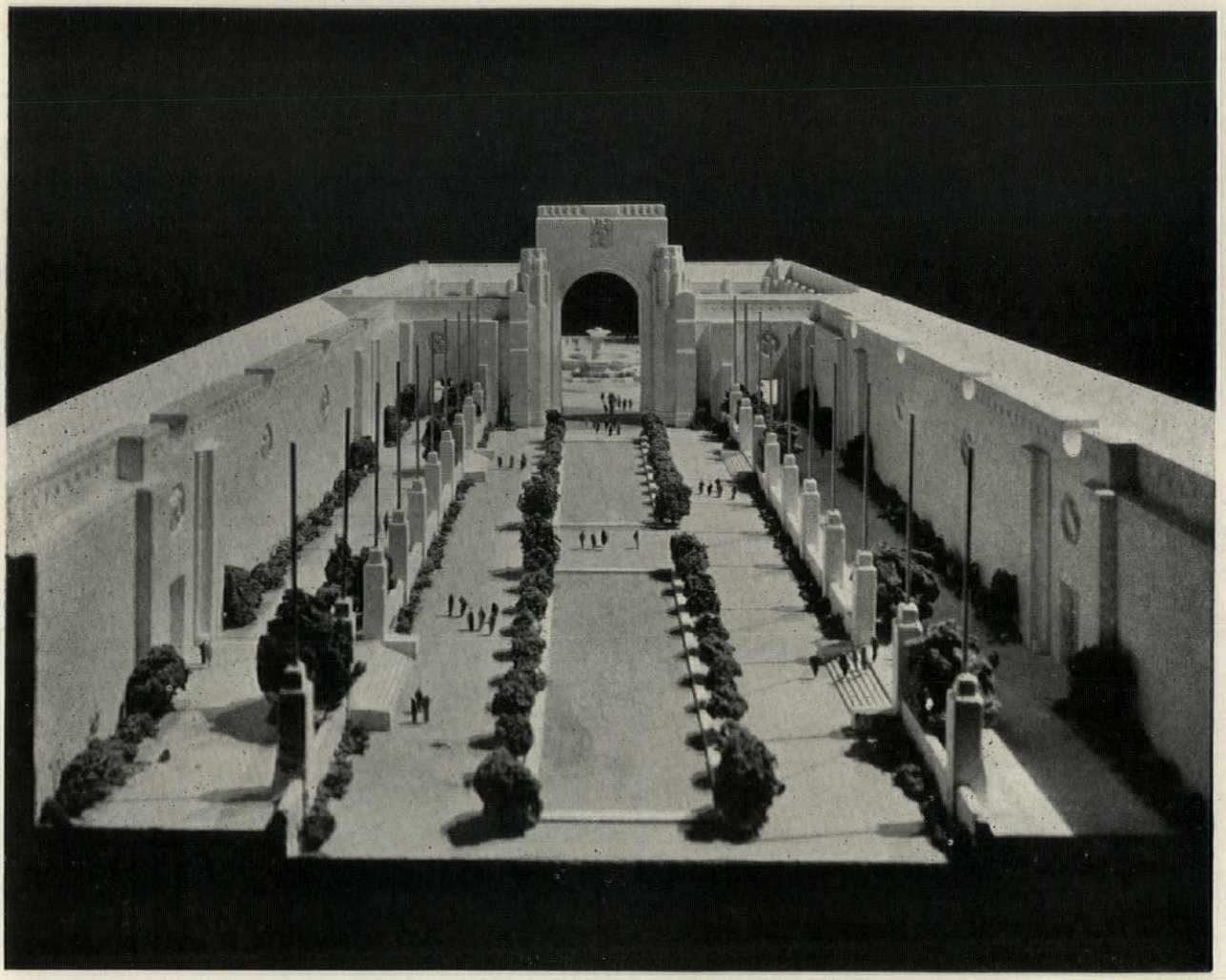
Two charcoal drawings by Ernest Born, showing the Western Entrance to the Lake of All Nations as designed by William G. Merchant and, to the right, the towers of the South Court and Gardens, for which the late George W. Kelham was the architect, as they will appear under illumination as planned for night



The Main Entrance Gates to the Golden Gate Exposition, designed by Ernest Weihe and drawn by Chesley Bonestell. Note the oriental feeling and the introduction of the elephant head motif. Below is a portion of the model showing the approach to the mile-long main esplanade leading through George W. Kelham's Court toward the Tower by Arthur Brown, Jr.

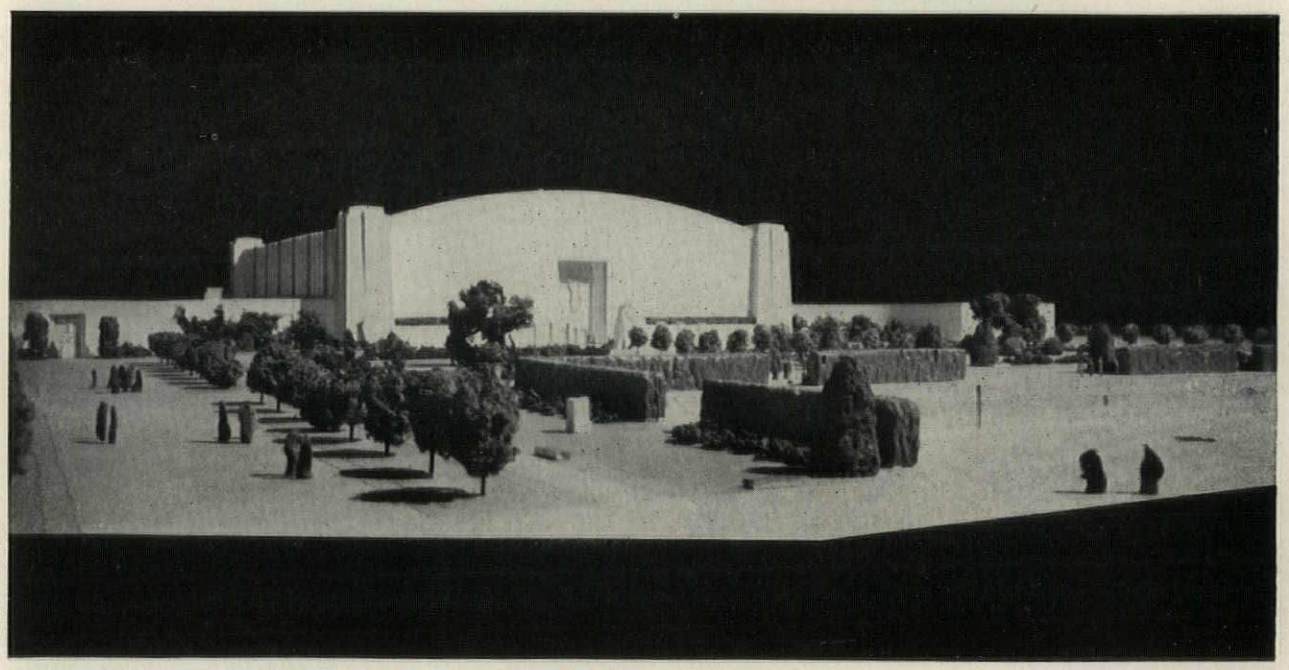


Gabriel Moulin



Gabriel Moulin

View of Model showing the court section of Lewis P. Hobart's East-West Esplanade looking toward the Lake of All Nations. Below is one of the exhibit buildings, designed by the late George W. Kelham to become eventually a huge airplane hangar



Gabriel Moulin

This, then, is a picture of the design for the Golden Gate International Exposition, and an attempt to outline the aims and the achievement of the architectural commission. To sum it all up, we may quote Mr. Weihe, the designer of the western façade:

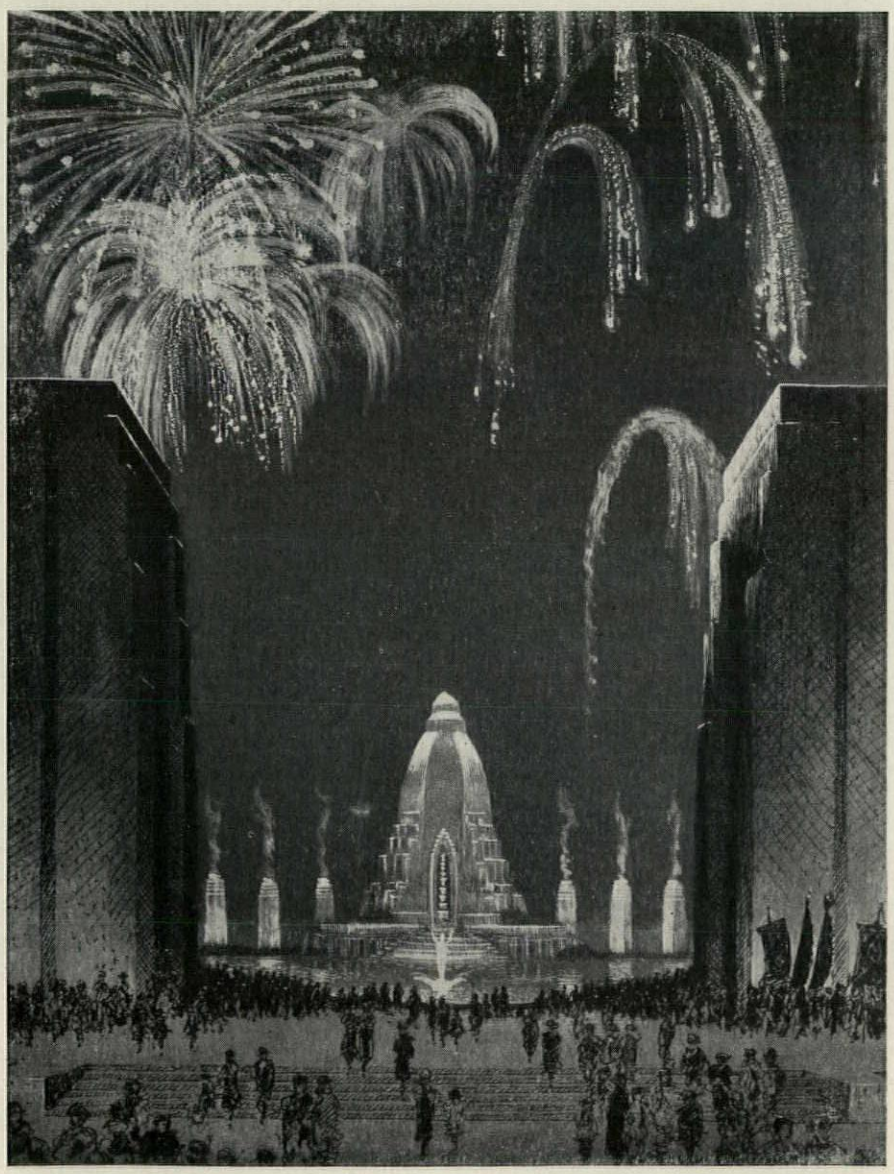
"We have attempted to design an architecture which will apply to the whole Pacific, and still will not be any particular school of architecture. It will express our definite and separate theme, employing many motifs based on the great architectures bordering on the Pacific Ocean. The dominant effect is gained by the use of great masses and broad planes, and the set-back pyramid idea, which is a Malayan theme.

"We are trying to do something in California that will always be recognized as Californian. We are not interested in making it universal, for architecture cannot be truly universal; it must always be influenced by climate, topography and the character of the people who produce it.

"It is our desire in the design for the Golden Gate International Exposition to retain our individual Californian quality, and to produce something which will be remembered as definitely ours. To do this, we are taking old themes and giving them a new treatment. In our system of big planes we are attempting to achieve a mystical effect—to express the ideas of grandeur, of great beauty, of majesty."

And here is where Mr. Weihe smiles at himself.

"The mystical effect," he adds, "is an easy thing to talk about getting. It is very hard to produce in architecture."



A drawing by Chesley Bonestell showing the Temple of Music by William G. Merchant as seen on a pyrotechnic night across the lake

SANS SERIF

BY RALPH WALKER, F. A. I. A.

SOME years ago when the æsthetics of modernism were being forever determined, among other examples of the negations which were to indicate clearly the basis for a cleavage with the past, the *sans serif* type fonts such as "Futura" were used to show a relationship between a new architecture and new printing.

Both had achieved a straightforwardness, a clearness of line, an absence of nonsense. Both were characterized by an acknowledged lack of grace, and both refused stubbornly to compromise with any ornamentation.

To the proposer of modern æsthetics, both were tied into a new social order originating in the industrial revolution and having the necessary qualities which would beget machine and mass production.

The new art and the new type fonts were conceived as being part of a new view of life, where one had enough to do in becoming acquainted with material satisfactions, the hard facts of life, the pure mechanical functions, so that there was no time for thoughts or even desires regarding such useless things as serifs.

And of course the serif so often appeared as just a useless piece of ornament, and no more, and this evidence damned the serif to the unthinking modern philosopher. That the serif might be a very clever invention fully as structural in function as a lally column, for instance, was passed over impatiently, together with so much which has tended toward graceful life in our modern civilization.

"The sans serif types which have recently enjoyed so much popularity, for example, conform to many requirements of a good font. They adhere to the essential forms of the alphabet, they display no attempts at adornment, they are evidence of this generation's zeal for directness and simplicity. When used for chapter headings, the type is often agreeably sharp, vivid, and legible. But when it is used for a whole book it becomes tiresome, irritating to the eye, and positively illegible. . . .

"The reason why this face fails so completely to qualify as a suitable one is suggested by its name. It lacks serifs, those *tiny additions* which make all the difference between a good type and a poor one."*

The designer and philosopher alike, in considering the sans serif type, failed to realize that in a fine font every letter has an infinite number of balanced relationships with other letters, that well designed letters must group themselves naturally into legible combinations because we read words, phrases, pages, and not letters. This, of course, has nothing to do with the æsthetics of modernism, it just happens to be an age-old function of letters.

The *sans serif type* of art and architecture is as arresting to attention as is any well designed display. It startles because of the hammer like effect, but too often the reaction from mankind as a whole is that of a punch drunk pugilist.

Underlying all questions of modernism is the need for a true definition of terms, one such being simplicity. It is not sufficient to discard the serif because of some preconceived idea of simplicity or of the possibilities of future machine production, when contrarywise it actually and materially aids by true simplicity the visual comfort of the human being.

Forms and volumes are not new merely because we express them as such or because of new materials and anticipated techniques.

Recently I spent some time in a factory where many of the famous streamline trains have been made, and I was impressed with an evident condition that the larger a prefabricated unit of shelter the more exactly it resembles the assembly job we know as the house.

For, regardless of steel or aluminum, parts must be fitted to individual places in order to compensate for the accumulated error. The welding machine is merely another way of accomplishing what the carpenter does with a hammer and nails.

One looks in vain for much of the new techniques. Here, as elsewhere, the assembly line is a bastard handicraft in which most of

the work is still done manually and without much intelligence, except where a casual piece of fitting must be done.

In fact what you have is just another way of covering a train, and that with as many evident mistakes in obtaining spaciousness as found in some of the older Pullmans.

Turn to the architectural world, and at the chance of being termed a Jeremiah I would say—

Much has been said of humanity without an understanding of the human. The æsthetics of modernism may have been anticipated, but the result to date would appear to resemble the American factory of the nineteen-tens—a series of buildings grossly ugly and finally a world of positive negations.

The urban world, especially, is a smaller place and in it there are materials of infinite variety, of infinite beauty, all of which are accessible to the designer's hands and mind. And, yet! ! Must a new architecture be limited only to steel and concrete and glass, or aluminum and zebra wood?

The world is filled with many skills, skills in which hand and mind are perfectly balanced and capable of delicate and precise beauty, of a living type in contrast to the machine perfection which at best can only be a mental and an abstract ideal, not measurable by the human eye or brain, both finally constituting the only æsthetic supreme court.

A measurement of a millionth of an inch is understandable but not perceptible, nor has it any place in the emotions of a race except to confuse human relationships.

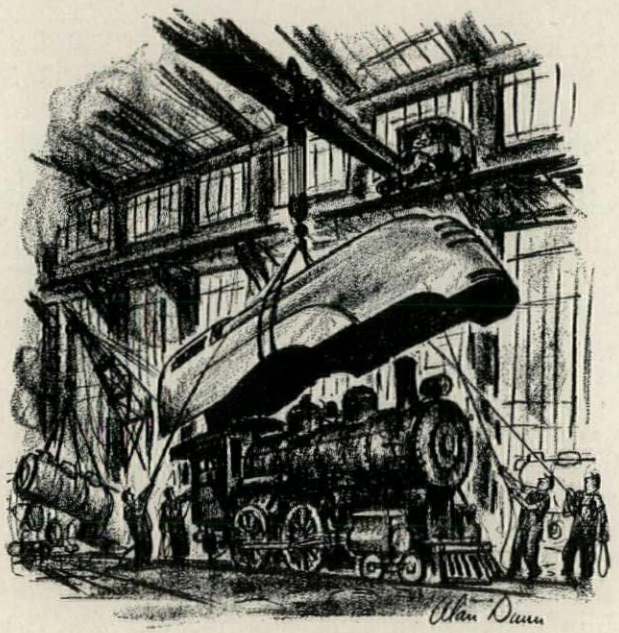
A measurement of a millionth of an inch may be a measurement of machine simplicity, but it is somewhat childish to believe that such a simplicity, unless it is coupled with a desire to construct an ethical culture, will build anything but what Walter Lippmann calls a Providential state, a state not knowing anything, not desiring anything, a state merely living in the hope of a push button in itself achieving Utopia.

It is safe to say that balanced proportions in life are achieved only by individuals, and these are reflected in architecture in a sense that the grace of a culture arrived at is due to just those tiny additions to character which in letters we know of as serifs.

* * * *

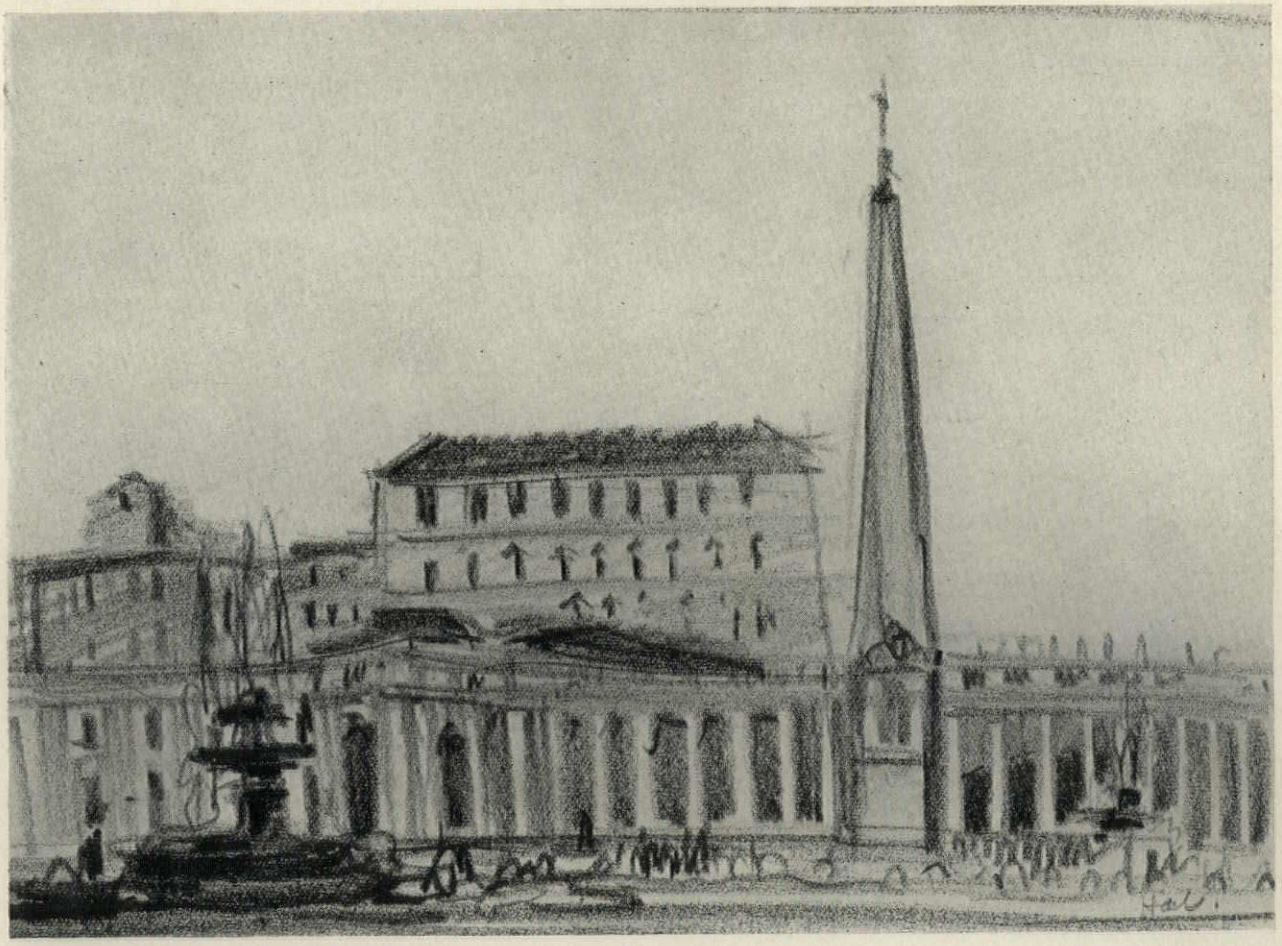
"For every high philosophy or work of art contains in itself the possibility of an infinite number of reincarnations."†

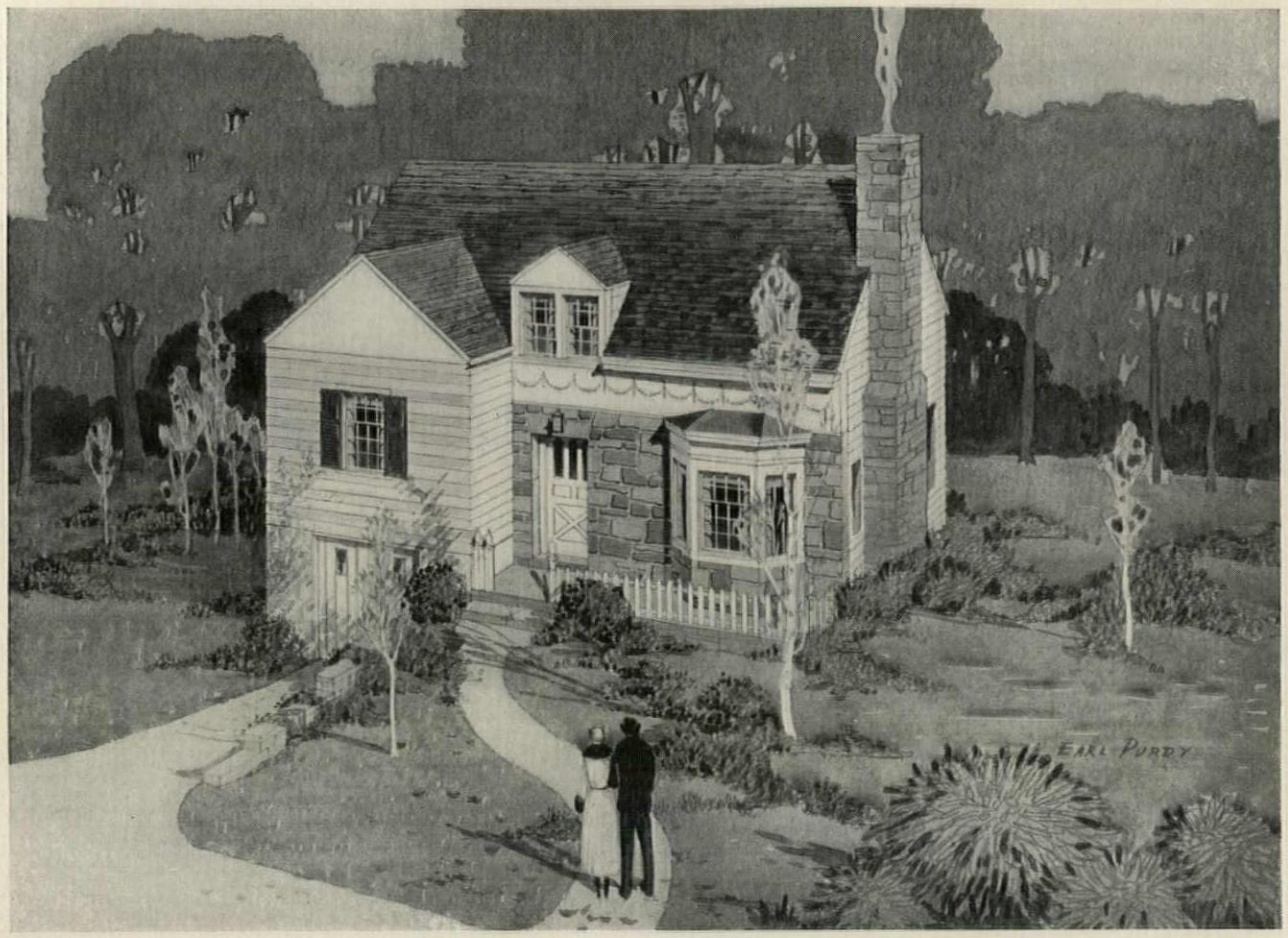
**From an article by David T. Pottinger in "The Dolphin"*
†*André Malraux in* The New Republic



A song without words, by Alan Dunn, reprinted by permission from The New Yorker

An old church of unusual mass at Parros-Guerric, in Brittany, and the familiar Piazza San Pietro in Rome as sketched in pencil by Harry Gnerre, holder of the LeBrun Scholarship for 1935





A proposed house at Larchmont in Westchester County, N. Y., designed and rendered by Earl Purdy, Architect. The original rendering was done in opaque water color