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THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS

OCTOBER, 1948

With the aim of amplifying, as through  
a microphone, the voice  
of the profession

VOL. X, No. 4

Contents

Guest Editorial . . . . . 147 <i>By Harold S. Buitenheim</i>	News of the Educational Field . . 178
History and Architecture . . . . 149 <i>By Leopold Arnaut</i>	Calendar . . . . . 179
Architecture and Other Forms of Artistic Expression . . . . . 154 <i>By Irwin Edman, Ph. D.</i>	Memoirs of Centurian Architects, Part IV . . . . . 180 <i>By William Adams Delano, F.A.I.A.</i>
The Architects' Civic Design Group of Metropolitan Detroit. 160 <i>By Suren Pilafian</i>	Architects Read and Write: The Kump Editorial . . . . . 185 <i>By R. Clipston Sturgis, F.A.I.A.</i>
Registration Law Enforcement at the Local Level . . . . . 167 <i>By Clinton H. Cowgill</i>	"Your Solar House" . . . . . 185 <i>By Charles A. Pearson, Jr.</i>
Diruta Teutonica Furore, Part I . 170 <i>By Ian C. MacCallum</i>	Must America Be A Church Mu- seum? . . . . . 186 <i>By Charles E. Thomas</i>
The Ethiopia Competition . . . 178	Books & Bulletins . . . . . 186
Honors . . . . . 178	The Editor's Asides . . . . . 188

ILLUSTRATIONS

Work of the Architects' Civic Design Group of Metropoli- tan Detroit . . . . .	163, 164
Part of the Intended Inscription for the Library of Lou- vain . . . . .	173
Model and photograph, Library of Louvain . . . . .	174 <i>Whitney Warren, architect</i>

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Fletcher

Nearly three quarters of a century of association has so completely fused the words *Fletcher* and *granite* that to say one is to think the other. And when the architect or engineering designer plans for granite and thinks *Fletcher* he knows that behind the name and the years is a vast experience in all types of structures — government buildings, university and institutional buildings, private structures, large commercial buildings and small shops; and in heavy construction employing massive masonry — bridges, dams, dry-docks and retaining or breakwater walls. During all these years the H. E. Fletcher Company has always been in the vanguard of technological development. Today, the application of modern engineering and mechanical arts has revolutionized the methods of quarrying and fabricating the quarried product. These advances have produced Fletcher Granite Veneer, Fletcher 9-square Standard Granite Sections and new finishes as well as other innovations enabling the architect and engineer to adapt granite to contemporary design with freshness and vigor. The H. E. Fletcher Company maintains a consultant service ready to collaborate in the solution of any problems incident to the use of granite.



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If a builder wishes to erect a building from stock plans or from drawings and specifications which he has prepared, he may employ an architect or engineer to check them and make changes necessary to justify the signing of the above certificate. After becoming accustomed to such services, some builders may be led to seek help in design.

If an owner or builder applies for a building permit and submits drawings and specifications which are not accompanied by the certificate referred to above, the Building official is required to submit the drawings and specifications for review by a registered architect or engineer. Again, the responsibility for compliance is borne in large

part by the architectural and engineering professions.

The supervision of Group I buildings is furnished by the Building official. This usually is limited to three inspections. When an architect is employed by the owner, of course, supervision will be furnished by him as usual.

It will take time to determine the effectiveness of this Building Code. Similar plans possibly may be effective in other places. For such a plan to be effective in many small towns, the services of architects and engineers would have to be made available in those localities. At the present time, this proposed Building Code is being supported locally by all elements of the building industry.

## Diruta Teutonica Furore

IN TWO PARTS—PART I

The story of the famous Louvain Library inscription by the only person alive who knows the whole story

*By Ian C. MacCallum*

**W**HITNEY WARREN was the architect of the Bibliothèque de l'Université de Louvain, familiarly called the Louvain Library, and he treated it, as he did all his own work, with a personal attachment all too rare among architects.

The job had been in the office for at least six years and by 1928 it was entering its final stages of construction. Greenough, in Paris, had carried through during the years of construction and had seen the design and details of the very

capable office designer, Ralph Calder, well materialized.

The Library was designed in the sixteenth-century Flemish style and, contrary to general belief, was not simply a restoration of the original building destroyed by German troops in the early days of World War I. It was an entirely new structure, placed in a very good setting along one side of the Place du Peuple, about a quarter mile from the old library.

In January of 1928, Whitney Warren sent me over to Belgium to stay on the job and, among other things, to design and draw some four hundred minor inscriptions which were to be cut there. I had no way of knowing what experiences lay ahead, although I think the old gentleman rather expected storms before the building's dedication on the following July 4th.

In Louvain, I took up residence at the old Majestic Hotel in the Avenue des Alliés and found Monsieur le Patron and Madame Raemaekers obliging and flattered. The old patron, with his seven chins and his chef's cap tilted permanently on the back of his head, was a huge man, always laughing, and a really excellent cook on occasion. I learned that

there is no better French wine than that which is kept in Belgian cellars, and the patron honestly believed that the reputation of all Belgian cellars had originated in his own which, he said, had the ideal subsoil composition, or something. When he laughed, his seven chins laughed with him, while the Madame kept the books and controlled discipline.



Shortly after the close of World War I, during a visit to America by Cardinal Mercier, the war cardinal of Belgium, the proposed rebuilding of the Library was discussed with Whitney Warren and with others. Cardinal Mercier expressed a wish that some permanent record be placed in or on the new building to indicate the reason for its existence, and gave to Whitney Warren a slip of paper on which he had written the words DIRUTA TEUTONICA FURORE DONO AMERICANA RESTITUTA—destroyed by Teuton fury, replaced by American gift. When the plaster model of the proposed building showed a balustrade extending the full length of the front with his inscription forming a decorative running floral pattern interlaced in its stone balusters (in Latin and

not very legible), Cardinal Mercier expressed his pleasure and approval.

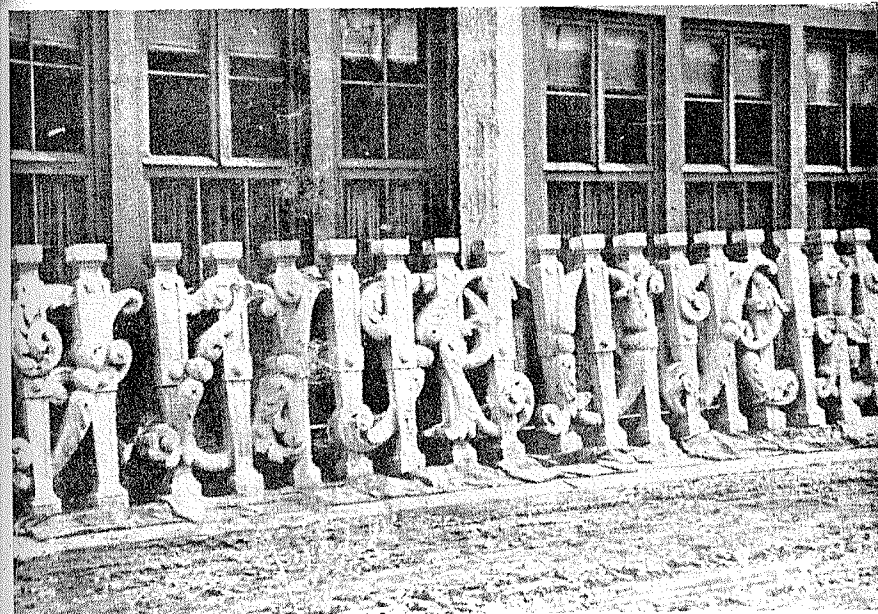
If I may digress a moment, a charming incident happened during the speaking campaign planned to solicit contributions from various educational groups. Whitney Warren spoke at the University of Virginia, explaining the purpose. At the conclusion of his talk a middle-aged woman in the audience came to him and offered a five-dollar goldpiece toward the fund. Warren explained that he was not personally collecting money but, on her insistence, promised to see that it should reach the proper place. A short time later a man approached him saying he believed Mr. Warren should know that the goldpiece was an especially treasured thing inasmuch as it had been returned to the mother among other effects found on the body of her son who had been killed in action in Belgium. As such, it could not be thrown into a general pot simply as a few more dollars, and so Warren resolved to hold it until some quite special use should occur.

A long time after, when the French sculptor Dampf had finished the working model of the figure of the Virgin destined for

the central niche on the façade of the building, Warren suggested that a design of lilies be overlaid in gold on the white marble of the Virgin's breastplate and, accordingly, at his own expense had the goldpiece melted down, refined and beaten into goldleaf. It made a small boxful which I carried over with me to Dampf, who had it applied. Attempts were made to find the woman who gave it, but with no success. No one knew who she was and it is supposed she must have been a tourist in Charlottesville at the time Warren spoke there. The story was published in this country and abroad (*L'Illustration* carried a beautifully written account) but, if she ever read of it, the mother never made herself known. It can only be hoped that she does know, wherever and wherever she is, what became of her treasure.

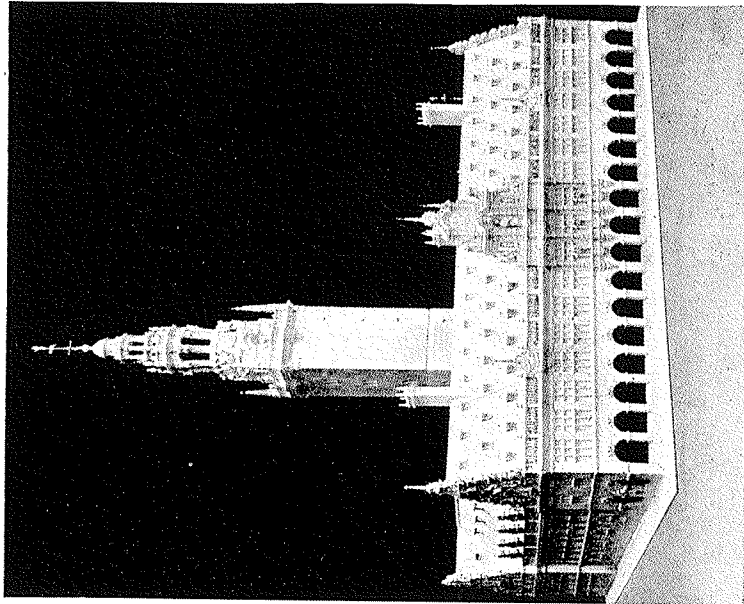
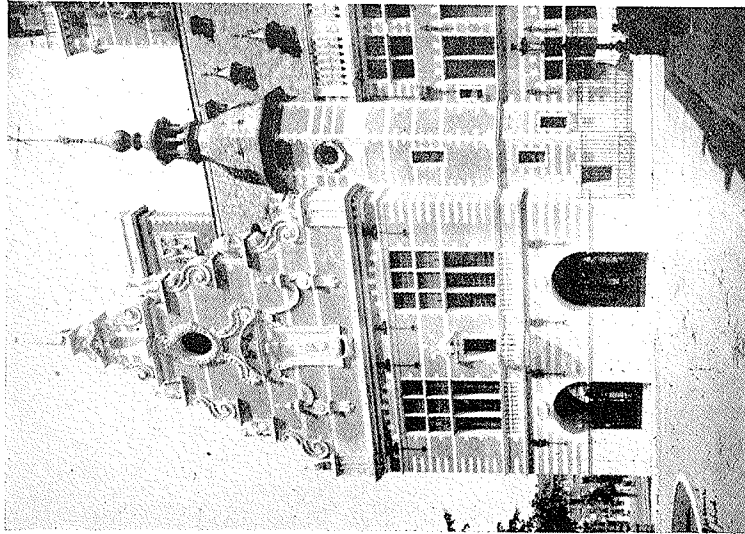


From January to June, there was much work to be done. But before June there began to be apparent certain undercurrents and references to differences of opinion concerning the principal inscription. They had been sharpened by the death of Cardinal Mercier and his friends, one by one over the



LIBRARY OF LOUVAIN

A portion of the balustrade as designed by Whitney Warren, set up temporarily on the ground, showing the FUROR of the inscription



Plaster model of the Library of Louvain and a photograph of one end of the lateral façade, with its outdoor pulpit dedicated to Cardinal Mercier. A bust of the beloved Cardinal interrupts the pediment over the doorway to the balcony pulpit

years, and it was necessary that they be resolved before the dedication date, then rapidly approaching.

Monseigneur Paulin Ladeuze had succeeded to the presidency of Louvain University and he assumed the leadership of a small but powerful group opposed to any reference to the horrors perpetrated by the German Army in 1914. He was a pacifist, prepared to fight for his convictions, and believed that a permanent record of the more unpleasant aspects of war could only prolong hatred.

Warren's convictions were directly opposite in that he believed the best way to final peace was to publish such facts so clearly that everyone might see what war had done. He also felt a moral obligation to carry out the wishes of his friend the dead cardinal—an obligation which he felt had devolved upon him as the lone survivor of the original group. He argued, too, that an artist has a right to complete his conception, once his design is accepted, regardless of what might happen to it at the hands of others (including the owner's) thereafter. It is interesting to note that this later became a major argument and withstood four years of battle in the Belgian courts without denial.

In any case, there had been too much procrastination, so that when the matter at last required a quick settlement, conciliation was clearly impossible between the two characters and the question flared into the open, involving spectators and mass emotions as well as the principals.

It is true that the Monseigneur did arrange for the cutting of separate plain stone balusters in a Brussels stoneyard—balusters without the interlacing floral letters of the inscription, and in secret. I remember seeing a few of them in the yard during the first months and my inquiry was passed off at the time with a remark that they were "sample cuttings for profiles and would probably be destroyed." A prophetic remark — when no one could foresee the circumstances under which they were to be later destroyed. It became clear later that the Monseigneur's intention was to have them finished and raised into position on the building before the floral inscription could be completed. I thought no more of them at the time, nor until events reached their bursting point.

In due course, it became necessary to draw full-size details of the balustrade. In view of

the smouldering differences, it seemed as well to do the drafting as inconspicuously as possible. Every evening, after a day on the job, I would carry a roll of paper into the hotel—drawings had gone in and out of there regularly, of course—and every night I would use the entire wall of the hotel room (the balustrade was 6' high and 200' long) to draw sections letter by letter. Every few days I would take a few more letters in to the stonemasons in Brussels and watch previous ones being turned into stone there.

The minor inscriptions were going into place well. The hardest part of the job was over, I thought. There was little design left and the construction questions were all worked out. Pleasant relations had been established in the town and two friends, George Sturdevant and Merrill Prentice, had come up from Paris to help out for the fun of it. The usual Belgian weather had turned magnificent at last, and in June it was good to sit out at a sidewalk table and have a glass of sherry before one of M. le Patron's good dinners.



I had made a good friend of Felix Onfroy, the contractors'

job superintendent, and one evening he made a small point of joining me. This evening there was an unusual constraint in his manner and he stayed only long enough to tell me that "a lot of stones are coming out from Brussels at six o'clock in the morning. After all, I work for the Foundation Company, Mac."

In itself, that would mean little—but six o'clock is early and the inscription wasn't finished; those plain balusters seen in the Brussels stoneyard months before suddenly took on new meaning.

The first thing to do, of course, was to call Warren in Paris, which I did. He answered at once and when I told him of my suspicions he said they had been confirmed within the hour by an old school-friend of his. I was told "to keep my chin up," that he would arrange to reach Louvain as quickly as possible, and that meanwhile I was to do whatever I could do to keep the stones from being placed.

Back in the hotel, I typed a letter to the Foundation Company directing them to stop all work on the front façade immediately, "pending certain changes in the work," sent it to their Brussels office and delivered a copy by hand

to Felix Onfroy. He accepted it, said it was good enough for him, and I went to bed for a good night's sleep.

Truckloads of plain balusters, enough for the entire job in one caravan, arrived at six the next morning. I had the trucks moved, still loaded, as far from the building as possible in order not "to obstruct building operations." There was no inclination on the part of the workmen themselves to do anything about unloading them before the regular seven o'clock starting hour, anyway; they were all perfectly willing to take anyone's word that there was no hurry, and the opposition, expecting no delay, had sent no foremen along under orders.

The stop-order still held at eight o'clock when the general manager of the Foundation Company, a Mr. MacNair, arrived from Brussels. He was very sorry, but the Monseigneur was most insistent that the stones be unloaded and placed at once and as Mr. Warren was not there the delay could be most embarrassing to MacNair.

The trucks were again pulled up and unloading began. At that point my draftsman, Desiré Vanderauwerau, handed me a telegram from Warren giving me full

authority on the work in his absence. That stopped the work again and called for a conference between MacNair and the Monseigneur in his quarters.



When it appeared that the Monseigneur had made his point to MacNair and the unloading began again, I wrote a memorandum condemning the balusters as not having been made according to the architect's details, and pointed out that it might be necessary to reload the trucks, causing double work.

Another half-hour was gained, during which time MacNair discussed the telegram and the condemnation with the Monseigneur, and I prayed for a sight of Whitney Warren. About nine o'clock, Monseigneur Ladeuze stormed into the Library, demanded to know who was responsible for the delay and, when he found the quiet little American who had been making pretty drawings, went into the finest rage I have ever seen. He was magnificent, but when his face went purple I was uneasy for fear his emotions would finish him then and there. When I explained that I was the resident representative of Whitney Warren

and produced the telegram, he shouted that he "would take care of that" and left.

A little later, I was handed a letter from him dismissing Whitney

## The Ethiopia Competition

**A**NNOUNCEMENT has been made of an international architectural competition for the Imperial Palace of the Empire of Ethiopia. The Institute's Committee on Competitions, Lorimer Rich, Chairman, with the approval of the Executive Committee of The Board, points out several pertinent facts.

The provisions regulating this competition, in their present form, do not contain three of the essential requirements of The Institute for a competition to be held in the United States, namely: That there be a professional adviser; that there be a jury of at least three members, one of whom is a practicing architect; and that the program contain a contract for architectural services in accord with good practice.

It is pointed out, however, that this competition is not within the jurisdiction of The Institute with respect to competition procedure. Therefore, members will be gov-

Warren from that part of the work, and the Foundation Company was given a written order to proceed.

*(To be concluded in November)*

erned by their individual judgments as the advisability of participating.

## Honors

**RICHARD J. NEUTRA, F.A.I.A.**, has been nominated as an Honorary Member of the Royal Institute of British Architects. An honorary degree as Doctor of the Technical Sciences also has been conferred upon Mr. Neutra by the University of Graz and Austria's Secretary of Education.

## News of the Educational Field

**UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN'S** College of Architecture and Design announces the appointment of C. Theodore Larson as Professor of Architecture. Willard A. Oberdick and Edward V. Olencki have also been appointed to the faculty as instructors in architec-

ture. These appointments take effect with the opening of the fall semester of this year.

**NORTH CAROLINA STATE COLLEGE**, School of Architecture and Landscape Design, announces the appointment of Matthew Nowicki as visiting professor and acting head of the Department of Archi-

ecture. Mrs. Stanislaw Sandecka Nowicki, wife of the professor, is appointed visiting assistant professor.

Mr. Nowicki is the Polish architect who has acted as design consultant for the United Nations; he is a former faculty member of Pratt Institute.



## Calendar

**October 11-13:** Nineteenth annual meeting of the Institute of Traffic Engineers, Hotel Warwick, Philadelphia, Pa.

**October 11-13:** National Planning Conference of the American Society of Planning Officials, New Yorker Hotel, New York City.

**October 13-16:** Annual meeting of the National Association of Housing Officials, Olympic Hotel, Seattle, Wash.

**October 17-29:** Show of members' summer work and work of new members of The Architectural League of New York, 115 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

**October 28-30:** Annual Convention, New York State Association of Architects, Colonie Club, Albany, N. Y. For reservations address Edward J. Toole, 93 State St., Albany, N. Y.

**November 29-December 4:** Annual meeting of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, featuring the 18th National Exposition of Power and Mechanical Engineering, Grand Central Palace, New York.

**December 1-4:** Semiannual Meeting of The Board of Directors, A.I.A., Cloister Hotel, Sea Island, Georgia.

**December 9-10:** Thirty-fifth Annual Convention of National Warm Air Heating and Air Conditioning Association, Hotel Cleveland, Cleveland, Ohio.

**March 29-April 1, 1949:** Third International Lighting Exposition and Conference. Sponsored by Industrial and Commercial Lighting Equipment Section of National Electrical Manufacturers Association. Stevens Hotel, Chicago, Illinois.

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Contents

Guest Editorial . . . . . 195 <i>By Jerrold Loeb</i>	Prefabrication . . . . . 219 <i>By Howard T. Fisher</i>
The Architect Takes to the Air 197 <i>By Andrew Francis Euston</i>	Calendar . . . . . 227
Diruta Teutonica Furore, Part II 202 <i>By Ian C. MacCallum</i>	Collaborative Competition . . . 228
An Experiment in Public Educa- tion . . . . . 208 <i>By Charles R. Colbert</i>	News of the Educational Field . . 228
The Art of Landscape Architec- ture . . . . . 214 <i>By Christopher Tunnard</i>	Planning the Neighborhood . . . 229 <i>A Book Review by Arthur C. Holden, F.A.I.A., A.I.P.</i>
	Steel Bridge Awards . . . . . 235
	California Architects Meet in The Yosemite . . . . . 236
	The Editor's Asides . . . . . 237

ILLUSTRATIONS

Final Stage in the Tulane Experiment—Informing the Public . . . . . 211, 212
System of Spandrel Wall Construction for U. S. Depart- ment of Commerce . . . . . 221, 222 <i>Howard T. Fisher, Architect</i>

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are not enough*



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questions. This will, in a real sense, make your chapter a clearing house of information on construction, and assert the leadership of the architect in your community and state.

6. *Provide press follow-up.* If you employ a public relations counsel, or if you know a newspaper friend or an architect wise to the ways of journalism, prepare news articles both before the broadcasts and lively news reports and digests for publication immediately after they are held. As in all publicity matters, issue only genuinely newsworthy material or your offerings will hit the wastebasket of the city editor.

7. *Attempt to get on a network.* This is almost the impossible task, but if you can find a dignified

sponsor whose commercials and product are not at variance with the ethics of the profession, perhaps this will be a partial solution. By keeping careful track of listener response by mail you may be able to make a presentation which will sell the idea.

If you can do all of the above, keep your sense of humor and still retain your practice, you will be performing a public service at a local level of inestimable value in promoting architectural public relations.

The Connecticut Chapter, at no cost, will be happy to supply any interested chapters with an outline and samples of the broadcasts which were made. Please write to: Andrew F. Euston, 405 Temple St., New Haven, Conn.

## Diruta Teutonica Furore

IN TWO PARTS—PART II

By Ian C. MacCallum

The story of the famous Louvain Library inscription by the only person alive who knows the whole story

AT ALMOST TEN O'CLOCK the stones began to move off the trucks, and Warren still had not arrived. When the workmen began to carry them through the building, however, as the simplest way to get them to the roof, I grasped at another chance and stopped them on the pretext that such traffic was interfering with work inside the building. MacNair grinned, said that was okay,

and directed that arrangements be made to hoist them outside the building, not too rapidly. I had done all I could do.

Then, as the stones began to move I looked across the Square again—and saw Whitney Warren, cape flying and stick waving, steaming across the open space with three lawyers in his wake carrying legal injunction papers. It had taken all morning to have them drawn up in Brussels.

The trucks returned to Brussels, still loaded except for a few plain balusters left where they lay.

Both factions made the most of the three-day injunction period. The stonecutters worked late to complete the floral inscription. Plans for a banquet, which Warren had promised the workmen would coincide with the dedication, were stepped up in order to have it occur the second night. The letter of dismissal to Warren was proved to have no legal basis. Lines were clearly drawn—most of the faculty and the Flemish students siding with Ladeuze, the townspeople and the French-speaking students with Warren; the workmen with Warren insofar as their fear of losing their jobs would allow; the Foundation Company in a straddling position between

the two and uncertain as to which could legally give orders.

Feeling was running high by the time the banquet was ready. There was a definite feeling that the Belgians were enjoying the whole thing, that they expected a good show and meant to have it put on as dramatically as possible. It seemed they had no intention of cracking any skulls unless violence became a part of the play, in which case they were ready to enjoy that, too.

Hours before the banquet time the Avenue des Alliés was crowded and by seven o'clock the throng was so dense and excited that it seemed well to get Warren into the hotel by way of rear passages which I had come to know fairly well by then. The front on the Avenue had been shuttered early in spite of the warm weather—Madame Raemaekers could be depended upon to protect her glass—and the whole interior was given over to the banquet. Warren had done a good job of arranging the menu, simply and amply, and Monsieur le Patron rose to the greatest moment of his kitchen.

When Warren began his speech of thanks to the men with, "*Mes braves compagnons,*" and said he



was sure they would carry on for the little time left until his masterpiece and theirs should be done, the place shook with applause. All through the banquet, shouts from the street made a savage bass accompaniment to the lights and clinking glasses inside.

All through the night, cries of, "Vive Vahrren!" were heard all over the town, as bands of rival students roamed the streets looking for chances to carry on their age-old feud. There were many skirmishes but nothing too serious.

Most of the next day was spent in the Brussels stoneyard. It was Warren's idea that if just one word (and he favored FURORE, of course) could be brought out to Louvain and if possible put into place the people would see that the inscription was not just a mere plaque but the sort of fine, large, robust thing that they loved; they might then see what the controversy was about and perhaps would help his cause to better advantage.

The injunction was to expire the next morning. Warren stayed in the stoneyard all that evening, and I stayed all night helping to piece together strange-looking floral stones of odd sizes (some of them 5' high and 8' long) into words, and arranging the loading of

former army camions in proper sequence. Rather than embarrass the Foundation Company too much, Warren had arranged a small private army to get the stones to Louvain and to raise them into place as neatly as possible in order to have the job done before we met interference.

A little before dawn, the camions began their slow trip with their fragile cargoes, each truck manned with extra help in case we were stopped on the road by the other faction. The size of the caravan, its slowness of movement and the fragility of the stones made us particularly vulnerable.

Within sight of Louvain, as we topped a low hill, three cars overtook us at high speed. Two of them passed and stopped in the middle of the road in front of us, the other in our rear. We were forced to stop, and all got out quickly prepared for anything. It was a relief, then, to see Whitney Warren getting out of the second car and to realize that we were among the Brussels contingent of the placement crew.

He instructed me to take the camions on into Louvain and park them with motors running, while he and his party went on to the Library and assembled his work

force. With that done, he was to send back a bicycle messenger with word to come on in. We agreed on the exact spot at the Library site where camions and workmen should meet and he was to have a hoist ready for us there.

I took the camions to a triangular sort of space just inside the town, and drew them up along one side of where a high and almost unbroken wall made a good background. We waited there without incident and then proceeded on to the Library.

As we rolled into the Place du Peuple, Warren's workmen (about thirty of them) marched into the Place from the opposite side, two abreast with Warren at their head, and we went to work with clock-like precision.

The opposition was not asleep, however. As the first stone began to be raised, the entire police force of Louvain came around the third corner with Ladeuze leading them. On the pretext that we were obstructing traffic (although there was none and trucks had been unloading there for six years), the whole company, except the principals, was arrested—although the Baron Dieudonné insisted on coming with us—the trucks were taken

to police headquarters and the stones were confiscated as evidence of the "misdemeanor."

It was good comic opera while it lasted, and in spite of its fade-out Warren's principal idea of having the townspeople see for themselves what the inscription was like was accomplished in dramatic fashion, because when the workmen unloaded the trucks they very carefully set up the stones in sequence to spell the word FURORE on the sidewalk outside (photograph on page 173, October JOURNAL).

There was another lull of a day or so, during which the Foundation Company agreed with the Monseignor to proceed with placing the *plain* balustrade if the work could be done peaceably and "without public demonstration." A large part of the student body and of the town was all too ready, of course, to provide some sort of demonstration, so it behooved the Monseignor and the contractors to choose their time carefully.

The following morning was clear but nothing happened. The entire day was quiet and it began to seem that the excitement was over.

Next morning was dull and rainy, so that very few people

were about. It must have occurred to the others that the time was perfect, because I was soon aware of preparations being made. It seemed a pity to have no demonstration. The town seemed to be asleep and I suspect that the professors had arranged to keep their students close to their studies. Something had to be done, and quickly.

The forty-eight bells of the carillon had been delivered and successfully hung in place without, apparently, having been damaged in handling. They had never been rung; perhaps one of them had been cracked in transit, and it did seem an excellent moment to find out. So I got a French-speaking workman, told him to bring along a fair-sized hammer and to climb the 200' tower with me to test the bells. He did the job well, with a broad grin. The townspeople, hearing bells they had never heard before—struck discordantly, too, I'm afraid—realized at once that something must be happening at the Library.

Within a few minutes, the smaller streets converging on the Place were black with people. By the time I had got down from the tower, they had rushed the contractors' barricades and had

smashed every plain baluster they could get their hands on, within the building and outside, and the whole area was littered with broken pieces. No one was hurt, except very slightly, in the confusion resulting from the arrival at that moment of a company of mounted militia complete with steel helmets, sabers and carbines. The militia had either been held in readiness in their nearby barracks or else the bells had served to call them as well, but things had happened too quickly for them. Perhaps they had no heart for the job, either. The Place was roped off and for the ensuing two weeks, until the dedication, no one was allowed to come or go near the Library without a military pass.

There were still a few minor inscriptions to be finished, details to be attended and work to be cleared up, so that I could be ready to leave Louvain soon after the ceremonies.

The Fourth of July arrived without further incident. The Place du Peuple was to have been hung with flags and bunting and a gala affair had been arranged. Instead, the houses were shuttered, the people dressed in sober colors, the militia was present and pre-

pared. Their horses were ridden through any group as it formed and the crowds were kept in motion. Whitney Warren remained in Paris, and the King and Queen of the Belgians had suddenly remembered an appointment in the Belgian Congo. The shattered stones had been hurriedly replaced with simple wooden balusters set in place temporarily, so that the building might present a finished appearance. There was no evidence of the inscription.

All planes had been grounded for the day throughout Belgium by order. One veteran of the war, however, who had been an army pilot and who now owned his own plane, disregarded the order and went up carrying thousands of secretly printed copies of the inscription, done in large black letters. He timed his flight so that, at the exact moment when the Monseigneur began his speech of acceptance, the roar of motors drowned out all other sound through the amplifying system set up in the Place. He dropped the leaflets over the heads of the crowd and literally showered the ground with the words: DIRUTA TEUTONICA FURORE DONA AMERICANA RESTITUTA.

I had been away from Louvain about three weeks when I learned that Felix Morren, foreman of labor on the job, had been arrested. The temporary wooden balusters had been replaced with permanent stone ones. Morren had, on his own time, made his way to the roof and, with a sledge-hammer, had calmly knocked every plain stone baluster to bits on the Place below. He had come down and surrendered at once and had been placed in the local jail, from whence, when the townspeople threatened to tear the place down in order to release him, he had been taken to Brussels under guard. In Brussels, he had been given an immediate hearing and released at once on account of high public feeling. Morren became a national hero and his picture made the front cover of many publications that week.

Whitney Warren paid the cost of the inscribed stones, presented them to the people of Belgium, and carried his case to court. Years of litigation followed, during which time the case was taken from court to court; it was finally lost.

The inscription became part of a war memorial in Dinan. It is scarcely possible to suppose that it

could have survived Hitler's invasion of Belgium.

During intelligence work in World War II, I happened on aerial reconnaissance photos taken

after Hitler's invasion of Belgium. They show the Library gutted by fire and its structure heavily damaged, as though by direct and wanton orders.



## An Experiment In Public Education

By Charles R. Colbert

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IN DECEMBER 1947, a group of architectural students and their instructors at Tulane University set out on an experiment in architectural education which could materially influence the practice of architecture. The basis of the experiment was a public service project planned jointly by educational, professional, civic, business, and political groups. The common desires and obligations of the various groups were analyzed and a project initiated whereby various civic groups could be of assistance to one another in working toward a common goal.

The class consisted mostly of veterans. These men returned to school with an intensified desire for further education; and, even more significant, the desire to consider critically the methods of their

formal training and its scope, and to assist in rebuilding standards of quality.

The student had assayed the field of studies offered by various institutions and determined his objective. In most cases the veteran felt a responsibility toward his professional training before it began. He realized his natural position as an intermediary between the profession and general social considerations. He had gained from his wartime experiences a spirit of cooperation, an ability to deal with others and a certain civic consciousness. Because of these assets he saw a need for better housing of the society in which he lives, a supreme need for understanding within the profession, and a necessity for the education of the public in good architecture—an education

exceeding passive recognition of merit and positively demanding the best architecture the profession is capable of producing.

Discussions which began among faculty and students of the School of Architecture of Tulane University brought out a common contention that an architectural school should no longer exist for the students alone. While primarily interested in developing the competent architect, the school can accomplish its purpose only by making the public conscious of the reason for good architecture, and by supplementing the necessary, pure theory with real local problems. All agreed that better architecture is only produced with a balance between the ability of the graduate to create on the one hand and the capability of society to accept on the other.

No precedent exists in New Orleans for school buildings based on contemporary concepts of design; therefore, when City officials announced in December, 1947 a long-range plan for better school buildings in the City, Tulane's School of Architecture made a decision to contribute to a drive planned jointly by various groups. Following this decision, a program related to civic values and school

design was initiated at the second-year level.

Advantageous relationships were immediately realized. Architectural critics lectured to civic organizations, and technical specialists representing public service agencies addressed the architectural class. Interdepartmental university exchanges were initiated between the School of Architecture and those of Psychology, Botany, Education, and Engineering. Local newspapers carried feature articles concerning developments. The officials' local problem was presented to the students in addresses by the School Board members.



Class work was conducted in four stages: 1) indoctrinational research, 2) technical group research, 3) individual design of a specific community school, and 4) a public exhibition directed to the public and narrating New Orleans' school needs.

The exhibition is of special interest in its relation to public acceptance. The exhibit was made possible by a public utility company which contributed financial aid and show-room space. Although initially scheduled for a one-week