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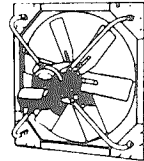
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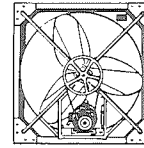
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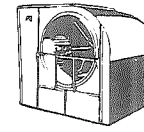
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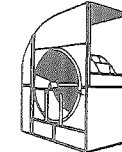
Herman Nelson Direct Drive Propeller Fans



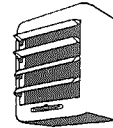
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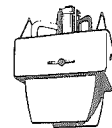
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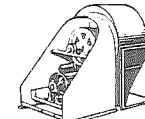
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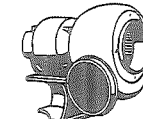
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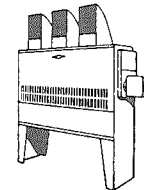
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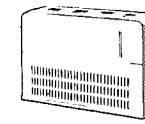
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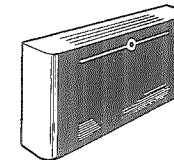
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last year there was one case. Record of police calls shows average of 30 per year prior to acquisition, and for the past year there have been 2. You will note that social and contagious diseases comparatives should also be taken into account.

My information leads me to state that the above-cited cases of Chester are fair average examples of what has taken place in the development of the Public Housing Program throughout the country. Mr. Killam specifically calls attention to the projects of the Phila-

delphia Housing Authority! Subsequent to receipt of the above-mentioned figures of the Chester Program, my investigation of the Philadelphia situation has led me to conclude that its picture in detail is very similar to the figures I have recorded above for Chester.

Recognizing the foregoing, it is not inconceivable that by pursuing such a program to its ultimate conclusion, on the basis of a comprehensive master city plan, the taxes of such privately owned dwelling units as exemplified by Mr. Killam might be substantially reduced.

SOUTH TEXAS IN NORMANDY

BY CAPT. WILLIAM A. McELROY

IT may interest you to know something of what I am doing, or rather, for the immediate present, what is being done to me.

This letter is being written under complete field conditions. I am sitting under an apple tree in Normandy on an ammunition box and writing on my knee. Within four feet is my pup tent and bedroll, and four yards away a very important and much used foxhole; and our best friend, the amphibious helmet which, in addition to acting in a protective measure, is our

washbasin, our laundry tub, seat, wastebasket, hammer-shovel. Over by the hedge, carefully camouflaged, are our jeeps and trucks, and further down are the enlisted men.

Our first night here we were within a few miles of the battle lines and for the next few days the roar of large and small guns was continuous, day and night. We were never previously instructed in the proper use of the foxhole, but under the stress of intense anti-aircraft barrage from Bofors and

machine guns, and with shell fragments dropping around you, it is astonishing how quickly one attains a proficiency in its use. On my first dive I went without shoes and in underwear only. I attribute the shaking of my knees and chattering of my teeth to that condition. Other members of the detachment have not been so charitable in their appraisal. The second time that night I put on my clothes, and the third time I left them on the rest of the night. One of the officers said he put a cigarette in his mouth to ease his nerves, but his teeth were chattering so actively that he couldn't keep it there. We have become "old-timers" now and, except for especially severe shrapnel, we stay in bed and put our helmet over our head until Jerry moves on or back in his planes. The other day we were sitting under some apple trees listening to a lecture. Nearby some enlisted men were putting up a large tent for our use during rainy weather. A sudden and violent burst of ack-ack guns interrupted, and we grabbed our helmets and looked just in time to see a German plane go down in flames nearby. The funny part was that the tent was riddled with holes from the shrapnel. A couple

of men were injured slightly but not enough, I think, to receive the purple heart.

It was our good fortune to have a grandstand seat recently, so to speak, at the "greatest show on earth." It was the occasion of the concentrated attack of 3,000 planes against the enemy lines. The day was clear, and at about 9:30 A.M. the Forts and Liberators, with their umbrella of P-39's, etc., started coming over in endless formations. We could see them approach, silver birds in the sunlight, pass overhead and on to the front lines. We could plainly see the anti-aircraft fire, and here and there one or two planes go down in a trail of smoke. Bombs are dropped and the planes turned back, to be followed by others and yet others. For two and a half hours this continued.

For nineteen months I was connected with Area and Post Engineers. I have been, for the past six months, because of engineering and language experience, in Civil Affairs in charge of public works and utilities. Unfortunately, the language I had some knowledge of was not of any use to me, and for months I have studied German. I have, for the past two months studied French (rather unsuccessfully). How unsuccessfully I real-

ized only last night when I found myself in a French farmhouse drinking cider and with a cute little French girl on my knee—only eight years old, I assure you, else I should probably not have been at such a loss to know what to do. As it was, I looked at her, she looked at me. I smiled, she smiled; I patted her hair and in my best French asked her her name. She didn't understand me. She said something to me which I didn't understand. Her mother tried to explain and I didn't understand her. So I gave up that domestic approach, or at least that phase. Well, I do like cider, and my fellow offi-

cer (who speaks French even worse than the natives) and I are going back this P.M. on invitation. The poor lady's husband has been a German prisoner since the 1941 debacle—which is true of so many. We console them all we can.

Our detachment is composed of 20 officers and 22 enlisted men. We have ten British among the officers and all are specialists in their line. Our e.m. are especially high-class, college graduates, linguists—one of them being able to speak seven languages fluently. This is our toughening-up process prior to our taking over our department.

THE METRIC SYSTEM

BY JOHN J. KLABER, New York

THERE has recently been much agitation for the general use of the metric system in place of our present system of weights and measures. The proposition has been brought up in A.I.A. Chapter meetings, and some of them, notably the New York Chapter, of which I am a member, have passed resolutions supporting it. It seems to me, however, that there is something to be said on the other side.

There is, of course, no doubt that the metric system is theoretic-

ally superior to English measure. However, the practical difficulties of its introduction have not been given sufficient consideration. All our land records, our maps, our record drawings of buildings and public works, our shop drawings, are dimensioned in feet and inches and drawn at scales that could not easily be converted to the metric system. Our products and materials are standardized in sizes that are easily expressed in feet and inches; far less easily in centi-

meters. In a word, the present system is so deeply rooted in our habits that conversion would be long and costly.

And would we really gain much by it? Has anything been gained by calling motion picture film 35 millimeters instead of $1\frac{3}{8}$ inches? Even the French, who invented the metric system, have never fully accepted its inhuman perfection. On my last visit to Paris, not so very many years ago, I still found wine being sold by the *chopine* and the *demi-setier*, beer by the *bock*, vegetables by the *livre*, grain by the *quintal*—all survivals from the

remote past. To say nothing of the sou, also a medieval unit, and still the common coin in which small transactions are measured, though legally non-existent.

We already use the metric system in foreign trade, except, of course, with the British Commonwealth. But foreign trade has always been a small part of our economy, and is likely to remain so for a long time to come. Perhaps, therefore, we would do better to use the measures to which we have so long been accustomed, and leave the attainment of perfection to our grandchildren.

Books & Bulletins

THE CONDITION OF MAN. By Lewis Mumford. 478 pp. 6"x 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ ". New York: 1944: Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$5.

Third in the notable series that includes "Technics and Civilization" and "The Culture of Cities", this volume is a revelation and an inspiration. Was it Theodore Roosevelt who said that the height of his ambition was to write a history of civilization? Mumford's aim, conceived fifteen years ago, "has been to give a rounded interpretation of the development of modern man, and to show what changes in his plan of life are necessary if he is to make the most of

the vast powers that are now his to command—provided he be strong enough, wise enough, virtuous enough, to exercise command." After a survey of man's past—that survey astonishing in its erudition—tracing the impacts of the church; capitalism, protestantism, militarism, scientism, romanticism, mechanization and democracy, Mumford ventures a theme for the future, a future in which an age of expansion is giving place to an age of equilibrium. "The theme for the new period will be neither arms and the man nor machines and the man: its theme will be the resurgence of life, the displacement