

# THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS

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## - CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE VILLA D'ESTE, TIVOLI . . . . .	<i>Harold C. Whitehouse</i> Frontispiece
PLAGIARISM AS A FINE ART . . . . .	<i>H. Van Buren Magonigle</i> 257
WHAT IS PRECEDENT DOING TO AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE . . . . .	<i>William A. Böring</i> 260
THE VALUE OF PRECEDENT IN THE PRACTICE OF ARCHITECTURE . . . . .	<i>Ralph Adams Cram</i> 263
THE USE OF PRECEDENT IN ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN . . . . .	<i>William L. Steele</i> 265
WHAT IS THE USE OF PRECEDENT DOING TO AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE . . . . .	<i>W. R. B. Willcox</i> 269
PLAGIARISM AS A FINE ART—ENVOI . . . . .	<i>H. Van Buren Magonigle</i> 273
THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS . . . . .	273
CONVENTION ACTION . . . . .	277
EIGHT MODERN FRENCH WOODCUTS . . . . .	281
CONVENTION NOTES . . . . .	288
LONDON LETTER . . . . .	"X" 290
A RESTORATION ACTIVITY . . . . .	291
THE SECRETARY'S PAGE . . . . .	292
ALLIED ARTS . . . . .	292
PUBLIC INFORMATION . . . . .	292
BERTRAM GROSVENOR GOODHUE . . . . .	293
LOUIS H. SULLIVAN . . . . .	294
A FRAGMENT OF MOSAIC . . . . .	294
THE DEVELOPMENT OF WASHINGTON . . . . .	295
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR . . . . .	296
JURISDICTIONAL AWARDS . . . . .	297
ANNOUNCEMENTS . . . . .	297
NEW MEMBERS ELECTED . . . . .	297
OBITUARY . . . . .	298
STRUCTURAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT . . . . .	299

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## THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

Architectural League of New York joins us in assembling an exhibition comprising Architecture and the Allied Arts covering the whole range of the building industry.

Institute members are strongly urged to see to it that their contributions to this great joint exhibition are worthy. We are reminded in this connection that our own exhibit held every third year, will be included in this effort, and our members may look forward to a Convention in 1925, exceptional in brilliancy—a Convention of national significance and value—a Convention at which we may kindle our enthusiasm, our love of design, of color, of line and form, leading us more clearly and wisely to interpret our own individuality and the art of our people and of today.

Since its reorganization in 1914 the American Institute of Architects has become a compact and vigorous professional society. Its form of government by Convention, Officers and Directors, operates in principle and in fact on a truly democratic basis. Its administrative, committee, and other activities, as prescribed by the Convention, or by the Board of Directors, are effectively conducted. The influence of the Institute with the Press, the Public, and the Governments of our cities, states, and country is most gratifying, when one considers the smallness of our number and the slenderness of our financial resources. Thus may we fairly conclude that we have developed our organization and administrative arms to a most satisfactory and commendable degree? And yet in looking backward over the past few years and over my own term as President, a question has arisen in my mind in quite a definite form, a question which I pass on to you. It is a question that I cannot answer, which perhaps you cannot answer, but it is one which we must answer sooner or later. I therefore leave with you this question:

Is the Institute furnishing to the architectural profession as a whole the highest form of leadership?

Let me confess at once that the nature of my question is spiritual, that I find myself deeply wondering as to whether in the perfection of our technical contributions, and in our unceasing effort to fulfill the material obligations laid upon us, we are not forgetting that architecture is an art of which the very essence is of the spirit of man. And if it seems a far cry, in these days, to things of the spirit, must we not remember that our whole architectural heritage is utterly spiritual in its significance? It is therefore with that in mind and with the thought before me of our great profession, both within and without the Institute, with the picture in my mind of the thousands of young men who are to follow in our footsteps and take up our tasks, that I ask my question.

I may not close without some words devoted to the loss we have suffered, a loss that will mark the present as one of the saddest years in the history of our Institute.

Providence in its wisdom has seen fit to bring to a close three brilliant architectural careers:

At New York on the 16th day of February, 1924, in the fifty-eighth year of his age, Henry Bacon died.

At Chicago on the 14th day of April, 1924, at the age of sixty-five, Louis H. Sullivan died.

At New York on the 24th day of April, 1924, when only fifty-five years of age, at the very zenith of his usefulness, Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue died.

Just before the closing of the first morning session the President read tributes in honor of Henry Bacon, Louis H. Sullivan and Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue. These were as follows:

### LOUIS HENRI SULLIVAN

Always a hero worshipper, the writer of these halting lines has ever preferred to pay his tribute to genius by a reverent silence. Such a reticence, if I may so call it, is too often due to a self-conscious fear of men whom we dimly recognize as bigger and wiser than we are. Too often also, our tongues make vocal our inferiority by fault finding and criticism that seem but the unconscious boastfulness of our lack of understanding. Then Death calls the Master and we begin to realize that there can be no requiem that will bring back to the world the unique spirit whose challenge fell upon dull and timid hearts.

Many and fine and true sayings are being uttered at the grave of Louis Sullivan, yet no one so far seems to have given expression to the tremendous power which he possessed. He was a tireless man, a human force that needed but the opportunity to do. No problem staggered him. No task was too great. One of his nicknames among his draftsmen was the Sun-god. He charged at each new job with the perfect zest that we usually associate with youthful inexperience. He was a philosopher, but his philosophy never usurped his power of action and accomplishment.

How he could draw! Miraculous things, never using an eraser, swiftly and surely, swooping strokes from the elbow. Where are they now? Fortunate it is that thanks to the Institute Press, the last drawings he made are available to us. They are precious shadows of the tremendously powerful things he produced in the days when he had to teach the A B C of his technique to his draftsmen, to the modelers of clay, the carvers of wood and the cutters of stone. "The Autobiography of an Idea," great human document though it is, only partly portrays the extraordinary dominant urge the man possessed. He seemed to have the fullness of power that exists in the mind of most men as a more or less dream-like illusion. And so, drawing ever unceasingly from his giant sources of power, Louis Sullivan aspired greatly, beyond the wildest contemporary dream of any student or teacher of the art he loved. To the last day he lived he called out to youth, and youth will some day hear his voice and understand his message, and lead sophisticated age to a mountain top where all may see that Louis Sullivan not only aspired but splendidly accomplished. He was not merely a path-finder. He not only broke a trail but he also built a road. Finally he gave up everything for the cause he loved. He never truckled. He sacrificed client after client to the imperious bidding of what he thought was right. He was insufferably overbearing at times, but he could not help it. Faith in what he possessed and wanted to share with his clients was so perfectly assumed that it became a passion. Nothing else was allowed to interfere with that supreme faith.

And then at the last, with clients gone, friends gone, money gone, he did not recant. He retained his boyish

# THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS

optimism, mellowed and softened by the years. Bitterness visited him now and then but never took lasting hold. Shortly before he died he traveled to a school of architecture in response to the invitation of a man of vision and he talked to the boys. They clustered about him like bees around an old apple tree. They listened enchanted and they followed him to his train. I like to think of that quiet parting. There were no rah rah outbursts, but, moved by one of those inspirations which occasionally come to young men while their hearts are still tender, every one of them stood with lifted hat while the great Teacher was born swiftly from them. Let us, now standing silently, join those boys in their spirit of reverence.

WILLIAM L. STEELE.

## BERTRAM GROSVENOR GOODHUE

To have been an architect is to have been a servant of mankind.

To have contributed ably to the world's architecture is to have been worthy.

To have been a distinguished designer is to have made a rare contribution to civilization.

To have been an architect and a distinguished designer and to have contributed notably to the great monuments of the world and to have done so at a time when art, appreciation, human sympathy, and even usual opportunity, have been at almost the lowest ebb in history, is to have found a place among the great of the human race.

To be born and to die is given to all mankind. Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue is dead! As this his cortege passes, we stand uncovered—bowed in the consciousness of an immeasurable irreparable loss!

THOMAS R. KIMBALL.

It was in the office of Renwick, the architect of the New York Cathedral, that Bertram Goodhue probably received the impulse which led him towards the study of Gothic Architecture, and which brought him into relation with Ralph Adams Cram, with whom he was in partnership for many years. The romanticism of mediæval work, ecclesiastical in the cathedral, military in the castles and walled towns, peculiarly fitted the firm for designing their numerous churches, and for the development of West Point.

In the sudden death of Bertram Goodhue the profession of architecture has experienced a very great loss, and to his many friends his absence will seem incredible and irreparable. For upon the one side he was possessed of an unusual genius, and upon the other of an equally unique and fascinating personality. Any testimony to his work at this time must be inadequate, as it is so varied in character and so much of the best of it remains to be accomplished, that the time is not ripe to compass it, or to give it its full meed of praise.

To have remarkable versatility combined with universal skill is rare. The merest summary of his efforts in all phases of artistic expression is amazing. He knew these phases to be closely related manifestations of beauty and busied himself with them all, and was equally at home with all and considered none too small to interest him.

An exquisite draughtsman and a distinguished designer, with fertile imagination and subtle perception, he enjoyed to the utmost every means of expression, and apart from his preëminent position as an architect was equally at home in all the minor arts, whether in the printer's craft, illumination and heraldry, bookplates, colophons, or stained glass, niello and textiles. He was a master of symbolism, and a keen limner of delicate form. "A fellow of infinite fancy," he was at first enamored of the intricacies of detail, and the involutions of pattern, and for this reason the freedom of mediæval expression was more sympathetic to him than were the more analytic considerations of the so-called classic styles. For there was something 'tricksey' in his nature.

He was fundamentally "Robin Goodfellow." His smile had in it a challenge to an exchange of quips and fancies and his work at times was mischievously appealing. It seemed as though he had familiar geni to do his bidding invisible to those with ordinary vision. He was the Ariel of architecture, unique, scintillating. But playing, as he did, arpeggios, he more and more searched for elemental themes. His very facility became antipathetic to him, and the restraint of reasoned simplicity was making his latest work more serene and tending towards what Guadet has called the true classic, that is, "the incontestible thing." The logic which he had at first gaily jilted had become to him a controlling goddess.

His latest conception had a nobility transcending detail, and the pendulum had swung so far with him that he expressed his idea of architecture as of justly proportioned solids devoid even of mouldings, speaking not with detail but with associated sculpture only. It was characteristic of him that he should run the entire gamut and grace any theory which he held. Compare the Chapel at West Point and the unexcelled buildings of the San Diego Exposition, entirely his own, and the detail of St. Thomas in New York, with the chapel of St. Bartholomew's, and the distinguished plan and ensemble of the Nebraska State Capitol.

At one moment playing with the fantastic "Order of the White Rose" and at another penetrating the deepest secrets of his great art, he was Protean. We will hardly meet his like again. He belonged to that rare group of men who have the gift of genius and has left an abiding influence behind him. He held his standard high, and as a genial, whimsical, earnest and fascinating companion, who had at times the trenchant touch of Heine, and at others the directness of Roland, we shall always miss him from our midst. His loss to the architectural profession is incalculable.

C. HOWARD WALKER.

## HENRY BACON

Just a year ago, on the evening of 18 May, 1923, here upon the scene of his greatest achievement, Henry Bacon received the Gold Medal of the American Institute of Architects. Today we once more pay tribute to his genius. The award made to him was peculiarly in recognition of the building he designed in memory of Abraham Lincoln. The words which we now offer to his name and fame are in memory of the man himself, suddenly and untimely taken from us by death in New

## CONVENTION ACTION

York, on 16 February, 1924. We would testify in this resolution to the passing of a memorable artist who expressed in his work the traits of a remarkably rich and steadfast nature. Tennyson wrote long ago the lines that in the most appropriate manner describe our friend—

“That tower of strength  
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blow.”

Henry Bacon was a tower of strength in our profession primarily because of his profound, unflinching sincerity, because of the fundamental honesty which ran through his character and his art. He was one of the spiritual descendants of the great American to whose glory he dedicated his labors upon the banks of the Potomac, which is to say that he was a man faithful to his duty, loving the truth, upright in action, and in all the relations of life showing a generous, helpful spirit to his fellows. It is not irrelevant for us to remember that if the maker of the Lincoln Memorial was an inspired artist he was also a true citizen, bound by inner ties to what is best and noblest in the manhood of the Republic.

He was born at Watseka, Illinois, on 28 November, 1866, the son of Henry and Elizabeth Kelton Bacon. He was graduated from the University of Illinois in 1888. He began his architectural career in the office of Chamberlain and Whidden, in Boston, and then for a short time was in that of McKim, Mead and White, in New York. To that association he returned after the two years in Europe that he enjoyed through winning the Rotch Travelling Scholarship and he remained there until he formed a partnership with James Brite in 1897. That partnership lasted until 1903, when he began to practise exclusively under his own name and launched upon the series of buildings and monuments which occupied him until his death.

His works were of the most diversified nature, embracing public and private structures all over the country, railway stations, bank buildings, churches, libraries, bridges, college buildings, an infinite variety of expressions in architecture of the needs and purposes of our national life. In any appreciation of the art of Henry Bacon emphasis should always be placed upon this mat-

ter of expression. We have never had a more conscientious exemplar of the genius of architecture. A façade with him was invariably the reflection of a plan. He was chary of the use of ornament. Attacking a given problem as necessarily a problem of construction, he withheld his hand from the application of any moulding, any decoration, which was not part and parcel of the structural unity at which, essentially, he aimed.

The fidelity of his art to the organic character of legitimate architecture was confirmed by the fineness and austerity of his taste. He had travelled much in Greece, he breathed the air of Athens and the Acropolis as though it were the air of his native land, and the experience thus gained so stimulated and enriched his instinctive refinement that he became a veritable master of the Greek tradition, not in any conventional, academic sense, but as an artist functioning spontaneously in classical terms. Collaborating often with the leading sculptors of his time, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Daniel Chester French and others, he designed a large number of pedestals for statues. They are extraordinarily significant of the spare line, the justly proportioned mass, the dignified ensemble, which marked in his buildings his modern equivalent for antique beauty. Just as a Greek coin points in its largeness and grand simplicity to the more heroic splendors of Greek sculpture, so Henry Bacon's pedestals reveal in condensed form the secret of his architecture.

It is the secret of design brought under the sway of wise, time-tried and august law. In the Lincoln Memorial there was erected more than a masterpiece of style. It stands for the majesty of all that is right and fine in all the styles, for order and restraint, for the symmetry which is neither Greek nor Gothic but which is an eternal response to an inalienable craving in the mind of mankind, for purity, for elevation, for the aspiration of the human soul toward beauty. In this building Henry Bacon embodied an immortal standard, a work destined steadily to influence the taste of his countrymen. It is his salient monument, the crowning triumph of his life. But in all that he was, in all that he did, he left the impress of the same sterling character.

ROYAL CORTISSOZ.

## Convention Action

Members of the Institute are again reminded that within a few weeks a complete copy of the Proceedings will be mailed from the Octagon. In the meantime a concise summary of the important actions taken at the Convention can best be given by reprinting the major part of the report of the Board of Directors together with the resolutions formally adopted by the Convention.

### Report of the Board of Directors

#### REGIONAL CONFERENCES

The reports of the several regional conferences that have been held during the past year, and the experience of the officers of the Institute who were able to be present

at one or more of them prove beyond question the desirability and real value of these informal gatherings. That they should be informal and in no sense additional organizations within the Institute is also definitely proven. The Board hopes that they will grow in popularity and that there will be many of them throughout the country during the coming year.

#### FINANCES AND OCTAGON PROPERTY

The Board calls attention to the fact that the Institute owns free and clear of encumbrance the exceptionally choice property which serves as headquarters in Washington. Through a series of years the finances of the Institute have been steadily growing stronger; and that despite the war and disturbed business conditions.

# THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS

J. P. RUSSETT now has offices in the Valley National Bank Building, Des Moines, Iowa.

MEYER J. STURM announces his removal to the Church Street Building, 708 Church Street, Evanston, Ill.

ERNEST WILBY has removed from Windsor, Canada, to Ann Arbor, Mich., with an office in the Engineering Building, University of Michigan.

ROY A. BENJAMIN, since the dissolution of the firm of Greeley & Benjamin, has opened an office in the Bisbee Building, Jacksonville, Fla.

THE Executive Secretary of the Institute asks the assistance of members in tracing Mr. William F. Evans, Jr., an Institute member, once of Seattle, Wash., and later residing in New York City, where his last known address was 243 West 36th St.

WE have received an interesting book describing the Fontainebleau School of Fine Arts and giving details of the 1924 session, 25 June-25 September. Applications for the admission of architectural students should be made immediately to Mr. Whitney Warren, Fontainebleau School of Fine Arts, 119 E. 19th St., New York City.

THE annual conference of the Royal Institute of British Architects will be held at Oxford, 9-12 July. A number of interesting events are planned. Members of the American Institute of Architects in England at that time will be most welcome at the conference, according to its secretary, Ian MacAlister, 9 Conduit street, Hanover Square, London, W. 1, who will be pleased to hear from any architect who contemplates attending this affair.

## Obituary

### Val P. Collins

Elected to the Institute in 1909.

Died in Louisville, Ky., 24 December, 1923.

The death of Val P. Collins was a sudden and unexpected event, although it had been known for some time among his associates in the profession that he had been in a rather indifferent state of health. In the course of his professional practice, he had executed a number of commissions not alone in Louisville, but throughout the state of Kentucky. His work consisted principally of large residences, schools, Y. M. C. A. buildings, and structures of a similar character, we are informed. He had been secretary of the Kentucky Chapter for some 12 years, and had served one term as president. Mr. Collins was a charter member and, later, president of the Engineers and Architects Club of Louisville, a group organized in 1891. He was about 55 years of age at the time of his death.

### George H. Clemence, F. A. I. A.

Elected to Fellowship in the Institute in 1896.

Died at Worcester, Mass., 2 February, 1924.

George Henry Clemence, a member of the Boston Society of Architects and a fellow of the Institute, was born

in Worcester in 1862 and had lived in his native city all his life. He received his early training in the office of Stephen C. Earle and in 1886 entered the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In 1892 he became a practicing architect and attained a prominent position in the profession through the excellence of his work and his personal popularity. Among the best of his buildings are the Worcester Fire Department Headquarters, the Police Department and District Court Headquarters, and also many fine residences.

The personality of Mr. Clemence won him many friends, who will long remember his unassuming manner, his cheerful greetings, his inborn integrity, and the fortitude displayed in his long fight against failing health.

### Lewis Colt Albro

Elected to the Institute in 1921

Died at New York City, 1 March, 1924

Lewis Colt Albro was born in Paris on 4 February, 1876, was educated at Pittsfield, Mass., and attended the Metropolitan Art School, Metropolitan Art Museum, under the auspices of Columbia University. He entered the office of McKim, Mead & White and there remained for some thirteen years. Then, in a partnership with Harrie T. Lindeberg and under the firm name of Albro & Lindeberg, he practised for a number of years, producing many notable examples of domestic work and some commercial structures. This partnership was dissolved about ten years ago, since when he had practised alone, confining his talents principally to private houses. Mr. Albro distinguished himself during his career not so much for the variety or magnitude of his commissions as by the character and quality of each piece of work entrusted to him.

Through his untimely death the profession has lost an able practitioner, who through the influence and character of his work has contributed a worthy example.

D. EVERETT WAID

HOBART B. UPJOHN.

### Richard Sharp Smith

Elected to the Institute in 1913

Died at Asheville, N. C., 14 February, 1924

Richard Sharp Smith was born at Harding, Yorkshire, England, on 7 July, 1852, and received his early architectural training in the office of his cousin, George Smith, at Bardford, Yorkshire, and later in various Manchester offices.

Coming to the United States in 1882, he was first connected with Reed Brothers, Evansville, Ind., but in 1883 went to New York City to enter the office of Bradford Gilbert. From 1886 to 1895 he was in the offices of R. M. Hunt. Six years of this period he spent as supervising architect of the Biltmore House, Biltmore, N. C.

At the completion of this work, in 1896, he opened his own office at Asheville, N. C., and there continued the practice of his profession up to the time of his death. He was a member of the North Carolina Chapter.