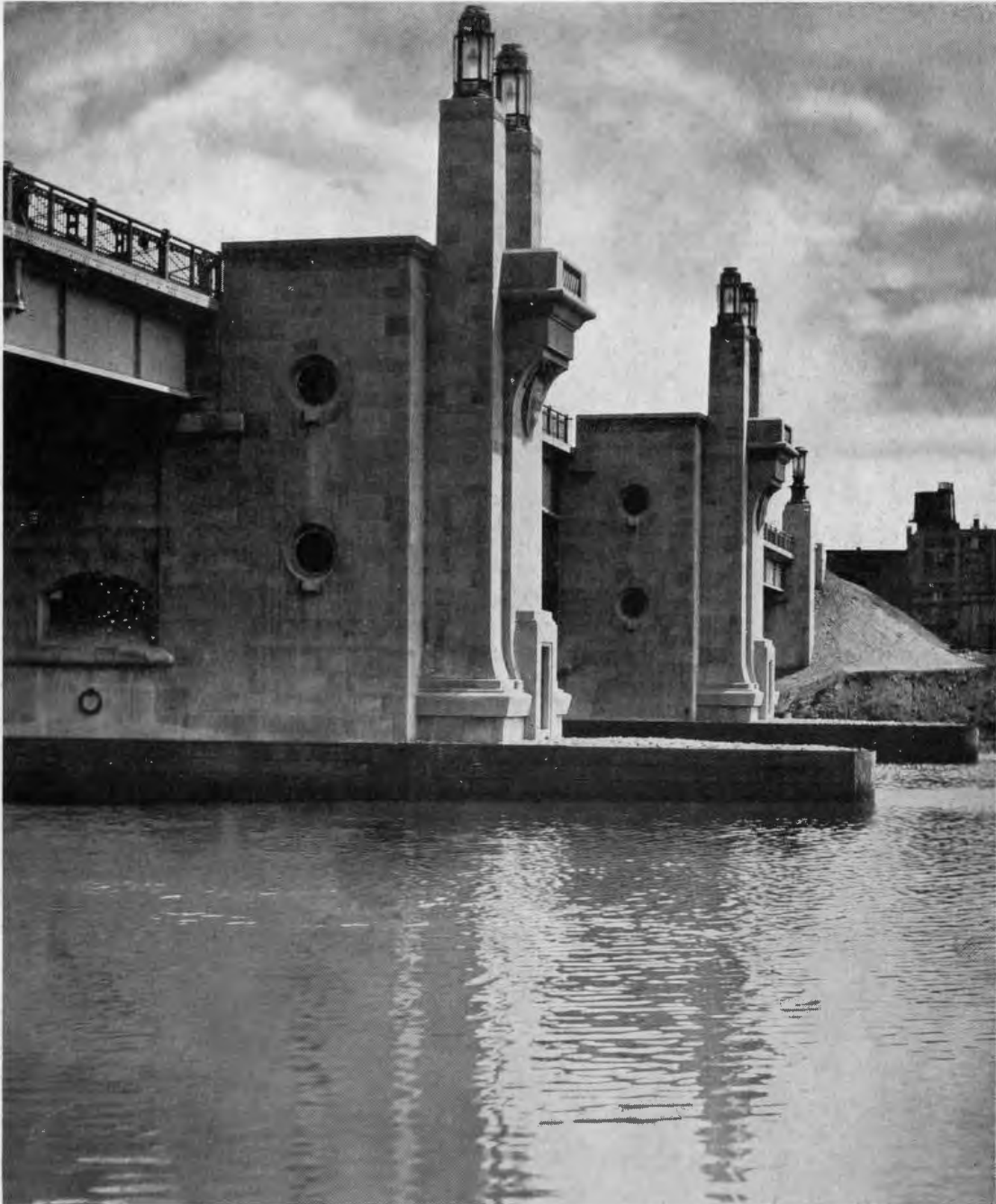


*Distributed through the courtesy of the American Institute of Architects.*

# THE FEDERAL ARCHITECT

CRET, PAUL PHILIPPE

THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS ARCHIVES  
1735 New York Ave. NW, Washington, DC 20006



*University Avenue Bridge, Philadelphia, Pa.*

*Paul P. Cret, Architect*

FINAL NUMBER  
UNDER PRESENT  
EDITORIAL MANAGEMENT

VOL. 14, NO. 2

**Paul P. Cret Number**



*Annex to the Bureau of Printing and Engraving,  
Washington, D. C.*

*Designed under the direction of Louis A.  
Simon, Supervising Architect, Public Buildings  
Administration, Federal Works Agency.*

*The*

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EAST SPARTA OHIO



Museum of Art, Detroit, Michigan, of Imperial Danby Marble—Architects: Paul P. Cret, Zantzinger, Borie and Medary

*Through the Ages...*

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Throughout the Nation the ability of Paul P. Cret is exemplified in many outstanding monumental and commercial structures. For many of his designs, as the one above, Vermont Marble was chosen because of its inherent beauty, its durability, and its workable formation which lends itself to all types of architecture.

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The FEDERAL ARCHITECT • FINAL NUMBER, 1946



*Fountain, Federal Reserve Bank Building  
Washington, D. C.*

*Paul P. Cret  
Architect*



# THE FEDERAL ARCHITECT

EDWIN R. MORRIS, *Editor*

This is the final number of the FEDERAL ARCHITECT under this editor. For 16 years it has been operated with small financial resources, through voluntary contribution of time and effort by individuals. This is no longer feasible. It was inevitable that at the end finances would run low; and the American Institute of Architects, in appreciation of the genius of Paul Cret, has with great kindness agreed to mail the issue to its members.

## Paul P. Cret

**P**AUL PHILIPPE CRET, internationally known architect, associate trustee of the University of Pennsylvania, and emeritus professor Design, died in Philadelphia on September 8, 1945, aged 68.

Mr. Cret was president of the Philadelphia Art Jury, a member of the National Commission of Fine Arts, and designer of the Benjamin Franklin Parkway, the Rodin Museum, Rittenhouse Square, and the Delaware River Bridge. He received the Philadelphia Award in 1931, for "long, modest and incomparable service to planning ordered beauty for Philadelphia."

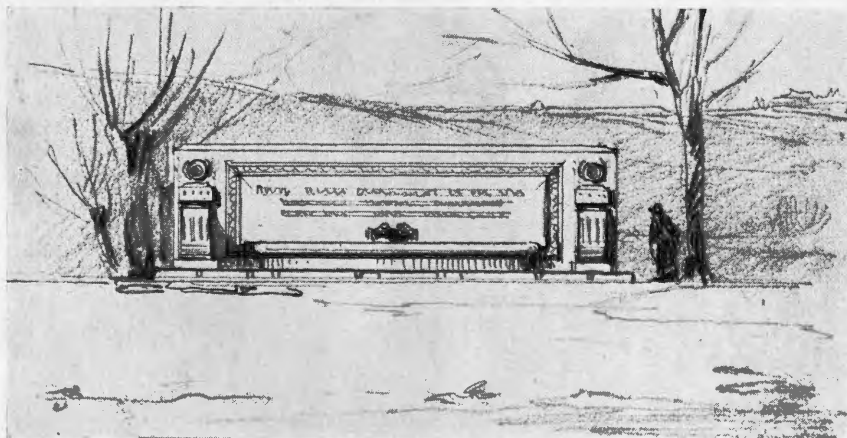
Other structures designed by him, or by him in association with other architects, include the Pan-American Union in Washington; Valley Forge Memorial Arch in Philadelphia; Indianapolis Public Library; Detroit Institute of Arts; Hartford County Building in Connecticut; Folger Shakespeare Library, Washington; Hall of Science at the Chicago Century of Progress Exposition, and the Chemistry Building at the University.

A veteran of the French Army in World War I, he was for several years consulting architect to the American Battle Monuments Commission. He designed the war memorials at Varennes, Fismes, Chateau Thierry, Bony, Waereghem, and Gibraltar.

In addition to the Philadelphia Award, Mr. Cret won the Paris Prize, the Rougevin Prize, and the Grand Medal of Emulation of the Ecole de Beaux Arts in 1901; the gold medal of the Salon des Champs Elysees in 1903; the medal of honor of the Architectural League of New York; the distinguished award of the Washington Society of Architects; the gold medal of the Pan-American Exposition; the grand prize of Paris in 1937; the prize of honor at the Pan-American Congress of Architects in 1940, and the Award of Merit of the General Alumni Society of the University of Pennsylvania in 1940.

He was born in Lyons, France, and studied architecture at the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Lyons and the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris. He obtained an honorary degree of Doctor of Science from the University of Pennsylvania in 1913.

I wished as editor to write an appreciation of Paul Cret. I could not do a satisfactory thing. Cret once sent me a reprint of something he had written, and autographed it "Affectionately." I say everything when I say now in memory of him "Forever affectionately."



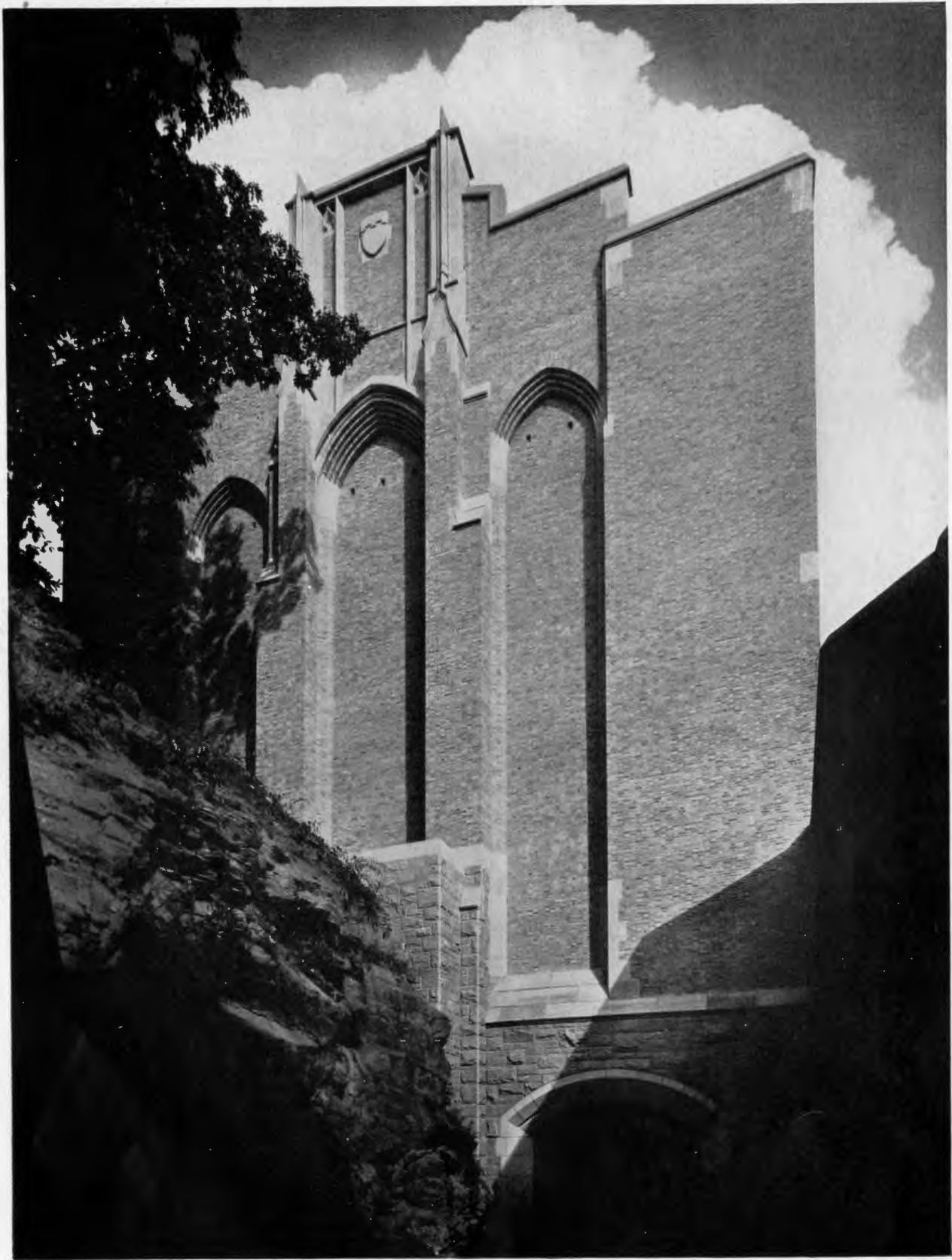
*One of Cret's early sketches for Memorial to Quentin Roosevelt*



*Detail of Pennsylvania Battle Monument at Varennes, France*

*Paul P. Cret  
Thomas H. Atherton*

*Associate  
Architects*



*Gymnasium Detail  
West Point Military Academy*

*Paul P. Cret  
Architect*

BUILDINGS DESIGNED  
BY CRET FOR THE  
WEST POINT  
MILITARY ACADEMY



*Gymnasium Entrance*



*Academic Building*



## Paul Cret

OCTOBER 23, 1876 . . . SEPTEMBER 8, 1945

### MANY-SIDED MAN

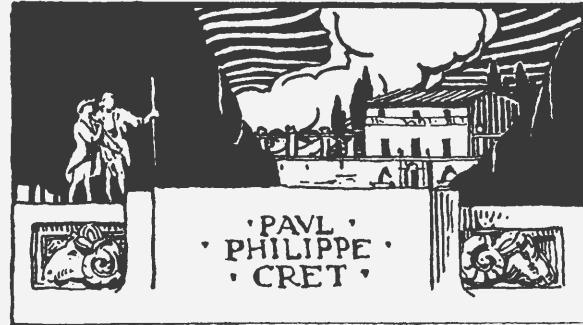
By JOHN HARBESON

ONE of America's great figures in architecture has completed a life of accomplishment. Born in France in 1876, in the early years of the Third Republic, his span of years ended just before that Republic was voted out of existence. But he had long since become an American—in his ideas and ideals, and in his architecture, for his buildings are truly representative of this country and his time.

He had the rare enjoyment of working on an astonishing variety of programs. The Pan American building, the Folger Library and the Federal Reserve Board Building in Washington are well known: less known are the residences he designed—town, country and suburban, or the dams and power project he worked on with United States Army Engineers. He designed big bridges, such as the Delaware River suspension bridge, smaller ones at Harrisburg, Washington and Philadelphia, and road overpasses and underpasses for the approaches to the Pentagon Building. He planned the Detroit Institute of Art for old world treasure (later Diego Rivera painted murals in the garden court) and the Barnes Foundation Gallery for cubist and post-impressionist paintings and negro sculpture. There were power houses, a park cemetery and an art school, college buildings on a number of campuses; he designed a pachyderm house with barless animal enclosures inside and out, and a carnivora building to house the simple cats like lions and tigers that can be displayed in moated enclosures, and the agile cats, like the cheetah and panther who cannot be trusted with such modern conveniences—except on a scale that would require field glasses to make them educational exhibits. And there were light-weight high speed trains, from the original Burlington Zephyr (in association with Holabird and Root) to the Empire State Express of the New York Central, and the Seaboard's Silver Meteor. His large memorials were often published, but he also designed many small tablets—for the Pennsylvania Historical Commission and for various civic societies. And then there were banks, and post offices and court houses and a church or two. This variety was exciting and interesting for him—and also for his associates, who could not very well get in a rut.

It was far from specialization; in fact he did not believe in specialization, any more than the authors of "the Indiana Message." In the late twenties, when talking to the students at the opening of a term, he said:

"There are no specialists in architecture, and if you happen to hear so-and-so called a 'church architect' or a 'bank architect,' you will find that the man who



does a fine office building can also do distinguished work when designing a residence or a railroad station. The qualities and training needed in handling the various kinds of architectural problems are the same in every case—an ability to analyze the needs and the functioning of a certain type of building, a knowledge of the methods of construction in use, and above all, the training in design which gives a *beautiful form* to what might otherwise be merely a structure serving its purpose more or less efficiently." Then he added, "There are, however, good and bad architects."

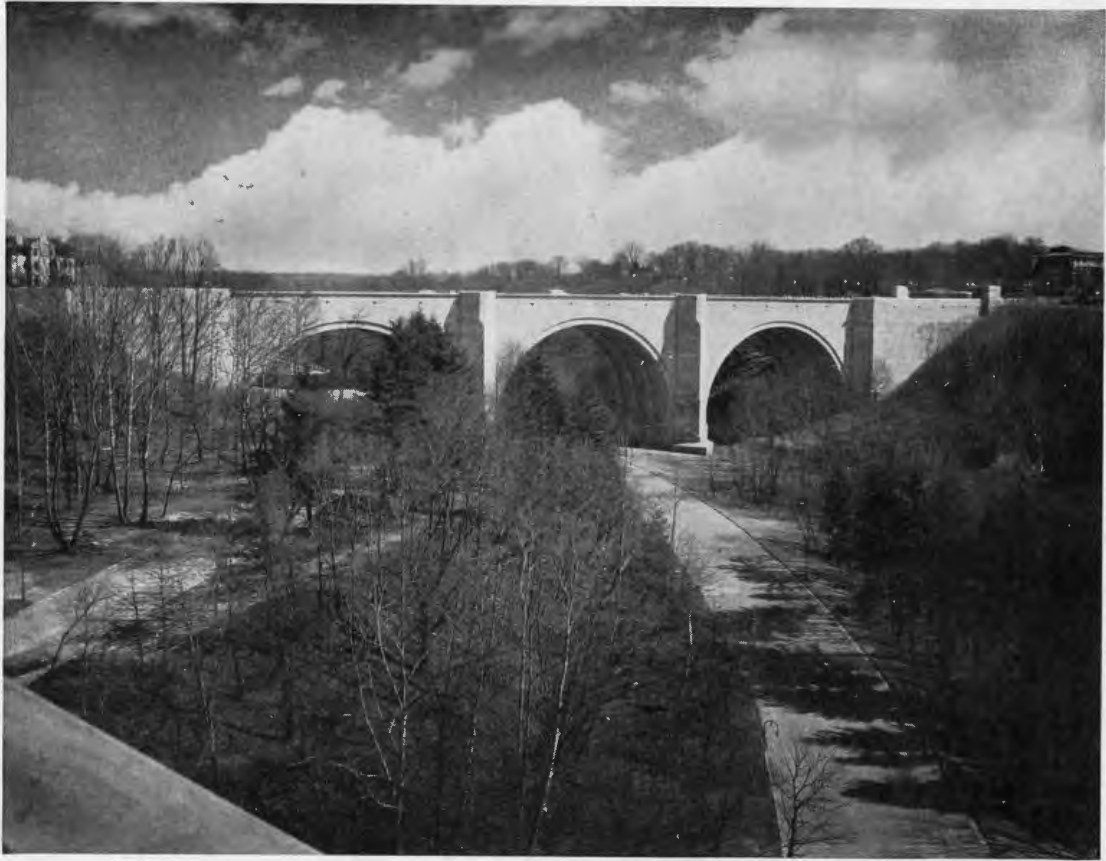
This *beautiful form* was his constant preoccupation; he was always trying to make better and ever better the appearance of what was to be built. It was a natural result of his years as design critic at the University of Pennsylvania. Going from table to table in the big drafting room, he would size up what the student was struggling to express, and make a number of suggestions to help it take form. He had a vast fund of architectural forms in his head, and at his fingertips, and imagination in combining them, and he enjoyed making them appear. He was never niggardly of helpful suggestions — there were always more where those had come from. He was just as full of ideas of presentation—a masterful renderer himself, he had the faculty of teaching others how to best show their ideas. There was never difficulty in getting students to work, for they had such satisfaction in producing things that they were proud to call their own.

He had a keen understanding of the relation of painting and sculpture to architecture, and for several years after he had given up teaching design regularly at the University, he continued to criticize the collaborative problems given under the auspices of the American Academy in Rome, when architects from the University teamed with painters and sculptors from the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. He had the respect of all of them.

He never considered his water color sketches as "art"—they were made as studies in architectural rendering rather than as paintings. They undoubtedly did give him a vocabulary of expression, a vocabulary of rich color range.

Cret enjoyed working at all kinds of design, including compositions in two dimensions. He did a number of title pages—for T-Square Club exhibition catalogs and for a number of the annual "Class Records" at the University, and a cover for "House and Garden." He designed seals for the University, for

(Continued on page 22)



*(Above) Calvert Street Bridge, Washington, D. C. (Below) Hall of Science, Century of Progress Exposition, Chicago.  
Paul P. Cret, Architect*





*(Above) Chapel, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland. Architect of original building: Ernest Flagg. Architect of Extension to the Nave: Paul P. Cret.*

*(Right) War Memorial, Providence, R. I. Paul P. Cret, Architect. While viewing the architectural beauty of the base, one might note the literary beauty of the inscription.*



DETROIT  
INSTITUTE  
OF ARTS

*Paul P. Cret and Zantzinger,  
Borie and Medary, Architects.*

*This building awarded medal  
of honor by the Architectural  
League of New York.*



*(Above) Garden Court*



*(Left) Courtyard of the European Section*



*(Above) Chapel, Whitmarsh Memorial Park*

*(Below left) House for James M. Cameron. (Below right) Entrance to house of T. G. Schaeffer.  
Paul P. Cret, Architect*





*"Super-Chief" Santa Fe R. R.  
Paul P. Gret  
Architect*

*(Above) Diner*

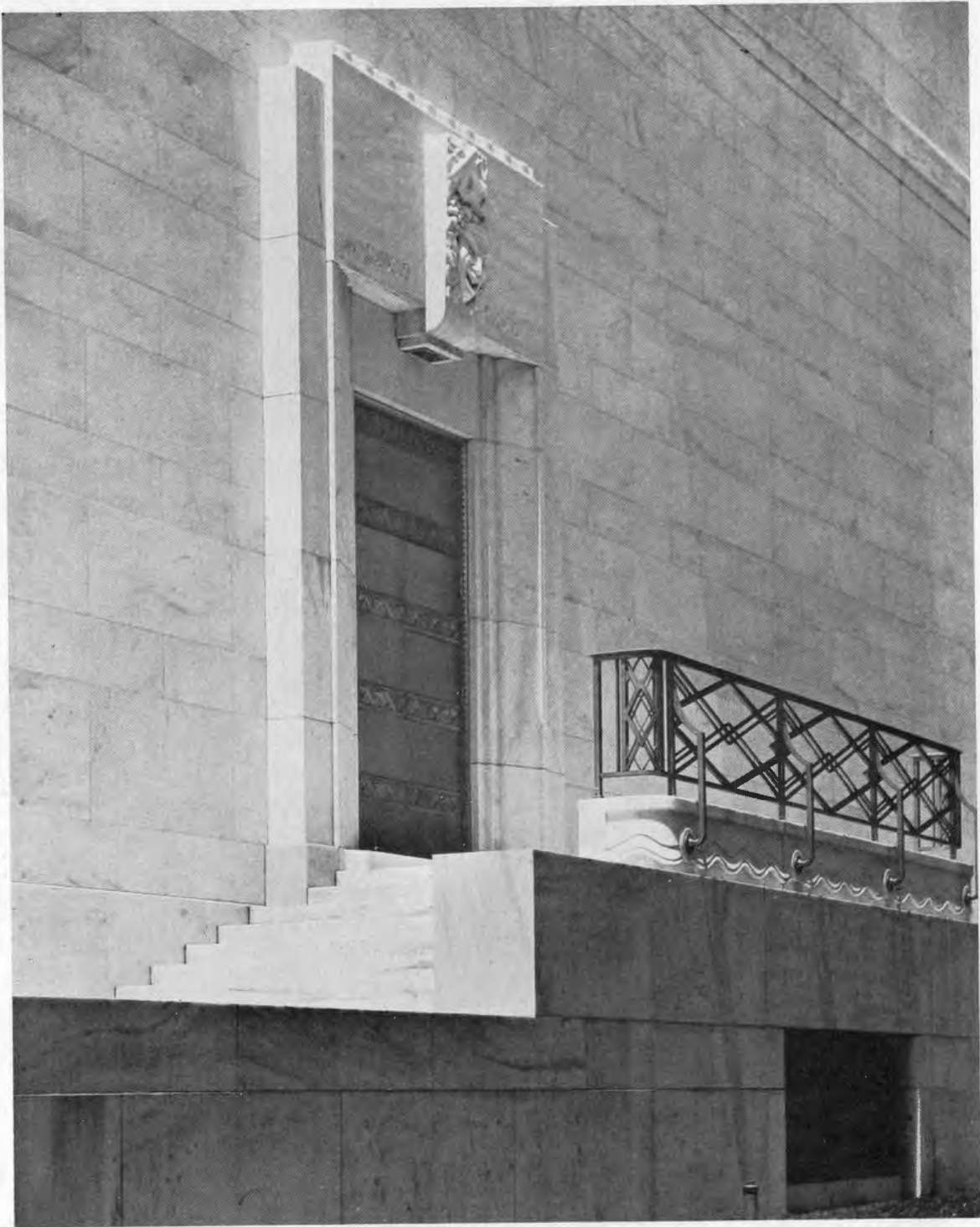
*(Below) Cocktail Lounge*





(Above) Parlor car, Empire State Express, New York Central. (Below) Dining Car, Pennsylvania R. R.  
Paul P. Cret, Architect





*Stage Door*

**FOLGER SHAKESPEARE LIBRARY, WASHINGTON, D. C.**

*Paul P. Cret, Architect*

*A. B. Trowbridge, Consulting Architect*





FOLGER  
SHAKESPEARE  
LIBRARY,  
WASHINGTON,  
D. C.

*Paul P. Cret, Architect  
Alexander B. Trowbridge  
Consulting Architect*

*(Above) Exhibition Hall  
(Left) Stage*

*Photo by  
Horyácsak*



*Memorial to Quentin Roosevelt, Chamery, France.*

*Paul P. Cret, Architect*

## “HOW I SPEND MY DAY OFF”

PAUL P. CRET

July 22, 1935.

Now and then we need an interruption in our daily routine. My own way to take a day off is to go to the office and spend my time in a way the usual working day does not afford. If our occupations are congenial, there is no reason why we should tire of them except through physical fatigue. Fatigue is, of course, cured by rest, and individual methods of resting do not differ greatly. The object of taking a day off is just as frequently to gain mental rest, and this can be achieved in many ways. The one which suits me is to change the conditions under which my work is usually performed rather than to change the work itself.

The trouble with office life, from my point of view, is that one is constantly interrupted by the necessity of answering questions, attending meetings, writing letters, keeping appointments—all things quite necessary but, in my own case, not my fundamental work, which is to design architecture. Anything which requires concentration is hard to achieve during office hours. I understand and envy those writers who can lock themselves in a remote room. The only substitute I have found is precisely the protection afforded by an office closed to personnel and public.

To recover this peace of mind which is just as vital to us as physical rest, some will drive on crowded roads, rush into the “activities” of country clubs, of seashore resorts, etc. In these, I find little rest. What I need is to remain in pleasant and familiar surroundings and see before me a stretch of six or eight hours I can call my own. Then, instead of playing the part

of a cog in a machine remotely controlled, I can decide what I want to do and do it as long as I enjoy it. If I open a book (and the library is at hand), it is not merely to snatch the crumb of information needed at the minute, but in a receptive mood to absorb anything the book may have to tell me. Outside, the streets of the central city are empty and noiseless. The telephone is disconnected, my calendar has no reminder of something to be done in the next hour. I am free!

Of course, I have been told more than once that I ought to take some exercise, get some fresh air, and so forth. In other words, that I ought to consider the day off as the compulsory health day, in the same way that there is (or used to be) for the housekeeper a wash day or a baking day. I have been told also that nothing but a complete change of occupation can be called a rest. I have to disagree with these views which assume that our regular work is necessarily hateful and must be set aside at every opportunity—at least, such views do not apply to me. I do not see much sense either in substituting for the unavoidable agitation of an active life, another gratuitous agitation. What I need is, now and then, another mood and a more quiet outlook on my pursuits.

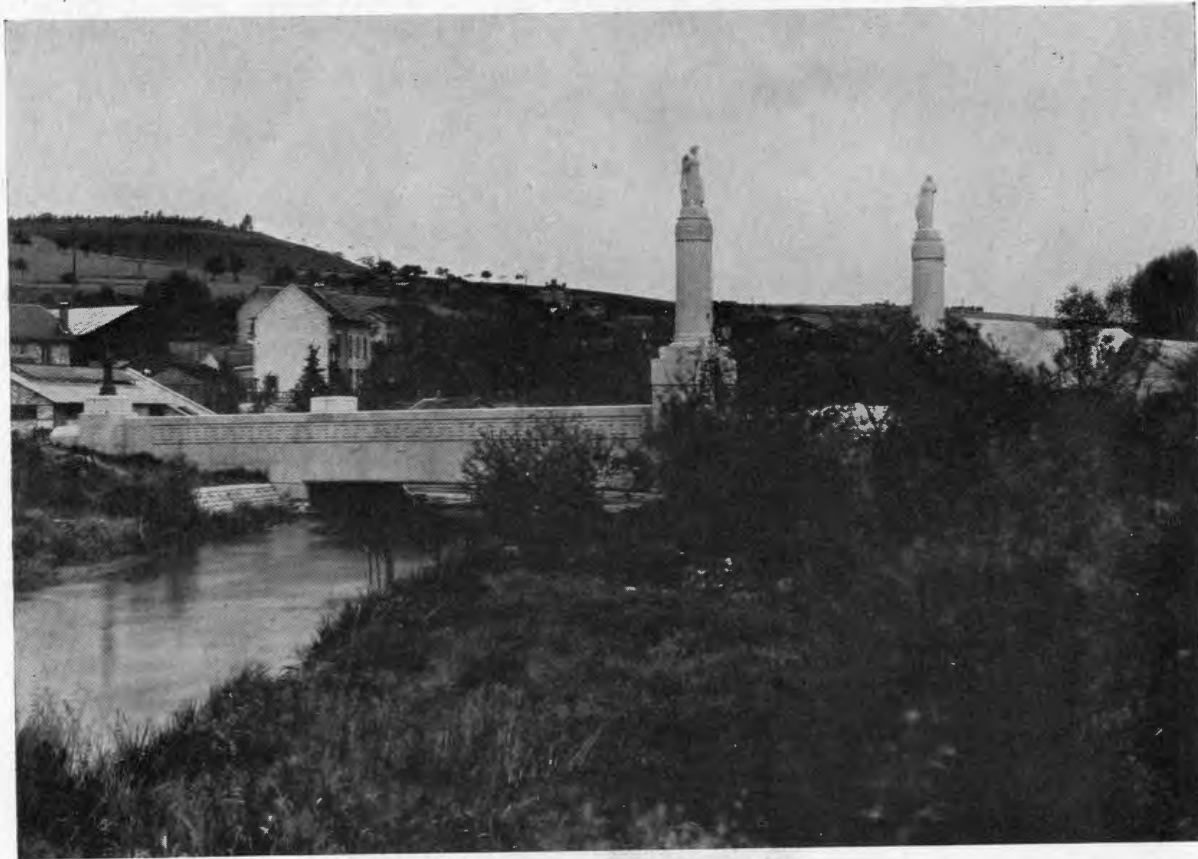
I must make a distinction between the day off and the vacations. For vacation, complete change of scene and occupation is desirable. But this cannot be achieved in a short period of twelve hours; it takes a few days merely to get into the proper spirit.

No diet suits every one. We have to find the one best adapted to our individual needs. My recipe is good for me, and that is the essential thing.



BASE TOWER OF CHIMES, WHITEMARSH MEMORIAL PARK,  
PROSPECTVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

*Paul P. Cret, Architect*  
*Jean de Marco, Sculptor*



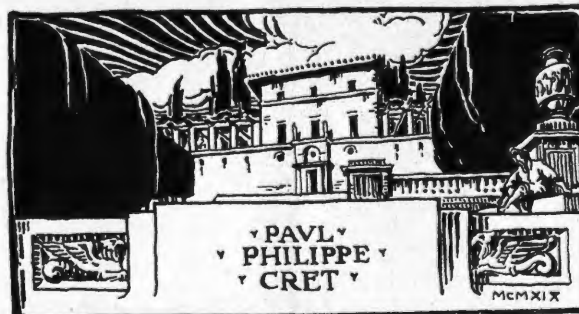
## PENNSYLVANIA BATTLE MONUMENT AT FISMES, FRANCE

*Paul P. Cret and Thomas H. Atherton, Associate Architects  
This bridge destroyed by French as a matter of military necessity*

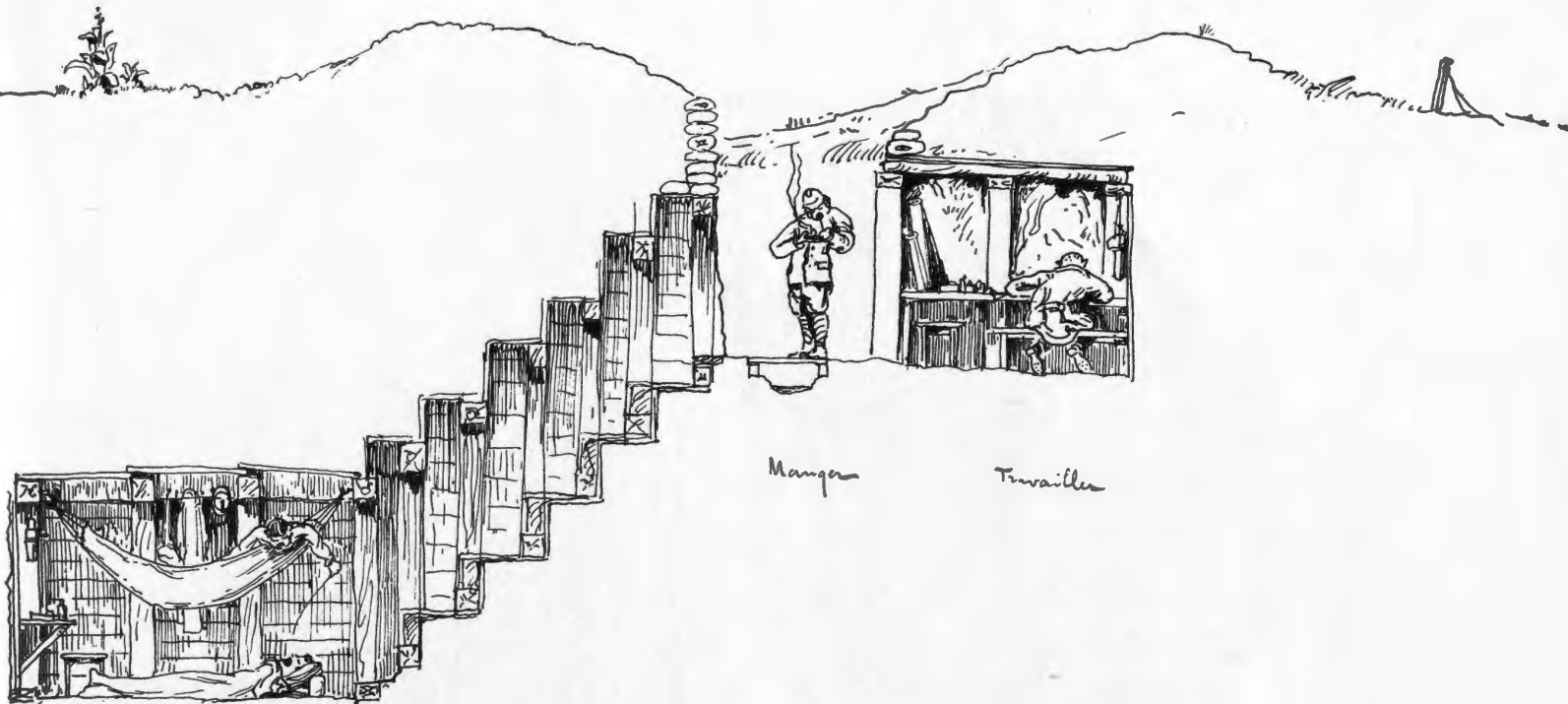
## TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR ARCHITECTS

1. Don't try to please everybody.  
Try first of all to please yourself.
2. Don't save time on the study of a project.  
Construction will move faster.
3. Don't think you know it all.  
A building needs many craftsmen; make use of them.
4. Don't promise your client the moon at a bargain.
5. Don't regard any commission as unworthy of your best endeavor.  
You will be judged by all your work.
6. Don't believe architecture was invented ten years ago.
7. Don't repeat your story.  
Try to tell a better one . . . if you can.
8. Don't think a design is good or new when it is merely different.
9. Don't hope to find a formula for beauty.
10. Don't worry about what others are doing.  
"The only competition worthy of a wise man is with himself!"

PAUL P. CRET



*Book Plate  
drawn by Cret*



Dormir .

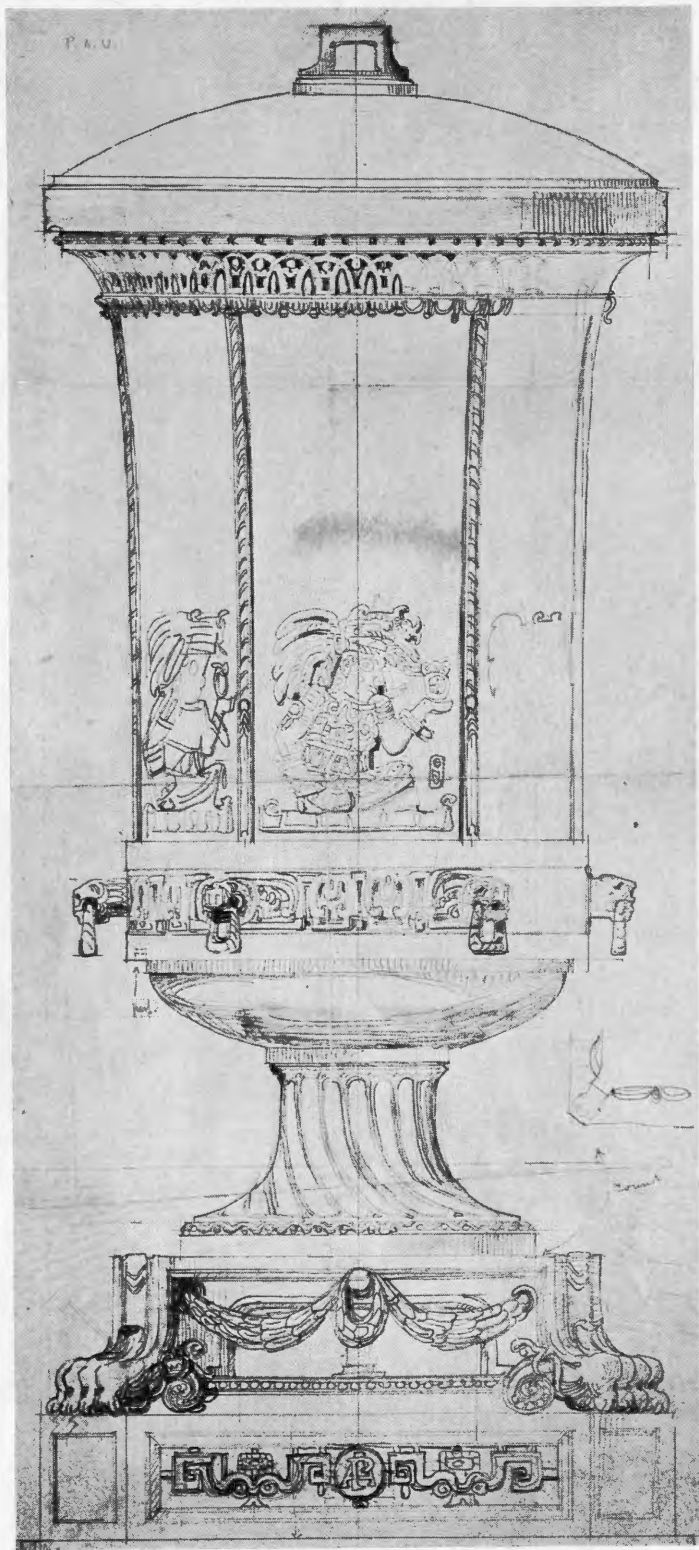
SKETCHES BY CRET  
IN FRANCE, FIRST  
WORLD WAR.

*(Above) Diagram of trench and underground accommodations showing sleeping, eating and working arrangements.*

*(Right) Menu for a French Army Dinner.*



# MEMORIAL SERVICE TO PAUL PHILIPPE CRET AT HIS HOME SEPTEMBER 11, 1945



*Drawing by Cret for lamp at Pan-American Building*

*All passes.  
Art alone enduring stays to us;  
The bust outlasts the throne,  
The coin, Tiberius;  
Paint, chisel, then, or write;  
But, that the work surpass,  
With the hard fashion fight,  
With the resisting mass.*

We are gathered together today—in his own home  
—to honor the memory of our friend

PAUL PHILIPPE CRET

and to deepen in ourselves those unperishable things of the spirit that the living share with the dead, and that in the presence of death become, in us, most truly alive.

Coming here to America, many years ago, from his native France with high promise, he absorbed so well the American spirit and our ideals of citizenship, that he became not only one of us, but in his high calling a leader of us all.

A masterful designer of public buildings, imbued with the best traditions of old, he brought new beauty to our complex today. To architecture he gave a distinction equalled by few of his contemporaries, a rare talent, a sensitiveness to beauty in form and color, an unerring sense of proportion.

He has enriched this community and others with monuments of utility, imagination, and enduring beauty.

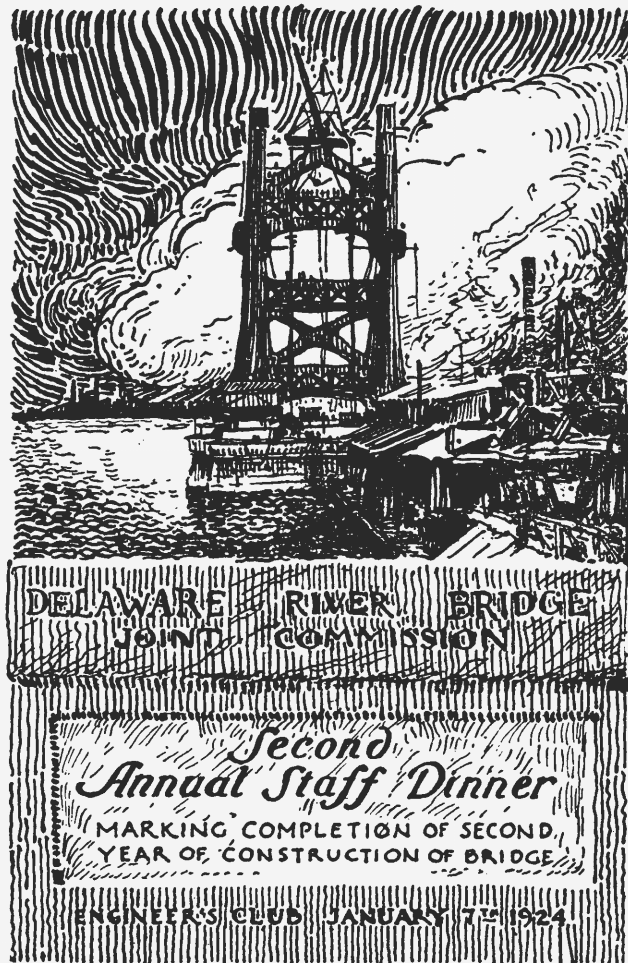
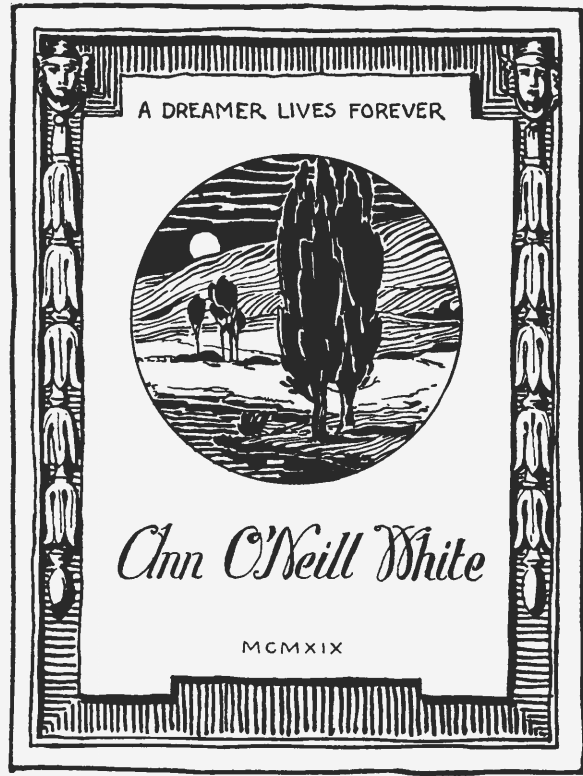
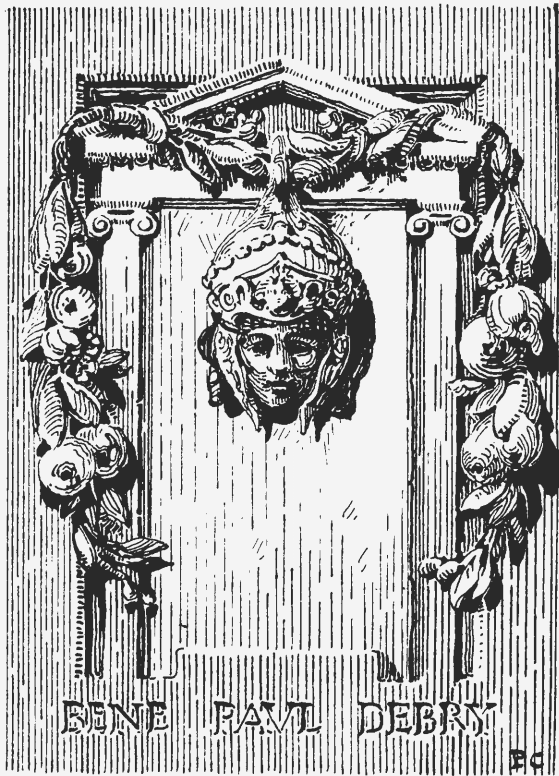
And the same striving after that which is good, and better still, and best, inspired his work with the Philadelphia Art Jury, the State Art Commission, the National Commission of Fine Arts, alike, to raise the standard of building in this his adopted country.

Yet probably his greatest contribution was not of stone but of spirit, his influence on the young architect of today. An inspiring teacher, he impressed on several generations in his charge a vivid appreciation of the meaning of architecture, guiding each student to the development of his own powers of expression, enforcing it all by a marvellous enthusiasm and rare humor that carried every point home and gave it its own personal importance. No man who had come under his influence failed to carry away some of his extraordinary breadth, poise, clarity and taste.

His spirit will live on, for not only did he mould many ingenious architects from the student clay, but many teachers of his art as well, and these teachers carry on his inspiration and influence to ever wider horizons.

He felt he had received rich rewards in the friendship of the young architects he had taught, the encouragement of those with whom his professional work brought him in contact, and above all by the satisfaction of doing the work for which he was best fitted.

To him architecture was a constant struggle toward doing something better than before; an effort toward the elusive beauty that makes it so vital a pur-



PEN AND INK  
BY CRET.

*Two bookplates above,  
Delaware River Bridge  
Dinner menu below.*

*(Continued from page 7)*

the Folger Library, for the American Battle Monuments Commission, and for the Philadelphia Chapter of the Institute, also a number of book plates, and several medals for the University, and for the Sword Club.

For he was a member of the Sword Club, and for several years after the first World War he was Broad-sword Champion of Pennsylvania—until the doctor put a stop to such physical activity.

The topographic panoramas he made while in the French Army in the World War were works of art, yet they so satisfactorily fulfilled their function of illustrating to the officers the terrain through which they were to lead their men in the next day's combat that he was put in charge of a class to teach this sort of work. The research needed to make these surveys was done on hands and stomach in no-man's-land.

These endeavors, with his teaching and his practice, added up to a very busy life. There was never any wasted time. And as with the years the doctors cut down his activities he was the more impatient with time-wasters, with boring meetings, with useless talk. Handicapped by increasing deafness (deafness first caused by the bursting shells of his war service in the trenches) and in later years by the loss of his voice, he never lost courage, nor his unflagging interest in his profession. He had been advised to cut down on his activities six or more years ago: he knew he was taxing his constitution beyond its strength, but his indomitable will and his desire to do, do, do while he could, drove him on.

If he had known just when his strength would run out he would still have pursued the same course, rather than attempt to snatch a few years of what he would have considered idleness. He remains alive in our memory as ever friendly, good-humored, helping and wise, and how capable!

*(Continued from page 20)*

suit. Ages old, it brings us in contact with all past civilization, while at the same time it requires a close contact with, and knowledge of, the life of today. Its practice is the facing of ever new problems, because each problem is an opportunity to incorporate new thoughts, new forms, and to meet the needs of a new age. For all this he had great natural endowment, good taste and clear judgment.

To his last days he kept an indefatigable activity devoted to his profession, a constant effort toward its perfection. For he believed that beauty is the clearest expression of God, that art is akin to religion, and the best evidence of immortality. His creed found expression in his devotion to the full use of his God-given gifts for the benefit of his fellow men. Fortunate is he who can be at once the architect of buildings and of men. The memories of him are all about us in clean-cut ashlar, sign-posts on the way to richer, fuller living. And perhaps the most abiding of them all is in the school he inspired through so many bright years.

Surely it might be said of him, as it was said years ago of another great builder and leader, "Reader, if you wish to see his monument, look about you."

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OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTO

Ward Hall, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.

**Paul Philippe Cret, Architect**

We, of Mount Airy, consider it a privilege to have furnished the granite for many of the structures created by the late Paul Philippe Cret. We wish for his associates continued success in the field of design, inspired by the works of their late leader.

**MOUNT AIRY**

**THE NORTH CAROLINA GRANITE CORPORATION**

**NORTH CAROLINA**



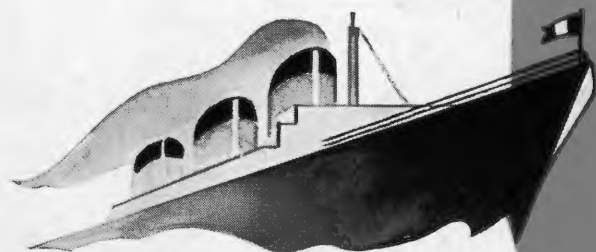
Shown above is an operating room in a Navy Hospital with a typical use of Romany Buff Body Wall Tiles.

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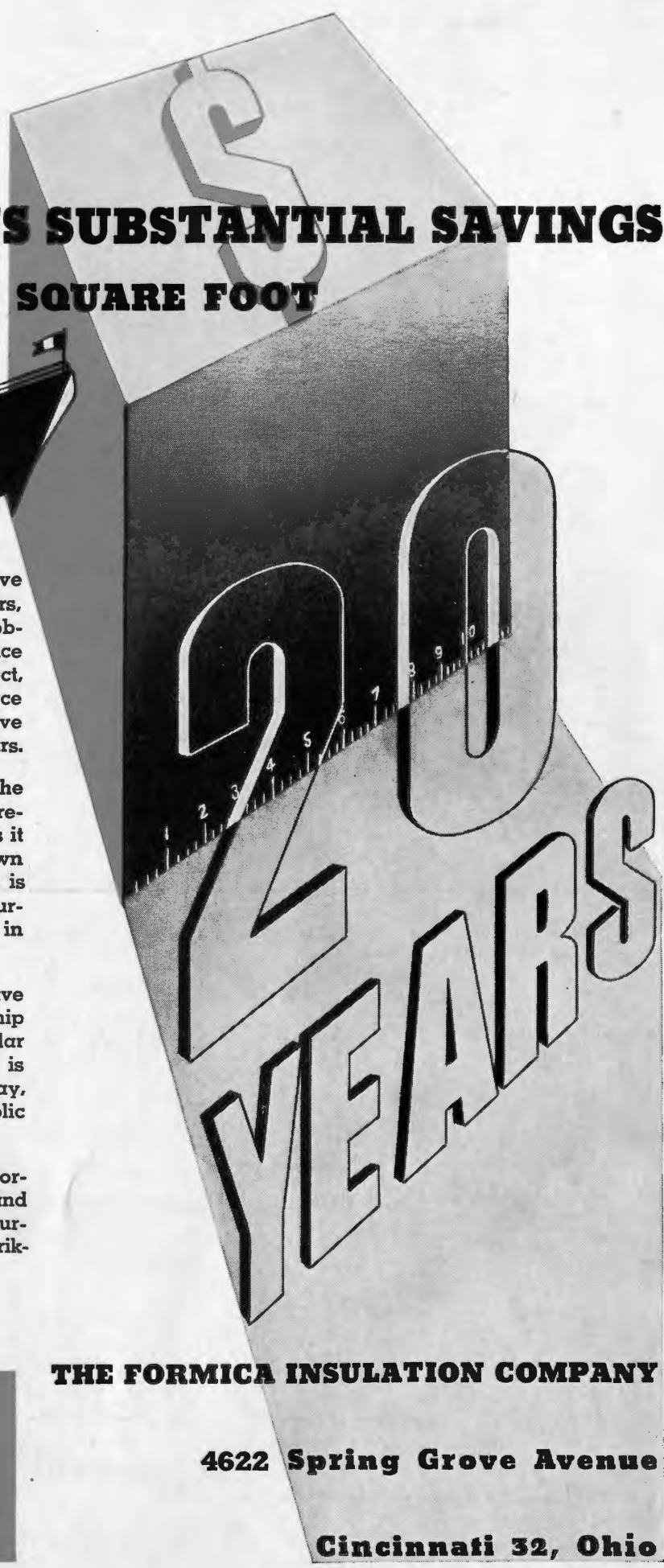


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